

INTO THE BEAUTIFUL NORTH

16th Street Theater

adapted by Karen Zacarias from the novel by Luis Alberto Urrea

CHAVA SIDE

Edited from novel pages 284-285

CHAVA

He felt a little shaky pulling into the Bahia Hotel's lot, imagining his mighty Irma watching him from a window. His lost Irma, Queen of Strikes! Empress of the 7-10 Split!

Which room was hers? He tried to rise from the car in one fluid motion, as if he were still dancing like he'd danced on those tropical nights so long ago, as if the years had not piled on him and tired him. He squatted his shoulders and set his jacket and strode toward the doors, all the while feeling eyes, phantom eyes, burning into him from every direction. He maintained his splendid stride and positioned one flat hand before his belly like a blade, thus emphasizing the excellence of his slim physique.

There was no one in the lobby. He boldly stepped to the desk and announced her name. The young man called her room and murmured to her. It was like a Humphrey Bogart mystery!

Room 227.