

"THE CAKE TAKES DYNAMO!"

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Walking through the entry arch, DareDoll Dynamo is immediately chloroformed and then tied to a rack in front of the green-screen, which turns into (first a dessert and then) a desert backdrop with a clap or two from a Peeper. A giant magnifying glass is wheeled in before her. Dynamo struggles against her bonds, particularly a spandex gag around her neck.

PEEPER

Wake up, little DareDoll. Your time has come!

DYNAMO

What are you gonna do? And what am I gonna do?

PEEPER

You're going to sizzle even more than normal, hot stuff. This magnifying glass amplifies light ten million times. Even the the winter light coming in from the window is enough to cook your goose in its own sauce.

She squirms.

PEEPER

Hot enough for ya, hottie?

DYNAMO

Why the neckstrap?

PEEPER

It will keep that perfect face perfectly exposed to the ultraviolet rays. Even if you wriggle out of this trap as you often do, you'll have a tell-tale sunburn for weeks!

The Peeper cracks open and fries an egg beside her.

DYNAMO

You fiend!

PEEPER

Sticks and stones....

Dynamo moans. The Peeper raises an unlabeled water bottle to her lips.

PEEPER

ADMIT IT

You could really go for a swig of deliciously wet water, right about now.

DYNAMO

I'm fine. Thanks.

PEEPER

Every man on earth knows you're fine. But there's no reason for you to be thirsty, too, during this...your paradoxically darkest hour.

DYNAMO

Well, okay then. And thanks for your hospitality.

She sips from the bottle, and then is woozy.

DYNAMO

That wasn't water.

PEEPER

Most of it was. The rest was knock-out juice.

DYNAMO

You cad.

PEEPER

I did you a favor. When that light through yonder window finally hits your body, you won't be awake to feel it!

The Peeper exits, seemingly triumphant, but Dynamo manages to kick the magnifying glass just enough that it burns--with a laser's intensity!-- a rope binding one of her wrists.

Back at the DareDoll dressing room, she speaks to Norman on a small handheld monitor as she finishes changing into a second costume.

DYNAMO

I'm telling you, Norman, it was like I couldn't remember who I was when I came to.

NORMAN

Maybe you're having an identity crisis.

DYNAMO

My life is not your Bergman movie,
Norman.

NORMAN

No, but is pretty exciting, you
have to admit.

DYNAMO

Sometimes it feels like these
dilemmas are scripted, like I'm
the candid-camera entertainment at
a bachelor party.

NORMAN

Or maybe a higher power is looking
over you.

DYNAMO

What do you mean?

NORMAN

Haven't you noticed how you always
seem to survive these diabolical
doom-traps?

DYNAMO

Yes, but I always thought skill
and luck were on my side.

NORMAN

You could have the Cravin' Cream
Cupcake people on your side, if
you play your cards right.

DYNAMO

I told you before: I don't do
commercials, Norman.

She exits.

NORMAN

But you do have to accept that
award as Most Popular DareDoll at
the Crimefightresses Awards Show
on Saturday. And don't forget your
appointment with the cake carvers
this afternoon.

We cut to the Factory. Dynamo enters to find a giant cupcake
waiting for her, as well as a goon in dark glasses and a
suit.

PEEPER

Thanks for dropping in, Dynamo.
This won't take long.

DYNAMO

Norman said you had to carve a
cake?

PEEPER

Well, actually we're going to make
a white-vanilla statue of you, and
we need you to pose for us.

DYNAMO

I'm putty in your hands.

PEEPER

Splendid! Let's start by getting
you up there. This won't take
long!

We wipe to Dynamo already atop the cake. The Peeper directs
her from below.

PEEPER

Now make sure that you have your
superheroine stance correct.

DYNAMO

I KNOW

Hands on hips....

PEEPER

...and feet spread a little more
than shoulder width, with a cocky
smile. Perfect! Now just stand
there like that while I pull a
switch.

He does so. Dynamo is startled, her footing no longer sure.

DYNAMO

I'm sinking in a special quicksand
mix disguised as pink-sugar
frosting!

The goon whips off his glasses to reveal Peeper specs
beneath.

PEEPER

Actually, it's casting cream
disguised as pink-sugar frosting.
My own devilish mixture!

DYNAMO

You're going to make a mold of my body?!

PEEPER

From head to toe, Dynamo. So keep smilin', pastry puss. I want you to look perfect when I deliver your white-vanilla body to some hungry frat boys this evening.

DYNAMO

Oh, the sick mind that could think of such an evil use for custard and frosting!

PEEPER

You don't know the half of it. This entire trap is a candid commercial for Cravin' Cream Cupcakes! Smile, Dynamo! You're on t.v.!

DYNAMO

Oh, it all seems so clear now! Norman betrayed me!

The Peeper waves goodbye and exits as she sinks lower and lower....

DYNAMO

(to the camera,
her head now
just barely
above the
cupcake's
frosting
surface)

A crimefightress is always prepared to meet her doom, but I guess I did somehow think that it would all end with a little more dignity.

The final insult? We see the commercial itself after a false (and before the final) channel switch. The Cravin' Cream Cupcake logo figures prominently as the announcer raves about the gooey center that even Dynamo can't resist, etc. Holy insult to injury!