

"Ice and Mint Can't Take a Hint!"

by

Don Cortier

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

DareDolls Ice and Mint crabwalk the ramp.

MINT

That was treacherous, Ice.

ICE

You said it, Mint. And now we need to seek out even more treachery.

MINT

Right! Let's split up and search this old, abandoned magic factory. I have no doubt that between the two of us we will sniff out trouble.

ICE

Let's turn on our homing devices, just so we won't run out of bread-crumbs.

MINT

I read ya loud and clear!

They help each other hide cables and devices by taping them to each other's calves or ankles, then individually walk the maze from different directions, ending up in the same spot.

MINT

Well, that was just as fruitless as a fruit loop!

ICE

My horoscope told me to beware of sticky sweets.

The villains spring into frame with spray cans in hand, and immediately spray the DareDolls' feet.

VILLAIN

Did someone say "sticky"?

ICE

My boots! They're stuck fast to this floor!

MINT

I know! So are mine!

The villains shake up other cans, and uncap them. Snake ties spring out. The DareDolls are entwined!

MINT

What is this?

VILLAIN

These are snake ties--a fiendish invention of mine! The more you struggle, the more they'll coil around your bodies!

The DareDolls fight the good fight, but the villains have the upper hand.

The duo are dragged in a net out of the scene.

They are tied back-to-back to a pole atop a turntable. Ropes circle them from all directions as they rotate. Mint wakes up and struggles.

MINT

Ice, do you hear me?

ICE

Mint, what happened to us?

MINT

The last thing I remember, we were gassed. And now it appears that we're about to be crushed in the coils of this infernal spool.

ICE

What a fate! This is even worse than the nightmare I had about my sewing-class final!

MINT

If only this thread weren't so strong.

They struggle for a bit, and then Ice hits upon a way out....

ICE

I know! I'll use the DareDoll knife hidden up my sleeve to cut our way out.

She does, but as they step down from the turntable, the villains re-enter to blast them with a stun gun.

They awake tied to a grill, one's head at the other's feet. Beneath them are heating grids.

VILLAIN

Looks like there'll be freshly cooked goose dinner tonight! Those radar-controlled heating grids beneath you should sautee you nicely. Oh, what sauce you'll produce!

The villains chortle to themselves as the duo squirm, and then they exit.

MINT

There must be some way out of this,
but how?!

ICE

Maybe we could call for help using
each other's homing devices.

MINT

Be careful, Ice. If we don't
succeed, we'll be barbecued in a
matter of minutes.

Ice unzips her partner's boot with her teeth, and speaks
into her homing device.

ICE

CrimeBase, this is DareDoll Ice.
DareDoll Mint and I are cooking
like Christmas turkeys over a radar
grill. Can you get us out of this?

CRIMEBASE

Hold on, ladies! The cavalry's coming!

They struggle. Will help arrive too late?!