

THE PILL
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I adore him... He is special, unique...
He is, at the same time... father, brother, lover,
friend.
He is everything...

Well... he stopped calling and I am worried...
He hasn't called me for nineteen days now...
I know him... He'll never call again... I adore
him...
An extraordinary man... tender, affectionate,
kind... Spontaneous, open, always happy...
Unique.
The kind of man who fills a room with his
smile... Or with his thunderous laughter when he
slaps his thighs amused by my whims... Great
sense of humor, vitality, heart...
Sensual, strong, virile... The kind of man every
woman dreams of... The best... And I had his
love.
Why did I lose him?
It's not all my fault, I swear it... I know it isn't...
(*to the audience, very direct*) I have to tell you
about it or I'll explode...
I met him five months ago, last September.
A girl friend gave me this mysterious number
with a funny, suggestive smile on her lips... The
smile of a mischievous accomplice... His voice
on the phone was warm, calm and confident...
"Tomorrow evening for dinner... and theatre, of
course."
He was courteous and attentive. He listened in
silence, with interest. He really listened. I felt he
was "with" me, really with me...

That first evening he only kissed my hand...
The next evening it was dinner and theatre
again... He laughed when I made faces, he was
amused by my capricious behavior, he even
laughed when I talked with my mouth full of
food. I often do that, to test a man, to discourage
him. He was not put off... He laughed and
caressed my hand...

Sometimes he squeezed it a bit harder,
with paternal tenderness... Surprisingly
sure of himself...

Those penetrating eyes, that ironic,
benevolent smile... The image of
confidence...
He kept limiting himself to dinner, theatre,
little kisses here and there...
I finally offered my mouth... He knows how
to kiss.
After three weeks of tenderness, I began to
want him, really want him. I'm extremely
curious. I was wondering: "Is he shy or
what? Doesn't he need me?"
I kissed him deeply, intensely. Trembling
and moist, an open offer. He felt my desire,
he suggested an "afternoon of love"...
"Next Sunday, from two o'clock on..."
That's what he said: "From two o'clock
on..."
I said "no" reluctantly. Dates to make love
make me uncomfortable. I don't know how
to give myself by appointment...

[The play continues]