

From **The Peach** by Dawson Moore

Tom: Male, 20s, eerily calm.

TOM

I'm telling you, this isn't like the other times. I just came to the realization that I'm a peach and she doesn't know how to carefully handle fruit. I don't really even get horny any more... too terrified. I mean, I jerk off two to four times a day, but as far as actually wanting to commit myself emotionally, to Jackie or anyone? Ha. No thanks. Not much chance of that looking fun again for a while. I'd love to say I was a quick healer, but I'm not. I won't be moving on like people are always counseling me. But I will be sidestepping the whole love-thing for quite a while. When I was young, I realized that I had a queasy stomach. Roller coasters and all those things made me vomit. Every time. Now I ride the Ferris wheel. And I'm a peach emotionally and physically, I bruise like a peach. Now that I'm lying bruised and discarded on the ground, I have to rot. I have to dissolve into the earth until I'm fertilizer for growing a new me. Who will probably be another peach. Unfortunately. Oh... um... you should know... Jackie's dead. I stabbed her to death. *(pause)* No joke.