

"Blaze in a Daze!"

by

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Usual intro, with copyright, URL, etc.

DareDoll Blaze enters via giant "portholes" that suggest a sewer.

BLAZE

(to herself, giving  
the seedy decor the  
once-over)

Why do arch-villains always have  
such arch taste?

(into her wristcomp)

CrimeBase, this is DareDoll Blaze.  
I've managed to infiltrate the old,  
abandoned magic factory. It looks  
awful--the Peepers are such  
derelicts! I'm going to continue my  
routine patrol and will report back  
when I'm done.

CRIMEBASE

Don't forget to activate your anti-  
deathtrap monitor, Blaze. You would  
be completely helpless without it.

BLAZE

Roger that.

(to herself, muttering)

Thanks for the vote of confidence.

Blaze hides up her sleeve a small device.

BLAZE

(once again, into her wristcomp)

Okay, CrimeBase. I've hidden it on  
my body. Over...and...out.

On "out," a mystery man in black chloroforms her, though not  
without a struggle. He carries her away.

Blaze awakes to find herself manacled to an archway,  
decorated with balloons. The Mystery Man sits before her as  
though at a "gentleman's club" and pops the balloons with  
blowdarts, giggling to himself all the while.

BLAZE

Who are you? And what's in those  
balloons? It's making me woozy....

She seems to pass out, and then revives, her long eyelashes  
flickering like butterfly wings.

MYSTERY MAN

My name seems to mean much to you.  
But not for long.

He again bursts a "bubble" with a blowdart, and she again sways, struggling to remain conscious.

BLAZE

That's not helium! Or my voice  
would be cracking right now.

MYSTERY MAN

No, it's not helium. But it *is*  
carbon monoxide. In moderate but  
potent doses, it will slowly seal  
your doom!

He again pops a balloon, and she again swoons, seemingly for the final time. He advances upon her, running his hand along the seam in her leotard. But then Blaze springs back to life, with a big smile.

MYSTERY MAN

Hey, wait a minute! You're not dead!

BLAZE

Ha ha! Before I left home this  
morning, I took a universal  
DareDoll anti-carbon monoxide pill.

MYSTERY MAN

But you kept passing out!

BLAZE

You fool! I was faking it! I faked  
all of them!

MYSTERY MAN

(donning a gas mask  
as he exits)

We'll see how you like it when I  
pump poisonous cyanide gas into  
this room, Blaze.

BLAZE

But...that will do me in! I'm done  
for! I'm totally and completely  
done for!

Fog fills the room as Blaze struggles against her bonds. After coughing considerably, she apparently activates a heat sensor in her glove: It glows, as do her manacles. She is soon free.

NARRATOR

Free at last, DareDoll Blaze can once again breathe fresh air, thanks to the automatic broiling unit hidden in her gauntlet!

Blaze navigates mysterious hallways, searching for the Mystery Man. She finally finds him, playing solitaire.

BLAZE

Surprise! Looks like cooking my goose was just not in your cards today, Mystery Man!

MYSTERY MAN

Oh, what a pity. I had so hoped to add your leotard to my conquered crimefightress collection, Blaze, but it seems you're awfully full of yourself...er...ah...sure of yourself, I mean.

BLAZE

That's because I've got an ace up my sleeve!

MYSTERY MAN

Are you sure? You were unconscious for quite a while, your body completely open to my prying paws.

The Mystery Man pulls some kind of gun from beneath the table.

BLAZE

I'll take that bet!

MYSTERY MAN

(holding up the device and then shooting her)

And I'll call your bluff!

BLAZE

Son-of-a-gun-ski!

Blaze collapses to the floor, but not before convulsing and vibrating from boot to wig (like Batgirl in that "Dr. Cassandra" episode, before she became a cardboard cut-out of herself).

She awakes to find herself strapped to a plank, a radar dish/laser pointed between her spread-eagled legs!

BLAZE

Do you expect me to die? To just lay down and die? No, not I!

MYSTERY MAN

No, DareDoll Blaze. I expect you to talk. As soon as things get a little too hot for you...down there. You could start by telling me the DareDoll activation code.

BLAZE

Never.

MYSTERY MAN

We'll see how brave you are when this searingly hot laser beam bubbles your nylon-spandex bottom, Blaze. It will cut through you like a knife through butter.

BLAZE

Maybe. But to surrender the DareDoll activation code would compromise the safety of every DareDoll working this crime-ridden metropolis, and we who don the tights of justice would rather lay down our lives than give away such a dangerous secret.

MYSTERY MAN

Please! Your tights don't stand a chance, Blaze!

The laser pivots slowly, intent upon its mission.

NARRATOR

Holy smoke! Will Blaze's dreams and desires go up in smoke? Will the Mystery Man succeed in sauteeing her sauce? What burning sensation awaits? And who is that guy anyway? These and other questions may or may not be answered in our next exciting episode, "Amazingly, Blaze Gets Blazed!" Stay tuned!