

## **Dramatic Woman #2**

**I couldn't take my eyes off him. He was like something out of *The Arabian Nights*. I kept expecting to see peacocks and jeweled elephants stamping in the distance. Finally he caught my gaze... I pressed my face against the window and whispered, "My name is Callisto!" Do you believe it? I used to call myself Callisto in those days... The train suddenly started up. We pulled out of the station. I watched him get smaller and smaller. Then I fell into a deep sleep. I began having nightmares... I was being chased down this long tunnel... I started to scream. Someone grabbed my hands. I opened my eyes. It was him! He'd jumped on the train at the last minute and was sitting across from me, eyes laughing, poppies blazing... He didn't speak a word of any language I knew, but he held me spellbound. I never made it off the train. He wrapped me in his flying carpet and wouldn't let me go. You've never seen such feverish carryings-on... He rocked me over mountains, sang me through rain forests, and kissed me past ancient cities. Oh, what a ruckus we made! Well, you'll do it too, you'll do it all, wait and see. We ended up in Zanzibar, island of cloves. I was so full of him, I thought my heart would burst. Zanzibar! Come on, jump with me... It was there that he taught me how to live on orchids and read the stars... Zanzibar, say it!**

**For full monologue text please see Howe, Tina. *Approaching Zanzibar and other plays*. Theatre Communications Group, New York, NY. 1995. p. 19.**