

Puss and Boots Are a Desired Taste! / Puss and Boots Get Sucked beneath the Waist!"

by

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INTRO/THEME

Channel switch to a kids' show in progress, introduced by a thoroughly tacky '70s/'80s Saturday-morning t.v. cartoon graphic: a grasshopper dressed like a Bible salesman ("Hopper") shares one side of the illustration with a Vietnam-vet dragonfly ("Chopper"), while generic DareDolls fight for display space with "Spazzam," a square-cut and clearly corny throwback to the old cliffhanger serials.

NARRATOR

We now return to the All-New
SuperBabes with Hopper and Chopper
Fun-tastic Span-blastic Adventure
Hour with Special Appearance by
CrapJac Studios' Spazzam!

The usual montage/snappy theme song follows.

[Lyrics to come.]

Title-card: Those DareDolls Are a Desired Taste!

OPEN SESAME

Puss and Boots--two sexily attired crimefightresses--seemingly leap into frame from nowhere, a "hi hat" camera angle obscuring just how far they've jumped.

BOOTS

If the CrimeComp is correct, the
Sultan of Swat diamonds are hidden
somewhere in this old warehouse.

They and the camera move in toward a gatekeeper: a giant cyclops statue, straight from some scary fair.

PUSS

I don't like the looks of this
thing, Boots. What is it?

BOOTS

It's a cyclops, Puss. No doubt it's
the sphinx-like protector of this
old abandoned magic factory.

Suddenly, it jerks to life with rusty-metal sfx accompaniment.

THE CYCLOPS

What am I?

PUSS
(slams her fist into
her palm)
A cyclops!

BOOTS
No, Puss. He's asking us a riddle.
Let him finish!

THE CYCLOPS
(clears throat)
What am I? I know what my job is.
The point has been made. You say I
have a big head, and you're right;
I'm afraid. So put me in my place
and then leave me alone. What I
need most is someone to drive me
home. What am I? A nail!

PUSS
I'm glad he gave away the answer,
because I never would have gotten
that one.

BOOTS
That sounded like a rap. Do you
think this could be the work of The
Rap Stallion?

PUSS
Let's hope not, Boots. Or this is
going to be one very long and
profane day.

BOOTS
Well, so much for the open-sesame
effect. Let's just break in like we
always do.

And they do.

EQUIPMENT CHECK

Puss and Boots descend a ladder and immediately disarm the
alarm. Next to it, they notice a things-to-do list pasted on
the wall.

BOOTS
What is that?

PUSS

It looks like a "things to do" list.
(reads)

1. Sweep the killing floor. 2.
Rinse the sluicing grates. 3. Set
TIVO to record Larry Storch. 4.
Strap Puss and Boots to the Suction
Chairs for a good sucking.

BOOTS

Hmmm. I don't know about that last one.

PUSS

It does sound a little...presumptuous.
But she who senses danger steps
with a cautious boot.

BOOTS

Gotcha, Puss. We'll tippy-toe!

They stealthily make their way down several corridors, until

PUSS

(reacts to a beep on
her wrist comp)
Wait, Boots. This could be a trap!

BOOTS

I don't like the sound of that.
(adjusts device in
her glove)
Let's activate our counter-capture
sensors.

Cut to the Peepers--two actors with huge peepers and black
t-shirts conveniently labeled "CHAD" and "LARRY"--so that
they can tell each other apart, apparently. The Peepers are
at the end of the hallway, just out of sight of the DareDolls.

CHAD

Wait, Larry. I figure pretty soon
we'll be running into whoever
tripped our undisarmable alarm system.

LARRY

Roger that, Chad. Let's turn on our
counter-counter-capture ray and
render helpless any DareDolls dumb
enough to wander into our parlor.

CHAD

Are you thinkin' what I'm thinkin'?
Pushin' up their stool for 'em? Ha ha.

LARRY
Yeah! Whoever said bucket seats
couldn't be uncozy?! Now let's
knick those beauties!

THE SET-UP: BOLO WHIPPED!

Puss and Boots, sensing danger, stop mid-hallway.

PUSS
Did you hear something?

BOOTS
It sounded a little like the Peepers!

PUSS
The Peepers! Those poor bastards!
Their mother warned them that too
much television would ruin their
vision!

BOOTS
And now they're focused on
ensnaring us as their pretty prize!

PUSS
Well, we won't give them that
chance, Boots. Justice be done, or
those goons can suck our tights!

CHAD
(appears at one end
of hallway)
What an apt choice of punishment, Puss.

LARRY
(appears at the other end)
You said it, Chad! You're whipped
now, DareDolls!

The Peepers uncoil bolo whips and begin swinging them like
lariats.

PUSS
Bolo whips!

BOOTS
Be ready for anything, Puss! These
boys play dirty!

The Peepers let fly the whips, which wrap neatly and efficiently around the DareDolls (through the magic of reverse-motion and jump-cuts). With Puss and Boots now one tidy package, The Peepers move in to tie up their loose ends.

CHAD

(to Larry)

Let's tie up these two and drag them to their doom.

PUSS

You fiends! What nefarious fate awaits us?

BOOTS

These bolo whips are just the beginning of a three-course meal, no doubt.

(to the Peepers)

Give it up, you poor deluded victims of bad television! We'll see to it that you get all the medical attention you need.

CHAD

We'd rather be giving you all the attention, DareDolls. In fact, you both get to be queen for a day--complete with matching thrones!

LARRY

Yeah, they'll suck your bones...

CHAD AND LARRY

Dry!

PUSS

That doesn't sound very appetizing, Boots. What can we do?

CHAD

You can struggle helplessly while we escort you to your last round-up, DareDolls. Let's go, Larry!

The Peepers drag the struggling DareDolls along, as promised.

DEATHTRAP: SUCTION CHAIRS!

Puss and Boots are strapped to Suction Chairs; vacuum hoses attached to mechanical arms stand ready to torture them. In rush the Peepers!

CHAD

I hate to say it, but Larry and I have really stooped to new lows with this deathtrap.

BOOTS

Do you really hate to say it, or are you just saying that?

CHAD

Uh, both, actually. Anyway, as the suction tubes in these suction chairs suction your bodies, your internals will externalize themselves. Your blood will rise to your skins' surface, and you'll be completely discombobulated and transmogrified.

LARRY

That's right, captured captives. You're about to get the worst case of purple nurple this world has ever seen, except that the purple won't just be on your nurple--it'll be ALL OVER YOUR BODIES!

CHAD

Hey, I got an analogy for you ladies. Something to think about while you get Hoovered beyond all recognition: "How is a DareDoll like a flabby tummy?"

LARRY

That sounds more like a riddle than an analogy, Chad.

CHAD

Bear with me, Larry; it works both ways.

(to DareDolls)

Give up?

PUSS

We'll never give up, you fiends!

CHAD

Yeah, well, I don't have your kind of patience in arriving at a punchline. Anyway, a DareDoll is like a flabby tummy because both can be sucked in and sucked out. Get it?

PUSS

That's so totally liposuction!

CHAD

Not to mention cruel and unusual, but we've been saving the best for such honored guests. These machines will do their business and when they're finished, there won't be a single unblemished thigh between the two of you. You'll both be one giant hickey! Even giant leeches are not so efficient as these clever machines!

THE POINTLESS RECAP

NARRATOR

Whoa! Hold on a minute! Are our eyes deceiving us? Puss and Boots should have taken that things-to-do list a little more seriously, methinks! Because now they're lashed to the kind of thrones that only genuine drama queens could appreciate. Unless they figure a way out of this and soon, it appears that all hope will be lost, and their scrumptious bodies will be sauced!

DEATHTRAP RESUMES

PUSS

Is this really it, Boots?! Is this the end? To be sucked mercilessly by an over-stimulated vacuum?

BOOTS

If you had asked me yesterday if today would find me being given the world's biggest hickey, I'd have to say no. But let's not lose our minds just yet, Puss. As long as we breathe, there's still a chance for us.

Larry suddenly leans in, sensing an opportunity to impress a captive audience.

LARRY

Hey, that's really nice! The way you look at life is what makes it so sweet, Puss. As my favorite author, Antoine de Saint Exupery once wrote, "What makes the desert beautiful is that somewhere it hides a well."

CHAD

Your favorite author?! What's that from, The Little Prince?

LARRY

Yes.

CHAD

Well, then, why not just say so? What else is he known for?

LARRY

Are you calling me pretentious?

CHAD

What's next on your reading list? The complete works of Harper Lee? Or J.D. Salinger?

LARRY

Aren't you the same guy who did his dissertation on John Fowles because he wrote, like, five books?

CHAD

Jesus, Larry. You really know how to deflate a guy.

LARRY

And speaking of deflating, these two DareDolls should be sucked dry in just a few minutes. I've got the switch set on "full suck." That machine is suckingly fast! It's like watching a fat kid at camp taking a straw to a juice box. The juice box doesn't stand a friggin' chance!

CHAD

Where's the hurry? Watching them die slowly is so much more entertaining.

They turn to go, as Puss and Boots exchange "Here comes our chance" glances.

LARRY

Yeah, let's leave them unattended while we go adjust that thing.

(voice trails off as
he exits)

Last month's electric bill damn near killed me. You know, Chad, you could help pay that.

CHAD (OS)

I told you from the start, Larry. New businesses always incur major start-up costs....

PUSS

Boots, is there anything we can do besides simmer in our own sauce?

BOOTS

Frankly, Puss, it looks like they've really got us this time. What a sucky way to go! Whoever said, "Better a blowjob than no job" obviously never sat in one of these seats!

STAY TUNED

NARRATOR

Is this even doable from a scientific standpoint? Will the suction hoses slurp the conquered DareDolls with scrumptious glee until they're black and blue all over? Can that sort of thing be covered up with a good bronzer? And was all that taunting really necessary? Talk about adding insult to injury! I don't know what your plans are for the immediate future, dear viewer, but this narrator is going to stay riveted to his non-suctioning easy chair until he sees what happens to our two favorite spandex-clad beauties. Stay tuned for the mind-blowing wrap up: "Puss and Boots Get Sucked beneath the Waist!"