

Inosculation

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Or, her 19th year.

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CAST OF CHARACTERS

LU, a girl with dark hair

LYNN, a girl with dark eyes

SETTING

A wooden counter-top.

LU

Do you think that wood remembers when it was alive?  
Because it has rings, you know

LYNN

And

LU

Rings are like scars, right?

LYNN

I don't know. I'm not an... Arsonist.

LU

Arborist.

LYNN

Whatever.

LU

But you have scars

LYNN

And you have scabs.

*LU comes back to her spot.*

LYNN

Now why don't you tell me what you're really thinking:

LU

I was thinking, and

LYNN

You were thinking too

LU

We were both thinking chaos

LYNN

How are you thinking what I am thinking

LU

Do you think thoughts

LYNN

Are contagious or connected, you know

LU

Like waves

Like pass through us as currents, maybe at a higher frequency, not speaking just dissolving through my skin out and then in again through yours, through your synapses up up and there:

LYNN

Some thoughts, not all of them.

LU

Why?

LYNN

Why might any two equal things ever not work. Why do some people get pimples and some don't

LU

Why is skin semipermeable  
We went back again

LYNN

We're so close that when I run away my hair brushes your skin  
Why

LU

You can't escape

LYNN

Why

LU

And are some thoughts rooted?  
Did you know that when a tree is in close proximity to another tree of its kind, it can -- It intertwines with the other, like the branches, the roots, they grow they form together  
It knows when it's back when it's found... It --

LYNN

It's called inosculation.  
You told me last time.  
And I wrote it down.