

PALOMA: It's another world, and you have to discover it. And little by little, love comes... Love is about saying yes. 'Shall we be happy?' Yes. 'Would you like some ceviche with little candles on?' Yes. 'Can my cousins from Lima come to visit for two weeks?' Yes. And of course there are things I don't like. Being the boy in salsa class, I don't like that, but it's only because she knows the girl's part. Yes, I go to salsa class. Am I not allowed to learn the girl's part too? I want to dance the girl's part. And I don't want to take turns. I want to dance the girl's part from beginning to end. And be bloody led! A bit... *(Pause.)* But that's how love is. Or what do you think love is? That thing that happened once? You have to give something, Linda. Something, a little something, to other people. Look what you've done to this man.

LINDA: What are you doing, Levi?

PALOMA: Levi's a man of faith.

LEVI: I... I choose thanks. I'd thank you, Linda, to be clear for once.

LINDA: I've made an effort.

LEVI: Yeah, erm...

LINDA: I have tried.

LEVI: You've said that word a lot, 'effort'; I've heard you say it lots of times. *(Pause.)* What effort? An effort to be responsible, to be organised? To be someone who... what? Who is that person? I don't think you know; I'm not sure she exists. And I don't know if that man you're going away with exists. I think you're going off on your own. *(Pause.)* Just like I'm not sure, sometimes, whether we're really here or we're just about to wake up at home. I met you when you were the girl I see now. But when you take her out of my sight, because you think I can't stand her, only then do I feel like killing you. If you turned up at home with those balloons... I'd be scared for a second, but then I'd laugh and I'd put them on the balcony, where everyone could see them, so I could show you off. So I'm very sorry, but you have to do it.

LINDA: Do what?

LEVI: Tell me to leave. You have to hear yourself saying it. So you remember it later.

LINDA: I asked you not to come.

LEVI: It's very easy, just one word.

LINDA: Why did you insist on coming?

LEVI: Say it.

*Pause.*

LINDA: He's waiting for me.

*LINDA makes to leave.*

PALOMA: Linda. Have you asked this man about the song? The one you're so obsessed with?

LINDA: Not yet. Have a safe trip back to Madrid.

*Pause.*

PALOMA: That man isn't your father. *(Pause.)* Even if he were your father, he's not your father.

LINDA: What does that mean?

*Pause.*

PALOMA: You know that *Air-Binbee*?

LINDA: What?

PALOMA: That thing you can do, where you rent your spare beds out.

ROBIN ROSE: *AirBnB*?

PALOMA: We didn't have that in the eighties. People went to hotels. It was very expensive.

LINDA: *AirBnB*?

PALOMA: We didn't have it back then! I'd just inherited the house with... all those bedrooms; we'd grown up there, my sisters and me; I didn't know what to do with so much space. And I needed money.

LINDA: Dad was some guy who rented a room from you?

PALOMA: Yes...

LINDA: But he's our father?

PALOMA: Of course his is. *(Pause.)* Yes. Both of you. *(Pause.)* My friend Sonsoles had a boyfriend at the airbase in Torrejón... Ryan. Everyone was talking about the Americans; it was the time when NATO...

LINDA: Mum.

PALOMA: And I liked them. I liked Bruce Springsteen, Levis, I liked them. So... one day, Sonsoles said to me, 'Come out with Ryan and me, his cousin's here, we're going to Galaxia for a vermouth.' And that's how I met him. The most handsome man I'd ever seen in my life. He was a bit bewildered; he ordered chocolate milk at ten o'clock at night; I found that funny. He was an IT technician; you knew that, didn't you? It's like you don't know anything. *(Pause.)* He was complaining about how expensive his hotel was, I told him to come to the house for a modest fee. Were we a couple? Well... I don't know... He told me about the trips he wanted to go on: hiking across Arizona, the Lower Mississippi Basin... Him on his own, of course. It was quite 'in' in California, the whole 'independence' thing. Just having a girlfriend, it was something outdated. Something Spanish. And I made an effort... I've always tried to be forward-thinking. Sometimes, very late at night, he'd bring another girl to the house. Even when I was pregnant with you. I said to myself 'Don't be old-fashioned; open your mind,' but at the same time I thought I should throw him out. But he always came back. And I always let him back in. Who wouldn't, if they were in love, huh? When, later, one morning, he turned up with... plane tickets for the four of us to... to see a real lake. The whole of Tetuán looked Minnesota up on the map. Was it there that we'd been? Were there trout and ukuleles...? Did we put a badminton net up and play together, the Clarksons versus the Feldmans? I never asked him for anything, only his surname. You are Linda and Rose Clarkson; I didn't make that up.

*Pause.*

LINDA: But you did make up the rest? Or is what you just said made up?

PALOMA: He's not your father, Linda. However much I try. He isn't. So don't you try now. He never left, because he was never there. There is no roots, there's nothing. There's no trauma, there's no America, there's nothing. Please, come back home with us.

LINDA: I forgot your present. *(Takes a package out from her bag. Gives it to her mother.)*

PALOMA: What is it?

LINDA: An American dress.