## Three Wishes

### Episode Description

This is the second episode of the Mirror Stage series.

The series holds up a mirror to different folktales – specifically ones with Princesses.

The mirror is more than just a metaphor, though. Each Princess relates her story while touching herself in front of the magic mirror.

The BP or the bad princes, is the opening character in this sequence. She is a peddler, working in a marketplace storefront. She is servile, aiming to please the customer. She emphasizes double entendrse, implying that she’s for sale along with the goods.

The GP or the Good Princess is the “public” face of the princess.

This episode draws on Princess Badroulbadour from A Thousand and One Nights. Other adaptations have conceived her as Princess Jasmine. Unlike previous adapatations, this script imagines her as well over 18 for the entire narrative.

As with every episode, this is for a single speaker. That single speaker embodies two characters, though – a bad princess who is sluttified and a good princess who embodies the sanitized ideal.

This is written in the second person – the listener is addressed directly, and they are part of the action. For a more detailed explanation of how the second person works in these stories and fantasies, please look for a future episode of The Writer’s Whoreshop! Your feedback and input is, as always, appreciated.

NOTE ON CULTURAL SENSITIVITY: This specific story draws from a non-Western set of stories. I think that’s good. Adapting non-Western stories into adult material is tricky. It’s good to avoid stripping out any reference to the culture, but fetishization risks are high. These risks are keenly felt in this story, because Islam is part of the background condition of the milieu. I’ve made my best efforts to reference without making this fetishistic or sacrilegious. When I’m unsure, I’ve marked with {these brackets}.

CW: Dubcon, magic, princess humiliation, prostitution, masturbation, female subservience

### Script

#### **S1: Market**

SFX open with dumbek and zils. We reach a fast crescendo, which overlaps with the opening of the shop door and jingling bells.

BP: Good evening to you, my new friend

BP: How may I be of service?

BP: Can I interest you in [flirty] the merchandise?

SFX zilshake

BP: [giggle]

BP: Of course. Everything’s for sale in this market.

BP: Everything.

SFX zilshake

BP: Everyone may have sampled these goods – but that only speaks to their quality, yes?

BP: Nonetheless, I can tell you’re an elevated class of customer.

BP: You need something special. Maybe a… package deal?

BP: MY goods pair with ALL the packages.

BP: Like…

SFX carpet unfurl

BP: This!

BP: Oh, it’s far more than JUST a carpet.

BP: I’ll show you.

BP: I lie down and…

SFX timed zilshakes

BP: It’s… magic... time!

BP: Thank you!

BP: I can do a lot with hips – but not like….

BP: This!

BP: I… promise you

BP: Best ride…

BP: Best ride in the market

BP: Oh, it might be bold.

BP: You like bold, my lord. I can tell.

BP: Let me…

SFX zilshake

BP: …show you.

BP: You’re wise, my lord.

BP: You should inspect the goods

BP: [whispering to carpet] Closer, carpet.

BP: [urgent whisper] Closer!

BP: Of course – you need to see

BP: Rub the lamp….

SFX metalcreak

BP: Grant your wish

SFX hingeopen

BP: [giggles]

BP: Oh, it’s real. No cheap costume jewelry here.

BP: Well, if you want THAT – you’ll need to rub it yourself.

BP: Hmmm. That’s true. I mean – it looks good.

BP: Yes?

BP: [proud] Yesss

BP: But you need to see more than glitter, my lord.

BP: I’ll use – my darling.

BP: This is REAL magic.

BP: [lower, reverential] Ta – Ha.

BP: [lustfully] Those coils

BP: That hood

BP: That… strike

SFX cobrarattle

BP: [gasp, three excitemoans, final satisfied moan as she uses the staff to pleasure herself]

BP: [enthralled, breathless] Need that strike

BP: [enthralled] Need Ta {Ta-Ha}

BP: More, my lord?

BP: Please?

BP: [soft, desperate] Please let me please

BP: Please? Let me please my lord

BP: [softer] My refuge

BP: [thrusting into staff with each syllable, emphasis on HA] Ta! Ta! Ta! {Ta – HA! Ta – HA! Ta – ha – ta – HA!}

BP: [breaking free, near the edge] [gasp] Nuh – nuhuhuhuh

BP: [enthralled, repeating a command] Yes. Only with permission.

BP: You’ve seen. The merchandise works as advertised – yes?

BP: Yes.

BP: The ride of your dreams.

BP: Your wishes – [zilshake as she rubs] fulfilled. [pleasuremoan]

BP: The power to command

BP: Enthrall

BP: [drawing out the s] Ensssslave

BP: [enthralled] I need it

BP: I need more

BP: You need more

BP: I know

BP: I’m sure every girl in the market shows you her body

BP: [hornier] My body

BP: [licking lips] My talents

BP: You deserve more

BP: I’ll show you more

BP: My real truth.

BP: The woman inside the woman.

BP: I’ll show you

SFX curtainpull

BP: My mirror.

#### **S2: Mirror**

GP: Here.

Sfx fingersnap

GP: Eyes UP.

GP: Did you expect me kneeling? Bowing and scraping?

GP: Fucking a stick for you?

BP: [petulant] A STAFF.

GP: Excuse me?

BP: Ta’s {Ta-ha’s} a STAFF - not a stick.

GP: A thousand apologies.

GP: Did you expect me to lie on a rug and fuck a STAFF?

GP: No. I may be trapped in this mirror for HIS amusement. That WHORE self {Sharmuta} might control my flesh. But I still have my pride and that means I still have STANDARDS.

GP: Stick fucking’s for COMMON girls.

BP: [weakly] I’m not common.

GP: Oh – hayati

GP: Don’t get haughty just because you do some tricks with MY body

BP: MY body now

BP: And I’ll sell it when I please.

GP: And THAT’S why you’re COMMON.

GP: You may fetch a decent price – but you’re still for sale.

GP: Five times a day.

BP: If I please!

GP: [to listener] You’re early. You’re today’s fourth.

BP: Second!

BP: JUST mouth doesn’t count. They have to rub the lamp.

GP: Of course

BP: Now \*I\* have to rub the lamp

GP: Of course you do

GP: [to listener] They do this solely to embarrass me.

BP: [rubbing] Just – ONE wish

GP: And it works.

BP: [rubbing] Please my lord

GP: They embarrass me every day. Would you like to know how this happened, my lord?

GP: I’ll tell you the tale.

GP: Perhaps if I tell it well enough - a thousand times

GP: I’ll be a princess again instead of a bauble

BP: [semi-coherent] bauble – babble – babbling whore

GP: You’ve seen SOME version before

GP: My body wrapped in blue silks

GP: Or red WHORE silks.

GP: Like this guzzler - kneeling in the alley

BP: I’ll guzzle

GP: She always does – it’s probably on her face

GP: OR those red silks – they collect seed.

GP: I’d never display my body like that

BP: [between sucks] My body – show my body.

GP: Not then

GP: They lie about me

GP: My clothing – my body - my age – I was no blushing TEENAGER [scoffs]

GP: Yes, I was a princess

GP: And yes – I had suitors.

GP: And they bored me. I sampled them – and they sampled me

GP: I let them see the treasure. I wanted them to touch it – the right way

BP: [masturbating] Please – touch it right

GP: But they couldn’t. It grew tiresome to draw the same treasure map for those “princes”

GP: Overdressed – self-absorbed – and worst - incompetent

GP: Maybe they were spoiled by the concubines and silk dancers and market mouth pleasers serving without question for a royal nod

GP: A princess needs more.

BP: more!

GP: A PRINCESS needs quality – not just quantity.

GP: Lovers who find their way without a harlot’s simpering

GP: We need tigers

GP: Adventurers

GP: And I found them

GP: From the guards who watched over me

BP: Watched me

GP: watched me dress

BP: Undress

BP: Watch me rub – all night

GP: I’d invite them without words

GP: They knew

GP: The palace concubines knew

GP: Serving men was their trade – but serving me was their joy

BP: [between sucks] Serving – rubbing - licking – pleasing – please?

GP: [wistful] They begged to please me – then

GP: [sighs] It’s different now

BP: WE beg now

BP: [masturbating desperately] Crawl - Plead –Please use me – Please let me taste it

GP: My tastes demanded more.

GP: When I tired of drawing treasure maps, I knew what I needed

GP: A thief

GP: I found one – through my window - in the market

GP: The same market where they sell me

GP: HE got it for free - he earned it

GP: No maps – no gentle coaxing or headpats

GP: He took what he wanted and I wanted him to take it

GP: It was bliss. Taym. For a moment. The hourglass was running,

GP: My thief knew my body – not the deceits and disguises of a court

GP: He didn’t know lust for power – yet.

GP: Jealous thieves schemed to steal back what he took

GP: And he took too much

GP: He took the lamp

GP: It was fresh magic then. The kind of power that makes EVERYONE a slave

BP: [mindless] Slaves [moans]

GP: And he stole it while I slept, drenched in his seed and sweat

GP: So of course, another thief stole it back

GP: The slithering one - Jafar

GP: He always watched me

GP: Jealous

GP: Jealous of Daddy

GP: Jealous of my thief

GP: He’d tasted me

GP: His oily charms had their appeal – for a night.

GP: [guilty] A few nights.

GP: But my thief was special and the snake knew it

GP: He watched and waited and when Aladdin took the lamp – he struck

GP: I knew the truth – my lover sputtered and mumbled excuses but I knew

GP: He lost the treasure and it was up to me to get it back

GP: I did what was needed

GP: I took the best concubine’s best silks and perfumes

GP: And I showed Jafar what I knew he wanted

GP: Pure power

GP: A princess humiliated by her own cunt need

GP: dripping and ready

GP: Slobbering for a taste of cock

GP: I made the filthiest market whores look like maidens

GP: I swallowed every drop

GP: Then slurped again and rubbed it all over

GP: On my tits and my hair and my silks and my face

GP: Crawling like an animal

GP: Ass up in heat

GP: Shoving that snake staff all the way inside

GP: Just like she does now

GP: Whimpering and dripping

GP: I was his princess whore and he was my king

GP: He needed it and I gave it to him

GP: Again and again and again

GP: I was his rutting bitch

GP: I drained him

GP: I drained his cock and his energy

GP: And when he slept, exhausted by my treasure

GP: I took his treasure

GP: It was perfect

GP: I only made one mistake

GP: I had to

GP: It was right there

GP: I had to rub the lamp

#### **S3: Abject Humiliation**

GP: I had to

GP: You would – you’d rub it

GP: Everything you ever wanted

GP: You can have it – it just takes a little rubbing

BP: [rubbing] rubbing

GP: I got three wishes - everything I wanted

GP: I wanted the world

GP: Not power – not to control it – I’m no snake. I just wanted to see it

GP: Try to understand – I’d never done a thing on my own. No life outside the palace walls.

GP: I felt like a slave.

BP: [rubbing] Slave! Good slave!

GP: I THOUGHT I knew slavery.

GP: I know now.

GP: I got my wish.

GP: That djinn showed me the world. As it really is.

GP: What they want

GP: What they think when they see me

GP: You’ve seen how they draw me

GP: A wide eyed slut begging to be used

GP: It’s what the world needs – and when I try to forget

GP: My body goes to the market and I feel the world

GP: All over again

BP: [moans]

GP: I wanted freedom. I wished for it. I wanted it.

BP: [dazed] I thought I wanted it.

GP: But the world – the real world?

BP: It showed me real freedom

GP: It showed me why everyone wants to be a princess

GP: I thought freedom meant CHOICES

BP: Nuh uh

BP: It’s the opposite

BP: That’s why everyone’s so sad – they’re always choosing

GP: Always choosing wrong – like I did

GP: Like the thief

GP: Like rubbing Jafar

GP: Rubbing the lamp

GP: We’re always rubbing

BP: Always rubbing

BP: Always choosing the same

GP: I rubbed and I saw. That djinn showed me how I choose – hundreds of times in one drop of time

BP: I’ll always choose the same

GP: I’ll always choose the same

BP: Taste the guards – the concubines

GP: My thief – Jafar

BP: You

BP: If you let me

BP: I’ll please you

BP: I’ll please you because you can set me free

GP: Really free – free from pretending I’m free

BP: Tell me where to go

GP: How to dress

BP: Who to please

GP: I’ll be your princess

BP: I’ll be your whore

GP: I’m Aladdin’s princess now

BP: Aladdin’s whore

GP: He’ll give me away soon, though

BP: SELL me

GP: It’s a new way to humiliate me

BP: That’s what pleases him

GP: I know because I wished for it – for the most intense love

BP: I trusted my thief.

GP: I gave him everything he wanted – but I didn’t know yet.

BP: He watched me serve Jafar. He watched me in rutting heat.

GP: He watched me humiliate myself and play the whore.

BP: He liked it – and it’s not play now.

GP: He saw me fucking that snake and that staff and gulping cum and he wanted more .

BP: He wanted a whore.

GP: A princess whore.

BP: He tasted my humiliation.

GP: He’s been humiliating me ever since. It’s an eternity of servitude.

BP: [dazed] It’s all so magical.

GP: She’ll always say yes – automatically – like one of those clockwork dolls

BP: [dazed] I’m a doll

GP: A fuck doll

GP: Fucking on her carpet

BP: [giggles] it feels magic

GP: Fucking her snake stick

BP: It feels – so – good

GP: Kneeling in the market with her mouth open

BP: All open – all my holes

BP: See?

BP: He took the lamp and he put it by my cunt

BP: Cause I’ll always rub it – and he knows what I’ll wish for.

GP: Slavery. She keeps us slaves.

GP: She loves it because it makes her so wet.

BP: [lower] It makes her wet too. I know.

BP: But she’ll deny it

BP: She’ll act all mad when she sees me rubbing my cunt and selling my holes

BP: But it makes her wet and that makes her madder and wetter and wetter

BP: [confidentially] That’s why he makes her watch

BP: Its our whole new life

BP: He loves us – so he sets us free

BP: All we have to do is rub