

"DareDoll Legs Walks on Shells of Eggs!"

by

Don Cortier

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

DareDoll Legs breaks into the old, abandoned magic factory.

LEGS

(into her wrist-comp)

CrimeBase, this is DareDoll Legs. I've just broken into the old, abandoned magic factory and will now look for signs of the Peeper Brothers--those wily, wall-eyed waylayers of all women DareDoll!

CRIMEBASE

Sure, sure, Legs. But let's play it extra safe this time. We not only want you to insert your anti-deathtrap device into your boot, but to sabotage their fuse-box on a five-minute stop-short.

LEGS

But why?

CRIMEBASE

Most of their traps are electric and designed to do their devilish work in a matter of six or seven minutes.

LEGS

I get it! Deathtrap interruptus!

CRIMEBASE

Roger that, DareDoll Legs. Now proceed!

Legs plants the device in her boot, and then sabotages the fuse box, after first walking the maze.

Stepping through an arch, she encounters Chad Peeper, who holds a cream pie.

CHAD

Surprise, Legs! I knew you were coming, so I baked a pie!

LEGS

Some surprise party. I smelled you coming from a mile away.

Larry Peeper enters frame from behind her. Legs is tall, but Larry is of course taller, and his hands ready themselves to seize her.

CHAD

But did you smell Larry? Get her, bro!

Larry grabs her, and Chad advances with the pie.

LEGS

This isn't even my birthday,
so...so much for your so-called
surprise party!

CHAD

We saved the best surprise for last!

He plants the pie right into her puss, just like in a Three-Stooges stage-play.

LEGS

Whipped sleeping cream!

CHAD

Yeah, ain't it delicious? Just like
those mile-long legs of yours!

Legs, face now clean, is carried down a long hallway.

LARRY

That was real nice of you to clean
that cream off her puss, Chad. But
did you have to use your tongue?

CHAD

It's been a fantasy of mine for
some time, Larry. I can't really
explain it.

The Peepers place her on a table-saw and tie her down. The saw will slice her in two, crotch-first!

CHAD

Speaking as someone who passed shop
class, I guarantee you'll be beside
yourself in about six or seven
minutes, DareDoll! Go for it, Larry!

Larry begins to feed her into the saw, the slab upon which she's tied sliding with deadly ease. Sawdust flies from the blade as it advances. And then the power cuts!

LARRY

Guess we blew a fuse.

CHAD

Then why are the lights still on? I
smell a rat. Somebody must have
rigged our outlets. Let's investigate.

The Peepers leave to investigate. Legs frees herself with a device in her glove, which superheats the wrist restraint until it smokes.

LEGS

(into her wristcomp)

CrimeBase, the Peepers tried to bisect me with the old buzz-saw gag, but they must have been buzzed, because they fell for the old sabotage fusebox trick. Thanks for that! Now I'm back on their trail in hot pursuit!

The Peepers jump into her path with a balloon in hand.

CHAD

And you're full of hot air! Just like this birthday balloon.

Chad approaches with it as Legs stares blankly ahead, a doe caught in the headlights. The balloon contains gas: Chad pops it right in her face. Legs sways like a willow in a breeze. With her now stymied, they tie her hands behind her back and lead her away, but not before removing that device from her boot.

CHAD

Hooray for you sucker. You remembered to wear your typical DareDoll do-nothing gadget today. But not even another power outage can stop the dire dilemma waiting in the basement!

The Peepers lead Legs down some stairs to a basement and tie her to a post. They light a stick of dynamite.

CHAD

Pardon our dusting off two cliffhanger cliches in one day, Legs, but you are of course familiar with the time-weathered stick of dynamite deathtrap, jah?

LEGS

You're mad! And you also lack class!

CHAD

You watch your tongue! In fact, watch all of yourself one last time, because in a few minutes you're gonna be in about fifty-billion bits.

LARRY

KaBoom!

CHAD

(to the viewer as
much as Legs)

Larry's a man of few words, all of
them onomatopoetic.

LEGS

Never mind the poetry lecture.
Would you really blow up your own
hide-out just to finish me off?
That's like sawing off your arm to
spite your leg.

CHAD

We do hate to see this place go,
and may even change our minds.

(beat)

If you change yours....

LEGS

What do you mean?

CHAD

That's a three-minute wick, Legs.
We'll wait within earshot of your
cry for help for just two minutes.
If you decide to give us the
DareDoll activation code, we'll
come back and snuff out that wick.
But you'd better be quick!

The Peepers exit. Looking about the basement, Legs sees a Rube Goldbergian opportunity to douse the wick and takes it ("If I can just kick that ladder so that it knocks over that chair in such a way that it topples the water bottle onto the wick...!"), but her best shot falls just short. Is she doomed to go KaBoom?