

*GWENDOLYN, 41, rifles through her duffle bag. MIRABELLE, 7, in full pageant hair, outfit, and makeup, stands next to her crying.*

GWENDOLYN

How many times do I need to tell you-- the rhinestones that mommy keeps in her bag are NOT for arts and crafts?!

MIRABELLE

Mommy, I didn't take them out of your bag, I swear!

GWENDOLYN

That's what you said last time, and then what did I find in the basement? Huh?!

MIRABELLE

*(sobbing)*

A Bratz styling head covered in rhinestones...

GWENDOLYN

Don't you want to win, Mirabelle? You're not going to have your rhinestones. The judges won't understand that you're supposed to be a sparkly, sparkly snowflake, and you WILL be docked points for that. For confusing them.

*MARSHA, 28, enters, holding her baby on her hip. Her baby is eating RHINESTONES from a BIG JAR in her hands.*

MARSHA

I'm so sorry, ma'am, but I couldn't help but overhear that you forgot your rhinestones? We have plenty extra here, if you wanted to borrow some--

MIRABELLE

Mommy, is that baby eating rhinestones?

GWENDOLYN

*(To Marsha)*

Sweetie, I've been backstage at these here pageants since before you were born. And I know sabotage when I see it. Nice try. And nice FAKE BABY.

*Gwendolyn smacks the baby out of Marsha's arms. It hits the ground and explodes into a scattered pile of rhinestones. END OF PLAY.*