

**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]