

Let Me Entertain You

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The short screenplay (or theatre piece) consists of a rendition of “Let Me Entertain You” (permission required), sung by a woman, that is interrupted with various spoken bits as follows (each delivered by a different female voice); accompanying visuals can range from the woman speaking to the audience to the scene being described by the woman.

Duration 6:01

The audio collage “Let Me Entertain You” (download available from [chriswind3@gmail.com](mailto:chriswind3@gmail.com) or at [www.chriswind.com](http://www.chriswind.com)) can be used as a guide.

Throughout, in the top left corner of the screen, is an inset of a little girl tapdancing to the song, very Shirley Temple-ish.

*Let me entertain you*

Star of the silver screen! My name in neon! I look good, and I feel good, and you like to watch me, and that's just fine with me!

*Let me make you smile*

I strut my stuff down the runway edged with colored lights, and I'm damn good at my job. Not everyone can strip, but I sure can. I know how to tease you. It's all a matter of timing and taste, of when and how much.

*Let me do some new tricks*

That's me in the centerfold. I'm sort of kneeling, sitting back on my right foot, but my left is flat on the floor with my knee bent to my chest. I'm arching my back and holding my hands like paws playfully at my breast, so it looks a bit like I'm sitting up. In this position, my vulva is nicely exposed and glistening. Oh, and I'm wearing a cute pink collar clipped to a leash that goes off the page.

*Some old and then some new tricks*

And I know how to please you. I do this.. and this... And then, no, no, this...there. Yes, like that... And if you like, this... And this...

*I'm very versatile*

I'm the girlfriend of one of the guys on the team, and this is their victory party. They're pretty rowdy, and really they just want a good time. And, well, no one wants to be called a spoilsport, so –

*Let me entertain you*

Here we are in our bedroom. I know you want to tonight, and I know I should, but I don't. And I know it wouldn't make any difference if I told you I didn't want to. So I might as well. It's an easy enough way to keep the peace.

*Let me make you smile*

On page 21, I'm lying on my back with my legs spread in the air. You can't see my face clearly, but you can see that a very large plastic phallus has been thrust deep into my mouth. A man is standing over me, holding a jackhammer aimed between my legs. He's grinning.

*And if you're real good*

I'm five years old, and I'm sitting on your knee. You bought me the banana popsicle I'm sucking. It makes me happy. Your hand is at my back so I don't fall off. Your other hand is under my dress. And that makes you happy.

*I'll make you feel good*

I know it looks like he's pushing me. But like, I wanna come with you. I really do! It's just that I haven't been doing this very long, and he likes to encourage me, you know. I know what to do – I mean, what to expect. I'm not inexperienced.

*I want your spirits to fly*

I'm crouching in the corner of the kitchen waiting for your next blow. It excites you when I try to get away. And my screams seem only to urge you to continue.

*So let me entertain you*

I cannot move because I'm tied so tightly to this chair. My arms are pulled behind me, hands tied together. My legs are open, each one tied to a chair leg. One nipple looks squashed, and there's a vice-like gadget hanging from the other. Something that looks like a corkscrew is barely visible between my legs. There are welts all over my body, and my face is frozen in a scream.

*And we'll have a real good time, yes sir*

There are two men holding me spread-eagled over the pool table. A third is thrusting, recklessly, into me. Others are standing by, drinking, cheering, waiting their turn. The one who prefers to use the cue stick is next in line. He holds it like a rifle, over his

shoulder. My nose is bloody and one eye is already puffed closed. Bruises, cuts, and scratches, beer, spit, semen, urine, have all but replaced the clothing that once covered my body

*And we'll have a real good time.*

The scene was to be a brutal rape murder. I was the victim. They were to pursue me through the forest to a hut. There was to be a gang rape scene at the hut. At one point two of them were supposed to fight over me and then break my legs apart like a wishbone. Another was supposed to slice off my breasts, and fry them in a pan like eggs. When I asked about special effects and make-up and mannequins, I was given no definite answers, and I realized too late.

*A real good time*