

Ferry Terminal

A play in One Page by **Bo Anderson**

Bob: Hey you, what are you doing here, the terminal is closed, get out.

Fairy: What the crap are you doing here?

Bob: I'm the janitor, you're going to have to leave; you're not supposed to be here.

Fairy: I'll be gone soon enough, asshole. (Coughs)

Bob: Look I'm just doing my job ok, and since the current threat level is ORANGE now not only do I have to clean toilets but I'm also responsible for security, so get the hell out.

Fairy: I can't leave; this is where I'm supposed to be.

Bob: Nobody is supposed to be here but me, you got it?

Fairy: You see that sign, dumb ass.

Bob: Yes, 'Ferry Terminal', yes now can you get-

Fairy: -Now look at my wings, shit bag.

Bob: What the hell are you wearing wings for?

Fairy: I'm not wearing them, I'm a freaking fairy you dumb bastard.

Bob: A fairy? Like Tinkerbell or something? No, no, no, I know you aren't no fairy.

Fairy: What would silly little man like you know about it? (Smokes and coughs)

Bob: Well, you're smoking cigarettes, you smell bad, and you swear a lot.

Fairy: Ok, obviously Disney has brain washed you, look we can't all be prissy little Ms Perfects like Tinkerbell, for some of us shit happens. You ever been diagnosed with Terminal Lung Cancer?

Bob: What? No, no I haven't. Why?

Fairy: Then you don't know a god damn thing!

Bob: So what you're dying, like for reals?

Fairy: DING, DING, DING!!! We have a winner!

Bob: What is this some kind of joke or something, this isn't funny.

Fairy: No it's not funny at all, in fact it sucks balls. (Smokes cigarette and coughs blood)

Bob: Look, you can stay here alright. Just for a couple hours while I clean, but you better be gone before the morning shift arrives, or my ass is on the line.

Fairy: Thanks, you're a freaking gem.

Bob: (Cleans for a time, then stops) Is there anything I can do for you, you wanna maybe sit down, and I could buy you a coke or something.

Fairy: No thanks, I'm going to die soon, but... Well... No, never mind.

Bob: What? What is it?

Fairy: It's silly but you, well you could clap, that might help.

Bob: Clap? Clap for you? How would that help you?

Fairy: Well it couldn't hurt, but if you'd rather go back to cleaning the crappers-

Bob: -But if I clap that might help with your cancer?

Fairy: YES! Yes, you dumb bastard, clap and say you believe in fairies! Do it NOW!!!

Bob: (clapping) Uh, I believe in fairies, I believe in fairies, I believe in fairies.

Fairy: LOUDER, and hop around in a circle on one foot you ass pony!

Bob: (Hops, claps, and repeats) I BELIEVE IN FAIRIES, I BELIEVE IN FAIRIES!!!

Fairy: DANCE MONKEY, DANCE! (Fairy laughs hysterically, laughs turn into coughs and she starts choking on her own blood and dies. Bob doesn't notice immediately and continues dancing and chanting)

Bob: Oh my god, she's dead, help, somebody help! (Bob exits screaming for help)

THE END