

A TRIP TO GUADALAJARA/ MONOLOG 1 for male—20-40

by Elliot Kreloff

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We ran off the plane in the heat of Guadalajara, and went straight to the lawyer's office. We handed him the \$20,000. in cash, and the two 5 gallon tins of virgin olive oil... don't ask. So, where's the baby? (*thick Spanish accent*) "My assistant, he will drive you. Berry nice." As we were driven out of the city in a battered yellow Volkswagen, I started to worry that the assistant was going to dump the two stupid gringos in some desolate Vallejo.

Then I started thinking about the baby. If there even was a baby. What if she was hideously ugly? Or sick? Everybody says that once you have the baby in your arms you fall in love. But...

We arrived at a little well-kept house on a street with other little well-kept houses. The driver motioned for us to ring the bell. The door opened and a large group of smiling Mexican faces greeted us. A young woman held out a baby to us. She was wrapped in a yellow wool bonnet and wool dress, her face, bright red from the heat. SHE—WAS—BEAUTIFUL! I took her in my arms, and thanking everyone with the one word we knew in Spanish—*gracias, mucho gracias*—we quickly backed out the door, not wanting to give them time to change their minds.

I looked down at our baby-- Samantha. What everybody told us, turned out to be true—I was madly in love.