

“Dental Dramatics”  
by Matt Worzala

Two TEETH, BICUSPID in front and MOLAR in the back, stand on stage.  
BEEF is stuck between the two of them.

BICUSPID:  
Is it still there?

MOLAR:  
Can you still FEEL it pressing against you?

BICUSPID:  
Yes.

MOLAR:  
Then it's still there.

BEEF:  
You don't have to talk about me like I'm not here.

MOLAR:  
Oh, trust me, we KNOW you're here.

BICUSPID:  
Okay, calm down Molar.

MOLAR:  
You calm down Bicuspid.

BICUSPID:  
I am calm.

BEEF:  
I'm starting to freak out a little. If either of you care.

MOLAR:  
I don't. You've brought nothing but ruin to me.

BICUSPID:  
Ruin's kind of stretching it, don't you think Molar?

MOLAR:  
Shredded beef? What sort of idiot eats shredded beef?

BICUSPID:  
I kind of like it.

BEEF:  
Thank you, that's very nice of you to say.

BICUSPID:  
I mean, I can't taste it or anything, but Tongue says it's very good.

MOLAR:  
I said we should go with the soup, but did anyone listen to me? No. And now look at us, with a wedge of beef stuck between us. Trapped forever.

BEEF:  
Forever?

BICUSPID:  
Don't listen to Molar, he's just being melodramatic. You should hear him when we have three cans of soda in a day.

MOLAR:  
Tooth decay is a serious problem Bicuspid! Make light of it all you want, but we're doomed, man. I'm doomed.

BICUSPID:  
You're not doomed. Okay? It's going to work out, he'll think of something.

MOLAR:  
Oh he will, will he? He's the one who thought shredded beef would be a good idea.

BEEF:  
Could you leave me out of this? I blame this gap that I fell into. One of you want to explain that?

TONGUE ENTERS.

BICUSPID:  
See, it's not so bad. Tongue's here.

MOLAR:  
[sarcastic] Oh good, all of our problems are solved. Yay!

TONGUE tries to get BEEF loose, but can only bang into the side of the teeth and push BEEF around a little bit.

MOLAR:

Try sorta smashing up against it again, that worked real well the first dozen times.

TONGUE:

I'm sorry guys I'm trying my best!

BICUSPID:

It's okay Tongue, no one is blaming you.

MOLAR:

I'M blaming you!

BICUSPID:

Give it one more try, okay?

BEEF:

You're just jamming me in further. Quit it.

TONGUE:

Sorry guys. Sorry hunk of meat.

TONGUE EXITS

MOLAR:

I can feel the bacteria building up already. I can feel it chiseling away at my sleek exterior. Soon it'll be down to the root. You know what happens to a tooth with a rotted root, don't you?

BICUSPID:

Nothing is going to happen to you Molar.

BEEF:

What happens to a tooth with a rotted root?

MOLAR:

Well, at least someone cares. I'm glad you asked. You've betrayed me and destroyed me, but I'm glad you asked. They yank you out and cast you into the darkness.

BEEF:

That sounds awful!

MOLAR:

It probably is!

BICUSPID:

Molar, no one's going to yank you out. There are no bacteria, and even if there were it will take time to make any sort of damage in your- uh-oh, look out.

FINGER ENTERS and slams right into BICUSPID

BICUSPID:

Ow. Further back finger.

FINGER rams into BICUSPID again, slightly lower.

BICUSPID:

No, BACK Finger. Back towards the back.

FINGER moves upstage past MOLAR

MOLAR:

Too far Finger. [muttered] You idiot.

FINGER rams into MOLAR

BICUSPID:

Just a little bit further Finger.

MOLAR:

You're going to pop me out!

BICUSPID:

He's not going to- that's it, just a little further.

FINGER begins picking at BEEF but can't do much. Randomly bangs back into the two teeth. TONGUE returns and begins pushing from the other side.

MOLAR:

It's like Abbot and Costello in here. Except they're both big idiots. It's like Costello and Costello in here.

TONGUE:

Sorry guys!

BICUSPID:

It's okay Tongue, you're trying your best.

TONGUE EXITS. FINGER slams into BICUSPID again and then EXITS

MOLAR:

This is it. This is how it all ends.

BICUSPID:

You're making more out of this than you need to. So we've got some food stuck in us, that doesn't automatically equal a cavity.

MOLAR:

What if we both rot? Have you thought about that Bicuspid? What if the bacteria gets both of us and we both rot? You know what happens then, right? A Bridge! Fake teeth screwed into our place!

BEEF:

Oh shut up! All you've done is complain since I got here. You're not the only one suffering you know.

MOLAR:

\*gasp\*

BEEF:

You think I asked to be stuck in here? The rest of Shredded Beef has gone down below, and where am I? Stuck here between the two of you.

BICUSPID:

Kind of like Purgatory, huh?

BEEF:

Purgatory? Try Hell. I come from Cow. When Cow dies I become Beef. Beef is to be eaten. That is Beef's destiny. To be cooked, chewed and to go down below. Instead, I'm trapped here with you two, never to go down below, never to achieve my destiny. I hope I do rot. I hope I rot, and they do yank you Molar, so that this entire mouth will always remember that it was Beef that did this to you.

MOLAR:

Okay, I am seriously scared now. Oh, that I had been a baby tooth, that I might have known the hour of my demise, pushed forth out into the void, knowing as I went that another tooth waited to fill my place. To ride with the Tooth Fairy to a land where the Fluoride flows freely and brush bristles reach every crevice.

BICUSPID:

Shhh, something's coming.

MOLAR:

It's too late for Beef and I now Bicuspid. Good-bye.

BICUSPID:  
TOOTHPICK!

TOOTHPICK enters and with ease pries BEEF loose. BEEF disappears off-stage.

BEEF:  
Free! Free at last! I'm coming my brothers, down below!

TOOTHPICK EXITS

MOLAR:  
Oh, what a relief.

BICUSPID:  
I'll say.

MOLAR:  
Good old Toothpick.

BICUSPID:  
Certainly saved the day, didn't it.

MOLAR:  
Thanks for helping me keep it together back there Bicuspid.

BICUSPID:  
That was you keeping it together?

MOLAR:  
Well, you know... thanks.

BICUSPID:  
You're welcome Molar. Tell you the truth? I was a little scared there for a while too.

MOLAR:  
Really?

BICUSPID:  
Really?

MOLAR:  
Well, we won't have to worry about that again anytime soon, eh old buddy? Wait, what's he putting in here now? Is that POPCORN??