

"DYNAMO IS A REAL KNOCK-OUT!"

by
Don Cortier
PO Box 2901
South Bend, IN 46680
dynahunk@dyna-flix.com

Dynamo exercises in the dressing room, and then sits down to put on her boots. But a Peeper with a Magic Stopwatch is there to stop time and chloroform her! She lands in his lap and has a long ride, putting up quite a struggle.

He ties her hand-and-foot and gags her, accompanied by the strains of some "oh, poor Dynamo" music. She finally wakes to find him gone, and struggles.

The Psychic Television clicks itself on. On screen, an unfamiliar man in a lab coat encourages her to get loose. She does so and then stands before the t.v. in the classic superhero hands-on-hips/legs-spread pose.

MAN

Hello. I'm Dr. Radford Baines of
The Information Institute.

DYNAMO

(removing her
gag and air-
spitting as one
might after
having a cloth
wedged in her
lips)

Where's Norman?

MAN

Norman asked me to fill in today.
I'm to train you in the Peeper
Brothers' top knock-out
techniques.

DYNAMO

Why would I need to watch a
training video about knock-outs?

MAN

Because it's essential DareDoll
job training.

DYNAMO

But I get plenty of that on the
job! Thanks, anyway.

MAN

Exactly! That's why you require
additional training. Because if
you didn't need it, you wouldn't
be facing it everyday on the job.

DYNAMO

Do you really think I'd sit still for something like that?

MAN

Well, what if you were the star of this particular training video?

DYNAMO

No thanks! That's not in my contract.

MAN

Okay, then. Have a nice day, and try to avoid any knock-out gas, for example.

DYNAMO

You betcha.

Dynamo turns to go, but as she reaches for a winter coat, she is blasted with knock-out gas.

Again, she is tied, with that same sad music playing. She wakes and wriggles free, and rejoins the training vid, this time pulling up a seat.

MAN

See? You do need help.

DYNAMO

That was a dirty trick.

MAN

A DareDoll must be prepared for anything.

DYNAMO

Go on.

MAN

You've already encountered the top two knock-out techniques. There are a few others we'll need to cover...if we're going to be thorough.

DYNAMO

(sarcastically)

Hmmm. What about drugged darts?

MAN

Those are good. But the Peepers also use voltage stunning to excellent effect.

DYNAMO

You mean like a cattle prod to the back of the neck?

MAN

Yes, exactly. And mmmph mmmph mmpph....

DYNAMO

I'm sorry? Say again? Over?

MAN

(pointing to a
headphone
attached to the
t.v.)

Mmmmph mmmph mmmph....

DYNAMO

Oh, I see. You want me to use this handy headphone.

And she does, but of course, it shocks her unconscious.

Again, she is tied. Cue maudlin music. After waking and escaping, she rejoins the conversation.

MAN

What a shock for ya, huh?

DYNAMO

Yeah, thanks. Now my body is tingling, and not in a good way!

MAN

Well, how do you know that your own costume hasn't been tainted with a contact anesthetic?

DYNAMO

What do you mean?

MAN

For example, what if one of the Peepers rubbed some knock-out balm into your costume? That would make your body tingle...and itch.

DYNAMO

Well, I do feel a little woozy.

MAN

A ha!

DYNAMO

And I certainly wouldn't put it
past them--or you!--to pull such a
dirty trick.

MAN

Perhaps you should change costume,
then.

DYNAMO

Not before I turn you OFF first.

She begins to reach for the on/off knob, but suddenly the
screen cuts to a Hypno-Wheel graphic. Dynamo stammers
encouragement to herself as she begins to swoon.

DYNAMO (CONT'D)

Come on, Dynamo. You can make it!
If I can just pull that plug...!

On her back, she uses her foot to pull the t.v.'s plug.

She shakes herself awake and changes into one of her other
characters' costumes. But as she is leaving, a karate chop
to the back of the neck signals the end of this chapter. The
camera spirals down into her gaping mouth/blackness....