

"Pyro's Inferno!"

by

Don Cortier

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

A 50-foot Pyro roams the countryside:

PYRO

Norman, it's me. DareDoll Pyro.

CRIMEBASE

Stop shouting!

PYRO

I'm not. I'm just really big now.
You gave me too much juice.

CRIMEBASE

Where are you?

PYRO

Right outside the old, abandoned
Magic Factory.

CRIMEBASE

Let me see if I can dial you down
just a little.

But Norman overcompensates and soon Pyro is tiny. A Peeper appears on the horizon and chases her. His giant hand scoops her up and carries her away.

We then find Pyro taped to a stick of unwrapped gum on the floor of the basement. The Peeper (or BAD) releases a blue-and-gold macaw from her cage and it begins to shred materials in the background, never far from her.

PYRO (VO)

That beak is going to tear through
me like flu through a goose! If
ever I needed proof that horoscopes
don't work, this is it, because
mine didn't say anything about
getting chewed up by a blue-and-
gold macaw.... Maybe I can work my
wristcomp free and call CrimeBase.

She does so.

PYRO

(stage-whispering)

Norman, it's me: Pyro.

CRIMEBASE

What now? Why are you whispering?

PYRO

You idiot. You shrank me to the size of a lollipop and now a big bird is about to peck me to ribbons.

CRIMEBASE

Let me just split the difference in the voltage and see if we can't bring back to your usual DareDoll size.

We cut to Pyro fleeing the basement, the macaw in close pursuit though it is now dwarfed by her.

DareDoll Pyro climbs down a seemingly endless ladder into the Factory.

She walks the maze but is overcome by laughing gas.

We cut to Pyro--bound with glowing cuffs--being placed in a large utility box, for a crematory coffin to be passed along a conveyor to an oven. The Peeper guides her by hand, muttering to himself:

PEEPER

That Peeper ray I used should have deactivated all of your radio-signal-based DareDoll devices, leaving you completely powerless within this cozy little coffin!

Inside of the box, Pyro struggles and attempts to call CrimeBase, but can't get any signal.

PYRO

Where am I? It's really getting hot in here. I wish that I hadn't gotten a spray tan this morning, because I can totally feel it staining this spandex. Swell! If only I could signal for help, but it appears that evil Peeper brother deactivated all of my radio-signal-based DareDoll devices. I know! This lead-lined coffin might not permit me to call CrimeBase, but maybe my brand new teleporter will do. It's worth a shot!

Pyro "beams out" and finds herself behind "the circles." Crouching, she stalks a Peeper, but finds only pant legs and work boots (stuffed) when she tries to tackle him. He sneaks up from behind with a chloroform cloth. Note: eye, mouth, and "limp arm check" in a three-shot montage.

We see her next gagged and conveyed (by luggage cart).

Pyro wakes up tied-up in a suspended wicker basket, about to be flung by catapult into a spiked ceiling! Similar spikes fill the floor beneath her.

PEEPER

Oh, joyous day! You are now to become my offering to the sun! This catapult will send you hurtling through the skies to your doom.

He exits. Pyro struggles. She attempts to trigger her wristcomp.

CRIMEBASE

(muffled)

Pyro! Is that you? We can't hear anything. It sounds like your wristcomp is pressed against something...possibly your backside as you lay helpless in a trap. Pyro! Please come in! Please confirm!

PYRO

(v.o.)

Oh, 'til thy sting has stung and thine spring has sprung, what fate has brung is bringing me down, for soon this fling will have been flung. Those spikes look cold, cruel and merciless. Can nothing save me now?

Can she escape? It looks awfully grim this time!