

## AFLIC

by Sean Pollock, Liz Bynum and Rachel Atkinson

NARRATING LEGS:

How To Get A Man In Nine Simple Steps.

- 8) When you're talking eye-to-eye, tilt your face downward while pushing your chin slightly forward. Research shows this angle makes your features seem softer and more feminine, plus it pops your eyes—so you'll put your hottest face forward.

BERNIE. ...so then you already have your lips on theirs, and you open your mouth?

CHIP. Err, yes.

BERNIE. So the lips actually... touch?

CHIP. Well, that is the basic concept of a kiss.

BERNIE. And a make out is a kiss?

CHIP. In a sense. Bernie... could I... could I show you?

BERNIE. (*dismayed*) You want to have oral contact with me?

CHIP. Well, when I told my dad that we were together, part of it, part of it felt right. Being able to please him and all, you know? So, I thought, I thought maybe we could try. (*VERY awkwardly steps closer*)

BERNIE. I thought that only fairies had tails. (*trips toward him*)

*(The two share the most historically awkward kiss, which appears to be more on each others cheeks than mouths. Bernie is stiffly moving her head up and down, while Chip stays still. Chip pulls away first, slightly disgruntled.)*

BERNIE. I feel that was very monumental.

CHIP. Could I have some water? Or Listerine?

BERNIE. (*Smirking in an uncomfortably devious way*) Yes.

CHIP. (*waiting for more of a reply, but gives up.*) Alright.

*(Blackout. Bernie is lying on the bed, legs in the air, above head wiggling strangely, while chatting to Manny on the phone in what sounds like tongues. Chip returns with water in hand)*

CHIP. Bernie? Oh Jesus what are you doing?

BERNIE. (*Quickly hangs up phone*) Calisthenics. It helps keep me in shape for underwater water polo.

CHIP. Oh. Well I'll just wait I guess...(*walks around a good minute wait as Bernie continues with her Calisthenics*)

CHIP. Bernie, what's wrong with you?

BERNIE. (*sits up*) I...have a condition. It's a condition that distinguishes organisms from inorganic objects and dead organisms. I suffer from what is commonly known as...life.

CHIP. I guess you have it worse than I thought.

BERNIE. What do you mean?

CHIP. Nothing, I mean I mean something. But it may as well be nothing. It wouldn't be productive conversation.

BERNIE. The only kind of conversation that is productive is the kind of conversation you have right before being reproductive. We learned that in sex education.

CHIP. I must have missed that day. Seeing as this is an unproductive conversation--

BERNIE. It is not.

CHIP. Oh?

BERNIE. You make out nicely.

CHIP. Is this going somewhere?

BERNIE. Don't you want to try?

CHIP. Try...?

BERNIE. Inserting.

CHIP. Inserting?

BERNIE. It.

CHIP. *(Now terrified)* In your...

BERNIE. I want you to make love to me.

CHIP. What?

BERNIE. Isn't that what I'm supposed to say?

CHIP. Well, I don't love you. It would just be fornication.

BERNIE. I think I'm okay with that...

CHIP. Bernie, I think we should take it slower. Like, bring it down a bit.

BERNIE. Bring it down a beat? Well how about  $\frac{3}{4}$  time instead? Less strenuous.

*(Bernie takes his hand in hers ceremoniously and begins waltzing with him. Song "Baby Beluga" plays)*

CHIP: Bernie, that's not in the proper time signature to be a waltz.

*(Bernie makes a face at him while holding her breath. The Legs dance in the background. Bernie moves into kiss him again. Eventually Chip breaks the dance)*

CHIP: Oh god, what have I done. I love August.

*(He exits swiftly, crying. Blackout)*

*For the full script and performance inquires, please contact Sean Pollock at [seanpollock1992@gmail.com](mailto:seanpollock1992@gmail.com)*