

FROM “ZEPHYR”

DONNA, in her 50’s, shares a story from her youth.

DONNA

When I was in college I met this guy in a pension in Barcelona. Pedro. He was from Malaga. Very cute...spoke English very well...we hit it off. “What are you doing today, Donna? “ I’m just going to walk around the city.” “I know Barcelona very well. Would you like to have a guide?” So we walked around. And we talked. And found we liked the same things. Music and movies and...and birds! We talked about birds! (*laughs*) And tomato soup! We both loved tomato soup! ...So he asked if I wanted to go to lunch and I was like yeah-okay-what-the-hell-this-guy-is-cute. So we ate lunch and then we went for another stroll. Down Las Ramblas! And we went to a bar and we started playing pin-ball and pounding down cervezas. And then we started kissing. He was a good kisser. Oh God! It was...too perfect. And it got more perfect every minute! He started to tell me about his family. His brothers. ...Even secrets. Secrets! I mean fuck. You know somebody three hours!? ...I know it sounds corny but it felt like he was my soul-mate. ...The afternoon turned into the evening. I was pretty fucked-up by then and he said that he was taking a train to Malaga at 9 PM and did I want to come. “Come see Malaga, Donna! The harbor is beautiful. We have marble sidewalks. I’ll take you La Manguita. The most beautiful cathedral in all of Spain! Better than Seville even!” ...I remember the clock behind the bar. It said 8:38 “The train station is a twenty minutes by taxi, Donna. We have to decide now.”

(Beat)

I said no.

(Beat)

He left.

(Beat)

I’ve never told that to anyone. ...When I tell the story I always get on the train. And I invent the rest. I have tons of scenarios. Sometimes we fly in his plane to Marrakesh. Sometimes we drive to Madrid and visit the Prado. One time we went to Granada. We climbed the Alhambra. All the blind beggars along the route. “Give them alms woman, give them alms. For there is nothing in life, nothing...sadder...than to be blind in Granada.” ...He was quite the poet, Pedro.

(Beat)

Oh look! (overwhelmed) The Rockies! ...(grins, sings) “In time the Rockies maybe tumble, Gibraltar may crumble. They’re only made of clay ...Our love is here to stay.”