

**SAVING MYSELF FOR STEVE MARTIN**

**A one woman show The Christmas Monologue**

Revision: 2011

**SYNOPSIS:**

Divorced, forty-five, and facing an uncertain future, Eve attends her first SWASS (Single Women Actively Seeking Sex) meeting. After all, how hard can it be for a divorced woman to get laid by a guy that's not a schmuck? It turns out not so easy. Will our hero get lucky? Or will she have to save herself for Steve Martin?

CHARACTERS:

EVELYN CLARK (EVE), a woman in her forties

TIME: Now

SETTING: Chair, Banner "SWASS, Single Women Actively Seeking Sex. Over 40 But Not Over Yet!"

## 4

(December.)

## EVE

My first husband loved Christmas. He'd have the tree picked out and decorated the day after Thanksgiving. Those twinkly white lights strung all over the house so every room looked like magic...like a fairy tale. But he was never interested in presents. He told me all he wanted under the tree on Christmas morning was me. So, one Christmas, I woke up at about five in the morning and snuck out to the living room where I'd hidden a couple of rolls of wrapping paper and tape. I took off all my clothes and wrapped myself. Do you have any idea how hard it is to wrap yourself up in paper. And then try and tape everything? I looked like Christmas larvae.

So, I'm stretched out on the floor under the tree and I hear him get up. He's calling for me: "Eve! Eve?" OK, I've been lying on the floor now for at least an hour and I'm getting cold, so it's definitely time for him to get out here and unwrap. He strolls out in his nice warm bathrobe, looks right at me, turns and heads into the kitchen and starts making coffee. Coffee! I'm cold! I need coffee! I can hear the pot burbling and smell that wonderful fresh coffee smell. I'm hearing cabinets being opened, cups rattling, the refrigerator door opening and closing. He takes a loud slurp of his coffee and sighs deeply and with great contentment. I'm rustling around in this stupid wrapping paper, and if he doesn't get out to the tree in the next two minutes I'm breaking out! He walks into our bedroom and comes back with the comforter off our bed which he spreads out on the floor next to me. He bends down and, as he slowly unwraps me, says: "I love you." Sex with your husband under the Christmas tree surrounded by the wrapping paper he's just ripped off you is absolutely the best sex in the world.

Oh, I tell you, he and I screwed like little bunny rabbits all the time. We had sex at least eight times a week. And it was really great, too. The kind of sex they write about in romance novels. Great, heart-thumping, toe curling, multi-orgasmic sex. Sometimes all he had to do was look at me, and that little flutter of anticipation would start building in my abdomen. And, you know, once that starts it's impossible to do anything else until you've let it explode. Until you're catapulted out of your body and into this other world where your body - no, your soul - is relaxed and content and filled up with...joy...that's what it is. You're filled with joy. And sometimes you can hold the joy for a few extra minutes until you have to start that descent back down into your body and into the world. I remember the first time I ever had an orgasm like that with my husband. It kind of took me by surprise and there I was floating around and feeling so great and all of a sudden I heard him whispering: "Are you all right? Are you all right, honey?" I had to laugh. I guess I must not have been very present to him at that moment. "All right?" I said. "Honey, I've never been better." Well, of course, he took credit for it. He took credit for my orgasm. So cute. Men are so cute that way. And I let him. Good god, I wasn't about to argue with him. I knew he'd want to replicate that success as quickly and as often as possible!

And he did. We did. Sex got us through all the bull shit of life. We could wipe away all the setbacks, the financial worries, the deaths of friends we were sure would always be with us, all of it would be erased for ten, twenty, thirty minutes. Until one day I had to take him to the hospital. That man could be so stubborn. He never mentioned the pain in his stomach until that Saturday, when he couldn't stand up straight and confessed he'd been having pain, bad pain, for about four weeks. But he'd just ignored it. And now the pain was so bad he was doubled over with

it and the sweat dripped off his forehead and onto the floor. They rushed him into surgery, opened him up, took one look at the burst tumor, and closed him back up again. The surgeon told me it was hopeless. They would control the pain and my husband would fall into a coma and not wake up. He lay in the bed plugged into an IV, as pale as the flowers in the garden after they've been touched by frost. I held his hand. I stroked his cheek the same way he used to stroke mine when I was sick. And then, he woke up. Just for a moment. And he looked at me and said: "Are you all right, honey?"

I grieved for three years. And then one morning I woke up and said, enough! I need some sex, damn it! I'm still young. I'm not dead. I went out, met some really wonderful guys and had good times and great sex. I mean, even though I let my husband take all the credit, I was always responsible for my own orgasms.

And then I got remarried. And divorced. Which is like another death to me.

I'm still young! I'm not dead! I need some sex, dammit! But at night, when I'm sitting in the quiet of my home, reading a book, there is something I miss more than anything. That I'd trade every minute, every second just to have again. Someone to call me honey. Because no one has called me honey since my first husband died. Such a simple word. A little word. A little moment of intimacy. That's what I miss.

(Lights dim.)