

DANIEL/ROBERT – SIDE H

DANIEL: I know I'm not perfect. But you know what gets my dander up? It seems that Boyfriend always has the perfect reason to be upset. Throwing random tantrums because he's sick. And if I get into a hissy fit, especially during that time of the month, I'm Bette Davis serving din-dins on a silver platter. So maybe he has a better reason. But being Dear Abby all the time isn't easy.

ROBERT: I know what I want isn't easy. I know my dream of a perfect relationship is difficult to obtain. But I know I can have it. I know we just have to try a little harder, Ming has to try a little harder. I know this relationship is what I want, it's what Ming wants. I know things aren't perfect now, but we'll be perfect, he'll be perfect.

DANIEL: Our tres sincere friends always mince up to me and ask about Boyfriend. "How's he doing?" "Is the poor dear okay?" "Does he want to watch *My Fair Lady* again?" Like he's dying. Like he's Camille. Meanwhile, Boyfriend looks fine. Looks perfect. Not a hair out of place. Never felt better. Smiling like he's just got laid by Fabio. He's fine. Fine.

ROBERT: We're still in love. We're still in a relationship. We still go to the opera. We still have quiet dinners only at the best restaurants. We still spend long weekends with interesting people doing interesting things. We still take spontaneous exotic trips to faraway places where a word of English is never spoken. We're fine. Perfect. We are. We are.

DANIEL: No one asks how I'm doing. Everyone assumes. That I'm fine. And I am. For a while. I have to be. I knew this relationship was going to be hard. Going into it. And somehow I thought it'd be a little easier. Because Boyfriend's the one, you know. The only one for me. And that— keeps me going.

ROBERT: I wonder if my dream of a perfect relationship is just that. A dream, a stupid dream. I wonder if I will ever find that special someone. I wonder if that special someone is him. I wonder if I'll lose that special someone in the crowd if I stayed too long with him. I wonder if I'm always on his mind. I wonder if he feels the same way I do. I wonder if someone else can love him more than I can. I wonder if someone else can love me more than he can.