

From *Cacophony Amore* by Dawson Moore (dawsonguy@juno.com)

Amy: 20s, drunk, sloppily hanging on her best friend.

AMY

I was in the store, and I was looking at dresses, and I kept saying “would Sarah like this?” And then I noticed I was doing it... and I tried to say would “some guy” like this? And I just didn’t care... you’re the one I want to impress. You can’t dance at all, but you don’t care... you just swing your gangly limbs everywhere, and every time you elbow someone you shoot them that smile and they’re like “anything you want to do to me, you can do it.” I get very jealous. Now I know... I love you. I mean, I’m not a lesbian. Unless you are. But I’m not.

Her last looks says she’s ready to at least try being a lesbian.