

"Keep Smilin', DareDoll Lila!"

by

Don Cortier

PO Box 2901  
South Bend, IN 46680  
dynahunk@dyna-flix.com

Lila descends the ramp and walks the maze. DareDoll Leather appears to whip tie her!

NARRATOR

What ho?! What's this? A traitorous, treasonous turncoat? A wild card in the DareDoll deck? Her intentions can't possibly be honorable!

Leather leads Lila as though by lasso to the Giant Web. Lila is tied to the Web. She wakes, groggily.

LEATHER

Wake up, little birdie!

LILA

Where am I?!

LEATHER

They say that butterflies are free, at least on greeting cards and bumper stickers. And so they are: This one is free to devour you slowly! It will nibble you down to nothing, over several days' time.

LILA

But butterflies are supposed to be nice.

LEATHER

Yeah, well, there ain't no good in man, little girl, nor in the creepy creatures that man comes up with when he's bored and he's got just the right chemicals in his mutation kit. My grandpa told me that before he died, and I still live according to those words.

LILA

They're apt, all right. All too apt!

Leather exits. The butterfly climbs along Lila's body as she struggles, sucking her dry.

LILA

(v.o.)

I think I can get my arm free. If I can just adjust the voltage in my gauntlet to fry this freak and not me, I'll be adding her to my collection rather than vice versa....

She does so and escapes. She immediately calls CrimeBase.

LILA

CrimeBase, it's me: DareDoll Lila.  
I was nearly the world's first  
human butterfly treat, but now that  
critter's crispy, thanks to the  
reserve electricity in my costume.

CRIMEBASE

Now...is it a costume or a uniform?

LILA

You tell me.

CRIMEBASE

Well, it's a uniform, dammit! And  
according to DareDoll Regulation  
Slap-Dash Double-Naught-Zed, it is  
only to be referred to as such. You  
follow?

LILA

You know, Norman, you could be  
happy right now that I'm not dead.

CRIMEBASE

Sure, I'm glad that you're not dead,  
Lila, but let's not forget to  
maintain our DareDoll bearing at  
all times.

LILA

Roger that, Norman. Out.

But she is chloroformed! The Peeper ties her and hauls her off.

She wakes in the Dejuicer.

PEEPER

Hey good lookin'! What you got  
cookin'? Oh wait a minute...it's you!

LILA

Will my bodily essence really  
satisfy your Daily Allowance for  
DareDoll Juice?

PEEPER

Oh yes! We'll be getting high off  
of your sweet scent for weeks to  
come, Lila. As your anxiety mounts,  
your stamina will leave you in the  
form of an aromatic nectar. You  
know the deal!

LILA

And then?

PEEPER

And then you'll be lashed to the Spit for cooking. It's a reverse marination process. You see, your oils and spices may be leaving you at the moment, but we will replace them with a flavoring of our own. That's right: We're going to flavor your body! We'll baste your body to delicious perfection, and then you'll be ready to eat.

LILA

You sleaze bag! I hope you enjoy yourself thoroughly! To the point that you choke!

PEEPER

You can bet on that. But now I must begin the juice-sluicing process, so you must excuse me.

He twists dials as she beats against the inside of the glass. But soon knock-out gas fills the chamber and she passes out.

She wakes up tied to the Spit.

PEEPER

As promised, now that we have collected your sauce, we shall cook your goose!

LILA

Oh! That may only be a radar-style heating grill down there, but it's toasting me like an English muffin! I don't think I can take much more of this.

PEEPER

No you can't, DareDoll Lila! First the nylon spandex in your tights and leotard will melt, and then you shall soon follow. I guess you could say that there'll be a hot time in your tights tonight!

LILA

Ungh! It feels like they're shrinking right now!

PEEPER

Oh gee, Lila. What's the matter?  
Tights too tight? Don't try to  
distract me. I've got to seal in  
your juices with this basting brush  
before it's too late.

Wow! Is it too late for Lila?!