

Jackie & Marilyn

"Pilot"

By

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COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. FUNERAL HOME SET - SOUNDSTAGE - DAY

A soap opera version of a funeral home -- casket at the front, large floral arrangements with ribbons: "In loving memory of Stavros" and "R.I.P. Stavros." A line of black-clad mourners cue up to view the open casket.

Last in line -- MARILYN MORGAN (50s, bra stuffed and racily dressed for a "funeral"). She prostrates herself across the casket, weeping hysterically.

MARILYN

Stavros! I can't believe you're dead! After everything we've been through -- your kidnappings, amnesia, coming back from the dead and being buried alive...twice.

She pokes at him to see if he moves -- nothing. Good. She takes a dramatic beat, then --

MARILYN (CONT'D)

We've had some good times -- but death! Death be not proud! As God and Kettle Falls as my witness, I will avenge your killer!

SFX: MELODRAMATIC ORGAN MUSIC STING.

Marilyn raises her clenched fists above her head, delivering her catchphrase:

MARILYN (CONT'D)

I...am...Marilyn Morgan!

Just then, the doors of the church FLY OPEN revealing -- CRYSTAL QUARTZ (20s, hot, blonde -- a younger version of Marilyn with "real" fake boobs).

CRYSTAL

Stop! That woman is --  
(beat, points to Marilyn)  
-- the killer!

The funeral-goers gasp.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)

And I am pregnant with Stavros's baby!

Another gasp.

CRYSTAL (CONT'D)  
 (clutching papers)  
 And I have the last copy of his will  
 that leaves everything...to me!  
 (raises arms like Marilyn  
 did)  
I...am...Crystal Quartz!

CLOSE ON Marilyn -- pissed -- and she's not acting. The  
 DIRECTOR, (50s, male, bald, fat) calls it:

DIRECTOR  
 Aaaaannnd cut!

SFX: BELL RINGS.

The red soundstage light stops flashing. The cast and  
 crew break into applause. Marilyn thinks it's for her,  
 but the crew gather around Crystal, congratulating her.

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)  
 (to Marilyn)  
 M & M -- last minute change. In the  
 next scene, we have to work in a bag  
 of Depends.

MARILYN  
 At the wake?

DIRECTOR  
 Yeah, it's called product integration  
 and they're a new sponsor -- soaps are  
 on the ropes if you haven't noticed.  
 (beat, inspiration)  
 Maybe your I.B.S. is back from the  
 stress of Stavros dying!

He jots that brilliant nugget down as he walks away.

MARILYN  
 (dejected)  
 Great.

Crystal approaches Marilyn.

CRYSTAL  
 I have to integrate some new lingerie  
 from Victoria's Secret in my next  
 scene, but I was a former model for  
 them, so you know -- type casting.

MARILYN  
 When you say type, is that Hep B or C?

The banter is on.

CRYSTAL

Oh, Marilyn. You. I love this new hair -- that white blonde with yellow streaks -- it's like snow...that's been peed on.

MARILYN

Says the girl we call Napkin because she's always in someone's lap.

Crystal looks down at Marilyn's chest.

CRYSTAL

And I see you're still stuffing your bra with birdseed in pantyhose -- time and gravity haven't done enough damage?

Before she can fling a rejoinder, the Director tosses a bag of Depends to Marilyn.

DIRECTOR

Here you go, babe!

Crystal laughs and walks away, winning this round.

A PRODUCTION ASSISTANT (20s) whispers something in Marilyn's ear - she goes white, then SCREAMS in agony, dropping to her knees, weeping. Unsure if she's acting, the Production Assistant slinks away.

INT. CHURCH LOBBY - DAY

JACKIE O'CONNOR, (50s, in black Valentino, gloves, triple strand pearls and netted veil) and COOPER O'CONNOR (20s, handsome, gay when he wants to be) greet funeral guests as they file in.

JACKIE

(shaking guests' hands)  
Thank you for coming. Thank you.  
Thank you for coming.

NINA FEINBERG (50s, black, in couture fashion that looks like she and it fell off the runway) stands behind Jackie.

NINA

(whispers to Jackie)  
Who are these people? Did Charles know anyone under a hundred? Or with melanin?

JACKIE

Shhhh. These were his major donors and Super PAC supporters and I still need them to pay off his massive campaign debt, so please, for once, just try to act with some grace and decorum.

Nina sighs and then feels around her hair - removes a SPORK stuck in there.

The last of the old W.A.S.P. GUESTS enter the church. The PRIEST (60s) enters and whispers to Jackie.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

(to Cooper)

Okay, we're ready dear.

Jackie and Nina exit through the doors into the church just as Marilyn enters with the same pearls, gloves, bag and netted veil as Jackie. Her dress is a black version from "The Seven Year Itch" -- her bra stuffed to test the seams.

Marilyn catches Cooper's eye, she lifts her veil, revealing ringlets of blonde hair and ruby red lipstick.

COOPER

(gasps)

O.M.G., W.T.F!

Marilyn freezes.

COOPER (CONT'D)

You're Marilyn! From "Roses are Divine!" I...love...

(raises fists like Marilyn)

...you! I'm like your biggest fan!

He gives her a bear hug -- she's not sure how to react.

COOPER (CONT'D)

What are you doing here?

MARILYN

Well, I was...friends with Charlie?

COOPER

Huh. So you knew my dad...Charlie... from...

(gasps, puts it together)

O. M. F. G. W. T. F. F.! You're the other woman!

(loud sotto voce)

The mistress!

MARILYN

You're Cooper? Oh, you're so much more handsome than your dad said! If you were any cuter, I'd have to mount you on a piece of styrofoam.

COOPER

I don't know what that means, but this is so --

MARILYN

Awkward?

COOPER

Awkward is butterfly kisses from my uncle Barry or buying hemorrhoid cream and Valtrex at Duane Reade. This is awesome!

MARILYN

Your mom won't be upset I'm here?

COOPER

Oh she's totally going to choke on her Akoya pearl necklace and fall over her Birkin...

Marilyn clutches at her pearls and holds her Birkin - Cooper notices they're the same as his mother's.

COOPER (CONT'D)

...much like the same ones you have there, because...  
(connecting the dots)  
...dad bought two-for-one at Hermès?

MARILYN

Generosity was one of your father's many good traits, in fact, I hope for your sake you take after him, I mean a sword swallower could have choked on his --

COOPER

(cutting her off)  
Wow! And we've crossed a line, even for me.

MARILYN

Sorry, I tend to over-share.

COOPER

Mother and I had a bet about...  
(whispers)  
...the other woman,  
(normal again)  
but never in my wildest imagination did I imagine...you!

Just then -- Jackie pokes her head in as --

SFX: CHURCH ORGAN DRAMATIC SOAP OPERA-ESQUE CHORDS.

JACKIE

Cooper! We're about to start!

Jackie sees Marilyn. Marilyn sees Jackie. It's beyond Uncle Barry awkward.

COOPER

Uh, Marilyn -- Jackie. Jackie --  
Marilyn.

Jackie lifts her veil as they notice they also have matching bags, necklaces and gloves. They take each other in, circling like a Shark and a Jet. Something's coming. Somewhere. Tonight. Then --

JACKIE

(to Cooper)

I win the bet dear. She is  
horribly disfigured and grotesque.

Marilyn looks down to her boobs and adjusts them.

END COLD OPEN