

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN**

Written by

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**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 2.**

**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...

the

COLIN pauses briefly and hurries towards them. Throughout

beams

scene there is a sense of his urgency and desire to go. The whole thing should be played at breakneck pace. KENNETH

affectionately.

**KENNETH**

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

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

**COLIN**

I'm leaving for London now, Pa.

**KENNETH**

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

to He puts a friendly arm around COLIN's shoulder and starts  
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...

into COLIN's smiles but before he can reply JANE CLARK whirls  
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...

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 2A.**

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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 2B.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 3.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 4.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 5.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 6.**

We see the day pass as COLIN sits on the sofa - the clock ticking slowly on the wall, VANESSA busy at her desk, COLIN looking up hopefully from time to time, only to be disappointed.

**CUT TO:**

**11 INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY. (MONTAGE) 11**

It is now nearly 6 o'clock. COLIN sits exactly as he was. PERCEVAL shares a look with VANESSA as he comes out of his office. He gazes drily at Colin.

**PERCEVAL**

There are no jobs.

**COLIN**

I'll come back tomorrow morning.

Just in case.

**PERCEVAL**

It's a free country.  
He sounds as though he rather regrets it.

**11A EXT. 144 PICCADILLY. LONDON. DAY. (MONTAGE) 11A**

COLIN arrives early, ready for another day.

**12 INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY. (MONTAGE) 12**

COLIN is back in his place at 8.30 sharp the next morning.  
PERCEVAL gives him a grim stare as he goes through to his  
office. VANESSA glances up from her typewriter. He meets  
her eye optimistically but she ignores him.

**13 INT. 144 PICCADILLY. RECEPTION AREA. DAY. 13**

The clock ticks around with agonising slowness to 11.00.  
VANESSA finally gives Colin a pitying look.

**VANESSA**

Are you going to sit there all  
day?

**COLIN**

If I have to.

**VANESSA**

You're very determined.

**COLIN**

I'd do anything to be in the film  
business.

**VANESSA**

Anything?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 7.**

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**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 8.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 8A.**

**16 INT. SALTWOOD CASTLE. HALL. DAY. 16**

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

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 9.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 9A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 10.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 11.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 12.**

**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. ALT**

**20**

COLIN knocks and walks into Perceval's office, carrying a

closed  
fold-  
up,

tray with tea and a plate of biscuits. The blinds are  
and a 16mm projector is running; silent images play on a  
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-  
hair and wardrobe tests for the film. MARILYN MONROE in  
character as Elsie Marina.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 12A.**

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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 13.**

**22 EXT. TIBBS FARM. DRIVE. DAY. 22**

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

**CUT TO:**

**23 EXT. TIBBS FARM. DAY. 23**

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**

Out of the question. I can't have a lot of awful film people tramping through the house in dirty boots.

**COLIN**

We'd pay a hundred pounds per week for 18 weeks.

**COTES-PREEDY**

My wife would never agree.

**COLIN**

That's a pity. I'll have to tell

Miss Monroe to look elsewhere,  
then.  
COTES-PREEDY double takes.

**COTES-PREEDY**

Marilyn Monroe?

**COLIN**

**(NODS)**

She's making a film with Sir  
Laurence Olivier. The Sleeping  
Prince. From the play by Terence  
Rattigan.

**COTES-PREEDY**

I saw it in the West End a couple  
of years ago. Vivien Leigh was  
marvellous.

**COLIN**

It's Marilyn Monroe in the film.  
COTES-PREEDY smiles transparently.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 14.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 14A.**

**COTES-PREEDY**

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

**JACOBS**

Jesus. And I thought you Brits had taste.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 15.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 16.**

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. PINWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 16A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 17.**

**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. PINWOOD 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...

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 18.**

**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:**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 18A.**

**ORTON**

Colin!  
COLIN jumps as ORTON glowers at him.

**ORTON (CONT'D)**

Lesson Two. You don't shit on your own doorstep. Got it?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 19.**

**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, Superintendent?

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 20.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 20A.**

**PERCEVAL**

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

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 21.**

**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;**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 21A.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 22.**

**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.

of

Walking through the crowd MARILYN smiles easily, whereas MILLER looks stern and a little dazed by the sudden flurry

wall

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

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 her wake.

in

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 22A.**

**OLIVIER**

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

**(MORE)**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 23.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 24.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 25.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 25A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 26.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 27.**

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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 27A.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 27B.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 28.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 29.**

**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  
to

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.

way

**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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 30.**

from  
as

She smiles kindly at MARILYN who smiles back tentatively 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 31.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 31A.**

**MARILYN**

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

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 32.**

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)**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 32A.**

**MILTON (CONT'D)**

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

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 33.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 34.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 35.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 36.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 37.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 37A.**

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

**SYBIL THORNDIKE**

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

**(MORE)**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 38.**

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)**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 39.**

**SYBIL THORNDIKE (AS QUEEN DOWAGER)**

**(CONT'D)**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 40.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 41.**

**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. PINEWOOD 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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 42.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 43.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 43A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 44.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 45.**

**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

cue

over tomorrow's schedule.  
COLIN and LUCY share a small, private smile. He takes his  
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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 46.**

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

car

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

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 47.**

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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 48.**

**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. PINWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 49.**

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. PINWOOD 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. PINWOOD 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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 50.**

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

**DAY.**

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 73

ROOM/CORRIDOR. DAY.

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.

MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 51.

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 52.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 53.**

**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. PINWOOD 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?"

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 54.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 54A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 55.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 56.**

**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:**

**79 INT. PINWOOD 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!

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 57.**

**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!**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 58.**

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

**80 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM. 80**

**DAY.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 59.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 60.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 61.**

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. PINWOOD 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. PINWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 62.**

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. PINEWOOD 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. PINEWOOD 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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 62A.**

**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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 63.**

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. PINWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 63A.**

**WATTIS**

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

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 64.**

**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. PINEWOOD 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. PINEWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 65.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 66.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 67.**

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:**

**94 INT. PINWOOD STUDIOS. VIEWING THEATRE/PROJECTION 94**

**BOOTH. DAY.**

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 startingly beautiful MARILYN, in gorgeous close-up, eats caviar and drinks champagne in a toast to the American President.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 68.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 69.**

**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 96**

**ROOM/PARKSIDE. DAY.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 70.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 70A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 71.**

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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 72.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 73.**

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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 74.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 75.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 76.**

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. PINWOOD STUDIOS. OLIVIER'S DRESSING ROOM. 105**

**DAY.**

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

**MILTON.**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 76A.**

**OLIVIER**

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

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 77.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 78.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 79.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 80.**

**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. PINWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 81.**

**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:**

floats  
hands  
to

COLIN crosses to the mean little bed on its iron frame and collapses on it gratefully. The noise of the rowdy pub 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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 82.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 83.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 84.**

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:

MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 85.

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 86.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 87.**

**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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 88.**

**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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 89.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 89A.**

**MARILYN**

It's like walking through history.

**COLIN**

Take that room up there.  
They stop as COLIN points up at a window.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 90.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 90A.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 91.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 92.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 93.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 94.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 95.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 96.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 97.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 98.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 99.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 100.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 101.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 102.**

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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 103.**

**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. PINWOOD 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".

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 104.**

**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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 105.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 106.**

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:**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 107.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 108.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 109.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 110.**

**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)**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 111-**

**112.**

**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. PINEWOOD 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. PINEWOOD STUDIOS. SOUND STAGE. DAY. 147**

by  
her  
him.

The crew are ready. The actors are on set. OLIVIER stands  
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  
platinum blonde hair glowing, she has the air of a Goddess.  
She sweeps past only inches away from Colin but ignores

He can't help feeling a stiletto sharp pang of regret.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 111-**

**112A.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 113.**

**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

her up silently behind him to watch the scene. As he turns to 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**

the 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!

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 113A.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 113B.**

odd  
At first there is a buzz of excitement but then something  
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".

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 114.**

**150 OMITTED 150**

**150A INT. PINWOOD 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 115.**

**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. PINEWOOD 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. PINEWOOD 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)**

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 116.**

**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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 117.**

**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**

knowing The circus is leaving. The film is shutting down. Not  
wearing his next job COLIN sits, suitcase next to his chair,  
and 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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 117A.**

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**

opens  
smiles  
The ever faithful Roger stands by the idling car. COLIN  
the car door for MARILYN.  
MARILYN beckons him closer. She kisses him gently. He  
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**

pub.  
(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

**BARRY**

Was that really Marilyn Monroe?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 117B.**

**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?

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 118.**

**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. 156**

**DAY.**

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.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 119.**

**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

seen moves and delights him; perhaps he has never even really  
for this clip before. At any rate he hasn't thought about it  
years.  
forever It is MARILYN as he will always remember her, relaxed,  
affectionate and vital, a part of her, however tiny,  
(without his.  
She smiles, laughs at something, giggles in delight  
sound). She says something to an unseen crew member, then  
looks back, smiling at the camera.

**MY WEEK WITH MARILYN 120.**

Her face fills the screen.  
Beautiful, timeless -  
Happy.  
HOLD on the image for as long as we dare, then -

**FADE TO BLACK.**

**THE END**