

In the center of the stage sits a kitchen table. It is partially set. The tablecloth is colorful, the scene cheerful. Birdsong and the sound of windchimes are heard faintly in the background. Enter IRIS, a kind young woman. She brings the finishing touches to the table, including a vase of flowers. She smiles at her work. Enter ASPEN, who lingers as though in a doorway, watching IRIS lovingly. They may be played by a person of any gender. IRIS looks up after a moment to see them.

IRIS: (jokingly)

Give me a moment, It's nearly ready! So impatient.

ASPEN: (amused)

Maybe I just want to watch you make it.

IRIS:

Yes, and you're so useful to have around. Get over here and help me with this.

ASPEN walks over to her. Instead of helping, they catch her hand and draw her away from the table, the pair of them dancing around it as IRIS laughs.

IRIS:

This is not helping.

ASPEN:

Are you sure?

IRIS:

Maybe a little.

IRIS pulls away from their dance, still laughing.

IRIS:

Lunch will be cold by the time we ever get around to eating it.

She pulls out a chair for ASPEN. They sit down. She sits down across from them. They mime beginning to eat.

IRIS:

Is it any good?

ASPEN:

It's perfect.

IRIS:

You'd say that even if it was burnt.

Pause. They eat.

Look at us. We made it.

She looks around, gesturing to the room.

We have a beautiful house. How did we manage that? It's even got a vegetable garden. How ridiculous is that?

Pause.

ASPEN:

Why me, Iris? How did I ever get so lucky?

IRIS: (laughing, playful)

Maybe I finally decided to just pick someone and go with it. You were good enough.
They pause, watching each other lovingly for an instant. Only birdsong and the wind chime is heard.

I love you, Aspen.

ASPEN:

I know.

IRIS:

Oh, don't get all dramatic on me.

Pause. They eat.

ASPEN:

I'd relive a day like this. I'd play it over and over.

IRIS: (lightly)

You'd grow tired of me rambling on at you rather quickly, I'd think.

ASPEN:

Never.

Pause.

IRIS:

The carrots in the garden are nearly grown. The next time we have carrots they'll be ones that we grew. It feels like a fairytale.