

"Leather Gets Tethered / Flattened Like a Feather!"

by

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Usual intro (URL/copyright/narration/theme song with montage highlights of alternative takes).

MAGIC FACTORY EXT. (CHLOROFORMED)

Leather, a black-clad superbabe, searches the outside of the old abandoned magic factory. She uncovers a tarp from the Cyclops that normally stands guard, and finds it in two pieces. She contacts CrimeBase with her WristComp:

LEATHER

CrimeBase, this is DareDoll Leather.
I've completed my routine patrol of
the old, abandoned magic factory.
Over and out!

One of the Peepers sneaks up from behind her and chloroforms her unconscious, her body fighting the good fight, but only losing.

MAGIC FACTORY INT. (BODY-BUFFED!)

She is rolled down spooky factory hallways on a stretcher, unconscious. The camera basks in the gleam of her shiny black catsuit.

NARRATOR

Like a patient being wheeled to the
emergency room, Leather is no doubt
being conveyed to yet another dire
dilemma. How long will the
chloroform last?! Her body is like
supple licorice, ready to be
sucked.... Revive leather! Pull
yourself together! Leather...together!

Chad Peeper stops to buff her body from top to bottom--to eliminate any homing-beacon particles from her catsuit that might clue in CrimeBase to her whereabouts.

CHAD

(mutters to himself)

Just to be thorough, Leather, let's
give you a good buff-down--to
eliminate any homing-beacon
particles that might clue in
CrimeBase to your whereabouts.
Without that kind of back-up,
you'll be completely helpless, not
to mention really, really shiny!

NARRATOR

Hang on, dear viewer! How much forced massage can a human body withstand before it collapses into a gooey globule of DareDoll pudding...beyond revivification! That's past the point of no return and I'm not kidding! Man-o-mighty! What a sensuously overwhelming way to go! How her skin must feel beneath that second skin as the buffer pad polishes her push-buttons!

DEATHTRAP: "SNARE TRIGGER"

The Peepers next gag her and tie her to a chair, with a futuristic gun pointed right at her nether regions. A string tied to its trigger leads to some French doors: When the door opens, she will be fried! She awakes in time to hear the set-up and endure their taunts.

NARRATOR

Moments later, we find a variation on the old "door trigger" game: That laser cannon is aimed right at her sweet spot, and if someone should open the door, it will in turn turn her into a pile of ash! You've heard of an itchy trigger finger? Well, this is an itchy trigger string! Hold tight!

The Peepers arrive and fumble with the door.

CHAD

Shhh, shhh. Remember, Larry: Let's play with her a little and then we'll yank that string.

LARRY

Gotcha.

CHAD

(clears throat)

I'm looking for a Carl LaFong.
LaFong! Capital L, small a, capital f, small o, small n, small g. LaFong!

LARRY

You just stole that from W.C. Fields!

CHAD

When you do it well, it's an homage,
Larry. Remember that the next time
you rip somebody off.

LARRY

Hey, I got one: Avon crawling!
Packet of thistledown soaps for
milady?!

CHAD

Jehovah's Witlesses! We'd just like
to ask you to reconsider your
entire belief system in the comfort
of your own home!

LARRY

Okay, enough already. Yank that
crank and let's cook this DareDoll
to crispy perfection!

CHAD

Hey, it's stuck! I can't open the door!

LARRY

Quit fooling around, Chad. You
can't waste time without killing an
eternity.

CHAD

See? There you go! That's an homage.
Emerson would be proud!

LARRY

Who?

CHAD

Get this door!

LARRY

I thought you told me to fix this.

CHAD

Aw, the hell with it. Let's go get
some tools and do this right.

They disappear to get some tools.

NARRATOR

Do you believe these crumb bums?
Who but the Peeper brothers would
wed such a sophisticated weapon
with such a simple snare? Loosen
yourself, Leather! When you see a
chance, take it!

Leather takes the opportunity to escape.

RECAPTURED! (BALLOONS)

She continues down some hallways until she finds one festooned with balloons. She admires them.

LEATHER

Oh, what pretty balloons! Looks like someone had a birthday party.

The Peepers watch her from above, unseen. With blow-darts, they take aim at the balloons.

LARRY

Is this cost-effective, Chad? Those balloons were supposed to last all summer! You know, my birthday's coming up!

CHAD

Would you take your mind off of the bottom line and your own petty needs just this once, Larry? Imagine: Each one of those balloons contains just enough carbon monoxide to knock her out but good. And if we pop all of them, she'll be pooped...literally!

LARRY

There's got to be a more scientific way to test our security system.

CHAD

Perhaps. But can you think of a kinkier way? That's what I'm all about!

Chad lets fly a dart. Leather is taken by surprise when one of the balloons pops. She leans in to examine it, and swoons just slightly. As more balloons pop, she looks as though she might pass out cold.

LEATHER

I'd better get out of here before these party favors do me in!

CHAD

(to Larry)

We can't let her escape! Activate the Automatic Body Hook!

A hook emerges from the wall behind Leather and pulls her tight to it. She's helpless! More balloons continue to pop, each one seeming to suck the strength from her body.

LEATHER

Each time one of those balloons pops, I grow a little more woozy! But I'm lashed to this wall by this infernal coil! It seems to contain just enough current in its circuitry to make numb my entire body, or at least my lower regions! If I can just stay awake...!

She finally succumbs, slumping forward.

The Peepers appear, and examine her prone body..

LARRY

Shall we finish her off, Bro?

CHAD

I've got a better idea. Let's put to use that big hunk of dung that we've been saving for just such a special occasion!

DEATHTRAP: "'BOULDER' OF DAMOCLES"

Leather wakes to find herself tied beneath a large brown boulder. The rope holding it aloft leads to a candle. It will soon burn through, dropping the boulder upon her.

CHAD

You see hanging above you not perhaps the Sword of Damocles but something just a deadly: We can't say conclusively what it is without a lab test, but we can assure you that it fell out of an airplane and weighs enough to squash you like a bug beneath a book.

LARRY

It's a fate worse than death, except it's going to kill you, Leather!

LEATHER

You fiends! This is no way to treat a lady!

CHAD

Maybe not. But you ain't no lady,
Leather--you're a DareDoll!

LARRY

It's her party and she'll die if
she has to!

CHAD

With apologies to Lesley Gore,
let's exit on that note, Lar. And
let that be your coup de grace,
Leather! Your final coup de grace!

The Peepers exit as Leather struggles. Can she escape in time?

NARRATOR

This looks like an especially sick
end for poor Leather. But maybe
she'll pull through and undo those
knots in time.... There's only one
way to find out! Be sure to be here
for our next exciting episode:
"Flattened Like a Feather!"