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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*

by Jessi Pitts

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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


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?
Aren’t you supposed to be at work?

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

I’m listening to my music now.

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.

Mom….?

What?

Is this my record?

Hmm?

What happened to it??

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.
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.
Yeah, okay.

I wasn’t! It was hypothetical.

Whatever.

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.

MOM!

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

I’m not pregnant.

ROSE reenters.

Good.

Ed and I skip class and smoke.

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

What?

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

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.

[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.
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. You 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—?*

Because 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


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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