

LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN

By Tammy Trujillo

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No, that's the name of a movie but as I remember, honestly it was a movie starring Jason Jennifer Leigh and was full of sadness, intrigue and stories. OK, that's me. My husband and two girls are off for the night visiting my in-laws and I'm foot loose and fancy free. I hop in my old VW van, play like I'm a child of the sixties although I was hardly born then. I buy a ticket for "Intimate Strangers," this foreign flick I can't resist and not just because of the title. The review said the man lead *doesn't only listen but devours every word* and watches the female lead in his happiness so much that he's afraid to smile. He doesn't want to breathe on this situation. Wow, and the fantasy that men would so listen to us—a must see movie.

I have over an hour before the movie starts so I decided to go to Comp USA to check some packaging for computer hardware for this friend of mine who has invented this great device. I drive a few miles on the freeway and make it to the shopping center when the van simply stops running. Great! I am stuck in the driveway of the shopping center for about 5 minutes when 2 really large women offered to push me out of the driveway into a parking stall. We found a place in front of the bank and the people we parked next to asked if they could give me a ride. Lucky for me they were going to the same exit where the movie theater was and they happily gave me a ride in a beat up Toyota with 2 kids sacked out in the back seat.

I basically decided that since I bought the movie ticket that I should go ahead and see the movie and deal with the van after rush hour traffic. I called my husband from the theater who thought I was only slightly crazy for not taking care of the van first. Leaving a movie that is said to be a thriller, a drama and about two people who are meeting the romantic "other." No way, I can't give this up for a van.

Basically I bought a snack, grabbed a paper and found a seat behind another woman that was out on a Friday night alone with the idea of asking her for a ride back to the van 5 miles away. The movie was in French and subtitled. Very good and sexy in a very subtle way. Two people getting to know each other, stepped up a notch—very personal and surreal too. I love going to the movies and seeing a good movie is a bonus.

When the movie ended I waited for this woman sitting in front of me to leave and I very casually said "Excuse me. I realize this may seem odd but my car has broken down a few miles up the road and I was hoping that you might be willing to give me a lift." She said "Yes." Her name is Kathy. She is in her late 20's or early 30's and recently divorced after a 3 year marriage from a doctor that did his residency at UCSF. He graduated from Stanford and she went to CAL and was driving a really nice BMW. She also mentioned that her company has been laying off people and that she is on her fourth interview for a new job at some company in Oakland.

Imagine a woman in pink exercise pants, fancy sandals, puffy sweater, bright red lipstick and blondish hair in a big pony tail. Very nice but she was just amazed that I was so calm about the whole situation. The van still did not start so I called AAA for a tow truck back to my great little town. I helped Kathy find a gas station as she was running on fumes and I noticed she only put in \$6.00 worth of gas and she basically talked mostly about the high cost of everything in the bay area. I am kind of sad for her as I think her

life is not exactly what she was hoping and is having to do things that she has never had to do before (i.e. car repairs, mortgage payments, etc).

Anyway, we returned to the van and within minutes the tow truck arrived to take me home. This could at least be a John Denver song, "Country Roads." We had to push the van out of the stall to get it hooked to the truck and as the driver loaded the van I took down Kathy's address and thanked her for her help.

The kid that drove the tow truck said his Dad was a marine in Vietnam in 1966 - 1967 for 14 months. Apparently was raised by his Dad in southern California and when his Dad was 52 years old, decided to pursue a career in medicine. His Dad is currently in Prague finishing up med school and will be moving to England to finish up whatever he has to finish. My tow truck guy is going to the JC in Pleasant Hill and wants to transfer to Cal Poly to study engineering. He is newly married and does not have any kids but some nieces and nephews. He also suffers from insomnia and says that this is the easiest job he has ever and he has had a lot of jobs. There was minus traffic and I happily gave him a few bucks for a cup of coffee.

What a night! When the tow truck dropped me and the van off, there was Bobbie, this great family friend and windsurfing buddy. He was parked in front of our house and reading a book. Did I mention that I live in this great little town on the Delta, the 100 miles of inland waterways. The van is currently parked under our big tree, seems appropriate. I asked Bobbie if he wanted to go to this great bar in town and off we went on foot.

We arrived to find a whole bevy of buds drinking at the bar. One immediately asked if I was going to be in the next play our little theater group was doing. *I should write a play about this night.* "I doubt Janey, our great director, really wants me to be in the play as I am rather flaky and difficult to put up with." Very funny really and almost embarrassing as he was insistent that "I am grand fathered in to the program." I have only been out bar hopping twice and wonder if this is the sort of stuff you talk about. I had some nice talks and declined the offer to sing karaoke as I am pooped out. I'm calling this night a night and what a night! Here's what I've learned: I probably took some chances, people are overall pretty nice if you expect it, all of us have a story, a really good movie is worth it, and I'm not sure I want to be a child of the sixties. [Back To Airborne Press](#)