

From *In a Red Sea* by Dawson Moore (dawsonguy@juno.com)

Reginald: 30s, trying to explain to his therapist why he is not a bad person.

REGINALD

I couldn't choose between them, these two redheads. One was every man's fantasy, a screamer, and the other was every man's OTHER fantasy, an enigma. Seeing both of them was like postulating romantic calculus! I was delirious, fevered. Living in fear that they would find out about each other and everything would fall apart. They might tear into each other, or maybe just dump me. Somewhere deep inside, I think I was afraid they'd leave me for each other. I felt like I was drowning. In a red sea. Their hair, their flaming red hair loomed over my whole life, like crazy orange tendrils, swirling clouds over my head. I was elated and wished I was dead, all at the same time... I wanted to tell them, be honest with them, but the one never talked and the other never let me talk. I don't want to shock you but... it didn't end very well.