

# LOVE, MARYLYN

ACT 1

Stage play - Drama/Historical Romance  
by  
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Mature subject matter.

09/09/2023 - Aug. 9. 2023

MARILYN JACKSON	AFRICAN-AMERICAN	20	FEMALE
STANLEY RICHARD	FRENCH-AMERICAN	25	MALE
LUCY	AFRICAN-AMERICAN	36	FEMALE
JANET	AFRICAN-AMERICAN	16	FEMALE
LEROY	AFRICAN-AMERICAN	26	MALE
CLAUDE	FRENCH-AMERICAN	27	MALE
GABRIEL	FRENCH-AMERICAN	24	MALE

### SETTINGS

A 50s style African-American diner (inside is SL and outside is SR) is the main setting. SR can be used for a park, where spaces for coloured people are made with lower quality materials, and Stanley's bedroom.

### TIME

Set in Louisiana, 1957. 10 years before Loving Vs. Virginia case. Jim Crow laws are in affect.

### ACT 1

Scene 1	Starlight Saloon	Day
Scene 2	Starlight Saloon	Night
Scene 3	Confessional Booth	Day
Scene 4	Stanley's Bedroom	Day
Scene 5	Starlight Saloon	Day
Scene 6	Park	Day
Scene 7	Starlight Saloon	Day

ACT 1

SCENE TWO.

STARLIGHT SALOON. NIGHT.

He stands up, beer in hand, descending from the steps. He stops at the last step, towering over her.

STANLEY

How about this. I'm here, even past closing, I'm still here. And I honestly don't want to leave.

MARILYN

You're probably just tryna see who the owner is so you and your friends can finish the mess *your* people started.

MARILYN walks away. She stops at a table, clearing some bottles.

STANLEY

Or...

STANLEY gets off the steps. There's still distance between them as MARILYN cleans up the mess, but they're finally on the same level.

STANLEY

I just want to be near you.

MARILYN turns to him.

STANLEY  
(whisper)

I seriously can't dance.

MARILYN

I'm sure you dance just fine. If you at least tried tonight.

STANLEY

You were watching me?

STANLEY smiles, almost giddy. MARILYN  
rolls her eyes.

MARILYN

You're the only White person 'ere.

STANLEY

No, I'm not.

MARILYN

Besides you and your friend, I know the other Whites. They're regulars. I don't know ya.  
You stick out like a sore thumb.

STANLEY

Then get to know me.

MARILYN shakes her head.

MARILYN

No offence, sir, but I'm fine.

MARILYN continues cleaning. A BEAT.

Guillaume Apollinaire's *Le Pont Mirabeau*.

STANLEY

*Sous le pont Mirabeau coule la Seine.  
Et nos amours.  
La joie venait toujours apres la peine.  
Vienne la nuit sonne l'heure.  
Les jours s'en vont je demeure.*

She slowly turns to him, awe struck.

MARILYN

You write poetry?

STANLEY

I read it.

MARILYN

That was quite somethin'. Beautiful.

STANLEY

You understand it?

MARILYN shakes her head from side to side: so-so.

MARILYN

Sounds like a love poem, I don't know too much 'bout 'em.

STANLEY

Have you ever been in love?

MARILYN shakes her head: no.

MARILYN

Have you?

A BEAT. Before STANLEY answers  
MARILYN shakes her head.

MARILYN

I'm sorry--

STANLEY

Don't be--

MARILYN

That was wrong of me--I--I should know better--

STANLEY

*Non, non.* You said I stuck out light a sore thumb, this is you getting to know me.

MARILYN fails to suppress a smile.

STANLEY

No, I've never been in love, but I think I know the feeling now...

MARILYN

What does it feel like?

MARILYN draws closer to him, like a magnet. STANLEY hesitates as he looks at her. There's a glimmer of fear in his eyes. Realizing what he's doing, he takes a step back.

MARILYN

Well, aren't you just something.

MARILYN scoffs, going back to her cleaning.

STANLEY

I...I usually have a way with words.

MARILYN

I'm sure you do...You bought that drink and barely touched it?

She points to his hand.

STANLEY

I...was hoping to share it.

He offers the drink to her.

MARILYN

Nah...

She pushes the bottle back to him.

STANLEY

Come on, just a little. For your wonderful performance.

She starts giggling.

MARILYN

You liked my performance?

STANLEY

You make it different. I couldn't look away.

MARILYN

What did you like about it?

STANLEY

Seeing you up there was enough for me. You were...radiant.

MARILYN

Flattery will get you no where, sir.

A BEAT.

*L'amour est le miel* by Victor Hugo.

STANLEY

*La vie est un fleur, l'amour en est le miel.  
C'est la colombe unie a l'aigle dans le ciel,  
C'est ta main dans ma main  
doucement oubliee.*

MARILYN

Life is like a flower... Love is its sweet honey. It's the...

STANLEY

Dove.

MARILYN

...Dove united with...the...the...

STANLEY

Eagle in the sky. It's trembling grace, with sustained force. It's your hand in my hand, gently forgotten... Victor Hugo.

MARILYN

That was really good.

STANLEY

Your words put his to shame. To my new friend, Marilyn.

He raises the bottle before passing it to her.  
She takes it, hesitantly. STANLEY watches  
her in adoration as she throws her head back.

STANLEY

You're drinking that as if you have something to prove.

MARILYN licks her lips.

MARILYN

Maybe I do.

(laugh)

I feel like we're doin' somethin' wrong.

By now, the only people in the restaurant is  
them two.

STANLEY

We're just talking. Can't I have a chat with a beautiful woman?

MARILYN

Now, you can't say all that.

She puts the bottle down on a table.

STANLEY

It's the God honest truth.

STANLEY puts one hand on his heart, and  
the other up. MARILYN giggles.

STANLEY

You have a telephone?

MARILYN shakes her head: no.

STANLEY

I'm sure you have a home address.



MARILYN

I thought you just wanted a dance.

STANLEY

I want to see you again.

(beat)

A star this radiant is hard to come by. Do you know what your name means?

MARILYN shakes her head: no.

MARILYN

I was named after my grandmother.

STANLEY

She must've shined as bright as you.

(beat)

It means the star of the sea. And my, my, don't you just shine. You're like my own little Daisy.

MARILYN

You sayin' I'm delicate like a flower?

STANLEY

You heard of *The Great Gatsby*?

MARILYN shakes her head: no.

STANLEY

I ought to read it to you sometime. Here...

STANLEY gestures for a pen. MARILYN takes a pen and a notepad from her apron and gives it to him.

STANLEY

Here's my home address. Bother me anytime with a letter.

He rips the paper and offers it to her. She looks around before snatching it. She turns around and stuffs it in her bra. She puts the pen and notepad back in her apron.

STANLEY

I believe we still owe each other a dance?

MARILYN turns to him. They're inches away. MARILYN is pulled in by his gaze, examining him up close. She snaps out of it and takes a step back.

MARILYN

We're closed now.

STANLEY nods, a little disappointed. He gives her a soft, sheepish smile. There's hope above the surface.

STANLEY

Send me a letter if you still want that dance, *mon étoile*.

He salutes her, walking away. She watches him leave the restaurant.