

“Cell Talk” A short skit about cells.  
These cells are in a human’s body, a Mr. Terry.

The characters are Lizzie Lysosome, Mighty Mitochondria, Ned Nucleus, Reggie Ribosome, Sally Cell Membrane, Gordon Golgi, and Mary Microfilament. (And the Chorus, of course.)

The first scene opens in Terry’s liver. The cell parts are “discussing” the events of the day.

Ned: “You should not have allowed those particles inside our cell! I’ve told you over and over how dangerous it is to allow unknown particles inside this membrane. But do you listen to me? No—o—o—o!”

Sally: “Look, Ned...I can’t watch every little particle that ventures near our cell. That’s not in my job description. I’m assigned to a small area along the northeast perimeter 200 angstroms wide and 100 angstroms deep. There are thousands of other cell membranes in this area, so I don’t feel so bad about the mishap.”

Ned: “Well, all I can say is that it’s my job to make sure that molecular traffic is orderly. I’m your boss, understand? And if you guys can’t pull your weight, we’ll have you removed by powerful digestive enzymes.”

Sally: “I’m going to tell you a secret, Ned. There’s a movement for us cell pores in the membrane to form a union. We’ve.. .“ (Ned interrupts.)

Chorus: “In great numbers there is unity; Divided we fall;  
Obey the old nucleus, or activities stall.”

(Some of the other cell parts have been listening to the discussion between Ned and Sally. They want to add their two cents’ worth but seem a bit fearful.)

Reggie: “Can I say something? Please?”

Chorus: (Whispering behind hand-shielded mouth parts.) “He wants to talk! Can you believe that Reggie wants to speak in the presence of the big boss? Chatter, chatter, chatter, Buzz, buzz, buzz.”)

Ned: “Yes, ribosome...you may speak. What’s on your mind?”

Reggie: “Well, I’m in the business of manufacturing protein...”

Chorus: “Spit it out, man! Say it real quick. Get back to work now;  
Don’t make us sick.”

Ned: “Go ahead, man! Spit it out!”

Reggie: “I’ve heard rumors that this human’s body has been invaded by a nasty virus particle within the last two hours.”

Chorus: “Is it the AIDS virus, HIV?”

Reggie: “I’ve been ordered by the immune system to have my workers begin preparing anti-bodies. This is a Code Red!”

Chorus: “Code Red, code red, Work hard, or we’re dead!”

Mary Microfilament: “Oh, no...there goes the neighborhood... again. Every time we get our tissue healthy, some virus invades and weakens our structures. My protein strands are thin enough in a healthy state, let alone after a viral invasion. The cytoskeletal system will become weak, weak, weak. I just hate it when that happens.”

Chorus: “There goes the neighborhood, thinning our walls, Pulling off shingles, Structures start to fall.”

Gordon Golgi body: “Viral invasion causes our packaging stations to become clogged. Imagine if all of the U.S. postal workers were in slow motion. Now imagine that all of the shipping cartons, envelopes, and other packages are suddenly not there. That’s real bad, wouldn’t you say?”

Chorus: “Yes, real bad indeed!”

The boxes and the packages  
All over the cells  
End up like prisoners  
Stuck inside jails.”

Ned: “Okay, who else has something to say? Speak up. Now’s the time. Don’t say I didn’t give you a chance.”

Lizzy Lysosome: “When viral invasions occur, it messes up my digestive enzymes. If there’s too many of the viral particles, that makes a big mess — dead stuff lying all over the passageways. And it stinks, too! My enzymes can’t keep up with the demand. It’s too much, I tell you tell.”

Chorus: “Too many particles Lying in our streets, Stinking up our tissues, Worse than athlete’s feet!”

Mighty Mitochondria: “You should see what happens down in the muscle tissue. The calcium and potassium ions get thrown out of whack, and then the muscles can’t function as efficiently. It’s a trip, man. I’m telling you, those virus particles have to be stopped by any means possible.”

Ned: “What do you suggest, Mighty?”

Mighty: “Well, I know that excess heat can ruin my tissue’s enzymes, so I’d suggest that we plummet these nasty no-good-for-nothing particles with heat.”

Ned: “You’re talking about fever?”

Mighty: “Yes, I suppose that fever might be the trick. It’s the closest thing our bodies have besides things like lymphocytes.

Chorus: “Heat it up, Cook it down, Make those viruses wear a frown.”

(So that’s what happened in this story. Fever and the body’s natural defense mechanism helped prevent the viruses from killing Terry. He did get sick, but it wasn’t as bad as it could have been. And this is just one cell story in the novel. There are literally thousands of chapters. Why don’t you write one?)