

# DINNER WITH DEMONS

*Jonathan Reynolds*

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212 772-8334 fax: 212 772-8358

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DINNER WITH DEMONS

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SIDEKICK

VITREOUS FLOATERS

STONEWALL JACKSON'S HOUSE

THE SCROTUM MONOLOGUES (one act)

LINES COMPOSED ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY,  
PART II (one act)

GENIUSES

STYNE AFTER STYNE (musical)

WHOOPEE! (musical, adapter)

TUNNEL FEVER OR THE SHEEP IS OUT

YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE 7TH (one act)

RUBBERS (one act)

THE MARLBORO MAN (one act)

*Escape* (play for television)

*Micki and Maude* (screenplay)

*Switching Channels* (screenplay)

*Leonard Part 6* (screenplay)

*My Stepmother is an Alien* (screenplay, co-author)

*The Distinguished Gentleman* (co-author)

## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jonathan Reynolds has had all seven of his plays produced in New York, most notably STONEWALL JACKSON'S HOUSE, which ran for six months and caused considerable commotion in 1998; GENIUSES, which ran for a year off-Broadway; and the first plays he wrote, a pair of one-acts, YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE 7TH and RUBBERS. Although five of his screenplays have also been produced, most notably *Micki and Maude* and *My Stepmother is an Alien*, his most memorable experiences in filmmaking have been with *Apocalypse Now* and *Leonard Part 6*, both of which could have gone either way. He is the recipient of Rockefeller and Guggenheim Foundation grants, is the Treasurer of The Dramatists Guild, and currently writes a column about food for *The New York Times* Sunday magazine. He is married to the set designer Heidi Ettinger and has two sons, Frank and Edward, and three stepsons, North, Nash, and Dodge Landesman.

DINNER WITH DEMONS was first produced by  
Second Stage Theater, opening on 16 December 2003.  
The cast and creative contributors were:

JOCKO ..... Jonathan Reynolds  
*Director* ..... Peter Askin  
*Set design* ..... Heidi Ettinger  
*Lighting design* ..... Kevin Adams  
*Sound design* ..... John Gromada

## NOTES ON STAGE DIRECTIONS

The stage directions here are so detailed in order to show how this complexly blocked and timed production worked. They need not be followed exactly and should be used only as a guide.

All cooking was done in front of the audience in real time on a real stove and in a real oven with real food—except for the deep-fried turkey. Because of New York City fire laws, we were not allowed to maintain an eight-gallon vat of boiling oil onstage. A clever mechanism was rigged that looked like a turkey fryer and that crackled and spattered when the real raw turkey was lowered into it. At some point during the play (I never knew when, which was just as well), a stagehand crept under the floor and replaced the raw turkey with a cooked one glistening with mineral oil. When I lifted the “cooked” turkey from the mechanism, more hisses, crackles, and dripping oil convinced the audience this was a real event.

Further, food licensing restrictions forbade us from feeding anyone in the audience, which was unfortunate. The script begs for a little audience interaction (apparently we could give away or re-sell food made by someone else, just not by us). By all means, if fire laws permit, deep fry the turkey for real (though be aware it is extremely dangerous). and if local laws allow, serve audience members bites of food—if it’s any good. Even without a deep fat fryer, the stage was surrounded by fire extinguishers. A very

small fire did break out at one performance but was easily extinguished with a kitchen towel.

The timing of the cooking was arrived at backwards: knowing the potato soufflé had to emerge just before the Lee Remick story meant figuring out when it had to go into the oven so it would brown but not burn, and therefore when its preparation needed to begin. Same with the tomato sorbet and the cardoon. The apple pancake was a seat-of-the-pants work-in-progress every performance.

for Red  
Salacious Muse, Eternal Squeeze

*(Lights up on)*

*(A contemporary kitchen—which may contain un-contemporary fixtures: black Garland or red Aga range, Sub Zero fridge, all stainless or all-porcelain sinks, French blue cutting surfaces. Though a functioning kitchen in every respect, it doesn't look like something on The Food Network.)*

*(In the New York production, the work counter, sink, and four burners were D S C, the double ovens were U S L, and the turkey fryer S R. Against the back wall were foods in various stages of preparation, as noted, part of a table set for dinner [used in some scenes] was D S L, extending O S.)*

*(Before the curtain, someone has sautéed onions or duxelles or chicken stock, so that the smell perfumes the theatre by the time the house opens.)*

*(Lights pop on to discover JOCKO in front of counter holding a glass of wine)*

JOCKO: *(Taking a deep breath)* Mmmm....I love that smell! Wouldn't it be great if everybody could afford to hire someone whose sole job it was to sneak in while you're sleeping and sauté up onions in butter? Chanel Number 6 as far as I'm concerned.

Get Elizabeth Taylor to come out of retirement and hawk it on T V.

*(Husky Liz Taylor)*

"White...onions."

Now let's see, better get back to my tomato sorbet... because I've got a bunch of people coming, and even giving them fifteen minutes for fashionable lateness,

they're going to be here pretty soon. Do you talk to yourself in the kitchen? I do, all the time. I can't tell if it's therapeutic or a scream for help.

*(Paul McCartney's Let 'Em In plays briefly and quietly in the b.g.—just a hint of it.)*

*(He puts two tomatoes into boiling water, holds up a third, very hard one.)*

Isn't it worse than what Saddam did to Iraq what's become of our tomatoes? Hybred for durability so they can be shipped from Nairobi to Mars in a stagecoach without breaking, and they're tasteless mush. These are of no use to anyone, except maybe the Yankees for batting practice. Look at this.

*(He hits it with his fist, it doesn't break. He tosses it into the trash, chops tomatoes)*

See ? And it's too bad, too, because in summer, when the undoctored heirlooms come out, they're so sweet and juicy you don't need anything with 'em except maybe salt. Or a piece of bread and a little mayo. I used to live in North Carolina, and when the German Johnsons appeared in July, we'd just sit by the road and eat 'em like apples, juices dribbling down our chins. The first time I served this sorbet was in North Carolina, and I didn't tell anyone at the table what it was, and there were genuine, I think, "oohs" and "ahhhs" until about halfway through somebody said, "What is this?" And I said, "Tomato sorbet," and there were a lot of "Mmmms" and the conversation quickly turned to the local election for sheriff.

*(He empties boiling water into the sink.)*

My mother never would've made this. Too exotic. She was a WASP from New England, which means she was sort of a WASP squared, and she thought anything

more elaborate than well done little lamb chops with mint jelly was showing off.

You know how so many people who love food say they learned to appreciate it because their mothers and grandmothers were such wonderful cooks, and their houses were always filled with the fragrance of a *pot au feu* or a lamb *tagine* with preserved lemon?

Not me, boy. I was taught that mopping up the yolk of a fried egg with a piece of white toast was *haute cuisine*. And Mother wasn't very good at toast.

*(Demonstrating)*

See how fast you can get the skins off tomatoes? Boiling water for ten-twenty seconds, they peel right off—and they feel so good! Mmmmm, oozy and LEWD. Then just chop them up.

Yes, Mother was an uninspired cook. Fortunately, when the divorce came through and she came into all that money, she gave it up. She hired what used to be called a maid...who unfortunately proceeded to serve well done little lamb chops with mint jelly every night.

*(Crossing to blender, attaching jar to blender, adding ingredients)*

Now let's see...a little lemon juice, Worcestershire for insouciance—

*(Adding excessive Tabasco)*

—a little Tabasco to keep everyone on his toes, a couple of evil little anchovies...and some basil—or you can use dill, but I'm sick of dill—salt but not too much because of the 'chovies, black pepper, and a little grenadine to lock in the color, then...technology!

*(Pureeing the tomato mixture)*

I'd wait till Mother and my sister Nancy were asleep, and switch on Jack Paar, who used to be host of the

Tonight show and was very funny and sort of a rebel himself, then—

*(Tasting mixture, adding more Tabasco)*

—then about midnight I'd tiptoe into the kitchen and whip up very simple, two-step concoctions. For some reason I got very attached to grits for a couple of months—I don't know why, I was brought up in New York. Maybe it's because I was born in Arkansas, and a bunch of hominy snuck into my mother's breast milk at the hospital—

*(He X U S C with blender contents to ice cream machine.)*

—and I'd mix them with butter and then the next night grits with honey and nuts, then grits with maple syrup and for a few nights just food coloring...so I'd wind up with blue grits or green grits. Sometimes I'd get ambitious and heat up a can of chili and mix it with the grits. Gross, huh? But I've learned that one of life's great lessons is never argue with anybody's comfort food.

Whatever gets you through childhood and adolescence—whether it's blue grits and chili or salsa on ice cream, it's as sacred as your copy of *Goodnight Moon*.

*(He pours the puree into an ice cream maker, puts it out of the way so it can't be heard.)*

Now we want to give the sorbet a whirl in the ice cream machine, and in thirty minutes or so you'll have the perfect hot weather appetizer which is even better in December because even though all the best tomatoes are on vacation, it's so surprising. Just don't tell anybody what it is.

*(He X to sink, washes out blender jar.)*

Some nights I couldn't sleep and after Jack Paar went off the air I'd write short stories. Man, writing until

dawn, huddled with contraband food, was such a cool, private crime.

*(He X U R carrying blender and stashes it, then returns to sink to clean up.)*

My midnight grits raids occurred during a fairly tortured adolescence. I was this sort of rich kid who didn't know he was a rich kid and so what's the point? My sister and I grew up on the Upper East Side—1035 Fifth Avenue, on 85th Street. When the divorce came through, Mother moved us into a duplex on 72nd Street complete with hundreds of brass-polishers and white-gloved doormen straight out of *The Last Laugh*, the silent film by F W Murnau, which I believe was the first and last movie ever made about a doorman.

*(He X to sink, cleans up.)*

In those days show biz wasn't very kind to mothers; they weren't treated like saints they way they are today. *The Glass Menagerie*, *Gypsy*, *Rebel Without a Cause* made them all monsters, responsible for everything from rumbles in the Bronx to the crippling disease called homosexuality. Of all the unfair human dynamics, the darkest and most arbitrary is that kids don't have nearly as much influence on their parents as their parents do on them. I mean parents seep right into their poor kids' bones at the moment of birth, if not before. But children have no influence whatever over the first twenty to forty years of their parents' lives. Of course, kids are around long enough to get revenge on their parents. Isn't it going to be fun to see what happens when little Lourdes Ciccone turns fifteen?

*(He removes turkey from the fridge, X D L, puts it on the counter.)*

You know how some people can leave home and never think about their parents again, and others have them rattling around in their heads for eighty or ninety

years? I'm one of those. Take tonight. I'm making dinner here for people I love who are alive—my main squeeze Red, my two sons Eddie and Frank, Red's kids, North, Nash, and Dodge—what imaginative lives they're going to have—my sister Nancy, my half-brother Don, great friends Oliver, Rafe, Gary, the Baums if they can make it in from L A, Bridget, Morosini, and Carvalho. And who keeps popping up in my head? My mother, my father, and my Uncle Bus. Even though my mother died almost forty years ago, and my father ten, and my Uncle Bus twenty, their images keep popping up in my head all the time. For instance, whenever I'm faced with physical danger—hardly ever, I see to that—my mother appears because she was such a cautious and frightened person by the time I was born. "Be careful! Watch out! Don't climb that tree! Stay away from those boys! Try not to fall down now!" Her basic philosophy of life was, "Whatever it is, don't do it." So I became a physical coward. I fear heights, I fear depths, I basically fear sea level. I have to be Valiummed before getting a flu shot.

*(Injecting turkey)*

This won't hurt a bit, son. I'm also terrified by nature—though that's just common sense.

*(Continuing to inject turkey)*

And whenever anything to do with money or women comes up, my father boings into my head because he was such an insanely brilliant businessman and had a Ph.D in *broads*. And when a question of ethics or taste or decency arises, there's my Uncle Bus as if he were alive right now. It never occurred to them, but in my mind, there was a constant struggle between Dad and Uncle Bus for who I was going to become like. How'd it turn out, do you think?

Here I'm injecting the internal baste for the turkey. It'll keep that satanic white meat from drying out, which is

the curse of all turkeys, as you know. It's just some Chanel Number 6 and garlic and spices. You can also put Mr. Tom in a salt brine overnight, but this is faster and goes deeper. Oh, you can get the recipes for all these dishes in the lobby at the usual Broadway markup of eight thousand percent.

*(He rubs the turkey breast under the skin.)*

Did you know you could get *under* a turkey's skin? It's easy—and mmmmm, feels so good! Even better than those tomatoes.

They ought to send these off to prisons once a week, it'd cut down on a lot of trouble.

*(Rubbing in cayenne pepper)*

This is cayenne pepper just to give it a little bite. Mmmmm... Man, my Uncle Bus would have loved this bird. He and his wife Margaret used to host family Thanksgivings and Christmases in Boston, and we'd all go up for it—sometimes twenty or thirty of us. When he died, I tried to fill that role, which has been one of the most rewarding things I've done. But he never had a bird prepared like this. That boiling oil you see Stage Right isn't to repel the hordes of Visigoths who threaten this theatre from time to time, but to deep fry this bird, which in my opinion is the best way to cook it because the skin is crisper, the flesh juicier, it's faster, and it has fewer calories. Whaaaat? You'll see.

I'm not going to truss or tie this bird because the whole point is to get the hot fat into all these wonderful mysterious turkey crevices.

*(Illustrating between thigh and breast suggestively)*

Oh, it might look neater and like a schoolmarm if you did, but what you want here is a hooker.

*(He X S R with the turkey.)*

What you don't want to do is deep fry a turkey indoors because if the oil overflows into the flames, your house might burn down and all your pets'll die. And we don't want that, do we....

*(He lowers the turkey into the oil. It bubbles excitedly.)*

So we just slip this in...gets sort of nicely violent, doesn't it...and strangely relaxing. Oh, the reason it has fewer calories is because no fat is absorbed. Turkeys is waterproof!

*(Finding someone in the audience)*

But since this is one of the scarier things to cook and might explode at any moment, will you keep an eye on it and let me know if anything goes wrong?

*(Lifting a fire extinguisher)* We've got eight of these here, which is almost enough to put out Donald Trump's hair—if only someone would please please set fire to it. I wish I could offer each of you mouthful of this largesse, but I can't because the lawyers here have warned me that if I did, your lawyers—whom you haven't even met yet—will crawl out from their caves under the Manhattan Bridge and convince you you were poisoned by the Pope's nose or the tomato sorbet made you break out in peanuts. So I can't serve you anything, but I can't serve *me* anything either, because I'm advised that if I do my lawyer will sue me because I've poisoned *me*. I'll win, and he'll collect a third.

*(He retrieves wine from the fridge, X C counter.)*

My father and mother and Uncle Bus all had such profound relationships with food—everybody does. You do, I do. Dad ravished it; Uncle Bus delighted in it; Mother denied it.

When I think about my own sons, I wonder what my influence on them has been. You make a vow as a parent not to pass on the mistakes your parents made to

your kids. And what happens? *A*, not only do you pass those mistakes on, though maybe a little watered down, but *B*, you add a bunch of your own. Here, let me show you.

*(He finishes wine in glass and retrieves oil from U L shelf, X counter, and pours oil into wine glass till it's half full.)*

Suppose your father passes on a hundred percent of his indifference to you...

*(Filling glass with grenadine)*

And your mother passes on a hundred percent of her depression...

*(Holds up glass)*

Well, you're a good parent, so you pass on only fifty percent of this to your kids....

*(Half filling another wine glass with oil-and grenadine mixture)*

Now that boy's got a fighting chance.

*(Overflowing the glass with Worcestershire)*

Till you add a hundred percent of your own narcissism. Attica, twenty-five to life.

My parents separated when I was about fifteen minutes old. I vowed not to make the same mistake, so I waited till my boys were about fifteen years old. I don't know if it made any difference—same acrimonious divorce, thank you, California Bar Association. Well, maybe we'll see if it did tonight.

*(Retrieving cardoon from fridge, then stripping and chopping them.)*

Which brings me naturally to the mysterious cardoon. Looks like celery on steroids, tastes like artichoke without quite the struggle. They're very popular in France and Italy and probably started life in Sicily. The

Greeks loved them. You have to strip off the fibrous parts, and they'll discolor if you don't add them to acidulated water. "Acidulated" is a ten dollar word for lemon in water, and I happen to have plenty of it right here.

*(Splashing the water)*

They're wonderful baked with a little cheese into a gratin, but I'm going to do them simply, just braised in a little stock and butter and maybe a few surprises from my wardrobe closet. I owe the cardoon a lot.

*(Draining the cardoon)*

You learn so much about yourself cooking. And it's a great way to avoid writing. I've had more writers say to me, "So that's how *you* don't write. Cool."

*(Putting cardoon in stock)*

I think there are about six things that really define who you are, though right now I can only think of four: whom you choose to be close to and love, your work, sex, of course, and how you perform it...and how you deal with food. Do you treat it like fuel or do you live for the next mouthful? Do you use it as a weapon—against your parents or your kids? Or politically and go on a hunger strike? How do you touch it—do you wrestle with it and devour it with your hands, or always use the right fork? Do you eat the same things day after day or lunge for whatever's new?

*(Pouring a glass of wine)*

Through food, I discovered I was a sensualist, which I already sort of knew, and generous, which had never occurred to me. I like making and giving people this lifestuff. Serendipitously, I found that a man cooking turned out to be seductive. Not sure why.

(*He X D R, sits in chair.*)

But every woman I've asked, married or un-, claims that a man cooking specifically for her (not, say, in a restaurant, for money) is aphrodisiacal.

(*Moonglow and The Theme From Picnic plays in the background*)

The first time was quite by accident. I invited a woman over for dinner—let's call her Mary Alice...because that's her name...put on some Erroll Garner and Miles Davis...and *Moonglow and The Theme From Picnic*, the most romantic music from the most romantic love scene ever filmed...and brought out the first course, which I'd made beforehand—*Shrimp Rothschild*, which you make by hollowing out loaves of bread, sautéing them in clarified butter, fill them with shrimp poached in fish stock, reduce the stock to a syrup, pour it over the shrimp, and top it off with Gruyere cheese and a truffle slice, into the oven.

She took one bite. "Oh," she said and followed me back to the kitchen to watch me make the second course—*Tournedos Rossini*—small filets of beef topped with foie gras, truffle slice, and a Madeira reduction. "Ah." She began asking very detailed questions about what I was doing and who I was.

If you're lucky, there's a moment on a date when the woman's eyes forget the background and focus on you. She might laugh at an idiosyncrasy, or you mesh on some point—a dislike of skiers, the realization that, despite Hollywood screenwriting rules, people basically aren't sympathetic—something. That's what happened with Mary Alice.

But what cinched it for me was a spectacular creation called *Le Talleyrand*, which you make with canned cherries of all things and lots of ground almonds and sugar, then cover them with a meringue and in the meringue you put half an empty eggshell...into the

oven...thirty minutes later it comes out beautifully bronzed. You lower the lights, warm up a little kirsch, ignite it, pour it into the eggshell...it looks like a small volcano...and that's when things can get really moist.

*(The music swells and plays together with SFX or film of roiling waves crashing against rocks or anything to suddenly make the kitchen seductive.)*

That's what happened with Mary Alice. Her eyes were limpid and beseeching, "You are the deepest and most complex man I've ever known...and I love your knowledge and your hands...but I made another date tonight at ten." And off she went to spend the night with another guy! All my work went to benefit him!...and he never even called to thank me. After that debacle, I devised a few guidelines to make future evenings go more successfully, which I altruistically pass on to you.

*(He X behind counter.)*

First, make at least one of the courses ambitious. A perfectly cooked chicken breast may be academically brilliant, but it isn't going to accomplish what you want—unless your date is Alice Waters. Second, make something exotic, like , oh, I don't know...cardoon! It'll make you seem adventurous and a man of the world. Third, don't make everything heavy or neither one of you is going to want to take your clothes off. Fourth, make sure you have plenty of cayenne around. Cayenne covers up every conceivable cooking mistake there is. Fifth, don't apologize for anything. If you do happen to burn something, you may be pleasantly surprised to find that she thinks you did it on purpose. Or you can always say, "I caramelized it." Sixth, try to pull off at least one theatrical cooking flourish—throw things around in a wok or flip

something in a pan or pour something from a great height, like mint tea in a Moroccan restaurant.

*(He pours tea from a great height.)*

Seventh, never consult a cookbook in public. It's way not sexy to watch someone follow instructions from a book. Memorize the recipes or write them on little cards and paste them all around—the way Marlon Brando did when shooting *Last Tango in Paris*.

Eighth, make sure the woman you're cooking for doesn't have another date at ten o'clock.

*(Moonglow and The Theme From Picnic swells. He picks up the cardoon, tosses it into the fridge, then dances like William Holden and Kim Novak.)*

*Picnic* starred William Holden...and Kim Novak.

I should know—I saw it thirteen times at age thirteen, once for every year of my life.

*(As William Holden)*

"Hi. You make me feel...patient."

I was so in love with Kim Novak, I would have sold several internal organs to meet her.

*(He X U S to get dishes for scene in Maxim's, sets the table D L, and sits.)*

I never thought I would, but I was a pretty romantic and persistent kid. When I was eleven, Marilyn Monroe came to town. I phoned the *Herald-Tribune* to find out where she was staying, called the hotel, and not knowing any better, left the message, "Could you please come over and spend the night?" Needless to say, I never heard back. But two years later when I was thirteen, Kim came to town promoting a stinker called *The Eddy Duchin Story*—how could it be any good, she dies halfway through—I was a much more worldly lad. I bought her enormous bouquets of flowers and had them delivered to her hotel suite at the Sherry on three

consecutive days. That got her on the phone!

"So...you're the one who sent me all the flowers.

Tell me about yourself."

"I...oh...um...well...could you come over and spend the night?" There was a pause while she realized I was thirteen.

"I'm kind of busy," she said.

But she didn't hang up. She was very nice. And when Mother found out I'd charged the flowers to one of her accounts, she hit the roof. There's this myth about New England women being too chilly to ever get emotional or shout.

*(Miming a cigarette as Mother. Quietly:)*

"You'll pay for those flowers if it takes eight years."

Sure sounded like shouting to me. I wish my sons could have known their grandmother—not because she would have been so wonderful to them, but so they'd know how lucky they are with the mother they've got. I was always locked in combat with mine. She had no idea what to do with me. And her sense of punishment was so out of proportion. One night we got into an argument over which T V program to watch, and she called in the cops. Uniformed policemen right in my bedroom!

*(He X U S R to get mashed potatoes.)*

Ever since I can remember, when serious Mother trouble showed up, I'd switch off and view it as though it was happening to somebody else—and that it was funny. I used to call Mother "The Warden," which infuriated her but cracked up my friends. In twenty/ten hindsight, I see I was very tough on her. I just didn't know any better. It turned out she'd been a rebellious kid, too—but by the time I arrived, life and men ihad knocked the feistiness out of her and turned it inward.

*(Separating eggs)*

Now here I'm making a potato soufflé which is unusual because it takes extra egg yolks instead of egg whites, and so it won't rise like your typical chocolate soufflé or cheese soufflé, but it will be richer, balancing the cardoon and tomato sorbet. Little cilantro, salt and peppery...

*(He plops the yolks into the soufflé, mixes them with cilantro, salt, and pepper.)*

She would never have had the courage to call the cops by herself that night...

*(He X S L with soufflé, puts it down, retrieves knife from rack on side of the oven, and hones it.)*

...but behind every great passive-aggressive is a great aggressive-aggressive egging her on...

*(He X behind counter to chop garlic.)*

...and hers was a lawyer named Fred, a courtly Virginian who'd made a killing for her in the divorce and was now on twenty-four-hour house call. Fred was married but childless, so he knew even less about raising children than she did. I hesitate to tell you his last name because it's so Dickensian you'll think I'm making it up. It was Schlater— *(Pronounced "slaughter")*—Fred Schlater, and what I'd really like to be cooking up tonight is grilled lawyer.

*(Smashing garlic with knife)*

WHACK WHACK, barrister fricasee!

When I was fourteen I fell in love with the picture of a girl in Miami Beach. I'd talked to her on the phone a couple of times, and I just loved her picture....

*(He X U L to retrieve bread crumbs and soufflé dish.)*

I stole mother's driver's license so I could forge it and fly down there, rent a car, and impress the hell out of her. I even had a little beard made so I'd look

twenty-five and could fool Hertz. Unfortunately, I didn't know how to drive—let alone drive and smoke at the same time. So while lighting a cigarette and making a left off Collins Avenue—which I can't even do *today*—I totalled the car. Ripped the entire side right off that beautiful '57 Chevy.

Oh, here I'm buttering and bread crumbing this soufflé dish. Why bread crumbs? They make the eggs cling to the sides and help them rise.

*(He spreads potatoes, adds mozzarella, covers them with more potatoes, brushes it with butter and bread crumbs.)*

The police came in a nanosecond, and started to take me downtown for a mug shot and fingerprints, and I said,

“Officer, officer, is there anything I can do to *not* go downtown?”

“What have you got?”

And from a lifetime of movie-going I knew he meant money.

“I've got two hundred dollars in traveler's checks.”

“No travelers' checks.”

“I've got ninety dollars in cash.”

“That'll do.”

He took the money...and they drove me to the girl's house...and *that* impressed her.