

"Let's Roast Blu and Lila!"

by

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Blu and Lila enter the old, abandoned Magic Factory.

BLU

Well, this is it. I never thought we'd come here on anything but business.

LILA

Good public relations is *always* business for us, partner.

BLU

I guess you're right. But I thought celebrity roasts were only for celebrities.

LILA

As crime-fighters go, we're pretty famous.

BLU

Just think: to be roasted!

LILA

Yeah, we've really arrived.

BLU

...to have other people make merciless fun of you in front of the entire world, and for them to then say, "It was all in good fun!"

LILA

Yeah, it *is* a little twisted.

BLU

(pointing to something off-screen)

Say. What's that?

They walk toward a large grill, which appears to have been readied for them.

LILA

The old, abandoned Human Barbecue Grill.

(touching it)

And it's still warm!

BLU
 (picking up a nearby
 measuring cup)
 And this DareDoll basting sauce is
 still fresh!
 (tasting a freshly
 dipped fingertip)
 And spicy!

LILA
 Can I see that invitation again?

BLU
 (handing her an envelope)
 Sure.

LILA
 (reading)
 "You are cordially invited to be
 the guests of honor at a special
 DareDoll Roast. Be sure to wear
 clean underwear." HMMMM. I don't
 like the sound of that.

BLU
 (slamming her fist
 into her palm)
 Jinkies! I see what you mean. They
 don't say whether they're planning
 to roast us figuratively or literally!

LILA
 A ha! But we won't give those
 fiendish Peeper brothers the chance
 to show us in person. Let's
 hightail it out of here!

Before they can escape, however, a Peeper appears to throw a wig at Blu. It suffocates her as the girls struggle to get it off.

PEEPER
 Surprise, babies! That's a nice new
 wig for Blu, and here's a nifty lip
 adornment just for you!

The Peeper tosses a fake moustache at Lila. It sticks to her lip as she struggles to remove it.

LILA
 Holy harelip!

By the time they have worked themselves free, the Peeper is gone.

BLU
Phew! That was hairy!

LILA
You said it, Blu. And now it's time
to take a break.

Lila heads to a glass booth and adjusts a circuit board on
its side.

BLU
What are you doing?

LILA
I'm going to catch a tan. Just have
to reset the code on this Everything
Machine....

BLU
That sounds a little risky.

LILA
You're right. Maybe you'd better
try it first.

Inside the glass box, Blu stands with hands on hips.

LILA
Ready?

BLU
Hit it, chick!

Lights flash as the booth fills with gas. Blu begins to
pound on the glass.

BLU
Lila! Stop this crazy thing!

LILA
I'm trying!

The gas clears, but Blu now wears a majorette costume!
We cut to them loitering beneath a net on the ceiling.

BLU
That was too close!

LILA
I'll say. I thought you were a
goner, for a moment there.

BLU

What I don't understand is why I'm wearing my baton twirler uniform from high school.

LILA

I guess that I input a time-travel code rather than a tanning machine code. My bad.

BLU

No, this is good! I feel years younger!

LILA

So when you were in high school, you were already dressing up as a DareDoll, huh?

BLU

I either wanted to be that or a fairy princess.

LILA

Yeah. Me, too.

Suddenly the net drops on them, and Blu and Lila struggle within it like trapped birds. The Peeper appears, and looms over them.

PEEPER

There's nothing so snuggle-y as a net knit for two, but now my friends, you're fish for a stew!

We cut to the girls tied to the Grill. Lasers point at them both. Their wrists are strapped down firmly as are their necks, while their knees are slightly bent, ankles seemingly lashed to the grillwork.

PEEPER

Sorry that I must leave you both before such major surgery, but the lasers now trained upon your bodies are perfectly suited to slicing you right up the middle without any human help. Oh, sure: You're strong, DareDolls. But you're no match for this fiendish machine.

He exits and they continue to struggle. Blu begins to recite something under her breath.

LILA

What are you doing?

BLU
Ssssh. I'm trying to calculate the
cube root of pi.

LILA
But why?

BLU
(straightening her
legs to show that she
can just barely reach
her laser)
If we can just nudge those lasers
18.8 degrees toward our wrists, we
can use them to burn the bonds
holding us fast.

LILA
(also straightening
her legs)
But if we're off by so much as a
fraction of an inch, those lasers
will slice us like a pie.

BLU
Never mind dessert, Lila. Let's
first focus on not being the main
entree. If we aim them just right,
the lasers will cut through the
ropes and not our flesh!

LILA
Why don't you try it? And I'll just
kick my laser out of the way entirely.

BLU
Just do it, Lila! Those lasers
could fire at any moment!

The lasers hit the ropes, and the girls untie themselves.

LILA
Wow! We've always been hot stuff,
but not to that degree!

BLU
I had no worries at all, Lila.

LILA
You did seem pretty confident,
especially since you flunked math.

BLU

Haven't you noticed? We always seem to escape the underhanded ensnarements of those who would finish us off.

LILA

Yeah, sometimes I think they just like to make us sweat through our tights in a state of heightened anticipation.

BLU

Well, this time the tables are going to turn....

Blu turns to get up, but a blast of knock-out gas sends them both to sleep--in each other's arms!

We cut to the Dejuicer. Blu is trapped inside, while Lila--tied to a chair--wears a brainwash skullcap: Their personalities are to be transferred!

BLU

Lila! Snap out of it! If they succeed in switching our identities, they'll be able to reverse-engineer the DareDoll activation code!

To be continued!