

"Cherry in a Knot!"

By

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Cherry and rookie-DareDoll Pippi enter the old, abandoned Magic Factory. They stand before the Roasting Oven. The rookie has plenty of questions:

PIPPPI

What is this, DareDoll Cherry?

CHERRY

I'm glad you asked that, DareDoll Pippi! Ooh, but don't let its beauty fool you. It's a roasting chamber!

PIPPPI

A roasting chamber?! Ooh! That sounds really, really terrible!

CHERRY

Not if you know how to get out of it. We're going to show you how to do that today. We're going to lock you inside, and then we're going to give you a basic escape strategy. Should be a lot of fun. Let's try it.

PIPPPI

Well, you're the seasoned pro, DareDoll Cherry. Certainly, I trust your seasoned judgment. If you think it's safe, I'll climb in. Not a lot of room in there, though, huh?

CHERRY

Well, we may have to fold you a little, but you'll fit.

PIPPPI

Okay. Here goes nothin'.

Pippi climbs in.

CHERRY

You're really petite, Pippi. Okay, now fold yourself up...just like a dollar bill. There ya go.

Cherry slams the lid shut with great finality. Suddenly, the oven begins to flash with light and an ominous warning buzzer sounds.

CHERRY

Uh oh!

PIPPI

What do you mean, "uh oh"? Hey! I can't get out of this thing! DareDoll Cherry, are you there? Get me out of this thing! C'mon, DareDoll Cherry. The joke's gone far enough! It's getting a little hot in here!

CHERRY

Oh, don't worry, Pippi. I'll have you out of here in just a minute! If I can just get this thing open.... Um. Oh. It's like the thermos from hell!

A metallic voice calls from somewhere within the oven's circuits...

PIPPI

What was that? It sounded like a robot voice! It sounded like Japanese for "this device will self-destruct in one minute!"

Cherry begins to slide the oven outside.

CHERRY

Don't worry, Pippi. I'm right behind you, all the way!

With a mighty kick, Cherry sends Pippi rolling down a hill in her aluminum coffin. At the bottom, Pippi emerges like a chick from a newly cracked egg.

PIPPI

DareDoll Cherry...I feel a little...woozy!

CHERRY

Try to stand still, partner, or you'll puke!

Later, in the dressing room, Cherry does aerobics, accompanied by Pippi.

PIPPI

Gee, DareDoll Cherry. That was one terrifying training day. I've never been so scared! So...I guess what they say about you is true.

CHERRY

What's that?

PIPPI

Oh, that you're a loose cannon. And you're a wild card. And you're a lethal weapon, ah ha ha.

CHERRY

Okay, Pippi. Enough "rumor central." Let's go butt-to-butt.

The two DareDolls stand back-to-back, elbows interlocked. They take turns taking bows.

PIPPI

Oh, this is great, Cherry. I read in the manual that this is the number-one exercise for getting out of the Constricting Bow Knot. Well, I've gotta go. I've got a very important report to fill out.

Looking suspiciously at the departing Pippi, Cherry almost immediately calls CrimeBase on her wristcomp.

CHERRY

CrimeBase, it's me: DareDoll Cherry.

CRIMEBASE

Hey, Cherry. Why don't you pull up a chair and put me on the holo-mirror? Cherry? You there? I'd like to chat with you for a bit, if that's all right. Cherry?

Cherry does as instructed, and the impatient Norman soon appears as a holographic image on a foot-stool before her.

CRIMEBASE

Ah, there ya are!

CHERRY

Yes, I am. Hi, Norman.

CRIMEBASE

Well, I don't know where to start here, Cherry. It seems that DareDoll Pippi just filed an incredible report telling about a completely hair-raising day on the

job today. Her first day on the job! You've already ruined her for life, the way the report reads. It must be 20 pages!

CHERRY

Oh, DareDoll Pippi and I had a very eventful day at the old, abandoned Magic Factory.

CRIMEBASE

Well, that sounds like a COMPLETE UNDERSTATEMENT!

CHERRY

I think she'll work out. She seems smart.

CRIMEBASE

Yeah, well. She might be too smart. Watch yourself!

CHERRY

Okay. Over and out.

With Norman now gone, Cherry mutters to herself as she stoops to return the foot-stool; a Peeper takes her from behind, chloroform cloth in hand.

CHERRY

That little back-stabbing wench! I can't wait to sneak up on her from behind.

PEEPER

My sentiments exactly, Cherry. How about a little chloroform? Time to dance!

Cherry succumbs to his insistent grip and the chloroform does its trick. The Peeper next ties her to a chair and gags her.

PEEPER

Ah, you know we want it, Cherry: that DareDoll activation code! Spit it out!

Cherry seems to nod her head in agreement. The Peeper removes the gag.

CHERRY

You turkey!

PEEPER

Oh, that's all we'll hear of your silly nonsense, little girl with the perky...buttocks! Give me that code. I want that code!

Cherry again nods her head, albeit ambiguously.

PEEPER

Ah, so now you want to cooperate, huh?

CHERRY

(enjoying a deep breath)
Uhhh, you'll never get that code, you fiend!

PEEPER

Yeah? Well, I've got a surprise for you!

The Peeper exits and returns with a vial in hand, as well as a can of soft drink and a children's animal-shaped vitamin.

PEEPER

Did you know that you can make knock-out juice from generic cola and children's vitamins?

CHERRY

You'll never get me to drink that, you fiend!

The Peeper smugly plops the vitamin into the soda.

PEEPER

Everyday vitamin, everyday soft drink: They make a very special cocktail for a very special lady!

The Peeper now begins to empty the wardrobe of its wardrobe; he tosses all of the DareDoll garments to the floor in a big heap.

CHERRY

Oh, what are you doing? The wardrobe mistress will be furious!

PEEPER

You'll find out soon enough, my dear.

He turns to her, just in time to see her body go semi-rigid with anticipation.

PEEPER

By now, you're paralyzed!

He unties her from the chair and deposits her upon the heap of DareDoll uniforms. Then he ties her rather ornately, with a ring holding together the ropes along the now empty clothing rack. One of the ropes snakes tightly around her neck! He finishes by tying an end of it around the door knob.

PEEPER

So how do you like my Constricting Bow Knot? Pretty nice, huh? I got it off the Internet!

Cherry can say nothing, as she is gagged. She does seem capable of slight movement, though. The Peeper offers up a cell phone:

PEEPER

I'm going to place this cell phone "on your person." I'm going to "stick it where the sun don't shine." And then I'll call you...remotely! (It's set on "vibrate"!)

The Peeper exits. Cherry begins to struggle, ever so softly and slowly.

CHERRY

Ooh, this Constricting Bow Knot will strangle me unless I stay calm. I've got to rely on my yoga training. It's the only thing that will save me.

Suddenly, the phone begins to ring! We hear it vibrating from somewhere within her costume.

CHERRY

Oh, damn that cell phone!

Cherry continues to fight the good fight, but eventually passes out, perhaps from the cord wrapped tightly around her throat. The Peeper re-enters and zips open one of her boots. He pulls the cell phone from it and shows it to the viewer.

PEEPER

Like I said, I stuck it where the

sun don't shine!

We cut to Cherry tied within a sarcophagus. The Peeper pours sand upon her body with great deliberation. She struggles but is spray-gassed in the face, which renders her unconscious. The sand covers her body like a blanket. Will she awake in time to avoid being buried alive?!