

"Mint and Lila Are All Tied Up!"

by

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DareDolls Mint and Lila help each other climb down the rope ladder and immediately call CrimeBase.

LILA

CrimeBase, it's us, DareDolls Lila and Mint. We've just broken into the old, abandoned magic factory and are looking for trouble.

CRIMEBASE

You'll find it soon enough, DareDoll Lila. In fact, with that sexy costume and your crime-detecting know-how, you're going straight to the bottom.

MINT

(speaking into Lila's wristcomp)  
Enough of your sexist chitchat, Norman. Do you have directions for us?

CRIMEBASE

Yes. Make sure you activate the anti-capture devices in your boots. I can't guarantee they'll work, but they couldn't hurt anything.

LILA

You really know how to inspire confidence in a gal, Norman. Out!

They help each other hide devices in their boots, and then they split up to investigate, walking the maze. They wind up in the same place, empty-handed.

They are knocked unconscious when a column lands on their heads.

Lila is carried off, OTS.

She is tied to a chair.

PEEPER

We want that DareDoll activation code. Why play hard to get?

LILA

You're going to have to play a lot harder if you want to get me.

PEEPER

You've already been gotten, my dear. And we don't have to play hard if playing softer will coax from your body the answer we desire!

He produces a feather and begins tickling her all over.

PEEPER

The ancient antiquitarians knew as well as we do that a woman's senses are as attuned to pleasure as pain. And so we will pleasure you painfully. And if that doesn't work, we have other ways to turn you around to our way of thinking, like the brainwash machine!

We cut back to Mint, who wakes slowly. She sets off in pursuit, noting the empty chair/feather, but soon stumbles into a trap when she sets off a trip line: Silly string sprays from a hole in the wall, wrapping her fully in colored yarn; she falls to the floor. Lila appears.

LILA

You look a little tied-up at the moment. Let me help you with that!

MINT

Thanks, Lila. I don't know what I would have done if you hadn't come along just now!

LILA

That's okay. That's what partners are here for. Say, partner: I seem to have misplaced my DareDoll activation code. Do you think you could hook me up?

MINT

Now why would you need a code that's already been hard-wired into the back of your brain?!

She turns to find that Lila has raised a straw to her lips. She blows knock-out powder into Mint's face.

The villain enters to carry her off, either bride-style or OTS.

Mint awakes as they tie her down to a table. Lila stands by, zombie-like, while the Peeper prepares to cover her with foam, courtesy of a hose.

PEEPER

Wakey, wakey, Mint. You're probably wondering why we've strapped you to this plank.

MINT

That thought did cross my mind.

PEEPER

You're about to be immortalized my dear. I'm really happy for you!

MINT

What do you mean?

PEEPER

I mean that we're about to cover your helpless body from boot to mask with plastic polyurethane molding resin. What a delightfully detailed mold you shall make!

MINT

You fiend! But why?

PEEPER

From that mold we shall craft a line of personal DareDoll Mint blow-up dolls, for lonely gentlemen. You know what I mean....

MINT

You total slime-bag! When Lila wakes up from whatever stupefying treatment you've inflicted on her poor brain, she'll wipe the floor with you.

PEEPER

Hmmmm. You may have a point there.

An especially corny spin-blur transition returns us to the deathtrap, but this time Lila lies beside her partner, both tied! They are slowly covered and slathered with foam....

Can they escape?