

SITCOM: Vanity, thy name is Storm (mocking pretense)

Storm: Do you ever wish you were really good-looking?

Tricia: You mean, instead of just being ungodly hot?

Storm: Uh... whatever.

Tricia: You do wonders for a person's ego, you know?

Storm: I do?

Tricia: Absolutely. As long as that person is yourself. Anyway, what's your point?

Storm: It's really hard sometimes.

Tricia: Being perfect, you mean?

Storm: Right.

Tricia: God's gift?

Storm: Exactly.

Tricia: How ever do you bear the weight?

Storm: Oh, I work out.

Tricia: Funny, I would never have guessed.

Storm: Hey!

Tricia: You really do think you're perfect, don't you?

Storm: I know it sounds arrogant.

Tricia: Oh no, not a bit.

Storm: You don't think so?

Tricia: Not at all. In fact, it's endearing.

Storm: It is?

Tricia: Sure. For someone to think they're perfect when they have this great big zit...

Storm: Zit? Where?

Tricia: Where? Did you look in a mirror this morning?

Storm: You're kidding, right?

Tricia: Silly me. - And you didn't see that?

Storm: No!

Tricia: It's not like you'd notice it on a normal person.

Storm: Normal? Who cares about normal people?

Tricia: But we're talking perfection here.

Storm: Exactly.

Tricia: It's like finding a scratch on the Mona Lisa.

Storm: Unthinkable.

Tricia: A desecration. I mean, you're held to a higher standard.

Storm: Oh my God! I've got to get to a mirror!

Tricia: There's one in the back.

(Storm exits to the back. Tricia dials the phone.)

Tricia: Hi Mom. You know that book you gave me on the power of suggestion? I think it's working. *(Storm screams.)* I just got someone to see something that isn't there.