

## **The Whole Tooth**

### Synopsis

A son conspires to catch his father playing tooth fairy and stages an inquisition that dismantles the magic of his childhood and forces dad to come clean about parentally constructed myths.

### Cast of Characters

DAD: A loving father, in over his head.

SON: A precocious boy who has lost a tooth.

### Place

A young boy's bedroom

### Time

In the wee hours of the Tooth Fairy

Setting: A boy's bedroom at night. The room is dark, but for a nightlight glowing in the corner.

At Rise: DAD slips into the room and sneaks over to the bed. As he forages around under the pillow the lights come on. He turns to find SON across the room with his hand on the light switch.

SON

Looking for something, Dad?

DAD (busted!)

Me? What? No!

SON

Is that my tooth you got there in your hand?

DAD

Tooth? Oh, yeah. Yup. Just making sure it's where it needs to be. For the tooth fairy.

SON

The tooth fairy?

(Dad NODS)

Who flies through the night on fairy wings and sneaks into the bedrooms of children so that she might buy their baby teeth for an unnegotiated price and steal away into the night before they awake?

DAD

Sounds about right.

SON

What do you think she does with those teeth, Dad?

DAD

Your grandma told me she's building a house.

SON

What, a molar model of Versailles? Please, Dad, can we handle this like gentlemen?

DAD

There's nothing to handle here, son, but getting you back in bed. Come on...

(DAD guides SON back to bed; SON lifts DAD'S wallet from his bathrobe pocket.)

SON

Do you normally carry your wallet in your bathrobe, Dad?

DAD

No. See, that's because...

(beat)

I ordered pizza.

SON

At 2AM? Dad, please. I've known for ages. The bottom of your sock drawer is filled with teeth. You're either the tooth fairy or a closeted cannibal.

DAD

Please don't tell your mother!

SON

Tell her what, Dad? Am I to believe that lying she-devil isn't in on it too?

DAD

Well...

SON

Do you honestly think I would believe you planned this caper all on your own? There's always a mastermind behind these kinds of plots, and I seriously doubt it was you.

DAD

Hey now—

SON

She knew.

DAD (shrugs)

She knew.

(beat)

I'm sorry, kid. Here, let me make it up to you.

(pulls a 10-spot out of his wallet and holds it out to SON, who waves him off.)

SON

There'll be plenty of time for that.

(begins to pace like a litigator.)

So, if I am to understand that you are the dentally obsessed fairy of the night, what am I to think of the gift-giving fat man who travels by sleigh and by chimney? Or the terrifyingly disproportionate bunny that lays eggs of candy? Am I to believe in these mystical characters *still*, in light of what we have discovered here tonight?

DAD

Well, Santa is a historical figure and his existence is—

SON

Should I be more clear?

DAD

I feel like we should loop your mother in...

SON

Answer the question! *Are you Santa?!*

DAD

No! Your mother is!

(broken, near tears)

Okay, I eat the cookies. And the carrot. But she does everything else!

SON

And the rabbit?

DAD

Would you believe me if I told you the rabbit is real?

SON

No. Is it?

DAD

No. She does the basket, I hide the eggs.

(pleased with himself)

But I'm the one who came up with the idea of leaving rabbit turds all around.

SON

That was a nice detail.

DAD

Right? 'Cause rabbits poop. Like, all the time. It's all they do!

SON

(a beat, looks at DAD, who is in so much trouble)

We're gonna go deeper here, Dad.

DAD

What?

SON

And I need you to be honest with me, or I'm going to tell Mom what a pussy you've been here tonight.

DAD

No. Please! You wouldn't do that, right? She's so *mean* when she's angry.

SON

Thumper?

DAD

Thumper? Our dog?

SON

Is Thumper *really* on a farm with acres and acres where he can be free?

DAD

(resigned)

He's free all right. I backed over him with the car.

(off SON's look of disgust)

I'm sorry. He was sleeping in the middle of the driveway!

SON

(steels himself, ratchets up his line of questioning)

I find Hershey's miniature wrappers everywhere, but there aren't any in the cabinet *because...?*

DAD

I hide them. There's a loose floorboard in the laundry room.

SON

When you were "working from home" last year, but really spending all your time playing X-box and crying, you were *actually...?*

DAD

Fired. Lost my job.

SON

When I came back from summer camp and I told Mom she looked different, she said it was because I missed her so much, but really it *was...?*

DAD

Her face lift. And the tummy tuck. And the boob job.

SON

The two of you. You're unbelievable. Is there nothing you won't lie about? I mean, are you even really my parents?!?

(DAD freezes, a deer in the headlights)

I'm adopted?! I'm adopted?!? When were you going to tell me?

DAD

Your Mom said nine! She said nine was the best age! I just do what the woman says.

SON

What about Louisa?

DAD

Oh. No. She's ours.

SON

I can't – This is just too –

DAD

(moves to comfort SON)

I'm sorry, son. Do you want to talk about your... umm... feelings? What can I do for you?

SON

(pulls himself together, back to business.)

Fifty.

DAD

Fifty what?

SON

Dollars.

DAD

For your tooth? I was going to give you a shiny new Puerto Rico quarter.

SON

Fuck the tooth, Dad. And let's make it a hundred. A hundred bucks. Plus the quarter. And tomorrow morning I tell Mom the tooth fairy came and aren't I *so* excited.

DAD

Right. I think we can do that. Let's see, here's thirty-five. Hmm... Can I slip the rest under your pillow tomorrow night?

(laughs, anxiously)

Seriously, please don't tell your Mother.

SON

(climbs into bed)

Don't worry, *Ted*, I won't.

(DAD exits.)

SON

(settles in, SIGHS, looks heavenward)

Jesus Christ, can you believe this shit?

BLACKOUT.

**THE WHOLE TOOTH**  
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