

*THIS SCRIPT CORRESPONDS TO THE CBC NATIONAL RADIO PRODUCTION
OF **HEY MARILYN**. IT IS NOT A STAGE SCRIPT.*

HEY MARILYN
A Musical Biography of Marilyn Monroe
Book, Music and Lyrics
by Cliff Jones

MUSIC: NORMA JEAN

TEENAGER

NORMA JEAN
NORMA JEAN
PRETTIEST LITTLE GIRL
I'VE EVER SEEN.
WISH I MAY
WISH I MIGHT
TAKE YOU, LITTLE GIRL,
IN MY ARMS TONIGHT.

NORMA JEAN
NORMA JEAN
YOU'VE GOT THE CUTEST LITTLE NOSE
I'VE EVER SEEN.
BUT NORMA JEAN
WON'T YOU COME ON,
COME ON, COME ON
OUT TO PLAY WITH ME.

NORMA JEAN
I WALKED BY YOUR PLACE TODAY.
NORMA JEAN
THEY SAID THAT YOU HAD MOVED AWAY.
NORMA JEAN
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
BUT NORMA JEAN
I FINALLY FOUND YOU.

JUST LIKE HUMPTY DUMPTY
I FELL OFF THE WALL
BUT YOU LOOKED MY WAY
AND THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED.

NORMA JEAN
NORMA JEAN
I'M THE KING OF THE CASTLE
AND, BABY,
YOU'RE MY QUEEN.

NORMA JEAN
I WALKED BY YOUR PLACE TODAY.
NORMA JEAN
THEY SAID THAT YOU HAD MOVED AWAY.

TEENAGER (CONT'D)

NORMA JEAN
I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
BUT NORMA JEAN
I FINALLY FOUND YOU.

JUST LIKE HUMPTY DUMPTY
I FELL OFF THE WALL
BUT YOU LOOKED MY WAY
AND THAT WAS ALL I NEEDED.

NORMA JEAN
NORMA JEAN
I'M THE KING OF THE CASTLE
AND, BABY,
YOU'RE MY QUEEN.

NORMA JEAN
NORMA JEAN
YOU'RE SO PRETTY
I KNOW THAT SOME DAY
YOU'RE GONNA FLY.

AND NORMA JEAN
NORMA JEAN
HOW, WHERE, WHEN, WHY...

MISTER
HOW, WHERE, WHEN, WHY...
ARE YOU GONNA DIE?
ARE YOU GONNA DIE?

MUSIC: HAWTHORNE

NARRATOR

HAWTHORNE
SOUTH CALIFORNIA.
JUNE THE FIRST
NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX.
LITTLE GIRL, HERE'S YOUR MAMA.
LITTLE GIRL, WHERE'S YOUR PAPA?
NOBODY WANTS TO SAY WHO'S YOUR OLD MAN.

GLADYS
GLADYS BAKER,
YOU MARRIED A MAN
AND HE WENT AWAY.
GLADYS
GLADYS BAKER,
YOU MARRIED AGAIN
AND HE WENT AWAY
TO SAN FRANCISCO,
SAN FRANCISCO,
SAN FRANCISCO.
WOH-WOH.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

GLADYS
GLADYS BAKER
YOUR OWN MAMA
IS GONNA GO MAD.
BECAUSE SHE MARRIED AGAIN
AND HER MAN,
HE WENT AWAY.

GLADYS
GLADYS BAKER
YOU'VE GOT A LITTLE GIRL
WHO DOESN'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
SHE JUST ARRIVED IN
HAWTHORNE
SOUTH CALIFORNIA.
JUNE THE FIRST,
NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX.

SO LET ME ASK HER,
LITTLE GIRL,
HERE'S YOUR MAMA.
LITTLE GIRL,
WHERE'S YOUR PAPA?
NOBODY WANTS TO SAY
WHO'S YOUR OLD MAN?

LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT WHAT WAS GOING ON AROUND YOU.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT YOUR FELLOW MAN.
LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT THE PEOPLE
AND THE WORLD AROUND YOU
IN NINETEEN TWENTY-SIX.

Crowd Noises-dance hall

MUSIC: IT'S NICE TO BE BEAUTIFUL

DORIS MORRIS (BAND SINGER)

DID
YOU
SEE "THE JAZZ SINGER"?
IT'S REALLY A SCREAM
TO SEE JOLSON SINGING
UP THERE ON THE SCREEN.
CALVIN COOLIDGE SAID TO LINDBERG,
"I'M ALMOSTY EMBARRASSED,
I REALLY DIDN'T THINK
THAT YOU COULD FLY TO PARIS".

DID YOU SEE
GLORIA SWANSON?
HER FACE LOOKED LIKE CHALK.

DORIS MORRIS

AND GARBO,
WELL, I JUST CAN'T WAIT
TO HEAR HER TALK.
JOHN GILBERT IS A DREAM
I'LL BET HE'S GOT A SEXY VOICE.
AND JOHN BARRYMORE, TOO!
PLEASE DON'T MAKE ME MAKE A CHOICE.

LADIES OF THE CHORUS

AH, AH, AH.

DORIS MORRIS

IT'S NICE TO BE BEAUTIFUL.
IT'S NICE TO BE RICH.
IT'S NICE TO GO DANCING.
THE PROBLEM IS WHICH
DRESS I'M GONNA WEAR.
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I TEAR IT
CAUSE I'LL BUY ANOTHER ONE TOMORROW.

I'VE HEARD TODAY
THERE ARE [EOPL
BARELY STRUGGLING ALONG.
BUT OF COURSE,
THEY'RE LOWER CLASS,
DOWN THERE WHERE THEY BELONG.

OH IT'S NICE TO BE BEAUTIFUL,
IT'S NICE TO HAVE MONEY.
SO TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS
AND DANCE WITH ME, HONEY.

INSTRUMENTAL

Crowd noises

DORIS MORRIS

WE HEARD ABOUT A LADY
WITH A CHILD OUT OF WEDLOCK.
SHE'S POOR AS A CHURCH MOUSE,
HER LIFE HAS HIT BED ROCK.
SHE WORKS ALL THE TIME
AND HER FUTURE LOOKS BLEAK.
SHE BOARDS HER LITTLE GIRL
FOR A FEW BUCKS A WEEK.

I'M GLAD I'M NOT HER,
THE POOR SON OF A BITCH.
IT'S NICE TO BE BEAUTIFUL.
IT'S NICE TO BE RICH.

INSTRUMENTAL

Crowd noises

DORIS MORRIS

IT'S NICE TO BE BEAUTIFUL.
IT'S NICE TO BE RICH.
IT'S NICE TO GO DANCING.
THE PROBLEM IS WHICH
DRESS I'M GONNA WEAR.
IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I TEAR IT
CAUSE I'LL BUY ANOTHER ONE TOMORROW.

I'VE HEARD TODAY
THERE ARE [EOPLE
BARELY STRUGGLING ALONG.
BUT OF COURSE,
THEY'RE LOWER CLASS,
DOWN THERE WHERE THEY BELONG.

OH IT'S NICE TO BE BEAUTIFUL,
IT'S NICE TO HAVE MONEY.
SO TAKE ME IN YOUR ARMS
AND DANCE WITH ME, HONEY.

INSTRUMENTAL

Crowd noises

INSTRUMENTAL CROSS-FADES INTO

TRANSITION MUSIC TO...

MUSIC: JESUS LOVES ME

CHILD MARILYN

JESUS LOVES ME
THIS I KNOW
FOR THE BIBLE
TELLS ME SO.
LITTLE ONES
TO HIM BELONG.
THEY ARE WEAK
BUT HE IS STRONG.

MUSIC: HYMN TAG

CHURCH CHOIR

THAT'S A GOOD GIRL,
NORMA JEAN.
SING FOR YOUR SUPPER
AND KEEP YOUR MIND CLEAN.

YOU GET INTO MISCHIEF
AND GET PRETTY SICK
SO YOUR MAMA COMES ALONG,
SHE'S GOT THREE WEEKS OFF
AND A BIG BLACK EYE,
BUT SHE DOES THE TRICK.
NORMA JEAN.

MUSIC: TIPPY

CHILD MARILYN

I'VE NEVER HAD ANYTHING BEFORE
THAT I COULD CALL MY OWN.
BUT NOW MISTER BOLENDER-
HE'S LOOKING AFTER ME-
SAYS THAT,
NOW I'M GROWN,
I CAN HAVE TIPPY.

FOLLOW ME, TIPPY.
COME TO THE SCHOOL YARD
COME TIPPY,
FOLLOW ME HOME.
ROLL OVER, TIPPY.
COME GET YOUR DINNER NOW.
SLEEP, TIPPY.
LET ME COMB OUT YOUR FUR.

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND
SO PLEASE DON'T RUN AWAY.
AND I KNOW I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND...
AT LEAST FOR TODAY.

RUN NOW, TIPPY.
BRING BACK THAT STICK I THREW.
THAT'S A GOOD BOY, TIPPY.
OH, HOW I LOVE YOU.

NEIGHBOUR

GET THAT DAMN DOG
OUTTA MY GARDEN.
GET THAT DAMN DOG
OUTTA MY GARDEN.

CHILD MARILYN

PLEASE, MISTER BOLENDER,
WHAT'S THAT MAN YELLING FOR?

BOLENDER

HE'S OUR GOOD NEIGHBOUR
SO PLEASE, NORMA JEAN,
KEEP TIPPY OUT OF HIS YARD.

CHILD MARILYN

COME ON NOW, TIPPY,
DON'T LICK MY FACE LIKE THAT.
HERE, PUPPY,
LET ME SQUEEZE YOU REAL HARD.
SQUEEZE YOU REAL HARD.

YOU'RE MY BEST FRIEND
SO PLEASE DON'T RUN AWAY.

CHILD MARILYN (CONT'D)

AND I KNOW I'M YOUR BEST FRIEND...
AT LEAST FOR TODAY.

RUN NOW, TIPPY.
BRING BACK THAT STICK I THREW.
THAT'S A GOOD BOY, TIPPY.
OH, HOW I LOVE YOU.

NEIGHBOUR

GET THAT DAMN DOG
OUTTA MY GARDEN.
GET THAT DAMN DOG
OUTTA MY GARDEN.

CHILD MARILYN

No!!!

TWO SHOTS FROM A RIFLE

CHILD MARILYN

No! No! No! Tippy! No!

NARRATOR

HAWTHORNE, SOUTH CALIFORNIA.
HAWTHORNE, SOUTH CALIFORNIA.
LITTLE GIRL, WHERE'S YOUR MAMA?
LITTLE GIRL, WHERE'S YOUR PAPA?

CHILD MARILYN

COME, TIPPY,
FOLLOW ME HOME...

FLASH FORWARD...

Marilyn is PERFORMING FOR THE
TROOPS IN KOREA.

EMCEE

All right! Well! She left her new bridegroom in
Tokyo 'cuz she wanted to spend her time in
twenty-degree Korea with all of us!
And here she is, fresh from her honeymoon bed,
Miss Marilyn Monroe!

MUSIC: DO IT TO ME DADDY

MARILYN

IF YOU GOT A REAL STRONG INCLINATION
TO KISS A GIRL WITH PUNCTUATION,
COME ON AND DO IT
DO IT TO ME, DADDY.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

IF YOU'VE MADE A PRIVATE CALCULATION
TO SOIL A POOR GIRL'S REPUTATION,
COME ON AND DO IT.
DO IT TO ME, DADDY.

DON'T SIT THERE IN ISOLATION,
COME ON AND SIT BY ME.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO FILE AN APPLICATION,
JUST YOU AND ME
AND YOUR MONEY MAKES THREE.

IF YOU FEEL THAT YOUR EXHILARATION
IS AT THE POINT OF PERCULATION,
THEN COME ON AND DO IT TO ME,
COME ON AND DO IT, DO IT,
COME ON AND DO IT
DO IT TO ME, DADDY...
DADDY...
OOO-WOO.

DON'T SIT THERE IN ISOLATION,
COME ON AND SIT BY ME.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO FILE AN APPLICATION,
JUST YOU AND ME
AND YOUR MONEY MAKES THREE.

IF YOU FEEL THAT YOUR EXHILARATION
IS AT THE POINT OF PERCULATION,
THEN COME ON AND DO IT TO ME,
COME ON AND DO IT, DO IT,
COME ON AND DO IT
DO IT TO ME, DADDY...
DADDY...
OOO-WOO.

APPLAUSE, CHEERS, WHISTLES

DON'T SIT THERE IN ISOLATION,
COME ON AND SIT BY ME.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO FILE AN APPLICATION,
JUST YOU AND ME
AND YOUR MONEY MAKES THREE.

IF YOU FEEL THAT YOUR EXHILARATION
IS AT THE POINT OF PERCULATION,
THEN COME ON AND DO IT TO ME,
COME ON AND DO IT, DO IT,
COME ON AND DO IT
DO IT TO ME, DADDY...
DADDY...
OOO-WOO.

APPLAUSE, CHEERS, WHISTLES

CROSS FADE TO

MUSIC: ORPHAM

NARRATOR

COME ON, LITTLE GIRL,
THEY'VE TAKEN YOUR MOMMY AWAY.
NO, SHE'S NOT DEAD.
SHE'S JUST A LITTLE CRAZY IN THE HEAD.

LIKE YOUR GRANDMA BEFORE HER,
AND LIKE YOUR BROTHER
YOU NEVER, EVER MET.

SO, COME ON, LITTLE GIRL,
POOR LITTLE ORPHAN.

CHILD MARILYN

I'M NOT AN ORPHAN.
MY MAMA'S NOT DEAD.
I'M NOT AN ORPHAN.
IT'S JUST THAT ALL MY RELATIVES
ARE CRAZY IN THE HEAD.

MUSIC: SIX MONTHS OF LOVE

DORIS MORRIS

WELL YOU TAKE THE LITTLE GIRL

BOYS IN THE BAND

YOU TAKE THE LITTLE GIRL

DORIS MORRIS

INTO YOUR HEART.

BOYS IN THE BAND

INTO YOUR HEART.

DORIS MORRIS

AND YOU SPIN HER AROUND.

BOYS IN THE BAND

YOU SPIN HER AROUND.

DORIS MORRIS

AND AROUND AND AROUND.

BOYS IN THE BAND

AROUND AND AROUND.

DORIS MORRIS

GIVE HER SIX MONTHS OF LOVE

BOYS IN THE BAND

SIX MONTHS OF LOVE

DORIS MORRIS
THEN YOU PASS HER ALONG

BOYS IN THE BAND
THEN YOU PASS HER ALONG

DORIS MORRIS
SCUDDY WAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
SCUDDY WAH DOO

DORIS MORRIS
BOO BOO BAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
BOO BOO BAH DOO.

DORIS MORRIS
THEN SHE'S YOUR LITTLE GIRL.

BOYS IN THE BAND
SHE'S YOUR LITTLE GIRL.

DORIS MORRIS
YOU LOVE HER A BIT.

BOYS IN THE BAND
YOU LOVE HER A BIT.

DORIS MORRIS
THEN YOU SPIN HER AROUND.

BOYS IN THE BAND
YOU SPIN HER AROUND

BOYS IN THE BAND
AROUND AND AROUND.

DORIS MORRIS
GIVE HER SIX MONTHS OF LOVE

BOYS IN THE BAND
SIX MONTHS OF LOVE

DORIS MORRIS
THEN YOU PASS HER ALONG

BOYS IN THE BAND
THEN YOU PASS HER ALONG

DORIS MORRIS
SCUDDY WAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
SCUDDY WAH DOO

DORIS MORRIS
BOO BOO BAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
BOO BOO BAH DOO.

DORIS MORRIS
COME ON TO ME, HONEY.
SHOW AUNTIE WHAT YOU'VE GOT.
NOW TAKE IT AWAY
CAUSE I DON'T WANNA BE CAUGHT.
LIKE THE FISHIES IN THE SEA
WHEN THEY SAW THAT OLD SHARK,
I'M GONNA GO THE OTHER WAY,
I'M GONNA DISEMBARK.
CAUSE I CAN'T,
NO I CAN'T

BOYS IN THE BAND
NO SHE CAN'T, CAN'T, CAN'T.

DORIS MORRIS
GIVE YOU MORE THAN SIX MONTHS OF LOVE.

SO MOVE ALONG AND AROUND
MAYBE UP AND DOWN
AND AROUND AND AROUND
ALL OVER THE TOWN.

SO MOVE ALONG AND AROUND
MAYBE UP AND DOWN
AND AROUND AND AROUND
ALL OVER THE TOWN.
SCUDDY WAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
SCUDDY WAH DOO

DORIS MORRIS
BOO BOO BAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
BO BOO BAH DOO.

INSTRUMENTAL

DORIS MORRIS
SCUDDY WAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
SCUDDY WAH DOO

DORIS MORRIS
BOO BOO BAH DOO

BOYS IN THE BAND
BO BOO BAH DOO.

DORIS MORRIS
BUT NOW YOU'RE EIGHTEEN.
I GOT SOMETHING TO TELL YOU.
HONEY...
YOU'RE GONNA GET MARRIED.

SEGUE TO...

MUSIC: WEDDING MARCH (BRIEF)

SEGUE TO...

MUSIC: I DON'T THINK I LOVE HIM

MARILYN
I DON'T THINK I LOVE HIM...

I DON'T THINK I LOVE HIM.
I DON'T REALLY THINK I CARE.
I ONLY KNOW WHEN I NEED HIM,
HE'S THERE.
AND I KNOW THAT HE'D WRITE ME A LOVE SONG,
KEEP ME WARM WHEN THE SUN IS COLD.
HE'D RIDE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH
JUST TO HOLD ME.
BUT I DON'T
THINK THAT I LOVE HIM
LIKE I SHOULD.
AND I WOULD
IF I COULD.

BUT I DON'T THINK I LOVE HIM.
MAYBE I HAVEN'T REALLY TRIED.
BUT I DON'T THINK I'LL EVEN LOVE HIM
AS HIS BRIDE.
I KNOW THAT HE'D BRING ME A ROSE EACH DAY,
AND CRY IF I WASN'T AROUND.
HE'D RIDE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH
UNTIL HE FOUND ME.
BUT I DON'T
THINK THAT I LOVE HIM.

MAYBE IT'LL WORK OUT FINE.
MAYBE IN A FEW YEARS,
MAYBE IN TIME...

BUT I DON'T THINK I LOVE HIM
I DON'T REALLY THINK I CARE.
I ONLY KNOW WHEN I NEED HIM
HE'S THERE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

AND I KNOW THAT HE'D WRITE ME A LOVE SONG,
KEEP ME WARM WHEN THE SUN IS COLD.
HE'D RIDE TO THE ENDS OF THE EARTH
JUST TO HOLD ME.
BUT I DON'T
THINK THAT I LOVE HIM...

I DON'T
THINK...
THAT I LOVE HIM.

MUSIC: JIMMY DOUGHERTY

NARRATOR

JIMMY
JIMMY DOUGHERTY.
YOU MARRIED THE GIRL
THEN YOU SENT TO SEA.

YOU WENT AND LEFT HER ALONE, BOY.
YOU BETTER BELIEVE
YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN, BOY.

JIMMY
JIMMY DOUGHERTY.
YOU MARRIED THE GIRL
THEN YOU SENT TO SEA.

MUSIC: HE'S A BIG BOY NOW

SAILORS

OH HE'S A BIG BOY, NOW.
HE'S FIGHTING FOR HIS COUNTRY.
HE'S ABIG BOY NOW.
HE'S MOVING TO THE FRONT.

WE PHONED HIS MOTHER
AND WE TOLD HER
TO BE PROUD OF HER SON.
HE'S JOINED US
IN THE GREATEST CAUSE,
A WAR THAT WILL BE WON.

YES HE'S A BIG BOY NOW

NARRATOR

HE'S A BIG BOY NOW.

SAILORS

AND HE'S JUST ABOPUT THE GREATEST GUY
WE'VE EVER KNOWN.

OH HE'S A BIG BOY NOW.

NARRATOR
AND HE LEFT HIS LITTLE CUTIE.

SAILORS
HE'S A BIG BOY NOW.
AND HE WRITES HIS SWEET PATOOTIE
EV'RY DAY
AND EV'RY DAY HE GETS A LETTER IN RETURN.
BUT HE'S FIGHTING
FOR THE FREEDOM
OF THE COUNTRY WE ALL YEARN.

OH HE'S A BIG BOY, NOW

NARRATOR
HE'S A BIG BOY NOW

SAILORS
AND HE'S JUST ABOUT
THE GREATEST BRICK
WE'VE EVER KNOWN.

Instrumental/dance

JIMMY
OH, I'M A BIG BOY NOW.
I'M FIGHTING FOR MY BABY.

SAILORS
HE'S A BIG BOY NOW
AND YOU KNOW HE DON'T MEAN MAYBE

JIMMY
I'LL BE HOME SOON,
NORMA JEAN.
KEEP THE FIRES BURNING BRIGHT.
EV'RY NIGHT I DREAM OF KISSING YOU
AND HOLDING YOU REAL TIGHT.

SAILORS
YES HE'S A BIG BOY NOW.

JIMMY
I'M A BIG BOY NOW.

SAILORS
AND HE'S A BRICK,
HE'S A BRICK,
HE'S A BRICK.
TWO THREE...

OH SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Hold it there, Miss Baker.

SAILORS
SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW.

PHOTOGRAPHER
Come on, let's see your shaker!

SHOW THE CAMERA
WHAT YOU'VE GOT THERE
AND THAT EVERYTHING IS REAL.

SAILORS
YOU'RE FIGHTING FOR YOUR COUNTRY, JIM,
AND WE KNOW HOW YOU FEEL.

JIMMY
OH I'M A BIG BOY NOW.

SAILORS
AND SHE'S BIG GIRL, TOO.

JIMMY
AND I KNOW MY NORMA JEAN IS WAITING
JUST FOR ME.

GOSSIP COLUMNIST
Howard Hughes must be on the road to recovery.
He turned over in his iron lung and wanted to
know more about Jean Norman, this month's cover
girl on LAFF Magazine.

SAILORS
OH HE'S A BIG BOY NOW.

SAILOR ONE
HE'S A BIG BOY NOW
AND HE'S A BRICK,
HE'S A BRICK,
HE'S A BRICK.

JIMMY
I WANNA KNOW IF YOU'RE HAPPY.
YOU DIDN'T WRITE LAST WEEK.
I WANNA KNOW IF YOU'RE HAPPY.
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LADY,
IT'S NOT HIDE AND SEEK.
HOW ARE THEY TREATING YOU?
LIKE SOME KINDA FREAK?

I WANNA KNOW IF YOU'RE HAPPY.
YOU DIDN'T WRITE LAST WEEK.
I WANNA KNOW IF YOU'RE HAPPY.
FOR GOD'S SAKE, LADY,
IT'S NOT HIDE AND SEEK.
HOW ARE THEY TREATING YOU?
LIKE SOME KINDA FREAK?

LAWYER

Dear Mister Dougherty. As solicitor for your former wife Norma Jean Baker, I have been asked to inform you that divorce proceedings will be conducted...(FADE OUT)

JIMMY

I WANNA KNOW IF YOU'RE HAPPY...

SAILORS

HE'S A BRICK,
HE'S A BRICK,
HE'S BRICK...

MUSIC: NARRATOR THREE

NARRATOR

IT'S JULYU.
NINETEEN FORTY-SEX.
IT'S JULY.
THE LADY IS TWENTY.
IN NINETEEN FORTY SIX...

MUSIC STOPS

SOUND: A LOUD KNOCKING

AGENT

Who's there?

MARILYN

Norma Jean.

AGENT

Norma Jean who?

MARILYN

(Hesitant. Stuttering)

Norma Jean Baker.

AGENT

Norma Jean Ba...?
Hold it! Cut!
OK, honey, let's take that again.
All right...go!

SOUND: A LOUD KNOCKING

AGENT

Who's there?

MARILYN

(Confident. Breathly. Sexy)

Marilyn.

AGENT

Marilyn who?

MARILYN

Marilyn Monroe.

AGENT

Now that's more like it!
Now, sweetheart, what do you want?

MARILYN

I want to get into pictures.

AGENT

Agent, you're *in* pictures!

MUSIC: HEY MARILYN

CATHAL

HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING, GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, GIRL?
HET MARILYN,
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT THEY ONLY WANT
ONE THING FROM YOU?
SO WHY NOT CATCH A PIECE OF THE SUN
BEFORE IT FLIES TOO FAR AWAY,
TOO FAR AWAY?

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE
WHO YOU WANT TO BE.
UNLESS YOU CATCH A PIECE OF THE SUN
BEFORE IT FLIES TOO FAR AWAY,
TOO FAR AWAY?

CATHAL (CONT'D)

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING, GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN, GIRL?
HET MARILYN,
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT THEY ONLY WANT
ONE THING FROM YOU?
SO WHY NOT CATCH A PIECE OF THE SUN
BEFORE IT FLIES TOO FAR AWAY,
TOO FAR AWAY?

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING, GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE, GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DON'T YOU KNOW
THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE
WHO YOU WANT TO BE.
UNLESS YOU CATCH A PIECE OF THE SUN
BEFORE IT FLIES TOO FAR AWAY,
TOO FAR AWAY?

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

HEY MARILYN,
RUN WHILE YOU'RE FREE
AND DON'T LOOK BACK
OR YOU'LL DIE.

MUSIC: TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX

FOX MOGUL

I'M GONNA TAKE
A CHANCE ON YOU, HONEY,
HERE AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
BUT YOU'RE NOT GONNA GET
A WHOLE LOTTA MONEY
FROM TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

SEVENTY-FIVE A WEEK
WITH A SIX MONTH OPTION
THAT WE MAY PICK UP OR NOT.
BUT YOU KNOW WE GOT
BETTY GRABLE HERE
ON THE TWENTIETH CENTURY LOT.

NOW HIST'RY SAYS
YOU GOT FOUR YEARS TO GO
BEFORE YOU BECOME A SUCCESS.
AND DURING THAT TIME
THERE'LL BE HEARTACHES, HONEY
AND COFFEE AND HOT DOGS AND STRESS.

JOE SCHENCK IS THE GUY
WHO MADE PALISADES PARK
AND JOINED TWENTIETH CENTURY
AND FOX.
HE'S SEVENTY YEARS OLD
AND YOU'RE WITH HIM A LOT,
BUT HE'S A GOOD GUY
AND YOU KNOW
HE CAN'T BE BOUGHT.

WELL A YEAR'S GONE BY
AND NOW IT'S SEPTEMBER
OF NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN.
YOU HAVEN'T EXACTLY
KNOCKED US ALL OUT
SO YOUR LITTLE SWEET PIECE OF HEAVEN
IS OVER NOW.
THAT'S THE END OF OUR TALKS
AND THE END OF YOUR DAYS
HERE AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR DAYS
HERE AT WONDERFUL
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
YEAH!

FOX MOGUL (CONT'D)

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR DAYS
HERE AT WONDERFUL
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
HEY!

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR DAYS
HERE AT WONDERFUL
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

MAYBE WE'LL SEE YOU
SOME DAY IN THE NEWS
WHEN YOU START WOLFING DOWN
ALL THOSE PILLS AND BOOZE.

JUST REMEMBER THE THINGS
YOU'VE BEEN CAREFULLY TAUGHT
WHEN YOU LEAVE THIS
TWENTIETH CENTURY LOT.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR DAYS
HERE AT WONDERFUL
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.
THAT'S THE END OF YOUR DAYS
HERE AT WONDERFUL
TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

DANCE CALLER

Everybody change partners!

COLUMBIA MOGUL

I'M GONNA TAKE
A CHANCE ON YOU, HONEY,
HERE AT COLUMBIA PICTURES, INC.
BUT YOU BETTER HAVE SOMETHING
TO MAKE IT WORTHWHILE
CAUSE I HEAR, AS AN ACTRESS,
YOU STINK.

YOUR BODY IS GREAT STUFF
TO DECORATE A SET
BUT WHEN YOU SING,
I CAN HARDLY HEAR YOU.

COLUMBIA MOGUL (CONT'D)

YOU KNOW, HERE AT COLUMBIA
WE GOT RITA HAYWORTH
SO YOU'RE LUCKY
WE'RE EVEN COMING NEAR YOU.

AS A MATTER OF FACT,
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT FLOSS
SO I'D ADVISE YOU
TO GO AND BED DOWN WITH THE BOSS.

AS A MATTER OF FACT,
YOU'RE NOTHING BUT FLOSS
SO I'D ADVISE YOU
TO GO AND BED DOWN WITH THE BOSS.

AS A MATTER OF FACT...

Music STOPS.

MARILYN

Honey! You tell the boss to go and bed down...
with himself!

FLASH FORWARD...

Marilyn is PERFORMING FOR THE
TROOPS IN KOREA.

Cheers, applause and whistles.

EMCEE

If it's not the gooks over here in sunny Korea,
it's the cold wind that'll getcha. Fortunately,
we got a lady here who only has to look out for
the wind. Let's hear it for...Marilyn Monroe!

Massive CHEERS.

MUSIC: I NEVER MET A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE

MARILYN

I MET A MAN
WITHOUT A HAIR ON HIS FACE.
I MET A MAN
WITH A VAN DYKE.
BUT LET ME TELL YOU, BABY,
I NEVER, EVER MET
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.
NO SIR.
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I MET A MAN
WHO WAS NAMED ALPHONSE.
I MET A MAN
NAMED MIKE.
BUT LET ME TELL YOU, BABY,
I NEVER, EVER MET
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.
NO SIR.
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

I MET A MAN
WHO LIVED IN A CAVE...
A MAN IN A CAVE
DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE.
I MET A MAN
AT A CORNER FIVE-AND-TEN
AND I SAID,
"IT'S NOT A MATTER
OF 'WHETHER', DEAR BOY,
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF 'WHEN'!"

I MET A MAN
IN A CONVERTIBLE CADILLAC.
I MET A MAN
ON A MOTOR BIKE.
BUT LET ME TELL YOU, BABY,
I NEVER, EVER MET
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.
NO SIR.
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

THE BOYS

SHE MET A MAN
WITHOUT A HAIR ON HIS FACE.

MARILYN

I MET A MAN
WITH A VAN DYKE.

THE BOYS

BUT LISTEN TO HER, BROTHER,
CAUSE SHE NEVER, EVER MET

MARILYN

A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

THE BOYS

NO SIR.

MARILYN AND THE BOYS

A MAN I (SHE) DIDN'T LIKE.

THE BOYS
SHE MET A MAN
WHO WAS NAMED ALPHONSE.

MARILYN
I MET A MAN
NAMED MIKE.

THE BOYS
BUT LISTEN TO HER, BROTHER,
CAUSE SHE NEVER, EVER MET

MARILYN
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

THE BOYS
NO SIR.

MARILYN AND THE BOYS
A MAN I (SHE) DIDN'T LIKE.

THE BOYS
SHE MET A MAN
WHO LIVED IN A CAVE...

MARILYN
A MAN IN A CAVE
DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEHAVE.

THE BOYS
SHE MET A MAN
AT A CORNER FIVE-AND-TEN
AND SHE SAID...

MARILYN
"IT'S NOT A MATTER
OF 'WHETHER', DEAR BOY,
IT'S JUST A MATTER OF 'WHEN'."

THE BOYS
SHE MET A MAN
IN A CONVERTIBLE CADILLAC.

MARILYN
I MET A MAN
ON A MOTOR BIKE.

THE BOYS
BUT LISTEN TO HER, BROTHER,
CAUSE SHE NEVER, EVER MET

MARILYN
A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.

THE BOYS

NO SIR.

MARILYN AND THE BOYS

A MAN I (SHE) DIDN'T LIKE.

MARILYN

I love them short,
I love them tall,
Just as long
As I can have them all.

THE BOYS

SO LISTEN TO HER, BROTHER,
CAUSE SHE NEVER, EVER MET

MARILYN AND THE BOYS

A MAN I DIDN'T LIKE.
NO SIR.
A MAN I (SHE) DIDN'T LIKE.

HUGE CHEERS, ETC...FADE OUT

MUSIC: NARRATOR 4-DOING FINE

NARRATOR

JOHNNY,
JOHNNY HYDE.
YOU FELL IN LOVE WITH HER
AND YOU MADE HER A STAR.

YOU GOT HER A PART
IN "THE ASPHALT JUNGLE"
THEN A BIT IN "ALL ABOUT EVE".
YOU GOT HER ON THE COVER
OF "LIFE" MAGAZINE
IN NINETEEN FIFTY-ONE.

THEN BEFORE VERY LONG,
YOU GOT HER A CONTACT
FOR SEVEN-FIFTY A WEEK
WITH TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

JOHNNY,
JOHNNY HYDE.
JOHNNY,
JOHNNY, YOU DIED.
AND THE REST OF YOUR FAM'LY
DIDN'T WANT HER AROUND
BUT SHE SHOWED UP ANYWAY
WHEN THEY TURNED THE GROUND
FOR YOUR BODY.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

JOHNNY,
THE REST OF YOUR FAM'LY
DIDN'T WANT HER AROUND
BUT SHE SHOWED UP ANYWAY
WHEN THEY TURNED THE GROUND
FOR YOUR...

HYDE'S BROTHER

GET THAT DAMN GIRL
OUTTA THIS GRAVEYARD.

GET THAT DAMN GIRL
OUTTA THIS GRAVEYARD.

MARILYN

No!
Johnny! No! No!

JOHNNY HYDE

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME
YOU LOVED ME?

MARILYN

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I DID.

JOHNNY HYDE

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME
YOU LOVED ME?

MARILYN

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I DID.

HYDE'S BROTHER

GET THAT DAMN GIRL
OUTTA THIS GRAVEYARD.

GET THAT DAMN GIRL
OUTTA THIS GRAVEYARD.

SHE KILLED HIM, YOU KNOW.
SHE WORKED HIM TO DEATH.
HE HAD A BAD HEART
AND A SHORTNESS OF BREATH.

HE MADE HER
A GOD DAMN MOVIE STAR
AND DROVE HER AROUND-
SHE DIDN'T HAVE HER OWN CAR.

LOOK AT HER FACE,
WATCH HER WIGGLE HER ASS.
SHE THINKS SHE'S GOT STYLE,
SHE THINKS SHE'S GOT CLASS.

HYDE'S BROTHER
BUT HE PROBABLY FOUND HER
IN A DOWNTOWN SEWER,
THE CHEAP, LITTLE, BLEACH-BLONDE,
TEARY-EYED WHOLE.

YEAH, SHE KILLED HIM, YOU KNOW.
IN THOSE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE,
HE LOVED THE CHEAP BROAD
BUT SHE WOULDN'T BE HIS WIFE,
SHE SAID SHE WOULDN'T BE HIS WIFE.

SO GET THAT DAMNED GIRL
OUTTA THIS GRAVEYARD.
GET THAT DAMN GIRL
OUTTA THIS GRAVEYARD!

MARILYN

No!
Johnny! No! No!

JOHNNY HYDE

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME
YOU LOVED ME?

MARILYN

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I DID.

JOHNNY HYDE

WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL ME
YOU LOVED ME?

MARILYN

I DIDN'T KNOW THAT I DID.

MUSIC: CRITICS' SONG

CRITIC ONE

GOOD EVENING,
I'M A CRITIC
AND I THINK THE GIRL'S TERRIFIC.
BUT I DON'T KNOW IF I'M TYPICAL
OF WHAT HAS BEEN
THE CRITICAL CONSENSUS.

CRITIC TWO

GOOD EVENING,
I'M A CRITIC.
WHAT I WRITE IS ANALYTIC
AND I THINK THE GIRL IS 'RIGHT ON'
WHEN SHE'S JUST PUT SOMETHING TIGHT
ON TO HER BODY.

CRITIC THREE

GOOD EVENING,
 I'M A CRITIC
 AND MY FINGERS ARE ARTHRITIC.
 WHEN SHE OPENS UP HER HEART TO PLEASE,
 SHE SOFTENS UP MY ARTERIES
 REAL SWELL.

CRITIC ONE

IN FIFTY-ONE,
 AND FIFTY-TWO AND FIFTY-THREE
 SHE MAD A DOZEN DIFF'RENT MOVIE
 HERE IN HOLLYWOOD.
 AND EV'RYONE WAS BUZZIN'
 'BOUT THE BLONDE
 WHO'S GOT THE WIGGLE
 AND THE HIGH-PITCHED
 SQUEAKY GIGGLE...
 IS SHE REAL?

CRITIC TWO

"HOMETOWN STORY" WAS A MOVIE
 WHERE SHE PLAYED A SECRETARY.
 IN
 "AS YOUNG AS YOU FEEL",
 ANOTHER SECRETARY.
 WITH BILL LUNDIGAN,
 JUNE HAVER AND JACK PAAR,
 SHE PLAYED IN "LOVE NEST"
 AS THE OTHER GIRL
 WHO SHOWS UP
 AND TURNS OUT TO BE A REAL PEST.
 SHE PLAYS A DUMB BLONE,
 BUT SHE'S GOOD!

CRITIC THREE

AND SHE PLAYED THE OTHER GIRL AGAIN IN
 "LET'S MAKE IT LEGAL"
 WHEN MACDONALD CAREY LEFT CLAUDETTE
 AND MARILYN DID INVEIGLE.
 THEN IN "CLASH BY NIGHT" AT R.K.O.
 SHE HAD A CHANCE AT A BETTER ROLE.
 SHE WORKED WITH BAR'BRA STANWYCK
 AND SHE SEEMED QUITE IN CONTROL.
 AND SHE WAS GOOD!
 SHE WAS GREAT!

CRITIC ONE

BACK AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX,
 SHE PLAYED THE WIFE IN
 "WE'RE NOT MARRIED".
 DAVID WAYNE, GINGER ROGERS, MITZI GAYNOR
 ALL WERE HARRIED
 WHEN AS "MISSUS MISSISSIPPI"
 MARILYN FINDS OUT SHE'S NOT WED.

CRITIC ONE (CONT'D)
EVERY MAN WHO'S WATCHING WONDERS
WHAT SHE'S LIKE IN BED.
SHE PLAYS A DUMB BLONDE...
BUT SHE'S GOOD!

CRITIC TWO
IN "DON'T BOTHER TO KNOCK",
SHE PLAYS A
QUITE PSYCHOTIC BABY-SITTER'
BUT IT DOESN'T WORK TOO WELL
SO MISS MONROE GETS SLIGHTLY BITTER
WHEN THE CRITICS LIKE OURSELVES
SAY "PLAY THE PARTS THAT YOU CAN CARRY".
SO THE NEXT ONE'S "MONKEY BUSINESS"
WHERE SHE PLAYS A SECRETARY.
SHE'S DUMB BLONDE,
BUT SHE'S GOOD.

CRITIC THREE
IN "NIAGARA" SHE'S A FAITHLESS WIFE
WHO FINALLY GETS KILLED
BY JOSEPH COTTON
BUT THE LADY AS A CO-STAR
NOW IS BILLED.
THEN A MUSICAL 'BOUT GENTLEMEN
PREFERRING BLONDER TYPES
AND WITH JANE RUSSELL,
MISS MONROE WINS
HER SONG AND DANCING STRIPES.
SHE'S A MUSICAL DUMB BLONDE,
BUT SHE'S GOOD.

CRITIC ONE
IN "HOW TO MARRY A MILLIONAIRE"
SHE DROPS A PEG OR TWO,
BUT NOTHING DRASTIC HAPPENS
'CAUSE THE LADY'S TRIED AND TRUE.

CRITIC TWO
THINGS BEGIN TO GET CONFUSED,
THE PUBLIC THINKS SHE'S GREAT
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO MAKING MOVIES,
SHE'S LATE!

DIRECTOR
SHE'S ALWAYS LATE!
SHE COSTS THOUSANDS!
SHE'S ALWAYS LATE!
STUPID BITCH!

THERE'S CREW OF A HUNDRED
WAITING AROUND
JUST FOR HER
'CAUSE SHE'S LATE.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

SHE'S ALWAYS LATE.
SHE'S ALWAYS LATE.

SHE'S ALWAYS LATE.
SHE'S ALWAYS LATE.

SHE'S ALWAYS LATE.
SHE'S ALWAYS LATE.

MUSIC: I CAN DO MORE

MARILYN

I CAN DO MORE.
I CAN BE MORE
THAN A DAMN, DUMB BLONDE.
I KNOW I CAN SHOW THEM.

I CAN DO MORE.
I CAN BE MORE
THAN A DAMN, DUMB BLONDE.

I CAN DO MORE,
I CAN DO MORE
THAN SIT AROUND
BEING DISPLAYED.
I CAN DO MORE,
I CAN DO MORE
THAN LOOK LIKE I WANNA GET LAID.

I'M NOT REALLY HELPLESS.
I'M NOT REALLY BLIND.
I'M MORE THAN A BODY,
I'M ALSO A MIND.
SO GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO BE A GREAT LADY.

I CAN DO MORE
I CAN DO MORE
THAN BE A CHARADE.
I CAN DO MORE
I CAN DO MORE
THAN JUST BE A FREAK OF THE TRADE.

I KNOW I CAN ACT
IN A SERIOUS ROLE.
I'M NOT JUST A HEART,
I'M A HEART WITH A SOUL.
SO GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO BE A GREAT LADY.

THEY THINK I'M PART OF THE CIRCUS.
MAYBE PLAYING THE PART OF A CLOWN.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

ROLL OVER, GIRL,
NOW PLAY DEAD.
WAVE AT THE STUDS
ON YOUR WAY THROUGH TOWN.

BE AN ACROBAT,
FLY THE TRAPEZE
AND ON YOUR WAY UP THE LADDER,
WAVE YOUR BUTT AROUND, PLEASE.

JUMP THROUGH THE HOOP.
ACT LIKE A SEAL,
AND WHATEVER YOU DO,
PLEASE DON'T BE REAL
CAUSE YOU'RE A CLOWN.

BUT I CAN DO MORE.
I CAN DO MORE
THAN DECORATE A SET.
I CAN BE MORE.
I CAN BE MORE
THAN A MARIONETTE.

I WANT TO PLAY GRUSHENKA.
I KNOW I CAN ACT.
LET ME MAKE YOU KNOW
THAT MY DREAM IS A FACT.
GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO BE A GREAT LADY.

THEY THINK I'M PART OF THE CIRCUS.
MAYBE PLAYING THE PART OF A CLOWN.
ROLL OVER, GIRL,
NOW PLAY DEAD.
WAVE AT THE STUDS
ON YOUR WAY THROUGH TOWN.

BE AN ACROBAT,
FLY THE TRAPEZE
AND ON YOUR WAY UP THE LADDER,
WAVE YOUR BUTT AROUND, PLEASE.

JUMP THROUGH THE HOOP.
ACT LIKE A SEAL,
AND WHATEVER YOU DO,
PLEASE DON'T BE REAL
CAUSE YOU'RE A CLOWN.

BUT I CAN DO MORE.
I CAN DO MORE
THAN DECORATE A SET.
I CAN BE MORE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I CAN BE MORE
THAN A MARIONETTE.

I WANT TO PLAY GRUSHENKA.
I KNOW I CAN ACT.
LET ME MAKE YOU KNOW
THAT MY DREAM IS A FACT.
GIVE ME A CHANCE
TO BE A GREAT LADY...

GIVE ME A CHANCE!

MUSIC: MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN

RINGMASTER

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER FALL ON HER HEAD
WHEN SHE TURNS AROUND.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
SEE IF SHE CAN PICK HERSELF UP
WHEN SHE'S ON THE GROUND.

NO ONE CARES ABOUT HER NAME.
BUT EV'RYBODY WANTS
TO PLAY THE GAME.
SO STEP RIGHT UP,
LET'S SEE WHAT SHE'LL DO TODAY.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER MAKE YOU SMILE
AT HER SKIN-TIGHT GOWN.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER LOSE HER MIND
ON THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW EVERY TIME.
SHE'S AT HER BEST,
SHE'S IN HER PRIME.
SO STEP RIGHT UP.
LET'S SEE WHAT SHE'LL DO TODAY.

DON'T TELL ANYONE
SHE'S FALLING APART.
DON'T LET THEM KNOW
THAT SHE'S REAL.

RINGMASTER (CONT'D)

DON'T TELL ANYONE
SHE CAN'T REALLY COPE
WITH THE FEELINGS
THAT SHE FEELS.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER CLIMB UP HIGH
THEN WATCH HER FALL DOWN.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER LOSE AT LOVE
THAT SHE'S NEVER FOUND.

WHISTLE AND CHEER
IF SHE STARTS TO CRY.
JUST ENJOY IT
AND DON'T ASK WHY.
COME ON RIGHT IN,
LET'S SEE WHAT SHE'LL DO TODAY.

DON'T TELL ANYONE
SHE'S FALLING APART.
DON'T LET THEM KNOW
THAT SHE'S REAL.

DON'T TELL ANYONE
SHE CAN'T REALLY COPE
WITH THE FEELINGS
THAT SHE FEELS.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER CLIMB UP HIGH
THEN WATCH HER FALL DOWN.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN.
WATCH HER LOSE AT LOVE
THAT SHE'S NEVER FOUND.

WHISTLE AND CHEER
IF SHE STARTS TO CRY.
JUST ENJOY IT
AND DON'T ASK WHY.
COME ON RIGHT IN,
LET'S SEE WHAT SHE'LL DO TODAY.

MAKE WAY FOR THE CLOWN...

MUSIC: HIYA JOE

HEY MARILYN... JOE

HIYA JOE. MARILYN

HEY MARILYN... JOE

HIYA JOE. MARILYN

HEY MARILYN... JOE

MARILYN
HIYA JOE,
YOU FEEL THAT SUNSHINE?
HIYA JOE,
YOU FEEL THAT RAIN?
HIYA JOE,
COME ON AND TAKE ME HOME
AGAIN.

HIYA JOE,
I HEAR YOU LOVE ME.
HIYA JOE,
I LOVE YOU, TOO.
HIYA JOE,
COME ON ND TAKE ME HOME
WITH YOU.

HERE'S MY HAND,
LET'S RUN BY THE OCEAN
EVEN THOUGH THE WATER'S COLD.
HERE'S MY HAND,
LET'S GO SKIP A STONE.
HOLD ME TIGHT BECAUSE
I DON'T WANT
TO GROW OLD ALONE.

HIYA JOE,
I'M LOOKING AT YOU.
HIYA JOE,
I SEE YOUR EYES.
HIYA JOE,
COME ON AND TAKE ME HOME
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO CRY...
HIYA JOE.

INSTRUMENTAL

MARILYN

HERE'S MY HAND,
LET'S RUN BY THE OCEAN
EVEN THOUGH THE WATER'S COLD.
HERE'S MY HAND,
LET'S GO SKIP A STONE.
HOLD ME TIGHT BECAUSE
I DON'T WANT
TO GROW OLD ALONE.

HIYA JOE,
I'M LOOKING AT YOU.
HIYA JOE,
I SEE YOUR EYES.
HIYA JOE,
COME ON AND TAKE ME HOME
BECAUSE I'M GOING TO CRY...
HIYA JOE.

Marilyn is PERFORMING FOR THE
TROOPS IN KOREA.

Cheers, applause and whistles.

EMCEE

So she married Slugger DiMaggio. But she left
him home in bed in Tokyo...probably
exhausted...and came here to find paradise in
Korea. She came here to see you, men. The one
and only, Marilyn Monroe!

MUSIC: I GET HOT IN MY OWN BACKYARD

MARILYN

THEY SAY IT'S HOT IN CHILE.
THE HEAT IN MEXICO MAKES ME BREATHE HARD.
BUT I FIND WHEN THE MOON
AND THE STARS ARE RIGHT,
THAT I GET HOT IN MY OWN BACKYARD.

THEY SAY IT'S HOT IN GUATEMALA.
THE HEAT IN VENEZUELA LEAVES ME SCARRED.
BUT I FIND WHEN THE MAN
AND HIS WORDS ARE RIGHT,
THAT I GET HOT IN MY OWN BACKYARD.

I GET HOT,
I GET HOT,
I GET HOT IN MY OWN BACK YARD.

I HEAR THAT THE SUN IN THE CONGO
MALKES PEOPLE GO,
IN THEOR HEADS,
BONGO BONGO.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

BUT WHO NEEDS THE HEAT OF THE JUNGLE
WHEN YOU CAN BUNGLER ON THROUGH
IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD ZOO!

THEY SAY IT'S HOT IN BALI.
IN ARGENTINA, YOU'VE GOT TO BE ON GUARD.
BUT I FIND WHEN I'M WITH
AN AMERICAN MAN
THAT I GET HOT IN MY OWN BACKYARD.

I HEAR THAT THE SUN IN THE CONGO
MALKES PEOPLE GO,
IN THEOR HEADS,
BONGO BONGO.
BUT WHO NEEDS THE HEAT OF THE JUNGLE
WHEN YOU CAN BUNGLER ON THROUGH
IN YOUR NEIGHBOURHOOD ZOO!

THEY SAY IT'S HOT IN BALI.
IN ARGENTINA, YOU'VE GOT TO BE ON GUARD.
BUT I FIND WHEN I'M WITH
AN AMERICAN MAN
THAT I GET HOT IN MY OWN BACKYARD.

I GET HOT,
I GET HOT,
I GET HOT
IN MY OWN
BACK YARD.

Cheers, applause, whistles...

Fade out...

MUSIC: GOOD-BYE JOE...

NARRATOR

JOE,
JOE DIMAGGIO.
YOU LOVED THE LADY,
BUT YOU TREATED HER WRONG.

JOE,
JOE DIMAGGIO.
COULDN'T YOPU REALLY TELL
ALL ALONG...
ON THE HONEYMOON, YOU JERK,
YOU TOOK A PAL ALONG.
THEN YOU TOOK THE GIRL TO PLACES
WHERE SHE DIDN'T BELONG.

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

JOE,
JOE DIMAGGIO,
YOU DIDN'T MUCH LIKE IT
WHEN HER WHITE SKIRT
BLEW UP AROUND HER HEAD.

THEN SOMEONE SAW HER
ALONE ONE NIGHT
OUT ALONE ON THE PATIO
IN A COAT AND SLIPPERS,
STANDING IN THE RAIN...

MARILYN

HIYA JOE,
YOU FEEL THAT SUNSHINE?
HIYA JOE,
YOU FEEL THAT RAIN?
GOODBYE JOE...
DO YOU FEEL THAT PAIN?

CHORUS

NEW YORK,
NEW YORK!

MARILYN

PLEASE, MISTER STRASBERG,
MAKE ME AN ACTRESS.
TEACH ME TO BE A GREAT LADY.

STRASBERG

All right, Marilyn. If you're going to *play*
Anna Christie, you've got to *become* Anna
Christie!

DIRECTOR

Why is she late? We've been waiting six hours.
What the hell is she doing?

SCRIPT ASSISTANT

She's in "Bus Stop", right? Well, she's in her
dressing room trying to *become* a bus stop!

DIRECTOR

Jesus Christ!

MUSIC: LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA

OBSERVER

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
KNOWS ONLY ONE WORD, MISHPACHA.

OBSERVER (CONT'D)

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
ONLY WANTS TO BELONG.

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
FELL IN LOVE WITH A MAN
WHO WROTE WORDS.

HE WAS PALE
AND WAS EVERYTHING
POOR LITTLE SHIKSA
NEVER COULD BE.
HIS WAS A BEAUTY
INSIDE OF HIS HEAD
AND HERS,
SHE WORE ON HER SLEEVE.

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
KNOWS ONLY ONE WORD, MISHPACHA.

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
ONLY WANTS TO BELONG.

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
CAME TO US FOR HER GOOD MAN
WITH THE WORDS.

SHE THEN THOUGHT
THAT HER LIFE WOULD UNFOLD
AND BECOME
WHAT IT NEVER HAD BEEN.
BUT DID SHE EVER
BELIEVE WHAT SHE DID
WITH HER HEART
OR FROM PICTURES SHE'D SEEN?

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
KNOWS ONLY ONE WORD, MISHPACHA.

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
ONLY WANTS TO BELONG...

MUSIC: NARRATOR SIX-ARTHUR

NARRATOR

ARTHUR
ARTHUR MILLER,
DO YOU THINK THAT SHE KNOWS
WHAT SHE'S DOING?

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

ARTHUR
ARTHUR MILLER,
SHE'S BECOMING A JEWESS
JUST FOR YOU.

AND MEANWHILE,
THEY'RE CALLING YOU A COMMIE.
THEY'RE MAKING YOUR WHOLE LIFE BAD.
BUT LISTEN HERE, BOY,
IF YOU THINK YOU GOT PROBLEMS,
IN A VERY SHORT TIME
YOU'LL THINK YOU'RE GOING MAD.

ARTHUR
ARTHUR MILLER,
THE LADY WILL BE MORE
THAN YOU COULD EVER HANDLE.

OBSERVER

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
KNOWS ONLY ONE WORD, MISHPACHA.

LITTLE GIRL,
LITTLE GIRL SHIKSA
ONLY WANTS TO BELONG...

NARRATOR

ARTHUR
ARTHUR MILLER,
YOU'LL NEVER
BE HAPPY AGAIN...

MUSIC: THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL

SOUND: Glasses tinkling, cash
register ringing, voices of people
in an English Pub.

FEMALE EMCEE (COCKNEY ACCENT)

Ladies and Gentlemen, the Cock and Bull proudly
presents for your evening pleasure, Sir
Lawrence Olivier and Miss Marilyn Monroe, in a
routine they've been working on for several
months now, called "The Prince And The
Showgirl". Let's give 'em a nice hand.

Applause and boozy cheers

OLIVIER

OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN

AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH
AND WE'RE BOTH CONVINCED
THE OTHER ONE IS NUTS.

OLIVIER
OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN
AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS
OH YEAH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS!

MARILYN
OH I FORMED MY OWN
MOTION PICTURE COMPANY
AND I DECIDED THAT IT WOULD BE FUN
TO DO A FILM
WITH SOMEONE AS DISTINGUISHED AS
THIS EX-TINGUISHED GENTLE-MUN.

OLIVIER
WELL, I RECEIVED THIS LETTER
AND I QUICK REPLIED
THAT I'D LOVE TO WORK
WITH THIS, HERE, GODDESS.
BUT I SOON DISCOVERED
WHAT A BUCKET OF WORMS
THAT AMERICA HAS
IN THIS 'BROAD-ESS'.

OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN
AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH
AND WE'RE BOTH CONVINCED
THE OTHER ONE IS NUTS.

OLIVIER
OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN
AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS
OH YEAH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS!

OLIVIER
WELL, I'M NOT ONLY STARRING,
I'M DIRECTING IT, TOO,
AND I'M CONCERNED ABOUT
A SCENE IN OUR 'PLAY'.
SO I'M TALKING TO THIS DAME
AND IN THE MIDDLE OF MY SENTENCE,
THE BLOODY BITCH GETS UP
AND WALKS AWAY!

MARILYN
NOW, I KNOW THAT I AM
WHERE I AM TODAY
BECAUSE MY BODY'S
ALL CONCAVE AND CONVEXY.
BUT THIS LORD OF THE FLEET
REALLY HAD HIS NERVE
WHEN HE SAID,
"ALL RIGHT, MARILYN,
BE SEXY!"

OLIVIER
OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN
AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH
AND WE'RE BOTH CONVINCED
THE OTHER ONE IS NUTS.

OLIVIER
OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN
AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS
OH YEAH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS!

MARILYN
A DIRECTOR
IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE
A LITTLE TACT AND GRACE,
BUT HITLER, HERE
BELIEVES IN USING CLOUT.
THEN HE PLAYED HIS PART
WITH ALL THE HEART OF A BABOON
AND THE THICK AND HEAVY ACCENT
OF A KRAUT!

OLIVIER

OH, I HAD HEARD ABOUT THE TROUBLE
THAT THIS GIRL IS,
ON THE SET,
BUT I REALLY COULDN'T
FATHOM THEM SO DEEP.
WITH ALL HER PILLS AND BOOZE
AND THAT JEWISH FRANKENSTEIN,
WELL, IT'S QUITE A BIT TO TAKE
FROM SUCH A CREEP.

OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN

AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH

AND WE'RE BOTH CONVINCED
THE OTHER ONE IS NUTS.

OLIVIER

OH I'M THE PRINCE.

MARILYN

AND I'M THE SHOWGIRL.

BOTH

AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR GUTS
OH YEAH
AND I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR...

OLIVIER

MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE
I'M A LONDONER.

BOTH

THAT I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR...
THAT I BLOODY WELL HATE YOUR...
THAT I BLOODY WELL HATE
YOUR
GUTS!

Sound of clapping, cheers.
whistles.

MUSIC: THE BABY, THE BOOZE AND THE PILLS

ARTHUR

HEY MARILYN...

MARILYN

YES, ARTHUR...

ARTHUR

I'M SORRY YOU LOST THE BABY.
BUT I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS.
I'M WRITING A MOVIE SCRIPT
ON THAT STORY OF MINE
ABOUT MISFITS.

MARILYN

I'M SORRY I LOST THE BABY.

ARTHUR

I'M SORRY TOO.

IT'S ABOUT THIS GIRL
AND THESE GUYS
AND THEY'RE ALL MISFITS.

MARILYN

IT SOUNDS GOOD,
REALLY GOOD.

ARTHUR

IT'S FOR YOU
AND ABOUT YOU
AND WHO YOU ARE INSIDE.

ARE YOU SURE
YOU WANT SOME MORE VERMOUTH?

MARILYN

I FEEL BETTER WHEN I SIP IT,
THEN I CAN COPE.

YOU KNOW, I TOLD A STORY
TO MY LAWYER TODAY.
DID I EVER TELL YOU?
ABOUT HOW WHEN I WAS
NINE YEARS OLD.
THIS MAN CAME ALONG.
HE LIFTED UP MY LITTLE PINK DRESS
AND RAPED ME, RIGHT THERE.
HE RAPED ME, RIGHT THERE,
WHEN I WAS
NINE YEARS OLD.

ARTHUR

IT DIDN'T HAPPEN.

MARILYN

YES, IT DID,
DADDY!

ARTHUR

IT DIDN'T.

THIS GIRL...
ONME OF THE MISFITS...
HER NAME IS ROSLYN.

MARILYN

I CAN'T SLEEP.
I CAN'T TURN MYSELF OFF.
I CAN'T SLEEP.
I CAN'T TURN MYSELF OFF.
I CAN'T SLEEP.
I CAN'T TURN MYSELF OFF.

ARTHUR

TAKE A PILL,
ROSLYN.

MY GOD,
IS THAT ANOTHER EMPTY BOTTLE?
MY GOD, MARILYN,
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?
MY GOD, MARILYN,
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

MARILYN

I'M SLEEPY NOW,
DADDY.
I CAN'T KEEP MY EYES...
OPEN.

ARTHUR

SO FAST?
HERE, I'LL HELP YOU TO BED.
MY GOD YOU'RE HARDLY BREATHING!
HOW MANY DID YOU TAKE?
CHRIST, YOU'RE GONNA DIE!

THE HOSPITAL!

MY GOD, MARILYN,
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU?

Instrumental

MARILYN

THANK YOU, DADDY...
YOU SAVED MY LIFE.

ARTHUR

YOU'RE WELCOME.

MUSIC: SOME LIKE IT HOT

MOVIE DIRECTOR

Look, Tony. Look, Jack.
She's, uh...

TONY CURTIS

LISTEN,
I'M JUST A LITTLE
SICK AND TIRED
OF STANDING IN THESE HIGH-HEELED SHOES.
WE'RE WAITING FOR MONROE
AND WE'RE SINGING THE BLUES,
VERY SAD THAT WE DIDN'T RATE
AS HIGH AS HER BOOZE.

JACK LEMMON

I STARTED OUT THE DAY
FEELING REAL, REAL GOOD,
AND I'M READY TO ACT,
IN THIS DRESS!
BUT BY THE TIME SHE SHOWS UP,
SIX HOUR LATE,
MY LINES
AND MY BACK
AND MY MIND
WERE A MESS.

BOTH

SOME LIKE IT HIT.
SOME LIKE IT COLD.

JACK LEMMON

BUT DIDN'T I HEAR
THAT SHE WENT DOWN ON A GUY
WHEN SHE WAS NINE YEARS OLD!

TONY CURTIS

SHE AND I HAD THIS SCENE
WHERE I CHEWED ON A CHICKEN LEG
NOW THAT'S NO CRIME.
BUT OVER AND OVER,
SHE BLEW ALL HER LINES
AND I CHEWED ON THAT CHICKEN LEG
FORTY-TWO TIMES!

JACK LEMMON

IT GET HOT IN A WIG
AND A PADDED BRASSIERE
AND ALL THIS UNDERWEAR JUNK.
BUT HERE I WAIT
WITH THE PATIENCE OF JOB,
WHILE SHE SITS ALONE
JUST A LITTLE BIT DRUNK.

BOTH

SOME LIKE IT HIT.
SOME LIKE IT COLD.

TONY CURTIS

SO HURRY ON OVER
AND KNOCK ON HER DOOR.
SEND THE ASSISTANT DIRECTOR
CAUSE IT'S GETTING CLOSE TO FOUR.

WE'VE BEEN HERE SINCE NINE
AND SHE HASN'T SHOWN UP YET.
SO GO TO HER DRESSING ROOM
AND GET HER DOWN ON THE SET.

GO AND KNOCK ON HER DOOR
AND GET HER DOWN ON THE SET.

SOUND: Knocking on MM's dressing
room door.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR

Miss Monroe.
We're ready for you.
Everyone's waiting.

MARILYN

(She SCREAMS. Then shouts...)

Go screw yourself!

MUSIC: THE BABY, THE BOOZE AND THE PILLS (REPRISE)

ARTHUR

HEY MARILYN...

MARILYN

YES, ARTHUR.

ARTHUR

THAT MOVIE'S A GREAT SUCCESS,
WITH CURTIS AND LEMMON.

MARILYN

I KNOW.

ARTHUR

I'M SORRY YOU LOST
THE SECOND BABY...
BUT I'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS.
I'M WRITING A MOVIE SCRIPT
ON THAT STORY OF MINE
ABOUT MISFITS.

MARILYN

YOU ALREADY TOLD ME.

ARTHUR

SORRY.

I'M GOING TO NEW YORK.

MARILYN

I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
I'M WORKING ON ANOTHER MOVIE
WITH A FRENCH MAN,
HE'S A NICE MAN...
I'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

ARTHUR

IT'S ABOUT THIS GIRL AND THESE GUYS,
AND THEY'RE ALL MISFITS.

MARILYN

HE'S A NICE MAN.

MUSIC: NARRATOR SEVEN-YVES MONTAND

NARRATOR

YVES
YVES MONTAND.
YOU KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN,
BUT YOU COULDN'T LEAVE.

YVES
YVES MONTAND,
DIDN'T SHE DETROY YOU?
DIDN'T SHE DESTROY YOU?

YVES
YVES MONTAND.
YOU KNEW WHAT WOULD HAPPEN,
BUT YOU COULDN'T LEAVE.

YVES
YVES MONTAND,
DIDN'T SHE DETROY YOU?
DIDN'T SHE DESTROY YOU?

MUSIC: SHE CAME, SHE SAW

CATHAL

SHE CAME...
LIKE THE SUN ON THE HILL
AS IT SHINES THROUGH THE DEW
AND SENDS LIFE
THROUGH THE DEAD
THAT WAS NIGHT.

CATHAL (CONT'D)

SHE CAME...
LIKE THE CANDLE THAT GLOWS
IN THE DEPTHS OF A MIND
THAT HAS NEVER KNOWN MORE
THAN IS RIGHT.

SHE CAME...
LIKE THE GOLD THAT IS FOUND
IN THE BLACK OF THE EARTH
AND THAT BLINDS
WITH THE RAYS OF ITS LIGHT.
SHE SAW...

SHE WALKS.
AND THE MAN JUST FOLLOWS HER
ANYWHERE SHE WILL GO.
SHE TALKS.
AND HE MAN JUST LISTENS TO
EV'RY WORD
THAT SHE SAYS.
SHE CRAWLS,
ON HER KNEES.
AND THE MAN,
HE FALLS ON HIS KNEES
JUST TO PLEASE HER...
THEN HE CRIES,
HOW HE CRIES.

SHE CAME...
LIKE THE SOUND OF A BELL
AS IT ROLLS THROUGH THE HILLS
THAT ARE STILL
IN THE DUSK OF THE DAY.

SHE CAME...
LIKE THE MUSIC THAT SOARS
FROM A SONG THAT IS SUNG
BY THE VOICE OF A CHOIR
FAR AWAY.

SHE CAME...
LIJE THE WORDS OF A SAGE
FROM THE PAST, WHO HAS SAID
WHAT IS REAL
AND IS TRUE FOR TODAY.

SHE SAW...

SHE WALKS.
AND THE MAN JUST FOLLOWS HER
ANYWHERE SHE WILL GO.
SHE TALKS.

CATHAL (CONT'D)

AND HE MAN JUST LISTENS TO
EV'RY WORD
THAT SHE SAYS.
SHE CRAWLS,
ON HER KNEES.
AND THE MAN,
HE FALLS ON HIS KNEES
JUST TO PLEASE HER...
THEN HE CRIES,
HOW HE CRIES.

SHE CAME...
AND SHE LOOKED ALL AROUND HER
AND SAW THAT THE WORLD
WAS A MOON
HANGING ON BY A THREAD.

SHE CAME...
AND SHE HEARD ALL THE VOICES
OF PEOPLE AROUND
AND SAW FACES
SHE KNEW THAT WERE DEAD.

SHE CAME...
AND THE SOUNDS THAT SHE HEARD
WERE ALL NOISE,
AND THE COLOURS SHE LOVED
WERE ALL RED.

SHE SAW...

SHE WALKS.
AND THE MAN JUST FOLLOWS HER
ANYWHERE SHE WILL GO.
SHE TALKS.
AND HE MAN JUST LISTENS TO
EV'RY WORD
THAT SHE SAYS.
SHE CRAWLS,
ON HER KNEES.
AND THE MAN,
HE FALLS ON HIS KNEES
JUST TO PLEASE HER...
THEN HE CRIES,
HOW HE CRIES,
HOW HE CRIES.

SILENCE

DISC JOCKEY

All right, now! We're gonna go with a eaz to
watch. And RIGHT now I'm gonna spin the disc
that's gonna go right to the top.

(MORE)

DISC JOCKEY (CONT'D)

It's about a lady you know, I know and we all
just love, love, love! She didn't fit. She
didn't fit at all, guys and gals. So they
called her 'Little Misfit'. Lit-tle Mis-fit!
So bend your ear to the great sound of Lothar
and the Mandrakes, and baby, listen to LITTLE
MISFIT! Yeah!

MUSIC: LITTLE MISFIT

LOTHAR

SHE NEEDED LOTS OF NEMBUTAL
TO MAKE HER BODY REST.
EV'RY MORNING, THEY WOULD HAVE TO
WALK HER 'ROUND UNDRESSED.
FIN'LY WHEN HER EYES WERE FOCUSED
AND THE CAM'RAS ROLLED,
SHE SPOKE HER LINES AND PLAYED HER PART
JUST LIKE THE PUREST GOLD.

MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES

SHE DIDN'T FIT

LOTHAR

MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES

SHE DIDN'T FIT

LOTHAR

MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES

SHE DIDN'T FIT.

LOTHAR

HOW I LOVE YOU SO.

MANDRAKES

HOW HE LOVES HER SO.

MANDRAKE-THE BASS GUY

Her man was hanging by the threads of what he
used to be.
He realized that he had sunk from real to
memory.
His life was paranoiac hate. His goals reduced
to one.
He knew he'd sent his shiksa, little jewess, on
the run.

MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES
SHE DIDN'T FIT

LOTHAR
MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES
SHE DIDN'T FIT

LOTHAR
MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES
SHE DIDN'T FIT.

LOTHAR
HOW I LOVE YOU SO.

MANDRAKES
HOW HE LOVES HER SO.

LOTHAR
HER PEERS AND FRIENDS
WERE NOT THE BEST
SUPPORT FOR SUCH A MESS.
HER CO-STAR, CLIFT,
GOT BLINDING DRUNK.
HER BEST FRIEND WAS DEPRESSED.
HER LEADING MAN, CLARK GABLE,
WAS A LEGEND SANCTIFIED.
BUT AFTER ALL THE SHOTS WERE DONE,
DER DADDY, GABLE, DIED.

MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES
SHE DIDN'T FIT

LOTHAR
MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES
SHE DIDN'T FIT

LOTHAR
MY LITTLE MISFIT.

MANDRAKES
SHE DIDN'T FIT.

LOTHAR
HOW I LOVE YOU SO.

MANDRAKES
HOW HE LOVES HER SO.

Song ends.

DISC JOCKEY

Hey, hey, hey! What a winner! What a winner.
That's a wax to watch. And remember, you heard
it first from P.J. the D.J. It's three-oh-three
a.m. for all you night birds and we got lotsa
music, lotsa weather and, best of all, lotsa
me!

Disc Jockey FADES OUT.

MUSIC: NARRATOR EIGHT-JOE RETURNS

NARRATOR

ARTHUR,
ARTHUR MILLER.
SHE'S GONE NOW, YOU KNOW.
SHE'S PUSHED YOU AWAY.

ARTHUR,
ARTHUR MILLER.
WILL YOU EVER BE ABLE
TO WRITE AGAIN
WITHOUT HER FACE IN YOUR BRAIN?

MARILYN

HI JOE...

JOE

What are you doing in there?

MARILYN

THEY SAY I'M NUTS.
THEY SAY I'M CRAZY.
SO, THEY LOCKED ME IN HERE.

NARRATOR

COME ON, LITTLE GIRL,
THEY'VE TAKEN YOUR MOMMY AWAY.
NO, SHE'S NOT DEAD.
SHE'S JUST A LITTLE CRAZY IN THE HEAD.
LIKE YOUR GRANDMA BEFORE HER
AND LIKE YOUR BROTHER
YOU NEVER, EVER MET.

SO COME ON, LITTLE GIRL,
POOR LITTLE ORPHAN.

MARILYN

HIYA JOE,
YOU FEEL THAT RAIN?...

JOE

COME ON, BABY,
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU OUTTA HERE.
I'M GONNA TAKE YOU HOME.

I'M GONNA TAKE YOU HOME.

MARILYN

...GOODBYE JOE...

NOTE: In some productions, the song appearing here, "Summer Friend", was replaced by "Santa Monica Pier".

The lyrics to "Santa Monica Pier" appear in this script, after the Finale. This song is also on the accompanying recording, after the Finale.

MUSIC: SUMMER FRIEND

MARILYN

SUMMER FRIEND...

HELLO,
SUMMER FRIEND.
DON'T YOU KNOW
I'LL NEVER TOUCH YOU.
BUT SOMEDAY SOON,
YOU'LL REALIZE
YOU SHOULD AT LEAST
HAVE LET ME TRY.
I LOVE YOU SO,
OH, MY SUMMER FRIEND.

AND SOMEDAY SOON
YOU'LL REALIZE
THAT PART OF US
IS GONNA DIE.
IS GONNA DIE...
OH, MY SUMMER FRIEND.

WHY WON'T
WE EVER SHARE
THE MORNING AIR
THROUGH THE WINDOW?
HOW CAN
WE EVER CARE,
ANYWHERE
WE WANT?

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I LOVE YOU...
 SUMMER FRIEND.
 DON'T YOU KNOW
 I'LL NEVER TOUCH YOU.
 BUT SOMEDAY SOON
 YOU'LL REALIZE
 YOU SHOULD AT LEAST
 HAVE LET ME TRY..
 I LOVE YOU SO...
 OH, MY SUMMER FRIEND.

WHY WON'T
 WE EVER SHARE
 THE MORNING AIR
 THROUGH THE WINDOW?
 HOW CAN
 WE EVER CARE,
 ANYWHERE
 WE WANT?

I LOVE YOU...
 SUMMER FRIEND.
 DON'T YOU KNOW
 I'LL NEVER TOUCH YOU.
 BUT SOMEDAY SOON
 YOU'LL REALIZE
 YOU SHOULD AT LEAST
 HAVE LET ME TRY..
 I LOVE YOU SO...
 OH, MY SUMMER FRIEND...

HELLO,
 SUMMER FRIEND...

MUSIC: SWIMMING POOL/THE LAST NIGHT/FINALE

MARILYN

OH WON'T YOU TAKE A SWIM
 IN MY SWIMMING POOL.
 I HAD IT BUILT FOR ALL MY FRIENDS
 AND I'LL FEEL FOOLISH
 IF NO ONE COMES TO SWIM
 IN MY SWIMMING POOL
 THAT I HAD BUILT JUST FOR YOU.

WOH WOH WOH...

WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA
 TAKE A BIG, LONG DIVE.
 DON'T IT, DON'T IT
 MAKE YOU FEEL GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE.
 WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA
 DO THE BUTTERFLY STROKE.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I WOULD, IF I COULD,
BUT MY SWIMMING'S A JOKE.

SO WON'T YOU TAKE A SWIM
IN MY SWIMMING POOL.
I HAD IT BUILT FOR ALL MY FRIENDS
AND I'LL FEEL FOOLISH
IF NO ONE COMES TO SWIM
IN MY SWIMMING POOL
THAT I HAD BUILT JUST FOR YOU.

(Laughs)

DUM DA DUM DA
DUM DUM DA DUM DEE DUM.

DUM DA DUM DA
DUM DA DUM DA
DUM DEE DUM...

PLEASE, DOCTOR ENGELBERG,
PLEASE, SOMETHING STRONGER.
I HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE
TO SLEEP WELL AT ALL.

THANKS DOCTOPR ENGELBERG,
YES, I KNOW THAT YOU SHOULDN'T,
BUT YOU'RE A REAL FRIEND
AND YOU UNDERSTAND.
SO THANKS,
DOCTOR ENGELBERG...

WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA
TAKE A BIG, LONG DIVE.
DON'T IT, DON'T IT
MAKE YOU FEEL GLAD YOU'RE ALIVE...

HI DOCTOR GREENSON,
MY FAVOURITE SHRINK.
I'M NOT REALLY FEELING WELL..
WHAT DO YOU THINK?
NO, I'M ALL RIGHT NOW.
I'M NOPT TOO DEPRESSED.
COME ON AND GO SWIMMING
AND BE A GOOD GUEST...

WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA, WON'TCHA
DO THE BUTTERFLY STROKE.
I WOULD, IF I COULD,
BUT MY SWIMMING'S A JOKE.

GOOD NIGHT, MISSUS MURRAY.
I'M TURNING IN EARLY.
GONNA PLAY MY FRANK SINATRA SONGS.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

GOOD NIGHT, MISSUS MURRAY,
I'VE GOT SOME NEW PILLS NOW.
I'M NOT SURE HOW MANY TO TAKE.
BUT IT'S EASY TO TELL.

SO, GOOD NIGHT, MISSUS MURRAY...

SO WON'T YOU TAKE A SWIM
IN MY SWIMMING POOL.
I HAD IT BUILT FOR ALL MY FRIENDS
AND I'LL FEEL FOOLISH
IF NO ONE COMES TO SWIM
IN MY SWIMMING POOL
THAT I HAD BUILT JUST FOR YOU....

Instrumental

Marilyn SPEAKS over music

Oh no...I've taken too many...I've swallowed
too much...

SOUND: Dialing of a phone

FEMALE VOICE THROUGH PHONE
Answering service.

MARILYN
Please...is he there?

FEMALE VOICE THROUGH PHONE
May I tell Mister Roberts who called?

SOUND: Dial tone

MARILYN
...THAT I HAD BUILT JUST FOR YOU...

MALE VOICE OVER TELEPHONE
I'm sorry again, Miss Monroe. He can't speak to
you just at the moment. He says he'll call you
later.

MARILYN
No, please! Help me! Please...

MALE VOICE OVER TELEPHONE
I'm sorry.

Sound: Dial tone.

MARILYN
Please! I've taken too much.
I've swallowed...

NARRATOR

SAY A PRAYER FOR NORMA JEAN.
CAUSE NORMA JEAN
IS DEAD...

CATHAL + CHOIR

HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'RE GOING,
GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOU'VE BEEN,
GIRL?
HEY MARILYN,
DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOU'LL NEVER BE
WHO YOU WANT TO BE
UNLESS YOU CATCH A PIECE OF THE SUN
BEFORE IT FLIES
TOO FAR AWAY.

END

