

"Soleil, the Human Parfait!"

by

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In the basement of the old, abandoned Magic Factory, Soleil is about to become the world's first human roasted marshmallow, in a giant Dutch oven.

PEEPER

What a perfectly gooey way to go!
And unless you've got some kind of
remote activation device hidden in
your tights, I'd forget all about
triggering any anti-capture
mechanism in your utility belt. As
you can see, I've stripped it from
your body.

SOLEIL

What is the meaning of this, you
fiend? What is your kinky scheme?

PEEPER

Oh! Why does everything have to be
a kinky scheme with you super-chick
types?

SOLEIL

Are you going to serve me like
Baked Alaska at some perverted
Peeper party?!

PEEPER

With a tip of the hat to the Camp
Scouts of America, you're about to
become the world's first roasted
human marshmallow, honey-bunny!

SOLEIL

This is all so strange! I don't
understand...?

PEEPER

It's really very simple: Now that
I've lashed you securely, I shall
cover you with a little bit of
something that got me through
college. Now let's get sticky!

The Peeper covers her with gallons of fluffy "whipped"
marshmallow stuff, as flames beneath her are lit.

Note: The Peeper places a Peeperz Brand air freshener in the
basement before leaving.

PEEPER

(muttering to himself)

This should help cover the aroma of
your sweetly poached flesh, Soleil....

Soleil escapes, of course, as signaled by the cracking of
the clamshell containing her as white light streams through
wispy steam....

SOLEIL

I've got to get out of these sticky
tights!

After rinsing away the marshmallow in a shower, Soleil
changes into a new green-and-orange costume and stretches
and does aerobics in the DareDoll dressing room.

SOLEIL

(v.o.)

Some DareDoll aerobics should help
keep my muscles supple. This is my
first time in this new suit!

The DareDoll "psychic t.v." abruptly cuts to the day's
dilemmas in store for her. On the screen, Soleil can be seen
strapped, trapped, and tortured.

SOLEIL

What the hell? Hey! That's me!

(exiting)

This is definitely a trap, but I'm
going in!

Inside the Factory, Soleil walks the maze. She talks to
Norman on her wristcomp after descending a ladder.

SOLEIL

CrimeBase, it's me. DareDoll Soleil.
I'm inside.

CRIMEBASE

Inside of what?

SOLEIL

If you had called me earlier, I
would have said, "Inside a roasting
oven." But now I'm inside the old,
abandoned magic factory, and
looking for trouble.

CRIMEBASE

A roasting oven? That's horrible!
How did you escape?

SOLEIL

I triggered the anti-capture mechanism in my utility belt and short-circuited the armature.

CRIMEBASE

Brilliant!

SOLEIL

Now I'm expecting to be tied to a grill for slow-basting with a sweet glaze--probably honey--and strapped to the VertigoRound for target practice. But not necessarily in that order!

CRIMEBASE

Sounds like someone's been watching the psychic t.v. in the dressing room.

The Peeper cuts the conversation short by dropping a column on her as she passes through the vise walls.

CRIMEBASE

Soleil? Are you okay? It sounds like you were bludgeoned by a heavy object! Be careful. This could be a trap!

PEEPER

(to the unconscious Soleil)

Time to strap you down good!

Soleil wakes tied to the VertigoRound, which is mounted on a vertical axis, "circus style." The Peeper shoots Anti-Matter balls at her, until finally one connects and drains her to sleep.

Soleil is next tied to a grill and basted with honey. Can she escape?

PEEPER

How sweet it is: Your body is so delicious, I've decided to seal you in a honey-resin full-body glaze, hardened to perfection by the heating grid just beneath you!

He coats her body thoroughly with the honey as she struggles against her bonds, like a defiant human baklava....