

F O R Y O U R C O N S I D E R A T I O N 2 0 1 1

my week with

MARILYN

BEST ADAPTED SCREENPLAY

Adrian Hodges



THE WEINSTEIN COMPANY

MY WEEK WITH MARILYN

by

Adrian Hodges

1 **EXT. TILBURY DOCKS. DAY.**

1

Over a DARK SCREEN we see the caption:

*"This is a fairy story, an episode out of time and space,
which nevertheless was real"* - Colin Clark.

Then, FADE UP ON:

Newsreel footage of SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER AND VIVIEN LEIGH arriving back at Tilbury Docks to be greeted by an excited crowd of fans. As they progress down the gangplank and stop to sign autographs we HEAR an excited commentary OVER:

COMMENTATOR

"Returning to England are
Britain's acting royalty Sir
Laurence Olivier and Lady
Olivier, better known as stunning
Gone With The Wind star Vivien
Leigh. Sir Laurence has added a
new string to his bow with the
announcement that he is to direct
and star in a screen version of
Terence Rattigan's stage play The
Sleeping Prince with none other
than Hollywood siren Marilyn
Monroe. When the world's greatest
actor romances the most famous
woman alive, we can be sure that
sparks will fly. Now, now Lady
Olivier, don't worry - any
romance is strictly for the
camera!"

As OLIVIER and VIVIEN smile for the photographers, we -

CUT TO:

2 **EXT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. DAY.**

2

It is 1956. Saltwood Castle, the family home of the Clark family, looms over the landscape, framed by the setting sun. It is majestic, an Englishman's dream of a home, complete with turrets and even a moat. There is a feeling of timeless beauty and stability about the scene, something profoundly English.

We are a very long way from Hollywood.

CUT TO:

3 **EXT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. GARDEN. DAY.**

3

COLIN CLARK, 23, hurries across the lawn carrying a bag, he is casually dressed, boyish and handsome. He heads towards a beautiful, ramshackle building and through the ancient oak doors.

3A INT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. LIBRARY STAIRS. DAY. 3A

COLIN bounds up the stairs into the Library.

3B INT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. LIBRARY. DAY. 3B

As COLIN enters, he sees SIR KENNETH CLARK, standing in front of a painting on an easel by the Italian Baroque painter, Annibale Carracci. He has two STUDENTS with him, a man and a woman in their early 20s, and is in mid-description of the painting.

KENNETH

... and this is one of Carracci's earlier works and one is able to see the emergence of his now famous Baroque style, which is clearly rooted in the tradition of high renaissance and antiquity...

COLIN pauses briefly and hurries towards them. Throughout the scene there is a sense of his urgency and desire to go. The whole thing should be played at breakneck pace. KENNETH beams affectionately.

KENNETH

Colin! Come in. Have you met James and Anna? Two very brilliant pupils.

He has the avuncular air of a benign academic, affable and a little eccentric. COLIN smiles hurriedly at the students, no time to waste.

COLIN

I'm leaving for London now, Pa.

KENNETH

Ah, yes. Well, bon chance, dear boy...

He puts a friendly arm around COLIN's shoulder and starts to walk him back to the door.

KENNETH

I can always get you a research position at the V&A when you've grown up a bit and got this film idea out of your system...

COLIN's smiles but before he can reply JANE CLARK whirls into the room, a ball of energy, talking nineteen to the dozen.

JANE

Kenneth, you might have told Cook we were another two for dinner. What is everyone supposed to eat? Cabbage soup? Oh, Colin, darling, there you are...

She looks wonderful in a good quality but elderly dress, eccentrically combined with gardening attire, her mind on a dozen things at once.

COLIN
I'm off now, Mama.

JANE
Off?

COLIN
My job interview, remember..?

But she is already continuing her journey. COLIN smiles hurriedly at KENNETH, who gives him an affectionate wave as COLIN dashes after his mother. She leaves the Library.

CUT TO:

3C

INT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. GARDEN. DAY.

3C

JANE strides across the lawn with COLIN rushing to catch up.

JANE
Can't you stay for dinner? There's nothing to eat but I'm sure the conversation will be charming.

COLIN
I don't want to be late in the morning.

As COLIN hurries after JANE he is nearly run down by an elderly GARDENER with a lawn mower, and has to take lightning evasive action. JANE doesn't notice.

JANE
I'm sure they won't mind. You'll be a famous film director in no time. I know your father's put in a word.

COLIN
I wish he hadn't done that. I can manage on my own.

She stops so abruptly he nearly slams into her. JANE looks around the garden with a frown.

JANE
I have to watch Jenkins like a hawk. One more of his murderous prunings and we'll lose the tea roses for ever.

And she's off again, with COLIN still following. He can't help smiling at the madness of it all.

CUT TO:

4

EXT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. DRIVEWAY. DAY.

4

The sun is setting, casting a golden glow over the castle. COLIN and JANE emerge from the front door, COLIN pauses in the driveway and dumps his bag in the back of his old but racy MG Sports car. Only now does JANE really turn her attention fully to him for the first time.

JANE

Now go and have a lovely time,
darling. We're always here when
you're ready to talk your future.

COLIN wants to protest but before he can get the words out JANE sees a YOUNG GARDENER walking at the side of the house with a wheel barrow. Her face lights up.

JANE

Mullins! Be an angel - find Cook
and ask her how many pork chops we
need for tonight. Then bring the
car round. I must get to the
village before the shop shuts...

She dashes away after the GARDENER, turning back as an afterthought to blow a kiss at COLIN as she goes.

COLIN smiles, then pauses for a moment to look at the house. We can sense both his affection for it but more pressingly his need to get away.

He gets in, puts the car in gear and the Bristol pulls out of the drive and across the moat. In the last rays of the sun, the countryside looks magical, but Colin only has eyes for the road ahead.

5 EXT. LONDON STREETS MONTAGE. EVENING

5

CUT TO CREDITS OVER A MONTAGE OF SCENES OF LONDON IN THE 1950s FROM COLIN'S POINT OF VIEW. AS HE MAKES HIS WAY INTO THE CITY WE SEE THE STATUE OF EROS AGAINST THE LIGHTS OF PICCADILLY CIRCUS, CROWDS MILLING AROUND TRAFALGAR SQUARE, YOUNG PEOPLE SPILLING OUT OF CLUBS AND COFFEE BARS IN SOHO, UNTIL, WE FADE TO:

6 EXT. PICCADILLY STREETS. DAY.

6

A sharp contrast with the hazy beauty of the countryside. It is early morning in the heart of London's West End. The streets hum with activity as OFFICE WORKERS in hats and raincoats stream from the tube stations.

COLIN pushes his way through the early morning crowds in Piccadilly. This is his patch; he is very much at home here, negotiating the busy streets with ease. As he passes by the upmarket Burlington Arcade a TAILOR pauses in measuring a suit for a client to give him a familiar wave. COLIN waves back.

CUT TO:

7 EXT. 144 PICCADILLY. LONDON. DAY.

7

Checking his watch he runs the last few yards then stops outside the imposing facade of 144 Piccadilly. A plaque outside the door announces: LAURENCE OLIVIER PRODUCTIONS.

Colin fingers his carefully knotted tie to make sure everything is correctly in place, then goes to the door and rings the bell.

CUT TO:

8

INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

8

The reception area is luxurious - deep pile carpets and plush sofas. VANESSA, the beautiful secretary, sits behind her imposing desk, gazing doubtfully at COLIN.

VANESSA

You're not in Mr. Perceval's diary.

COLIN

Larry told me to come.

She pauses dubiously, then reaches for her telephone. We hear a man answer in an office down the hall, his voice carrying irritably.

PERCEVAL

(Off)

Yes?

VANESSA

I have a Mr. Colin Clark here. He says *Sir Laurence* sent him.

She stresses the proper name in disapproval of Colin's familiarity.

PERCEVAL

(Off)

Oh, God... not another one of Vivien's pretty boys.

VANESSA looks at COLIN with amusement. His smile falters as he feels himself coming down to earth with a bump.

CUT TO:

9

INT. 144 PICCADILLY. HUGH PERCEVAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

9

HUGH PERCEVAL (40s) is Laurence Olivier's production executive. He is tall and gloomy, with black-rimmed spectacles and thinning dark hair. He looks at COLIN grimly as he stuffs his pipe with tobacco.

PERCEVAL

Well, what do you want?

COLIN

A job on your Marilyn Monroe film.

PERCEVAL
Oh really, what as?

COLIN
I want to work on the production
side.

He smiles with as much charm as he can muster. PERCEVAL
isn't impressed.

PERCEVAL
There are no jobs yet. We don't
start shooting for eight weeks.

COLIN
May I wait?

PERCEVAL
What?

COLIN
Until there's a job.

PERCEVAL
For eight weeks?

COLIN
Something might come up.

PERCEVAL is distracted as the telephone rings.

PERCEVAL
Terry? Larry wondered how the
script was coming...

CUT TO:

10 INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY. (MONTAGE) 10

COLIN troops back to the sofa. VANESSA gives him a cool
glance. COLIN looks at the clock. It has just gone 10.30.

CUT TO:

VANESSA
Anything?

She smiles cheekily. He grins back, sensing an opportunity.

VANESSA

You can start by making me a cup of
tea. White, two sugars.

CUT TO:

14

OMITTED

14

15

INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

15

Close on the clock as it ticks around monotonously to 12.30. VANESSA puts on her gloves and collects her bag. She gives COLIN a sly look.

VANESSA

You can answer the telephone while I'm at lunch, if you like.

She winks. COLIN grins. The phone rings. He picks it up.

COLIN

Laurence Olivier Productions...

CALLER

(On phone)

Is Sir Laurence there?

COLIN

He's at Notley until the end of the week. Can I take a message?

CALLER

(On phone)

I'll call back.

No sooner has COLIN hung up than PERCEVAL appears. He stares at COLIN.

COLIN

Vanessa asked me to...

PERCEVAL

Oh, did she? Why didn't you put that call through?

COLIN

There didn't seem any need to bother you. But if you want me to transfer every single one...

PERCEVAL looks at him grudgingly.

PERCEVAL

Use your judgement.

He hesitates and looks back.

PERCEVAL (cont'd)

I need a number for Noel Coward. It won't be in the book, so you'll have to track him down.

COLIN realises this is a test. He thinks quickly.

CUT TO:

16

INT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. HALL. DAY.

16

The phone rings in the beautiful central hall. JANE CLARK
picks up the phone.

COLIN
(On Phone)
Hello, Mama.

JANE
Colin, darling! How are you
getting on?

CUT BACK TO:

17

144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

17

COLIN glances towards Perceval's office and talks quickly.

COLIN
(On phone)
This is urgent. I need Noel
Coward's London number. My life
depends on it.

JANE
How exciting. Let me see... it's
Sloane 2965. Ask him if he's
coming to Saltwood for the bank
holiday.

COLIN
I will. Mama, you're an angel.

CUT TO:

18

INT. 144 PICCADILLY. HUGH PERCEVAL'S OFFICE. DAY.

18

PERCEVAL looks up as COLIN puts the number on his desk.

PERCEVAL
That was quick.

COLIN
I had a bit of luck.

PERCEVAL looks at him shrewdly.

PERCEVAL
Am I supposed to be impressed?
Did Mummy and Daddy help? Don't
think they can do the job for you.
The only way you'll get on in this
business is through bloody hard
work.

COLIN
Yes, sir.

COLIN leaves.

CUT TO:

19

INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY.

19

A new morning. COLIN perches restlessly on the sofa. Despite his modest triumph he is back where he started. The seconds pass in dull silence. He is beginning to think his campaign will fail. But then, in a heartbeat, everything changes.

He looks up in surprise as the door bursts open and SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER strides in with his wife VIVIEN LEIGH on his arm.

At the age of 49 SIR LAURENCE OLIVIER is at the peak of his fame. He is handsome and charismatic, and VIVIEN is scarcely less extraordinary. The Gone With The Wind star remains classically lovely, flirtatious and captivating.

Individually they are charismatic enough, but together they are electrifying, seeming to charge the air around them with the power of their personalities, galvanising anyone who comes into contact with them.

VANESSA leaps to her feet and PERCEVAL hurries to greet them as COLIN stands up uncertainly. OLIVIER is all amiable bluster and bonhomie.

OLIVIER

Do you know, Hughie, it is simply impossible to get Marilyn Monroe on the telephone? The darling girl spends the entire day asleep. But great beauty has its way...

He laughs, but then notices VIVIEN's less than enthusiastic response. Seeking refuge in some distraction he notices COLIN hovering by the sofa.

OLIVIER (cont'd)

Hello, boy... remind me?

He smiles vaguely and glances at VIVIEN for help.

VIVIEN

You remember Colin, darling. You met him at the Clarks' party.

OLIVIER

(No idea)
Of course. What are you doing here?

COLIN

You said there might be a job on your film.

OLIVIER has no recollection of this and fumbles in his pockets to cover his confusion, bringing out a packet of cigarettes and offering them to COLIN with breezy charm.

OLIVIER

Have a cigarette. Keep the pack.

He turns quickly to PERCEVAL.

OLIVIER (cont'd)

There won't be any film unless
Miss Monroe gets her splendid
posterior out of bed.

PERCEVAL

The House Committee are
threatening to withhold Miller's
passport. They say he's a
communist. No Arthur, no Marilyn.

OLIVIER

I'll have a word with the
American ambassador. I'm taking
him to see Vivien in South Sea
Bubble on Thursday... now, tell
me, Hughie, are Terry's rewrites
in?

He puts an arm around PERCEVAL's shoulders and they
disappear together into Perceval's office.

VIVIEN lingers behind, smiling radiantly at COLIN who looks
dumbly at the packet of cigarettes in his hand. He now sees
they are called "Oliviers". VIVIEN wrinkles her nose in
amusement.

VIVIEN

They named them after Larry. The
first actor since Du Maurier to
have his own brand and they pay
him an absolute fortune. (Pause)
I'm afraid they're rather
ghastly.

She cups Colin's cheeks with her hands and studies him in
mock awe.

VIVIEN (cont'd)

Isn't he gorgeous, Vanessa?

VANESSA

I suppose he's all right.

VIVIEN's eyes sparkle. OLIVIER emerges from the office with a
handful of script pages and VIVIEN looks at him slyly,
getting her own back for his tactless over-praise of
Marilyn's charms as she strokes COLIN's cheek.

VIVIEN
(to COLIN)
Let's elope together and have the
most glorious affair. (Arch) Oh,
but then, who'd look after my
poor Larry?

Olivier glances over with a faint look of exasperation.
VIVIEN winks at COLIN and takes her husband's arm.

VIVIEN (cont'd)
Now, darling, you must do
something for Colin. You
absolutely promised.

OLIVIER looks hunted. There is no way out. He glances back
at PERCEVAL as he comes in.

OLIVIER
Let's try to find him something
to do, Hughie.

COLIN grins in triumph. VIVIEN smiles at him.

VIVIEN
You will take care of my precious
Larrykins, won't you?

She flirtatiously offers up her cheek for COLIN to kiss.
COLIN's smile falters as he sees PERCEVAL looking at him
grimly.

20 INT. 144 PICCADILLY. HUGH PERCEVAL'S OFFICE. DAY. 20

COLIN stands eagerly at PERCEVAL's desk. PERCEVAL looks at
him, more than usually brusque.

PERCEVAL
Arthur Jacobs, Miss Monroe's
publicist is flying in tomorrow.
He wants to see the house she'll
be staying in. Find something
suitable.

20 ALT INT. 144 PICCADILLY. HUGH PERCEVAL'S OFFICE. DAY 20 ALT

COLIN knocks and walks into Perceval's office, carrying a
tray with tea and a plate of biscuits. The blinds are closed
and a 16mm projector is running; silent images play on a fold-
up screen in the corner of the room.

Framed in the light of the projector are PERCEVAL and the
film's lighting cameraman JACK CARDIFF. They take no notice
of Colin.

He looks up at the screen. The two men are watching make-up,
hair and wardrobe tests for the film. MARILYN MONROE in
character as Elsie Marina.

The film shows Marilyn looking sweet and pretty, chatting silently to someone just off camera, mugging playfully in costume, larking about with her hair - and then, when she wants to, turning on her full film star wattage and looking wonderful, every inch the beautiful icon.

It is an intimate glimpse of her at work. Colin watches, fascinated, completely forgetting why he's there, still holding the tray -

PERCEVAL

(To Cardiff)

Larry says he particularly likes this dress. She looks radiant.

CARDIFF

Exactly - we need to tone her down a bit.

PERCEVAL

How the hell do you tone down Marilyn Monroe?!

COLIN laughs. He immediately regrets it. Both men turn to look at him. PERCEVAL turns off the projector and gazes at him stonily.

PERCEVAL

Marilyn Monroe's publicist is flying in tomorrow. He wants to see the house she'll be staying in. Find something suitable.

COLIN nods eagerly, anxious to get out. He is already at the door when PERCEVAL barks at him again.

PERCEVAL

And leave the bloody tea.

COLIN had forgotten the tray. He blushes furiously, puts it down and hurries out.

21

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD. DAY.

21

COLIN has a map spread out on the bonnet of his Bristol sports car. He finds Pinewood Studios then draws a ring around its circumference. He taps his pencil thoughtfully as he lights a cigarette - one of the branded pack that Olivier gave him. He inhales deeply, thinking, then grimaces in distaste, quickly stubbing it out under his foot.

CUT TO:

COLIN pulls into the drive of Tibbs Farm, a charming English cottage.

COTES-PREEDY, the owner, clearly has a very high opinion of Tibbs Farm. Aloof and snobbish, he stands by the front door, looking down his nose at COLIN.

COTES-PREEDY smiles transparently.

COTES-PREEDY
(After a second)
I suppose I'd have to be
introduced..?

CUT TO:

24 **DELETED** 24

25 **EXT. 144 PICCADILLY. LONDON. DAY.** 25

ARTHUR JACOBS, Marilyn's publicist, is a close-cropped, pugnacious figure in his mid-forties. He waits impatiently outside Olivier's office, a stack of newspapers under his arm. COLIN comes hurrying up, smiling brightly.

COLIN
Good morning, Mr. Jacobs. I hope
you had a pleasant flight.

JACOBS
Where's the fucking car?

CUT TO:

26 **EXT. COUNTRY LANE. DAY.** 26

JACOBS sits in the passenger seat of Colin's Bristol sports car reading his stack of newspapers. After a moment he grunts in disgust.

JACOBS
Jeez, do you Brits actually read
this stuff?

He winds down his window and simply throws the whole lot out into the lane. The pages billow out in a great cloud behind the speeding car, landing in the pretty hedgerows and on neat front lawns.

COLIN gapes in astonishment. Welcome to Hollywood.

CUT TO:

27 **EXT. TIBBS FARM. DAY.** 27

JACOBS slouches out of the house, magnificently unimpressed. COTES-PREEDY follows him proudly with COLIN at his side. JACOBS takes a long, unimpressed look at the property.

JACOBS
What is this place? A brothel?

COTES-PREEDY's face falls.

COTES-PREEDY

It's one of the best houses in
the area.

JACOBS

Jesus. And I thought you Brits
had taste.

He glances at COLIN.

JACOBS (cont'd)
Is this the best you can do?

COLIN
It's very near Pinewood.

JACOBS
All right. We'll take it. (Pause)
But ditch the wallpaper. It's
given me a migraine.

CUT TO:

28 INT. 144 PICCADILLY. HUGH PERCEVAL'S OFFICE. DAY. 28

JACOBS slaps down a copy of the Evening Standard on the desk. The front page carries a picture of Tibbs Farm with the caption: "*Exclusive - Marilyn's Luxury Home In England*". He jabs a finger at it angrily.

OLIVIER
News travels fast.

JACOBS
That house was perfect for
Marilyn.

PERCEVAL
We can't use it now.

COLIN
Yes we can. I knew Cotes-Preedy
wouldn't be able to keep this
quiet.

They stare to him in surprise. He looks at them boldly.

COLIN
When you asked me to find a house
for Miss Monroe I took the
precaution of finding two. The
other one, Parkside, is much
better and the owner is very
discreet.

PERCEVAL
But now we have two expensive
houses when we only wanted one.

COLIN
I thought someone else on the
production might want it.

PERCEVAL
Oh, did you?

There is a dangerous moment when things could go either way. COLIN has gambled everything in a bid to impress them.

He waits in tense silence, staring at their puzzled expressions. But then JACOBS shrugs.

JACOBS
I guess Milton could use it. It's
near the studio, near Marilyn.

OLIVIER looks at COLIN, then bursts out laughing.

OLIVIER
What are we paying you, boy?

He glances at COLIN with amusement.

COLIN
Nothing...

OLIVIER
(laughing)
See to it, Hughie!

PERCEVAL sighs grimly.

CUT TO:

29 **EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. DAY.**

29

Pinewood studios is the glamorous heart of the British film industry. COLIN drives up to the gate and smiles at the SECURITY MAN.

COLIN
Colin Clark. Sir Laurence Olivier
Productions.

CUT TO:

30 **EXT/INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. DAY.**

30

ACTORS in full costume walk past, TECHNICIANS move lights and cameras, EXTRAS are herded to their scenes by harried ASSISTANT DIRECTORS. COLIN takes it all in with wondering eyes. To him the studio is a magical place.

CUT TO:

31 **INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. DRESSING ROOMS. DAY.**

31

The dressing rooms are little more than empty shells. JACOBS looks around. OLIVIER and PERCEVAL are with him, while COLIN waits attentively.

PERCEVAL
The set decorators will have it
all sorted out in no time.

JACOBS
Marilyn hates red. And blue.
(Pause) And green.

PERCEVAL
What about white?

JACOBS
I'd have to clear it with her.

OLIVIER glances mischievously at Colin.

OLIVIER
Beige, then. Beige is rarely
controversial.

JACOBS considers this, unaware that Olivier is teasing him.

JACOBS
I guess that's okay. She's never
said nothing about beige. Paula
will need the room next door.

COLIN
Paula?

JACOBS
Strasberg. Marilyn's acting
coach.

OLIVIER looks at him darkly. JACOBS shrugs.

JACOBS (cont'd)
She's nuts about the Method.

OLIVIER
Stanislavski and the Method are
perfectly fine in the rehearsal
room but they don't belong on a
film set. Time is too tight. I'm
sure Marilyn understands.

He turns and walks away. JACOBS frowns uncertainly.

JACOBS
Who the hell is this Commie Stan
Slavski?

CUT TO:

32

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY.

32

COLIN stands in the Production Office. DAVID ORTON (30s)
the First Assistant Director, a thin, fair-haired man
regards him with obvious irritation.

ORTON
I don't know why Hugh Perceval
sent you here. There's nothing I
can do for you.

COLIN
Why not?

ORTON
Are you in the union?

COLIN
No...

ORTON

Then you can't have a job on the film.

COLIN

How do I get in the union?

ORTON

By getting a job on the film.

COLIN

But you just said I couldn't have a job on the film unless I was in the union.

ORTON

Exactly. It's called a closed shop.

COLIN looks at him helplessly. ORTON relents a little.

ORTON (cont'd)

I suppose I might be able to sort something out. The Union owes me a few favours. We haven't got a third yet.

COLIN

A third?

ORTON

Third Assistant Director. (Pause)
You do know what the job is?

COLIN

Assisting the director?

ORTON

Christ, no! That's the last thing you do. Lesson One. The third's job is to do whatever the fuck I tell him.

ORTON walks to the door, then looks back.

ORTON (cont'd)

(shouts)

What are you waiting for?

COLIN scrambles to follow him out.

CUT TO:

33

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. WARDROBE DEPT. DAY.

33

As ORTON and COLIN pass the wardrobe department COLIN notices a pretty WARDROBE GIRL (LUCY) putting costumes on the racks. She has dark hair and laughing eyes and is a year or so younger than him. ORTON follows his gaze.

ORTON
Colin!

COLIN jumps as ORTON glowers at him.

ORTON (cont'd)
Lesson Two. You don't shit on
your own doorstep. Got it?

COLIN

Got it.

But he sneaks a look back at LUCY as he goes.

33A EXT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. DAY.

33A

ORTON and COLIN hurry through Pinewood.

ORTON

Where are you staying?

COLIN

My father's place in the Albany.

ORTON

You can forget that. Lesson Three. The Third always stays nearby, not in some bloody palace in London. (Pause) Book a room at the Dog And Duck down the road. It's a bit rough but you'll get used to it.

He grins, enjoying himself.

ORTON (cont'd)

Now make yourself useful. Marilyn needs a bodyguard. Sort something out.

CUT TO:

34 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY.

34

PERCEVAL sits with COLIN and ROGER SMITH. SMITH is a dignified figure in his mid-fifties. His erect bearing speaks of a lifetime in the police.

PERCEVAL

I'm sure you understand the sensitive nature of the job, Superintendant?

ROGER

No need for the title. I'm retired from the force. (Pause) Something about looking after a cinema actress?

PERCEVAL

Not just any actress. Marilyn Monroe.

He gets no reaction from the stolid ex-policeman.

ROGER

I've never had much time for the pictures.

PERCEVAL

Excellent. (Pause) For the next four months you never leave her side, day or night. There will be crowds.

ROGER

That doesn't bother me.

PERCEVAL pauses awkwardly.

PERCEVAL

Her behaviour is reputedly a little... erratic.

ROGER

She drinks?

PERCEVAL

Amongst other things.

ROGER

Pills?

PERCEVAL leaves a tactful pause.

PERCEVAL

It would be useful if you could keep us informed of her... domestic situation.

ROGER

You want me to spy on her?

Perceval and Roger understand each other perfectly.

PERCEVAL

Just the odd early warning if you know she's going to be late on set. That kind of thing.

Smith takes this in his stride; he seems wholly immune to the glamour of the movies.

CUT TO:

35

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

35

JACOBS chases after OLIVIER trying to get his attention. OLIVIER is busy studying preliminary sketches of costumes and set.

JACOBS

You need to speak to the Coca-Cola people, Larry. They're crazy to be involved with Marilyn.

PERCEVAL and COLIN meet them coming the other way.

PERCEVAL

Good news. The House Committee
have decided Miller isn't a
communist after all.

JACOBS

Of course he is. All those pain
in the ass New York intellectuals
are reds.

OLIVIER rolls his eyes behind JACOBS back. COLIN grins.

PERCEVAL

It means Marilyn will be flying
in next week on schedule.

JACOBS

She'll have to be met.

OLIVIER

Naturally, Vivien and I will be
there to greet her. But let's
keep it low key, shall we?

JACOBS

Don't worry. I've got it all under
control.

CUT TO:

36

INT. LONDON AIRPORT. HALL. DAY.

36

Bedlam! The customs areas is besieged by shouting, pushing
JOURNALISTS as the POLICE fight to keep control. In the
middle of the chaos COLIN stands with ROGER SMITH watching
OLIVIER and VIVIEN addressing the gathered press.

OLIVIER

It is a deep happiness to me to
be translating Terence Rattigan's
magnificent play to the screen...

A voice suddenly rings out from the back of the previously
attentive crowd.

REPORTER

The plane's landed!

As one, the entire crowd turns away from Olivier and rushes
towards the plane. Suddenly abandoned, OLIVIER and VIVIEN
look momentarily startled before VIVIEN glances at him with
a half-smile.

VIVIEN

It seems we're not top of the
bill anymore, darling.

CUT TO:

37

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. PLANE/TARMAC. DAY.

37

MARILYN MONROE walks down the steps of a TWA jet on a rainy
London day. She clutches a bouquet of flowers and wears
dark glasses;

her raincoat is slung loosely over her shoulders. Her new husband ARTHUR MILLER walks a step or two behind her, wearing a light summer jacket.

38

EXT. LONDON AIRPORT. TARMAC. DAY.

38

MARILYN and MILLER walks across the tarmac towards the terminal and the crowd of PRESS waiting for them.

REPORTER

There she is! Marilyn!

The REPORTERS surge forward. COLIN follows their collective gaze. She looks exactly as she should. The radiant smile, the platinum blonde hair, the sexy wiggle. The most famous film star in the world, so much *herself* it is almost unreal.

Walking through the crowd MARILYN smiles easily, whereas MILLER looks stern and a little dazed by the sudden flurry of attention. Flashbulbs pop as the POLICE struggle to contain the crowd. MARILYN puts her arm around MILLER, who grins blankly. The flashbulbs burst in front of them, a solid wall of dazzling light.

REPORTER (cont'd)

Marilyn! Over here, Marilyn!

REPORTER 2

Marilyn, this way..!

ARTHUR JACOBS observes the chaotic scenes with obvious relish, grinning towards ROGER and COLIN.

JACOBS

Beautiful. You're looking at tomorrow's front page, boys.

ROGER looks at COLIN.

ROGER

We have to get them to the hall.

COLIN barges his way through the scrum behind ROGER and briefly finds himself directly in front of MARILYN. For a moment he is transfixed by her beauty and charisma but she doesn't even see him as she follows the commanding ROGER obediently, tugging Miller along behind her, leaving Colin in her wake.

CUT TO:

39

DELETED

39

40

INT. LONDON AIRPORT. HALL. DAY.

40

MARILYN sits with MILLER at her side, flanked by OLIVIER and VIVIEN. MARILYN wears a large pair of sunglasses. PHOTOGRAPHERS jam their flashbulbs into her face. ROGER hovers protectively with COLIN.

OLIVIER smiles as he addresses the crowd.

OLIVIER

It's my genuine pleasure to
introduce a woman who needs no
introduction.

(MORE)

OLIVIER (cont'd)

A great actress on her first trip
to London whom I have no doubt...

REPORTER

How do you like being married,
Marilyn?

MARILYN

I like it a lot.

REPORTER

Is this third time lucky?

MARILYN

You bet it is. Arthur's the
greatest man I ever met.

OLIVIER smiles tolerantly, mildly put out at this. MARILYN
takes off her sunglasses and blinks. She takes MILLER's arm
and looks at him adoringly. He bites down savagely on his
unlit pipe.

REPORTER

Marilyn, are you planning to see
the sights?

MARILYN

I'd love to see the little fellow
with the bow and arrow in
Piccadilly Circus.

There is a appreciative laughter from reporters.

REPORTER 2

Is it true you want to be a
classical actor now?

MARILYN

I want to be the best actress I
can be.

REPORTER 2

There's a rumour you're going to
be in The Brothers Karamazov on
Broadway.

MARILYN

I'm considering it.

REPORTER 3

(Shouts)

Which of them will you be
playing?

The agenda is clear - Marilyn is the dumb blonde and should
act accordingly. But she takes it in her stride, smiling
sweetly.

MARILYN

I'll be playing Grushenka.

REPORTER 3
Can you spell that?

MARILYN
Sure. Can you?

There is laughter at the reporter's expense.

REPORTER
So would you say you're an intellectual now?

MARILYN
My husband is.

She looks adoringly at Miller, who smiles vaguely.

REPORTER 2
What's your definition of an intellectual, Marilyn?

MARILYN
I guess you could look it up in a dictionary.

This time the laughter is emphatically on MARILYN's side. One of the reporters turns to VIVIEN.

REPORTER
Vivien, you created the part of Elsie Marina on stage. Do you have any advice for Marilyn?

VIVIEN
I am sure if Miss Monroe needs any advice she'll get it from her director. I hear he's terribly good.

The reporters laugh with her and OLIVIER smiles graciously. But as she smiles at him we detect just a flicker of jealous hurt in her eyes. OLIVIER intervenes quickly to continue his prepared speech of welcome.

OLIVIER
In The Sleeping Prince we have discovered the perfect vehicle for Miss Monroe's luminous and justly celebrated talent...

He stops as a REPORTER shouts over him.

JACOBS
Marilyn, is it true you wear nothing in bed except Chanel No 5?

MARILYN
As I'm in England let's say I sleep in nothing but Yardley's Lavender.

The press laugh in delight. On the edge of the crowd COLIN watches her, amused and impressed.

CUT TO:

41 **EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. GATES. DAY** 41

A convoy of cars pass through the throng of JOURNALISTS waiting at the gate. Marilyn's "secret" hideaway is no longer much of a secret. The classical old house is elegant and luxurious.

42 **EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.** 42

Outside the front door MARILYN, MILLER, OLIVIER and VIVIEN have their picture taken by the official PHOTOGRAPHER.

ROGER watches unobtrusively.

VIVIEN
Are all your press conferences
like that, darling?

MARILYN
Well, that was quieter than some.

Vivien smiles at the wry joke. ARTHUR JACOBS watches the proceedings with an eagle eye.

JACOBS
Okay, let's get a snap of the
newlyweds. Smile, Arthur. It's
not a firing squad.

As the group breaks up, MILTON GREENE, handsome and dark-haired, now approaches OLIVIER and COLIN.

MILTON
This is some place you found.

He glances at the house. Olivier smiles generously.

OLIVIER
You have my new assistant Colin
to thank for that. (Pause, he
shepherds COLIN over) This is
Milton Greene. You must be very
nice to him. He owns half of
Marilyn Monroe Productions.

MILTON
Forty nine per cent, Larry.

GREENE (34) offers them a tired smile.

OLIVIER produces one of his branded packets and offers a cigarette to Milton.

OLIVIER
Have a cigarette.

MILTON
I don't smoke.

If he notices the "Olivier" name he doesn't show it.
OLIVIER looks mildly put out.

OLIVIER
Milton - Marilyn and rehearsals.
Let's talk.

MILTON
Sure. And the studio wants a new
title.

OLIVIER escorts Milton away.

MILLER and MARILYN are now being photographed on their own.
ROGER moves over to JACOBS and murmurs discreetly in his
ear. JACOBS nods and moves in to end the session.

JACOBS
The boys at the gate are getting
restless.

MILLER
Let's give them two minutes and
then we're done.

ROGER waves to the POLICEMEN, who open the gates. The PRESS
come pouring in like a mob of revolutionaries storming the
Bastille.

CUT TO:

43

EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.

43

COLIN notices Marilyn grip Miller's hand tightly as the
flashbulbs pop all around her. A moment later he is
surprised to find VIVIEN at his elbow.

VIVIEN
Marvellous, isn't she? I suppose
you're quite smitten.

COLIN looks at her shrewdly, sensing he is being tested.

COLIN
She's all right. A bit common.

VIVIEN
(Laughs)
Larry fell desperately in love
with her in New York. He's
determined to seduce her.

COLIN
But she's only been married three
weeks.

VIVIEN
Oh, Colin, I thought you were a man
of the world.

She gives him an arch smile and leans in intimately.

VIVIEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Of course, Larry would never leave me. (Pause) But, if anything were to happen, you would let me know, wouldn't you?

COLIN
I'm sure he loves you very much.

There is a flash of sudden anger in her expression.

VIVIEN
Oh, don't be such a boy!

COLIN looks shaken and she touches his hand in contrition.

VIVIEN (cont'd)
At least you still adore me, don't you?

COLIN
Of course. Everyone does.

There is a wintry bleakness in her face for a second.

VIVIEN
I'm 43, darling. No one will love me for much longer. Not even you.

He goes to protest but she stills him with a finger to his lips, her smile quickly restored.

CUT TO:

44 EXT. DOG AND DUCK PUB. DAY.

44

The Dog and Duck is a rundown pub in an out of the way lane near the studios. It is a rough, local place utterly devoid of glamour or comfort. COLIN stands outside, staring at it grimly, his bag in his hand.

CUT TO:

44A INT. DOG & DUCK PUB. DAY

44A

A few hard-core LOCALS stand nursing their pints at the bar. One is idly throwing darts. The wallpaper is faded yellow with cigarette smoke, stale sandwiches curl in a display case. COLIN looks around, his heart sinking. BARRY, the landlord looks him up and down, disparagingly.

COLIN
Colin Clark. I booked a room.

BARRY takes a dusty ledger from beneath the bar, spins it around for COLIN to sign.

BARRY
What brings you up this way?

COLIN can't help looking a little pleased with himself.

COLIN
I'm here working on a film.

The LOCALS look up from their pints, unimpressed.

BARRY
What film's that?

COLIN
It's called 'The Sleeping Prince'.

The darts player, ANDY, doesn't turn. His aim remains steady.

ANDY
Sounds lousy.

BARRY
Ignore, Andy - not a film fan - are you, Andy?

ANDY doesn't look away from his game.

ANDY
Can't be bothered.

COLIN tries to impress.

COLIN
Marilyn Monroe's in it. I'll be working with her.

BARRY
Oh, will you now?

The regulars grin unkindly into their pints. ANDY doesn't look away from his game, as he offers laconically:

ANDY
The Queen and Prince Philip popped in for a pint earlier. Pity, you just missed them.

There are supportive snorts of derision from the LOCALS. COLIN takes it on the chin. BARRY hands him a key.

BARRY
The room's three quid a week, first week in advance. You're in number two.

COLIN takes the key and his bag, just as BARRY adds, with perfect deadpan timing:

BARRY (CONT'D)
You'll be sharing with Grace Kelly.

The LOCALS laugh into their beer. COLIN smiles gamely.

45

INT. DOG AND DUCK PUB. COLIN'S ROOM. DAY.

45

COLIN stands aghast. He is staying in a grim little room above the noisy saloon bar. The wallpaper is peeling, the furniture is ancient and the whole place reeks of damp. Dirty net curtains flutter in the window. He puts his bag on the bed and sits down. The mattress sags pitifully. He looks down and finds a stained and yellowing chamber pot under the bed. He slides it back with a look of revulsion.

CUT TO:

46

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

46

The principal cast of *The Sleeping Prince*, as it was still known at the time, assemble on the sound stage amongst the half-finished set. They chat and smoke, their scripts in their hands. OLIVIER stands in their midst, very much first amongst equals. One chair sits conspicuously unoccupied.

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE (74), severe-looking but kindly, very much the *grand dame* of the gathering, smiles cheerfully. RICHARD WATTIS leans over to her with a cheerful grin.

WATTIS

What a wonderful adventure, Dame Sybil.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

Such a lark! I long to see her.

COLIN stands by the door. OLIVIER looks at his watch and shoots him a questioning glance.

CUT TO:

47

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. CORRIDOR/DRESSING ROOM. DAY. 47

COLIN hurries along the corridor and stops outside Marilyn's dressing room. He knocks on it politely.

COLIN

Miss Monroe?

The door opens sharply and a small, bohemian looking woman in her 50s stands staring at him. This is PAULA STRASBERG.

COLIN (cont'd)

Sir Laurence sends his compliments. He's ready for the readthrough

He glances beyond PAULA to where MARILYN sits by the mirror, her reflection framed in the lights. She wears little or no make-up. PAULA looks at him sharply.

PAULA

But Marilyn is not ready. She's preparing.

MARILYN glances up at COLIN in the mirror and smiles with unexpected simplicity.

MARILYN

Excuse the horrible face.

She finds her dark glasses on the dresser and puts them on.

CUT TO:

48 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

48

COLIN leads MARILYN and PAULA to the rehearsal room. He sneaks a glance at her. She has a vulnerable, lost expression. COLIN can't help staring at her until he notices PAULA looking at him and quickly glances away.

CUT TO:

49 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

49

The cast are all seated around the large table as COLIN leads MARILYN and PAULA onto the stage. Marilyn keeps her dark glasses on throughout. OLIVIER rises to greet her.

OLIVIER
Marilyn, here you are, everyone
is so excited to meet you...

He gestures to the company.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Let us begin. Do sit down,
please...

SYBIL THORNDIKE looks sweetly at MARILYN from across the table and indicates the empty one at her side.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
How lovely you are. Here, I kept a
place for you.

PAULA bursts forward, steering Marilyn away instead to an empty seat on the other side of the rectangle of tables. She looks at RICHARD WATTIS, the actor occupying the seat next to the empty one.

PAULA
I have to be next to Marilyn!

The startled WATTIS gets up graciously and troops all the way around the table to the seat next to SYBIL THORNDIKE.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
(To Marilyn)
Don't worry, dear, we won't bite.

PAULA looks at her in truculent apology.

PAULA
She likes me by her side.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
What a good idea! I wish we could
all bring a friend. One does get so
terribly nervous. It's just like
the first day at school, isn't it?

She smiles kindly at MARILYN who smiles back tentatively from behind her dark glasses. He smiles with considerable charm as he makes his opening speech of welcome.

OLIVIER

Welcome dear Marilyn, to our little fraternity. (Pause, looks around) We may seem a little strange and quaint to you at first, but I hope that in time you may come to find your method in our madness.

Pleased with his over-contrived rhetorical flourish, he gives Paula a pointed look. She glowers back, obscurely sensing that she has been insulted in some way. MARILYN also looks up in confusion at Olivier's well intentioned but clumsy joke.

Oblivious to her reaction, he opens his script with a sentimental flourish.

OLIVIER (cont'd)

So. My very noble and approv'd good masters, let us now embark on our great voyage of discovery together. (Pause) With boldness and (we pray) good fortune, may we strive to create a work of art that, led by your good graces, will be cherished as long as motion pictures may be remembered.

He is momentarily close to tears. WATTIS rolls his eyes discreetly, earning a grin from the actor PAUL HARDWICK. There is a rustle of pages and a few coughs, a mood of eager nervousness in the air as they all prepare for the reading.

CUT TO:

50

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

50

Page 10. PAULA turns the pages of MARILYN's script for her, as though helping a child to read. OLIVIER is in full flow, employing a heavy Mittel European accent.

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
"Were you surprised to get my
invitation?"

MARILYN stares at him for a beat then reads haltingly.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"I'll say I was surprised. I was
so surprised I couldn't hardly
think you meant me."

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
"oh but of course I meant you. I
had your name most carefully
marked down on my programme. In
matters of this kind I assure you
I am most methodical. Who did you
think I meant if not you?"

MARILYN drops out of character with a sweet, nervous smile.

MARILYN
Gee, Mister Sir, I could listen
to your accent all day.

There are private grins amongst the actors. OLIVIER smiles
kindly.

OLIVIER
You are amongst friends, my
darling angel. Just plain Larry
will suffice. (Pause) When you're
ready..?

Flustered, MARILYN looks at her script.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"Well, Maisie Springfield..."

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
"Oh, no, no, no not Maisie
Springfield, she's quite what I
would call old hat..."

PAULA leans across, mounting a whispered running commentary
in Marilyn's ear as OLIVIER speaks.

PAULA
Remember why you're in the
embassy, Marilyn. What does the
Grand Duke want from Elsie? She
thought there were going to be a
lot of people here and it's just
her.

OLIVIER waits patiently.

OLIVIER
It's your line, Marilyn.

MARILYN

Oh, let's see... "Oh, and am I
what you'd call new hat?"

OLIVIER tries to continue but is yet again brought up short by PAULA's passionate whispering.

PAULA

Locate the experience, Marilyn.
Look for the memory that helps
you. Remember when you went to
that party at Chaplin's house and
you were the only guest? How did
that make you feel?

This time OLIVIER stares at PAULA.

OLIVIER

It is only a readthrough, Paula.

PAULA

Marilyn has to begin finding the
character.

OLIVIER

The character is on the page.

PAULA

The words, maybe. Not the
character.

RICHARD WATTIS whispers to PAUL HARDWICK.

WATTIS

She's half cut!

DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE frowns with regal disapproval and
smiles warmly at MARILYN.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

Aren't we going to have fun?

51

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

51

The readthrough over, OLIVIER rails quietly at MILTON while
COLIN clears up the tea cups and plates used by the actors.

OLIVIER

We can't have two fucking
directors!

MILTON

Marilyn wants Paula.

OLIVIER

Why? She's got me!

MILTON

Paula is costing us two and half
thousand bucks a week. We might
as well use her. (Pause) Listen
Larry, accept Marilyn on her own
terms and you'll be okay.

(MORE)

MILTON (cont'd)

Try to change her and she'll
drive you crazy. Trust me.

OLIVIER stalks away. COLIN takes a chance and follows him.

OLIVIER
Dear Christ, what have I got
myself into?

CUT TO:

52

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. WARDROBE DEPT. DAY.

52

COLIN follows LUCY the WARDROBE GIRL down a rack of clothes. He is charming, glib and persistent.

COLIN
Come out with me tonight.

LUCY
I'm working.

COLIN
Tomorrow night, then.

LUCY
I'm washing my hair.

COLIN
Your hair's lovely.

She stops to look at him, attracted but cautious.

LUCY
Look, I have two rules. One,
never touch the talent...

COLIN
Everyone has a lot of rules
around here.

LUCY
... and two, never go out with
thirds.

COLIN
Why not?

LUCY
Because they're all randy little
buggers who just want some fun
during shooting.

COLIN
I'm not like that.

She looks at him sceptically.

COLIN (cont'd)
Really.

LUCY
(Sighs)
I'm free on Saturday.

ORTON
(Off)
Colin!

COLIN ducks into a rack of clothes, making a face at Lucy.
She can't help smiling back.

CUT TO:

53

EXT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. GATE. DAY.

53

First light over Pinewood Studios. Although it is August it is chilly so early in the morning. COLIN stands by the gate wearing only his thin summer jacket. He blows on his hands to keep warm. A black car appears. The window winds down and DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE pops her head out.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
How kind of you to meet us. Dear me, you do look cold.

COLIN
They're ready for you in make-up Dame Sybil.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
How exciting! Don't you love the first day of a new production?

COLIN
I don't know, Dame Sybil. I've never had one before.

DAME SYBIL gazes at him with wistful sadness.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
Oh, to be young again!

She blows him a kiss and the car rolls in through the gate. Almost immediately OLIVIER's chauffeur driven Bentley appears.

OLIVIER
Marilyn here yet?

COLIN
Not yet.

CUT TO:

54

EXT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. GATE. DAY.

54

COLIN looks anxiously down the empty road. DAVID ORTON strides towards him angrily.

ORTON
What the fuck's going on? I
thought you had a contact in her
house.

COLIN
I do...

ORTON
Well bloody use him, then.

CUT TO:

55 **EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. FRONT DOOR. DAY.** 55

ROGER greets COLIN on the doorstep with a grin.

ROGER
She hasn't come down yet. Neither
has Miller. They're playing
trains.

COLIN stares at him blankly.

CUT TO:

56 **INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM/PRODUCTION** 56
OFFICE. DAY.

COLIN, ROGER and MILTON sit in silence, studiously avoiding
each other's eyes. Somewhere upstairs bed springs creek
under the pressure of enthusiastic love-making.

The phone rings. MILTON nods to COLIN to pick it up. COLIN
is glad of the distraction. We hear ORTON's irate tones on
the end of the line.

ORTON
(On phone)
Well? What's happening?

COLIN glances upstairs as he tries to think what to say.

COLIN
She's... getting into character.

CUT TO:

57 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.** 57

Dame Sybil stands alone.

58 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.** 58

RICHARD WATTIS, ROSAMUND GREENWOOD (MAUD) and TWO FOOTMAN
in full costume, sweating under the hot lights.

OLIVIER prowls the set smoking impatiently. COLIN is at his side with DAVID ORTON.

OLIVIER
She's kept Dame Sybil Thorndike waiting in full costume for two hours. It's simply not fair.

The door finally opens and MARILYN emerges, with PAULA on one side and MILTON on the other. In her figure-hugging shimmering white sheath of a dress she is ravishingly beautiful. Her hair is like a halo of light around her head. No one can take their eyes off her. Slowly, all work on the set stops. MARILYN walks to the set, acutely aware of the scrutiny of the crew.

She smiles nervously, then suddenly hesitates, feeling the weight of everyone's attention. Anxiety flits across her face.

She whispers something to PAULA and bolts back towards her dressing room. OLIVIER stares after her in shock.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
What's wrong?

PAULA
She wasn't happy with her make-up.

OLIVIER loosens his collar irritably and glances at ORTON.

OLIVIER
Right, Mr. Orton you wanted me to check the back projection. Please join us, Mr. Cardiff.

He stalks away, followed by Cardiff and Orton.

CUT TO:

59

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

59

COLIN sees SYBIL THORNDIKE standing on set. She beams at him cheerfully.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
Isn't she pretty though?

COLIN
Would you like to sit down, Dame Sybil?

SYBIL THORNDIKE
How kind of you, Colin. Yes, why don't we all sit down?

Colin sees her chair by the camera and goes innocently to fetch it. But as he picks it up he is confronted by a stern looking crew member in overalls.

TREVOR

Are you a member of NATTKE?

COLIN

What?

TREVOR

That chair is a prop. Props are NATTKE. If ACT members are going to do NATTKE jobs, I'm calling my men out.

Every eye is suddenly on Colin. Taking his shock for stubbornness TREVOR turns to the set and bellows.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Strike meeting!

Half the crew immediately down tools. COLIN looks on in horror. SYBIL THORNDIKE frowns in reproach.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

I'm sure we're all good union members here. There's no need to fall out over something so trivial.

TREVOR

It might be trivial to you, Dame Sybil, but it's my livelihood. He's not in the union. (Pause, to Colin) Put the chair down.

COLIN stares at him, frozen.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Put the chair down now!

COLIN drops it as though it was on fire. It clatters to the stage. SYBIL THORNDIKE bears down on TREVOR majestically.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

I rather think you've made your point. Solidarity is the important thing here. When unions fall out, it's only management that benefits.

TREVOR pauses, not at all sure about this, but then shrugs magnanimously.

TREVOR

(To Colin)

If I see you doing a NATTKE job again I'll close this set down quicker than you can blink.

He turns to one of his men.

TREVOR (cont'd)

Dave, Dame Sybil needs a chair.

DAVE picks up the same chair, moves it approximately six inches and places it behind SYBIL THORNDIKE, who finally sits down, her sunny good humour instantly restored.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

I was on the picket lines in
1926, you know.

(MORE)

SYBIL THORNDIKE (cont'd)
Now that was a strike. We were
all Bolsheviks then!

She smiles nostalgically as ORTON appears to hustle COLIN away, muttering furiously.

ORTON
Didn't they teach you anything at
Eton? Now fuck off and see if you
can get me a bacon sandwich
without starting World War III.

CUT TO:

60

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

60

MARILYN is at last on set and ready to shoot. SYBIL THORNDIKE, as the Queen Dowager, waits behind a door. OLIVIER is in front of the camera with MARILYN, who flutters her hands nervously in an odd calming gesture. PAULA mutters a last few words in her ear, reading her lines to her from her small brown notebook.

COLIN watches intently. A bell rings and the red light goes on. The camera operator, DENYS, rolls the camera.

DENYS
Camera running.

ORTON
Very quiet, everyone...

DENYS
Speed.

The CLAPPER LOADER clicks the clapperboard.

CLAPPERBOY
Twenty two, take one.

ORTON
Action!

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
"Now, before you meet my mother-
in-law I must warn you she is a
little vague and can be very
deaf... on occasions."

SYBIL THORNDIKE sweeps through the door right on cue, with MAUD, her lady-in-waiting, following. She is effortlessly in command of her lines.

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
"My dear, such boredom! The
decorations hideous, and the
music... catastrophe! Our friend,
the ex-King of Moravia drove me
home.

(MORE)

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
He is now called the Duke of
Strelitz, he cannot of course go
to the Abbey tomorrow, but he is
most anxious you should invite
him to the room you have taken in
the Ritz for Nicky. Maud?

ROSAMUND GREENWOOD (AS MAUD)
"Yes, Ma'am..."

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
"Oh there you are my dear, I did
not see you, give me a glass of
that champagne I see over there.
Olga Bosnia..."

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
"Might I present Miss Elsie
Marina?"

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
"Oh yes, my dear, of course I
remember you well."

They all look at MARILYN... and nothing happens.

MARILYN
Gee. I forgot my line. I'm sorry.

OLIVIER
Cut.

SYBIL THORNDIKE smiles cheerfully.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
It's so easily done, isn't it?
I'm sure I went wrong somewhere
there too. Shall we have another
go, Larry?

CUT TO:

61 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

61

The clapperboard snaps. Take Five.

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
"Oh yes, my dear, of course I
remember you well."

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
(Halting)
"Oh, I'm quite sure you don't,
your royal..., oh, I mean, your,
uh, Imperial... your uh... serene
majesty."

It is not clear whether Marilyn's hesitance is acted or not
but the others press on gamely.

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
 "What does she say?"

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
 "She says she is deeply flattered
 and compliments you on your
 wonderful memory."

MARILYN jumps in, shouting her line over the top of him.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
 "I'm in The Coconut Girl at The
 Avenue."

There is a pause. SYBIL THORNDIKE hesitates.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
 Didn't I have a line somewhere
 there, dear?

OLIVIER
 Cut.

CUT TO:

62

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

62

The clapperboard snaps shut again. Take twelve.

ORTON
 Action!

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
 "Thank you, my dear. (Pause)
 Sweetly pretty. She should use
 more mascara. When one is young
 one should use a lot of mascara,
 and when one is old one should
 use much more. What do you do, my
 dear?"

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
 "I'm in The Coconut Girl at The
 Avenue".

SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)
 (To Olivier)
 "Dear?"

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
 "She says she is an actress."

MARILYN looks at him, hesitant but just about in character.
 OLIVIER glances at ORTON who nods.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
 Cut it there.

ORTON
 Check the gate.

FOCUS PULLER
(After a second)
Gate's good.

OLIVIER
Print.

There is a near-audible sigh of relief around the set.
SYBIL THORNDIKE smiles.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
That was perfect, Marilyn. You're
Elsie to the life!

MARILYN smiles awkwardly, not really believing her but
SYBIL carries on with complete conviction.

SYBIL THORNDIKE (cont'd)
Perhaps we could practise our
lines together later? You'd be
doing me such a kindness. At my
great age it's just so hard to
make them stick! Why don't you
come for tea tomorrow?

In fact Sybil is word perfect every time, and everyone
knows it. But it is a kind and tactful gesture. MARILYN's
face lights up.

MARILYN
Can I?

62A INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

62A

OLIVIER looks at COLIN in dismay.

OLIVIER
She's impossible. I should have
cast Vivien.

COLIN
If anyone can make her great,
it's you. You're a genius.

OLIVIER
Oh, yes. The world's greatest
living actor, so they say.

OLIVIER looks at him, wanting to be reassured. He fumbles
for a cigarette with shaking fingers and COLIN hurries to
light it. He smiles wryly.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Let's hope I'm as brilliant as
you think I am. (Pause) Now be a
good boy and keep an eye on her.

CUT TO:

63

INT. PINWOOD. DRESSING ROOMS/CORRIDOR. DAY.

63

MARILYN and PAULA are heading for the dressing room. MARILYN looks tired and disconnected. COLIN is just behind them on another errand. He can't help overhearing Paula's insistent, honeyed tones as she responds to Marilyn's uncertainty.

MARILYN

I just can't figure this movie out.

PAULA

You were wonderful. You are the most gifted actress I have ever known. You were superb, Marilyn. You were divine.

MARILYN

He was angry with me, I could tell.

PAULA

You were great. You are a great, great actress. All my life I have prayed for a great actress I could help and guide.

She stops abruptly and gets down on her knees in the corridor in front of Marilyn. COLIN stops awkwardly, his path blocked.

PAULA (cont'd)

Like this. I prayed to God on my knees. And he has given me you. You are that great actress, Marilyn.

MARILYN

Come on, Paula, get up.

PAULA

Not until you admit you were great.

MARILYN smiles, her mood slowly lightening.

MARILYN

Oh, okay. I guess I was.

COLIN glances at her, seeing his chance to help.

COLIN

You really were very good, Miss Monroe.

MARILYN smiles vaguely. PAULA gives him a fierce look - COLIN moves past quickly.

CUT TO:

64

INT. CAFE DE PARIS. LONDON. NIGHT.

64

The mood in the Club is cosmopolitan, lively but elegant. Rows of small tables are arranged around the stage, a few young couples are dancing to a jazz trio playing an exuberant, upbeat number. The music comes to an end and the couples return to their tables, COLIN and LUCY among them. There is champagne on the table, COLIN pours them both a glass.

LUCY

Are you sure you can afford all this?

COLIN

Oh, it's all right.

LUCY

It must be costing a week's wages.

COLIN

It's worth it.

LUCY can't help being charmed.

LUCY

You're not the average third, are you? Most of them would be happy with a swift half and a grope in the pub car park.

COLIN

I'm not living off my parents, if that's what you mean. I want to make my own way, no matter what.

LUCY

By making eyes at Vivien Leigh?

COLIN

Who told you that?

LUCY

Word gets around.

COLIN

Vivien's a friend of my father's.

LUCY

So there's nothing in it? You and Vivien?

He smiles mysteriously and leans in to kiss her. She avoids him coolly.

LUCY (cont'd)

I'm not that easy.

The WAITER approaches with a bill on a silver salver and offers him a pen.

WAITER
You'll be signing on your father's
account, sir?

COLIN blushes violently.

COLIN
Certainly not. I settle my own
bills.

The WAITER nods discreetly and leaves. LUCY looks at COLIN
with a teasing smile.

COLIN
I was always going to pay, you
know.

LUCY
Of course you were.

He looks at her, but there is no hint of mockery in her smile
and he is grateful.

LUCY
Do you think Marilyn is beautiful?

COLIN
Not compared to you.

LUCY laughs, COLIN looks hurt.

LUCY
You don't have to try so hard to be
charming. You're nice enough as it
is. Well, you could be.

She touches his hand and takes a drag from his cigarette as he refills her glass.

LUCY (cont'd)
You know Marilyn's really still
in love with Joe DiMaggio?

COLIN
So they say.

LUCY
She married Miller on the
rebound. The papers are calling
them "The Hourglass and the
Egghead".

COLIN
Which one is which?

She bursts out laughing. Her eyes sparkle and she looks
captivating in the glistening lights. He goes to kiss her
and this time she doesn't stop him.

CUT TO:

65 **EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE. SUBURBS. NIGHT.**

65

Colin's Bristol is drawn up in a quiet suburban road lined
with pleasant semi-detached houses. Lucy's house has a neat
patch of front lawn, a stolid family car in the drive and
net curtains in the windows. It is very little different
from any of its neighbours.

CUT TO:

65A **INT. LUCY'S HOUSE. PARLOUR. NIGHT.**

65A

COLIN and LUCY are kissing in the small "best" parlour at the
front of the house. It is spotlessly neat and clean.

COLIN touches Lucy's breasts and then opens the buttons of
her blouse. She puts her hand on his, stopping him.

LUCY
Wait a while, crocodile.

COLIN
I really do like you, Lucy.

She looks at him shrewdly.

LUCY
Maybe.

She hears heavy footsteps in the bedroom above.

LUCY (cont'd)
That's my dad.

She gives Colin a swift peck on the cheek as she tidies herself. A moment later the door opens and Lucy's father, MR. ARMSTRONG comes in, wearing his dressing gown over pyjamas. He glances at COLIN with a suspicious smile as he looks at his daughter.

MR. ARMSTRONG
Time to be thinking about bed,
darling. Early start tomorrow.

LUCY
Sorry, Daddy. We were just going
over tomorrow's schedule.

COLIN and LUCY share a small, private smile. He takes his cue and stands up.

COLIN
Yes, I should be off. Colin Clark.
Pleased to meet you, Mr. Armstrong.

He offers the surprised MR. ARMSTRONG a confident handshake.

COLIN (cont'd)
This is a very nice house you've
got.

MR. ARMSTRONG
Do you know this part of the world?

COLIN
(Thrown)
Umm... not really. My family are
more country people.

Lost for words they stare at each other for another moment before MR. ARMSTRONG smiles vaguely then goes. LUCY follows him with a smile at COLIN. He grins and whispers.

COLIN (cont'd)
Next Saturday?

She nods. He follows her out into the hall.

CUT TO:

65B EXT. LUCY'S HOUSE. SUBURBS. NIGHT.

65B

As he walks down the path, COLIN pauses. He looks around at the uniform semi-detached houses all around him. He is uncomfortable here, so far from the glamorous world of his parents or Pinewood studios. He has a strong sense that he and Lucy are from very different worlds, and walks to his car with an uneasy sense of relief to be getting away.

CUT TO:

66 EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. GATE. DAY.

66

COLIN is back on the early morning watch. A black car draws up and SYBIL THORNDIKE leans out.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
Colin, dear, I thought you looked
cold so I bought you this.

She hands him a bright red woollen scarf. COLIN is touched.

COLIN
Thank you, Dame Sybil.

SYBIL THORNDIKE
Film sets and rehearsal rooms are
the coldest places on earth.

He smiles as her car drives away. He wraps the scarf around his neck and looks up and down the road again.

CUT TO:

67 INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

67

The crew stand around in sullen discontent. OLIVIER paces back and forth with MILTON at his side.

OLIVIER
She should be on time, like
everyone else.

MILTON
She is a star.

OLIVIER
I'm a fucking star!

He looks around in frustration.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
If we nip this behaviour in the
bud perhaps it won't be repeated.

MILTON
This is Marilyn you're talking
about.

OLIVIER scowls at COLIN, who gives him a cigarette. MARILYN finally emerges with PAULA at her elbow. OLIVIER advances on her, his anger simmering.

OLIVIER
Marilyn, darling you are an
angel, and I kiss the hem of your
garment, but why can't you get
here on time for the love of
fuck?

MARILYN
Oh... you have that word in
England too?

She looks at him in surprise. She looks sedated, not quite there. PAULA leaps protectively to her defence.

PAULA
Marilyn has to prepare properly.
She has to find in herself all
that lies under the surface.
Acting isn't just a case of
putting on a costume or some
ludicrous false nose.

OLIVIER gives her a freezing look then takes Marilyn's hand, leading her forward like a child.

OLIVIER
You must apologise to Dame Sybil.

MARILYN reddens with humiliation as he takes her arm.

CUT TO:

68

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

68

OLIVIER propels MARILYN towards SYBIL THORNDIKE. MARILYN reddens with humiliation.

MARILYN
I'm sorry...

SYBIL THORNDIKE
(Cutting her off)
My dear, you mustn't concern
yourself. A great actress like
you has many other things on her
mind.

A radiant smile spreads slowly across Marilyn's face as the older woman's words sink in.

MARILYN
You think I'm a great actress?

SYBIL THORNDIKE

None of the rest of us truly know
how to act for the camera. But
you do. It is a rare gift.

She looks sharply at OLIVIER.

SYBIL THORNDIKE (cont'd)

This poor girl hasn't had your
years of experience. She is in a
strange country, acting a strange
part. Now, are you helping or
bullying?

OLIVIER looks aghast at being so roundly rebuked. COLIN
looks on, startled.

CUT TO:

69

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. VIEWING THEATRE. DAY.

69

OLIVIER, MILTON, PERCEVAL, ORTON and the editor JACK HARRIS
watch rushes. COLIN lurks about unnoticed at the back. They
watch one of OLIVIER's speeches (from the "The Coconut
Girl" sequence we saw filming in Scenes 61 and 62). He is
dry and clipped, every take precise and professional. It is
an effective but theatrical performance.

MARILYN sneaks in with ARTHUR MILLER. They sit in the back
row watching her performance from the same scene. She
fluffs take after take, gets her words wrong and pauses,
looking dazed. COLIN notices her clutching MILLER's hand
tightly. But finally a good take comes up. She is charming
and natural and her performance suddenly makes OLIVIER's
look stiff and clumsy. MILLER smiles in relief and
reassurance.

MILLER

That one's pretty damn good. You
knocked it out of the park.

MARILYN glows at his praise.

MILTON

When Marilyn gets it right you
just don't want to look at anyone
else.

OLIVIER frowns. For all his greatness as an actor he will
never be a film star like the maddeningly instinctive
Marilyn. And the injustice of it is like a stab through his
heart.

At the back COLIN only has eyes for the screen. He watches
MARILYN's image, enthralled. Until now he has taken Marilyn
entirely at Olivier's valuation, but as he watches her on
screen he begins to see things differently.

He sneaks a look at her in real life. She is holding MILLER's hand tightly, looking tense and vulnerable as one disastrous take follows another.

CUT TO:

70

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

70

COLIN comes out of the viewing theatre behind OLIVIER and MILTON.

OLIVIER

We've only been shooting for four days and we're already two weeks behind.

COLIN can't resist blurting out a comment.

COLIN

Why not only show her the good takes? Then she might feel better about herself.

He looks self-conscious as they both turn to stare at him.

MILTON

The kid's right. She could use the confidence.

OLIVIER

I believe it's traditional for the producer of the film to watch rushes. Besides, she's an experienced actress. She should learn from her mistakes.

COLIN

They just upset her.

OLIVIER

Not half as much as they upset me.

CUT TO:

71

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

71

COLIN hurries across the stage, carrying a fresh carton of "Oliviers". ORTON stops him.

ORTON

I'll do that. You go and find Marilyn's script. She thinks she left it in her dressing room.

CUT TO:

72 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. MARILYN'S DRESSING ROOM. DAY.** 72

COLIN bursts into the dressing room without knocking. Clothes are strewn carelessly all over the floor. There are pill bottles, full and empty, on every surface, along with empty bottles of champagne and bunches of flowers. COLIN rummages around on the table, moving piles of scripts and books. No luck. He walks casually through the half-open door into the inner chamber.

And stops dead in his tracks.

MARILYN stands by a chair, a towel wrapped around her head. She is completely naked.

She looks at him in astonishment.

He stares back, equally astounded.

He sees her script, heavily covered in handwritten notes, lying on the table next to an open bottle of champagne and a bottle of pills.

COLIN
Your script...

MARILYN
I found it.

Calmly she takes the towel from her hair and wraps it around herself. She smiles quizzically.

MARILYN (cont'd)
You can go now, Colin.

He hesitates a beat, surprised that she knows his name, before he fumbles for the door.

CUT TO:

73 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. MARILYN'S DRESSING ROOM/CORRIDOR. DAY.** 73

COLIN slams the door, aghast.

CUT TO:

74 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. WARDROBE DEPT. DAY.** 74

COLIN and LUCY are buried in the clothes racks kissing passionately. They surface for air.

COLIN
David wants to know if you're ready for the extras in the ballroom scene.

LUCY
Tell him he can start sending
them up. Women first.

They kiss again. He pulls away.

LUCY (cont'd)
I'm looking forward to Saturday.

He looks at her uncertainly.

LUCY (cont'd)
Our date?

COLIN
(Awkward)
I forgot. I can't do Saturday.
Marilyn wants to go shopping.

LUCY
Since when do you work for her?

COLIN
Larry asked me to help out.

She smiles sardonically, teasing him, but a little hurt.

LUCY
Well, of course you must do what
Larry says.

COLIN
Next Friday instead?

She shrugs in agreement.

COLIN (cont'd)
I'll pick you up. Eight o'clock.

He smiles, a little too glibly, and hurries away. LUCY
gazes after him. He doesn't look back.

CUT TO:

75

INT. LONDON. MARILYN'S CAR. DAY.

75

COLIN sits in the front with ROGER driving. MARILYN, ARTHUR
MILLER and MILTON GREENE sit in the back.

CUT TO:

76

EXT. LONDON. BOND STREET. DAY.

76

It is very quiet in the normally busy West End. Shops have
begun shutting after lunch and the city is rapidly
emptying. SHOPPERS wander past, taking little notice of
MARILYN who has her hair covered in a scarf and wears dark
glasses. MILLER walks at her side, holding her hand. She
glances at MILTON with an awkward laugh.

MARILYN
Gee, it's quiet.

COLIN
It's Saturday. Early closing. But
they're expecting us.

She stops to window shop. MILTON lowers his voice to COLIN.

MILTON
No one's recognised her.

COLIN
At least she can shop in peace.

MILTON
Marilyn's a star. Stars don't
even pee alone.

He looks around anxiously. But then a PASSER-BY suddenly
narrows his eyes and takes a second look. His face lights
up and he shouts -

PASSER-BY
It's Marilyn Monroe!

MARILYN gives him a radiant smile and within seconds is
surrounded by a crowd of SHOPPERS alerted by the fuss. A
feverish excitement grows out of nothing as people come
running to look, pushing and shoving to see.

MARILYN is quickly hemmed in by the heaving mob. To begin
with she enjoys it, smiling and posing happily for the
cameras that appear out of nowhere. But as the crowd press
towards something in the mood of the gathering changes; it
becomes wild and over-excited mood as people scream
Marilyn's name and shove bits of paper to sign in her face.
A WOMAN is pushed to the ground and MARILYN is forced back
against the shop window. COLIN sees a flicker of panic on
her face.

ROGER
My God, she'll be torn apart...

MILLER
Get her out of here.

COLIN and ROGER hurl themselves into the crowd doing what
they can to keep the excited fans at bay.

They manage to force a path to the car, drag the door open
and bundle MARILYN and MILLER into the back. MARILYN is
pinned against the door and COLIN has to put his arm around
her shoulders as he helps her in. He hurls himself into the
front, with Milton running alongside the moving car to dive
in beside Marilyn.

People run alongside, hammering wildly on the windows in
violent hysteria.

MILTON does his best to put a cheerful gloss on the chaos.

MILTON
Jeez, Marilyn, they really
fucking love you.

As COLIN looks in the rear-view mirror he sees MILLER shaking his head in dazed horror as MARILYN slumps half-collapsed into the seat beside him.

MILLER
Madness. Someone's going to get
hurt.

COLIN shifts his gaze to her in the mirror and his eyes meet Marilyn's. He sees - or imagines - a terrible sadness before she quickly replaces her dark glasses.

CUT TO:

77

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

77

COLIN stands silently by the camera, watching MARILYN and RICHARD WATTIS, in character as Elsie Marina and Northbrook, open the doors of the Grand Duke's drawing room.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"Well we're still the first ones,
aren't we? Gee, this is all
right, isn't it?"

OLIVIER looks out from behind the camera, patient and charming.

OLIVIER
Cut. The line is "Gee, this is
all right too, isn't it". It's a
tiny word, my darling, but it
matters. Let's go straight away.

MARILYN smiles vaguely. HAIR and MAKE-UP rush to do last minute checks.

DENYS
Camera running.

SOUNDMAN
Speed.

DENYS
Mark it.

The clapperboard clatters down. Take two. WATTIS and MARILYN come in again on their cue.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"Well we're still the first ones,
aren't we? Gee, this is all
right, isn't it?"

OLIVIER

Cut. Nearly there, but Terry did work so very hard on this and we must try to get it right for him. Straight away, please.

Take three.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)

"Well, we're still the first ones, aren't we? Gee, this is... all right, isn't it?"

By now there is a panic-stricken edge to her voice.

OLIVIER

Cut.

MARILYN

Can't we just drop it?

OLIVIER

The point is that you have already admired the downstairs hall in an earlier scene. Now you are admiring this room as well.

MARILYN

Oh, sure. (Pause, she looks stricken) Paula!

OLIVIER looks startled. PAULA comes scurrying across. MARILYN appeals to her, turning away from OLIVIER.

MARILYN (cont'd)

I don't get it. He's such a strange man. I think she'd figure out he only invited her to sleep with her.

PAULA

(To Olivier)

The reason Marilyn can't remember the line is because she doesn't believe the situation her character is in.

OLIVIER takes out all his pent-up frustration on PAULA.

OLIVIER

Then she should pretend to believe it.

PAULA bristles at this insult to her husband's work.

PAULA

Pretend? We're talking about the difference between the truth and artificial crap.

OLIVIER
We're in absolute agreement,
Paula. Acting is all about
sincerity. And if you can fake
that, you're off to the races.

PAULA only stares at him in disgust. Thoroughly alarmed,
MILTON intervenes.

MILTON

Maybe we should try for another take.

PAULA

Marilyn needs time to give a great performance. You should give her as long as it takes. Chaplin took eight months to make a movie.

OLIVIER

Eight months of this? I'd rather kill myself.

Throughout all this MARILYN herself looks lost. COLIN watches her as she feels the crew's irritable collective gaze. Flustered, she flutters her hands in a calming gesture, then goes to the side of the set to lean on a bar put there for her to rest on (her costume is too tight to allow her to sit down). PAULA accompanies her. MARILYN looks up at her in anguish.

MARILYN

I can't do this. I can't.

PAULA looks at her adamantly.

PAULA

You can do it. You can't fail. You will have more pain, you will suffer more but you will create. All you need is time.

MARILYN looks at her, desperately wanting to believe it.

PAULA (cont'd)

Remember, Marilyn, a tree is never just a tree. What kind of tree is Elsie? An elm tree? A birch tree?

OLIVIER

(Under his breath to Colin)
God knows, but I'm a weeping fucking willow.

PAULA

(To Marilyn)
Think about the things you like, instead of him. Frank Sinatra. Coca Cola. Be specific. The character comes alive if you know what you're doing.

MARILYN listens intently, a frown flitting across her face. She goes back to her mark. The whole crew is on tenterhooks.

Camera running, speed, mark it... Action! Take four.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"Well we're still the first ones,
aren't we? Gee, this is all
right, isn't it?"

OLIVIER
Cut.

A look of near-panic creeps into Marilyn's eyes at her inability to remember the line.

CUT TO:

78 **DELETED** 78

79 **INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.** 79

The clapperboard snaps one final time. Take twenty three.

MARILYN's smile is a grimace of terror. COLIN can hardly bear to look. Everyone holds their breath.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"Well we're still the first ones,
aren't we? (Pause) Gee, this is
all right too, isn't it?"

There is a stunned moment. WATTIS gapes and MARILYN looks around uncertainly. Did she say it? OLIVIER gestures frantically from behind the camera that she should carry on. She hesitates...

... there is an agonising beat...

... and then she panics and bolts for the side of the set.

MARILYN (cont'd)
Paula!

OLIVIER
Cut. What's the matter now?

He takes her arm and whisks her away to the side of the set, lowering his voice, trying to conceal his exasperation with a honeyed tone.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Forgive me, Marilyn. This is my
failure, not yours. Tell me how I
can help you.

MARILYN
I don't know who Elsie is. I
can't act her if I don't know who
she is!

OLIVIER

Elsie is all in the script

MARILYN

I can't find her. She's not there.

OLIVIER

But you have her precisely, you know her inside out. I'm in awe of your gift. We all are.

MARILYN

She's not real.

OLIVIER

Why not simply rely on your natural talents?

MARILYN

Are you saying I don't need to act?

OLIVIER is bewildered by her inability to appreciate her own natural talent - as he sees it. He looks at her in genuine anguish.

OLIVIER

Marilyn, you are the most attractive woman in the world. I'm simply suggesting you be yourself.

MARILYN

(Shouts)

I don't want to be myself!
(Pause) I want to be an actress playing a character.

OLIVIER

(Trying to be helpful)

All you have to do, dear Marilyn, is be sexy. Isn't that what you do?

MARILYN flinches as though slapped. Tension ripples through the set. COLIN watches in dismay.

MARILYN

I want Lee.

OLIVIER

You've already got Paula, for heaven's sake. I'm the director. Speak to me.

PAULA

I am only Lee's representative.

OLIVIER

It's five in the morning in New York.

MY WEEK WITH MARILYN

57A.

MARILYN
I WANT LEE!

Her furious scream brings all activity to a halt. She storms off the set with PAULA following. The atmosphere is awful.

80

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM.
DAY.

80

OLIVIER sits brooding savagely in front of his make-up mirror with MILTON GREENE. COLIN unobtrusively fetches whisky and cigarettes for them both as OLIVIER abruptly booms out to himself.

OLIVIER

"O, now, for ever Farewell the
tranquil mind/Farewell content/
Farewell the plumed troop and the
big wars/That make ambition
virtue O, farewell/Farewell..."
(Pause, exasperated) Paula's not
an actress. She not a director,
not a teacher. Her only talent is
buttering up Marilyn.

MILTON

It would be worse if she wasn't
around.

OLIVIER

You know what would make Marilyn
Monroe a real actor? A season in
rep. They wouldn't stand for this
kind of nonsense at the
Hippodrome in Eastbourne.

MILTON

You have to be patient with her.

OLIVIER

Trying to teach Marilyn how to
act is like teaching Urdu to a
badger.

MILTON gives him a look but says nothing. Instead he picks up his bag and opens it. It is stuffed with bottles of pills. He takes one of them, checks the label and puts it in his pocket.

MILTON

I better go see her. She'll need
something to help her calm down.

COLIN holds the door for him as he goes out.

OLIVIER

(After a second)
Pills to sleep, pills to wake up.
Pills to calm her down, pills to
give her energy. No wonder she's
permanently ten feet underwater.

COLIN looks at him tentatively.

COLIN
Maybe she's scared.

OLIVIER
We're all scared. It's part of
being an actor.

COLIN
But you have the training to deal
with it.

OLIVIER turns from the mirror to survey him.

OLIVIER
I wouldn't buy the little girl
lost act if I were you. Though
heaven knows it's tempting.

He sighs wistfully.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
And I think Marilyn knows exactly
what she's doing.

COLIN isn't so sure but wisely holds his tongue.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
You better get over to Parkside
and make sure the poor girl's all
right. (Pause) And Colin? Don't
forget who you work for.

CUT TO:

81 **EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRIVE. NIGHT.**

81

COLIN draws up outside Marilyn's house. The place is dark
and quiet.

CUT TO:

82 **INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM NIGHT.**

82

ROGER takes two bottles of beer from the well stocked
drinks cabinet and hands one to COLIN, putting a coaster
for him on the coffee table. COLIN looks around the opulent
drawing room.

COLIN
Are you sure they won't mind?

ROGER
Help yourself. They can spare it.
(Pause) Marilyn's okay. She's
taken some pills and gone to bed.

He frowns darkly.

ROGER (cont'd)
They like to keep her doped up.
It makes her easier to control.

COLIN
You mean Miller?

ROGER
(Shakes his head)
The others. They're terrified
their cash cow will slip away.

He smiles grimly and raises his beer bottle.

ROGER (cont'd)
Cheers!

CUT TO:

83 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT. 83

COLIN wakes abruptly from a doze as his empty bottle of beer rolls to the floor. ROGER is fast asleep. COLIN glances at the clock. It is nearly midnight.

CUT TO:

84 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. UPSTAIRS HALL. NIGHT. 84

COLIN, a little drunk, creeps out of the toilet. The narrow strip of light from the door disappears, leaving the hall in darkness. COLIN inches forward uncertainly.

He stops, waiting for his eyes to adjust. The house is totally silent. Then, just as he is about to move, he hears something.

Breathing, very close by. Faint but unmistakable. Shallow breaths, like sighs.

COLIN is paralysed.

A beat, then -

A door is flung open along the hall and light floods into the corridor.

MARILYN is sitting on the carpet leaning against the wall only a few feet away from Colin. She is wrapped in a pink bed-cover and stares directly at him, her expression blank and sedated. By her side is an open spiral bound notebook, its pages closely crammed with handwriting.

MILLER
(Off)
Marilyn. Come back to bed. It's
not what you think.

She stares at COLIN. It is not even clear she knows he is there. COLIN gazes back at her, paralysed. MILLER's voice comes again, flat and tired.

MILLER (cont'd)

(Off)

It's just a few ideas. Writer's stuff. (Pause) Bring back my book and let's get some sleep.

Finally MARILYN stirs and closes the notebook. Holding it to her breast and clutching the cover around her shoulders she gets up and goes into the bedroom, closing the door.

As the light snaps off COLIN breathes for the first time in what feels like minutes.

CUT TO:

85 **EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. GATE. DAY.**

85

COLIN, muffled in his scarf, looks up as Marilyn's car cruises to a halt at the gate.

COLIN

Good morning, Miss Monroe.

She is hunched in the back, her hair in a scarf, her face protected by her large sunglasses with PAULA by her side. She doesn't look up.

CUT TO:

86 **INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUNDSTAGE. DAY.**

86

OLIVIER, DAVID ORTON and COLIN huddle around the camera. JEREMY SPENSER and TECHNICIANS stand around, bored and listless. MILTON appears. They speak in low, urgent tones.

OLIVIER

It's nearly lunch time.

MILTON

She isn't feeling the part.

OLIVIER

It's a light comedy. How much feeling can it possibly require?

MILTON

Give her a few minutes...

OLIVIER

She can't hide in her bloody dressing room all day.

MILTON

Oh, yes she can.

OLIVIER looks at him angrily. He is close to the end of his tether.

OLIVIER
(To Colin)
Go and find out what the hell's
going on.

87 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. MARILYN'S DRESSING ROOM. 87**
DAY.

COLIN knocks softly on the dressing room door. PAULA appears, opening it no more than a crack. She looks out suspiciously, sees it is Colin and turns back into the room.

PAULA
It's Colin.

COLIN waits a moment then PAULA opens the door wider.

PAULA (CONT'D) (cont'd)
Come in. Marilyn wants to see
you.

COLIN stares at her in surprise.

CUT TO:

88 **INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. MARILYN'S DRESSING ROOM. 88**
DAY.

COLIN comes in. The dressing room is in semi-darkness. PAULA settles down in the corner. MARILYN lies on a sofa, wearing a bathrobe, her face in shadow. Pill bottles are scattered across the dresser at her elbow. There is a long pause. She sighs softly.

MARILYN
How old are you?

COLIN
24. (Pause) Nearly

MARILYN
You remind us of the young king in
the movie. Kind of honest and
innocent.

COLIN
(wounded)
I'm not innocent.

She turns her head and her beautiful face comes fully into the light.

MARILYN
What's your job on this picture?

COLIN

I'm the third assistant director.
Just a gopher really. Go for
this, go for that...

MARILYN

You're Larry's assistant too.

He shrugs awkwardly.

MARILYN (cont'd)

What were you doing in my house
last night? Did he send you?

COLIN hesitates. It seems pointless to deny it.

COLIN
He was worried about you.

MARILYN
Are you spying on me?

COLIN
No! Of course not. Why would
anyone spy on you?

She sighs, and looks away.

COLIN (cont'd)
Are you all right, Miss Monroe?

He waits hesitantly, but she seems to have drifted off. But then, suddenly, she turns back to him, her eyes huge.

MARILYN
Colin? Whose side are you on?

COLIN stares at her. She looks utterly beautiful and vulnerable in the shadowy light. There is only one answer anyone could give.

COLIN
Yours, Miss Monroe.

She rewards him with a brilliant smile, her whole face lighting up.

MARILYN
Call me Marilyn.

He is suddenly overwhelmed by a rush of sympathy. She looks so lost and vulnerable. Perhaps he means it. Perhaps he is on her side now.

CUT TO:

89 **EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. DAY.**

89

As COLIN walks down through the studio he meets RICHARD WATTIS with PAUL HARDWICK, on their way to wardrobe. WATTIS winks at him.

WATTIS
Marilyn's got a new boyfriend.
Larry will get jealous.

HARDWICK
You can say that again.

He gives a camp laugh. COLIN tries to shrug it off with a lightness he doesn't feel.

COLIN
Nothing happened.

WATTIS

You were in there for ten minutes
at least. Plenty of time for a
kiss and a cuddle.

COLIN

Paula was with us the whole time.

WATTIS

The mind boggles, dear.

COLIN smiles but his expression freezes as he looks up to see LUCY nearby. She has heard every word of the exchange.

CUT TO:

90

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

90

MARILYN is finally back on the set, filming a solo dance routine. Released from the need to remember any words she takes refuge in the physical activity, undulating sexily in her tight white dress in a performance which is gawky, mildly silly and charming all at the same time.

The dance is deliberately a little amateurish. Elsie Marina isn't meant to be any sort of superstar. But she radiates joy and innocence and sheer happiness in the dance, and MARILYN captures all this perfectly. Within the scene the actor JEREMY SPENSER, playing Nicky, watches from the doorway.

Everyone watches silently from behind the camera. No one can look away, least of all COLIN. It feels like one purely joyful moment in the agony the film has become, and Marilyn is radiant. Even OLIVIER has a reluctant half-smile on his face as he watches.

CUT TO:

91

INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. NIGHT.

91

The stage is empty except for OLIVIER and MILLER. They sit in a pool of light in the cavernous room. COLIN pours whisky for them and then steps back into the shadows. Both men ignore him. He is too unimportant to worry about. MILLER leans forward, holding his pipe but not smoking it.

MILLER

I dreamed last night I could hear singing. And then I realised it wasn't a dream. There was a male voice choir serenading Marilyn under our window. At two in the morning. It's a circus. A freak show.

OLIVIER smiles but MILLER looks dazed.

MILLER (cont'd)

I'm going back to New York for a few days. I need to see my kids. I need a break.

OLIVIER
That won't help Marilyn.

MILLER
(After a moment)
I can't help her. (Pause) You
know what she loves to do most?
Sleep. It's what she lives for.
Sleep is her demon.

He pauses for a second.

MILLER (cont'd)
I've disappointed her.

OLIVIER looks at him. MILLER shakes his head.

MILLER (cont'd)
She thought I could smash all her
insecurities with one magical
stroke. That I could make her a
new person.

He pauses for a second, weighing every word carefully.

MILLER (cont'd)
She wants me to protect her but I
can't. I can't even protect
myself. (Pause) She read some
notes I made. They were nothing.
Just a few ideas.

OLIVIER
About her?

He looks up and nods slowly.

MILLER
She took them the wrong way.

He leaves a long, uneasy pause.

OLIVIER
But you do love her? Your new
bride and all that?

MILLER plays with his whisky.

MILLER
I can't work. I can't think.
(Pause) She's devouring me.

Forgotten in the shadows, COLIN listens attentively to
every word.

CUT TO:

92 **EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. GATE. DAY.**

92

Early morning. COLIN sees Olivier's black Bentley cruising towards the gate. VIVIEN LEIGH sits in the back seat.

VIVIEN
Hello, Colin darling. You look
like Horatio defending the
bridge. Are you going to let me
in?

CUT TO:

93 **INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.**

93

VIVIEN is doing what amounts to a royal tour. She greets everyone, from the lowest chippie to the Heads of Department with the same flirtatious grace. OLIVIER walks at her elbow. The crew crowd around her. She is easy and relaxed, relishing every second of their attention.

VIVIEN
I hope Larry isn't making you all
work too hard. I know what a
dreadful slave driver he can be.

She sees ORTON and takes his hands.

VIVIEN (cont'd)
David, he would be lost without
you.

ORTON
Just doing my job.

Tough as he is, he melts visibly. She moves on to JACK CARDIFF, the lighting cameraman, looking at him in mock misery.

VIVIEN
I'm getting old, Jack. I need you
to work your miracles on me.

CARDIFF
You're more beautiful every year,
Vivien.

She laughs and turns to COLIN, looking at him severely.

VIVIEN
Now, you are looking after Larry
like I told you?

COLIN
I'm doing my best...

VIVIEN glances away to see MARILYN standing nearby, awkward and excluded. She has come straight from make-up and wears only a towelling robe, slippers and curlers in her hair.

Compared to VIVIEN she looks frumpish. VIVIEN glides towards her, hands extended.

VIVIEN
Darling Marilyn!

She kisses her on both cheeks and holds her hands.

VIVIEN (cont'd)
Larry tells me you are quite,
quite superb. I'm wild with
jealousy.

MARILYN
Oh, but everyone says you were a
wonderful Elsie on stage.

VIVIEN
But I'm too old to play her in
the film. Larry was quite brutal
about that. You see, the truth is
all that matters to him. That's
why we all admire him so very
much.

She glances at OLIVIER with a fluttering laugh. He smiles back with a haunted look in his eyes.

VIVIEN (cont'd)
Now, I must let you work. I only
came to wish you good luck!
Goodbye, everyone!

The crew press around her. MARILYN watches, feeling more than ever the odd one out. COLIN watches her from the edge of the crowd. She cuts a lonely, vulnerable figure. He is totally preoccupied with her, so much so that when VIVIEN comes up behind him he turns guiltily as though caught out.

VIVIEN stares at him. All her exuberance has vanished and she looks suddenly tired and older. It as though the facade of a beautiful building is beginning to crack. She gazes at him with bitter disappointment.

VIVIEN (cont'd)
Oh, Colin. Not you too.

He wants to protest but VIVIEN is already turning away.

CUT TO:

COLIN pushes open the door to the projection booth. The screen is lit up with the rushes of the scene in *The Prince And The Showgirl* where a startlingly beautiful MARILYN, in gorgeous close-up, eats caviar and drinks champagne in a toast to the American President.

OLIVIER and VIVIEN stand in the shadows of the projector beam. COLIN freezes in the doorway to the projection booth holding a pile of film cans. VIVIEN is crying abjectly.

VIVIEN

I didn't think she would be so beautiful. She... *shines* on that screen.

OLIVIER

You shouldn't upset yourself. You are ten times the actress she will ever be.

VIVIEN

If you could see yourself. The way you *watch* her...

OLIVIER

There's never been anything between Marilyn and me.

She laughs hysterically.

VIVIEN

Only because she didn't want you.

OLIVIER

You're imagining things.

VIVIEN

Do you think I'm a fool? You didn't think the little tart could resist the great Laurence Olivier.

She looks at him venomously, a dangerous, unbalanced hatred seething in her expression.

VIVIEN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

But she saw through you, didn't she darling? Take away the actor and what's left of the man? You can't even play the husband properly without a script.

(slaps him hard across the face.)

I hope she makes your life hell!

OLIVIER

Vivien..!

She storms out. After a beat, COLIN tentatively enters. OLIVIER looks at COLIN in muted apology.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
She hasn't been well. There was a
baby... she... we... lost it...

COLIN looks down awkwardly. OLIVIER sighs.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
(After a pause)
Do you have a cigarette, Colin?

COLIN hurries to offer him one of his "Oliviers". OLIVIER grimaces wryly.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Not one of those awful things.

COLIN finds a woodbine in his other pocket and gives it to OLIVIER, who lights it with a shaking hand. He inhales deeply.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Vivien's right... I did think I
would fall shatteringly in love
with Marilyn. What a joke.

He looks at COLIN, his feelings raw and exposed.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Remember, boy, when it comes to
women you are never too old for
humiliation.

CUT TO:

95

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

95

The set is dressed and the crew are waiting but once again there is no sign of Marilyn. The actors, RICHARD WATTIS and PAUL HARDWICK amongst them, sit apathetically in full costume, while ORTON stands with his arms folded. Technicians chat or sit idly. As COLIN watches, OLIVIER looks across at MILTON who shrugs hopelessly.

CUT TO:

96

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM/PARKSIDE. DAY.

96

COLIN pours whisky for OLIVIER. MILTON comes in.

MILTON
Marilyn won't shoot today. She's
gone back to Parkside. She's
upset about Arthur leaving
England.

OLIVIER
He's only going to visit his
children.

MILTON

You don't leave Marilyn alone.
She can't handle it. She thinks
everyone's going to abandon her.

The phone rings. OLIVIER picks with a sudden burst of optimism.

OLIVIER

Perhaps she's come back. (Into the
phone) Yes?

ROGER

(off)
Sir Laurence? It's Roger.

OLIVIER

Oh, Roger. What's up?

ROGER

(off)
Is Colin there, Sir?

He frowns and looks at COLIN in bewilderment.

OLIVIER

Yes, he's here. (Pause) It's for
you.

Puzzled, COLIN takes the phone as OLIVIER stares at him.

COLIN

Roger?

CUT TO PARKSIDE, where, to Colin's astonishment MARILYN comes on the line (Roger is not in shot).

MARILYN

(On phone)
Colin, why don't you drop by here
on your way home?

CUT BACK TO PINEWOOD - MILTON recognises Marilyn's voice instantly.

MILTON

What the heck?

OLIVIER

Why is Marilyn on the phone to my
third fucking assistant?

COLIN looks around helplessly.

COLIN

Yes, I'm sure I can do that.

CUT TO PARKSIDE. MARILYN smiles.

MARILYN
(On Phone)
Good. Don't tell anyone though.

She hangs up.

CUT TO PINEWOOD: COLIN replaces the phone in its cradle.
MILTON and OLIVIER stare at him.

OLIVIER
Well? What did she want?

COLIN
She wants to see me.

He shrugs awkwardly. MILTON looks at OLIVIER in panic.

MILTON

He shouldn't be talking to her.
He's just a kid. Supposing he
says something? (Pause) Why the
hell didn't she call me?

His angry - and jealous - frustration is in stark contrast to OLIVIER, who looks at COLIN with a new interest, wondering if there is anything in this odd situation that can work to his advantage. He smiles calmly.

OLIVIER

I'm sure Colin knows what he's
doing. Don't you, Colin?

There is a warning as well as approval in his tone.

CUT TO:

97

INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY.

97

ROGER leads COLIN into the formal drawing room.

ROGER

Miss Monroe said for you to wait.
She won't be long.

He looks at COLIN dubiously as he goes out. COLIN is nervous and not quite sure what to do with himself. He looks at the drinks in their decanters on the sideboard and is suddenly desperate for some Dutch courage. He finds the brandy and picks it up -

MARILYN

(Off)

Help yourself to a drink.

COLIN wheels in surprise. MARILYN stands in the doorway, casually but beautifully dressed in silk trousers and a pale cream shirt. COLIN looks guiltily at the brandy.

COLIN

I was just... checking you've got
everything you need.

She walks to the sideboard, standing only a few inches away from him. He can't take his eyes from hers. He drops his gaze, only to find himself staring at her breasts. He looks up again sharply but not before she notices. She takes the decanter from his hand.

MARILYN

Here, let me.

She pours some brandy into a glass and gives it to him.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Are you frightened of me, Colin?

COLIN

No.

MARILYN

Good. Because I like you.

Colin doesn't know what to say. MARILYN gazes at him.

MARILYN (cont'd)

I want you to help me. Will you do that?

She looks at him, her eyes wide. COLIN feels himself sinking into her gaze.

COLIN

I'm only the third. Just a messenger, really.

MARILYN

But you know what's going on. You can see both sides of the situation.

He shrugs in helpless agreement.

MARILYN (cont'd)

I want you to be honest. Tell me everything.

She indicates a chair and COLIN perches on it awkwardly.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Relax. I thought you weren't scared of me. (Pause) Are you hungry? I'll have them send in a tray. I'm starved.

He doesn't know how to reply and Marilyn misreads his silence. Her eyes widen in dismay.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Oh, gee, I'm sorry. Am I interrupting something? Maybe you have a Mrs. Colin waiting for you at home?

COLIN

There's no Mrs. Colin.

MARILYN

So we can talk as long as we like?

He nods uncertainly. She frowns.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Why is Sir Olivier so mean? He talks to me as if he's slumming.

COLIN hesitates then decides to throw caution to the wind.

COLIN

I'll tell you what's wrong. It's agony for him because he's a great actor who wants to be a film star, and agony for you because you're a film star who wants to be a great actress. And this film won't help either of you.

He stops, breathless, knowing he has gone too far. She stares at him, wide-eyed with surprise. Horribly self-conscious he takes a too large swig of his brandy, reddens and coughs. She laughs.

MARILYN

Are you sure you can handle that? You don't look old enough to drink.

COLIN

I'm 23, Miss Monroe.

MARILYN

It's Marilyn. (Pause) I'm 30. I guess that makes me an old lady to you.

COLIN

Seven years is nothing.

She smiles then sits opposite him.

MARILYN

Do you know I've been married three times already? How did that happen?

COLIN

You were just looking for the right man.

MARILYN

They always look right at the start.

She smiles wistfully. Her presence is overwhelming. The silence stretches for a second, pregnant with strange possibilities. Suddenly the phone rings, making him jump. Automatically he picks it up.

COLIN

Hello?

CUT TO:

98 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY. 98

MILTON sits at his desk. He leans forward anxiously at the sound of Colin's voice.

MILTON
Colin? Is everything okay? What
did she want?

CUT BACK TO:

99 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 99

COLIN looks at MARILYN and hesitates.

COLIN
Everything's fine. Miss Monroe
just had... some large packages
she needed handling...

He looks at MARILYN's voluptuous figure. MARILYN looks back innocently and mouths the word "packages". She giggles. He turns crimson with the effort of trying to suppress his own laughter but MARILYN isn't helping. She teasingly makes shapes in the air of just how large the packages might be.

He covers the phone, agonised, before they both collapse in irrepressible laughter. COLIN finally pulls himself together.

COLIN (cont'd)
Hello? Milton?

There is a long silence at the other end of the line.

CUT TO:

100 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY. 100

MILTON turns pale. When he speaks again his anger is just barely under control.

MILTON
Let me speak to her, Colin.

CUT BACK TO:

101 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 101

COLIN offers the phone to MARILYN but she shakes her head.

COLIN
She's tied up right now.

This only sets MARILYN off again. She howls with laughter and COLIN can't help joining her.

CUT TO:

102 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. PRODUCTION OFFICE. DAY. 102

MILTON stares at the phone in disbelief.

MILTON

What's going on? Colin! (Shouts)
Let me talk to her, damn it!

CUT BACK TO:

103 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRAWING ROOM. DAY. 103

COLIN looks at MARILYN but she shakes her head between giggles. He turns back to the phone, barely able to get the words out between snorts of laughter.

COLIN

I'm sorry, Milton. I have to go.

He hangs up quickly. They both laugh helplessly. MARILYN smiles.

MARILYN

Let's walk in the garden. See if
we can find any more reporters in
the bushes.

She giggles. COLIN's heart contracts as she casually takes his arm.

104 EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. GARDEN. DAY/DUSK. 104

There is a golden glow on the horizon as the sun sinks. MARILYN, a cardigan around her shoulders, walks along the path. COLIN is at her side, acutely aware of her physical closeness.

MARILYN

I didn't know it was so pretty
out here.

COLIN

You should get out more. See the
sights.

MARILYN

I *am* the sights.

She giggles again, her mood lighter.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Look at us. We're just like
Elsie and the young King. What
would Sir Laurence say if he
could see us now?

COLIN

I don't think he'd mind.

MARILYN grows reflective. She takes COLIN's arm in a friendly way as they walk.

MARILYN

I wanted to be an artist. To grow as an actor. I was so proud to be working with the great Olivier. (Pause) Now he thinks I'm the enemy.

She looks at him innocently. COLIN hesitates.

COLIN

He doesn't understand your kind of actor. He's hated the method ever since Vivien worked with Elia Kazan. It's all too new and strange. You're the future, and it frightens him.

MARILYN

Every time I walk into the studio I feel this sense of doom come over me. He looks at me like he's smelling a pile of rotten fish. And the crew hate me. Paula is the only person I can trust. (Pause) Except for you now, maybe.

She looks at him, her eyes huge. COLIN feels his senses swim as he stares into them...

... and then ROGER suddenly appears on the steps.

ROGER

Phone call for you, Miss Monroe. It's Mr. Miller.

MARILYN goes back up the path towards the house, glancing back briefly at Colin.

MARILYN

Goodbye, Colin. Thanks for telling me the truth.

COLIN stares after her. It is a second before he realises that ROGER is gazing at him sternly.

ROGER

You'll be leaving now, I expect.

CUT TO:

105

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM.
DAY.

105

The next morning. COLIN walks in as OLIVIER is talking to MILTON.

OLIVIER

I don't care if he fucks her
sideways. Perhaps it'll calm her
down. (Pause) Oh, hello, boy.

He smiles cheerfully.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
I hear you spent last night with Marilyn.

COLIN
I didn't spend the night with her. We just had a chat.

MILTON
I heard them chuckling.

OLIVIER offers COLIN a lewdly suggestive grin.

OLIVIER
Perhaps if Colin is very diplomatic Marilyn is more likely to behave herself.

COLIN
She just wants a chum, that's all.

MILTON
A *chum*? Jesus Christ, what is this, Goodbye Mr. Chips? Grow up, kid.

He barges out of the room, slamming the door behind him. OLIVIER checks the effect of his Grand Duke in the mirror and sighs abruptly.

OLIVIER
I thought working with Marilyn would make me feel young again. But I look dead in the rushes. Dead behind the eyes.

He gazes at himself thoughtfully.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Perhaps I'm angry with her because in my heart I know my own career is in a terrible rut. I wanted to renew myself through her but all I see reflected in that magnificent face is my own inadequacy.

He leans back.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
You know, I admire Marilyn. I really do. Despite her behaviour. She has taken everything Hollywood can throw at her and triumphed.

COLIN waits, uncertain why OLIVIER is confiding in him.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
An actress has to be pretty tough
to get even a tenth as far as she
has.

He glances up at COLIN in the mirror, shrewd and
sympathetic.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
But be careful, boy. She doesn't
need to be rescued. Not really.

CUT TO:

106 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

106

Gossip is always fast to travel but on a film it goes at
the speed of light. As COLIN arrives on the set he is
greeted with wolf whistles and jeers by RICHARD WATTIS,
PAUL HARDWICK and the crew.

SOUNDMAN
What was Marilyn like then, Col?

HARDWICK
Going over her lines with her,
were you?

SOUNDMAN
Will she be in today or is she
too tired?

It is all good-natured stuff but COLIN feels strangely
protective, not so much on his own behalf as Marilyn's.

COLIN
She was just being friendly.

WATTIS
I'll bet.

There are hoots of laughter. COLIN retreats to a corner
only to find RICHARD WATTIS pursuing him.

WATTIS (cont'd)
Ever heard of the Venus Fly Trap?
There you are, Colin the innocent
little fly buzzing about happily,
when suddenly a heavenly scent
attracts you and - Snap!

COLIN
Oh, fuck off, Dickie. You've
never slept with a woman in your
life.

WATTIS

I know a Femme Fatale when I see
one, love.

107 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

107

A brief hiatus in filming. COLIN looks on uneasily as MARILYN, resting against her lean-to, has her costume attended to by LUCY.

ORTON

Three minutes, ladies and gents.
Three minutes.

It has just dawned on COLIN that he has missed his date with LUCY. Before he can react he is jerked violently behind the scenery and pushed up against the wall by an angry MILTON.

MILTON

Arthur Miller called me. He's not
happy with you.

COLIN

He doesn't even know who I am.

MILTON

Marilyn must have said something.

COLIN

Maybe she was trying to make him
jealous...

ORTON turns around frowning furiously at the voices behind the set. MILTON pushes COLIN off the set ahead of him.

108 EXT. STUDIO. DAY.

108

MILTON turns bitterly on Colin as soon as they are outside the studio door.

MILTON

Listen, kid, I've known Marilyn
for seven years. I fell in love
with her, just like you've done.

COLIN is about to protest but MILTON ignores him.

MILTON (cont'd)

We had ten days together and that
was it. She picked me up, she put
me down. That's what she does.
She breaks hearts. She'll break
yours. My advice to you is to
quit before you get burned.

COLIN

I don't need your advice. And I'm
not in love with her.

MILTON

Okay, have it your way. (Pause)
You don't see Marilyn again, you
don't even talk to her. She is
completely off-limits to you. Got
it?

CUT TO:

109

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

109

COLIN hurries along the corridor, looking for LUCY, who he
sees pushing a rack of clothes. He stops awkwardly. She
gazes at him meaningfully, hurt and puzzled.

LUCY

I waited for you on Friday.

COLIN

Oh, God... I'm sorry... I forgot...
I've just been so busy.

LUCY

(Sharp)
So I hear.

COLIN

(Shrugs)
You know how crews gossip.
There's nothing in it.

LUCY

Of course there isn't. Marilyn
Monroe fancying you? Come on.

COLIN is put out. Up to now he has never fully confronted
the possibility of Marilyn wanting him, but he doesn't like
the idea being dismissed so lightly.

Lucy sees it and her eyes widen in surprise and hurt.
Before she can respond MARILYN herself coming towards them
in her gown, her hair up in towel, surrounded by PAULA and
her MAKE-UP people. She offers him a dazzling smile.

MARILYN

Hi, Colin.

COLIN smiles, self-conscious. MARILYN stops and frowns,
looking at Lucy.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Hey, are you guys dating? That's
what I heard.

She looks at him expectantly and suddenly his growing
fantasy that she might actually be interested in him kicks
in hard. He shrugs casually.

COLIN

Of course not. You know how crews
like to gossip.

His voice trails off lamely as he realises he is repeating
what he has just said to Lucy. MARILYN smiles.

MARILYN

Too bad. You look cute together.

She walks off with her retinue. There is a long pause.
COLIN looks up to see LUCY staring at him in dismay. There
are sudden tears in her eyes, which she wipes away angrily.

LUCY

I thought you were different.

COLIN

Lucy, I really like you. We've had
such fun...

LUCY

And now it's time to set your
sights a little higher. I get it.
(Pause) Who do you think you are,
Cary Grant?

She shoves the rack of clothes back towards the wardrobe
department. Part of him knows he should go after her, but in
the end he just stays where he is. He can't help feeling an
unworthy sense of relief.

CUT TO:

110 **INT. DOG AND DUCK PUB. COLIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.** 110

COLIN crosses to the mean little bed on its iron frame and
collapses on it gratefully. The noise of the rowdy pub floats
up through the floorboards. He covers his ears with his hands
then folds the pillow over his head in a desperate attempt to
block it out.

CUT TO:

111 **EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. DAY.** 111

The studio is quiet at the weekend. COLIN walks along,
snatching a moment for a cigarette. As he reaches the doors
to the editing suites a battered old Wolsey draws up beside
him. ROGER SMITH is at the wheel.

ROGER

Get in.

COLIN looks at him in confusion. The studio doors open and
MILTON emerges. He glances darkly at COLIN and ROGER.

MILTON

Any problem, Roger?

ROGER

Just dropped by to take Colin out
to lunch.

COLIN looks surprised. MILTON notices. COLIN stubs out his
cigarette and hurries to the passenger door.

MILTON

You're not taking him to Marilyn?
That would drop us all in a whole
ocean of shit.

ROGER

Oh, no, sir.

MILTON sees a bulky blanket on the back seat.

MILTON

What do you have in there?

ROGER

Just a picnic. We've been looking
forward to it, haven't we, Colin?

COLIN looks at him, bemused. He gets in quickly. MILTON
frowns but shrugs and walks off with a wave.

MILTON

Okay, well, have a nice time boys.

Inside the car COLIN looks at ROGER.

COLIN

Is she okay?

In the same moment MARILYN herself erupts from under the
blanket in the back.

MARILYN

SURPRISE!

COLIN

Oh, Jesus -

She laughs, looking wonderfully naughty.

MARILYN

Roger and I decided to take you out
for an adventure. Didn't we Roger?

ROGER

(Pained)
Indeed we did.

COLIN

Oh, God. If Milton sees me with
you... I'll be sacked...

He tries to scramble out but MARILYN hauls him back
gleefully.

MARILYN

No one can sack you, Colin. (Pause)
Except me, of course.

She pats the seat next to her.

MARILYN (cont'd)

I don't like being on my own in the
back.

Before COLIN can respond he sees the curious MILTON running
back, having spotted MARILYN in the back.

MILTON

What the hell?

He peers into the back window. MARILYN screams and buries
herself back under the blanket. COLIN scrambles to get over
into the back seat while ROGER stamps on the accelerator and
the car roars off.

MILTON (cont'd)

(Shouts)

Colin! Get back here, you little
bastard! You're fired! Do you hear
me? Fired!

COLIN winces. ROGER looks at him sympathetically. MARILYN
emerges from under the blanket, tousled and laughing.

MARILYN

Do you think he saw me?

COLIN can't help laughing. He finally tumbles into the back
seat with MARILYN as the car speeds away. She scoots up to
make room for him.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Snuggle up. This is fun.

She threads her arm through his. He gazes down at their hands
meshed together.

ROGER's disapproval registers in the faintest flicker of his
eyes.

In the background the defeated and frustrated MILTON watches
the car speed away.

CUT TO:

112 **DELETED** 112

113 **EXT. WINDSOR GREAT PARK. DAY.** 113

COLIN and MARILYN walk barefoot in the grass of Windsor
Great Park while ROGER leans on the bonnet of the parked
Wolsey, holding shoes, socks, and sandals.

There is no one else around. The wind sighs and the grass is pleasantly warm underfoot. MARILYN turns her face up to the sun.

MARILYN

This is how I ought to feel every day.

COLIN smiles. Impulsively MARILYN hugs him.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Let's run away together.

He turns ashen.

MARILYN (cont'd)

(Laughs)
Just kidding.

She looks around happily. COLIN smiles at her.

COLIN

We have today, anyway. One day to do whatever we like. We can go back to real life tomorrow.

MARILYN

Only one day?

COLIN

Well, maybe the weekend.

MARILYN

Or a week?

He grins. She takes his hand, walking contentedly at his side.

MARILYN (cont'd)

What shall we do?

COLIN

We could go to Windsor Castle, if you like.

MARILYN's face breaks into a smile of pure delight.

CUT TO:

114

EXT. WINDSOR CASTLE. GRAND DRIVE. DAY.

114

The car makes its stately progress down the magnificent drive towards the castle.

CUT TO:

115

EXT. ROGER'S CAR. WINDSOR CASTLE. DAY.

115

ROGER has parked up by the sentry post at the entrance to the castle. There are two uniformed POLICEMEN on duty. ROGER nods to the policemen, who instantly recognise one of their own.

ROGER
Detective Chief Superintendant
Smith. I'm escorting this lady
and gentleman for the day. They'd
like to look around the castle.

As the policemen see MARILYN their eyes widen.

POLICEMAN
Christ, is that..?

He stares in disbelief. ROGER smiles.

ROGER
Well, it's not Diana bloody Dors,
is it?

POLICEMAN
(After a second)
Does she know anyone here, sir?
We need to write down a contact
name in the book.

ROGER looks stumped at this. He turns to Marilyn.

ROGER
You don't know Her Majesty, by
any chance?

MARILYN
We met at a movie premiere. She
said my dress was pretty.

POLICEMAN
I'm not sure that quite...

COLIN
(Interrupting)
My Godfather works here. He's the
Royal librarian, Sir Owen
Morshead.

The POLICEMAN looks sceptically at Colin's casual clothes.

POLICEMAN
Name?

COLIN
Clark. Colin Clark.

The POLICEMAN retreats into his box. We hear him talking on the telephone. ROGER looks at COLIN. He shrugs sheepishly.

COLIN (cont'd)
My father knows everybody.

A moment later the policeman returns, looking surprised.

POLICEMAN
He says to go straight up the
hill, sir. You'll be met at the
door.

CUT TO:

115A INT. WINDSOR CASTLE. CORRIDORS. DAY. 115A

COLIN and MARILYN are led by a FOOTMAN down the long corridor. MARILYN looks awed by the ancient suits of armour standing regally along the way. COLIN watches her, enjoying her reaction.

CUT TO:

115B INT. WINDSOR CASTLE. GOLDEN CORRIDOR. DAY. 115B

COLIN and MARILYN are led into another corridor, this one with a beautiful gold-leaf ceiling decoration. MARILYN looks up, enchanted.

CUT TO:

116 INT. WINDSOR CASTLE. ROYAL LIBRARY. DAY. 116

The library is a series of magnificent rooms lined from floor to ceiling with books and prints. Every surface is covered with important documents - the place is a shrine to antique learning and culture. SIR OWEN MORSHEAD (63), the Queen's librarian, is a pleasantly eccentric figure with a sly wit. He greets COLIN with a friendly, distracted air.

MORSHEAD
Colin, my boy! Come in, come in.
Forgive the dust.

He smiles at MARILYN, showing no sign whatever of recognising her.

MORSHEAD (cont'd)
You are pretty, my dear. I'm sure
you and Colin have so much in
common.

MARILYN looks around in awe.

MARILYN
Gee, I'd love to read all these
books some time.

MORSHEAD

Luckily one doesn't really have to. A lot of them just have pictures in.

He finds a portfolio on the table and opens it.

MORSHEAD (cont'd)

These are by an artist called Holbein.

MARILYN smiles at a portrait of a young woman.

MARILYN

She's beautiful.

MORSHEAD

She was the daughter of one of the King's courtiers, nearly 400 years ago.

MARILYN

I hope I look that good when I'm 400.

MORSHEAD laughs. He takes down another folder of drawings.

MORSHEAD

And these are all by Leonardo Da Vinci.

MARILYN

I've heard of him! Didn't he paint that lady with the funny smile?

She looks at him, wide-eyed, playing up to her image as the dizzy blonde. In fact she knows exactly who Da Vinci is, and MORSHEAD is tactful enough to acknowledge it gracefully.

MORSHEAD

The Mona Lisa.

MARILYN

Do you have that one here too?

MORSHEAD

Alas, that one got away.

He closes the portfolio and takes MARILYN's arm briskly.

MORSHEAD (cont'd)

Now, let's go to the Queen's apartments. She's not here at the moment, but she will be sorry to have missed you.

MARILYN looks at him, wide-eyed.

MARILYN

Really?

MORSHEAD

Oh, yes. Why, she was only saying to me the other day, "what must it be like to be the most famous woman on earth"?

He shares a sly smile with COLIN. He knows exactly who Marilyn is and is enjoying every second of her company. He leads her out, with COLIN trailing in their wake.

MORSHEAD (cont'd)

Some of the rooms are very opulent but I think there's something you might like better than all that.

CUT TO:

117 DELETED

117

118 INT. WINDSOR CASTLE. DOLLS' ROOM. DAY.

118

OPEN on a massive dolls' house. Everything imaginable is inside - beds, chairs, baths, basins, even small rugs and chandeliers, all perfectly to scale. MARILYN kneels in front of it, gazing from room to room with childlike joy. It is so big she can lean inside and see the detail in every room. She cries out with joy.

MARILYN

Look, Colin.

COLIN kneels at her side.

MARILYN (cont'd)

I sure never had a dolls' house like this when I was a kid.

She sees a perfect doll family inside, husband, wife and two children. She points at them, her eyes shining.

MARILYN (cont'd)

This is me, that's you, and these are our kids.

She smiles wistfully and puts her hand on his arm.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Our daughter's so pretty. All little girls should be told how pretty they are. They should grow up knowing how much their mother loves them.

Her eyes fill with sadness for a moment.

MARILYN (cont'd)

We look like such a happy family, don't we?

She turns to him. They are only inches away from each other. COLIN's heart lurches. MORSHEAD coughs discreetly.

MORSHEAD

You mustn't let me keep you. I'm sure you're longing to be on your way.

CUT TO:

119

EXT. WINDSOR CASTLE. COURT YARD. DAY.

119

COLIN and MARILYN emerge. A small crowd of POLICEMEN, SERVANTS and CASTLE WORKERS has gathered. There are cheers as they see her. COLIN looks nervously at MARILYN but she smiles and winks at him, mocking herself gently.

MARILYN

Shall I be "her"?

She jumps up onto a step and strikes a pose - hip out, shoulders back, bosom thrust forward, the classic Marilyn "look". The delighted crowd bursts into cheers. COLIN stands proudly nearby, content to watch Marilyn being a star, basking in the certain knowledge that she will be leaving with him. One of the spectators turns to him.

SPECTATOR

Are you somebody, mate?

COLIN

(Smiles)

I'm no one.

COLIN stares at MARILYN. She catches his eye and smiles, just for him. He feels like he's tumbling into the abyss, but no longer cares.

EXT. ETON COLLEGE. DAY.

Roger's car pulls up outside Eton College.

CUT TO:

120

EXT. ETON COLLEGE. COURTYARD. DAY.

120

COLIN and an astonished MARILYN walk through the school buildings with ROGER a discreet distance behind them.

MARILYN

This isn't a school, it's a palace!

COLIN smiles.

COLIN

Eton is 500 years old. It was founded by King Henry VI.

MARILYN

It's like walking through history.

COLIN

Take that room up there.

They stop as COLIN points up at a window.

COLIN

That's where the boys were sent
if they didn't work hard enough.
Where we were whipped.

MARILYN looks at him in shock.

MARILYN

Whipped?

COLIN

Beaten.

She looks appalled.

MARILYN

I'd never send my kids away.
(pause) How long were you here?

COLIN

Five years. But I was sent to
boarding school when I was eight.

MARILYN

Why?

COLIN

That's what we do in my family.

She smiles at this, looking at him shrewdly.

MARILYN

It seems to me that you've had most
things pretty easy.

COLIN

In one way, yes. But when you're
brought up in a house of over-
achievers, it's hard to make your
own mark.

She looks at him, sympathetic but pushing a little harder.

MARILYN

So how are you going to do it?

COLIN

Maybe it will be in films, but if
not, there are so many
possibilities out there.

MARILYN

Sounds pretty good to me.

She smiles warmly, liking him a lot more for his openness.
We sense their relationship has moved quietly to a different
and deeper level.

But before either of them can say anything a SCHOOLBOY turns
the corner in his Eton uniform.

He looks up at MARILYN, his mouth hanging open in shock. Then he simply turns and runs, shouting at the top of his voice.

SCHOOLBOY
Marilyn! It's Marilyn Monroe!

CUT TO:

121 **EXT. ETON COLLEGE. COURTYARD. DAY.**

121

MARILYN and COLIN are swamped in a joyous mass of Eton students. MARILYN smiles, waves, pouts, even kisses one boy on the cheek. Cheering BOYS hang out of every window. MARILYN blows kisses to them all. ROGER has to plunge into the crowd to rescue her. COLIN follows after them with difficulty. MARILYN pauses, jumping on a bench to wave goodbye and blow more kisses to the boys.

MARILYN
Work hard, boys! I don't want
anyone whipping you!

A gawky young teenager near the front shouts out cheekily.

BOY
You can whip me anytime, Marilyn!

MARILYN laughs in delight. There are cheers as COLIN escorts her away.

CUT TO:

122 **EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK. DAY.**

122

ROGER leans back against the car, smoking calmly.

CUT TO:

123 **EXT. THAMES RIVERBANK. DAY.**

123

After the riotous excitement of the Eton schoolyard the peace and quiet of the river. MARILYN rushes along the sandy bank. The water glitters magically.

MARILYN
Hurry up, slow poke.

COLIN
But we haven't got any...

He stops in mid-sentence as he sees MARILYN unbuttoning her blouse and throwing it off carelessly.

He tears his eyes away from her as she casually strips her clothes off. He hurries to find a bush to get changed behind. As he ducks down behind it he hears a splash and MARILYN's cry of shock as she hits the water.

MARILYN

Oh my gosh! It's freezing!

CUT TO:

124

EXT. THAMES. DAY.

124

MARILYN swims in the water, humming softly to herself. COLIN wades in, wincing at the cold. She laughs.

MARILYN

This is great.

COLIN

What if a boat goes past? We could be arrested.

MARILYN

Don't worry. Roger will fix it. Oh, darn it...

She holds her head and he looks at her with concern.

COLIN

What's wrong?

MARILYN

I have something in my eye.

He swims across to her, very aware of her naked body under the water. She holds her head up to him.

COLIN

I can't see anything.

MARILYN

Get closer.

She tips her head back. He looks deep into her eyes - and suddenly she grabs him and kisses him on the lips. Before he can respond she laughs playfully and swims away.

MARILYN (cont'd)

That's the first time I've kissed anyone younger than me. There's a lot of older guys in Hollywood.

She swims happily, totally relaxed. COLIN is much more self-conscious, keeping one nervous eye open for pleasure boats. Finally she swims back into the shallows and wades to the shore. She glances back, catching Colin looking. He glances away, embarrassed.

MARILYN (cont'd)
Don't be shy, Colin. It's nothing
you haven't seen before.

COLIN wades awkwardly to the shore, trying to conceal his erection with his cupped hands. MARILYN giggles.

MARILYN (cont'd)
Oh, Colin! And you an old
Etonian!

He grins. She reaches for her blouse and stands shivering as she tries to dry herself. COLIN goes to take her in his arms.

COLIN
Let me warm you up.

She snuggles into him gratefully, her teeth chattering. He rubs her naked back briskly, her thin blouse the only barrier between their bodies. Slowly his embrace becomes more sensual, his hands slowing, stroking rather than rubbing, his face buried in her hair, his arms pulling her closer -

MARILYN
Don't spoil it.

She looks at him, her expression knowing but sweet.

MARILYN (cont'd)
I want this to be the perfect
date.

He tries to kiss her but she ducks her head away gently, her expression wistful.

MARILYN (cont'd)
I haven't had a real date since I
was 13 years old.

She suddenly looks much younger, her smile a poignant echo of a lost childhood.

He steps back politely, allowing her to put on her blouse. As she buttons it, she gazes at him, then impulsively leans forward to kiss him chastely on the lips. The kiss is as sweet and innocent as any 13 year old might wish.

The kiss lasts for a few seconds, their lips touching gently, the river shimmering magically in the sunshine behind them. When they finally break apart she rewards him with a radiant smile.

MARILYN (cont'd)
That was nice. I don't get kissed
much.

She looks wistful for a second but quickly brightens.

MARILYN (cont'd)
Okay, what do we do now?

COLIN looks at her, knowing it is time to return to the real world but reluctant to face it. There is a discreet cough and ROGER appears.

ROGER
Time to go home, I think, Miss
Monroe.

She smiles, a little sadly, then gets up, walking past him as she puts on the rest of her clothes. ROGER averts his eyes respectfully and waits for COLIN. The two men look at each other for a second.

ROGER (cont'd)
Be careful not to get in too
deep, son.

COLIN knows he isn't talking about the river.

CUT TO:

125 INT. ROGER'S CAR. DAY.

125

MARILYN and COLIN sit in silence in the back of the car. Her exuberance has vanished and there is a distant look in her eye. COLIN wants to say something but can't think of the right words. He puts his hand on hers and she squeezes it, but then pulls away.

CUT TO:

126 INT/EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. ROGER'S CAR. DAY.

126

A seething MILTON is waiting on the steps as ROGER parks the car. COLIN looks at him nervously. MARILYN looks at him then gets out, glancing at Milton indifferently.

MARILYN
Hi Milton.

She smiles sweetly.

MARILYN (cont'd)
Next time I come on set, you
better make sure Colin is there.

He looks at her in shock then bitterly at COLIN.

MARILYN (cont'd)
(To Roger)
Take him home.

She waves briefly to Colin, nothing more than a flutter of her fingers. COLIN watches her all the way up the steps until she disappears inside.

CUT TO:

127

INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

127

The crew are ready, the cast stand around in full costume, OLIVIER paces the set - and there is no sign of Marilyn. OLIVIER turns to COLIN.

OLIVIER

You spent the day with her. What frame of mind was she in?

COLIN

She was fine.

OLIVIER

(Huge self-control)

Well, find out what's going on. There's a good chap. Perhaps we can persuade her on this splendid day to do the work she's paying herself to do.

He stalks off. COLIN sees WATTIS grinning at him.

COLIN

Don't start, Dicky.

WATTIS

You won't get any sympathy from me, dear. Frankly I wouldn't care if Marilyn dropped dead tomorrow.

COLIN

She's trying her best.

WATTIS

She's Marilyn Monroe. This is her life. Pills, booze, sex, more pills. (Pause) God, it must be wonderful!

COLIN doesn't laugh. WATTIS looks at him sympathetically.

WATTIS (cont'd)

Oh, dear. Little Colin's in love.

CUT TO:

128

EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRIVE. DAY.

128

MILTON is waiting for COLIN at the door.

MILTON

Marilyn's not well.

COLIN

But she was wonderful yesterday.

MILTON looks at him for a long moment, masking his hostility in barbed politeness.

MILTON

I don't know what you did to her, kid, but she got nervous. I had to give her some pills to calm her down.

COLIN

She doesn't need pills! She just needs someone to care for her.

MILTON

Someone like you?

COLIN reddens. MILTON shakes his head patronisingly.

COLIN

I told you, I'm not in love with her!

MILTON

You kissed her.

COLIN

She said that?

MILTON

Spare me the bullshit. I know everything.

COLIN stares at him, feeling hopelessly out of his depth.

MILTON (cont'd)

You messed her up, kid. Confused her.

He comes very close, his tone fierce but wounded.

MILTON (cont'd)

I've got every penny I ever made tied up in Marilyn. She owes me. If it wasn't for me she'd still be on contracts that make slave wages look good. I gave her back her freedom, and now Miller's turning her against me. That's what you get for trying to help Marilyn Monroe.

He goes back to the house, pausing at the door, speaking more in sorrow than anger.

MILTON (cont'd)
If you want to play with the
grown-ups, Colin, start learning
the rules.

CUT TO:

129 INT. PUB. COLIN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

129

A gentle summer breeze lifts the net curtains. COLIN is fast asleep. There's a sharp rap at the door.

ROGER
(off)
Colin! (Pause) Colin!

COLIN opens his eyes, his mind drugged with sleep.

COLIN
Roger? What's the matter?

ROGER
(off)
It's Marilyn.

A cold dread clutches at COLIN's stomach. He stumbles out of bed and opens the door. ROGER stands in the doorway

COLIN
Is she dead?

ROGER
She's asking for you. She's sick.
I think she might be in a coma.

COLIN
How can she be asking for me if
she's in a coma?

ROGER
Just bloody get dressed!

CUT TO:

130 EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. DRIVE. NIGHT.

130

ROGER and COLIN drive up. MILTON, waits on the steps. He looks resentfully at COLIN but doesn't say anything.

CUT TO:

131 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

131

PAULA STRASBERG paces frantically outside Marilyn's bedroom door as ROGER, MILTON and COLIN hurry up the stairs.

PAULA

She hasn't made a sound for over
an hour.

ROGER

We should break down the door.

COLIN

How many pills did she take?

MILTON

Oh, Jesus, who knows? I wasn't
counting.

COLIN knocks gently.

COLIN

Marilyn?

There is no reply.

CUT TO:

132 EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. GARDEN. NIGHT.

132

ROGER and COLIN carry a ladder across the moonlit gravel
and prop it up against the wall.

ROGER

That's her window.

He points with his torch. The window is open. COLIN shins
up the ladder while ROGER holds it.

COLIN

I'll open the door once I'm
inside.

CUT TO:

133 INT. PARKSIDE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

133

COLIN tumbles in through the window with a clattering
thump.

COLIN

Marilyn?

A shaft of moonlight reveals MARILYN lying naked across the
bed, her body partly covered by the sheet. Half empty pill
and champagne bottles are scattered all over her dresser;
there is also an old photograph in a silver frame of her
mother Gladys.

COLIN (cont'd)

Marilyn?

For a second he fears the worst, but then suddenly she
groans and sits up, looking at him blearily.

MARILYN

Oh hi, Colin.

COLIN

Are you okay? Everyone was worried about you.

MARILYN

Phooey.

She pats the sheets at her side and settles down sleepily on the pillow.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Get in.

She is instantly back asleep. COLIN fumbles his way to the door. He searches for the key on the side table and quickly finds it. He goes to unlock the door, but then pauses, looking back at Marilyn. He puts the key back and bends down to whisper at the keyhole.

COLIN

It's me. She's fine but I'm going to keep an eye on her. I'll sleep on the sofa.

MILTON

(Off)

Come on, Colin, open up.

COLIN

(After a second)

I can't find the key. (Pause) You can all go to bed now.

PAULA

(Off)

Colin, open this door! She needs me...

COLIN goes back to the bed and gazes at the sleeping Marilyn, his expression suffused with a tenderness we have never seen in him before. He pulls up the sheet so that it covers her nakedness, then tentatively lies down to rest his head on the pillow.

CUT TO:

134

INT. PARKSIDE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

134

COLIN wakes with a jolt as the light snaps on, blinding him.

MARILYN

Colin? What are you doing here?

MARILYN sits up, the sheet clutched to her chest, her expression panicky and disoriented. COLIN hurls himself off the bed.

COLIN

I came in through the window...

He realises this doesn't sound reassuring.

COLIN (cont'd)

Milton thought you were sick.

She stares at him in puzzlement then breaks into a dazed smile.

MARILYN

The window? Is there a balcony, like in Romeo And Juliet? How romantic. (Pause) But I'm not sick. What makes them think that?

She reaches instinctively for the pill container on her bedside table.

COLIN

Please don't take any more pills.

She frowns, clutching the pill bottle in one hand. He reaches out and prises it gently from her grasp. As he puts it back on the side he glances at the framed photograph.

COLIN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Who's that?

MARILYN

My mom.

Her expression softens as she looks at the picture.

MARILYN (cont'd)

They took her to the Sanatorium when I was a kid. I grew up in other people's homes, mostly.

Alongside her mother's photo is another framed picture, this time of Abraham Lincoln. COLIN frowns.

COLIN

Abraham Lincoln?

MARILYN

I don't know who my father is so it might as well be him. Why not? I can pick any father I want.

She smiles, then looks at Colin wistfully.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Do you have a home, Colin? A real one?

COLIN

Yes, I do.

MARILYN

And a mother and father who still
live together?

COLIN

Yes.

MARILYN

And do they love you?

COLIN

I'm sure they do.

He nods. She smiles sadly.

MARILYN

You're lucky.

Her eyes fill with tears. She looks up at him anxiously.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Do you love me, Colin?

He stares at her. She looks lovely but desperately
vulnerable.

COLIN

Yes.

She reaches for the pills and pours three or four into her
palm. COLIN gently takes her hand and takes two of them
away. She smiles, not objecting as he settles her back
gently on the pillow.

COLIN (cont'd)

But you and I come from different
worlds. You're like some Greek
Goddess to me...

MARILYN

I'm not Greek.

She smiles, teasing him. He smiles back. She takes his
hand, looking at him in appeal.

MARILYN (cont'd)

I don't want to be a Goddess. I
just want to be loved like an
ordinary girl.

COLIN

Mr. Miller loves you.

She stares at him, her face going blank with misery.

MARILYN

I found his notebook. It said I'd
let him down.

COLIN

Writers scribble all kinds of things. It doesn't mean anything.

She looks at him, her eyes full of pain.

MARILYN

He wanted me to find it. It said he should never have married me. That I was unpredictable and a woman-child, flighty and self-centred. He's left me, Colin. Why do the people I love always leave me?

She looks so wretched, so completely baffled, that COLIN responds with sudden passion.

COLIN

I'll never leave you.

She smiles and embraces him gratefully. She sighs.

MARILYN

All people ever see is Marilyn Monroe. As soon as they realise I'm not her, they run.

He lies down next to her, taking her awkwardly in his arms. She sighs sleepily.

MARILYN (cont'd)

Boy, there's a lot of men in this business. And they all think you've got to sleep with them.

She looks across at him, their faces inches apart.

MARILYN (cont'd)

You're not like that. That's why I like you.

COLIN stares back at her guiltily. She smiles.

MARILYN (cont'd)

You should date that Wardrobe lady. She's pretty.

COLIN

I don't want to. (Pause) I love you, Marilyn.

She stares at him and tears gather in her eyes again. They stare intently at each other, their mood fragile, touched with both sensuality and a longing for something less tangible. MARILYN leans forward and kisses him gently. The embrace grows in passion and they kiss properly, hungrily. He kisses her eyes and her face and she sighs happily.

He wants her more than he has wanted anything before.

And then he stops. The fantasy he has been pursuing for weeks is within his grasp but he knows that whatever it does for him it will only damage her further. He pulls away from her gently. Her eyes flicker open lazily.

MARILYN

What's the matter? Don't you want to make love?

COLIN

Maybe we should just be friends.

MARILYN

Okay. Friends.

She wraps herself around him, curling up so their bodies cradle each other like spoons in a cutlery draw. As she buries her head in his neck he feels her breasts against his back. She curls against him.

MARILYN (cont'd)

This is nice. Like spoons. I used to do this with Johnny.

COLIN

Who's Johnny?

MARILYN

Johnny Hyde. My agent, back in the old days. He was thin, like you...

Her voice is blurred and drifting with sleep. With her body warm against him COLIN's resolve nearly snaps but he is clear eyed now and determined.

COLIN

Marilyn?

She mutters softly in reply.

COLIN (cont'd)

Do one thing for me? Come into the studio on time tomorrow and show everybody what you can do. Show Larry you're a great actress.

MARILYN

(Blurred)

Okay.

He smiles and turns out the light.

CUT TO:

135 **INT. PARKSIDE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM. DAY.** 135

First light streams in through the curtains. COLIN wakes to hear Marilyn singing cheerfully. He gets up and sees her through the open door of the bathroom sitting in the bath, her back towards him. She is practicing the gentle waltz tune she is to sing in the film.

MARILYN

"I found a dream and lay in your
arms the whole night through...
I'm yours no matter what others
may say or do..."

She has never sounded so happy or carefree. COLIN smiles.

CUT TO:

136 **EXT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. GATE. DAY.** 136

COLIN races up the road and arrives panting at the gate a few seconds before OLIVIER's car swings into the entrance. The great man leans out of the back window.

OLIVIER

Morning, boy. (Pause) Christ, you
look rough.

He looks at him thoughtfully, then shrugs.

OLIVIER (cont'd)

Let me know when Marilyn arrives.
If she ever does.

COLIN

Oh, I'm pretty sure she'll be in
this morning.

OLIVIER gives COLIN an odd look.

CUT TO:

137 **INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.** 137

MARILYN, OLIVIER and WATTIS act a scene together; a drunken Elsie Marina is being seduced by the Grand Duke, and Northbrook bursts in to interrupt them as a VALET plays the violin in the doorway behind him.

WATTIS (AS NORTHBROOK)

"Your Grand Ducal Highness..."

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)

"This is intolerable!"

WATTIS (AS NORTHBROOK)

"With the deepest respect, sir,
my message was so important I had
no choice but to intrude".

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)
"Revolution?"

WATTIS (AS NORTHBROOK)
"No, sir, Miss Marina's aunt has been in a motor accident. The hospital is calling for her most urgently."

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"What? (Giggles drunkenly) Oh, go away, you silly man."

WATTIS (AS NORTHBROOK)
"Miss Marina, your aunt... you realise how serious her condition is?"

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)
"Well, it's her own fault. She has no right being out at this time of night. She's 93!"

MARILYN is utterly adorable. The crew, COLIN, amongst them, can't take their eyes off her. OLIVIER glances at ORTON behind the camera. They have a good take and they know it.

ORTON
Cut it there!

MARILYN is as happy as we have ever seen her. She seeks out COLIN amongst the crowd and beams at him. Half the crew, including OLIVIER, notice the look. COLIN blushes self-consciously but we can feel his pride.

CUT TO:

138 INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM. 138
NIGHT.

OLIVIER takes off his make-up. COLIN stands behind him with the end of day bottle of whisky. OLIVIER is in buoyant mood. It has been a good day.

OLIVIER
Whatever it was you did to her,
boy, keep doing it.

OLIVIER grins slyly and COLIN doesn't bother to protest. The phone rings. OLIVIER picks it up.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Hello?

His face falls as he listens to the voice at the other end of the line.

CUT TO:

139 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. HALL. NIGHT.

139

COLIN paces nervously up and down the hall. PAULA appears. She looks at him for a long, unnerving moment then speaks with sudden ferocity.

PAULA

From the first moment all I have felt is Olivier's loathing and contempt. He thinks I'm unnecessary. Me, her drama coach, surrogate mother, nursemaid. On call 24 hours a day to help her act, dole out pills, bolster her ego, keep her sober enough to work. (Pause) Me. Unnecessary. (Pause) No me, no Marilyn.

He is taken aback by her passion. She smiles bitterly then walks on. COLIN hesitates. She looks back briefly.

PAULA (cont'd)

You can come up now.

CUT TO:

140 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

140

MARILYN lies in bed with MILTON possessively at her side. COLIN comes in with PAULA. MARILYN looks at him dully, her eyes clouded and unfocused. A half empty pill bottle stands on the side. COLIN sits down next to her and she takes his hand, ignoring the surprised look on Milton's face.

MARILYN

You think I can act, don't you, Colin?

COLIN

Of course I do. You were wonderful today.

PAULA looks at MILTON, then moves between them busily.

PAULA

Marilyn's tired now.

MARILYN

I want him to stay with me.

MILTON

What would Arthur say if he knew Colin was here?

A flicker of terror crosses MARILYN's face. COLIN turns on them angrily.

COLIN

You heard what she said. She wants me here.

MILTON looks at him grimly but finally surrenders the field. Paula is more reluctant to give in. She sits on the bed, stroking Marilyn's hand.

PAULA

You have no idea of your position in the world, Marilyn. You are the greatest actress there's ever been. Not just actress. The greatest woman of this or any time. I love you like a daughter.

COLIN is surprised to see tears in her eyes.

PAULA (cont'd)

It's hard now, but believe me you will survive this and go on to better things. Your life is ahead of you. You're young, just beginning.

Paula's love and sincerity are obvious. She means it. COLIN watches her in silence. MARILYN squeezes her hand and PAULA gets up with a heavy sigh, bitterly reluctant to leave. Finally she drags herself out, leaving them alone.

As the door closes MARILYN curls herself up in the bed.

MARILYN

I'm so tired of feeling scared. Life is so shitty. I hate it. It hurts too much.

COLIN looks at her, his heart breaking at her anguish.

COLIN

I'm here now. I'll look after you.

She gives him a wry look, teasing but thoughtful.

MARILYN

Good old Colin. Looking after me, looking after Larry, looking after Vivien. Always putting everyone before yourself.

There is an edge to this. He gazes at her, shaken, but she smiles and touches his face gently.

He gets on the bed, fully clothed, to fold her in his arms.

CUT TO:

141 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT. 141

COLIN wakes with a start as he realises that MARILYN is screaming in pain.

MARILYN
It hurts! It hurts, Colin!

She is doubled up, clutching her stomach, sweating and frightened. COLIN sees a dark red stain on the sheets.

MARILYN (cont'd)
The baby. I can't lose the baby.

COLIN looks at her aghast.

MARILYN (cont'd)
It's a surprise. For Arthur.
Don't tell anyone. Promise me.

He hurls himself off the bed and runs to the door.

CUT TO:

142 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM/BATHROOM. 142
NIGHT.

MILTON and COLIN wait by the bathroom in Marilyn's suite.
ROGER hurries in.

ROGER
The doctor's coming.

COLIN turns the handle but the bathroom door is locked.

COLIN
Marilyn, unlock the door.

MARILYN
(Off)
Don't let anyone in.

COLIN
I won't.

MILTON gives him a sharp look but he no longer cares about anything except Marilyn. There is a shuffling sound and the door is unlocked. At the same moment PAULA comes rushing in, hair awry, gown flapping, a wild look in her eye.

PAULA
Marilyn! Marilyn, my baby, what
has Colin done to you?

COLIN
I haven't done anything. She's
just... got a stomach ache.

He reddens with embarrassment. ROGER coughs.

ROGER

I think he means her monthlies.

PAULA

What will Arthur say if she dies?

COLIN

She's not dying, for Christ's sake.

The HOUSEKEEPER now appears at the door with an elderly man at her side. He nods briskly.

CONNELL

I'm Dr. Connell. Is the patient in there?

PAULA

Please save her... it's Marilyn Monroe. You can't let her die.

CONNELL calmly extracts himself from her grasp.

CONNELL

Perhaps you'd all like to give us a little privacy?

As COLIN shepherds the others out MILTON turns on him bitterly.

MILTON

Happy now, kid?

CUT TO:

143 INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. HALL. NIGHT.

143

DR. CONNELL stands in the hall outside the bedroom writing out a prescription and smoking a cigarette. He tears the prescription off the pad and looks up.

CONNELL

Who's in charge here?

MILTON, PAULA, ROGER and COLIN all step forward as one. CONNELL gives them a wry look and shrugs.

CONNELL (cont'd)

I've given Mrs. Miller an injection and the bleeding has stopped. She needs to stay in bed tomorrow but after that she'll be fine. I suggest someone stays with her.

PAULA leans forward and almost snatches the prescription from his hand.

PAULA

She'll be safe with me.

She looks bitterly at Colin.

CUT TO:

144 **EXT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. NIGHT.**

144

COLIN walks CONNELL to his car, their feet crunching on the gravel.

CONNELL
Well, goodnight then.

COLIN holds the door open as he gets in.

COLIN
Was she really pregnant?

CONNELL
I think that's a private matter
between Mr and Mrs. Miller.

He looks at COLIN with cool disapproval, then closes the door and drives off. COLIN stands watching, shivering in his shirtsleeves.

CUT TO:

145 **INT. PARKSIDE HOUSE. MARILYN'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.**

145

COLIN creeps into the room and sits on the bed. MARILYN is awake. She gazes at him, hazy but lucid.

MARILYN
We have to say goodbye now,
Colin. Arthur's on his way back.
When this film is over I'm going
to settle down and be a good wife
to him. I'm going to learn to
make Matzo ball soup as good as
his dad's.

She smiles wistfully at the fantasy.

MARILYN (cont'd)
We have to forget this ever
happened.

COLIN
I don't want to forget.

He struggles then suddenly bursts out passionately.

COLIN (cont'd)
Let me protect you from all
this...

She smiles sadly.

MARILYN

What do you want to do? Marry me?

COLIN

Why not? You could come and live at my parents place. You'd love it. It's a castle, like in a fairy tale. We wouldn't even have to live together. You could have your own suite of rooms...

He is close to tears, suddenly looking very young. She looks at him with a sad, sweet smile. He shakes his head stubbornly, taking her hand in passionate appeal.

COLIN (cont'd)

You could quit. Forget Marilyn Monroe, forget Hollywood. Let it all go.

MARILYN

This is what I've worked for my whole life. I couldn't just give it all up.

COLIN

Why not, when it drives you crazy?

Her eyes widen in surprise. A flicker of nervous insecurity dulls her expression.

MARILYN

You think I'm crazy?

COLIN

I didn't mean that. I just meant you could be happy.

MARILYN

I am happy. I got everything I ever dreamed about.

She smiles tentatively, but he sees a terrible fear in her eyes. He looks down, realising with a cruel stab of pain that Olivier was right. There is no way back. She doesn't want to be rescued.

He finally looks up, smiling despite the tears in his eyes.

COLIN

Of course you're happy. (Pause)
You're a star. The biggest star in the world.

She smiles, reassured. He drags himself off the bed and goes to the door, pausing for a second as he looks back.

COLIN (cont'd)

You're right, Marilyn. We have to forget all this.

(MORE)

COLIN (cont'd)
From now on I'm nobody. Just the
third. You don't even know I
exist. We'll never look at each
other again.

She giggles with some of her old playfulness.

MARILYN
Well, maybe just a wink. Once in
a while.

He smiles, looks at her just once more, and then goes out.
As the door closes we see Marilyn's smile fade to be
replaced by a bleak, frightened expression.

CUT TO:

146 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM. 146
DAY.

OLIVIER sits in front of his make-up mirror in his Grand
Ducal uniform, smoothing down his hair with pomade. COLIN
knocks and comes in.

COLIN
They're ready for you on set, Sir
Laurence.

OLIVIER
Marilyn?

COLIN
She's just arrived.

OLIVIER
Only an hour late. Not bad by her
standards.

He smiles, then stands up, straightening his uniform.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
Maybe we will finish this bloody
film after all.

CUT TO:

147 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY. 147

The crew are ready. The actors are on set. OLIVIER stands by
the camera. COLIN is half-hidden in the shadows. There is a
flurry of activity and MARILYN emerges, with PAULA on one
side and MILTON on the other. She looks exactly as Marilyn
should. With her white dress shimmering in the lights and her
platinum blonde hair glowing, she has the air of a Goddess.

She sweeps past only inches away from Colin but ignores him.
He can't help feeling a stiletto sharp pang of regret.

MARILYN turns to the assembled crew. A silence settles. She smiles around, blinking in the lights. She looks for comfort or support among the technicians but sees only blank faces or sullen hostility. She smiles nervously.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I hope you will all forgive me. It wasn't altogether my fault. I have been ill.

She smiles up at their uneasy expressions, struggling to understand herself and their expectations of her.

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I'd like you to remember I tried.

This oddly moving and open confession is received in silence. No one quite knows how to react to her lacerating honesty. Perhaps they think it is just another performance.

147A INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

147A

OLIVIER, in character, lies back on a sofa, with MARILYN on top of him, singing the waltz that Colin first heard after his night with her. MARILYN looks kittenish and irresistible as she sings only a few inches from OLIVIER's face.

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)

"..I found a dream and lay in your
arms the whole night through, I'm
yours no matter what others may say
or do. Be light of heart and fancy
free, that's the way to start,
there will be nothing to lose till
you lose your heart.."

She sings with touching delicacy, nailing it perfectly. There is pin drop silence on the set as the crew watch. COLIN is amongst them. It is a moment of almost unbearable poignancy for him. He suddenly realises that SYBIL THORNDIKE has crept up silently behind him to watch the scene. As he turns to her she smiles with infinite wisdom and compassion, murmuring softly so that only he can hear.

SYBIL THORNDIKE

First love is such sweet despair,
Colin.

She touches his cheek gently and smiles, perhaps lost in a long ago memory of her own, before retreating quietly into the darkness at the back of the set.

148 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

148

Inch by laborious inch *The Sleeping Prince* moves towards the finish line. We see a montage of scenes being filmed -

- HARDWICK enters as Major Domo through the main door of the oval room, carrying a silver tray bearing shaving equipment...

- WATTIS and JEREMY SPENSER crossing the drawing room to the Grand Duke's bedroom...

- WATTIS crosses the drawing room and knocks on a door...

The process is hardly any easier but somehow the work is done, until we come to the final shot in the sequence -

ORTON

Very quiet, studio! Going for a
take.

The big overhead lights switch on with a series of heavy clunks.

DENYS

Camera running! Speed!

ORTON

ACTION!

MARILYN looks up, in character as Elsie, her eyes glowing.

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)

"My dear..."

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)

"I've got a solemn word of warning for you."

OLIVIER (AS REGENT)

"What's that, my beloved?"

MARILYN (AS ELSIE)

"You know what's going to happen? I'm going to fall in love with you, because I always, always do."

CLOSE on MARILYN as she smiles, her face radiating joy and vitality.

And then, in the split second before ORTON calls 'cut', MARILYN turns her head just a fraction and winks at Colin. He grins. OLIVIER looks up from the sofa, notices and smiles indulgently.

ORTON

Cut! Okay boys and girls, that's a wrap!

There is a smattering of applause from the crew. MARILYN leaves the stage.

148A INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. CORRIDOR. DAY.

148A

MARILYN walks away from us, down the long corridor, alone.

149 INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY.

149

The crew shake hands and clap each other on the back like a group of hardened war veterans. ORTON offers COLIN a grudging nod - 'well done'. MILTON now comes forward, calling out above the hubbub.

MILTON

If you'd all like to step this way,
you'll find something I think
you'll like.

MILTON indicates a trestle table at one end of the studio, loaded with gaily wrapped parcels. He ushers the crew over.

MILTON (CONT'D)

A parting gift to each of you from
Marilyn. Men on the left, ladies on
the right.

At first there is a buzz of excitement but then something odd happens. One of the crew simply picks up his present without looking at it and drops it in the large bin standing against the wall.

There is a moment, then a WOMAN does the same with hers. Suddenly there is a rush for the bin as almost everyone dumps their present. The bin is soon overflowing.

MILTON stares at the scene, then simply shrugs and walks out. ARTHUR JACOBS, utterly indifferent to the hostile undercurrent, grins and waves cheerfully.

JACOBS

It's been a lot of fun, kids. See
you at the Academy Awards.

He goes out, grabbing a discarded bottle of booze from the dustbin as he goes.

COLIN watches all this in shocked silence. He looks at the label on his own small parcel, which reads simply "To Colin, with thanks, Marilyn".

150 **OMITTED**

150

150A **INT. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. WARDROBE DEPT. DAY.**

150A

The wardrobe department is empty except for LUCY, who cradles her own gift from Marilyn. COLIN comes in, looking nervous. They look at each other awkwardly.

COLIN

Aren't you going to throw yours
away?

LUCY

Of course not. It's from Marilyn
Monroe.

He smiles. She shrugs and turns to leave.

COLIN
(After a second)
Lucy?

She turns back to look at him.

COLIN (cont'd)
I was wondering if you're doing
anything this Saturday.

LUCY
I'm washing my hair.

He nods, accepting this as no more than he deserves. She goes but then stops to look back at him.

LUCY (cont'd)
Did she break your heart?

COLIN
(After a second)
A little.

LUCY
Good. It needed breaking.

There is no malice in her response, just an awareness that he is older and wiser now, and perhaps a better man for the experience. He nods, accepting the rebuke.

LUCY (cont'd)
(After a second)
I might be free on Wednesday.

COLIN smiles. She goes out. He looks down at Marilyn's present in his hands.

CUT TO:

151 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. HALL. DAY.

151

COLIN walks down the hall. He notices the red light is on outside the viewing theatre. As he goes towards it he sees ROGER coming the other way on his way out of the studio, his job done. The two men smile; an acknowledgment of everything they've been through together. ROGER offers him a friendly salute and then goes on his way.

152 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. VIEWING THEATRE. DAY.

152

OLIVIER sits on his own, watching an edited version of the "The Coconut Girl" sequence (Scenes 61 and 62). COLIN comes in. OLIVIER glances at him.

OLIVIER
"You do look, my son, in a moved
sort/As if you were dismay'd: be
cheerful, sir./Our revels now are
ended.

(MORE)

OLIVIER (cont'd)
These our actors,/As I foretold
you, were all spirits and/Are
melted into air, into thin air...

COLIN
Prospero.

OLIVIER
(Smiles)
We are such stuff/As dreams are
made on, and our little life/Is
rounded with a sleep..."

COLIN sits down next to the great man. They watch in silence as another sequence is projected for them. The sequence shows MARILYN improvising in the champagne and caviar scene. She serves herself food and drink before collapsing, drunk. The endless retakes and fluffs gone, what remains is a gifted comic performance by a luminous beauty.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
(After a second)
She's quite wonderful. No
training, no craft, no guile,
just pure instinct. Astonishing.

He seems almost lost in awe. COLIN gazes at him in surprise.

COLIN
You should tell her that.

OLIVIER
Oh, I will. But she won't believe
me. That's probably what makes
her great. It's certainly what
makes her so profoundly unhappy.

He smiles wryly.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
I tried my best to change her,
but she remains brilliant despite
me. (Pause) Directing a movie has
to be just about the best job
ever invented, but Marilyn has
cured me of ever wanting to do it
again.

He signals to the projection box and the film stops as the lights come up.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
And now I'm going back to the
theatre. John Osborne is writing
a piece for me.

COLIN
I thought you hated all that
Royal Court stuff.

OLIVIER
(Smiles)
Miller made me see things
differently. (Pause) You have to
find new worlds to conquer, if
you want to be the best. And
believe me, most of the time, I
really am the best.

He goes to the door and pauses.

OLIVIER (cont'd)
You've done a good job, boy.
(Pause) Welcome to the circus.

He goes out. COLIN looks back up at the projection box.

COLIN
Run it again, please.

The lights go down. MARILYN's face appears on the screen, laughing and happy. It is another sequence, the one where Marilyn does her sweet, uninhibited little dance (Scene 90), a performance both sexy and yet touchingly innocent. HOLD on COLIN for a long moment, gazing at her image in the darkness, then -

152A INT. DOG AND DUCK PUB. DAY

152A

The circus is leaving. The film is shutting down. Not knowing his next job COLIN sits, suitcase next to his chair, wearing the 'Marilyn' experience on his face and in his soul. Head down, sipping a pint. He could be a regular here.

BARRY behind the bar, flitting around - the dart players and regulars at play.

And then, as if a gust of wind invaded, BARRY looks up and freezes. The DART PLAYER, sensing something, turns to look up as well. The regulars are frozen in mid-action.

COLIN is missing it all. 100% of his attention is given to his woe and his pint.

MARILYN
Buy a girl a drink?

COLIN doesn't turn. He recognizes the voice and smiles.

COLIN
Can I get another one of those
please, Barry?

BARRY for once is silent, pours a pint. The regulars try not to stare.

MARILYN
I didn't want to leave without
saying goodbye.

MARILYN hands COLIN a package.

MARILYN (CONT'D)
The first time you saw this, all I
had on was the radio.

Colin opens the package. It's her copy of the script. On the first page she has written a message scrawled in ink: **TO THE MOST CHARMING THIRD ASSISTANT DIRECTOR IN THE WORLD**

MARILYN (CONT'D)
Don't forget me.

COLIN
As if I could.

MARILYN
Everyone else on the picture wishes
they could.

COLIN
Everyone else doesn't understand.

She smiles, touched.

MARILYN
Be a gentleman and walk me to my
car?

152B **EXT. DOG & DUCK PUB. DAY**

152B

The ever faithful Roger stands by the idling car. COLIN opens the car door for MARILYN.

MARILYN beckons him closer. She kisses him gently. He smiles and says lightly:

COLIN
What's that for?

MARILYN
That's for being on my side; and
remember, when you see me wink,
that's for you.

ROGER walks around the car and looks over at COLIN.

ROGER
(glancing at COLIN)
Looking a couple of inches taller
than when I first saw you.

ROGER nods at COLIN (a silent salute suggesting job well done.) He gets into the car and we stay on COLIN as he watches it pull away. BARRY comes to the doorway of the pub.

BARRY
Was that really Marilyn Monroe?

COLIN

No - just a good friend of mine.

BARRY walks back into the pub, leaving COLIN alone, staring at the vanishing car. And then the sun swallows it as it drives into the English countryside.

FADE TO:

153 **EXT. WARDOUR STREET. LONDON. DAY.**

153

COLIN walks along chatting to friends. Dressed in a neat dark suit he looks older and more confident. There is little sign left of the callow young man who paced up and down the pavement outside Sir Laurence Olivier's office. We see the caption: **SIX YEARS LATER.**

154 **INT. COLIN'S OFFICE. WARDOUR STREET. DAY.**

154

COLIN walks into a small office. Film cans are piled up all over the floor and books and papers spill off the shelves. A SECRETARY sits typing at her desk. COLIN goes to his own desk, glances at his diary, then looks up.

COLIN

Any messages?

THE SECRETARY pushes a piece of paper at him.

SECRETARY

It's probably just someone having a joke.

COLIN looks down at the message. There is a Los Angeles phone number and then the name - Marilyn Monroe.

COLIN

(After a moment)
Did she say anything?

SECRETARY

She just asked you to call.
(Pause) It is a joke, isn't it?

COLIN stares down at the paper.

COLIN

Probably. (Pause) Book a call as soon as you can. Los Angeles, California. Brentwood 1890.

CUT TO:

155 INT. COLIN'S OFFICE. WARDOUR STREET. NIGHT. 155

It is late. COLIN stares at the number on the scrap of paper.

The phone rings. He picks it up eagerly.

OPERATOR

Your call to Los Angeles.

We hear the crackle of the international line. He waits anxiously as the ringing continues.

CUT TO:

155A EXT. LOS ANGELES. MARILYN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY 155A

ESTABLISH the luxurious exterior of Marilyn's comfortable Brentwood house.

CUT TO:

156 INT. LOS ANGELES. MARILYN'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM. DAY. 156

The room is large and tasteful - white sofas and cushions and deep rugs. Picture windows look out onto the Hollywood hills.

A white phone rings on the table.

It rings continuously, insistently.

It carries on ringing.

No one comes.

HOLD on the jangling phone. Each time it rings we think Marilyn might appear, but she never does.

It carries on ringing, unanswered, in the empty room. As the picture fades we hear like a ghostly lament the sweet echo of Marilyn's voice singing the Sleeping Prince Waltz.

MARILYN

(VO)

"I found a dream and lay in your arms the whole night through, I'm yours no matter what others may say or do. Be light of heart and fancy free, that's the way to start, there will be nothing to lose till you lose your heart..."

The fragile voice hangs in the air for a second, then slowly drifts away to nothing.

157

INT. COLIN'S OFFICE. WARDOUR STREET. NIGHT.

157

COLIN sits with the phone to his ear. The sound of Marilyn singing the Sleeping Prince Waltz dies away and we realise has been revisiting it in his memory.

He waits as long as he can but it is obvious no one is going to answer. In the end he puts the receiver back in its cradle in resignation.

His gaze drifts up to a shelf stacked with film cans. He stands up and looks through them, blowing dust away; they have been here for a long time, ignored. He finds the one he is looking for - it says simply MM on the can.

He takes the short reel of film and threads it through a Movieola in the corner of the room. He turns it on and bends to look.

The screen bursts into life with an image of MARILYN at her most vital and captivating. It is a copy of some rushes from The Prince And The Showgirl, perhaps given to Colin by Olivier, or perhaps "borrowed" as a souvenir and long since forgotten.

We see MARILYN dancing happily, exaggerating off camera, looking playful and sexy. She is radiant and full of life. After a moment she turns and looks off camera - perhaps to where Colin himself would have been standing - and winks happily.

Blown up to the full size of the screen it is utterly sweet and charming.

There is something so completely natural about the gesture COLIN feels he has been swept back seven years in time and MARILYN is standing in front of him again, in the flesh. It moves and delights him; perhaps he has never even really seen this clip before. At any rate he hasn't thought about it for years.

It is MARILYN as he will always remember her, relaxed, affectionate and vital, a part of her, however tiny, forever his.

She smiles, laughs at something, giggles in delight (without sound). She says something to an unseen crew member, then looks back, smiling at the camera.

Her face fills the screen.

Beautiful, timeless -

Happy.

HOLD on the image for as long as we dare, then -

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END

