

Love of my Life

**AKIS
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Translated from Greek by Hara Topa

122 BRAND

Girl

I have a notebook. Cream-colored, with cream pages, without any lines. It's a special notebook. I bought it one afternoon when I was desperate. I had broken up with my boyfriend, the night before. I then decided to fall in love again. That's why I bought the notebook. To mark down my new love, which would be the greatest of all... Ever since I bought it, I haven't written a thing. Not a word.

Boy

I always carry with me a small tape recorder. I bought it the morning after a night when I couldn't sleep because I wasn't in love. The reason I bought it was this: to turn the tape recorder on at some point and say: "Today I met the love of my life" ...Up till now, I haven't recorded anything. It's been six years since I last fell in love.

Girl

Last time I fell in love was a noon, six years ago. I think it was March, maybe April. I had just finished work. I was returning home on foot. When the weather is nice, I get back home from work on foot. It's a bit far, but I don't mind. I need to walk on some streets before I go home.

Boy

I was walking and suddenly my nose started bleeding. It happens to me sometimes. Ever since I was a kid. I have to sit somewhere, lift my head up high and stay

like this for a couple of minutes, looking at the sky, well, not really looking at the sky, since the only thing I care about is for my nose to stop bleeding so I can keep going.

Girl The worst thing about the streets is that sometimes they take you to God knows where. That noon, they led me to a boy that was standing with his head up high, as if he was waiting for something to fall on him at any minute... something... what? I don't know. I would say the sky, but it seems like a rather silly simile.

The image was nice though. That's why I got closer to him while I never get close to anybody on the street. But him I got close to. Really close. Then I saw the blood...

Boy *to the girl.* It's nothing, my nose is just bleeding. It happens to me sometimes.

Girl I took out a tissue and gave it to him.

Boy *to the girl.* Thank you.

Girl *to the boy.* It's only a tissue, what are you thanking me for?

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Boy It wasn't the tissue. It was her hands that were shaking a little.

Girl My fear of blood.

Boy Her yellow jacket.

Girl A bit unshaven.

Boy Her laughter as I turned and saw her.

Girl A hoop earring on his ear.

Boy A hoop earring on her ear.

Girl Thank God his nose stopped bleeding right away.

Boy I don't remember us saying anything else. Maybe she...

Girl *to the boy.* Do you want the rest of the tissues?

Boy *to the girl.* No, no... I'm fine.

Girl *to the boy.* Ok.

Pause.

Boy I could keep going now.

Girl I left.

Boy I had to deliver some designs and I was running late.

Girl I had to remember the way back home.

Boy The appointment went well. They got excited about my designs.

Girl As soon as I got in, I started looking for the notebook. I had to mark down our meeting right away. I was on the verge of a great love, the greatest of all. I had no proof but I sensed it. My instinct never fails me.

Boy As soon as I got back on the street, I remembered the yellow jacket. I took out the tape recorder. I wanted to say that there, in the middle of the street, with my nose bleeding, I had found my great love.

124 BRAND

Girl I turned the apartment upside down. I found all sorts of lost things: the charger of my old mobile that I thought I'd left in a hotel in Galaxidi, an autographed picture of Constantinos Markoulakis when he starred in "Stones in His Pockets", a lousy bracelet - a gift from a cousin of mine when he went to Thailand...

Boy I pressed the button and said: "Today I met a girl in a yellow jacket. She's the love of my life". I took a deep breath and I prepared myself to hear my voice declare that I had fallen in love.

Girl The notebook was nowhere to be found.

Boy Disappointment.

Girl Disappointment.

Boy There was nothing on my tape recorder.

Girl I went to the kitchen and made some pasta.

Boy I hadn't put a tape in.

Girl The pasta turned out awful.

Boy At least they liked my designs.

Long pause.

Girl It's been six years since I last fell in love.

Boy It will be seven soon.

Girl In the meantime, I have to look for the notebook again.

Boy I should definitely put a tape in the tape recorder.

Pause.

Girl It will be seven soon.

Boy Seven is my lucky number.