

"Apple's Roasted over an Open Fire!"

by

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DareDoll Apple enters by way of a tunnel, but before she can get up, a hooded figure--possibly a turncoat DareDoll!--zaps her body with a stun gun. She passes out as though drained by a lethal Joker buzzer.

THE HOOD

Surprise, DareDoll Apple! This de-atomizer should have your body humming!

She wakes drawn and quartered. Spandex bonds stretch her body nearly to the breaking point; the Hood enters to taunt her.

THE HOOD

Talk about a delicious taffy pull! These shrinking spandex ties should stretch your body to the breaking point. Your legs will spread like butter ... apple butter! See ya.

The Hood exits.

Apple calls CrimeBase by shouting into her wristcomp.

APPLE

CrimeBase, it's me: DareDoll Apple! I've been drawn and quartered by a hooded figure who may or may not be a turncoat DareDoll! She's stretching me like a trite metaphor!

CRIMEBASE

Why didn't you call in as soon as you broke in?

APPLE

I was ambushed. I can't always follow procedure according to the DareDoll manual, Norman.

CRIMEBASE

Hmmmm. Well, okay. As long as you regret it.

APPLE

Can you maybe self-destruct my wristcomp without charring my flesh?

CRIMEBASE

But that would be bad for your wristcomp!

APPLE

Just do it, Norman!

He does and she finishes untying herself. She walks the maze but is overtaken by the Hood, who chloroforms her from in front.

THE HOOD

Tag! You're it, girlfriend!

Apple is conveyed by wheelbarrow and is then placed on a turntable as Cat's Whiskers are wrapped around her. The Hood binds her from boot to mask and then leaves. Apple again calls CrimeBase using her wristcomp.

APPLE

Norman, it's me again!

CRIMEBASE

Now what?

APPLE

I've been tied by the wrists again.
Do you think you can get me out of
this?

CRIMEBASE

No. Hey, I told you not to burn out
your wristcomp.

APPLE

Then how is it that I'm talking to you?

CRIMEBASE

You're not. You're hallucinating.
But while we're chatting, may I
suggest using your hidden utility
knife?

APPLE

Hey, thanks, Mirage Norman. You're
much nicer than the real Norman.

She cuts herself free and rolls around on the cold floor to loosen the Whiskers.

APPLE

This cold floor should counteract
the tightening of these fiendish
Cats' Whiskers!

But the Hood returns to spray her in the face with knock-out juice!

Apple wakes up tied to the Spit, where she is basted slowly with a glossy glaze. Soon flames are licking her body from beneath! Holy hot tights!