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Diamonds and Toads: An Adaptation of Charles Perrault's Les Fées

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DIAMONDS AND TOADS

An adaptation of Charles Perrault's Les Fées

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CHARACTERS

Fanny Lang—female, 17. The freeloader.

Rose Lang—female, 15. The breadwinner.

Mom—female, anywhere between 35-55. The matriarch.

Eduardo/Doctor/Isaiah—male, anywhere between 20-40.

Fairy—genderless, ageless.

SETTING

Farmington, New Mexico. The majority of the play is within the walls of the Lang house; a house that wasn't built to last. It's cluttered, crowded, and hasn't ever been clean. The summer heat beats throughout the play.

TIME

Act One: July 1973.

Act Two: August 1973.

ON PUNCTUATION

- [Brackets] indicate a line that isn't spoken. Rather, the actor should find a way to convey the line with body language and facial cues. The exact words don't have to be conveyed, but the meaning and feeling behind them should be effectively communicated.
- An asterisk indicates the creation of diamonds.*
- A squiggle indicates the creation of toads.~

Diamonds and Toads

Act I

Scene I

Farmington, New Mexico. July 1973. A dilapidated living room with a couch and a side table amidst the record player, surrounded by an incredible amount of clutter. Boxes are stacked to the ceiling. Records have slipped from their stacks and garbage covers the carpet. An electric fan tries its best, but the day is hot and sticky.

MOM enters, smoking. She's got weight on her, and walks slowly thanks to the fun development of gout. She looks around at the garbage, grunts, kicks it around with her feet but doesn't attempt to clean it up. Goes to the record player and pulls the record from it with an ear-splitting scratch. She sets it on the ground and shuffles through the pile, finds one that she likes. Puts on this new record. She sighs, takes another drag on cigarette, and flops down on the couch, resting her eyes.

ROSE enters with a half-filled garbage bag.

ROSE

Mom.

MOM

Hmm?

ROSE

I just put on my record.

MOM

Oh?

ROSE

Could you please put it back on?

MOM

Aren't you supposed to be at work?

ROSE

In a bit, but I'm cleaning up the living room now and I just want to listen to my new music.

MOM

I'm listening to *my* music now.

ROSE

Mom!

MOM

Who bought that record player? Huh? Did you buy it? Did you spend your money on that record player? No, I didn't think so. You can listen to your music later.

ROSE keeps her lip buttoned and starts cleaning in silence. She throws away the cigarette butts and bottles of beer. When she comes closer to the record pile, she sees her record on the floor.

ROSE

Mom....?

MOM

What?

ROSE

Is this my record?

MOM

Hmm?

ROSE

What happened to it??

MOM

Is something wrong with it?

ROSE

There's a gash in it! Like, a *GASH*. Look! It was *fine* five minutes ago. You didn't just take it off the player while it was still spinning, did you?

MOM

So what?

ROSE

SO? MOM. Look at it! Look what-

MOM

You better watch your tone.

ROSE

I just bought this!

MOM

Well... we have other records.

ROSE

This was my... this was *my* record! This was mine.

ROSE is trying hard to not break into tears. FANNY enters while she speaks, nursing a beer.

FANNY

Broke it already?

ROSE

Mom did!

MOM

It's not broken. Just a little scratch. And watch your tone.

ROSE

I'm not using // a tone!

MOM

Hey! Don't you talk back to me.

ROSE

I just bought it last week.

FANNY

Sorry I asked.

ROSE

You didn't even put it back into the case.

MOM

Listen. I know you're upset. But it's not a big deal. You can buy another record.

ROSE

I don't have any more money, I just paid the rent // yesterday.

MOM

Ah-ah! // *We* paid the rent.

ROSE

We just paid the rent yesterday, and it'll take a while to save up again. I just wish you'd // be more careful with-

MOM

What do you want me to do about it?

ROSE

Can you just say you're sorry?

MOM

I'll give you some money for a new one.

FANNY

[finishing her beer] It was a shit record anyway.

ROSE

Was not.

FANNY

Sounded like hippie crap.

ROSE

It's *not!*

MOM

Hey. Tone.

ROSE

It's not hippie crap.

MOM

Rose, would you tidy up the living room?

ROSE

I *was*, I just—

She stops herself, knowing it's fruitless. She sighs, slips her record into its sleeve, and gently sets it aside. She continues cleaning up the carpet as FANNY jumps on the couch and pulls a cigarette from her pocket.

FANNY

Got a light?

MOM

What, you don't have your own?

FANNY

It's in my room.

MOM

You've got two legs, don't you?

FANNY

I'm already sitting *down*.

MOM

You better appreciate your feet while they still work. This is your future; isn't it bright?

FANNY

Oh God, don't show me your leg. I'll throw up.

MOM offers FANNY her lighter.

MOM

I got a call from the school yesterday.

FANNY

Oh boy.

MOM

Said you're flunking out of history?

FANNY

It's boring.

MOM

It's fucking summer school history. It's already dumbed down for you. What are you studying? I know some history.

FANNY

I don't know. It's in my backpack.

ROSE

I think they're studying the fairy pilgrimage.

MOM

I was asking Fanny.

ROSE

But they're-

MOM

JESUS, kid. Haven't I ever told you it's rude to butt into conversations?

FANNY

Yeah. Fairy pilgrimage sounds right.

MOM

How are you fucking that up?

FANNY

I don't know. I just don't care about fairies coming to America, is all.

MOM

Okay, this is how it all goes: fairies have been fucking over the Europeans for all time. They're breeding like rabbits and keep on cursing people, so the humans decide they're sick of the fairies' bullshit and sail over and discover America.

ROSE

That's not why Europeans // came to America.

MOM

So then there's no // humans left in Europe, and there's only fairies living over there.

FANNY

There's no humans left in Europe? Mom, do you fucking think no one lives in Europe?

MOM

Why would they? Seems like an awful place to live. Everyone always has the plague.

FANNY

I thought you said you knew your history.

MOM

I do know history.

FANNY

Not in the right order, apparently.

MOM

So there's only fairies over there, right? Well, who are they supposed to curse but themselves?
So they decide to follow the humans and come over to America too.

FANNY

But I'm supposed to know like, dates and shit. Like asking what year the first fairy curse in the United States was.

MOM

Oh. Who knows that kind of shit?

ROSE

1678 was the first curse. But that was only the first case of *European* fairies, which are actually classified as an invasive species, since there's always been north and south American fairies who have an // entirely different system of—

FANNY

Okay, who // except you knows all that, though?

MOM

You hear how some lady got cursed in Santa Fe?

FANNY

Shit, that close?

MOM

Yup. Just some God-fearing, law-abiding woman. Guess the fairy was pretending to hitchhike and she drove past it. Now she can't so much as get in a car without the tires all popping at once.

FANNY

How'd they know the fairy was hitchhiking? Did they ask the fairy?

MOM

No, but the woman knew right after she passed by. I saw it on the news.

FANNY

All the way in New Mexico. Who would've thought that there's fairies this far west?

ROSE

Fairies have actually been in the west for a long time, they've just had to hide because people are taught to be scared of fairies. Really, if you're just gentle and careful around them, they won't curse you.

FANNY

How are you supposed to know if it's a fairy, though? I thought they, like, shapeshifted to look like regular people.

ROSE

Well, yes. That's their thing. Their species feeds on balance. You're not supposed to know a fairy is testing you. So those who are always kind will receive blessings, and those // who are not will—

MOM

If I ever saw // a fairy I'd fuckin' shoot it on the spot.

FANNY

Good plan.

MOM

Disgusting little species. We don't need their blessings and balance. We're doing fine on our own.

FANNY

I'll just write that on the test. "Shoot fairies on sight." Fairies aren't even human, so it can't be too bad if you kill one, right? It's like shooting a coyote that's eating your chickens.

ROSE

Except they'd probably curse you first.

MOM

Better late than never.

ROSE

And there'd be absolutely no chance of getting the curse lifted then. The fairy has to be alive for curses to get reversed. That's pretty common through European history.

MOM

History! That's right, your history grade. Teacher says you aren't even in class half the time.

FANNY

Sometimes I ditch class for a smoke. So what?

ROSE

(under her breath) Funny how Eduardo goes out for a smoke // at the same time.

FANNY

HEY. // Shut up!

MOM

Who?

FANNY

Fucking—nothing.

MOM

Speak up, kid.

ROSE

Nothing.

MOM

No, what did you say?

FANNY

She didn't say anything.

ROSE

I didn't say anything.

MOM

Eduardo?

FANNY

Oh my God.

MOM

Who the hell is Eduardo?

FANNY

God, Mom, don't worry about it.

MOM

Rose? Who's Eduardo?

FANNY

We smoke together. It's nothing.

ROSE

Yeah. It's nothing.

MOM

Are you using protection while you 'smoke'?

FANNY

MOM.

MOM

I was in high school once. Come on, you don't think I don't know what 'smoke breaks' really are?

FANNY

Oh my God.

MOM

[teasing] Don't like to think about your mom having sex?

FANNY

MOM.

MOM

Everyone went under the bleachers to go do it. Thought they were the first ones to think to go under the bleachers. That's the one spot that the teachers could always count on. You want to know where to go, you have to go in the practice rooms in the music department.

FANNY

MOM.

MOM

And you take a chair and prop it under the handle so that if someone tries to get in without knocking, you've got a little time to get your panties back up.

FANNY

Holy shit, mom, I *don't* want to hear about this.

MOM

There was one time, when Jim... my God, what was his last name? Jim.... Jim....? Ah, well. Jim and I were going at in the practice room and there was someone playing tuba in the next room over. He had this way of hitting it just right, you know?

FANNY

You're disgusting and I'm not listening to you.

MOM

And I let out this sound, I didn't even try to make it, it just happened. And it was so loud that I was scared someone would bust down the door, but the tuba guy had this really long note that covered it up, and it—

ROSE

Done.

MOM

Can you wait until I'm done talking? [*a pause*] Great. I forgot where I was. Whatever. What do you want?

ROSE

I'm done cleaning the living room.

MOM

There's still a cigarette butt on the ground right there.

ROSE throws it away.

ROSE

Okay. Now I'm done.

MOM puts her cigarette out on the arm of the couch, then flicks it to the ground.

MOM

One more.

ROSE picks it up too.

ROSE

....done.

MOM

Fine. Pick me up a pack on your way home.

FANNY

I need a new pack too.

ROSE

Do you have cash?

FANNY

It's in my room.

ROSE

Where?

FANNY

I don't know. Probably in a pair of jeans.

ROSE

I'm not digging through your dirty jeans.

FANNY

Well that's where the money is, so unless you want to foot the bill...

ROSE aggressively ties the garbage bag closed and leaves.

MOM

So..... Eduardo?

FANNY

Oh my God *just drop it.*

MOM

Okay, okay. Don't wanna talk about it. Fine. Just leave me in the dark.

...

But he's pulling out, right?

FANNY

You're unbelievable.

FANNY puts out her cigarette on the couch, flicks it to the ground.

MOM

Because there's no way in hell we can afford another mouth in the house. Unless he's got a nice stack of cash. We don't have any money for a baby.

FANNY

Okay, I *get* it.

MOM

Make sure he's pulling out.

FANNY

We go out back and we smoke, and that's it.

MOM

Uh-huh.

FANNY

I swear to God.

MOM

Because if he doesn't pull out, he'll drop you the second you stop bleeding. You'll be left all on your own with nothing but a shit-stained baby.

FANNY

You're talking to the shit-stained baby.

MOM

I wasn't talking about you.

FANNY

Yeah, okay.

MOM

I wasn't! It was hypothetical.

FANNY

Whatever.

MOM

I'd cross the world for you, kid. But you've got to look farther than Farmington, and if you have a kid then you're stuck here for life. You shouldn't go around fucking every frog in the swamp hoping that one turns into a prince.

FANNY

MOM!

MOM

There's no princes out here. Just fuckin' dirt and hills, hills and dirt and desert.

FANNY

I'm not pregnant.

ROSE reenters.

MOM

Good.

FANNY

Ed and I skip class and smoke.

ROSE

I checked all your jeans, you've got nothing.

MOM

What?

ROSE

Fanny's jeans. There's no money in the pockets.

MOM

The hell were you looking in her jeans for?

FANNY

Cigarette money. Your memory's gone to shit.

MOM checks all over her body for her wallet, gets up and lifts the couch cushions, shoves things off the coffee table, etc.

MOM

Here, I'll give you enough for both of us. Fuck, where is it? Get up, Fanny. It's probably under the couch.

FANNY

It's probably in your purse.

MOM

It's probably up your ass.

FANNY

Where's your purse at?

MOM

It's not under the cushions.

FANNY

Yeah, no shit. Where's your purse?

MOM

Hell if I know.

FANNY

[to ROSE] Go check the table.

ROSE goes into the kitchen.

MOM

I swear to god I had my wallet on me.

FANNY

It's in your purse.

MOM

I heard you the first time!

FANNY

It didn't seem like it.

ROSE comes back with the purse and passes it to MOM. MOM digs through it, throwing the contents across the once-clean living room.

MOM

Why's there so much shit in here?

ROSE

Find it?

MOM

No, it's not in here. If it doesn't turn up by tomorrow, we're fucked.

FANNY

You're fucked.

MOM

We're fucked, unless you planned on getting a job.

FANNY

Why? Rose already pays our rent, you always get me my // cigarettes, and

MOM

Rose is the // only one who can work right now, so she's the one that pays the biggest share. It's just logical.

ROSE

I certainly wouldn't mind if you got yourself a job.

MOM

You know I can't work. I'm in terrible health.

ROSE

I was talking to Fanny.

FANNY

No problem, I'll just drop out of school, then. Would that make you happy?

MOM

Have you done the dishes yet?

ROSE

No, I need to go to work.

MOM

You said you had time, didn't you? Dirty dishes in this heat are gonna make the house reek.

ROSE

This house already reeks!

MOM

I'm gonna tell you one last time; you'd better watch that fucking tone.

ROSE storms into the kitchen.

ROSE

[offstage] I CAN'T DO THE DISHES ANYWAY. THE SINK IS CLOGGED.

MOM

THEN UNCLOG IT.

ROSE

[offstage] COME HERE.

MOM

JUST UNCLOG IT.

ROSE

[offstage] CAN YOU PLEASE JUST COME HERE?

MOM gets up, pissed about it.

MOM

Can't even fucking unclog a fucking sink.

MOM exits. FANNY waits a second, then gets up and reaches a specific box that's been stacked along the wall. She digs for a second before she pulls out MOM's wallet. Takes out the cash and the driver's license. Picks up the purse and plunges the wallet deep in the depths of it. While this happens, MOM and ROSE's muffled voices ad-lib about the sink being clogged until FANNY triumphantly places the purse back where it was and swaps out the record (correctly) for something else.

MOM reenters halfway through her next line.

MOM

FINE! WHATEVER! Throw out the fucking dishes, I don't care!

FANNY

Everything okay?

MOM

Sink's broken.

FANNY

Oh well. It's not like we cook anything in here.

MOM

We cook sometimes.

FANNY

No, we don't.

MOM

We don't have the money for a plumber. Especially if we can't find that wallet.

FANNY

Calm down. It's probably in your purse.

MOM

I checked it.

FANNY

Well, check it again.

MOM

What, it's gonna fuckin' appear like magic? You think a fairy took it?

FANNY

Maybe you didn't see it the first time.

MOM

Don't tell me what to do.

MOM checks it again. This time, she finds it.

MOM

How'd I miss this? [...] I could have *sworn* I had at least \$40 in here.

FANNY

You must be losing your mind.

MOM

Watch your tone. I definitely had cash. Where the hell is it?

FANNY

I dunno.

MOM

ROSE!

ROSE reenters after a moment.

ROSE

Yes?

MOM

Did you take my money?

ROSE

No.

MOM

Bullshit.

ROSE

I didn't take any money from you.

MOM

Then why am I missing 40 bucks?

ROSE

I don't *know*. I have to go to work, okay?

MOM

How late are you working?

ROSE

I'm on 'til 7:30 but they'll probably keep me later than that. They've been asking me // to take double shifts

MOM

Bring home // dinner, will you?

ROSE

I probably won't be home by dinner if they keep me late. And I don't have any money on me.

MOM

Didn't you get paid last week?

ROSE

Yeah, but most of that went towards rent.

MOM

But not all of it.

ROSE

Yeah, but I spent it.

MOM

You blew it all on that record, huh?

ROSE

I've been saving up.

MOM

I don't see why you need to spend that money when we can't even make enough to buy dinner.

FANNY takes a \$20 from her pocket.

FANNY

Here, take mine.

MOM

Where the hell did *you* get money?

FANNY

I told you, I had some money in my jeans.

ROSE

In the jeans you're *wearing*? How was I supposed to check those?

FANNY

Just take the fucking money.

ROSE takes it, puts on her sunglasses. She's trying very VERY hard to not lose her shit. She leaves, slamming the door behind her.

MOM

So, what? You're selling drugs now?

FANNY

I'm not selling drugs.

MOM

Selling your body?

FANNY

No, Mom.

MOM

Maybe you should. A part-time job wouldn't get in the way of school.

Scene II

Early night. A road divides two parking lots. One is illuminated by the glow of the Blake's Lotaburger sign. The

other is being beat down on by the blinding lights of the gas station.

FANNY and EDUARDO sit on the warm pavement, backs to the wall of the Lotaburger. FANNY is staring at the sky, petting EDUARDO'S hair while he lies in her lap, dozing off.

FANNY

I used to think that the moon was some kind of animal. Like, some kind of... giant crab up in the sky. Have you ever seen a crab, Ed?

EDUARDO mumbles.

FANNY

Yeah, I've never seen one either. But there was this book I had when I was a kid, and it had all kinds of sea creatures in them. There were crabs and whales and there was a whole page dedicated to the crazy things at the bottom of the ocean. No one even knows what's down there. They've got stuff that *no one* has ever taken a picture of. And... I don't know, there was this one crab, and the picture kind of sucked but the caption said that it was bioluminescent. There's this thing called bioluminescence, and man—it's the *craziest* shit ever. Shit just like... GLOWS, at the bottom of the ocean. Like little stars. Little moons. And for some reason, when I looked up into the sky I thought... that must be a giant crab. A big, bioluminescent crab. And that's why it didn't always look the same. Moon phases were just the crab moving around, real slow. I thought the sky was another ocean. Some strange, unexplored sea that floated way above us. And that's why the sky is blue.

[...]

I've never seen the ocean. Always wanted to.

[...]

How long do you think it would take for us to drive to the ocean? It would take a while.

Wouldn't matter if we went north or south. Just west.

[...]

FANNY (cont.)

You know, I was getting really scared before I met you. I thought.... God, this is stupid. I thought maybe no one would ever love me. Because like, I'm kind of ugly. I'm getting uglier every day. I look in the mirror and I look *so* much like my mom. And she's fucking hideous. I used to skip class and go smoke because I needed a cigarette but like... don't judge me, okay? I used to go and try to make myself cry. I'd sit there and think 'cry, you ugly bitch, cry'. But I never could. It was like if I could cry, it would prove something. Like maybe someone would notice when I came back, smelling like smoke and having like, the ugliest fucking blotchy face you've ever seen. And then you came along and... and you love me.

[...]

I think you love me. You haven't said it yet.

[...]

Have you ever wished on a star?

EDUARDO

For fuck's sake, do you ever stop talking?

EDUARDO stands up and walks off to his truck, slamming the door closed. FANNY stares off in the direction he left.

ROSE steps out of the Lotaburger, notices FANNY.

FANNY

You're still here?

ROSE

Just closed. Why are you here?

FANNY

What time is it?

ROSE

Nine-thirty.

FANNY

Kept you two hours. That ought to be illegal.

ROSE

Where's Ed?

FANNY

In the truck.

ROSE

Is he okay?

FANNY

Yeah, he's fine. He drank some before picking me up, and then we bought some whiskey and he drank most of that too.

ROSE

I thought Ed was nineteen.

FANNY

Yeah?

ROSE

Well. I mean, I'm just wondering how they sold a nineteen-year-old whiskey.

FANNY

They sold *me* the whiskey.

ROSE

And you're *seventeen*.

FANNY

Not according to my ID, I'm not.

FANNY hands ROSE their mom's ID.

ROSE

Fanny.

FANNY

It's like looking in a mirror, isn't it? She hasn't taken a new picture in a long time. We're practically twins. Except her tits are saggier.

ROSE

You shouldn't have taken Mom's license.

FANNY

Who cares? Goody fuckin' two-shoes. Who does it hurt if I buy whiskey?

ROSE

Are you drunk right now?

FANNY

I only had like, a couple of swigs all night. It tastes awful.

ROSE

You want to walk home with me?

FANNY

I think Ed was gonna drive me back... [...] Actually. Yeah. Let's go.

ROSE

I need to stop by the gas station first. Tips weren't so bad tonight.

FANNY

Good, let's buy some water. I'm thirsty as hell. Man, I'm gonna sleep good tonight.

ROSE

Yeah?

FANNY

Mmm-hmm. Nothing like some good good truck sex.

ROSE

You—wait. You didn't...? Right here? In his truck right outside my work?

FANNY

Chill out, it's just sex.

ROSE

God, Fanny. You could've got the cops called or something.

FANNY

For *sex*?

ROSE

In a truck outside a restaurant, yeah.

FANNY

Lotaburger is hardly a restaurant.

ROSE

You just... never mind.

FANNY

What?

ROSE

Never mind.

FANNY

And I asked what? Come on, out with it.

ROSE

You just... you just *do* things. Without a second thought. Like, you just take Mom's ID and buy whiskey and don't think about what could happen.

FANNY

What could happen? I improve the fucking economy? You're welcome.

ROSE

No, like what if you got caught? What if they call the cops and throw you in jail? Mom and I can't pay to get you out.

FANNY

They don't send kids to jail. They just like... give 'em a slap on the wrist.

ROSE

You just don't think sometimes and it's frustrating.

FANNY

Stop getting frustrated. I'm not your problem.

ROSE

Like... like you staying out this late on a Sunday. Don't you have school tomorrow?

FANNY

Yeah, but I'm not gonna go.

ROSE

What?

FANNY

I hate it there.

ROSE

You have to go. What about graduating?

FANNY

I don't care. They make me feel so stupid there. Teachers always think I'm stupid. So I don't care anymore.

ROSE

You only have a month left. Just a month, and then you'll be done forever.

FANNY

Or I could be done forever right now.

ROSE

You're never gonna leave town if you don't graduate.

FANNY

Says you.

ROSE

I just worry about you. I see you and I see Mom. And I'm scared for you.

FANNY

Do you think I look like her?

ROSE

Like Mom?

FANNY

Yeah.

ROSE

I mean, you're her daughter. So yeah.

FANNY

You don't. You got lucky. [...] I was kind of hoping they wouldn't sell me the whiskey. Like maybe... maybe a stranger could tell the difference.

ROSE

Just because you look like her doesn't mean you *are* her.

FANNY

But I act like her.

ROSE

No, you don't.

FANNY

I'm mean and rude and I make you do all the work. God, the *fifteen-year-old* is doing *all* the work. But if I get a job, then there's like... there's *no* going back to school. This is my last chance. Maybe I'll wake up in the morning and I'll think different. I'll wake up and want to go to school.

ROSE

I hope you do. [...] For what it's worth, I don't think you look like Mom. Your nose is bigger.

FANNY

Thanks. I appreciate you. A lot.

ROSE

Thanks.

FANNY gets up, way off balance. She turns towards the truck.

FANNY

I'm goin' home with Rose, baby.

ROSE

Is he still alive?

FANNY

He'll be fine. Let's go to the gas station. I'm starving. And I *really* need water.

ROSE

Me too. My throat feels like it's closing up.

FANNY

Oh shit, and cigarettes. You promised you'd buy cigarettes. Babe, we're leaving now. I love you.

She waits for the response that doesn't come. She crosses the street.

*ROSE follows, but stops in the middle of the road,
staring up at the moon.*

FANNY

Get out of the road, dumbass. You're gonna get hit.

ROSE

Full moon tonight.

FANNY

Yeah, it's a moon. You've seen the moon before.

ROSE

It's so beautiful.

FANNY

...yeah. Come on, I'm dying of thirst.

*FANNY exits into store. ROSE lingers in the road.
Eventually, she walks towards the gas station. FAIRY runs
in from the other side of the gas station, startling ROSE.*

FAIRY

Please, miss, please help me out?

ROSE

I'm sorry, I don't—

FAIRY

Please, I just need a little gas. They're going to tow me if I can't move my car.

ROSE

I...

FAIRY

That's my car, over there. A real piece of work, isn't it? Looks like it's got two wheels in the grave already.

ROSE

It doesn't look that bad.

FAIRY

You're sweet. Telling lies is a terrible thing, you know.

ROSE

I'm sorry.

FAIRY

Did you have any...?

ROSE

Uh... yeah, yeah. One second. Where are you trying to get to?

ROSE digs through her pockets.

FAIRY

Oh, you know. Anywhere.

ROSE

I know, for sure. Anywhere but here. Sounds like a good destination to me.

She counts out the crumpled bills and coins she made from tips and hands it to FAIRY.

ROSE

Here you go. I hope that's enough to start you on your way.

FAIRY

Is this all you have?

ROSE

Sorry. I wish I could help more.

FAIRY

No, no. No apologies, my sweet. You're truly the kindest person I've ever met here. Your kindness will surely be rewarded.

ROSE

Well, thank you. Good luck with your car.

FAIRY

For your generosity, I give you a blessing.

ROSE

Oh, well, thank you. [...] Wait a second. Wait a second, you're a fairy. Oh my God. A real life fairy.

FAIRY

Whenever you speak, diamonds shall fall from your lips.

ROSE

Di—?*

Before she can finish the word, she chokes, grabbing at her throat. She hacks, the word caught in her windpipe. Meanwhile, FAIRY flits off and the sound of her car peeling away. ROSE continues gasping and coughing. FANNY steps out of the convenience store.

FANNY

What the fuck are you waiting for?

ROSE

Fanny.*

She gags on the word and spits out a diamond.

FANNY

What the fuck.

FANNY holds ROSE, who's still gagging. FANNY picks up the diamond, spotted with blood.

FANNY

What the fuck is this?

ROSE

Something's *wrong**.

Whenever ROSE speaks now, diamonds fall from her mouth. The size and quantity of them differ by how long and important the words she says are.

FANNY

Holy shit. Holy *shit* what the *FUCK* how are you *DOING THAT*. What the hell is this, Rose??

ROSE shakes her head.

FANNY (cont.)

Are these diamonds? How the fuck are you throwing up diamonds?

ROSE

I need water*.

FANNY

I don't have any water.

ROSE

It hurts*.

FANNY

Where's the money at?

ROSE

Fairy did this*.

FANNY

What the fuck there was a fairy *here*? Like right here?? What the fuck??

ROSE

I gave the fairy the money*.

FANNY

Why is this happening?? I'm fucking freaking out!

ROSE

YOU'RE FREAKING OUT*??

FANNY

How are you doing this? Can you breathe?

ROSE

911*.

FANNY

Holy shit. Can you breathe? Tell me you're breathing. Fuck, okay, good. I... yeah, I'll call 911.
Just... wait here.

*FANNY runs back into the convenience store,
leaving ROSE with a pile of diamonds, covered in blood.
She coughs and gags and cries.*

END OF EXCERPT.

For access to an updated draft, the rest of the play, or for inquiries about production of this show, please contact the playwright at jessibpitts@gmail.com.

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