

MARILYN MONROE AND PHIL

By Joyce and Stanley Dyrector

Copyright © 2006 by Joyce and Stanley Dyrector, All rights reserved.
ISBN: 978-1-60003-206-6

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that this Work is subject to a royalty. This Work is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations, whether through bilateral or multilateral treaties or otherwise, and including, but not limited to, all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention and the Berne Convention.

RIGHTS RESERVED: All rights to this Work are strictly reserved, including professional and amateur stage performance rights. Also reserved are: motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all forms of mechanical or electronic reproduction, such as CD-ROM, CD-I, DVD, information and storage retrieval systems and photocopying, and the rights of translation into non-English languages.

PERFORMANCE RIGHTS AND ROYALTY PAYMENTS: All amateur and stock performance rights to this Work are controlled exclusively by Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. No amateur or stock production groups or individuals may perform this play without securing license and royalty arrangements in advance from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Questions concerning other rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC. Royalty fees are subject to change without notice. Professional and stock fees will be set upon application in accordance with your producing circumstances. Any licensing requests and inquiries relating to amateur and stock (professional) performance rights should be addressed to Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

Royalty of the required amount must be paid, whether the play is presented for charity or profit and whether or not admission is charged.

AUTHOR CREDIT: All groups or individuals receiving permission to produce this play must give the author(s) credit in any and all advertisement and publicity relating to the production of this play. The author's billing must appear directly below the title on a separate line where no other written matter appears. The name of the author(s) must be at least 50% as large as the title of the play. No person or entity may receive larger or more prominent credit than that which is given to the author(s).

PUBLISHER CREDIT: Whenever this play is produced, all programs, advertisements, flyers or other printed material must include the following notice:

Produced by special arrangement with Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

COPYING: Any unauthorized copying of this Work or excerpts from this Work is strictly forbidden by law. No part of this Work may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form, by any means now known or yet to be invented, including photocopying or scanning, without prior permission from Brooklyn Publishers, LLC.

MARILYN MONROE AND PHIL

By Joyce and Stanley Dyrector

CAST OF CHARACTERS

MARILYN (f)..... Marilyn Monroe, late twenties.
(47 lines)
PHIL (m)..... Short; mid-twenties, struggling
character actor. The Wallace
Shawn Type. (54 lines)

TIME: New York – 1955

PROPS

- Telephone
- Shirts
- Chairs
- Doorknobs
- Pants
- Newspapers
- Pizza boxes
- Trade papers
- Stacks of 8x10 glossy's of Phil
- Empty food containers
- Used paper plates
- Various clothes
- Underwear thrown on/over ouch
- In kitchen, sink is full of dirty glasses, cups, plates, pots, etc.

COSTUMES

Marilyn is in Jeans, large sweater which hides her ample figure, sunglasses, and her hair is hidden by her wearing of a kerchief (*All you see are the tips of her blond hair around her forehead.*) She wears very little make-up. Just some lipstick. Phil is dressed plainly, shirt and slacks of the 1950's era.

Scene 1

Phil's apartment. A late summer afternoon.

AT RISE: *The curtain raises on PHIL ROSE, a short, plain looking man, in his twenties, as HE enters through the front door UPSTAGE, excited. HE comes DOWNSTAGE searching for something. His place is a very small, messy bachelor pad in a crappy area of Manhattan. Phil lifts a stack of newspapers with an empty pizza box on top and finds his telephone hidden underneath. HE places stuff aside and starts to dial.*

PHIL: Jerry, it's Phil. Where were you today? You missed a great class. You would have gotten out of a sick bed for this. There's a new student in town and you'll never guess who it is. And Lee wants us to do a scene together. No. Not you. Me. Guess. No, it's not a male. Yes, she's a big star. Yes, she's beautiful. I'm not telling! She probably won't call anyway. No, I didn't take her number. I gave her my number. Okay, call me later. . . maybe I'll tell you then.

HE hangs up the phone. It rings almost immediately. HE picks it up, thinking it is Jerry.

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* Not this soon. I said later. Oh, sorry. Yes, this is Phil. Who's this? It is? Are you sure?

HE is dumbstruck; his voice becomes shaky, HE starts to sweat.

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* Just kidding. I--I didn't think you would call . . . I mean . . . not right away. Er, that's a good idea. Yes, we should meet and discuss which scene we want to do. No, I don't know. Do you? Whatever you want. You're the professional.

PHIL is very nervous. HE sits down. His right leg starts to shake. HE clears his throat a few times during the conversation.

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* I'll leave it up to you. Right now? No . . . I'm not busy. Horn and Hardarts - - the Automat? Are you sure? Okay. Which one? I can be there in an hour.

HE hangs up the phone, stares at it for a couple of beats, then picks it back up and kisses it. HE's ecstatic!

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* Yes. Yes! Yes!

Lights go down.

Scene 2

Phil's Apartment – Later that day.

AT RISE: *A key unlocks the front door and PHIL enters first. HE is followed by a woman wearing jeans and a flannel shirt. Her blonde hair is mostly covered by a kerchief and SHE wears no make-up; her eyes are covered by sunglasses. But even though SHE is downplaying her looks, you can still see how beautiful SHE is.*

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* I still can't believe nobody recognized you.

MARILYN: People see what they want to see. And this is not what they want to see.

MARILYN looks around PHIL's apartment. SHE takes off her sunglasses; you can see the look of amazement on her face.

PHIL: I'm not the neatest guy in the world.

MARILYN: You can say that again.

PHIL: I'm not the neatest guy in the world.

They both laugh.

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* This is why I was trying to get us to rehearse someplace else.

MARILYN: There was no place else. I don't have my own apartment in New York. Maybe one day.

PHIL: We could have gone to your hotel room. I'm sure it's much cleaner than my place.

MARILYN: No hotel. I'm staying at a friend's and she's still sleeping. She was out late last night. Very late. I can't disturb her. Or she'll throw me out. She has a temper. We used to be roommates.

PHIL: Your voice. You don't sound like you.

MARILYN: *(In breathy voice.)* Oh . . . you like the other voice better. *(Back to her normal voice.)* This is the real me, That other voice is for the public. I'm always playing stupid roles. If I play a stupid girl and ask a stupid question, I've got to follow through. What am I supposed to do--look intelligent?

MARILYN goes to PHIL's kitchen, looking for something.

PHIL: I'm sorry, I'm not used to having company. Can I get you something . . . to drink?

MARILYN: No, not right now. I don't think you have any clean glasses.

PHIL: Oh yes, I--

PHIL quickly picks up a dirty glass and wipes it with his shirt.

MARILYN: No thanks. Do you have paper bags. . . you know, to put trash in?

PHIL: I'm not sure. I think so.

They both look until they are found.

PHIL: *(Continuing.)* Why do you need them?

MARILYN: Actions speak louder than words.

MARILYN begins to go around the apartment, cleaning up. SHE puts empty take-out food containers in the trash bag, along with newspapers, etc.

PHIL: You don't have to do that.

MARILYN: Yes, I do. When you get to know me better. . . you'll understand. I can't stand filth.

PHIL: Nobody is going to believe that you are cleaning my apartment.

MARILYN: Don't tell them. It'll spoil both our images.

As SHE cleans, they talk.

PHIL: Can I ask you a question that is kinda stuck in my brain?

MARILYN: Sure.

PHIL: But, I don't want you to get mad at me.

MARILYN: I won't.

PHIL: You're a star. Why are you taking classes?

MARILYN: Because. . . you never stop learning. A career is born in public-- talent in private. I need to do other roles. I need to stretch myself. I want to be thought of as a serious actor. An actor is supposed to be a sensitive instrument. Isaac Stern takes good care of his violin. What if everyone jumped on his violin. . . and broke it. He couldn't play anymore. When I'm in Hollywood I feel like everyone is jumping on my instrument. I have to come to New York to play. An actor is not a machine, but in Hollywood they treat you like a machine. A money machine.

PHIL: It's not easy being a woman--especially a beautiful woman. I'm glad I'm a guy.

MARILYN: So tell me about yourself Phil. How long have you been acting?

PHIL: Well, I haven't really done that much. A couple of small roles. I've been in Lee's class for a couple of years.

MARILYN: He thinks very highly of you.

PHIL: Really? What did he say about me?

MARILYN: He didn't say anything. He didn't have to. He picked you to do a scene with me. That says it all, doesn't it?

PHIL: Yes, You're right. I must be better than I thought. Maybe I'm even better looking than I thought.

HE looks in the mirror. Seriously studies his face.

PHIL: (*Continuing.*) No. I'm really. . . really-- unattractive. My parents were right.

MARILYN: You look fine. Look, no one told me I was pretty when I was a little girl. All little girls should be told they're pretty, even if they aren't. And all little boys should be told they're handsome, even if they aren't. It builds confidence.

PHIL: You mean, if my parents told me I was handsome, I would think I was handsome?

MARILYN: It's more than that. Men who are confident in themselves have an air about them that is very sexy. . . and that makes them handsome.

PHIL: So if I build up this air of confidence-- you think you could go for a guy like me?

MARILYN: (*Chuckles.*) Phil. Look at the men I have dated. . . and married. I look deeper than the surface. And I can only hope they do the same. Do you know who I think is the sexiest man around?

PHIL: Cary Grant?

MARILYN: No. Albert Einstein.

PHIL pauses, then says with confidence.

PHIL: Even I'm better looking than him.

MARILYN: Phil, I'm surprised at you. It's a very shallow way to look at things.

PHIL: Huh?

MARILYN: Albert Einstein was adorable. He had the cutest dimples. But more important he was a beautiful soul.

Thank you for reading this free excerpt from MARILYN MONROE AND PHIL by Joyce and Stanley Dyrector. For performance rights and/or a complete copy of the script, please contact us at:

Brooklyn Publishers, LLC

P.O. Box 248 • Cedar Rapids, Iowa 52406

Toll Free: 1-888-473-8521 • Fax (319) 368-8011

www.brookpub.com