



RITA. Please.

MIRANDA. Well ... Fourth grade — spring play. It was the day we got our costumes. I was a knight in tin-foiled helmet, shield, and armor. When I stepped out onto the auditorium stage I glittered in the lights. The other children gasped. The teachers nodded with approval, and I blushed, my ears fairly burning. But my glory was stolen by Heather Anderson in her princess gown; she floated in on clouds of sparkling crinoline, her shimmering scepter held high above her bejeweled crown. All eyes turned to her. I, Jonathon,

1. Two straight months in  
u go up and see if you can  
own here. (*Rita shoots her a  
d check on her. (Valentina  
ny dear. Let's see if these do  
into the bra and pats them*

our panties. No, dear. They

ose? (*Points to Bessie's chest.*)

ving up right before our eyes.  
cleavage. You earn it.  
*reals her taped chest.*) A little  
ldest trick in the book. There  
opatra taping up her titties.  
ere.

Bessie discovered me floating

*Miranda.*) I'd love to know

*ie Ballad of Reading Gaol ...*

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ness gown; she floated in on  
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stood breathless, unmoving. But Miranda did not. I swear, until that moment I hadn't a clue she existed in the world, let alone inside me. Now, suddenly, she took control of my arm and snatched Heather's crown right off her head. My other hand reached for her dress ... Everything careened around me. Screaming, shoving ... the crown ripped from my hands ... All I could do is yell, "It's not me. It's Miranda!" Miranda. She already had a name, but by the time my father finished beating me, she was gone.

TERRY. What did you think she was?

MIRANDA. There were stories in my schoolbooks about children with invisible friends. I just reasoned I had one as well.

RITA. But she came back.

MIRANDA. We were in our hotel room on our wedding night. Beth was in the shower and I opened the closet door to hang my suit when I realized that it was brimming with my wife's dresses ... Miranda was back. Beth emerged from the bathroom, mouth agape at the sight of me in her wedding gown, my head veiled, my feet painfully wedged into her satin slippers. Beth teetered on tiptoes, balanced like a spinning coin, and then to my total disbelief, she threw her arms around me covering me in kisses. She said her only concern marrying me was she feared I lacked a sense of humor. But any man who'd go to these lengths to make her laugh owned her heart forever.

RITA. She hasn't seen Miranda since?

MIRANDA. Once made her laugh. Twice may not be as funny.

RITA. Are you happy with things as they are?

MIRANDA. My wardrobe is kept locked in suitcases in the basement. When Beth's away for a safe amount of time, I dress using an abandoned cheval mirror down there. And then I lounge amongst the luggage and boxes listening to the radio.

TERRY. You never go upstairs?

MIRANDA. Windows.