

"Soleil, the Human Pin Cushion!"

by

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DareDoll Soleil enters the old, abandoned Magic Factory and walks the maze. She finds a rhythmic gymnast's ribbon and begins a routine, gracefully slicing the air with its wand and leaving behind artful loops of silk. She sets it aside and calls CrimeBase.

SOLEIL

CrimeBase, it's me: DareDoll  
Soleil. I'm in.

CRIMEBASE

With the in crowd?

SOLEIL

No. I'm in the old, abandoned Magic  
Factory.

CRIMEBASE

The COLD abandoned Magic Factory,  
you mean. Hope you wore your long  
underwear today!

SOLEIL

Happy holidays to you, too, Norman.  
And please accept my hearty offer  
to go sue yourself!

CRIMEBASE

Hey, thanks, kid! But I didn't get  
you anything.

SOLEIL

Out, Norman!

Just then, a Peeper appears from behind, waving the ribbon and mocking her routine.

PEEPER

Hey, can Soleil come out and play?!

Finally, he whips her into bondage with it, tying her snugly and holding her close. He leads her away, as though with a lasso.

We cut to Soleil tied to a Human Pin Cushion. The Peeper taunts her, as always.

PEEPER

Holy human pin cushion, eh, Soleil?

SOLEIL

Tedious explanation to follow....

PEEPER

I wouldn't dream of wasting your  
time. Now pardon me while I start  
the machine!

He exits. She struggles. Soon, swords dart out from inside of the Cushion, narrowly missing her body each time. One of the swords slices through the bonds holding her wrists fast, and she uses this advantage to untie herself completely.

Soleil continues her search but is recaptured when she tries to kick in a door which reveals itself to be mere paper. She crashes through and lands on a large strip of adhesive! The Peeper appears, with a small spray can in hand.

PEEPER

I thought only human flies got  
caught in Human Fly Paper, but I  
guess it also works on DareDolls!

SOLEIL

You fiend! You'll find peeling me  
off of this floor a  
less-than-pain-free proposition.

PEEPER

(spraying her in the face)  
Perhaps this will help: a little  
spritz of knock-out spray!

Soleil passes out and the Peeper peels her from the sticky paper, using a second spray can as a solvent.

In the back of a van, the Peeper binds Soleil with gift-wrap ribbons and bows. She appears to wake, and then realizes her predicament, playing possum. We note that the van features an auto-peeper gauge; it's driving itself down a snowy road!

We cut to the Peeper, who now addresses a laptop. Behind him is Soleil, tied tummy down to the Body Chopper.

PEEPER

Greetings, couch potatoes! Welcome  
to my live holiday blog! Your gift  
this morning will be the live,  
on-air decapitation of DareDoll  
Soleil. Oh, what a pity! But the  
show must go on!

He checks the ropes holding her tight. She wakes slightly and seems to stir, but is helpless. He pulls a switch...!