

MAGICIAN AND HIS TOYS: PART 16

SHOWTIME!

by Paul Watson

for 2good2btru

Malcolm stands in the wings, dressed up in a white shirt and black trousers, his shirt open at the collar, hair styled. There's noise outside from the club patrons as the previous act leaves the stage, blowing kisses to her fans. As usual, he tries to tamp down the twinge of jealousy he feels at those getting a full routine. As usual, he doesn't quite succeed.. Almost time for the interval. He's the bridge on both sides to keep things flowing. "You know what you have to do?"

The Rubberdoll gives him her best 'look', "Toss you the hat. Push out the cabinet. Reverse that after the interval. It's not like it's hard, Mal."

"And now," the announcer's voice booms over the speakers, "the Starlight Lounge is proud to present, for your entertainment, Malcolm the Magician!"

"You need a better name."

Mal ignores her, striding confidently onto the stage to muted applause, no matter how much he might agree with her. "Thank you, thank you." he says pretending the applause is rapturous. "As our announcer has just said, I am a magician. And we know that every magician needs a few things. So let's start with the most essential accessory for any magician. No, not the assistants, the hat." he holds out his hand dramatically and the top hat sails through the air, swerving slightly to land in his hand, brim up. The audience isn't impressed. "And now we start with the most famous trick a magician can perform. Pulling a rabbit from the hat."

There's a non-committal grumble from the audience.

He plunges his hand into the hat's interior, right up to the shoulder, which gets their attention, at least. "Now, where have you gone? If you've taken a turn at Albuquerque...aha!" he pulls a pair of white ears out of the hat, followed by the Brunette's head, white collar and black bow-tie. He keeps pulling, the brim of the hat stretching as her bare shoulders pull out. There's a whistle from the audience and the Brunette beams in that direction as her chest slides out, the plunging neckline of her white leotard revealed as she shimmies further. She pulls her hands out, pressing on the brim, loose white cuffs around her wrists. Her butt wiggles free, followed by her bare legs and white heels as she steps out, turning to reveal the leotard bares her back almost to the waist, a cute fluffy white cottontail on her butt. "Apparently this trick was pulling a bunny out of a hat, not a rabbit. I think I like this version better. And there's the second most important accessory to any magician, their assistants." The Brunette twirls to one side and whispers into his ear. "Apparently, saying assistants means I need more than one. So let's see if we can find another assistant to keep this one company." he reaches in again, pulling out a pair of dark brown ears, followed by the Blonde in a black version of the Brunette's bunny outfit. She takes her position on his other side, shimmying to display her barely covered advantages. "And here are my assistants. Please give them a round of applause." This applause is much more enthusiastic than the one for him, which definitely doesn't bother him. Definitely not. At all.

"Of course, now that I have my assistants, I need to do something with them or all you fine people might sue me for false advertising."

A ripple of laughter. Not much, though. The line might need some more work.

He looks to the wings and a white cabinet rolls out, the Rubberdoll in overalls to hide her figure, pushing it behind the Brunette, who beams out. Mal opens the five small doors, splitting the stylised female figure on the front into five pieces, which the audience enthusiastically take as an indication of what's about to happen to the Brunette. She waves, backing inside, where Mal secures her wrists by her side, followed by her ankles, pressing her legs together and finally tightening a leather collar around her neck, pressing down on the white bunny collar before he closes the doors.

"Now, normally, I'd like to get some people up here to check there's no trickery, but we are a little pressed for time. So..." he reaches behind the cabinet, clashing a pair of square blades together, "... let's get started."

The Blonde reaches back, pulling her own pair of blades out. Mal slides one blade through the box at the stylised neck. The Blonde does the same at the knees. Mal pulls out another set and slides them in at the Brunette's ribs, the Blonde repeats a her waist.

They stand back, hands raised, revealing their handiwork. The audience applauds lightly.

"And now for the part you're waiting for." He lifts the first box off the top of the stack, placing it on the front of the stage and opening the front door as the Blonde lifts up the second box. The Brunette looks out from her lowered position, her mouth a perfect 'O' of feigned surprise. She turns her head to look up at Mal questioningly but he's already moved back to lift up the third box. The Blonde reveals the Brunette's chest in the low-cut white leotard, taking the audience's attention from the black cabinet pushing onto the stage behind her.

Mal reveals the Brunette's stomach and wiggling hands, while the Blonde places the fourth box down, turning it around to open the back of the box and reveal her companion's cottontail. Finally Mal opens the last box on her tapping feet.

"Ta-da. A woman split in five."

The Blonde poses triumphantly, one foot resting on the box with the Brunette's head.

"Of course, as I have to be fair to my assistants..." he pauses as the spotlight shines on the black box, "...why stop with one?"

The Blonde looks around, seemingly seeing the cabinet for the first time. She looks nervously at the audience but seemingly reluctantly backs into the cabinet. The Brunette smiles broadly as Mal closes the doors. He doesn't make as much of a production this time, slamming the blades through and scattering the Blonde across the stage with the Brunette.

"Now, we're reaching the intermission, so I don't have time to restore my assistants yet."

"What?!"

"You can't be serious?!"

He ignores the calls from the stage floor. "So, to keep them, and you, entertained..." servers come out, closing the boxes and taking them around the tables, opening them, "Do make sure the parts in the box are real, but I'm under instructions from the management to say do not 'take liberties'. Save those for the private shows that you can discuss with me during the intermission."

That gets a laugh, the stage lights go dim and the interval begins, the guests' food brought out and arranged around the Toys.

Backstage, "Anyone ever take you up on that 'private show' offer?"

"A few times. The Toys enjoy them. Especially when liberties get taken. The more liberties taken the better."

"Yeah, that sounds like them. But why are you even doing these piddly shows? You're better than this."

"Thanks, suck up."

"Hey! I'm being nice here!"

"Because Jane gave all the show equipment to Glinda when she sent you all off on tour. So I'm having to scrape together equipment for the act itself. Which takes time. Magic show shit's expensive."

"Poor baby." she pats his cheek.

"Keep that up and I'll stuff you into one of those boxes."

"Promises, promises." she smirks.

"Now lets get something to drink before they call us all back."

"And I'll see if I can drum up some private show business for you." she unbuttons her coveralls, taking a few deep breaths to deepen her cleavage.

After the intermission, when the Rubberdoll has taken expressions of interest from several possibilities. The servers collect the boxes. The Blonde blows kisses to the young man at her table.

"Don't forget to get a private show, daddy."

Malcolm surveys the scattering of boxes. "Everyone convinced that my lovely assistants are really

in there?”

The audience gives a resounding cheer, much more invested in the show now.

”Good. I suppose I should patch them back together. I’ll never hear the end of it if I don’t.”

Those at the front hear a muffled “Damn straight!” from the Brunette’s box.

”Of course, traditionally, you’re supposed to ‘accidentally’ mix the boxes up so the poor assistant ends up arse over tit. But they insisted I put the figure on the boxes so I couldn’t do that. So, that having been said, let’s get started.” he assembles the two boxes in the correct order. Of course, Malcolm is a magician, so the box colours end up alternating black and white. The audience murmurs as Malcolm yanks the blades out, sliding them into the storage slots in the rolling base. The doors swing open and the Toys step out as one, their chests and hips swapped over. The Blonde looks down as she sees the Brunette with a black top to her leotard.

”Hey! Those are mine!” she starts towards her at about the time the Brunette notices the white costume wrapped around the Blonde’s now expansive rear.

”Hey! Give me that back.”

Malcolm tries to intervene but the Toys keep slipping around him to yank at each others hair or clothes, although careful not to actually expose anything as they do.

Malcolm throws up his hands, “Is this any way to leave a professional impression on the fine people here?!” This plea to professionalism utterly fails to influence the Toys’ behaviour. Malcolm sighs.

“Fine! If that’s the way you want it...” he reaches into his pocket, pulling out a white handkerchief that he swiftly expands out into a sheet. The Toys ignore him as he tosses it over them.

”Hey!”

”What’s the big idea?!”

The sheet slowly sinks to the floor, leaving a small hump behind, the Toy’s protests quietening as they get smaller. Malcolm whisks the sheet away on a pair of black and white striped rabbits. Both look pleading up at him. He lifts them by the base of the ears and hands them over to the Rubberdoll as she once again comes out on stage to clear things away.

”Take these backstage. Tomorrow’s special will be rabbit pie if they don’t behave!”

The rabbits look scared, quivering in the Rubberdoll’s arms.

”Thanks you for your time, ladies and gentlemen! Enjoy the rest of the show.” Once more the stage lights go dark as Mal vanishes off the stage, the comedian who’s the star turn getting ready in the wings.