

"Puss and Boots Make Their Stand! / Puss and Boots Are Trapped in Sand!"

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.]

Titlecard: Puss and Boots Bite the Booger!

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
Prize of Isis diamonds are hidden
somewhere in this old warehouse.

They and the camera move in toward a gatekeeper: a giant cyclops statue, straight from some 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
 (slamming her fist
 into her palm)
 A cyclops!

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

THE CYCLOPS
 What am I? I've a hundred arms, and
 a thousand fingers, but I've got no
 eyes to see where love lingers.
 What am I?

BOOTS
 I know! A tree!

PUSS
 A tree?!

BOOTS
 Yes, a tree! A has a hundred arms
 and a thousand fingers, if you
 count its branches. And it's got no
 eyes, either!

PUSS
 It seems so simple in retrospect.
 But who would try to stump us with
 such a twiggy brain-twister? Do you
 think Jonny Nonuts could be behind
 this oversized carnival attraction?

BOOTS
 We'll soon find out, Puss.

PUSS
 How soon? Shouldn't the door be
 opening?

BOOTS
 Typical carny craftsmanship! We'll
 have to break in, like usual.

And they do.

EQUIPMENT CHECK

Puss and Boots descend a ladder and immediately disarm the
 alarm.

BOOTS
 Let's step cautiously, Puss.
 Someone may be expecting us.

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'?
 Pour a little sugar on those two
 sugar babies?

LARRY
 Yeah! Whoever said revenge couldn't
 be sweet? Let's get cookin'!

A NET FROM ABOVE!

Puss and Boots have meanwhile stopped to lovingly admire a Chinese gong.

PUSS

What a lovely Chinese gong! Let's stop and admire it.

BOOTS

A lovely knickknack, or some kind of tricky trap for a couple of antique-loving DareDolls?

PUSS

You mean...?

BOOTS

Yes, this could be that trap we've been expecting.

PUSS

Well, if this is a trap, let's just see who gets caught in it! I bet it won't be us!

BOOTS

Okay, we'll bang it on our way out.

PUSS

Wait a minute. Did you hear something?

BOOTS

It sounded a little like the Peepers!

PUSS

The Peepers! Those poor bastards! Their mother warned them that reading porno in the dark would ruin their eyesight!

BOOTS

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

PUSS

Well, we won't give them that chance, Boots. We're going to box up those fiends and bring them to a boil...in a court of law!

CHAD

(appears at one end
of hallway)

What a perfectly appropriate metaphor, Puss.

LARRY
 (appears behind and
 above them, on an arch)
 You said it, Chad! You've been had,
 DareDolls!

With that, Larry drops a net on the DareDolls, who then struggle in a lump on the floor.

PUSS
 Fish net! Just like my tights, only
 bigger and stickier!

BOOTS
 I can't move! I feel like a load of
 tuna, hauled in for canning!

The Peepers further wrap the DareDolls in their blanket.

CHAD
 (to Larry)
 Be sure to wrap them up good. We
 don't want them getting out of this
 net before we've had a chance to
 invite them to dessert.

PUSS
 You fiends! What nefarious fate
 awaits us?

BOOTS
 They're planning to add us as a
 special ingredient in whatever
 weird delicacy they're whipping up,
 no doubt.
 (to the Peepers)
 Give it up, you poor deluded
 victims of insufficient nocturnal
 lighting! We'll see to it that you
 get all the medical attention you need.

CHAD
 You're the ones who'll need medical
 attention when we're finished with
 you, DareDolls!

LARRY
 Yeah, you're going to be brought to
 the boiling point, ever so sweetly!

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

CHAD

What can you do? You can struggle helplessly while we drag you off a fate worse than death, DareDolls. Let's go, Larry!

The Peepers drag away the struggling DareDolls.

CREME BRULEED!

Puss and Boots, hands tied behind their backs, have been placed in a Sugar Trap: a glass booth with a hole in its top, through which brown sugar will soon pour! They awaken and stand.

BOOTS

This is so totally torturous! Where are we? What is this thing?

PUSS

Do you smell vanilla? I smell some kind of flavoring, and it's not us!

Sugar begins to stream down on them, lightly.

BOOTS

Puss! It's a sand trap!

PUSS

It's not sand, Boots. It's aureolus saccharum, better known as brown sugar.

BOOTS

I thought that brown sugar was darker than this.

PUSS

You're thinking of dark brown sugar, Boots, which has a sucrose content of no greater than 93%. If my calculations are correct, the proportion of sucrose in this specially prepared mix is closer to 96%.

BOOTS

Ah, but a lot of good that will do us.

PUSS

The bottom of my boots are getting warm.

BOOTS

So are mine. I feel like that time we were walking barefoot on the blacktop at the beach.

The Peepers rush in.

CHAD

Well now, Puss and Boots: It looks like you'll be staying for dessert tonight, hah?

LARRY

Hell, you're going to **be** our dessert tonight, because we've encased you in a giant broiling chamber. As the sugar bubbles, it will coat your bodies to delicious perfection.

CHAD

And you two are the sweet cream in this concoction.

PUSS

Boots, when you pictured your final moments, did the image include us being turned into the world's first human creme brulee?

BOOTS

True, this is scarcely an ending I could have ever foreseen, Puss, but let's look at the bright side: The brown sugar will suffocate us long before they get around to broiling us in it.

THE POINTLESS RECAP

NARRATOR

When last we saw our dumbfounded DareDolls just a few scant seconds ago, they had been encased in a giant confectionery case, about to be broiled in brown sugar to become the world's first human creme brulee. Are their geeses cooked? Will they end up on tonight's dessert menu?

(MORE)

NARRATOR (CONT'D)

Did the Peepers neglect to add eggs and vanilla to this deliciously deviant dish? Hang on, dear viewer! Hang on! The worst is yet to come!

DEATHTRAP RESUMES

CHAD

Sorry to have to leave you at such a deliciously deviant moment in your lives, DareDolls, but this is where we get off!

PUSS

Don't you mean this is where we get off?

CHAD

No, this is where we get off, as in, "This is where we get a real *rise* out of seeing your yummy bodies in perfect peril."

LARRY

Gee, maybe we should take advantage of this situation, Chad. You know: Let's have our way with them!

CHAD

What are you, sick? Now flick the switch that will turn them into the world's first life-sized broiled cream delight, and let's go do some crimes.

(to the DareDolls)

Au revoir, sugar babies!

The Peepers exit.

BOOTS

The bottoms of my boots are practically melting, Puss!

PUSS

Don't worry, Boots. Those experimental anti-scorch odor eaters we installed last week should keep our footsies from blistering too badly. We need to stay focused on getting out of this oversized oven.

PUSS

I never thought I'd say this, but
we're doomed! We're totally doomed!

STAY TUNED

NARRATOR

Are our eyes deceiving us? Are Puss
and Boots really to become a
sinfully sweet dessert for the
demented Peeper brothers? Will Chad
and Larry succeed in sugaring and
searing their bodies beyond all
expectations? Shall the DareDolls'
sour truth fulfill the pop-eyed
fiends' sweethooths? Frankly,
this narrator fears that a high-
calorie climax awaits, with a
decidedly French twist. Are they
really doomed? Are they really
going to drown in sugar?! The only
way to find out is to stay tuned
for the shocking conclusion: "Puss
and Boots Have Drowned in Sugar!"