

THE MARILYN SHOW



By: John Anastasakis

Characters: Marilyn Madrid

[Enter Mrs. Marilyn with her cane]

Narrator: And now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time for Mrs. Marilyn to prepare another one of her mostly edible dishes.

Marilyn: Hello- [Slight amnesia pause]

Marilyn: Where am I?

Narrator: And now, ladies and gentlemen, it's time for Mrs. Marilyn to remember where she is.

Marilyn: Ah yes... Welcome, my dearest children, because I think all of you as my children, to granny Marilyn Madrid's Cooking show. On today's pick from my 1940s half-bombarded notebook is an exceptional recipe.

It is a- [Slight amnesia pause] Lemon Posset. I would make this for my 14 children and my late husband, who was killed; not in the war, but he choked on the then newly half bombed recipe, of the economized version of a celery soup, which due to the economization, was mud water with tree sticks poking out.

So for the Lemon Posset you will need: [Grabs her glasses, and looks on a half-burned page] Lemons, Sugar, Double Cream although we only had Single cream back in the day, and that's it. The recipe is quite simple; You have to scoop out the guts of the Germ- of the lemons, blend them with the rest of the ingredients and let them rest. While I scoop out the lemons while I look directly into your soul, I'll narrate some stories from the old times...

"There was this young girl named Sally, who enjoyed the occasional dally. She sat on the lap of a well-endowed chap, and said: Sir, you're right up my back alley." Good old times, when everything was more innocent and I was

touched by my local pastor, pastor John. By his speeches, but also by his hands. He was later arrested of course, for hosting a tea party at 8pm. Way later, than tea time. Unacceptable.

All this while our Possets are ready for Marilyn Madrid's appropriately timed tea, where I'll share my extraordinary knowledge on lemons. If I remember to circumnavigate my way out of my house, see you around!