

Elisabetta Villaggio

**MARILYN,
THE LAST THREE DAYS**

Panesi Edizioni

MARILYN, THE LAST THREE DAYS - Elisabetta Villaggio
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Gli Speciali

Preview

It's August 5th, 1962, at 4.25 am. Eunice Murray, a severe-looking woman, is dialing a phone number. Sergeant Clemmons, from West Los Angeles Police Department, gets the phone call. Mrs. Murray announced that Marilyn Monroe died. This is the beginning of the one act theatrical play about Marilyn's last three days. In the night between the 4th and 5th of August Marilyn Monroe died in circumstances that are still unclear. That woman, with a very sensual body and a childlike smile, that was the dream of millions of men and was destined to become a myth still alive, died under mysterious circumstances. She was only 36 years old. Even the date of her death is not exact because the apparently lifeless body was found before midnight, on Saturday, August 4th, by Eunice Murray, her housekeeper, Ralph Greenson, her psychiatrist and Hyman Engelberg, her physician. They called LAPD from Marilyn's house, at 12305 Fifth Helena Drive, in Brentwood, a quiet neighborhood in the west side of the city where Pat Newcomb, her press office, also arrived that night. Immediately everybody talked of suicide and this was confirmed by the witnesses. Too quickly, all those witnesses could be easily blackmailed. Marilyn had become uncomfortable with her dangerous friendships, she was the lover of two Kennedy brothers, John and Bob. She had social contacts with people linked to the Mafia as Frank Sinatra, and her former husbands was related to the left wing party, as Arthur Miller. She knew too many things because men, even the important ones, between the sheets, relax and talk. Marilyn was an intelligent free spirit that could frighten many people. She wanted revenge and she did not want to be used and then thrown to the side. She threatened to talk to tell her side of the story. She was threatening powerfull people that could be intimidated by that particular woman who wanted to live her life to the fullest, a feminist a head of her time. What happened? How did she die? Who silenced everything? Why were the close people around her not telling the truth?

I tried to tell her last days of life without frills, parties and luxury clothes. I imagined Marilyn in the privacy of her home, among her things, people who

attended her home those last days or with whom she spoke to on the phone. And, of course, from my point of view, I will tell you how she died.

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The curtain rises. On the right side of the stage there is a bedroom. Inside the bedroom is a bed with white sheets. On the left side of the bed, is a night table with a white phone on it. On the other side of the bed, there is a stand full of clothes and a small armchair. There are plants and a large window behind the bed. On the left side of the stage, as if it were outside of the bedroom, sits a small table with a pink phone. Hidden behind this, in on the left side, there is another room that can just be glimpsed: it this is the guest cottage. The scene is almost dark. Only a small light to illuminates the table with the pink phone.

OVER SOUND August 5, 1962 4.25 am.

Eunice Murray, the housekeeper who is, a severe looking woman, dials a phone number.

EUNICE LAPD?

CLEMMONS Yes, this is Sergeant Clemmons, West Los Angeles Police
(OS) department. What can I do for you madam?

EUNICE Marilyn Monroe has died. She committed suicide. I'm Eunice
Murray, her housekeeper.

CLEMMONS I'll be right there lady. What's the address?
(OS)

EUNICE 12305, Fifth Helena Drive.

The housekeeper goes out. After a moment the doorbell rings. She comes back with Sergeant Clemmons. The lights are turned on. On the bed there is a dead woman lying face down and covered with a sheet. A blonde tuft of hair can be

seen sticking out from beneath the sheet. At the edge of the bed stand two men, Dr. Endelberg, Marilyn's general practitioner, and Dr. Greenson, Marilyn's psychiatrist. Engelberg, the quieter of the two, is sitting on the armchair next to the bed while Greenson is standing, walking nervously back and forth.

EUNICE Here she is. She killed herself.

ENGELBERG (*He stands up and shakes hands with Clemmons*) Hello, I'm Dr. Engelberg, Marilyn Monroe's personal doctor.

GREENSON And I'm Ralph Greenson, her psychiatrist.

Mrs. Murray walks out unnoticed.

CLEMMONS Watch commander, Sergeant Jack Clemmons.

GREENSON (*He picks up a tube of pills from the night table*) She took them all. She committed suicide... I still can't believe it.

ENGELBERG (*He sits down and holds his head in his hands*) We would have to have understood her. Poor Marilyn.

Clemmons raises the sheet. He looks at the veins on her arms before looking at her face, then he pulls out a pad to take notes.