

"Ice Is Food for Bloodthirsty Buds!"

by

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Ice wakes up in the back of the Peeper Brothers van.

ICE

Where am I?

PEEPER

What lovely cargo you make,  
DareDoll Ice. And so pretty in blue!  
It's such a lovely hue. For you....  
You might say that you're between a  
rock and a harder place, Ice.  
You've been hoist by your own  
petard and buggered by the horns of  
a thorny dilemma.

ICE

Use cliches much?

PEEPER

A gag should take care of your  
impudent tongue, DareDoll.

Ice is conveyed by wheelbarrow into the old, abandoned magic  
factory.

She is buffed!

We cut to a carnivorous plant, which engulfs her.

ICE

DareDoll-eating flora. What a grim  
fate.

PEEPER

Exactly, Lady in Blue! A rare  
species just in from Brazil, which  
I crossed with even more carnivorous  
plants. And gusty gourmands they  
are! They got a hold of an explorer  
one day in the jungle and left  
nothing but his shoelace.

ICE

At least they're gentle about it,  
you fiend. I haven't felt one bite  
me yet.

PEEPER

DareDoll-eating plants have no  
teeth, Ice. It's a process of  
ingestion through their tendrils.

ICE

I've got to get out of this somehow.  
If only I could get to my utility  
belt and signal CrimeBase!

PEEPER

We'll just see about that!

The Peeper removes her belt.

PEEPER

You should make a succulent hors  
d'oeuvre, Ice. And the enzymatic  
foam secreted by this green monster  
should break you down in no time.  
Or maybe it will take a long time.  
And you will melt like butter. Hey!  
That reminds me! I'm late for dinner!

The Peeper exits as Ice struggles.

NARRATOR

Don't worry, DareDoll Lovers of the  
World! The rope binding Ice to this  
deathtrap is organic hemp and  
therefore even quicker to be  
dissolved by this leafy lecher's  
gastric acid. With a little effort,  
she'll soon be free--to be captured  
once again!

She escapes and encounters the Peeper and of course a fight  
scene ensues. The Peeper extends a hand to Ice, who  
hesitates, but then reaches out with a sense of noblesse  
oblige to her soundly beaten foe. But the fiend has  
concealed a Joker buzzer in his grip!

She is carried OTS to her doom: The rack.

PEEPER

Perhaps this is stretching things  
to make a small point, but you're  
about to snap like a rubber band or  
turn into the world's first human  
taffy bar...I don't know which.

NARRATOR

Don't look now, at-home viewer, but  
it looks like the fiend has tuned  
her body to the key of pain! Whatta  
vicious virtuoso!

Can she escape?