

"Dynamo Walks the Plank!"

By

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We open with DareDoll Dynamo stuck fast to a sticky pad at the base of a tube leading into the old, abandoned Magic Factory.

DYNAMO (VOICE-OVER)

DareDoll Dynamo Diary Entry,  
Chapter 31a: So I slid down the  
wrong tube this morning and wound  
up stuck to the floor. Some days  
are worse than others, but the  
misery of this one has only just  
begun!

A Peeper suddenly appears with a small spray can and blasts Dynamo in the face.

PEEPER

Oh, hey, Dynamo! How about a little  
spritz of knock-out spray?!

Dynamo succumbs to its sleeper hold. The Peeper carefully peels her from the sticky backing and marches her groggy legs up a ladder....

We cut to Dynamo blindfolded and forced to "walk the plank" (actually, a ledge). The Peeper removes her blindfold, only to immediately turn it into a gag.

PEEPER

This blindfold will make an even  
lovelier gag, all the better to  
keep you from calling CrimeBase for  
help!

The Peeper exits. Dynamo stares down below at the cold, hard floor in fright. She's obviously scared of heights, though she has not that far to fall.

DYNAMO

I know! Maybe I can activate the  
Booster Rocket Jet Pack in my belt  
and land safely. Here goes!

Dynamo lands safely on the floor below thanks to a rocket that shoots from the back of her belt. Newly freed, Dynamo then has a long conversation with Norman while walking the maze:

DYNAMO

Norman, the Peepers just added a  
giant sticky pad to their arsenal!

NORMAN

Hmmm. That fits in quite neatly with that recent break-in down at the old, abandoned Giant Office Supplies Factory in the warehouse district. Someone stole a five-gallon drum of Floopy Goop!

DYNAMO

I'm sorry, Norman, but did you say "Floopy Goop"? That sounds kind of silly.

NORMAN

Oh, it's no joke, Dynamo. Floopy Goop is the registered trade-name for a brand of adhesive so strong it can stop whole armies in its tracks.

DYNAMO

Yes, I know. It stopped me earlier this morning.

NORMAN

Yes, well, the good news is that the glue is gentle to the skin, but sticks to most fabrics.

DYNAMO

Like spandex.

NORMAN

Exactly!

DYNAMO

Speaking of uniforms, I'd like a new one.

NORMAN

Wha? What? What's wrong with the one you're wearing? You're a well-dressed crime-fightress...the best-dressed, in fact.

DYNAMO

Yeah, I know, but the Floopy Goop made a hole in my fishnets.

NORMAN

Okay, maybe I'm missing something here, but aren't fishnets supposed to be holey?

DYNAMO

And these boots are too tight! I'd like to see you walk around the old, abandoned Magic Factory in them some day.

NORMAN

For a quarter, I will! Dynamo, you still there?

But Dynamo has already signed off and is investigating yet another sticky pad on the wall. She muses to herself that Norman was right about its chemical properties.

Dynamo then turns to find the Peeper shoving her into the sticky pad, like a human pop-up poster; he chloroforms her, but the sticky pad ensures that her body remains upright. The Peeper exits. He immediately calls CrimeBase on his own wrist-comp!

Dynamo wakes just in time to work a wrist free, however, and activates her wrist-comp to stop this menace.

DYNAMO

That solved one problem. Now to see if my hot belt will help melt the glue holding me to this wall....

PEEPER

Hey, Norman. It's me, Chad. I just pressed Dynamo into a giant glue pad and then chloroformed her. She's just hanging there, helpless, like a wad of gum stuck to a hot dashboard. And I activated the Vise Walls, so she'll be flat in seconds flat!

NORMAN

That's a pity. But a man's gotta do what a man's gotta do, Chad.

Dynamo suddenly interrupts this transmission from behind by calling out. The Peeper whirls to face her. The three of them maintain a "party-line" argument by wrist-comp, until finally Dynamo cuts these two men short:

DYNAMO

You know, Norman, your basic problem is that you can't make up your mind whether you want to be my friend, my betrayer, or my supervisor. So now you've got just

five seconds to make up your mind  
 which job you want, to the  
 exclusion of all others. Ready?  
 One...two...three...four....

Gas jets from Dynamo's own wrist-comp, and she collapses to  
 the floor in a lovely but helpless heap.

NORMAN

Five!

Dynamo now wakes up tied inside the covers of a Giant  
 Talking Book, to be slowly crushed between its pages!

PEEPER

This book will either bore you to  
 death or crush you to death,  
 Dynamo. It's the personal diary of  
 Bartholomew Stubbington Boobington,  
 Esq. III. And it features an  
 oscillating waveform to keep you  
 apprised of its bone-crushing  
 progress toward your tragic  
 denouement.

DYNAMO

Talking books are for idiots.

PEEPER

And blind people.

DYNAMO

Whatever.

The Peeper exits as the book springs to life and Dynamo  
 struggles to keep from disappearing within its pages like a  
 flower pressed flat within a heavy hardcover.

BOOK

Ahem. This is the personal diary  
 entry of Bartholomew Stubbington  
 Boobington, Esq. III, chapter one,  
 page one: This morning I had orange  
 marmalade with my toast, and some  
 tea with the barest hint of  
 saffron....

The book continues at length while Dynamo manages to work  
 one ankle free. But will it do her any good?

BOOK

....And that's the story of how I  
 came to be preparing toast with

orange marmalade and tea with just  
a hint of saffron....

DYNAMO

Your narrative lacks even the most  
basic conviction!

BOOK

But it's the story of my life!

Is this the end for Dynamo? That book can ramble on all day  
long, if need be!