

Jesus, Marilyn and the Queen

“Have a seat Mr. Duncan, or we’ll have to call the guards! You are not allowed to touch anybody, please understand that.”

“But how else will I ever figure it out?”

“Mr. Duncan, please sit down. You’ll figure that out with Dr. Ivanov.”

Duncan is short, skinny, and could go by almost unnoticeably, but his mocking, inquisitive eyes pull him out of the anonymity. They had to escort him from Madame Tussauds, where he spent his last two days trying to find an answer to his compulsive dilemma. On the first day, the staff at the museum let him hang around all day, with no solid reason to kick him out apart maybe from a some slightly bizarre behaviour. He was visiting with his favourite actresses again and again, in a very sensual and particular manner. “Oh well, the world is full of repressed, weird guys. If his big dream is a play-date with Jennifer Aniston, then let’s fulfil his fantasy. After all, here at the museum, it’s the only way that could ever happen,” the staff joked.

However, the next day he came back. His behaviour was growing even more peculiar. The bodyguards noticed he was pinching the statues’ butt-cheeks: Angelina Jolie, Jennifer Aniston, Melania Trump, he pinched them all. They talked to him with no success, as he was determined to find an answer to his big question: “Do women’s butts shake themselves or do women shake them?” And what a better way to find that out than starting with these perfect mannequins, to see if there was any independent momentum there. And as if that wasn’t enough, after he finished his first experiment, he moved towards the real thing. Lots of daring, round posteriors, as well as

ripe, mature bottoms, were marching throughout the museum. He watched them jiggling and wiggling for a while, and when his comprehension failed to enlighten him, he decided to add a little slap to the process. That being said, soon enough, he was slapping each bottom he encountered, hoping for some sort of epiphany.

The Staff eventually called 911, figuring he might be needing some guidance. By the time the crew was there, Duncan had been long gone. He figured Oxford Street might be a good place to continue his research. After all, it was Easter, and the streets were buzzing with beautiful ladies searching for new spring outfits to shape and shake their proud booties.

Within a few hours, there had been another 911 call featuring the same description of a short, skinny male pinching women's butts on Oxford Street in front of H&M's main entrance.

"I need to find out if women's butts shake themselves or if the women are shaking them," he confessed to the doctor in the ambulance.

"Oh well, it could be anything that triggered this mild psychotic episode," the staff in the ambulance agreed. It's Easter, everything blows up these days. He seems pretty harmless otherwise, but why don't we take him to the Psych Wing of Memorial for an assessment?"

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"You idiot, don't you dare to touch me!" an old Marilyn Monroe snaps at Duncan. Hands to yourself, you weirdo."

"Just roam in front of me, and I promise I won't pinch you anymore. I need you to shake your butt firmly for me then I promise I'll leave you alone after that," adds Duncan with a glued gaze to the old lady's posterior. Please!"

“Get lost, psycho!”

The rejection didn't seem to bother Duncan at all. He lifted his gaze towards her face and he added with surprise: “Wow, look at you! You do look like Marilyn Monroe.”

“I am Marilyn Monroe, weirdo! Now stop looking at me as if you saw a ghost. Move your horny gaze away from me. Anyways, my butt is hanging down, gooey and soft like a pie, and that's not what you're after,” says the old Marilyn pulling out a mirror from her purse and powdering her nose, then gently retouching her mole.

“Hey, you're not the real Marilyn,” jumps Duncan visibly disappointed. Her mole was real, yours is not. You're a fraud!” The Lady ignores Duncan, and cries out to the reception: “Could you please turn a fan on? It's getting stuffy in here.” The two nurses exchange long glances.

“Dear, it's only Easter. The thermometer shows 10 degrees. We certainly don't need a fan right now,” answers nurse Gilbert in a courteous voice. She turns to nurse Gloria and adds: “Don't fall for that. She only wants a fan to pop it under her polka-dotted skirt. They brought her in this afternoon from Piccadilly Underground Station where she was standing for hours by the ventilation system with her skirt blowing up to her head, posing sensually for the passers-by. She was introducing herself to everybody as Marilyn Monroe and offering autographs. It looks like a beautiful full-blown maniacal episode. She's not harmful, but it feels like she's looking for a mate. We don't know anything else about her, no ID at all. Look at her bag: a bunch of red lipsticks, blush, an eyeliner, and a box of condoms. For god sake! She must be almost 70...I guess she had big plans for today, and we messed them up. We don't even know her real name, so for now we have no choice but to call her Marilyn.”

Nurse Gilbert turns towards Marilyn: “Darling, where do you live?”

“I live at the White House with the President. We finally moved in together,” adds Marilyn giggling. We’re going to start a new family.”

“Oh, you did, didn’t you?! But the White House in the United States. You are in London right now. How did you end up here?”

“Well, um, we came over for the royal wedding. Right now, Mr. President is attending the private banquet with Queen Elizabeth and the family. I decided that it would be better for me to get to explore the ordinary London, and meet its real people. That being said, if I’m not asking for too much darling, could you please turn on a fan for me?”

“Marilyn, as I said before, it’s actually pretty chilly in here. Let’s just hang out here quietly, and I promise you that once you settle in, you’ll cool down.

“Nurse Gloria, can you please pick up the phone? Looks like they’re calling from central. Wondering who they’re going to bring next?!”

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“Geez, what’s wrong with this guy?” cries Duncan. He looks like Jesus. What’s wrong with you, people?”

“Duncan, please stay seated and mind your own business!” nurse Gilbert shouts imperatively.

“You’re no braver.”

David has just been brought in from East London. His family had no choice but to bring him to the hospital. Ever since the Easter Feast, he’s been acting a bit weirder every day. At first, his family thought it’s just an overly enlightened religious state, brought by the approaching Easter.

After all, lots of people feast, and lots of men don't shave during the main religious feasts. So they figured they should give him some time and see what happens. It all culminated with Easter Sunday when he showed up for breakfast all wrapped up in a white sheet, with a willow-crown on his head, proclaiming himself as Jesus. Before his family had even managed to utter a word, David set out for a preaching tour of the neighbourhood.

"And you think you're Jesus, huh?" asks Duncan, restless. Jesus and Marilyn Monroe! This is the best Easter ever!" Thank you, Easter Bunny! Duncan laughs hysterically, about to choke.

"Mr. Duncan, please quiet!" Nurse Gilbert intervenes.

David (aka Jesus) grabs his sheet from the floor, wraps it neatly around his body, runs his finger through his curled tangled hair, and oblivious to anything around him, says: "Anybody have a hairbrush?"

"I do," answers Marilyn, seeming to wake up from her daydreaming. "I could help you brush your hair; I could also brush your beard if you want. It looks like you could use some help."

David gazes suspiciously at her for a few seconds and says "Ok. But you can't touch my crown. And hurry, I gotta go quickly. They're calling me."

David is tall, skinny, blue-eyed, and rather pale. A curly coarse red mane surrounds his oval face. He's probably in his late twenties and an electrician, married, with 2 little kids. His wrists seem to be bandaged, and his ankles too.

"Who's calling you, David? You are not going anywhere," nurse Gilbert says firmly. Then she turns to nurse Gloria: "I think we'll need to lock the room, our Easter gang seems pretty restless."

“I agree, but the keys are not here. The janitor might have forgotten to put them back last night,” says Nurse Gilbert. “When is Dr. Ivanov coming?”

“He’s doing his evening rounds. He should be here in 20 minutes at the latest.”

“No residents this evening?”

“Unfortunately not, they all took Easter off. There was supposed to be a resident with Dr. Rossland on the shift, but he got sick.”

Marilyn pulls out her brush from the purse and then approaches David slowly with a big smile, and whispers in his ear. “Hey Pal, so you say they’re waiting for you?”

Jesus pauses, gives her a suspicious look, and nods: “Indeed. People have been waiting for me for such a long time; I’m here now to pay for their sins.”

“Good, as I might have some news for you. I think I know where they’re all waiting. Let’s get out of here first, and I will lead you to your people. There are hundreds of thousands of them.”

“They are?” mutters Jesus in surprise. “Then perhaps the voices were telling me the truth all along. They weren’t in my head. God was talking to me all along.” Suddenly, his face lightens up.

“Wait, Pal, we have to be subtle about it, they won’t let us go. In fact, from what I understand, we’re waiting for a doctor who might actually lock us up for a while,” Marilyn continues to whisper, while brushing his tangled mane.

“But they can’t imprison Jesus. I am here to help the people.”

“That’s what I mean, let’s just get out of here so you can fulfill your mission!” As for myself, I need to get somewhere, but I’ll take you to your people. We gotta hurry before they lock the door,” continues Marilyn, whispering softly in his ear. Suddenly, she gets up and says out loud,

“You’re done. All neat and untangled, Mr. Jesus.” Then she slouches against the wall and whispers: “When the next ambulance comes and the nurses get busy with the new guests, we need to sneak out very quietly. Can you do it? You hear me, Jesus?”

“They’re waiting for me.. He sent me,” he mutters in a low, grave voice.

“Yes, yes, but listen to me if you don’t want to end up locked in this Cuckoo's Nest with all the lunatics. And then, there is FBI. We have to move fast.

“This time they will see me. All of them”

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“Hurry Pal, that was it. Simple, huh?” says Marilyn with a satisfied smile. She pulls out her glossy red lipstick and refreshes her makeup. “Now we need to head to the underground. It’s the fastest way to get to your people.” David looks at her puzzled and confused. He’s following her in a solemn silence. His steps are clumsy, about to stumble over at any second. He’s gazing down, humming some incomprehensible verses.

Marilyn is probably in her late sixties: short and curvy, with shapely legs under a polka-dotted red skirt. She’s wearing a tight shiny black corset, with a wide sparkling belt around her petite waist. Red stilettos, red leather purse and a generous polka-dotted bow on her head complete her outfit.

An obvious curly bright-blonde wig seems to have been wiggling around a bit, as a generous bunch of white hairs are popping out from under her wig. Enormous golden loops are hanging from her ears, and a big golden cross is dangling on her neck.

And off they go, with small steps, the old Marilyn, and the freshly resurrected Jesus.

“Hurry up, pal! I think the Secret Services are already after us. After all, I’m the President’s wife, and it is to be expected.”

“Behold, as He is coming with clouds, and every eye will see Him,” utters David.

“Huh? C'mon buddy, hurry up a bit, I think I can see them. They're all wearing black suits and hats. Can you see them?”

“Pray for the strength to escape the things that are going to take place,” he adds.

“Huh?” A void glance followed between the two of them. “Anyhow, here’s the Oxford Street Underground Station. If you bear with me until I give some autographs, I can take you to your people. We need to take the escalator, follow me. But hey, where are your shoes? Did you leave them at the hospital?”

“Jesus doesn’t wear shoes,” utters David in a sober voice.

“Oh, I see. But could you move a bit faster? Secret Services are approaching. We need to trick them. Get on the escalator, now!” Bewildered gazes at the two of them. People tried not to stare, but it was hard not to as they were quite a pair: an obvious old version of Marilyn Monroe, slightly ecstatic, carrying her character ever so gracefully, accompanied by a pale, anaemic guy who did look like a depressed Jesus- with his long red mane, his Roman scarf and his willow crown falling apart. It was quite a scene to see the old polka-dotted frantic Marilyn dragging a tired Jesus along London’s Underground.

After arriving on the platform, Marilyn finds the “ventilated” spot and asks David to take a seat and wait for her. “We’ll be here for 5 minutes. Have patience”. Gently, she powders her face, retouches her mole, and colours her lips with her red bright lipstick. Then she summons her sexy

smile, grabs the folds of her polka-dotted skirt, and starts to practice her wicked poses. David is sitting next to her, ever so humble and disoriented. Curious people start to gather around them, equally bewildered and amused by this peculiar couple. Eventually, David gathers his courage and starts to assert himself too. More and more people are piling up the curious crowd.

All of a sudden Marilyn's face is turning blue; she seizes David's wrap and cries: "We got to go, now!! They're here, just a few meters away! We'll take those stairs to the right, and hop on the next train; we need to get to the Palace. The President and the Queen will protect us."

"But of that day and hour, no one knows, not even the angels in heaven, but only the Father," responds David in a new holy voice." Marilyn nods and grabs his hand and they start running.

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"Next Station: Green Park. This is a Jubilee line to Buckingham Palace. Please mind the gap."

"Did you hear? We made it. Ready? We'll get off now."

"We made it " repeats David automatically. "To my people?" He seems to get his awareness back a bit. "Are they still after us?"

"I can't see them. Hopefully, they didn't catch the train."

David and Marilyn get off the train, leaving baffled glares behind. Off they go, squeezing through the Londoners' busy crowd and seeding polite perplexity all around them. "Once we'll get to the palace, we'll be safe. The people will recognize and protect you, and the President's word will be weighing a great deal..."

"What president?" David asks in surprise."You mean the Queen?"

“My husband, The President of the United States: John. John Kennedy.”

David nods, pretty oblivious to her words.

They set foot in Green Park, looking to follow the signs towards Buckingham Palace while walking in silence; David seems to be lost in his own sea of thoughts; Marilyn is quiet for the first time today, however still aware of their surroundings. Every now and then, she gazes suspiciously in every direction, to make sure they are not followed. As usual, the sight of this peculiar couple leave the passers-by astounded.

Out of the blue, Marilyn shrieks: she stumbles over a rock, and the left heel of her stiletto breaks off. Gracefully, she picks it up and starts limping as if nothing happened, with the same stamina and dignity.

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The crowds are cheering, singing and clapping. There must be about a hundred thousand of them around the palace. Families with kids, teenagers, young adults, grandparents, lap dogs, all cheering happily. Marilyn turns to David: “These are your people, Jesus! But to make sure we stay safe, we gotta make it to the palace and you’ll be able to talk to the people from the balcony. We have to stick together until we make it through.”

David nods, but he looks startled. Eyes wide open, he’s gazing at Marilyn with big panic in his eyes. He’s pale as a phantom, and soon starts to pant heavily.

“Are you alright, dear?”

David gathers his breath and tries to articulate something, yet no words are coming. His forehead breaks out in millions of sweat bubbles. Finally, he finds his voice:

"Watch out that no one deceives you. For many will come in my name, claiming, 'I am the Christ,' and will deceive many. For false Christs and false prophets will appear and perform great signs and miracles to deceive even the elect--if that were possible. For as lightning that comes from the east is visible even in the west, so will be the coming of the Son of Man. I am the Son of Man."

Marilyn doesn't seem to process his monologue too deeply. She grabs him by his long sheet and says: "Let's go, we don't have time for that now. Hold my hand and let's squeeze through all the way to the gates of the Palace. Excuse me, excuse me, she pushes through the crowds, dragging David along.

"I am so sorry, we really need to get through," she shouts while trying to cut through the congested horde.

"Hey, Ma'am, where do you think you're going?" cries an Irish looking guy with flushed cheeks and a red nose. It's a royal wedding, you should behave yourself. Have some respect for the Queen. Where do you think you two weirdos are going?" cries the flushed Irish

"This is completely rude," adds the octogenarian lady beside him. We're here since yesterday to get these good spots and to be able to see the newbies and the Queen when they arrive, and now two degenerates think they can push us away. Shame!"

"Maybe they're just terrorists in disguise, adds another. Maybe they're trying to get by as two lunatics, thinking it's an easier way to make it to the gates of the palace."

“You don’t understand!” shouts Marilyn “We need to see the Queen. This is Jesus, and he has to talk to his people. To you all! And I need to find my husband, the President. Yes, I am the First Lady. And Secret Services are following us. We need serious protection!” she cries

The throng is now staring at the two of them: shrieks, roars, howls, laughter, the crowd can’t contain their astonishment.

“Right, lad! Jesus and Marilyn Monroe. And I am Buddha and these people are my apprentices,” says the Irish Man and everybody bursts into laughter. I personally think you’re just a bunch of impostors who are trying to get better spots at the royal wedding.”

” I think we should call the guards. It doesn’t smell good, I don’t trust these two,” the octogenarian lady says.

“She’s right, we can’t afford to take any risks today. It’s our queen, after all,” says the Irish.

“Look, you chicks, you’ll get in serious trouble once the President finds out what you’ve done to us. Think twice. All we want is protection from the President and the Queen. And he needs to address to his people.”

The Irish exchanges long glares with his comrades and adds: ”I think most likely these two ran away from a Cuckoo's Nest; I am sure they’ve been already looking for them. We should tell the guards to call the ambulance instead. They’re certainly not terrorists.”

“No, please don’t. You’ll regret that,” says Marilyn with despair. Please!” she begs. We’re not impostors, we’re here on a mission. People need Him, and I need my President,” she keeps begging, not without dignity.

David is still holding her hand tightly. He's not able to utter a word. He froze with his willow crown hanging down on one side of the head, and his wrapping sheet falling to his waist. He's desperately clinging to Marilyn, looking quite catatonic.

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"There you are! Jesus and Marilyn are back. Hurray!" Duncan is coming out of the doctor's office, wearing striped pyjamas. A resident is accompanying him.

"Quiet Duncan, you'll get in trouble again!" shouts nurse Gilbert. Then she turns to Marilyn and says: "Marilyn dear, Dr. Ivanov would like to see you now. Ready?" Marilyn gathers her smile, pulls out the red lipstick from her purse, and adds a fresh layer on her lips, then whispers something in David's ear. David loosens his grip and eventually lets her go.

"How are you doing, Marilyn?" Dr. Ivanov asks gently. "How can we let your family know that you're here with us, and safe. They must be really worried," he adds.

"Well, I was trying to get to my family, but they brought me here before I was able to reach my husband. I'm living at the White House with Johnny. We came here for the Royal Wedding, and this morning I decided to go for a stroll and meet the real Londoners. Then they brought me here, thinking that I'm a fraud or something. I had no choice but to leave this hospital and go to Johnny. He might be really worried by now, not knowing about me for the whole day. I promised him I'd join them at the Royal Banquet. Then I realized The Secret Services were after us. I mean after Jesus and I. If they were sent by Trump or Putin, it's hard to say. I think none of them liked the fact that we were attending the Royal Wedding.

“I see...” adds Dr. Ivanov puzzled. So tell me, does Johnny have a phone number we can reach him at?”

“Listen, Dr. Ivanov, I can’t give you his phone number. His phone is certainly intercepted. And right now he’s at the royal banquet anyway, he won’t be hearing the phone.”

“Yes, of course!” answers the doctor. “Tell me,” Dr. Ivanov clears his throat, “Marilyn, um, by the way, do you have another name besides Marilyn?” he asks after a few seconds of hesitation.

“ No, just Marilyn. Marilyn Monroe.”

“Correct. So tell me, Marilyn, when did you come to London?”

“We arrived yesterday, on Johnny’s private jet. We just came for the wedding. And like I said, I figured I should go for a stroll today and meet the real Londoners. I just stopped at Piccadilly to give out some autographs, and they just came and took me. Just like that. Johnny is waiting. And the Queen too. She told Johnny in the letter that she’d been looking forward to meeting me. I have to go there, Doc. I really do.”

“I see...” utters Dr. Ivanov.

“And when are you are planning to return to Washington, Marilyn?”

“The plan was to go back tomorrow. I’m worried though...the Secret Service knows everything now.”

“Know what, Marilyn?” asks Dr. Ivanov in a low voice

“Everything about Johnny and I; and that ain’t safe, Doc.”

Dr. Ivanov nods. He takes a deep breath in, looks out the window and says:

”Of course not. And that’s why you ran away from the hospital, to go to the royal banquet? Why did you take David with you?”

“Which David? Oh, you mean Jesus?” Marilyn pauses, picks up her red bag, pulls out her lipstick again and applies a fresh new layer. Then she gazes into the Dr’s eyes for a few seconds and cries out loud:

“Doctor, Jesus came back. He finally did. We can’t turn a blind eye to his arrival. The people were waiting for him, and I was just leading to them. That’s all.”

“But from what I understand, you were leading him to the royal wedding crowds. Those people were there to see the Kate & William’s wedding, they weren’t waiting for Jesus Christ”

“ They were, in a way... Doc, let’s face it: an epic package like that has never existed before! A royal wedding and a Resurrection at the same time! The Prince & his Princess, the Queen and Jesus Christ, all at the same time, in the same place,” she adds solemnly.

Dr. Ivanov nods for about a minute, then eventually articulates, “Tell me more about the Secret Service. Who were they and what do you think they wanted from you?”

“So, um...there were 4 men in black ties, wearing black hats and black sunglasses. They were tall and sturdy, and they started to follow us right after we left the hospital. Then we managed to trick them and hopped on a train. Later on, I saw them again in front of Buckingham Palace, trying to make space through the crowds and catch up with us. Not sure if they were Trump’s or Putin’s people. Like I said, neither Russia nor the United States like the idea of us visiting with the Royals.”

”Correct. I have an idea, Marilyn. How about for now we protect you from the Secret Service? You can stay with us for a bit, and I promise they won’t be able to find you here. And I promise to let you go as soon as the Secret Service are gone. And not to worry, we’ll also keep Jesus safe

here with us. And as soon as they're gone, you'll be free to find your Johnny and the Queen,"
adds Dr. Ivanov.

Then he picks up the phone and speaks: "Gloria, please come take Marilyn Monroe to the West
Wing and bring Jesus Christ.."

The End