

FIRST PERSON NARRATION

by Paul Watson

Lights, camera, action! Well, lights, audience, action, I guess? No cameras. Strictly forbidden. Can't have people working out the secrets. Although if they could work out this secret, they'd deserve a medal. Or a visit from the men in white coats. Anyway, don't mind me, just standing here, smiling and posing by the big scary sawing box (if something with that much glitter can really be considered scary) in my almost indecent outfit (yes, I did push back on this, but Matt is persuasive and he's probably right that a pretty girl wearing not much is a real draw. Still, my inner feminist and I had a lot of fights about it, but my inner capitalist won) that probably has more sparkles than the cabinet. Big 'genuine' smile it took hours of practice to fake convincingly, all the while listening just enough to the patter Matt spent almost as long practicing to sound natural to spot my cues.

Audience volunteers coming up. As per our deal, a couple so the guy won't dare get too handsy with his girlfriend watching. Good looking pair, but not good looking enough to distract me, like he'll ever let me live *that* one down. Ooooh, I'll have to ask her where she got those shoes. They look really nice. Smile and look pretty while Matt talks them through. One sneaky glance, two sneaky glances, ah ah ooooh, admiring glance from the girlfriend. I give her a wink. She blushes sweetly and looks away. Might have to worry about the guy keeping his girl in check for a change.

Turning back towards me Matt has them check the box so I step gracefully to one side. Yup, no clue there how it works, but keep looking. Matt has the guy, Brad, (I think, wasn't paying attention, too busy half-flirting with his girlfriend, whose name I didn't get either, bad Melanie) pick the boxes off, ooooh, nice arms there, Brad. And then I get to climb on. In this costume. And heels. (Whoever designed assistant outfits was so obviously a guy.)

Anyway, because I am that awesome and have practiced for days, I manage to get up without anything falling out or giving anyone a show they haven't paid for, lying down, shifting a little until I can feel the little gap under my waist. Box cover slipped back on, hiding me from the audience, sorry, guys, but that's showbiz for you. Matt pulls out the stocks. Down on my feet. Click, locked in. I wiggle my tootsies a bit. Brad and ...Angelina, (I'm being sawn by a Brangelina?! No, mustn't laugh, mustn't) check I can't get them out. I really can't. I can barely wiggle them without hitting my ankles on the sides. Oh, shoes off already? Getting distracted. Wiggle, scrunch up my toes and, no, Matt, no, we talked about this, eeeeeeee. Unprofessional, Matthew Wilson! No tickling! I am going to slap you so hard when we're off stage! Anyway, they're definitely mine, guys, you can stop now! Ok, ok, done, calm down, deep breaths, put the hands in place so Matt can slide the stocks down and...click, locked, wiggle hands, no way I'm moving now. Yeah, Brad, take a close look, you too, Angelina, make good and sure I can't escape becauuuuusse...there's the gasp, heeeeeere comes the saw. A nice big five foot two-hander. Turn to the audience, 'shocked' face, not as shocked as Brangelina, though. Yup, you two get to saw poor li'l me in two yourself. Poor Brad, doesn't know what to do with himself. He wants it, what guy wouldn't want it, but he doesn't want to be the one to admit it. There you go, Angelina, take control, girl! Matt has to help them line it up, always does, who knows how to use one of these bad boys? You don't get many lumberjacks around here. Nnnn. Cold! Always cold. And prickly. Those teeth are as sharp as they look, you know.

Dramatic pause, wait for it, wait for it, first stroke, pointy teeth just starting to tear through the skin and SCREAM!!! Angelina jumps a full foot at that. Doesn't take much acting from me, either, the first cut is the one that hurts the most. Some lucky girls apparently don't feel the pain, they just rush straight to having to hide how good it feels. Lucky them! I, apparently, need a bit of pain before that kicks in. That's it, don't let the scream knock you, smile reassuringly at them both, grimace at the audience for the laugh.

Second stroke is slower, a bit hesitant. I don't scream this time. Not fair, for one. For two, my body's finally decided it's not going to die and is letting me enjoy the experience. So now I have to act like it's not pleasant. And, before you ask, the answers to the same questions everyone always asks are: yes, he has; yes, we have; no, I'm not telling you. Another stroke, a bit wobbly but improving. Fourth, getting the hang of it now, fifth, sixth, aaahhhh, smooth action they've got there now,

teamwork, more confident in what they're doing, each stroke tickling me down there as it sinks down through me, the bites of pain as it cuts my skin overwhelmed by that lovely gooey feelgood rush. Clench my hands, wiggle my feet, bite my lip, but don't let the audience, or the volunteers, see that.

Ooooooh, there goes the spine, a bit of jolt to their stroke that needs Matt's encouragement to finish, the saw teeth plucking away through my nerves. How can that feel so good?! And finally done. Ta-daaaaa. A woman sawn in half. Not convinced, huh? Can't really blame you.

Matt pulls the square divider blades out from under the table. Big dramatic clash right above my waist. I look worried for the audience. Matt slides the first blade down, the metal, still cold, against my warm skin. And then again. Definitely in two now, right, but still not convinced. Ok. Click, click, latches undone and....wheeeeeeeeeee, spun around and around and around. I see my stockinged feet wiggling on the other table and stare open-mouthed, like I've never seen them from this angle before, rather than almost every day in practice and just as often during the shows. I've got to say I think I do a good job. Still not convinced, well, you can't...eeeeeeeeeeee, MATT! YOU DIE FOR THIS! No tickling I said! Doesn't he ever listen?! Can't control it, bashing my ankles and wrists on the stocks, thankfully well padded or that would really hurt! Hands are safer. I shake Brad's hand, tears brimming, as Angelina presses her nail into my helpless unprotected sole. Not the usual way round. Interesting.

Finally convinced, Matt pulls the tables back together, latches click. He has Brad take one divider, Angelina the other and....pull. Feet scrunch up, body tightens, almost bite through my lip trying to keep it down. Stocks are removed. Box unlocked. And I let Matt help me up, whispering death threats into his ear as I turn to smile at the audience. I thank the volunteers, bare feet padding on the varnished wood as I escort them off stage and Matt gets ready for the next trick.