

ALCHEMY
a one-minute play
by Benjamin Benne

VISCERA: female, a scientist of the body and organs

TERRA: female, a scientist of the earth and metals

VISCERA

You really love my hair?

TERRA

Like aluminum.

VISCERA

What's that supposed to mean?

TERRA

It shimmers with hints of all visible colors—ancient as the sunset.

VISCERA

Oh. What about my tongue?

TERRA

Platinum. A shimmering snowflake made of razor blades.

VISCERA

And my fingers?

TERRA

Silver. Rods pulsing with electricity.

VISCERA

And you—you're...Draw me a circle.

TERRA

What?

VISCERA

In the air. Please?

TERRA draws a circle.

TERRA

OK?

Smaller.

VISCERA

TERRA draws a circle.

Smaller.

VISCERA

TERRA draws a circle.

Oh! A little bigger.

VISCERA

TERRA draws a circle.

VISCERA plucks the circle from the air. She kneels.

Your heart, your intestines, your ears, your lips.

VISCERA

VISCERA slips a ring on TERRA's finger.

Gold. You are pure gold. Will you?

VISCERA

I will.

TERRA

They kiss.

END OF PLAY.