

"Lotus and the Curse of the Pharaohs!"

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DareDoll Lotus is tied beneath the Pendulum by a Peeper, who exits. With considerable dread, she notes that its arc will ultimately bisect her length-wise...a sadistic twist!

Lotus struggles, and then realizes that the blade will cut through the ropes binding her wrists if she can simply put them in its path. She wriggles free and searches the old, abandoned Magic Factory.

She is caught from behind by the Peeper, whose palm is full of knock-out powder. He turns to address the camera:

PEEPER

This is going to be so easy. I'm just going to blow it right in her face!

(to Lotus)

Excuse me, miss, but four out of five DareDolls would like to know, "Which way does the wind blow?" It's a little riddle I like to ask my....

But Lotus takes advantage of his chattiness by blowing the powder right in his face! He falls to the ground in a heap as she looms over him, triumphant.

LOTUS

CrimeBase, it's me, DareDoll Lotus, calling in. I just caught Chad Peeper. Yeah, he's on the floor now, completely knocked out. Lemme give him a little kick.

(She kicks him a few times, just to make sure he's out cold.)

Yeah, he's out. Hold on a minute. I have to see if his pupils are dilated.

(She checks by lifting an eyelid and peering in.)

Oh, yeah. He's out alright. He's out like last year's fashions in DareDoll footwear. Tell ya what, CrimeBase: Give me three hours and I'll be in with a full report. And I'll slap it on Norman's desk like a pancake....

Suddenly, Lotus is caught off-guard by the floored Peeper, who blow-darts her with a huge grin! He may have seemed unconscious, but he was only faking it! Lotus collapses in a helpless heap directly on top of him, her body arching over

his.

He conveys her by wheelchair. She is quite unconscious.

Lotus awakes in an urn beneath a chute. The Peeper dances in happily from off-stage.

PEEPER
(giggling)
Hold on, babe! Don't start the
torture without me!

LOTUS
Where am I?

PEEPER
You could say you're in a real
pickle this time, DareDoll.

LOTUS
But I don't like pickles!

PEEPER
Yeah, I thought you'd say that!
Look just above you. Do you see
that chute up there?

LOTUS
What are your fiendish intentions?

PEEPER
Only this, DareDoll Lotus: to drive
you slowly mad, using that tiny
chute. From that chute will drop an
endless supply of dehydrated mung
beans.

LOTUS
Mung beans? And me stuck in a *Ming*
vase? I don't get it.

PEEPER
You will! You're getting warmer and
I'm getting hot!

LOTUS
This is a variation on the Chinese
Water Torture!

PEEPER
Yeah...exactly!

He exits.

LOTUS

This is your dirtiest trick yet,
Chad!

PEEPER

Don't worry. It'll all come out in
the wash!

The beans begin to drop from the chute onto her head with diabolical persistence. She can do nothing but take it!

Lotus next wakes up in the fondle-happy arms of the Anti-Matter Gloves!

PEEPER

Ah. I hope those straps aren't too tight. These Anti-Matter Gloves are the perfect way to destroy any anti-capture particles hidden in your uniform.

LOTUS

So is dry cleaning. Harrumph!

PEEPER

I'd love to give you an extra load of starch, Lotus--this much is true!--but for now, I must...adieu.

He exits as the opera gloves hanging limp by her sides seemingly inflate themselves and begin to caress her body all over. She writhes and grinds, but again, she can do nothing but take it!

We cut to a dinosaur swaddled in mummy gauze. Beside it is a dazed and immobile Lotus, who can only stand spread-eagled and wide-eyed as the Peeper mummifies her with packing tape.

PEEPER

What a perfect plan! I think you'll fetch top dollar, Lotus, if I auction you off to the Museum of Pharaohology as a queen. You've certainly got the figure for it. Now let's just wrap things up, shall we? I think I can make it to the post office if I just hurry.... Oh, and don't worry: We'll be sure to heavily insure this most prized package. I think three layers ought to do, don't you?

He wraps her firmly with the tape from boot to crown. Her blank stare belies no immediate escape plan. What a way to go!