A giant table set with tea. A boy and girl sit at opposite ends. They stare greedily.

BOY: Pass the tea?
GIRL: Done.

She passes the tea swiftly, sliding it expertly down the center of the long table.
GIRL: Cheers.

They toast. Down their glasses. He finished first.

BOY: Yes.
GIRL: I had cream in mine.
BOY: Sure.

They stare. She eyes a tray of little cakes.
GIRL: Round two?
BOY: Done.

They both run over to get to the plate first. She gets there first. They make eye contact, get ready to grab the cakes.
GIRL: On your mark...
BOY: Get set...
BOTH: Go!

They shovel the cakes into their mouths. The girl swallows hers without chewing, she winces a little. The boy is still chewing.

GIRL: Yes.
BOY: (mouth full) Not fair. I'm not used to putting big things in my mouth.

She slaps him. Hard.

BOY: I take it back. Shake on it?

He extends a hand, she takes it. They shake once. Twice. They walk back to their original seats. They both eye the table.

BOY: Cheers?
He pours a glass for himself and slides the pot down to her. She pours a glass.
GIRL: On your mark...
She waits for him to speak. He doesn't.
GIRL: On your mark...
Silence. He smiles at her and starts to sip slowly. She quickly tries to catch up, then realizes he isn't slurping and chugging. She lowers her cup and stares at him. She sips her tea too. She makes a silly slurping sound. He laughs. She jumps.

GIRL: What?
BOY: I'm sorry. You made a funny sound.
GIRL: Oh. I didn't mean it.
BOY: I liked it.
GIRL: You did?
BOY: I did.

She stares, quite confused now. She sips some more. He sips some more. He makes the sound.
GIRL: Now you're making it.
BOY: Yeah.
GIRL: Mmm.
They stare at each other, sipping tea.
GIRL: I like the taste of the tea. It's like sipping twigs.
BOY: I like that. Sipping twigs.
GIRL: Isn't it?
BOY: It tastes like fall.
GIRL: But not just fall. That would mean broken twigs and crunchy leaves. This is like-
BOY: Fresh twigs. Lots of bark.
GIRL: A little bit of clover.
BOY: It tastes soft.
GIRL: I like that.
BOY: It tastes like a glass pebble feels.
GIRL: It tastes like you can hold it--
BOY: Right in the palm of your hand.
They sip. They look at each other.
BOY: Round two?
He walks over to the cakes. She joins him, slowly. They both inspect the cakes.
GIRL: That one looks like it's a confident cake.
BOY: It should be yours.
GIRL: Then this should be yours.
BOY: That looks so delicate.
GIRL: No, not delicate. I think it looks mysterious.
BOY: Mysterious?
GIRL: Okay, maybe not this cake. This one.
BOY: Yes, that one.
GIRL: It looks-
BOTH: Tasty.
They both giggle. They hold up their cakes to their lips. They take a tiny taste. She has a bit on her lip.
BOY: There.
GIRL: Here.
BOY: No, there on your lip.
GIRL: Oh-
She covers her mouth with one hand. He grabs it.
BOY: You have no mirror, let me get it.
He gets very close to her face. They are about to kiss.
BOY: I got it.
GIRL: Oh. Thank you. Is that all?
BOY: Why, do you think you have more?
GIRL: Maybe.
BOY: Maybe?
GIRL: Maybe I do.
BOY: Why don't you know?
GIRL: Because I'm unsure about a lot of things. I always think I know something and then whoosh! I think it's because I am so frantic. Frenetic, really. I always want to be doing something. I can't just sit around. My brain, it's so bah-bah-bAH. I can't ever stop. No, not my brain. My heart. Bah-bah-bAH, bah-bah-bAH. Over and over. Not always, actually. Just when I'm here, really. It's a long table you know. You ever wonder why it's so long?
BOY: It is a long table. I'm always surprised when you can slide the teapot all the way down without spilling a single drop. I almost always spill.
GIRL: You'll get better. I think it's just luck with me.
BOY: Definitely not.
GIRL: Well you are so good about not making a mess with the cakes. I get them everywhere.
BOY: You do.
GIRL: But I always win with the cakes.
BOY: You do.
She waits for his joke. It doesn't come.
BOY: I like that you like cakes.
GIRL: I love cakes.
BOY: You love cakes?
GIRL: Yes.
BOY: Love?
GIRL: I do. They are warm. They make my heart go fastfastfastfastfast. Like bah-bah-bAH, but bahbahbAHbahbahBAH! Its like they are filled with little pockets of warmth that dissolve inside me and flutter around inside me trying to escape, so my heart is just bursting with little particles of warmth. It feels so good.
BOY: I like that.
GIRL: And I love cakes.
BOY: I love tea.
GIRL: You do?
BOY: I do. If you sip it slow enough its like there is a thread extending from your mouth all the way down inside you. Deep inside you. This long thread of gold, winding through you. Stretching out to your fingertips, back across your skin, behind your neck, wrapping across your chest, through your legs, around your ankles and back into your heart. You feel it pulsing, pulling, tickling, twisting, stretching, and vibrating constantly. All at once. And it holds you, but not tight. It feels strong, like it won’t let go. Strong and constant. Flowing into you, just sipping constantly. Constantly flowing into you. A constant stream of love.
GIRL: I like that.
BOY: And I love tea.
GIRL: Good thing we both love things at this table.
BOY: Yes, that’s very good.
They both sit back down at their respective ends of the table. They gaze into each other. Trying to read what cannot be described.
BOY: I/Want some tea?
GIRL: /Want a cake?
BOTH: Yes.
They laugh. She slides him the pot of tea, he pours a cup. He slides her a plate with a cake on it. They look at each other, he sips, she takes a bite. They both have a moment of bliss.

LIGHTS CHANGE
BOY: When I look at her
GIRL: When I look at him
BOY: I lose feeling in my fingertips
GIRL: I forget how words work.
BOTH: Wait...
BOY: I don’t mean I actually lose feeling. I can still feel them. I guess it’s just a tingling. I tingle.
GIRL: I remember words, I just, I don’t know how to use them in the best way.
BOY: I want to reach out and make sure my fingers still work, you know? Test them. Against something. Her skin. Her collarbone, really. Just touch. Pinky, Ring, Middle, Index, Thumb.
GIRL: I think very hard. I look at him and I think. Because I figure if I do that, something will come out. Something that shows I’ve been thinking. But sometimes I say the best things when I don’t think. When I just say things. When I say things I don’t think about, he says he likes them.
BOY: She always knows what to say. And I just, I just want to respond but I keep thinking about my fingers and touching and her collarbone. I’m afraid one day she will notice me staring at it. I stare at it a lot. I stare at her a lot. But she stares at me, so I think I’m safe. We are safe in our st...
BOY: Fingers touching collarbones?
*He stands. She nods and stands.*

BOY: Hands on hearts?
*She nods, they walk together.*

BOY: Hearts touching hearts?
*She nods, they stand chest to chest.*

GIRL: Maybe-

BOY: Maybe, you have a little something?

GIRL: Yes.

BOY: Yes.

*They kiss.*

END OF PLAY