

## What We Don't Say

Setting:

A quiet neighborhood park in late summer. The sun is low, casting golden light through the trees. A glass table sits under an old oak tree. Alex and Jamie, both 18, sit across from each other, drinks and snacks on the table. There's a gentle breeze, and the sounds of distant laughter and birdsong fill the air.

JAMIE:

(leans back, looking around)

I can't believe this place hasn't changed at all. Even that weird crack in the table is still here.

ALEX:

(smiling, running a finger along the crack)

We did that, remember? You dared me to see if I could balance on top of it. I slipped and dropped your mom's flower vase.

JAMIE:

(laughs) She was so mad. But she forgave us after we cleaned up the mess and promised never to use her vases again.

ALEX:

(grinning) We broke that promise, like, three more times.

(They both laugh, the sound is easy and familiar.)

JAMIE:

You know, I always thought we'd be sitting here together forever. Like, no matter what happened, we'd always find our way back.

ALEX:

Yeah. Me too. But then high school happened. And you stayed, and I left.

JAMIE:

It wasn't the same without you. Everyone kept asking where you were, if you'd come back for holidays. I always said yes, but...  
it wasn't enough.

ALEX:

I missed you, Jamie. More than I ever said. I made new friends, but none of them really got me. Not like you do.

JAMIE:

(sighs, picking at the label on their drink)  
I tried to move on, you know? I tried to make new memories. But every time something big happened, I wanted to tell you first.

ALEX:

Same. When I got my driver's license, when I failed my first math test, when I went to prom with someone I barely knew... I just wanted to call you.

(A comfortable silence settles. They watch a pair of kids playing tag nearby.)

JAMIE:

Remember when we used to play hide-and-seek here? You always hid behind the same tree.

ALEX:

Hey, it worked! You never found me until I started giggling.

JAMIE:

(smiles softly)

I always knew where you were. I just liked hearing you laugh.

(Alex looks at Jamie, surprised by the confession. Jamie quickly looks away.)

ALEX:

I wish I'd known that.

JAMIE:

There's a lot we didn't say, I guess.

ALEX:

Like what?

(Jamie hesitates, then shrugs.)

JAMIE:

Like how hard it was when you left. Or how proud I am of you for making it out there. Or... how scared I am that after tonight, we'll just become people who used to know each other.

ALEX:

That won't happen. I won't let it.

JAMIE:

You can't promise that, Alex. Life gets busy. People change.

ALEX:

Maybe. But some things don't. Like this table. Like us.

(Jamie smiles, but there's sadness in their eyes.)

JAMIE:

Do you remember the night before you moved? We snuck out and watched the stars from your backyard. You said you were going to find a city where you could see the stars and the skyline at the same time.

ALEX:

(chuckles)

Turns out, cities are too bright for stars. I miss those nights.

JAMIE

Me too.

(A long pause. The sun dips lower. The air feels heavier.)

ALEX:

So, what happens now? You're off to college next week. I'm heading back to the city tomorrow.

JAMIE:

I don't know. I guess we keep living. Maybe we text sometimes. Maybe we visit on holidays. Maybe we drift apart.

ALEX:

I don't want that.

JAMIE:

Neither do I. But I'm scared it'll happen anyway.

(Alex reaches across the table, placing a hand over Jamie's.)

ALEX:

Hey. No matter what, you're my best friend. Always have been. Always will be.

JAMIE:

(smiles, tears in their eyes)

Promise?

ALEX:

Promise.

(They sit in silence, hands clasped, letting the moment linger.)

JAMIE:

There's something I've never told you.

ALEX:

What is it?

(Jamie opens their mouth, hesitates, then shakes their head.)

JAMIE:

Never mind. It doesn't matter.

ALEX:

Jamie...

JAMIE:

(smiling through tears)

Just... Thank you. For being my person all these years.

ALEX:

Thank you for being mine.

(They stand, gathering their things. The sky is streaked with pink and gold. They walk slowly toward the park exit, side by side.)

ALEX:

This isn't goodbye, you know.

JAMIE:

No. Just... see you later.

ALEX:

See you later.

(They hug tightly, holding on as if they could stop time. Then, reluctantly, they let go. Alex walks one way, Jamie the other.

Both glance back, but neither calls out. The words left unsaid—about love, fear, and hope—hang in the warm evening air, shimmering like the last rays of sunlight on the glass table.)

End.