

The Fetish Channel

by
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LIGHTS DOWN.

In the darkness we hear the voice of a WOMAN ANNOUNCER. Her voice is soft and sultry.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

You are watching The Fetish Channel, cable access 32 Rockford, Rock Falls and the greater Moline area. Where the adults come out to play. And now, here's the founder of The Fetish Channel, former adult film star voted the hairiest hump of 1979; porn king, playboy and entrepreneur, Electric Voice Box Larry.

Electric Voice Box LARRY enters. He is slimy, smarmy and has an electric voice box attached to his neck. His synthetic voice is heard over the loudspeaker, although you never see him move his lips. He simply pushes a button on his voice box and twitches his throat.

LARRY

Hi-ya folks. Electric Voice Box Larry here. You know, at The Fetish Channel our motto has always been, "if you can stick it in, wrap it around or slide it up and down, more power to you." You know, we here at the Fetish Channel have been taking some heat lately for the type of programming we provide. Critics have asked us to "mainstream" our material a little bit, so as not to offend those puritanical bastards who only do the missionary position with the lights out and holes cut in their jammy-jams for their naughty bits to stick through. Whatever. So for our upcoming Fall season, we've decided to give in and try and aim our material at a more conventional audience. Like the networks. The following program is a preview for our upcoming season. And so, without further ado, here's the new Fall line up for The Fetish Channel for 2003...don't smoke cigarettes.

The lights change. The woman announcer is heard again.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

The Fetish Channel promises the hottest season yet for adult oriented television. When tensions arise in Chicago's busiest hospital, you can bet this staff is stiff and ready to please. If you like "ER", you'll love "BM".

MAN #1, MAN #2 and WOMAN #1 enter. The men wear white lab coats and the woman wears a nurses outfit. Throughout the play they act badly, like porn actors.

MAN #1

I don't think he's going to make it...unless we take extreme measures.

MAN #2

You don't mean...

MAN #1

Yes.

(to Woman #1.)

Nurse, get me the emergency enema kit.

WOMAN #1

Ooooooh, that would be so hot.

MAN #2

You can't do it, Rod. The procedure could kill him.

MAN #1

But it's the only way.

MAN #2

Well if you're going to give it to him, then you're going to have to give it to me, too.

WOMAN #1

Ooooooh, that would be so hot.

MAN #1

I thought you'd never ask, Dr. Johnny.

MAN #2

What do you say, Nurse. Is three a crowd?

WOMAN #1

Ooooooh, that's really hot.

They all hug. Lights dim. They exit.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

On Mondays after our original programs "Sabrina the Teenage Bitch" and "3rd Cock From The Sun" comes a new program about a sexy sportswriter, his wacky, sexy family and his hot, nagging wife. But this funny family has a dirty little secret. It's "Everybody Loves Rayon."

Man #1, Man #2 and Woman #1 enter. Lights up.

MAN #1

Debra, why are you always criticizing me?

WOMAN #1

Ooooh. Because it's so hot.

MAN #2

Don't worry, brother. We'll stand behind you. We all love you.

He starts feeling Man #1's sweater.

MAN #2

But we especially love that sweater.

Woman #1 feels the sweater as well.

WOMAN #1

Ooooh, that's really hot.

They all hug. Lights dim. They exit.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

And Tuesday nights following "American Creams" and "Cops", "Cops In Miami" and "Cops Honolulu Style" comes the new sitcom about a group of daffy doctors and their extremely hot interest in landscaping. It's the hilarious and sexy new "Shrubs."

Man #2 crosses the stage with his pants down to his ankles and caressing a large shrub.

MAN #2

Oh yeah, baby. Give me some of that stem, baby...Yeah...Oh, yeah.

Woman #1 sticks her head out through the curtain.

WOMAN #1

Ooooh, that's so incredibly hot.

Lights dim.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

And for those of you with a taste for "other worldly" passions, we bring you the hot alien mystery show that has audiences guessing... and messing around, "The Triple X Files."

Man #1 and Woman #1 enter in suit coats and carrying flashlights.

MAN #1

I think the aliens landed here, Agent Scuzzy. I can see their extraterrestrial skid marks.

WOMAN #1

Wow, Agent Boulder, that's hot.

MAN #1

My guess is the cub scout leader was abducted by little green men from Mars...

WOMAN #1

(Gettin' sexy.)
Ooooh...

MAN #1

They strapped him down on a stainless steel table...

WOMAN #1

(Gettin sexier.)
Ahhh...

MAN #1

Stripped off his tight fitting scout leader uniform...

WOMAN #1

(Gettin' real sexy.)
Oooooh...

MAN #1

And probed him with their multi
limbed, green slimy Martian sex
tentacles...

WOMAN #1

Ooooooh, how heavenly hot.

MAN #1

Agent Scuzzy...

WOMAN #1

Yes?

MAN #1

I think it's time for a little
unauthorized DNA sampling.

WOMAN #1

Oh Agent Boulder, fly through my
worm hole.

They embrace, passionately. Man #2's head appears through the
curtain smoking a cigarette.

MAN #2

Cigarette, anyone?

Lights dim.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

Along with the standard favorites
"The Dead Skin On The Bottom Of
Your Foot Show" and "All About
Corks." We're revving up for a
second season of a show for folks
with a swinging side that screams
Scandinavian. It's the cardboard
fetish show imported from Stockholm
that has America buzzing...off. Get
ready for "Box- Mania."

Man #2 enters naked, but for a cardboard box around his waist
and an Alpine hat on his head. He dances a jig across the
stage singing in Swedish.

MAN #2

Hoon ma doog. Ya nooska floog. Na-
yagga. Na-yagga. Hoomp! Hoomp!
Hoomp!

Woman #1 sticks her head out through the curtain.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

Ya! Das ist hotten.

Lights dim. Woman #1 enters. She carries a bottle of eye drops.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

And for those of you "dripping" to have a good time, we know what you're "looking" for, so keep your "eyes peeled", and you hand in your pants. It's "The Eye Drop Angles."

Woman #1 clumsily puts in some eye drops. She acts uncomfortable, like her eyes are stinging.

WOMAN #1

(Uncomfortably.)

Gee...that's...that's really hot...

She exits, stumbling half blind.

WOMAN #1

Ouch...

Lights dim.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

For some people it's talking dirty that heat's them up. For others, it's just the suggestion of naughty talk that turns them on. That's why we've brought you the foul mouthed rock star family from England who get bleeped while you get off; it's "The OddBorns."

Man #1 enters wearing a wig and sun glasses. Man #2 wears horn-rimmed glasses. Woman #1 stands nearby.

MAN #1

Why don't you "bleep"-ing pick of after that "bleep"-ing dog of yours?

Woman #1 starts touching herself.

WOMAN #1

Ooooooh.

MAN #2

Get the "bleep" off my "bleep"-ing back, you "bleep"-ing old "bleep"?

WOMAN #1

Oh, yeah...

MAN #1

If I want any "bleep" from you I'll
"bleep" your "bleep" with a "bleep,
bleep, bleep."

WOMAN #1

Oh yeah...

MAN #2

Yeah? Well "bleep" you in the
"bleep" you "bleep"-ing "bleep"-
itty "bleep bleep!"

WOMAN #1

Oh yeah...Yeah!

The lights dim.

WOMAN ANNOUNCER

Yes, it's the Fetish Channel. The
naughty network that brought you
hot shows like "Insole Insolence,
Crab Cakes, Pie Plate Nipples,
Bottle Babies, From Here To
Fraternity, Cat Gut, Wanda's Wax
World, Rip It Off Fast, I Like
Plywood, Yellow Snow" and for those
real sick folks "Brian Boitono's
Valentine's Holiday On Ice
Spectacular". And now, we've even
out-fetished ourselves. We took the
perfect blending of whacked out,
hard-core, mind blowing, out of
this world, kinkiness and brought
it all together under one roof...

A hyped up MALE ANNOUNCER chimes in.

MALE ANNOUNCER

It's Monster Trucks!!! Yes! For one
night only see the sexy giants of
rubber rip up the dirt piles in a
high octane free for all to
determine who's King of the
Roooooad!!!

Man #1 enters wearing a hat and sunglasses.

MALE ANNOUNCER

Contestant #1 is a well-hung, jet fueled, knobby tired monster with a twelve inch torsion rod who needs to ram it down the tunnel! It's "King Dong!"

Woman #1 enters wearing a pilot's cap and goggles.

MALE ANNOUNCER

Contestant #2 is a lady who hugs all the curves! And when she's done wiping the road with you, you can bet she'll lick you clean! It's "Bobo The Wonder Girl!"

Man #3 enters wearing a cowboy hat.

MALE ANNOUNCER

Contestant #3 is a man in the saddle who put the "poke" in "Cowpoke!" He'll jump on any school marram, but isn't afraid to grab a hold of your saddle horn when it's time to swing. It's "Buck Horse Penis!"

The engine noise revs louder as the three contestants hold tightly to invisible steering wheels.

MALE ANNOUNCER

These three hot and super charged monster sex trucks are gonna get it into high gear and hit the hills, smashing down and grinding deep into the backs of all challengers. It's mud, it's dirt, it's hot and sexy action rolling high on ten foot tires! Wear your ear protection, folks, cause these sex-crazed, four-wheeling manics are gonna grind their shift levers to see who's gonna be "The Fetish Channel Kinky Crazy Monster Truck Sex Champion for 2003!" And now, the playing of our national anthem.

A flag roles down from the ceiling. The national anthem plays in it's entirety. The contestants stand with dignity, their hands over their hearts. The anthem ends. The engine revving ensues.

MALE ANNOUNCER

And now, if these sexy mother truckers are ready....LET'S GET IT ON!!!

The trucks squeal out. The contests grapple on to one another in an orgiastic fashion. They fall to the floor in a mass of writhing flesh. The engine noise fades as the lights dim. They exit. Electric Voice Box Larry re-enters.

LARRY

Well folks, that's just a naughty little peek at what's on tap for all you subscribers to The Fetish Channel this Fall. Remember, it doesn't matter if it's pooka shells, teddy bears, canoe paddles or sweaty bicycle seats. From hand cream to hand cuffs, from Japanese newspapers to Hungarian goulash underwear, the Fetish Channel sends out an important message to all you sexually active men in America; if you're bored enough, pal, you'll stick it anywhere. From all of us to all of you out there, I'm Electric Voice Box Larry...Good night folks...and don't smoke cigarettes.

Lights out. Music up "Anything Goes."

THE END