

From **Diarrhea** by Dawson Moore

PETER: Male, 20s. Nervously speaking to a pretty girl.

PETER

I wanted to ask you to... some thing... at some time... but I can't remember either of the details. But when I ask you out, I don't want you to get the wrong idea. It would be presumptuous, at least, if not outright rude, for me to ask you on a date. The embarrassment. I just wouldn't do it. I can't imagine dealing with the look in your eyes, that "oh-how-sad" look. And say you did say you'd go out with me on a date-date if I asked you, that would be even worse. The debate about whether to bring flowers, write a poem, cologne, tie... a million questions and worries. And really, only the possibility of falling short of what an amazing woman like you needs. Smart and sexy and funny and talented and kind. You're a taller order than I can fill. And what would I do if we went out and you made a move on me? If I did nothing, and you leaned across my gearshift to kiss me. I'd open my car door and fall to the cold earth and thank God. Or curse God. Whichever, it'd be odd behavior and it'd turn you off and weird you out and then you wouldn't want to be my friend and let me look at you. I love the way you look. Your appearance alone makes me smile. Your smile makes me glow inside, makes me warm, makes me happy all over my entire body. Or maybe you're really more like a barium enema, because I know that you will inevitably hurt me and give me diarrhea. I'm... just kidding there. Romance doesn't really give me diarrhea. Only on the really bad days. And you're getting out of a, what, five-year relationship? The only feeling I can imagine exceeding the joy of having your love would be the devastation of losing it. "Better to have tried and failed than never to risked at all," or whatever that phrase is, fucking ridiculous. Especially if the failing comes over and over and over again at the same thing. That's just being bullheaded, and I'm not bullheaded about romance with beautiful women. I'm really trying to shop for something more in my league. Something more desperate and fucked up. And not beautiful like you. You can't help but destroy me, and I want to spare you that guilt. So, do you want to go see that play on Friday? I hear it's good.