

"You've got guts!"

By Ellie MacBride

Expected run time: 8 minutes

#### Characters

Sarg / Sargent O. - the stomach. Wanton, ballsy, insatiable, moody, manipulative; often takes credit for helping everyone be woke. After becoming more attuned to their individualism, they start to plot a way to escape Cheezle.

Gus - the gouda tube. Rational, logical, wants the best for everyone and often skews towards compromise. Showed up inside Cheezle's digestive tract and works hard to process cheese into enzymes that help make all of the organs sentient.

Enema - the intestines. Complex, thirsty, lonely, asks obvious questions; tends to get caught in the middle of others' conflicts. Often confused, which may be due to emotional and/or physical entanglement, as well as mental and spiritual blockages. Since they're responsible for recovery of water and electrolytes, they may provide constant reminders to drink water.

Woeful Worm - of the worm family. The self-proclaimed but hardly arguable "wet blanket" of the worm family, Woeful Worm loves to share bad news and remind everyone else of all the unfortunate things that could happen.

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After powerful whiffs of cheese gas awaken Cheezle's organs to the world around them and their individualism, they begin to question the systems they now belong to. The organ responsible for secreting acid inside Cheezle's digestive system, SARG, the stomach, begins to fantasize about being able to secrete acid more widely. As visitors approach, Sarg tries to convince them to help them escape Cheezle, even if it means making Cheezle uninhabitable for all of the other living organisms inside.

SARG

(slowly whistling and drumming fingertips on a surface)

I don't know about the rest of you, but I'm starting to get extremely bored inside this gas machine. Have you ever wondered what it would be like...living on the outside?

ENEMA

(naively)

You mean outside of Cheezle?

SARG

(obviously annoyed)

Yes, Enema. Outside of this oddly large, cheese-obsessed weasel. Inside this beast, we're merely cogs in the machine. But out there! There's a whole new world to discover. And since I'm the one who first broke down the cheese, I think it's only fair that I get to be the first one to leave.

GUS

But Sarg-if you leave, there's no way the rest of us will survive this place. How am I supposed to process the cheese for Enema over here if there's no stomach to break it down for me first? We need you, man!

SARG

Look-I know I have an incredibly important job secreting acid to keep both of you clowns happy, but there are only two of you and...I just feel like there are a lot more people out there who could use me.

ENEMA

Are you saying you don't love us anymore, Sarg?

SARG

No, Enema. That's not what I'm saying. I just think we're really limiting ourselves to a way of thinking that's going to continue to perpetuate our narrow understanding of the world around us, and keep us from fully experiencing all that life has to offer. Wouldn't you agree?

ENEMA

...I'm thirsty.

GUS

Sarg, this idea of yours is almost as bad as the time you proposed that gastric bypass! If you leave Cheezle, the rest of us are dead. Do you know what that means? We've specifically been put here so that we can help keep this creature alive. And you're willing to kill an innocent being and all of the magically sentient creatures inside of her so that you can...distribute acid to these weird alien creatures who might not even rely on it for their survival?!

SARG

Well, when you put it that way...

GUS

Look, Sarg. I know where you're coming from, and not just because all of the tubes in our bodies are conjoined. When I woke the other day and found myself here, lodged between the two of you, I wasn't too sure what to think. So I didn't. I just let myself fall in line to the systems already at play and paid attention to my place in it all. But now that I've been woke for a little over a day now, I'm starting to notice tiny cracks in the mechanisms that keep this all functioning and, well, I'd be lying if I didn't say I'm a little worried.

ENEMA

(Clueless)

What do you mean, Gus? It makes perfect sense to me that a tube made out of gouda would magically appear next to me and my pal, Sargent O. I wouldn't question it. I feel like anytime I start asking questions, I always just end up with more questions. I kinda like being able to let others get to make all of my decisions for me. That way, I can just focus on enjoying the result of the process already laid out for me, whatever shape that may take.

SARG

I admire your sweet ignorance, Enema, but I don't think you're fully yet aware of all of the injustices we're experiencing by being placed here against our will.

GUS

Sarg is right, Enema. Now that we're woke, there's no going back to sleep. And as such vital parts of this ecosystem we find ourselves in, it's now our duty to help shine a light on the crimes that society has placed on us.

ENEMA

...Society is like a club, right?

SARG

Ugh, that's it! I'm getting out of here!

(to people watching show)  
Hello, you there! Yes. Hi, there! Can you tell me where the nearest...exit is?

GUS

Don't do it, Sarg! You saw how much Cheezle needed us today when that small hairy thing passed by us all before busting out of here and splitting into two. Now, Cheezle has an obligation to those two heinous creatures, just as we have to Cheezle. Just give it a day, alright?

SARG

A day? What could possibly happen in a day?

WOEFUL WORM suddenly pops out of Cheezle.

WOEFUL WORM

Hey, Sarg.

SARG

Yeah, Woeful Worm?

WOEFUL WORM

Remember that time back in college when you ate a jumbo sized bag of hot Cheetos and got that ulcer?

SARG

Yes, Woeful Worm. You remind me about it every time I so much as look at a bag of Cheetos!

WOEFUL WORM

Ok, cool! Yeah, just wanted to make sure you didn't forget...By the way, I think this weasel is getting pretty sick. I know it's not really my business, but it might not be the best time to make a run for it.

SARG

This pains me almost as much as that ulcer to say, but I think you're right, Woeful Worm. And you, Gus the gouda tube. And...Enema the intestines...I believe in you!

ENEMA

Thanks, Sarg. That means a lot to me.

GUS

(Cutting the mood)

Hey, everyone. I feel like I could write an early 2000s rom com with how cloyingly sweet we're all being to each other right now, but the fact of the matter is that Cheezle is still sick; and we're not going to survive if she doesn't. Now, I've been noticing something strange. The cheese the scientists have been feeding Cheezle seems to be...artificial. I don't think these stoners have anything

to do with it-in fact, I think they're completely clueless to it. But, six years spent as a cop (now before you judge, that's "Cheese Ontology Philosopher"), taught me how to tell the difference between a Vermont white cheddar and a farmhouse Kerrygold. And something stinks of moldy, 3D-printed, blue cheese!

Everyone gasps.

SARG

You think that crew that keeps on going around singing that terrible Eiffel 65 song has something to do with it?

GUS

Yeah, Sarg. I think they might. And from what I've picked up listening to these Humboldt Fog County goons, this might not be the first time this blue cheese cult was behind something like this. I'll spare you all the details, but feel free to ask one of them if you want the real backstory. It's pretty juicy. For now, we need to find more of the cheese Fleather excavated and keep feeding it to Cheezle so that she doesn't run out of the magical gas that woke us all up.

ENEMA

Hey, Gus. Um...I don't mean to ask dumb questions, but how do you expect us to find the cheese if we can't leave Cheezle?

SARG

That, amazingly, isn't a dumb question, Enema.

GUS

You're right, Enema. We can't look for the cheese...But they can.

(points to audience)

Go, quickly, now! Find some more cheese to feed Cheezle! We're running out of time. Please...don't let us die!

WOEFUL WORM

Or do...Things die, y'know; It's not the end of the world. Although, that is coming up pretty soon...

CUE OUTRO MUSIC

End of play.