

A (Tooth) Fairy Tale

A Musical

Book by

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Music and Lyrics by

Rick Hip-Flores

**SAMUEL
FRENCH**
FOUNDED 1830

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A *(TOOTH) FAIRY TALE* premeried at the Vital Children’s Theatre in New York City on January 19, 2008. The production was Directed by Linda Ames Key with the following cast:

SAMUEL John Magalhaes
TOOTH FAIRY Jarusha Ariel
MYSTERIOUS LARGE FIGURE, ETC. Chris Braca
MYSTERIOUS SMALL FIGURE, ETC. Jordan Hamessley
NEWSCASTER, ETC. Erik Hogan
MOM, ETC. Holly Buczek
ALLISON, ETC. Kristina Teschner

CHARACTERS

(note: the double-casting listed below is a suggestion, and worked well in the original production. An imaginative director could make the play work with fewer actors if desired, and certainly with more!)

SAMUEL VASOUVIAN: A very smart, very imaginative ten-year-old who is tired of his boring, rule-bound existence. Bright, clever, and enthusiastic.

THE TOOTH FAIRY: A magical, mystical fairy who flies around the world collecting teeth. She's very proper, may or may not have just the hint of a British accent, and is (naturally) a bit other-worldly.

MAN 1, who plays

SAMMY'S DAD: The very model of a busy modern dad, loving but firm. Occasionally a bit condescending.

THE NEWSCASTER: a smug, smarmy, self-important local newscaster

GUY IN NEWSSTAND: a surly New Yorker

THE BOOGEYMAN: surprisingly shy and soft-spoken

WOMAN 1

ALLISON: Sammy's best friend, really smart and really kind

THE EASTER BUNNY: in a giant bunny suit, eating a carrot; voice and demeanor are surprisingly gruff

MAN 2

MYSTERIOUS LARGE FIGURE: a dark, brooding, mysterious entity; not scary, exactly, but enigmatic; later revealed to be Santa Claus

TED: a hapless assistant to the Newscaster

EVEN MEANER BANK TELLER: even meaner than the Mean Bank Teller

CONSTRUCTION WORKER: Curt, business-like

WOMAN 2

MYSTERIOUS SMALL FIGURE: the Mysterious Large Figure's sidekick; later revealed to be Mr. Peepers, Santa's Chief Assistant Elf

SHEILA: a hapless assistant to the Newscaster

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE: cantankerous 70-something schoolteacher

A MEAN BANK TELLER: Not quite as mean as the Even Meaner Bank Teller

LEPRECHAUN: short, plucky, green-clad

WOMAN 3

SAM'S MOM: The very model of a busy modern mom, loving but firm. Occasionally a bit condescending.

WAITRESS: sassy, tired, seen-it-all before

WALL STREET LADY: rushed, business-like

POLICEWOMAN: stern, law-enforcing, later revealed to be an outer-space alien

HALLOWEEN WITCH: a classic witch, with pointy hat and cackle

And at various times, everyone is called upon to play a person on the street, or a little kid from whom Sammy or the Tooth Fairy is collecting a tooth.

COSTUMES NOTE

For the “real world” portions, simple contemporary clothes are appropriate: Sammy’s parents wear neat, simple work clothes; at school, Samuel and Allison wear cute, contemporary kid clothes; the children seen sleeping in their beds when The Tooth Fairy and then Sammy comes for their teeth should be in their pajamas; the Newscaster wears a suit and tie; his production assistants wear all black.

The Tooth Fairy wears a “gossamer” dress, probably of pink or peach or champagne – light and airy. And of course she has wings, which she continues to wear even when she’s no longer the official Tooth Fairy.

Once he becomes the new fairy, Sammy wears wings over his original costume.

All the random people that pop in and out of the street sequences can be indicated by one quick costume piece: The Waitress by an apron, the Construction Worker by a hard hat, the Guy in Newsstand by a backwards ball cap, the Wall Street Lady by a pearl necklace, etc.

For the “other worldly” portions: The Mysterious Large and Small Figures wear long, fully covering cloaks, or whatever outfits are necessary so that (in combination with the lights or other visual effect) their “reveal” as Santa and Peepers is a total surprise. Santa looks like Santa; Mr. Peepers like an elf.

The Magical, Mystical Council is dressed as described in the script: Halloween Witch (in a classic black dress/pointy black hat ensemble); The Boogey Man (in a dark potato-sack type of thing with big googly eyes); the Easter Bunny (a giant rabbit carrying a basket filled with candy); and a Leprechaun (oh, you know what a leprechaun looks like). It is of course OK if these costumes need to be altered or minimized to allow for quick changes.

Prologue!

(In a mysterious place, a large mysterious figure intones the following:)

MYSTERIOUS LARGE FIGURE. Whether you know it or not, dear friends, the world you know co-exists with another world... one populated by Fairies and Elves and Spirits of all kinds. We are the Magical, Mystical Creatures who add joy and wonder to your lives, even though most of the time you never see us. But every once in a while, things happen a little differently. One such occurrence happened not long ago, in a very special place called New York City. The story begins with a small boy... a boy named...

Scene One.
The Vasouvian Household, Samuel's School.

(Music enters.)

Lights up on the beginning of the day, and our hero
SAMUEL VASOUVIAN, age 10, getting ready for school.)

MOM. (V.O.) Samuel! Are you brushing your teeth up there?

SAMUEL. Nope!

MOM. (V.O.) Samuel!

SAMUEL. Mom, as I explained to you last night, I have a loose tooth! If I brush my teeth, the tooth will fall out! And I don't *want* it to fall out!

(Samuel's MOM, age 35 or so, attractive and professional in a neatly pressed suit, appears in a pool of light upstage.)

MOM. Loose tooth or no loose tooth, we brush our teeth three times a day, seven days a week.

(Samuel's DAD, age 35 or so, equally attractive and professional in a neatly pressed suit of his own, appears beside MOM in the pool of light.)

DAD. That's the *rule*, my boy.

(The pool of light containing the pair of attractive parents snaps out. SAMUEL moves to the sink, brushes his teeth for a second or two, then lowers the tooth brush and addresses us.)

SAMUEL. Rules.

(sings:)

EVERYWHERE I GO, IT'S 'RULES.'
EVERYTHING I KNOW IS 'RULES.'
RULES FOR PROPER ORAL HYGIENE,
RULES FOR PICKING UP MY TOYS.
IT'S A THING I CAN'T ESCAPE
RULES OF EVERY SIZE AND SHAPE
RULES LIKE:

(MOM and DAD enter busily, preparing for the day.)

MOM.

DON'T FORGET YOUR LUNCH

SAMUEL.

OR...

DAD.

PLEASE STOP MAKING SO MUCH NOISE

ALL.

RULES, RULES, RULES!

SAMUEL.

I DON'T NEED 'EM AT ALL.

(speaks:)

I just like to do things my own way! For example: I could get to school much quicker if I left through my window and cut through Mrs. Clark's herb garden.

(Now, SAMUEL is standing in the front hall, picking up his book bag.)

MOM. No, dear. We leave through the front door.

SAMUEL. But why?

(DAD enters.)

DAD. Because that is the *rule*, young man.

(SAMUEL starts walking to school.)

SAMUEL.

I DON'T KNOW WHO PLANNED THE RULES
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THE RULES
I SAY WHY NOT DO THINGS MY WAY?
CAUSE I'VE GOT IDEAS TO SHARE.
TAKE MY DAILY MORNING ROUTE
WHAT IS ALL THE FUSS ABOUT?
IF THEY'D LET ME DO THINGS MY WAY
I'D ARRIVE WITH TIME TO SPARE.
BUT RULES RULES, RULES-

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE. Late again, young man.

SAMUEL. Sorry.

(to audience:)

I told Mrs. Buzzthistle that if we took ten minutes less recess every day, then we could have one day that was ALL recess. It would be called International All-Day Recess Day, or I.A.D.R.D., OR Iadrd for short. But she said:

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE. Absolutely not. There is such a thing as rules!

SAMUEL.

IF ONLY I COULD MAKE THEM SEE THINGS
DIFFERENTLY
AND TO NOT BE SO CLOSE MINDED, AND SEVERE
SO EACH DAY I MAKE A FEW WELL-THOUGHT
SUGGESTIONS

(speaks:)

Like, you know what would make math class more fun?
Pinball machines!

(sings:)

THEN I HEAR THEIR VOICES RINGING IN MY EAR

(Enter LUNCH LADY and GYM TEACHER.)

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE, LUNCH LADY, GT.

NO, NO, NO, NO!

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE.

SAMMY, IS YOUR HOMEWORK DONE?

LUNCH LADY.

DON'T FORGET TO STACK YOUR TRAY

GYM TEACHER.

SAMMY, TAKE THE BALL AND RUN

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE.

THERE WILL BE A QUIZ TODAY

SAMUEL.

WHAT A DREARY WORLD TO LIVE IN,
WHEN YOU'RE ONLY TEN YEARS OLD!

GYM TEACHER.

SAMMY DROP AND GIVE ME TEN

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE.

SAMMY, THERE'S NO TIME FOR THAT
LUNCH LADY.

CHICKEN STEW AND RICE AGAIN

GYM TEACHER.

SAMMY, IT'S YOUR TURN AT BAT

SAMUEL. (*stepping up to the plate:*)

I ACCEPT THE RULES I'M GIVEN

AND I DO THINGS AS I'M TOLD

LIKE ONE OF MANY FOOLS

WHO'S FOLLOWING THE –

OTHERS. Come, on, Sammy! You can do it! [etc.]

GYM TEACHER. Eye on the ball, boy.

SAMUEL.

RULES!

(*A TV goes on, music continues underneath.*)

NEWSCASTER. It is 4pm, and this is the news. The market followed the rules of the market today; Major League Baseball followed the rules of baseball; Congress, following the rules of Congress, ruled that the rules regarding rule making...

SAMUEL. Ugh.

ALLISON. Heya, Sammy!

SAMUEL. Hi, Allison!

(*Enter ALLISON MULGREW, age 10, with pig tails and a backpack that is, like, way too big for her.*)

SAMUEL. (*cont'd*) My friend Allison is the only one who understands. We started a club called No Rules Are Good Rules – or N.R.A.G.R., or Nragr – and I'm the president.

ALLISON. *Excuse moi!*

SAMUEL. Oh, and Allison is president, too! We're the only club ever with two presidents! Plus we have our own motto:

ALLISON & SAMUEL. Do it A Different Way!

ALLISON. Hey, Sammy, guess what?

(*sings:*)

I'M GONNA WEAR MY BACKPACK ON MY HEAD!

SAMUEL.

I'M GONNA WEAR MY ROLLERBLADES TO BED!

ALLISON.

I'M GONNA EAT DESSERT FOR EVERY MEAL!

SAMUEL.

I'M GONNA PAINT MY BEDROOM WALLS IN TEAL!

ALLISON.

I'M GONNA DO MY HOMEWORK IN AN EVENING
GOWN
HANGING UPSIDE DOWN WHILE WATCHING
CARTOONS

SAMUEL. Whoa! (*sings:*)

I'M GONNA DIG A TUNNEL USING SPOONS!

ALLISON. Really!?! Why?

SAMMY. Don't know! (*sings:*)

BUT JUST FOR THE SAKE OF TO NEVER PARTAKE OF

SAMUEL & ALLISON.

THE SAME OLD, LAME OLD RULES!

SAMUEL. Allison, you're the best.

ALLISON. See ya later, fried pa'tater.

(*Now SAMUEL is walking home. The school day is over.*)

SAMUEL. If you ask me, life is about finding new ways to do things, not just doing what you're told all the time. But some people – OK, most people – disagree. So I do the only thing I can do:

DAD & MOM. Sammy!

SAMUEL. Keep on trying!

DAD AND MOM.

NO, NO, NO, NO, NO!

DAD.

NO, YOU CAN'T DO YOUR HOMEWORK ON YOUR
HEAD.

MOM.

NO, YOU CAN'T WEAR YOUR ROLLER BLADES TO

BED.

DAD.

NO, YOU CAN'T COOK LINGUINI IN A PAN!

MOM.

BRUSH YOUR TEETH, YOUNG MAN!

(So here he is, back in his pajamas, back in front of the mirror, brushing again.)

SAMUEL.

THEY'RE THE ONES WHO MAKE THE RULES
BUT I AM GONNA BREAK THE RULES
AND SHOW ALL THE WORLD AROUND ME
THERE IS NOTHING I CAN'T DO.
FOR WHAT GOOD IS PLAYING NICE
IF IT'S AT SO HIGH A PRICE
LET THEM HOLLER, LET THEM GROUND ME
STILL, MY MISSION WON'T BE THROUGH
TILL I STAND PROUD AND TALL.
AND SHOW ONCE AND FOR ALL.
LIFE IS MORE THAN FOLL-OWING THE...

EVERYBODY ELSE. *(overlapping with SAMUEL)*

DON'T FORGET TO BRUSH YOUR GUMS
NO YOU CAN'T TAKE UP THE DRUMS
THAT WASN'T IN THE PLAYBOOK
HERE HAVE MORE GREENS
SAMMY PUT YOUR P.J.'S ON
DON'T FORGET TO MOW THE LAWN
COME ON, JUST TWO MORE PUSH-UPS
HERE, TRY THE BEANS
I THINK HE'S LEARNING SOMETHING GOOD
DOING AS EVERY YOUNG MAN SHOULD
AND FOLLOWING THE

MOM. Now spit!

(SAMUEL holds up his toothbrush glumly.)

EVERYBODY ELSE.

RULES!

(Song ends. After a moment, SAMMY realizes something:)

SAMUEL. Ouch!

(then)

Oh, man! Hey Mom, hey Dad!

(His parents re-enter.)

DAD. What is it, son?

MOM. Your tooth! Honey, his tooth!

DAD. Hey, hey! Nicely done, lad!

SAMUEL. *(holding it up)* Ew... it's so weird.

DAD. You know what this means, don't you?

MOM. We'll be having a visit from the Tooth Fairy tonight.

SAMUEL. My mouth feels funny.

DAD. Ah, yes, the Tooth Fairy!

MOM. The magical, mystical Tooth Fairy!

(A pool of light opens upstage, and as DAD describes what's going to happen, the TOOTH FAIRY – in glorious gossamer pink, and sporting a pair of iridescent fairy wings and a tiara – slowly dances in a circle.

She carries a Magic Bag, and is holding aloft her Magic Scepter emblazoned with a big molar.)

DAD. We're going to place that lost tooth of yours securely under your pillow!

MOM. And then, late tonight, when you're fast asleep, the Tooth Fairy will arrive from distant Fairy Land and slip in through that window!

DAD. She'll take that tooth and put it in her Magic Bag, and replace it with a bright and shiny quarter.

SAMUEL. Does she *have* to?

(The TOOTH FAIRY exits in a huff. Sammy's parents are shocked.)

MOM. Whatever do you mean, Sammy?

DAD. Of course she *has* to! You've lost a tooth! She's the Tooth Fairy! That's the –

SAMUEL. Don't say it.

MOM & DAD. That's the rule!

SAMUEL. *(to us)* Blegh.

(to them)

I thought what I might do is keep the tooth, and paint it blue with my model airplane paint, and put it on some string, and wear it to school as necklace!

MOM. That's ridiculous, Sammy.

DAD. Ridiculous and disgusting.

(As he speaks, DAD takes the tooth from SAMUEL and places it gently underneath his pillow.)

MOM. Now it's time to go to sleep.

SAMUEL. But I...

DAD. No buts!

(As they exit:)

MOM. The Tooth Fairy is coming from Fairy Land, she's going to put your tooth in her Magic Bag and replace it with a shiny new quarter!

DAD. And that's all there is to it!

(The door closes; they're gone.)

SAMUEL. Well, we'll just see about that.

(SAMUEL thinks for a moment, and produces a red fire truck toy from his toy chest. He places it carefully on the floor by his bedside, then hops over it to get under the covers.)

See you soon, Tooth Fairy!

(SAMUEL turns off his light, and the peaceful semi-darkness of moonlight settles upon the room.)

Scene Two.
Later That Night.

As soon as SAMUEL is gently snoozing, his window opens by magic, and an ethereal glissando announces the entrance of the TOOTH FAIRY. As she did in their collective imagination a moment ago, she wears pink satin, with big lovely wings and a glimmering tiara.

She sings a gentle Tooth Fairy song to herself as she makes her way into the room.)

THE TOOTH FAIRY.

TIP-TOE, TIP-TOE, CAREFULLY, CAREFULLY,
THERE'S THE TOOTH I'VE COME TO FIND
PICK IT UP!

BUT WATCHFULLY, WAREFULLY,
AND FOR YOUR PLEASURE,
I'LL LEAVE A SMALL TREASURE BEHIND!

(She makes her way towards the bed.)

TOOTH FAIRY.

AND FOR YOUR PLEASURE,
I'LL –

(screams)

Waagh!

(The TOOTH FAIRY slips on Samuel's fire truck and lands with a THUD!! on the ground. SAMUEL sits bolt upright and snaps on his bedside light.)

SAMUEL. A-ha!

TOOTH FAIRY. Heavens to Betsy!

SAMUEL. I did it! I did it!

TOOTH FAIRY. Goodness gracious, that smarts!

SAMUEL. Did I hurt you?

TOOTH FAIRY. No, no. I'm a bit startled is all!

(She smooths her gossamer dress.)

SAMUEL. So you're the Tooth Fairy!

TOOTH FAIRY. Indeed I am, young gentleman, indeed I am!

SAMUEL. This is so cool!

TOOTH FAIRY. Yes, yes. Now. Where is the tooth I must collect?

SAMUEL. That's the thing, Tooth Fairy.

TOOTH FAIRY. Excuse me?

SAMUEL. I was kind of hoping to keep it.

TOOTH FAIRY. *Keep* it? Great gagging geese, boy, what *for*?

SAMUEL. I'm going to paint it blue with my model airplane paint, and put it on some string, and wear it to school as a necklace!

TOOTH FAIRY. That's ridiculous.

SAMUEL. That's what my dad said.

TOOTH FAIRY. Ridiculous and disgusting. The tooth, please!

SAMUEL. Can't we talk about this?

TOOTH FAIRY. Enough, young man! I – I – I – oh, who am I kidding?

(The TOOTH FAIRY gets choked up.)

SAMUEL. Tooth Fairy?

TOOTH FAIRY. Samuel, I have been a Magical, Mystical fairy for a very long time. And I... I have a longing in my soul.

SAMUEL. Wow.

(Elsewhere on stage, SAMUEL's mom switches on her bed-side light.)

MOM. *(still half asleep)* Samuel, honey? Is everything okay up there?

SAMUEL. Yes! The Tooth Fairy tripped over my fire truck and now we're talking and she has a longing in her soul!

MOM. *(falling back asleep)* Okay, dear. G'night.

SAMUEL. G'night.

(MOM switches off her bedside light.)

I don't get it, Tooth Fairy. You're a magical creature, flying all over the world and making children happy. What could be wrong with that?

(The TOOTH FAIRY smiles wryly as the music enters.)

TOOTH FAIRY. What, indeed?

(sings:)

THE LIFE OF A FAIRY IS SIMPLE ENOUGH
GATHERING MOLARS AND SLIPPING THROUGH
WINDOWS
LEAVING A QUARTER,
AND EVERY DAY'S SORTA
THE SAME.
HOW I'D LOVE A LITTLE CHANGE
FROM MY TIRING, UNINSPIRING ROUTINE
AND TO HAVE SOME SMALL ADVENTURE
OUT THERE ON THE BUSTLING NEW YORK SCENE
LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN
I'D LIKE TO BE
STROLLING ALONG DOWN ON BROADWAY AND 73RD.
WAVING HELLO TO THE STRANGERS
SAYING, "HOW ARE YOU" WITHOUT A WORD.
LEARNING THE WONDERS OF CITY LIFE
AND TAKING MY CARES IN STRIDE
OH, FIND ME THERE...
ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE.

SAMUEL. The Upper West Side? What's that?

TOOTH FAIRY. Why, that's where you live! It's what's all around you. Oh, it's a magical place.

(then, rapidly:)

Roughly between 66th and 96nd Street when it turns into Morningside Heights.

SAMUEL. Oh.

TOOTH FAIRY. I've searched all over the world, and there's no other place where people are as happy and well-adjusted.

(sings:)

PICTURE THE SCENE:

ME DRESSED IN SPANDEX AND JOGGING THROUGH
RIVERSIDE PARK.

ORDERING COFFEE AT STARBUCKS,
ICED MOCHA LATTE, (NOT TOO DARK).
CAUSE THESE ARE THE WONDERS OF CITY LIFE
THERE'S NO COMFORT THEY CAN'T PROVIDE
AND I'D FIND OUT –
ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE.

THAT'S WHERE THE CITY PEOPLE ARE
IN THEIR STUDIO APARTMENTS
AND NO NEED TO OWN A CAR
WHAT I'D GIVE TO STAND BESIDE THEM
SEEING HOW THEY SPEND THEIR DAYS!
MAYBE ORDERING A HOT DOG AT
WHAT'S THAT WORD AGAIN?... GRAY'S!

SAMUEL. Papaya!

TOOTH FAIRY.

CUZ THESE ARE THE WONDERS OF CITY LIFE
JUST FEELING THAT CITY PRIDE!
IT'S ALL AROUND –
ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE.

SAMUEL. Boy, you're right – I guess the Upper West is a
pretty neat place. But man oh man, you're the Tooth
Fairy! There's got to be a lot to love about that!

TOOTH FAIRY. Oh yes? Like what?

SAMUEL.

THERE'S YOUR MAGIC MYSTIQUE

TOOTH FAIRY.

IT'S SO OVERRATED

SAMUEL.

A REALLY COOL COSTUME

TOOTH FAIRY.

IT'S SO DINGY AND DATED

SAMUEL.

NO RULES TO OBEY

TOOTH FAIRY.

NOPE, NOT A ONE

SAMUEL.

FLYING!

TOOTH FAIRY.

YEAH, THAT'S PRETTY FUN

BUT FLYING'S NO MATCH FOR THE WAY I'D FEEL

WHEN FULFILLING MY POTENTIAL

TO BE YOUNG AND FREE IN A COMMUNITY

SO HIP, YET RESIDENTIAL

LOCATION IS ESSENTIAL!

OH, LIFE COULD BE SWEET

SHOPPING AT ZABAR'S AND STOPPING AT COSI FOR
TEA

READING THE TIMES EVERY MORNING

SAMUEL.

PLUS THE NEW YORKER

SAMUEL & TOOTH FAIRY.

NATURALLY

TOOTH FAIRY.

ENJOYING THE WONDERS OF CITY LIFE

CAUSE THERE'S NO OTHER PLACE WORLDWIDE!

OH FIND ME THERE

SAMUEL.

SO MUCH BETTER THAN ANYWHERE

TOOTH FAIRY.

ANY PART OF IT, I DON'T CARE

SAMUEL & TOOTH FAIRY.

ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE!

(End song.)

SAMUEL. Tooth Fairy! I've got the best idea ever.

TOOTH FAIRY. What's that?

SAMUEL. We should switch places!

TOOTH FAIRY. Oh, Samuel, that's preposterous.

SAMUEL. My life is just rules, rules, and more rules. Rules
at school, rules at home, rules everywhere I go. I'd do

anything to just fly around, making children happy and waving my magic wand.

TOOTH FAIRY. It's a scepter.

SAMUEL. My Magic Scepter! Are there any rules to being the Tooth Fairy?

TOOTH FAIRY. I suppose not. One simply must collect all the teeth. Other than that, it's up to you.

SAMUEL. Oh, it's perfect!

TOOTH FAIRY. But I've always *been* the Tooth Fairy. It's all I know how to do.

SAMUEL. So maybe it's time to do it a different way!

(SAMUEL leaps up on his bed, extends his hand for the Scepter.)

TOOTH FAIRY. Very well, then!

(SAMUEL reaches for the Scepter. He takes it. A burst of music and lights: Samuel Vasouvian is the Tooth Fairy!)

SAMUEL. I'm the Tooth Fairy!

TOOTH FAIRY. And I'm... *not!*

(She exits, in a cloud of happiness. SAMUEL waves the Scepter.)

SAMUEL. *(calling off)* Mom! Dad! I'm the new Tooth Fairy! I'm going out to collect lost teeth from little boys and girls!

(In a pool of light we see MOM and DAD snoozing in their bed.)

DAD. *(half-sleeping)* Ok, champ... zzz...

MOM. Have fun... zzzz...

(He waves his Magic Scepter. There is a great swirl of light, a great whoosh of sound, and he floats out the window.)

(We travel to:)

Scene Three. Meanwhile...

(In a conference room at a local TV news studio. The NEWSCASTER, who we saw previously on the screen at Samuel's house, is sitting in a big chair, surrounded by assistants, reading and scowling.)

NEWSCASTER. Assistants!

TED. Yes, Mr. Abernathy?

SHEILA. What is it, Mr. Abernathy?

NEWSCASTER. I have a question for ya. What in the hey-how-are-ya is *this* supposed to be?

TED. That's the lead story for tomorrow morning.

NEWSCASTER. The heck it is, Sheila!

TED. Ted.

SHEILA. I'm Sheila.

NEWSCASTER. All right, people, gather round. Too close. That's good. If I am ever going to be the number one anchor in the Tri-State Area, I need *big, juicy* stories! And if I can't be *number one*, I might as well quit the news business!

TED. Maybe you could be something else.

NEWSCASTER. I don't *want* to be something else.

SHEILA. Maybe a farmer.

NEWSCASTER. Get out! Get out! Go get me three donuts!

(The assistants scurry away.)

I am under a lot of pressure!! *A Lot!* What I need is news!! Big... fat... juicy news!

(sings:)

GIVE ME THE STORY! I WANT IT NOW!

START WITH THE FACTS!

I WANT THE WHO WHAT WHERE WHEN AND HOW!

THE PEOPLE NEED TO STAY IN THE LOOP

AND I'M THE ONE THEY TURN TO

I'M THE GUY WHO GIVES EM THE SCOOP!

(The assistants return with donuts.)

TED & SHEILA.

THE SCOOP, THE SCOOP, THE SCOOP!

NEWSCASTER. Coffee!!

(They scurry away again.)

SHOW ME THE MELEE TURN UP THE JUICE!

FIND ME A SCENE-I'LL DIRECT, I'LL COMPOSE, I'LL
PRODUCE!

I STOOP TO CONQUER, AND BOY WILL I STOOP!

THERE'S NOTHING THAT CAN STOP ME

WHEN IT COMES TO FINDING THE SCOOP!

TED & SHEILA. *(returning with coffee)*

THE SCOOP, THE SCOOP, THE SCOOP

NEWSCASTER.

GIVE ME A HEADLINE WITH LOTS OF PIZZAZZ

"HOLLYWOOD'S BURNING" AND ALL OF THAT JAZZ
WHICH BRIGHT YOUNG STARLET IS DATING TOM
CRUISE?

SOME CALL IT GOSSIP, BUT I CALL IT NEWS!

(to his make-up mirror)

Boy do we have a line up for you tonight! Extraordi-
nary and bizarre things are happening all over that
can potentially pose a threat to you! That plus the
weather...after this break.

(sings:)

KEEP THE RATINGS RISING

ASSISTANTS.

IT'S SO HYPNOTISING!

NEWSCASTER.

I'm gonna find a story that will turn this city upside
down!

(TED and SHEILA gasp.)

NEWSCASTER. Metaphorically!

(sings:)

THE MARKET'S CRASHING, WE ALL GOTTA KNOW!
THE CITY'S COVERED IN THREE FEET OF SNOW!

ANOTHER RICH GUY HAS GONE AND CONFESSED!
TUNE IN TOMORROW TO FIND OUT THE REST!
GIVE ME THE STORY GIVE ME A SCAM!
HOLD ALL THE FLUFF- MAKE IT GOOD!
DON'T YOU KNOW WHO I AM?
CALL ME A PUNDIT, CALL ME A SNOOP
BUT ANYWAY YOU SPIN IT
I WON'T MISS A MINUTE OF THAT
BIG, DOWN, LOW, NASTY SCOOP!

TED, SHEILA & NEWSCASTER.

THE SCOOP, THE SCOOP, THE SCOOP!

NEWSCASTER. This just in – I'm fantastic!

OH, YEAH!!

(End song. The NEWSCASTER grabs his coat.)

TED. Mr. Abernathy?

SHEILA. Where are you going?

NEWSCASTER. Out! To find a story! A *real* story!

(He leaves.)

Scene Four. Late Late Late That Night.

(In a child's bedroom. A LITTLE GIRL is snoring in her bed. It's a pretty big snore for a little girl.)

LITTLE GIRL. *Zzzzzz... zzzzzz...*

(The window magically opens, and here comes SAMUEL. He marvels at the coolness of the window opening on its own. He repeats the little tune we heard from the Tooth Fairy earlier on.)

SAMUEL.

TIP-TOE, TIP-TOE, CAREFULLY, CAREFULLY,
THERE'S THE TOOTH I'VE COME TO FIND
PICK IT UP!

BUT WATCHFULLY, WAREFULLY,
AND FOR YOUR PLEASURE,
I'LL LEAVE A SMALL TREASURE BEHIND!

(speaks)

This is so awesome.

LITTLE GIRL. *Zzzzzz...zzzzz...*

(then)

Hello? Ith there thomebody there? Hello?

(SAMUEL stands stock still.)

Hello? Whoth there?

SAMUEL. Uh... nobody.

LITTLE GIRL. Nobody? There'th nobody there?

SAMUEL. Nope.

LITTLE GIRL. Then who'th talking?

SAMUEL. You're having a dream!

LITTLE GIRL. I'll acthept that.

(Her head falls back on the pillow.)

SAMUEL. Pshew!

LITTLE GIRL. *Zzzzzz...*

(SAMUEL has got the tooth.)

SAMUEL. And now...

(Slowly, slowly, he reaches into his Magic Bag.)

AND FOR YOUR PLEASURE,

I'LL LEAVE A SMALL TREASURE –

LITTLE GIRL. *(suddenly)* Are you thure there'th nobody here?

SAMUEL. Positive!

LITTLE GIRL. OK... zzzzzzz...

SAMUEL.

BEHIND!

(He waves his Magic Scepter. There is a great swirl of light, a great whoosh of sound, and he floats out the window.)

Scene Five. Same Night. Even Later.

(Outside a diner. The TOOTH FAIRY, still in her pink gown and fairy wings, but now with a suitcase and a camera slung around her neck, is standing on a busy New York corner.)

TOOTH FAIRY. Goodness gracious me! The Big City! Why, it's just as I always imagined it. Full of busy people and small dogs and big cars and smelling of excitement and possibility and ever so slightly of garbage. And here I am, in the midst of the hustle and the bustle, just a regular person, no different than anybody else!

(A mother and child are passing by.)

CHILD. Mommy? Why does that lady have wings?

MOTHER. Don't stare, dear.

(A man is passing by.)

TOOTH FAIRY. Excuse me, kind sir! Might you tell me how to get to The Upper West Side?

NEW YORKER. Uh, well, so, right now you're at Union Square, see, so here's what yer gonna wanna do:

(very rapidly)

Walk over to 7th and grab the 1 at 14th street, except the entrance is at 16th, or you can hoof it a few blocks down to Broadway/Lafayette and get the B or the D up to Columbus Circle.

TOOTH FAIRY. *(brightly)* I didn't understand anything you just said!

NEW YORKER. Sorry, lady. I gotta get to work.

TOOTH FAIRY. Oh, well.

(She sees the diner behind her.)

Say!

(The TOOTH FAIRY enters the diner. There's a couple at a booth in the back, and a man eating by himself, hidden behind a newspaper. The TOOTH FAIRY walks in and looks around, wide-eyed.)

Scene Six. The Next Morning. Very Early.

(In SAMUEL's homeroom. SAMUEL rushes in just before the bell rings.)

ALLISON. Samuel! You were supposed to meet me at precisely 7:45 by the big slide behind the jungle gym.

SAMUEL. Allison, I have to tell you the most incredible thing.

ALLISON. Oo! Wait! I want to guess!

SAMUEL. OK!

ALLISON. You foiled a bank robbery and they gave you the keys to the city!

SAMUEL. No. Better!

ALLISON. You won a hot dog eating contest and then you got sick all over the subway!

SAMUEL. No! Better!

ALLISON. You got bit by a dog, and then the dog got bit by a goat, and then the goat –

SAMUEL. Allison, stop guessing!

ALLISON. OK.

SAMUEL. I met the Tooth Fairy, and she was sick of her life, and now...

(He gestures to the big pair of wings he's wearing.)

... I'm the new Tooth Fairy.

ALLISON. Sammy! That's the coolest thing I think I have ever heard in my entire LIFE.

SAMUEL. I know!

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE. Good morning, children. Please get out a sheet of loose-leaf paper for a brief quiz on the Presidents and their facial hair.

(As SAMMY and ALLIE get out paper, they keep whispering...)

ALLISON. I want to know everything! You can tell me all about it at our club meeting tonight.

SAMUEL. I can't, Allison. I have to collect teeth tonight.

ALLISON. Oh, man!

SAMUEL. I know. But wait – why don't you just come with me?!

ALLISON. Really?

SAMUEL. Sure! Meet me at my house tonight when the sun goes down!

ALLISON. Yes!!

MRS. BUZZTHISTLE. Number one. What color were Millard Filmore's sideburns?

(Immediately, our scene shifts to...)