

"Puss au Jus" / "Puss Gets Goosed!"
by
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INTRO/THEME

Channel switch to a show in progress, marked by a simple station/program identification card. Copyright/URL.

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:

"Where evil calls, / disaster threatens, / heroes fall /
though danger beckons, / rest assured / the DareDolls will
be there / in the villains' lair. / Creepy peepers seek
their pleasure, / but packaged in those tights and leather, /
the girls from Action Fashion take no care, / 'cause only
dolls still dare...."

THE VAN

A van backs up to the Peepers Warehouse. The Peepers get out
and open up the back. Inside is Puss, tied and unconscious.
The Peepers peer in.

CHAD

Our ultimate plan is about to come
to fruition, Larry, just as soon as
we harvest this fine fruit!

LARRY

Isn't she beautiful, Chad? No
wonder they're called DareDolls.

CHAD

Don't let her pretty looks fool you,
Larry. That little wildcat could be
a real...wildcat, unless we keep
her on a short leash.

LARRY

I don't see that ever being a
problem, Chad, especially now that
we've taken over the old abandoned
leash factory.

CHAD

I guess I'd have to admit that she
does look like creamy perfection in
those tights and that leotard....

LARRY

Hey, look: She's coming to!

PUSS

Unhh, where am I?

CHAD

You could say you're between a hard place and an even harder place, DareDoll.

PUSS

Do tell.

CHAD

Chloroforming you was a genuine pleasure, Puss, but an even greater pleasure awaits, especially if you like a good DareDoll broth served bubbling hot!

PUSS

You hide behind those prying eyes, Peepers! Give it up! What doth it profit a Peeper to gain a DareDoll if it costs him his soul?

LARRY

We ain't got no soul, Puss, like most spoiled white boys with way too much time on their hands.

PUSS

I don't believe you! Look me in the eye and say that.

Chad removes his sunglasses to reveal behind them grotesque alien-like orbs.

CHAD

They say that the eyes are the windows to the soul, Puss. How do you like these windows?

LARRY

Nice twist on a trite bite, Chad!

CHAD

(putting them back on)

Don't help me, Larry.

(to Puss)

You're always trying to break into our hideout, Puss. Well, this time we're going to give you an escort!

LARRY

Yeah. Today it's going to be a dash-and-dine situation. You'll know what we mean in a few steamy minutes!

CHAD

I call "legs"!

LARRY

What a surprise. Let's take her!

They haul her away, Chad carrying her by the legs as "called."

Spin-blur transition to a grim procession: We track on Puss as the Peepers cart her along creepy hallways.

TRAP #1: THE CAULDRON!

The Peepers, still carrying Puss, enter. They drop her into an old claw-foot tub above a fire-pit. The water inside bubbles and boils.

LARRY

Hot enough for ya, Puss?

CHAD

Yeah, soup's on! Or it will be, as soon as you've simmered to a delicious broth.

PUSS

You don't scare me, Peepers. These tights are rated to resist temperatures as high as 250 degrees Fahrenheit.

CHAD

Oh, that's too bad, Puss, because this cauldron can easily reach 300 degrees. Your goose is cooked!

LARRY

Yeah, you'll be stewed in your own costume, like a microwaved sauce packet from Hillbilly Joe's breakfast line of microwaveable foodstuffs.

CHAD

I want you to stop buying that brand, Larry.

LARRY

You're granting too much credibility to the Channel Six News Team, Chad.

CHAD

Now is not the time, Larry. We've other schemes to bring to a boil.

CHAD AND LARRY

(to Puss)

See ya, wouldn't want to be ya....

They exit as Puss struggles. She finally manages to trigger her hidden wrist transmitter.

PUSS

CrimeBase! This is DareDoll Puss! I'm trapped in a bubbling cauldron!

BOOTS (V.O.)

Puss! Where are you?!

PUSS

I think I'm in the old abandoned magic factory, Boots, but I can't be sure. Can you triangulate my location using the primary DareDoll activation code?

CHAD

This is too easy! She's falling for our sneaky plan!

LARRY

Shhhh!

PUSS

I would normally never ask you to reveal the DareDoll activation code, Boots, but this is an emergency and so I am strongly urging you to breach protocol, just this once.

BOOTS

Well, since you put it that way...the code is 1 alpha zed 3 baker foxtrot zero zero zero. Okay, okay. We're on our way!

PUSS

Thanks, Boots! You're a lifesaver! Literally!

The Peepers rush in, smug.

CHAD

Heckuva job, Puss-y! You just fell for the oldest scam in the book: The old "get 'em to reveal their own activation code during a dire crisis" scam.

LARRY

Yeah!

PUSS

So what! There'll be back-up here in a matter of moments!

CHAD

Yeah, and we'll be ready for them, with an all-new ambush! Let's go get 'em, Larry.

The Peepers exit, as Puss continues to struggle. She eventually breaks free by sawing her bonds on the edge of her tub. She gets out, soaking wet, and immediately contacts her comrades:

PUSS

CrimeBase, this is DareDoll Puss! Disregard what I said about the old abandoned magic factory. I have the situation well in glove, and am going to investigate further on my own. This is strictly a routine patrol!

Puss steps down from the deathtrap and, from a pile of fresh towels left behind by the Peepers, dries herself.

BLOWGUN GANTLET!

Determined, Puss navigates creepy hallways, coming finally upon stepping stones like those in Raiders of the Lost Ark. She steps among them, skipping some, doubling back on others. She's obviously working from a code, but looks as though she's playing a game of Twister with herself. From the wings watch the Peepers.

CHAD

She's good. I'll give her that. She knows the ancient stepping-stone code of the Thessylbonian Monks.

LARRY

But one misstep and she'll be shot through with nerve-numbing darts!

CHAD

We'll just have to make sure she takes that step.

At the end of the path, Puss steps wrongly. Darts shoot from miniature gargoyle mouths along the hallway.

CHAD

Well, that saves us a bit of trouble!

Puss swoons as the goons rush in. They seize her.

CHAD

You're feeling the poison perfected by a deranged order of missionary men some centuries ago, DareDoll. Your body is like a piece of taffy waiting to be pulled!

LARRY

Shall we pull a train, Chad?

CHAD

That's a sleazy seque, partner, but let's go with it.

TRAP #2: THE TRAIN!

The Peepers have tied Puss to train tracks. A dark tunnel awaits at one end.

CHAD

Pardon me, Larry, but isn't this the Chattanooga Choo Choo?

LARRY

Choo choo!

CHAD

Well, that old Rock Island Line ought to be along any time now, if my watch is correct. Mere moments from now, Puss!

PUSS

You fiend! This is pretty corny, even for you!

CHAD

Yeah, I guess I should be wearing my Evil-Banker disguise complete with Snidely Whiplash moustache, but to tell you the truth--relatively speaking--we kinda figured you'd be a good bowl of Puss chowder by now, so this is the worst we can do on short notice!

LARRY

Kinda brings new meaning to the phrase, "railroad ties," though.

PUSS

Why such narrow tracks? Budget cuts?

CHAD

This is our own private Peepers subway system, our own evil little underground railroad if you will. We use ours to ship Neptonium to the Snazi's.

LARRY

Damn, Chad. Go ahead and give away our complete mission statement, while you're at it.

CHAD

Relax. That train keeps a pretty tight schedule--as tight as those ropes.

Chad leans in to taunt Puss, his fingers running along her biceps.

CHAD

Oh sure, you're strong, Puss, but this rope is stronger, and that train'll keep a'rollin'. It'll crush your bones...grind you into that trestle like a mortar to pestle. Your helpless body doesn't stand a chance!

LARRY

Any last words? This is the end of the line!

PUSS

Only this, you grinning devils: It doesn't matter if you can make the trains run on time, if their only purpose is to run over the people who should be riding on them. No, wait...!

CHAD

Too late, Puss. That's going not just on your tombstone but on our own personal gag reel!

LARRY

Hey, speaking of gags, shouldn't she be? What if she uses her hidden WristComp to call CrimeBase? There'll be a hundred DareDolls swarming this hive in minutes!

CHAD

Good point, Larry.

(he produces a scarf)

This ought to prevent just such a transmission.

(to Puss)

Over and out!

The Peepers exit as Puss struggles in vain. Can she remove her gag in time?