

"PYRO'S LAST POSE!"

by
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Pyro enters via new "subterranean hole" and walks the maze. She is captured by a magnet wall and spray-k.o.ed.

Pyro wakes in the basement, covered with carnivorous ectoplasma. She can just barely manage to call Norman for help.

PYRO

Norman, are you there?

NORMAN

Yeah. Pyro! Could to hear you're still breathing.

PYRO

No thanks to you.

NORMAN

And just what's that supposed to mean?

PYRO

That I can't trust you any further than I can throw you.

NORMAN

That's a curious accusation.

PYRO

I've noticed lately that you have a sometimes adversarial relationship with us DareDolls.

NORMAN

Sure. Sure.

PYRO

And you don't see anything wrong with that?

NORMAN

Not at all. It's kind of like the relationship between the press and politics--each keeps the other honest.

PYRO

Thanks for the civics primer.

NORMAN

I'll do you a bigger favor than that. I'll give your leotard an extra boost of juice to kill those ectoplasma sucking your body dry.

PYRO

Thanks. And I won't even ask how you know that I'm being eaten alive by radioactive amoeba.

NORMAN

Call it my Norman's intuition....

A sudden glowing burst radiates and dissolves the ectoplasma.

Pyro unties herself.

PYRO

(to the camera)

Hmmm. I'd better try a new persona. The Peepers are already looking for Pyro.

Pyro insta-changes into a Puss costume (an uninterrupted efx shot, using the pole in the basement for the "wipe" bar).

Back in the Factory, Pyro immediately encounters the Peeper.

PYRO-PUSS

Surprise, Peeper!

PEEPER

Puss! Haven't seen you in a while!

PYRO-PUSS

The way you're ogling me, I'd say you're making up for lost time.

PEEPER

Hmmm. You look a little different somehow.

PYRO-PUSS

Prettier? Shapelier?

PEEPER

Taller. And what you said.

PYRO-PUSS

Eat your heart out, Chad. You could have this back in high school, if you weren't such a creep.

PEEPER

I've always been hypnotized by your beauty, dear.

The Peeper zaps Pyro-Puss with a hypno-disc and ties her to a chair--to watch helplessly as he puts the finishing

touches on an Infantilizer machine, which matches people chronologically to their emotional age. Her wrist nearly free of a binding, Pyro-Puss tries to stall the Peeper with small talk.

PYRO-PUSS

What is that thing?

PEEPER

It's my newest invention.

PYRO-PUSS

And what does it do?

PEEPER

It synthesizes the intellect and physique in one swell foop.

PYRO-PUSS

You're mad. It will never work, like all of your other inventions.

PEEPER

What? Are you from OSHA or something?

PYRO-PUSS

Did you even bother to reverse the polarity on your chronological fields?

PEEPER

Uh, sure. Of course. What do you think I am, a moron?

Long, uncomfortable silence between them....

PEEPER

With my great intellect, I will become a wizened giant. An evil genius! A god among men!

PYRO-PUSS

Perhaps. But you can't win friends with self-aggrandizement.

The Peeper turns to activate the device but is shocked by his own machine and turns into a mini-Peeper; Pyro-Puss then breaks free. She picks up the Peeper just as an editor from Action Fashion Magazine rushes in, a rolled magazine in hand.

EDITOR

DareDoll Puss! You just defeated
Chad Peeper!

PYRO-PUSS

He defeated himself.

EDITOR

I'm Liza Jean, the editor of
Action Fashion Magazine.

She shows Pyro-Puss the cover of a copy.

EDITOR

We'd like to try our hand at a
reality series, and we think you'd
be the perfect leading lady.

PYRO-PUSS

A reality series?

EDITOR

Yes. We'll call it The DareDoll
Dilemmas and each episode will be
a page torn from your daily diary.

PYRO-PUSS

Thanks. But no one would believe
it.

EDITOR

They'd have to believe it. And
they'd have to believe you,
because you'd be on television.

PYRO-PUSS

Sorry, sister. Television's not
reality.

(indicates
Factory)

THIS is reality.

Pyro-Puss leaves the editor speechless, with the mini-Peeper
in tow. Perhaps they punch a timeclock?

EDITOR

What? And give up a career in show
business?!