

"Us."

by Carol Sandford

"Can we talk?"

"Sure, what's on your mind?"

"Us."

"Us?"

"Us."

"Um...what about us?"

"Haven't you noticed? There is no 'us'."

"Of course there is, Deanna, there will always be an 'us'."

"Oh, I know there will always be 'us', but what about... 'Us'?"

"You're giving me a headache, Deanna."

"Sorry... No, second thoughts, I'm not sorry."

"You're not!?"

"No. You see, I want you to go away and think about what I said. I want you to have a headache so bad that the only way you'll get rid of it is to come up with a solution."

"Are you okay, Deanna? You're making me worried."

"I'm fine...or, I will be as soon as you've had your little think, and realised what's wrong with our relationship."

"What relationship!?"

"Exactly."

"Deanna, are you saying you want a relationship with me?"

"Could be. Don't you want a relationship with me?"

"I'm not sure. Well, what I mean is...I'm not sure..."

"Look at us, Will. When you're near me, I'm complete. when you're not, I'm lost. When I'm asleep, you invade my dreams..."

"I do?"

"Yes, you do. When you are alone in your quarters, I know you are thinking about me...us. You want this as much as I do, Will."

"What do you dream about, Deanna?"

"Us."

"As in...us...together..."

"Uh huh. Don't you dream about me, Will?"

"Well...yes, but...but I also dream about lots of other things too."

"Yes, I know, Will, but not in quite the same way."

"No...no, never in the same way."

"I'm better."

"You are huh?"

"Yup. The best."

"Can't argue with that."

"Now do you see why I want to talk about 'us'?"

"Do we have to talk?"

"I guess not..."