

NORMA JEANE

i didn't cum. he did.

Ⓝ fix lipstick w/sheets

that's usually the drill.

i expected a little more from him, though.

i had heard good reviews.

Ⓝ P pocket mirror

*

this is sort of awkward.

i'm cold.

Ⓝ wrapped in sheets

*

sheets aren't warm.

they're thin. sheer.

Ⓝ \$ W from H

(she rises, letting the sheet fall to the floor. she's wearing a bodysuit, with little stars adorning the breasts in the places where a nipple should be. she tries to make the bed.)

Ⓝ D sheets

NORMA JEANE

i feel like this is always happening to me, yanno? i'm always alone in rooms. i don't know if it's that i'm too much to be contained by empty spaces? or maybe i'm so teeny tiny insignificant that i just slip through the floorboards of masturbatorily spacious rooms.

Ⓝ P sheets, make H, crumple edges + corners

*

i guess i just feel alone in the rooms.

Ⓝ \$ R of H

it's crowded rooms, too. not just empty ones.

Ⓝ H edge of H, upside down

i feel alone at parties. at weddings. at my own weddings, each one.

alone.

deeply.

*

i felt alone with joe.

(YANKEE enters. norma scrambles for the wig, putting it back on. yankee dons a bedazzled yankees uniform. he's a hypersexual little boy. he's past his prime. he scratches his ass for a while. then sits on the bed with her.)

Ⓝ P A, put it on, \$ edge of H

Y EN SR thru floor

P

YANKEE

hey, wifey.

(yankee opens his shirt and flexes, revealing a tattoo across his chest that reads "joltin' joe". then, he takes out an iphone and lifts his pants, taking a flash photo of his penis. he shows her, proud. she smiles, polite.)

Y rip open shirt, slap chest, P phone, pull out pants w/ US hand, pic w/ DS hand (facing A)

Y W N lead w/ phone

NORMA JEANE

how was/ your game-

Y P phone behind N
Y grab N waist, swivel head towards SL, pull N over his pelvis.
N sit on Y upper thighs
Y push pelvis up 5x
Y help N off his lap, Y L
Back to original position

(yankee grabs norma and pulls her on top of him. he starts grunting, groaning. she's smiling, performing for him. for everyone. it reaches a peak, with a loud loud sound from him, and then he shoves her off of him.)

N+Y \$ edge of H, Y facing SR, N facing SL

N+Y L the other on lines, LA after

YANKEE

that was nice.

NORMA JEANE

yes

YANKEE

this is nice.

NORMA JEANE

yes

YANKEE

we're good, this is so good.

Y T face A, grab N hand, L N

NORMA JEANE

yes

YANKEE

just us

NORMA JEANE
what about-

(N) L (A)

(norma shifts her gaze to the audience
again, and yankee notices.)

YANKEE
you can't keep doing this

(Y) \$, W SR

NORMA JEANE
but-

YANKEE
this isn't for them
it's supposed to be for you.

(Y) W (N), grab hands, point head
towards (A)

NORMA JEANE
okay. okay

(yankee's iphone alarm resounds.)

YANKEE
gotta run. you're magnificent. just magnificent. can we have a
threesome? waitwaitwaitwait, don't answer that yet. think on it.
i love you.

(Y) R in (C)
(towards SL)

(Y) (N) (C)

(he leaves, loudly, slamming the bedroom
door behind him. a **TALK SHOW HOST** heelies
in, bringing a soundscape of his live studio
audience with us.)

(Y) R past (N),
EX SR
(T) EN USL,
W (N) w/ P

TALK SHOW HOST
okay, let's get into it. how was life being married to joltin'
joe?

(T) P (N)

NORMA JEANE
it was fine. it's over now. that's the way it goes.

(N) W DSL

TALK SHOW HOST
he loved you, marilyn. he treasured you.

(T) W (N), touch R shoulder

NORMA JEANE

ha.

TALK SHOW HOST

what went wrong?

Ⓣ hand off Ⓝ

NORMA JEANE

it's, um. yeah. it was hard.

he wanted to own me, i think.

domesticate me.

he wanted a housewife.

i am no housewife.

Ⓝ take Ⓡ, Ⓜ SR

i'm a movie star.

i'm luxury. i'm everything. i'm a household name.

i mean, i'm a motherfucking movie star.

i am no housewife.

*

you know, just because he treasured me doesn't mean he valued me. not really.

Ⓝ Ⓣ Ⓡ Ⓣ

*

Ⓣ Ⓜ Ⓝ

nobody else was allowed to look at me. it killed him to believe that my body was accessible to anyone's mind, on demand, and eventually, he fucking loathed me for it. i wasn't treasure anymore, i was territory. "he treasured you." that's shit. that's nothing.

Ⓣ take Ⓡ

Ⓜ SL

Ⓣ EX USL

(changeover back into the room from before. talk show host heelies out. he doesn't really give a fuck about what really happened, just the sensationalized version of it.)

Ⓣ change costume into Ⓡ

NORMA JEANE

i was background noise. i was a trophy on his shelf with the medals and the plaques. nothing more than that. nothing.

(**BRAIN** buzzes into the room. his hair is messy. he wears glasses and a ridiculously oversized suit, so huge he could drown in it.)

Ⓝ EN SR
Ⓜ Ⓝ (L of Ⓝ),
put arm over
Ⓝ shoulders

(N) W (V), \$

(GB) + (J) R CS

(james offers the girl his hand, and she takes it. throughout the following, we watch the girl experience james' sexual obsession, grooming, and ownership conveyed through non-literal movement and dance theatre. we watch the rush of his purely sexual attention excite her, then horrify her, then numb her.

he transforms her into the classic image of marilyn monroe through makeup and manipulation.

norma jeane follows, watching these haunted memories with her inner child objectified in the starring role. bubbling with rage.)

2 - WANNABE.

THE GIRL, BEFORE
(sung)

I COULD BE (GB) run hand down (J) chest
A UNIVERSAL SEX DREAM
I WANNA BE, WANNA BE (J) spin (GB)
I HAVE DONE IT BEFORE (GB) L (A)

I COULD BE
SOMEBODY'S SICK FANTASY
I WANNA BE, WANNA BE
NOT A MADONNA, YOUR WHORE

(J) + (GB) pull in, almost kiss,
(J) inspect (GB) face,
(J) guide (GB) to (V),
(J) \$ R of (V)

I WILL PAINT THE PERFECT PICTURE
OF WHAT YOU'RE INTO INTO ME
I WILL MAKE YOU WANT ME SO BAD
IT'S GONNA HURT
YOU'RE GONNA BE SO INTO ME

(GB) does makeup (lip, blush x2, mole)
(N) \$ behind (V)
(GB) wave to (J)

BEAUTY SUBJECTIVE
COSMETIC CHANGE IS SO EFFECTIVE

(GB) W DSR, (J) W L \$

THE GIRL, BEFORE
(con't)
MY ONLY OBJECTIVE
LET YOU OBJECTIFY ME, ME

GB change to slip dress

NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, JUST A BODY IN BED
NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, JUST A BODY IN BED
NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, JUST A BODY IN YOUR BED
NO, NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, WHEN I LAY LIFELESS
IN YOUR BED.

Bouquet toss to GB

T W DSL, GB

W T

T grab GB

GB toss bouquet A

T guide GB, GB \$, ↓

GB W backwards

I COULD BE

T W side R, \$; GB L

SOMEBODY'S TEEN BEAUTY QUEEN

I WANNA BE, WANNA BE

T \$, W edge

THOUGH I'M NOT QUITE SURE WHY

I THINK MAYBE
I'LL LIVE MY GRANDMOTHER'S DREAM
GET INSTANT GRATIFICATION
IN THE BLINK OF AN EYE

T kick L, pantomime yell,

W DSL, GB T SL

I WILL PAINT THE PERFECT PICTURE
OF WHAT YOU'RE INTO INTO ME
I'M A VISION FROM YOUR MEMORY
I'M NEVER REAL
I'M JUST THE THINGS YOU THINK OF ME

T T GB, W GB, \$, head-thigh

GB touch T neck, sigh

T L GB, smile

NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, JUST A BODY IN BED
NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, JUST A BODY IN BED
I THINK I WISH I WAS DEAD, JUST A BODY IN A BED
NO, NOT A THOUGHT IN MY HEAD, LAYING LIFELESS
IN YOUR BED.

GB back up, crawl to L back

T crawl onto L side R

T GB \$ against L back

GB L A, \$ L, wad up sheets

(N) W L, drag (T) (james finally lets go of the girl, and
to DSL (hair pull, leads) she gasps like she's been released from
(N) punch (T) (cross nose b4 extend) and punches him in the face. hard. he
-- (T) (T) L us grunts as the blow takes him to the
(T) fall backwards to stomach ground. he looks up, bloodied and
(T) roll over to back, L (N) betrayed but ever-so-satisfied.)

JAMES

in the end
i promise you
all the pain i've caused you
and all this pain you're causing me now

*

it was worth it. it was all worth it.

*

every word
every move
every scar
every bruise
every drop of my blood

*

i'm unburdened
i have no regrets because i know i made you the person were. the
person you needed to be.

*

you didn't have anybody else, kid. our marriage was your
emancipation, safety from that foster family. that man, his
hands, his sick lingering fucking stare. i was your first taste
of freedom. and you needed me so much. so yeah, i wanted to
teach you a few things. everything. i gave you what you needed
to survive. that's not a crime. it's a gift. i chose to give it
to you for a reason. and you were eager to learn.

i built you.

saved you.

made you.

loved you-

① crawling backwards → to DSL
② follows, feet ③ US leg

④ kick ①, ① fall to $\perp$ on stomach (norma kicks his body, repeatedly.
brutally. until she's done. it's
④ pull ② hair so ③ on hands & knees lengthy. the men stare. the girl
④ kick ③ left side, ③ unbutton stares. once she's done, norma takes a
jacket, ① fall onto back so deep breath and looks james in the
④ sees sequins eyes.)
④ grab ③ hair, ③ flip onto stomach,
④ drag ① to USL, drop his head
(① hit hands to floor, gentle head landing)
④ straddle ①, hair lift

NORMA JEANE

(N) \$ over (J)
body, feet
straddling legs

i was *sixteen.*

(Y) (B) EN SR,
grab (J) hands,
(J) \$, arms over
(Y) (B) shoulders,
(Y) (B) (J) EX SL

(the game show breaks down, sweeping away james' bloodied body. sweeping away the men. the girl remains on the bed. norma finds some makeup wipes and begins to remove the "marilyn" makeup from the girl's face.)

(N) drop (J) head
(N) step to US
(N) "spit" on (J)

(GB) \$,
(J) (N) (J),
W V, EX

(N) L (J) body
until (J) EX

3 - BREAKING THE LOOP, or A NEW DECISION.

NORMA JEANE

you know, it all becomes an auction so quickly
"you want to be visible? okay, snap."
it's that fast. that fucking fast.
and at some point you just leave your body
and you watch yourself become something new
bigger than yourself. bigger than personhood.
a piece of the american psyche, or whatever.

(N) (J) (A)

(N) W V, do makeup,
\$ facing (A)

*
and you start to hear a lot of unsolicited advice
about how to "make it", this elusive act of "making it"
advice to sell your body, your image, your mind, your soul-
"if you wanna make it."

(N) W cart

*
your agency your access your autonomy-

(N) P wine, (J) (A)
W H, \$

*
"if you wanna make it in this industry"-

*
they just want to consume you.

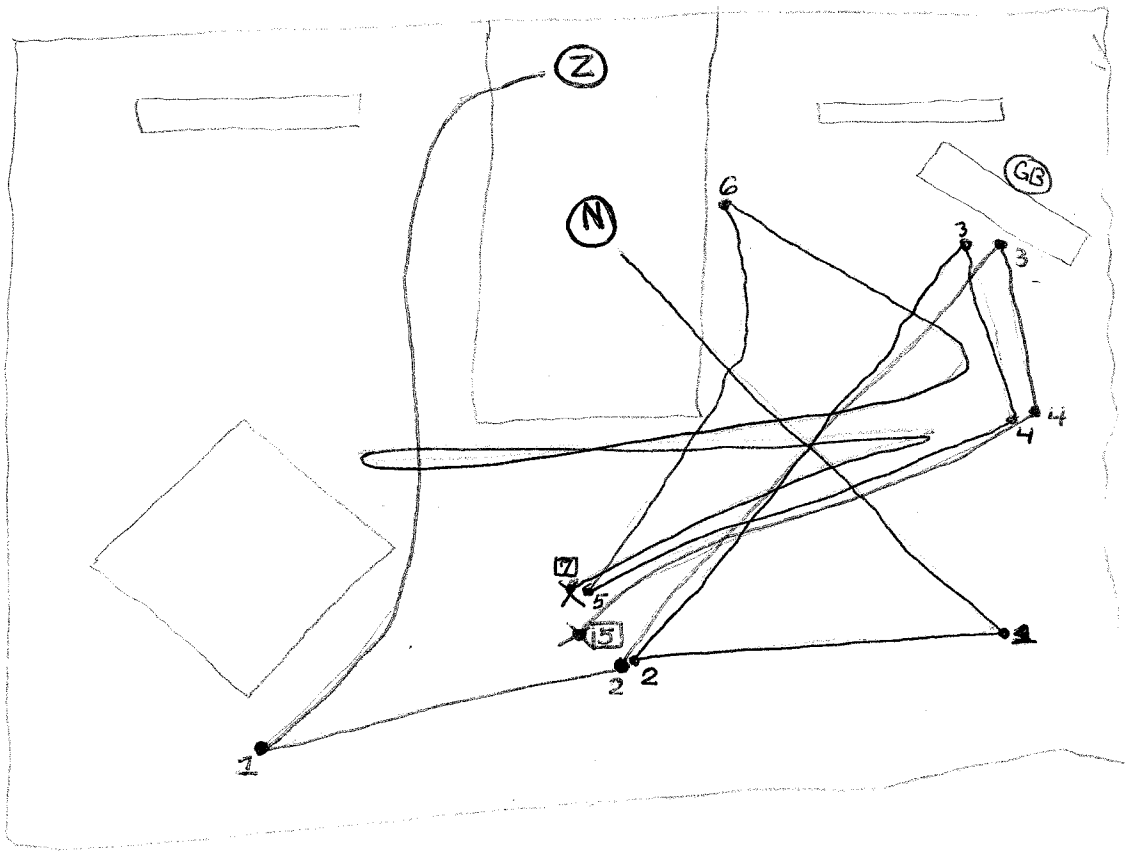
(N) P wine on H side table

*
but

now i'm hungry, too

(N) K H

CANNIBALISM



(she gasps. a realization.)

NORMA JEANE

you're the thing i want to consume.

Ⓝ Ⓜ Ⓦ Ⓩ

you've consumed me for so long that i'm- i'm-

(she laughs again. JOY.)

NORMA JEANE

i'm exhausted

Ⓝ back Ⓦ onto H

i'm yearning

i'm aching

i'm hurting

*

but most of all

i'm fucking starving.

Ⓝ stand over Ⓦ on H

Ⓝ tear off A, throw onto H

Ⓝ kick Ⓦ 3x on beat drops

Ⓝ Ⓜ Ⓦ Ⓩ

Ⓦ roll off H side R

Ⓝ Ⓜ DSL, rage

Ⓝ Ⓜ Ⓦ Ⓩ, seduce him in, Ⓜ CS

Ⓦ Ⓜ CS

Ⓝ Ⓦ A, wink

~intimacy~

Ⓦ R M, check damages

Ⓦ appear Ⓦ B, tap Ⓦ shoulder, punch

Ⓦ B F M, Ⓦ A, Ⓦ tie Ⓦ wrist w/ belt

Ⓝ Ⓦ Ⓦ, put lipstick on Ⓦ

Ⓦ take off belt

Ⓦ crawl to DSL, Ⓝ Ⓦ Ⓦ

Ⓝ draw mole on Ⓦ face

Ⓝ drag Ⓦ to CS by hair Ⓦ Ⓦ Ⓦ

Ⓝ go to punch Ⓦ w/ L arm, hit

Ⓦ nose w/ palm of R hand

Ⓝ knee to Ⓦ crotch

Ⓝ drag Ⓦ to Ⓦ H by hair, Ⓦ F

Ⓝ Ⓦ Ⓦ

Ⓝ helicopter punch Ⓦ, Ⓦ F

(cannibalism movement ballet scored to my kink is karma by chappell roan. this is the main event, and norma really relishes in it, truly hunting him. it's full of the entertainment value carnage that everyone's been waiting for.

this sequence should marry fight, intimacy, movement, and dance into one horrifying entity. it's raw and animalistic and incredibly bloody.

once the song is completely over, norma sits in the aftermath, out of breath and eating her fill of zanuck. talk show host heelies on, in the midst of an instagram live. broadcasting norma's consumption for the world to see.)

Ⓝ B, collapse, cry

Ⓦ B B, Ⓦ Ⓦ

Ⓝ B, pace, pour pills into Ⓦ mouth

Ⓦ roll to Ⓦ US

Ⓝ notice blood, B, Ⓦ H, wipe hands on sheets

Ⓝ pace, Ⓦ Ⓦ, B, eat Ⓦ (cupcakes in jacket pocket, dig in, wipe cake all over chin and Ⓦ face)

9: PEACE

part one: it's okay, even when it's not.

all american bitch by olivia rodrigo
(music: ~~guard dog by hannah cole~~. norma calls the girl before to sit with her on the bed. the girl cries. norma holds her. sharing silence. sharing space. breathing deeply. connected. unbothered by audience presence. a completely private moment, just for norma and her inner child. once this moment of processing is over, we shift to:)

(GB) W L, \$
(N) W V
P makeup wipes
(N) W L, R
(N) \$, (N) GB
take off makeup
(N) wipe (GB) lips

part two: a rage room destruction of bing crosby's quest bedroom.

same as part one, second half
(music: ~~FIGURE OUT IN 7.0~~. it starts small. little destructions. an innocent kick to a bedpost. a short slam of a drawer. the music and the movement start small too, but they increase and explode with time. soon enough, the two are thrashing and rolling around on the ground, destroying the bedroom. they dance in the wreckage. immense joy and release radiate. it's a celebration. they collapse onto the broken bed, wreckage surrounding them. finally, peace.)

(GB) (N) \$
(N) throw A
(GB) R V throw makeup
(N) (GB) kick L
(N) GB P pillows, slo-mo fight, pull out feathers
(N) P sheets, shake out, (GB) wrapped up in sheets for (GB) hug, rip sheets
(GB) R L, jump

end of play.

BOWS:

(Y) (B) (T) (Z) (UM) (UF) (G) EN

(N) (GB) W DSC

Cast rage party on song screams

Cast bows together on gentler part, motion up, second bow

All but (N) (GB) EX

(N) (GB) hug

(GB) EX through V

(N) EX SR

all american bitch.

I am light as a feather

I'm as stiff as a board

① I pay attention to things that most people ignore

And I'm alright with the movies that make jokes 'bout senseless
cruelty

That's for sure

① Makeup off +
② hair brushing

② And I am built like a mother and a total machine

I feel for your every little issue

I know just what you mean

And I make light of the darkness

I've got sun in my motherfucking pocket, best believe

Yeah, you know me, I

Forgive and I forget

Throw A

I know my age and I act like it

Throw makeup

Got what you can't resist

Throw flowers

I'm a perfect all-American

Sniff alcohol

I am light as a feather

I'm as fresh as the air

Coca-Cola bottles that I only use to curl my hair

Pillow fight +
feathers

I got class and integrity

Just like a goddamn Kennedy

I swear

With love to spare, I

Forgive and I forget

Throw pillows, grab sheets

I know my age and I act like it

Shake sheets

Got what you can't resist

Sheets wrap hug

I'm a perfect all-American bitch

Wrap sheets

With perfect all-American lips

Dance w/ sheets

And perfect all-American hips

I know my place, I know my place, and this is it

jumping on H

I don't get angry when I'm pissed

I'm the eternal optimist

I scream inside to deal with it

Like, "Ah"

(ENS) EN, rage party

Like, "Ah" (oh my fucking God)

All the time

Cast line + bow

I'm grateful all the time

I'm sexy and I'm kind

Motion to team

I'm pretty when I cry

2nd bow

Oh, all the time

I'm grateful all the fucking time

(ENS) EX

I'm sexy and I'm kind

(GS) EX

I'm pretty when I cry

(N) EX