

BICYCLE

Written by

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INT. ARTHUR'S HOME - GARAGE - DAY

ARTHUR MILLER, 40s, walks to one corner where a solitary bicycle hangs.

ARTHUR

Are you at peace at last?

MARILYN MONROE, 36, gorgeous, appears on the far side of the garage. She lounges against the wall and grins.

MARILYN

Oh, Arthur. You're the smartest man I know. Surely you can answer that.

Arthur raises his head at the sound of her voice, but doesn't turn towards her. He nods.

ARTHUR

A better place, then.

He sighs and takes off his glasses. He rubs his eyes.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

Inge will be sad to hear of it.

MARILYN

Why Arthur, darling, thank you. That's very sweet of you to say. You're much better to me than I was to you, here at the end.

ARTHUR

I'd be foolish to think of our time with bitterness. Especially when I'm quite happy now.

MARILYN

That's wonderful, Arthur. That's all I ever wanted for you.

ARTHUR

And I for you.

Marilyn smiles.

MARILYN

I did try.

ARTHUR

I know.

MARILYN

It's still my favorite compliment,  
after all this time. You remember?

Arthur looks up at the bicycle and places his hand on its  
frame.

ARTHUR

Sad girl.

MARILYN

The saddest. So perceptive and  
honest of you... which is what made  
it so sweet.

ARTHUR

Listening to you... I almost  
believe you're still here.  
Somewhere around the corner.

He finally turns to look at her, his eyes red.

ARTHUR (CONT'D)

How can you die?

She stands and approaches him.

MARILYN

Darling, don't you understand? I'm  
right here in your memory, anytime  
you want. As it's said, I live on.  
In you.

ARTHUR

And the hearts of people around the  
world.

MARILYN

Yes, darling. Exactly.

He blinks and finds himself alone.

ARTHUR

No, my dear. You'll never fully be  
gone.

Arthur pats the bike and bows his head.