

"DareDoll Kiki and the Kinky Day!"

by

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In the DareDoll dressing room, DareDoll Kiki slips into her suit.

DareDoll Kiki--properly seat-belted!--speeds along in the DareDoll car.

NORMAN

DareDoll Kiki! Where are you?

KIKI

I'm making my leisurely and insouciantly sexy way to the old, abandoned magic factory.

NORMAN

(his gaze heading south of her dashboard)

Well, let's uncross our legs and get down to business.

KIKI

What a grouch!

NORMAN

I'm just doing my job.

KIKI

That haircut makes you look like Charles Bronson's news-anchor son.

NORMAN

I didn't know he had one.

KIKI

I was speaking hypothetically.

NORMAN

Yes, well, allow me to speak frankly: You could be walking right into a trap when you walk into that old, abandoned magic factory today.

KIKI

Don't worry. I'm a big girl now.

Parked inside of the factory, Kiki unclasps her safety belt's buckle and walks the maze. She is captured with a very small and silky handheld net by a Peeper.

KIKI

You shark! I thought something smelled fishy.

PEEPER

Yeah. It's this net. I use it to clean fish sometimes. But I washed it in fabric softener!

KIKI

It *does* feel softer.

We cut to our first deathtrap: Kiki is tied to a winch, which is slowly pulling her toward a vat of bubbling green acid.

PEEPER

This oughta melt those nylons!

KIKI

We'll just see about that! I'm wearing my nuclear-grade DareDoll suit today!

Kiki is finally pulled into the "soup." After a moment's reflection, the Peeper shrugs his shoulders and leaves. Kiki then emerges from the mist, pulling off her bonds.

Springing upon her from behind, the Peeper claws her legs with special gloves. She passes out in his arms and is hoisted off, carried over-the-shoulder.

Kiki wakes chained to a wall. The Peeper enters.

PEEPER

Give up that DareDoll activation code or we're going to have to give you the ultimate massage!

KIKI

By "we," do you mean the royal collective we?

PEEPER

No, I mean me and my good friend, the Discomboobulator.

KIKI

Oh.

(long beat)

No! Not the Discomboobulator!

The Peeper ties Kiki to the Web (including her ankles and thighs!) and brings in a creepy-looking device. He runs it up and down her body as she shivers uncontrollably.

The Peeper finally injects her in the bun with some glowing fluid (needle is implied rather than shown). She passes out, but only from the neck down.

PEEPER

You may find this shot of snake
bite a little stiff for ya, but
only from the neck down.

KIKI

You grinning monster! What fiendish
fate awaits my helpless body?!

PEEPER

You are about to become breakfast,
lunch and dinner for my pet Vore Snake.

KIKI

What about brunch?

PEEPER

You can be a late-night snack, too,
for all I care. A delicious snack!
The kind that's good for tasting!

He lowers Kiki to the floor, where the Vore Snake soon
overtakes her. Is she doomed?