

TF1138

by

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FS42: Female, any age 20+
TF1138: Male, any age 20+
Ellis: Male, 30s

SETTING: SR: Typical
bureaucrat office, desk,
chairs in front and
behind desk,
speakerphone and red
button (like the Staples
"easy" button) on desk.
SL: Bedroom of a guy in
his 30s who still lives
in his mom's basement.
Fold-out couch for a
bed, ratty furniture,
Star Wars sheets.

AT RISE: Lights up on
FS42 sitting behind desk
on the phone, TF1138
sits in chair in front
of desk

FS42

... listen I don't care what that little ... no, really, he can
kiss my lily-white ethereal ... no ... look, look, I've got
someone in my office.

*FS42 hangs up the phone and looks up at
TF1138.*

FS42 (cont.)

TF1138, how'd it go out there tonight?

TF1138 (*distracted*)

Huh? Oh, fine.

TF1138 takes out a small bag filled with things that rattle when the bag is shaken and gives bag to FS42.

TF1138 (cont.)

Here you go. (sets bag on desk) It's just...

FS42

Go ahead kid, spit it out.

TF1138

Well, on my last stop was just weird. Kinda shook me. The guy, Ellis or something, was--

FS42 shakes bag and cuts off TF1138

FS42

TF1138, this feels light, you got all your product, didn't you?

TF1138

Yeah boss, of course I... Oh no. I, um, well, after I dropped the cash I think I may have left that Ellis's tooth under his pillow when I got flustered.

FS42

Ok TF1138, you need to listen to me very carefully. At orientation I'm positive they went over the importance of collecting every tooth. Every. Single. Tooth. No exceptions. Period. We're tooth fairies, man. This is what we do. It's ALL we do. If you were to ever really leave a tooth behi... (shudders). Well, it's really too horrible to contemplate. So, I need you to go back to Eddie--

TF1138

Ellis--

FS42

Whatever. Go back and get. That. Tooth. NOW!

*TF1138 startles and rushes for the door.
FS42 punches a button on the speakerphone.*

FS42 (cont.)

I need TF-One on the line, tell her we have a situation.

Lights up on Ellis's Room. The room is dark. TF1138 quietly approaches the bed.

As TF1138 nears the bed, Ellis sits up and switches on the light on the bedside table.

ELLIS

Welcome back. Thanks for the five-spot. Looking for this?

Ellis shows a tooth to TF1138.

TF1138

Um, do you know who I am?

ELLIS (incredulous)

You're the Tooth Fairy.

TF1138

And you can see me?

ELLIS

See you, of course I can see you fuck-nut.

TF1138

And that doesn't, I don't know, alarm you or anything?

ELLIS

Alarm me? Really? You're the fucking TOOTH FAIRY! (beat) So, do you really spend all your time creeping around strangers' houses and taking their teeth and leaving them money?

TF1138

Well, yeah.

ELLIS

Dude.

TF1138

Hey! I... (*flustered*) Ok, listen, Dude, I was here earlier tonight--

ELLIS (Waving the \$5)

No shit.

TF1138

Anyway, I left you the money but I forgot the tooth.

TF1138 waits for Ellis to respond. Ellis just stares at TF1138 as if to say "well, spit it out jackass."

TF1138 (cont.)

Um, like I was saying I forgot to take the tooth. (beat) So?
(beat). Can I have it?

ELLIS (*feigning surprise*)

OH! This tooth?

TF1138

Yeah. And, hey, how'd you lose a tooth anyway, bit old for baby
teeth.

ELLIS

Bar fight, what's it to you, tooth boy. Whaddaya gimme for it?

TF1138

Huh? I already paid you for it.

ELLIS

That was then, this is now. Way I figure it, this tooth must be
pretty important to you or you wouldn't have come all the way
back here from Tooth Fairy Land or wherever you live--

TF1138

Cleveland. We're based in Cleveland.

ELLIS

Seriously? Whatever. Whaddaya gimme for it?

TF1138

Well I don't have anything *TO* give you. We're only issued
enough each shift to cover product pickup.

ELLIS

No cabbage no canine.

TF1138

Listen if I don't come back with the tooth--

ELLIS

What? If you don't come back with the tooth, what will happen?

TF1138

Well... I... Huh, I'm not sure, actually. Demotion maybe? To
E-B-A?

ELLIS

E-B-A?

TF1138

Easter Bunny Attendant.

ELLIS

Easter... What?

TF1138 (*horrified*)

It's sucks. You follow an Easter bunny around and pick up all of their, you know Easter bunny leavings.

ELLIS

You pick up Easter Bunny shit? What the fuck?

TF1138

Think about it, can't have people going out for an Easter egg hunt and be searching around in piles of And there's a LOT of it. EBs crap like it's their job. So, come on, have a heart man, give me the tooth.

ELLIS

Not my problem, molar man.

TF1138

Come on. Please, I--

Ellis pops the tooth into his mouth and swallows.

TF1138 (cont.)

NO! What have you done?

ELLIS

Deal with it.

TF1138

Ok, ok, ok. Fine. I'm gonna be scooping bunny scat for centuries now. I hope you can live with yourself.

ELLIS

Oh, I think I'll survive.

TF1138 exits back to office

FS42 is on the phone (handset, not on the speaker) as TF1138 enters the office. TF1138 walks slowly to the desk and sits down in the metal chair.

FS42

... that's right, 500, on "Who's Your Mama," to place, in the third. (beat) Pimlico. (beat) Right. Thanks Eddie.

FS42 hangs up the phone and looks up at TF1138 and holds out her hand.

FS42 (cont.)

Ok kid, let's have the tooth.

TF1138 (*sheepishly*)

I, uh. Well...

FS42

Oh Christ, kid! No, no, no, don't do this to me. Go back out there and get that tooth!

TF1138

Can't. He swallowed it. Prick tried to shake me down for more money, and when I couldn't pay he swallowed it. (long beat) So, what now FS42? What happens now? Bunny crap patrol?

FS42

Aww TF eleven... Dave. I really liked you, Dave. I was hoping you were gonna make it thru. But, regulations are regulations, and the big TF... well, I went to bat for ya, but she don't make exceptions.

FS42 reaches over and presses the big red button on the desk. TF1138 grips the seat of the metal chair and twitches and grimaces as if thousands of volts of electricity are jolting through his body. After a few seconds the writhing stops and TF1138 goes limp. FS42 picks up the handset and dials.

FS42 (cont.)

Yeah, janitorial services? FS42 here. Got another extra crispy. (beat) Yeah, I know, third one this week. (more)

FS42 (cont.)

Damn shame too, I actually liked this kid.

FS42 shakes his head, opens a lower desk drawer and pulls out a half-empty bottle of scotch and a small glass. He pours a finger or two into the glass, holds it up to TF1138 in salute, and drinks.

END