

The Leisure Suit Larry 6 Script

This script was purely made out of fondness for one of Larry's underestimated adventures: Shape Up Or Slip Out!

The lines in each header are ordered by verb: starting with:

0 (upon coming in)

1 look

2 talk to

4 hand

5 pick up

6 zipper

From that point on, the lines are enticed by clicking inventory items on it: unless it's blatantly obvious, I'll list what object you need to do before getting that line.

Index

Introduction 2

Inventory 4

Front Desk 13

Hotel Room 201 16

Telephone: 20

The Phone: CARLOS 27

Your Bathroom 29

Maid's Cart Close-up And Little Hall Outside Your Room 33

Health Spa Lobby 36

High Colonic 40

Cellulite Drainage Salon 42

Locker Room 46

Men's Shower 47

Mud Baths 49

Sauna 52

Electric Shock Center 53

Weights Room 54

Aerobics Room 56

Make-Up Room 58

Hotel Bar 60

Dining Room 65

Kitchen 67

Dumbwaiter 69

Long Long Hallway 69

The Tram 76

The Pool 77

Diving Tower 86

The Beach 87

Little Scene With The Deck 89

Hotel Exterior 91

Daryl's Security Booth 92

Employees Only Exterior 94

Employees Only 97

Penthouse First Room 98

BURGUNDY 100

CAV 102

CHAR DONAY 106

GAMMIE BOYSULAY 110
MERRILY LOWE 115
ROSE ELEETA 120
SHABLEE 123
THUNDERBIRD 127
GOAL GIRL: SHAMARA PAYNE 131
Death Scenes 136
If You Need Help, Press F1 138
Trite 141
Larry's Code And My Apologies For The Use Of Caps Lock In This Section 143

Introduction

You're always in such a hurry! Don't you want to read the names of all the wonderful people who slapped this game together for you? Don't you want to know what it's about? Oh, go on. Ignore us. Click that "Open Game" button to restore your game...

Just Can't Wait To Get Started, Larry?

Open Game

Continue

Intro

Credits

Play

Text On/Off

Ah! Another busy summer day. You decide to wander down to Muscle Beach to work out...

...your eyes, ogling babes!

Lost in your work, you nearly miss the Hollywood limousine that pulls in behind you.

As the limo stops, a beautiful blonde emerges from the sunroof to announce...

SHALO My name is Shalo. And I'm looking for one very good man...

"Outta the way, bub!"

"Lemme at her!"

"Move it!"

SHALO ...to appear on the new TV show, "Stallions!"

SHALO (SIGH) Well, I guess you'll have to do. What's your name?

LL My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

SHALO Oh, hell. Good enough for who it's for!

SHALO After a few glorious moments in the back of the limo (in which you act out your favorite scene from "No Way Out" while Shalo acts out her favorite scene from "Ice Station Zebra") you arrive at the studio, and are escorted directly to the set, where an episode of "Stallions" is being taped.

Do you really want to Fast Forward?

Let's Just Play The Game!

Yes

No

SHALO ...and don't worry about thinking up answers while we're taping.

SHALO We took the answers you gave us earlier and had our writers "heat them up" to make them acceptable to our sophisticated viewers.

SHALO So, when it's your turn to answer, just read your cue cards and you'll be just fine!

LL But, wait, Ms. Shalo! I didn't give you any answers earlier. I haven't gone out with

these women. In fact, I've never even seen them before!

SHALO Oh, don't worry, Lasser. Stallion number two was going to lose anyway.

LL (Doh!)

ANN (CHEAP PA SYSTEM DIRECTOR VOICE OVER) Places, people, places! Lights! Playback! In 5... 4... 3...

ANN (VOICE OVER ANNOUNCER) Live! From somewhere near Hollywood, California! It's the latest and greatest in embarrassment television: (WHINNY)

ANN STALLIONS!

ANN Today featuring three hot young Fillies from the Mensa chapter of downtown Pasadena!

ANN And also featuring two of the hung-est Stallions we could pry away from Venice Beach!

ANN And now, let's all give a big whinny for the star of our show: (NEIGH) (WHINNY) (SNICKER)

ANN BIFF STIFF!

BIF Welcome back, everybody. Let's meet our contestants.

BIF Stallion number two is a professional body builder and part-time out-of-work concrete form dismantler who credits his physical success to HerbaByte. Let's hear it for LARRY LAFFER!

BIF Stallion number one is also a professional body builder and an apprentice condom sizer who guarantees that, around him, women come first! Really slam 'em together for ROCK HARD!

BIF (COMING DOWN IN INTENSITY) As you regular fans know, both of these Stallions recently had a dream date with each of our three lovely Fillies.

BIF Cocktails at sunset, a romantic dinner under the stars, dancing by moonlight, followed by a trip back to the stall for a little heavy breeding.

BIF OOPS, I'm sorry! I meant "heavy BREATHING!" HA, HA, HA!

BIF And now, let's meet our three little Fillies!

BIF Filly number one is a nuclear chemist specializing in zero gravity liquid-fueled propulsion systems who has a mainframe computer right in her very own home. Yes, that's right: she really IS a rocket scientist! How about some animal noises for DR. SHARLA MANE!

BIF Filly number two also hails from Pasadena where she leads a think tank specializing in international economics, monetary systems, and currency stabilization. Get it off for DR. SHARLA O'HARA!

BIF And finally, Filly number three is one hunk of prime horseflesh: with PhDs in marine biology, sub-atomic nuclear physics, and film studies, a woman who expects more from her man than just intelligent conversation! Hoot it up a while for DR. SHARLA TANN!

BIF I'm sure you all know the rules, so let's get right to the game: Larry, you're first.

LL Me? Uh, I dunno. I'm not really prepared...

LL Oh, what the hell! I'll take Greek Mythology for \$500, Alex!

That's about all of this we need to see, isn't it? Let's fast forward...

BIF ...and we're back with our contestants. Larry, what now?

LL Uh, could I buy a vowel, Pat?

YIKES! This is not going well! Let's cut to the chase...

BIF And the winner of today's show: ROCK HARD!

BIF Rock and Sharla win an all-expense paid cruise down the lovely Mexican Riviera, with stops at Tijuana and Juarez!

BIF And our second prize goes to Larry Laffer: immediately after the show you'll travel by studio limo to the exclusive health spa and resort, "La Costa Lotta," where you'll spend a wonderful two (some-expense-paid) weeks!

BIF Thanks for watching, folks! And be sure to tune in again tomorrow for another episode of... (WHINNY)
BIF STALLIONS!
SHALO Rock, Honey, here's your tickets for the cruise. I'm afraid Sharla won't be going with you; she opted for the cash payoff instead. But you won't be lonely; I'll be waiting for you in your cabin!
MAN (DISINTERESTED) Whatever.
SHALO You come with me, Doofus!
LL That's Laffer!
SHALO Here's your limo, Lasser. Enjoy the ride!
LL Wow! What a cherry '73 Pacer!!
Finally! Your luck has changed, Larry! Two weeks at an exclusive health spa, filled with gorgeous women!
LL (JOYOUSLY) La Costa Lotta, HERE I COME!

Inventory

That was unnecessary.

Either this is not the nuclear-powered synthetic-voice controlled defractivator, or you mispronounced the secret password!

It feels exactly like what it is!

While you might rub yourself on that, moral standards prevent it!

Perhaps it's too high-fallutin' for mere beer!

Sometimes two inventory items need to be combined, but this isn't one of those times!

What are you trying to do? Shock it to death?

Just think what that rough file would do!

You wet the washcloth in the water.

Hey, you can never get a washcloth too wet!

If you re-wet your now-chilled washcloth, it won't be chilled any more.

Cavaricchi's employee ID badge has her picture on the front, and a magnetic strip on the back.

Employee ID Badge

Rubbing your thumb over Cav's photo makes you realize her picture is only two-dimensional.

The employee ID badge isn't impressed by your other objects!

One end of the electrical cord has a standard plug on it. The other end is now bare wire. You'd better be careful plugging this thing into an outlet. Those bare wires could deliver quite a charge!

Bare Electrical Cord

You twirl the bare ends of the wire a few more times, making sure the copper conductors are twisted nice and tight.

Wait 'til it's plugged in, Larry!

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

You don't need to build a battery charger; they're fully charged already!

This is a mill bastard file.

No, seriously!

Bastard File

LL Takes one to know one!

You carefully use your little bastard to round off your one rough fingernail and thus, avoid a visit to the spa's sadistic manicurist.

If you file it down, there won't be anything left!

Sure, this file would easily alter your room key, but then you'd never be able to enter the room

again!

Sure, you could file a couple of notches in the belt, but you always assumed that was a metaphor for sexual conquest!

You could eventually file through the handcuffs, but shouldn't you put them on first?

Paper wraps stone; diamond cuts file.

Using your file, you carefully remove a slight bit of corrosion from one of the battery's terminals.

Sure, this file would easily alter this key, but then no one would ever be able to enter the diving tower again!

The key you swiped from the lobby looks like all the other hotel keys, but has slightly different bumps. That's what makes the same brand of key fit into all other locks, but only work in one particular lock.

Random Room Key

You enjoy cleaning your ear with the key, but now it itches!

(PUNCH LINE) Your ear! Not the key!

Good idea. A guy COULD use a bar of soap to store an impression of a key...

...if that key were really important, and he could only gain control of it for a short time, and it was something he wanted to copy later, and it wasn't a stupid key like this that you carry around at all times anyway!

Good idea. You could file down this key with your file, but what would you use for a pattern?

YES! You carefully file this key with your bastard file, using the "Impressed Soap" for a pattern.

Now you have your very own tower key!

BIL Hey, you! What do you think you're doing with that key! You're not trying to make a copy of my tower key, are you? You'd better not be!

YES! You carefully file this key with your bastard file, using the lifeguard's key as a pattern!

Now you have your very own tower key!

These six, red-hot, D-cell batteries are fully charged and rarin' to go!

6 D-cell Batteries

Carefully wetting your fingertips, you touch both the positive and negative terminals of one of the batteries at the same time. You do not die.

LL Yeow!

The lamp was made to fueled with whale oil, not electricity!

The beaver needs to be inflated, not powered!

There's no battery-powered motor on your beaver.

You ought to give that beaver some air!

Deflated Beaver

Why would a ritzy resort like La Costa Lotta pass out uninflated flotation devices?

Try as you might, you don't have enough air to inflate your new swimming pool float. You'll have to find some other means!

LL I think I'll blow up this beaver.

Whoa, Larry! You don't know whose mouth has been on that beaver!!

You're going to require another source of compressed air!

Haven't you learned yet to keep that thing away from strange beavers?

How medieval! (hand cuffs)

That's a dog collar; not a beaver collar!

You spend a little time polishing your beaver.

If you did that, you'd have just another beaver in a ball gown!

It's not necessary to lather up your beaver.

Be careful. That file would really be rough on your beaver!
Larry! It's a MALE condom!

You rub your hand up and down the long-necked bottles trying to decide if you want to drink them,
or give them away.

Six Cold Ones

Ah. Six cold long necks!

Crying in your beer?

Trying to skip the middle man?

It's a little late to prove you're old enough to drink beer!

You don't need any help to open these bottles; they have twist-tops!

You'd never get the beer to light; its alcohol content is far too low.

About the only thing you'd like to do with the brochure is study those pictures of naked women.

Spa Brochure

LL Hey, how come my room doesn't look like the one in the picture there?

LL And where are all those fabulous babes? And look: most of them are naked!

LL (Umm. Nice expensive paper.)

Those aren't real women, Larry. They're only photographs of naked women!

(SARCASTICALLY) Good idea. If you burn down La Costa Lotta, you won't NEED to escape!

What possible use could you make of a length of electrical wire?

Electrical Cord

One end of this electrical cord has a standard AC plug attached, but the other end is still well-insulated.

You carefully strip away approximately two centimeters of insulation from the end of the wire without the 3-pin grounded plug.

Whoops, wrong tool!

If you're looking for a tool to use on this wire, you already have just what you need.

It's a wire, not a length of pipe.

It's a wire, not a nut.

You love the feel of metal studs.

Your Dog Collar

Thunderbird may have been sadistic, but at least she has a generous side: your new dog collar came complete with a large diamond!

You carefully remove the large diamond and discard the stupid dog collar.

Filling your whale oil lamp with cellulite just may work.

Filled Lamp

You stick your finger down into the cellulite-filled lamp and discover it's still completely full.

What a surprise.

LL (Now how do I get this goo off my finger?)

You need to find something burning to light your "whale oil" lamp.

You can't "jump start" the lamp. Try a match.

Lighting your "whale oil" lamp with a match is a good idea. But first, shouldn't you light the match?

Good idea! Your burning lamp bears a remarkable resemblance to the universal symbol of learning.

Art gave you a large flashlight containing at least 6 D-cells. You presume this baby could easily double as his nightstick.

Big Flashlight

You deftly open the flashlight, extract Art's batteries, then close it up again, all without him noticing

a thing! Slick move, Larry!

You slyly turn the flashlight on, then off. Nothing happens. You hope Art doesn't notice his flashlight now weighs considerably less than it did when he gave it to you.
You just took the batteries out of the flashlight! Why put them back in?

Have you considered using the floss on your teeth?

Dental Floss

What a luxurious place! Complimentary mint-flavored dental floss!

Instead of running your mouth off at the floss, you might try running the floss through your mouth!

You pull a length of dental floss from the container and prepare to work those choppers!

Wrong end, Larry!

Beer-flavored dental floss? Not a bad idea.

And afterwards, would you want to put that in your mouth? (lard)

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

You could tie the orange to the dental floss to make a nasty one-third of a bolos. But since you are morally opposed to violence (especially against you!), you decide against it.

While you could fashion a thong bikini bottom by tying the washcloth to the dental floss, by the time the washcloth was thoroughly soaked with water, it would be so heavy the floss couldn't hold it.

(Perhaps a smaller cloth would work?)

You could make a wick from the dental floss and attach it to the stick of dynamite, then place the dynamite... WHOOPS! Let's just say, "You'd better not!"

You deftly attach the dental floss to the sunglasses polishing cloth to form...

...a (rather small) European-style swimsuit!

You rapidly and thoroughly floss every terry of your terry cloth bath towel.

LL Man, there must be thousands of those little devils!

Better not. That might soften it up! (lotion)

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

Flossing your teeth afterwards? A possibility.

You just can't resist playing with your beaver!

Full Beaver

You're just waiting for some joke about a "full beaver," aren't you?!

Keep your mouth away from that beaver!

LL Hmm. Maybe I could suck the air out of this beaver.

Don't do it, Larry! You don't know whose mouth has been on that beaver!

Don't take the chance; you might "prick" it!

The solution to the sunglasses case is in your Hand(s).

Sunglasses Case

Inside your recently-acquired sunglasses case rests a nice pair of designer sunglasses and a cute little white polishing cloth.

Inside your recently-acquired sunglasses case rests a cute little white polishing cloth.

You have a deluxe sunglasses case that doesn't appear to be empty. It's hard to tell right now, since it is still closed.

Hey, nice pair of shades! Perfect for lounging around poolside!

These MUST be deluxe sunglasses; they come complete with their very own cute little white polishing cloth.

You open the sunglasses case.

You carefully put your sunglasses back in their case.

Don't mess up your good impression. You may need that for reference someday.

Bar of Impressed Soap

Now you have a bar of "ImpressED Imported Oat Bran Soap."

Your room key has a few areas that are slightly smaller than the tower key's impression.

Comparing the impression in the bar of soap to that key you filched from the lobby, you notice they are exactly the same size and type; the key has only a few extra bumps of metal here and there. Remove them and they'd be a perfect match!

You carefully compare the tower key copy you made with the impression of the real tower key you created in the soap. They are a perfect fit!

The old whale oil lamp's wick is still usable.

(PUNCH LINE) (Which may not be the case with you, Larry!)

Whale Oil Lamp

Intending to check for flammability, you feel the lamp and discover you have a dry wick.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

This water has a high mineral content, but not high enough to burn!

Lighting the lamp is a good idea, but don't you need to fill it with fuel first?

You try to light the wick of the empty whale oil lamp without success. If you could only fill it with something, it might light.

You rub the lamp with the polishing cloth fully expecting Robin Williams to appear.

He doesn't.

This lamp looks like it could burn forever.

Lit Lamp

You consider putting out the lamp to conserve the oil but then notice the level hasn't dropped enough yet to be perceptible, so you decide: "Why bother?"

LL OUCH! Let's not be masochistic, okay?!

This match is ablaze! Be careful.

Lit Match

You coolly moisten your fingers, then extinguish the lit match with your fingertips.

Hey! That's hot!

You extinguish the match with your wet washcloth.

Leave it alone and it will go out on its own. (mineral water)

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

You put out the match with the whale oil lamp. That was dumb.

Are you trying to start a conflagration? (brochure)

While you could set fire to the packet of toilet seat covers, the resulting conflagration would destroy

La Costa Lotta and ruin forever your chances of scoring with that chick in the penthouse.

LL Whoa! There's a chick in the penthouse?! Where?!

While you could set fire to the roll of toilet paper, the resulting conflagration would destroy La

Costa Lotta and ruin forever your chances of scoring with that chick in the penthouse.

LL Whoa! There's a chick in the penthouse?! Where?!

This kitchen match looks like it should light... if properly struck.

Match

You rub the match with your fingernail, but it just won't light. If only you were a real man...

(SOUND FX FIRST OF MATCH LIGHTING) You did it!

You discard the burned out match before it burns your fingers.

You have no zipper upon which to strike your match! But, if you did, that little sucker would light.

The match, that is!

The handcuff's stainless steel surface is much too smooth to light the match.

You rub the lamp against the match trying to light it. You fail.

This cute little swatch of cloth is nearly as small as some of those floss bikinis you've seen on the beach!

Sunglasses Cleaning Cloth

Genuine "Bar-nets!"

Sunglasses

You buff the lenses until they are clean and shiny. But you wonder...

LL (What else could I do with a small swatch of cloth?)

La Costa Lotta's washcloths are soft and fluffy... not at all like yours back home!

Complimentary Washcloth

Now it's not only wet, but it's also warm!

Ah, there's nothing like an old-fashioned beer-soaked washcloth.

This is the key to your room. If you stick it in just the right place, it MIGHT do you some good.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

Your Room Key

Your complimentary bar of "Impressive Imported Oat Bran Soap" would be more impressive if it had come in a wrapper.

But for an unwrapped bar of soap, it is impressive!

Impressive Soap

Perhaps you could use this in your bathroom sink when you want to wash your hands.

BIL Hey! You!! What in the hell do you think you're doing with my key?

Damn! He saw you! But it really is a good idea to make an impression of that key. If only there was someplace nearby where Billy Dee couldn't see you do it.

Good idea. That lifeguard will never notice you making an impression of his key in your bar of soap from this height!

Now you know why they call this "Impressive Soap!"

(PUNCH LINE) It's a good thing something around here knows how to leave a good impression.

The key to the diving tower looks just about like every other key in the spa.

Bungee Tower Key

As you fondle the key, you can feel a sharpened edge where it was recently cut from a blank.

LL (These are the words of wisdom I learned from Merrily. They're very special. I'm not about to say them out loud!)

Words of Wisdom

LL What makes you think I'd repeat the words of wisdom out loud?

The rubber belt reminds you of an elastic bandage for sumo wrestlers!

Wriggle Belt

Ready for a couple quick belts?

The belt doesn't need any manipulation; it's perfect just as it is.

Rubbing the belt with lard would only make it slip.

You could dip the filter in the beer, but then you'd have cellulite-flavored beer... and you know how bad that tastes!

You want to set your rubber belt on fire?

You could wipe off the belt, but that polishing cloth is meant for other things. And that doesn't

include polishing glasses!

Rubbing the belt with soap is a good idea... when a belt is squeaking. Which this one is not.
Rubbing a little hand creme on the rubber belt only serves to make it more supple.

"Spartan Brand"

"Size: Extra Small"

Complimentary Condom

You consider ripping open the package just to confirm its contents, but decide against it.
Now is not the time, nor the place. But play your cards right and your time may come.

Even if you don't!

This condom is already lubed!

It's not necessary to rinse off this condom; it hasn't been used!

You've heard of people lighting a match on their zipper, but really!

Yeah, good idea. We could all sit around your glowing campfire and sing songs!

Cute. Beaver. Condom. Ha!

Wouldn't that ruin it? (file)

The ice in the bucket has all melted, leaving you with a bottle of fine, lukewarm champagne.

Warm Champagne

Don't open the champagne now, Larry. Wouldn't you rather save it for a special occasion?

This is the largest diamond you've ever seen...

...outside of a ball park!

Large Diamond

If you had a loupe you'd be able to judge it more accurately, but for right now you'd call it
approximately 2.38 carat, VVS, H-I.

You rub the diamond between your fingers. Say, these things really ARE hard!

Nothing you possess could harm this diamond... and why would you want to?

You carefully wipe any fingerprints off the beautiful diamond so it sparkles even more!

You find the cellulite-engorged filter revolting.

Cellulite Filter

The Cellulite Drainage Salon's filter is totally clogged with a white viscous substance with a sour
aroma a little like spoiled seafood.

LL YUCK! I'm not rubbing my hand on THAT!

You could rinse some of the cellulite off your filter with the beer, but you don't have enough beer to
give it a thorough cleansing.

That's no substitute for a thorough washing with hot soapy water.

How luxuriant! But, wrong. (warm champagne)

It will take more than a simple wipe with a cloth to clean this puppy!

This is hand soap; it would never cut through this horrible mess. It needs an "industrial strength"
cleaning.

And lose your good impression?

That won't cut through the cellulite to make the filter clean clear through! (lotion)

La Costa Lotta thoughtfully places fresh flowers in every guest's room.

Flower Arrangement

LL She loves me, she loves me not; she loves me, she loves me not; she...

LL ...wait a minute! WHO loves me?

The beer won't make your flowers grow.

You love the "show biz" smell emanating from Burg's show-stopper gown!

Burgundy's Gown

Burgundy's evening gown is far too small to fit you.

While the gown's sequined surface is certainly rough, the match catches on the sequins and refuses to light.

These handcuffs are made of 99 and 44/100%-pure Taiwanese steel. (It floats!)

Handcuffs

You want to lock yourself up in your own handcuffs? Hardly!

"Pure Al Lowe Vera Hand Lotion"

Complimentary Hand Creme

Opening the hand creme, you rub a little around on the back of your hand. Ahh! That feels soothing to your parched skin.

Five gallons of lard should come in handy if you're planning to do a lot of baking!

Lard Bucket

The bucket of lard feels very greasy and slick.

Who do you know that would love a nice bottle of mineral water?

Bottle of Mineral Water

You consider drinking the mineral water, but you know Gammie is waiting for it back on the table and you just couldn't be so cruel as to deny a dehydrating (among other things) woman a sip of cool water!

You might soak the clogged filter in the mineral water, but there's not nearly enough water to clean up THAT mess!

You were fortunate to find the last remaining fresh orange in the salad bar.

Orange

You consider sucking the juice out of the orange, but decide you were suckered enough just coming to La Costa Lotta!

This pearl is already perfect. Don't mess with it!

Pearl

You wonder if La Costa Lotta has a jeweler who could mount this on one of your gold chains.

You carefully wipe the pearl. It's beautiful.

This orchid is already perfect. Don't mess with it!

Orchid

You haven't seen an orchid since your high school prom...

...when you ended up with your own corsage the night she stood you up!

The high amperage of the spa's Electroshock Exercise Machine has transformed your genuine gold-plated medallion into a mass of molten metal now resembling modern sculpture. You decide to name it "Suffering in Silence."

Modern Sculpture

You are SO clever! Making a swimsuit out of dental floss! Where did you ever get that idea?

Your Floss Swimsuit

You'd love to change into your swimsuit now, but La Costa Lotta has a strict policy: no swimsuits except by the pool!

If La Costa Lotta was really thoughtful, they would have provided these IN your bathroom, instead

of on that maid's cart!

Toilet Seat Covers

The roll of toilet paper is a delicate shade of off-white. It's called "white."

Roll of Toilet Paper

The toilet paper feels soft and "user-friendly!"

White is your favorite towel color.

Well, technically speaking, it's your favorite "absence of all colors," but...

Complimentary Towel

Mmmm. Soft. Fluffy. How does Mrs. Lotta keep her laundry so nice?

This wrench is adjustable to fit nuts up to 1.5 inches across.

(You have nothing to worry about!)

Adjustable Wrench

You twirl the wrench's adjuster a little just to make sure it still works.

Your washcloth is soaked in nice, fresh, room temperature water.

Your washcloth is room temperature and smells of salt water.

Your washcloth is room temperature and smells of urine!

Wet Washcloth

Your washcloth is room temperature and smells of chlorine and sunscreen.

Your washcloth is soaked in room temperature water that smells like crap!

Your washcloth is room temperature and smells of chlorine and wet towels.

Your washcloth is room temperature and smells of diluted beer and label glue!

Your washcloth is soaked in room temperature, brown, yucky water!

Your washcloth is room temperature and smells of athlete's foot medicine!

What are you trying to do? Rinse that thing off?

Burgundy's bracelet appears to be solid silver. It must have cost her plenty!

And some man probably spent a lot of money on it, too!

Silver Bracelet

You try to slip your hand into the bracelet. It's meant for more dainty arms than yours!

You'd get lost inside there, Larry!

I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

Yes, they ARE both bracelets, of a sort. (handcuffs)

You don't want to risk damaging this expensive silver bracelet.

A diamond-studded bracelet would be impressive, but you have neither the time nor the ability to create one here.

Smearing the bracelet with lard would only tarnish its silver surface.

Yep. It's a perfect fit. But the orange looks dumb inside the bracelet!

You use the washcloth to gently buff the silver bracelet.

No, you can't strike the match on the silver bracelet!

You don't need to test it with the match. It's real!

Smearing hand creme on the bracelet won't help it fit your fat wrist! Save it for someone petite, dainty, delicate.

It's not necessary to engrave the bracelet!

The washcloth is perfect just the way it is.

Chilled Washcloth

It was really clever how you cooled down this washcloth!

It feels so... cool.

A cold washcloth would make you shrivel up even more!
You could do that... but it's unnecessary.

You'd better return that thing to the Cellulite Drainage Salon and re-install it!
Clean Cellulite Filter
Your cellulite filter is now sparkling clean, thanks to the spa's dishwasher!
There's nothing more to do to the filter; it's clean and ready to re-install!

The champagne is chilled and ready to be served to two. Let's see, counting you...
Chilled Champagne
Shablee's champagne is iced down and ready to go.
Sure, you could open the champagne here, but wouldn't you rather wait until you could share it with someone?
That's disgusting.
You don't need anything else to open the champagne. Just use your hands like everyone else.

Because of your cleverness, this once humble unknown room key is now an exact copy of the key to the bungee jumping tower.
Tower Key Copy

What are you going to do with a whale oil lamp filled with lubricant?
Lubricant-Filled Lamp
You dump all the lubricant out of your lamp and carefully wipe down the inside. There. All nice and clean again.
But now you have a spot on your shoe!
You're close, but this is anal lubricant!
It's difficult to light anything with an unlit match!
Unfortunately, you've filled your lamp with an inflammable lubricant.

Front Desk

GAM Peeeee-uuuuu! What's that horrible stench?!

LL (Did I forget to wipe my ass upstairs?)

What a carpet! The outrageous colors! The mind-numbing patterns! The unmentionable stains!
Trying to bore the carpet to death?
You're just the man to do it!
Ooh, it feels so plush and luxuriant!
The management would prefer you to leave the carpet.
This carpet has already been laid!

Instead of this door, try using the front desk.
This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Manager's Office-- Employees Only."
This door is locked. And will stay that way forever!
That key opens a guest room, not the door to the manager's office.
That key opens the bungee tower, not the manager's office!

You can't cut your way into the manager's office. In fact, you can't get in there at all. Ever! (file)
Give up. You're never getting inside THIS door!(wrench)

The woman behind the front desk is a real knock-out! Although you can only see down to her waist,
what you see is what you like.

Gammie's hips look like two pigs in a gunny sack!

Gammie is still hard at work, behind the reception desk.

That's the same woman who was behind the reception desk when you arrived here at La Costa
Lotta.

LL (LARRY MUSES) (Whoa! Baby! Welcome to Cellulite City!)

LL I'll be right behind you, Gammie!

LL (UNDER BREATH) (Assuming I can take it!)

LL Hi, babe! It's me, Larry!

GAM Why, how do you do, Sir? So few men shake hands with desk clerks any more!

Please, Mr. Laffer! Your guest suite has a bathroom. Try using it!

Please, Sir! Don't you have any other form of identification?

La Costa Lotta allows its preferred customers the convenience of this Quiki-Checkout deposit box.
Those lucky customers simply deposit their room keys in this box. It's all on the "Honor
System."

(You, of course, are ineligible for this program!)

Sticking your hand down into the box filled with room keys, you rattle them all around and have a
great little time!

Rummaging around in this morning's room keys, you grab the one that feels the least sticky.

Another key? What? Are you starting a collection?

Whew! What a relief!

(But now all the keys are damp!)

Sure, you'd like to think it was that easy! Toss in your room key, and off you go, back to
civilization, back to town, back to babes...

...but NO! You can't, since La Costa Lotta's Quiki-Checkout Service is only offered to their
Costa Club members!

You could stick that in there, but why?

There's no use trying to replace it now, Larry! You stole it, fair and square!

You could replace that key in the Quiki-Checkout Box, but then all your valuable efforts would be
for naught!

This tacky chain-link chandelier is a monument to bad taste.

You feel right at home!

You have an unenlightening conversation with the chandelier.

You came all the way to La Costa Lotta just to yank that chain?

You can't take it. Like all the other furniture at La Costa Lotta, it's permanently welded in place and
fixed with two-inch flanged anchor bolts and 3/4-inch self-locking hex nuts.

For that, you'd need a ladder and a roll of electrician's tape. But it's not worth the trouble.

This doorway leads to the west wing of the compound... er, resort.

This doorway leads to the eastern wing of the compound... er, the resort.

There's nobody behind that doorway to talk to.

You can't just walk off with the doorway!

It's too big an opening.

(But then again, what isn't?)

Is it a ficus? A rhododendron? An air fern?

Hey there, you healthy-looking thing! Care to join me in my suite for a little Miracle-Gro?
You gently caress the leaves of this beautiful tropical plant, stroking the tendrils and tickling the underside of the fronds.

Obviously, it's been too long since you felt the touch of another living creature!
La Costa Lotta won't let you take that. It's part of the advertised scenery!
You can't take that. It's part of the advertised scenery.
The plant only fulfills two out of three of your requirements: it's living and it isn't moving.

These stairs lead to the upstairs hallway.
Talking to stairs is the first sign of dementia.
They're sturdier than they look.
If you want to take the stairs somewhere... just walk on them!
You can't make it with the stairs. They like to be on the top and on the bottom at the same time.

This chandelier's even tackier than the one on the left!
LL "You are my sunshine... my only sunshine..."
GAM I'm sorry, Sir. La Costa Lotta strictly prohibits the singing of Western songs anywhere on the premises!
You'd burn off your hand.
And then you'd REALLY be lonely!
Your attempt to grab the chandelier fails, so you let the thing dangle loosely just out of reach.
(A feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!)
Anything to prove you're a swinger, eh, Larry?

Welcome to the front lobby of La Costa Lotta. It's plush and heavily carpeted, yet with an underlying cheapness and shoddiness that makes it unconvincingly decadent!
Speaking of which, where's your toupee?
With whom were you trying to speak?
If you want to speak to someone, try the receptionist behind the front desk.
Otherwise, shut up!
This room feels so lobbyish.
You can't take the lobby. It's supporting the rest of the building.
You'll need to find a more appropriate outlet for your urges.

A tall, healthy rubber tree stands in the lobby.
(So THAT'S where those things come from!)
Nothing you say can hurt the rubber tree. Insults just bounce off!
You reach out and caress the plant. The leaves are soft and pliant, bending at your touch, yet resilient and firm. They glisten in the subdued lighting. A drop of moisture trickles down the lithe, graceful stem.
(Suddenly you want to be alone for a few minutes!)
LL "Oops, there goes another rubber tree plant!"
GAM I'm sorry, Sir. La Costa Lotta strictly prohibits the singing of old Frank Sinatra songs anywhere on the premises!
Careful. You might get root rot!

This counter is where the hotel receives strangers as guests, hence the name, "Reception."
You COULD rap on the counter, but what good would that do? There's no one working the counter, now that Gammie is gone.
You COULD rap on the counter, but what good would that do? The receptionist is right in front of you!

The sign says, "La Costa Lotta."

Strange. What a coincidence! That's the name of this place.

You don't want to be seen talking to a sign, do you? People will think you're crazy. And you're not, of course.

After all, you bought THIS game!

You can't reach the sign from here, which is a good thing because you'd get sweaty handprints all over it.

Leave it where it is. Some of the guests can actually read.

The sign has already been screwed into the wall.

A quaint old ashtray sits beside the reception counter, reminding customers of those halcyon days before smoking was illegal.

You sneak over to the ashtray and expectorate within, all the while hoping that no one noticed!

It's an ashtray, fer gawdsakes!

Hotel Room 201

You are exhausted after your all-night naked bungee jumping session with Merrily!

You could say, "you're at the end of your rope!"

MAR I got your water problem taken care of, Mr. Leper. You won't have any more troubles now.

LL Thank you. If I do, I'll ask for you!

MAR How did I know that?!

LL Done already?

MAR I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!

LL Thanks a lot.

MAR Next time, flush more often, okay?

You awaken from an especially bad nightmare with a start...

LL NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!

LL Oh, thank heaven. It was only a dream.

Oh, really? Then where did you get that dog collar?

After a full night of "sparkin'," a little nap feels good!

Your bed is narrower and shorter than you prefer, but it'll do!

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

Your bed is vibrating up and down, and back and forth. Too bad it can't do more.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

You do not have permission to talk to your bed.

However, you may make a blanket statement!

You give the bed a test pat. It's a little soft and squishy. You'd rather it were firmer.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

I-i-it s-s-sure f-f-feels s-s-shaky!

You can't take the bed. It's injection-molded into this prefab room.

You're missing the crucial element... a partner!

A small switch conveniently placed on the glass wall near your bed is labeled "Magic Massage."

The red Housekeeping Services Card reads...

La Costa Lotta is pleased to offer an exclusive complimentary "Turn Down Service" for our more sophisticated customers. Simply Touch 75 on your room telephone.

Stop it! You're frightening the children!

Don't mess up the spa's pretty little table cards.

The pink Telephone Services Card reads...

Welcome to La Costa Lotta!

Touch 8 for Long Distance

Touch 9 for Local Calls

Touch 0 for Front Desk

Touch 71 for Room Service

Touch 72 for Bell Desk

Touch 73 for Concierge

Touch 74 for Excursion Desk

Touch 75 for Housekeeping

Touch 76 for Building Maintenance

The card is unintimidated by your manhood!

The blue Spa Services Card reads...

La Costa Lotta is pleased to offer these exclusive services for our more sophisticated customers.

Zap away fat in our Electroshock Exercise Center. Dip into our stimulating Euro-Mud Baths.

Experience the High Colonic Thrill. Enjoy the dry heat of our Swedish Sauna.

Note: Dr. Swinebutt's World-Famous Cellulite Drainage Salon is temporarily closed.

La Costa Lotta doesn't provide INSTANT room service!

You'd hate to have to match the pattern on THAT carpet!

You run your hand over the lavish carpeting.

LL Yuck. What's this stuff on my hand?!

You yank the carpet as hard as you can, but you can't get it up.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

Why bother? This carpet has already been laid!

These are your deluxe, free accommodations.

And they're well worth the price!

The sound of your voice is instantly absorbed by the sound-deadening carpeting.

No big loss!

This entire room is lined with sound-deadening, low-pile carpeting, as if the management expected a lot of loud sexual noises to be made in this room.

You'll show THEM.

If you take that, they'll add it onto your bill when you try to check out.

Ecch! You don't know where this room has been!

You'd better keep that with you. You don't want the maid to walk off with it.

Whoever designed that chair should be forced to sit in it for a few minutes!

LL What's that stain on you?

To prevent theft, this chair and all the other furniture in the hotel have been screwed into the floor.

You can't screw the chair. It's "inscrutable!"

Or is that, "impenetrable?"

No, wait, it's "impregnable!"

Well, it's certainly "inconceivable!"

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Closet."

LL Wow! Tres cool!

Complimentary leisure suits!!

This is an authentic Spartacus Brand condom, ribbed, lubed, and speckled with "over 1000 pleasure bumps!"

Isn't that thoughtful? The maid turned down your bed and, instead of leaving you a chocolate, left you a condom!

LL I hope you don't die of old age like my last one!

It feels somewhat like a condom.

Of course, your memories of what a condom feels like ARE a little hazy.

You grab the condom from your pillow.

LL (Hey, look! It's getting dark outside! I wonder if that cutie Shablee will really be waiting for me down by the beach like she said!)

Later That Evening...

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Bathroom."

A beautiful bouquet of tropical flowers sits on your coffee table.

Are you any relation to Gennifer?

Ah! They smell wonderful!

Okay.

Hey! You'll turn them brown!

The ladder to the swimming pool's diving and bungee tower is just barely visible outside your window.

(Warning: objects in game may be closer than they appear!)

You can't do anything to the pool ladder from in here, but if you were outside by the pool...

A sleek, contemporary-looking phone sits on your coffee table.

It's not a speakerphone. You have to pick it up to actually use it!

A tiny tag reading, "Do Not Remove Under Penalty of Law," informs you that your pillow is "not just a pillow," it's a Model 210, Comf-E-Down Majorette Hyper-Allergenic 85% Reclaimed Polystyrene Non-Face-Wrinkling Sleep System.

Looks like La Costa Lotta's Complimentary Turn Down Service left you a complimentary turn down condom!

You've got no time for pillow talk!

Without a trace of fear, you brazenly attempt to remove the "Do Not Remove Under Penalty of Law" tag from your pillow!

LL Man, this thread is strong!

Not surprisingly, you fail!

Nice try! Unfortunately, it's formed directly into the bed. Evidently, La Costa Lotta has a lot of trouble with theft.

The pool, shimmering in the sunlight, looks invitingly warm.

Or maybe that's just an illusion caused by the reflection of sunlight on the water, which seems to be aimed directly at your eyes and will probably burn out your corneas in another few seconds if you don't look at something else.

The window glass feels smooth and warm from the tropical sun outside.

You can't take pool... in fact, you can't stand billiards... and you really hate snooker!

You have your own private bathroom right over there.

Try using it!

You hear the obnoxiously loud whine of a compressor emanating from somewhere below you, near the kitchen.

The ice machine outside your room burps out another load of ice cubes.

You hear what sounds like a small elevator going past your room.

Think of all the trouble that woman went to, just for the chance to look into your room and maybe catch you undressed!

LL HEY! You out there! Stop checking me out!

LL I'm a human being, not just a hunk of beefcake, here for your prurient pleasure!

LL YO! Bungee babe! Check it out!!

LL Hey! It's impolite to laugh!

Your coffee table looks a little crooked, but hey, around here, who doesn't?

There are three small colored cards on the coffee table.

For the time being, you decide to table your conversation!

The table seems solid enough to break a hundred shins and still bounce back for more.

You can't take the coffee table. Perhaps your aim is just inaccurate. Have you noticed how all the cursors have a one-pixel "hot spot" clearly indicated by some bright color? That's the exact place where we read what you're trying to click on. Well... at least it's a thought.

Do that and urine big trouble!

Don't put your bed in disarray; it's been meticulously turned down!

Isn't that nice! A beautiful maid came in here and turned down your bed.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time THAT's happened!)

Look! Up in the sky! It's a plant!

At last! You've found something that won't excuse itself and head for the bathroom as soon as you start talking!

That plant is completely out of touch.

(Although not in the same way as you.)

That's why they put it up so high. So petty thieves couldn't take it!

You couldn't reach that plant with a ten-foot pole.

(Even if you were so endowed!)

Through your deluxe room's deluxe window, you can see various deluxe parts of this deluxe resort.

LL (I wonder how often La Costa Lotta has to be "re-luxed?")

They'll never hear you through this "moan-proof" glass!

This is one of those convenient non-opening windows.

It makes you wish "Stallions" had spent an extra \$1.50 per night for the room with a fire alarm and overhead sprinklers!

But what if it runs down and stains this expensive carpet?

(Like anyone could tell!)

Its flowers gone, the empty vase sits broken-hearted.

The now-empty flower vase feels lonely.

You don't need an empty flower vase. Not even to hold your flowers.

Leave the poor vase alone; you've already taken away its pretty flowers!

Telephone:

Information Operator
Housekeeping
For Emergencies Only!
Excursion Desk
Carlos the Concierge
Bell Desk
Room Service
Sex Line
Long Distance
Local Call
Maintenance
Toll Free Operator
Mark Ceeburp
Al Lowe
Carlos Escobar
Dan Woolard
The Sadauskas Residence
Victor Sadauskas
William R. Shockley
Chris Carr

PHO The number you have dialed has been disconnected or is no longer in service. If you feel you have reached this recording in error, feel free to keep dialing it over and over, again and again, until you get sick and tired of hearing this same message!

PHO Hello. You have reached 911. I'm sorry, but we can't come to the phone right now. Please hold or leave a message after the tone...

PHO I'm sorry, but this telephone is not authorized for local dialing.

PHO I'm sorry, but this telephone is not authorized for long distance dialing.

PHO ...cue for calling Sierra On-Line. Once we had a full-time operator, but now all we have is voice mail. But, don't worry, there's absolutely nothing that can go wrong.

PHO ...go wrong.

PHO ...go wrong.

PHO ...go wrong.

PHO Stay on the line for a collection of my favorite compositions, coincidentally all written, arranged, and performed by me. Here's that famous soundtrack vocal being played by hipper radio stations all across the country: "Girl in the Shower!"

PHO Bell desk. May I help you?

LL Uh, I wonder when you're going to bring up my luggage.

PHO Just a moment, Mr. Laffer. Let me check the storeroom.

PHO There's nothing here for you. Who shipped your luggage?

LL Well, I guess no one. Thanks anyway.

PHO (Jerk!)

LL What did you say?

LL (Hmmm. It's busy.)

You don't need to call that number.

PHO Hello, you've reached La Costa Lotta's "Excursion Desk." For tomorrow, we have planned a wonderful trip for your vacationing pleasure:

Our American Empress tour will begin early in the morning with a trip through an authentic local fast food restaurant's drive-up window!
Next, we will travel to an indigenous nearby area to study native shopping rituals, followed by a trip to an actual functioning supermarket.
You'll enjoy lunch at a local diner, followed by a short hop into an authentic Laundromat, where you'll see locals engage in traditional activities before your very eyes.
The afternoon will conclude with a visit to a real automobile repair center, where hapless locals sit trapped, waiting and watching TV while their children run wild all around them.
We'll return in plenty of time for you to shower and clean up before anyone sees you. Don't miss this exciting look at a life you've never seen! Only \$350.00 per person, meals included. Only limited seating is available so please: reserve now!

GAM Front desk. May I help you?

LL Uh, yeah. It's me, Larry Laffer. I'm in Room 201.

GAM Yes, I can see that from the computer. The question was: "May I help you?"

LL No, I guess not. I was just trying out the telephone.

GAM Does it work?

LL Yes.

GAM Then hang up and don't make any more foolish calls!

GAM Front desk, may I help you?

LL Gammie? Is that you?

GAM Yes, it is. I work here. I thought you knew that.

LL Uh, yeah. Hi, it's me. Larry. Larry Laffer.

GAM Yes, sir. I can see that on the computer. May I help you?

LL Why? Is something wrong up here?

GAM Wait a second. Didn't you call me?

LL Huh? Oh, yeah.

GAM So? What do you want?

LL Want? What have you got? Hey! Are you suggesting something...

GAM I've got to go now. Nice chatting with you again, Mr. Laffer.

LL Hey. If you're not going to talk to me, stop calling me!

GAM (UNDER BREATH) (Jerk.)

LL I heard that!

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Yes. My bathroom is totally unstocked. Don't you give lots of little free thingies here? You know: shower caps, tiny bottles of shampoo, shoe horns, stuff like that?

PHO Why, no. We don't.

LL Well, how about toilet paper, towels, washcloths? I should get those, right?

PHO Yes, you should. I'll send a maid up to "service you" right away!

LL All right!

LL That would be fine. Tell her to just barge right in, regardless of the condition I'm in!

PHO Oh, our help never enters a guest room while someone is there. Strict policy. Simple courtesy, you know. Also, it prevents lawsuits from shmucks who want to accost our maids.

LL (Doh!)

LL Oh, okay. Well, I suppose I'll head down to the pool now.

PHO Good. The sooner you leave, the sooner you'll get "serviced."

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Hi, I'm still waiting here for the maid to come.

PHO I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!

LL What?

PHO I said, "the maid's coming!" Just watch for her cart out in the hall, then stay out of your room for a while. When you return, you'll have received everything you deserve!

LL Thanks. I guess.

Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Uh, no. I'm just lonely, I guess. I don't know why I called!

PHO (Stupid damn guests!) I mean, thank you for calling!

LL (Doh!)

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Hi. I ordered your exclusive "turn-down" service a while ago.

PHO Yes. Is everything okay?

LL Well, yes, I suppose it is. My bed has been turned down. But the maid must have dropped one of her mints or something. There's something lying on my pillow!

PHO Oh, that? That's yours. It's a little gift from the hotel.

PHO And it's no mint!

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Hi. It's me, Larry Laffer!

PHO Yes, I know. Your name's right here on the computer screen. However, the question was: "May I help you?"

LL Oh, no. I was just trying out my new phone.

PHO Next time, try reading those cards on the table. They contain lots of numbers of other departments you can bother, I mean, "call."

LL Okay. I will. Bye.

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Yes, you may! My toilet is all stopped up. I don't know what happened. But it's a mess!

PHO I'm sorry, sir, but you need to call our Building Maintenance line. In the meantime, try crossing your legs! Goodbye.

LL (Doh!)

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Yes; I notice you have something called a "turn down service." Is this something I need to request? Usually I have no trouble getting turned down!

PHO Yes, you do, Mr. Laffer. I'll make a note of it. This evening, we'll leave a little gift for you on your pillow!

LL Oh, boy! I love presents.

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL I thought I requested your "exclusive" Turn Down Service?

PHO Why, yes you did, Mr. Laffer. Someone will be up to your room soon. But, perhaps you didn't know. Our maids have strict instructions never to disturb the guests while they are in their rooms.

PHO I'm sure once you leave the room, the maid will slip in unobserved and take care of you.

LL I guess I'm just not used to fine service. Okay. Thanks.

PHO My pleasure.

PHO Housekeeping. May I help you?

LL Can I get another "gift?"

PHO No. There are limits, you know! What did you do with the last one? Have you considered "self-control?!"

LL Ulp! Goodbye!

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL Hello. There's brown water coming out of my bathroom sink! Is there anything you can do about it?

PHO But, of course, Mr. Laffer. I'm so sorry. Let me send up one of my best men right away.

PHO And please accept my sincere apology for any inconvenience you may be suffering.

PHO Perhaps I can make some adjustment to your bill. Just a moment please, while I check the computer...

PHO (OFF MIKE) ...Oh, I see. Never mind. (ON MIKE) Mr. Laffer, I'll be sure to send up somebody sometime, maybe in a few hours. And, please, don't bother calling back!

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL Thanks for fixing the sink.

PHO Is there some problem, sir?

LL No, I was just saying "thanks."

PHO You're welcome.

LL Bye.

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL Hello. Your man is here and working now. Thank you.

PHO Sir, it's not necessary to keep us THIS informed! Goodbye.

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL No, I guess not. But, if I find anything wrong, is this the number to call?

PHO Yes, sir. We here at La Costa Lotta are eager and anxious to make your stay perfect in every way. If there's anything wrong, anything at all, please feel free to call us anytime, day or night!

LL Okay, thanks. I'll remember that.

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL Yeah. I've still got brown water!

PHO Sir, this is Maintenance. I believe you're looking for the Infirmary!

LL Huh? Oh, wait! Not me! I mean, the water coming out of the sink in my bathroom is brown!

PHO Oh, you didn't say that! Let me see. Did you call earlier? Oh, yes sir. It says here on the computer, we dispatched an adequate plumber a few minutes ago. I'm sure he'll be there soon, if he isn't already.

LL Okay. Thanks.

It seems there is no answer at that number.

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL My toilet is backed up. Could you send up a plumber?

PHO Why certainly, sir. Be sure you leave the room, though. Our help has strict orders never to enter a guest room while someone is inside.

LL Really? That's nice.

LL But, wait! How do they know whether someone is inside or not?

PHO Oh, we have ways of knowing what's going on in EVERY room at all times!
LL GULP!

PHO Building Maintenance, Landscaping and Grounds. May I help you?

LL My toilet is still broken!

PHO Let me check our records... please hold.

LL I HAVE been!

PHO You'll be pleased to know we dispatched a wholly adequate plumber not more than sixty minutes ago. He should be there within a few days. Goodbye.

Welcome to La Costa Lotta's new automated In-Room Ordering System for Room Service. May I help you? Wait. Don't answer that. See, there's no one here but us computers! Ha, ha! Pretty funny, huh? It's a little digital humor!

You may press your selection at any time or 0 to return to the menu.

Press 1 for breakfast.

Press 2 for lunch.

Press 3 for dinner.

Press 4 for morning snacks.

Press 5 for afternoon snacks.

Press 6 for late night snacks.

PHO You selected 1, breakfast.

Press 1 for full meals.

Press 2 for lite meals.

Press 3 for pig-out meals.

PHO You selected 1, full breakfasts.

Press 1 for ham and eggs.

Press 2 for bacon and waffles.

Press 3 for sausage and pancakes.

You selected 1, ham and eggs. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, bacon and waffles. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, sausage and pancakes. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, lite meals.

Press 1 for dry toast.

Press 2 for grape platter.

Press 3 for tofu surprise.

You selected 1, dry toast. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, the pair of grapes. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, tofu. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You're kidding, aren't you? We've had this crap on the menu for years and NOBODY ever orders it!

You selected 3, pig-out breakfasts. Isn't that just like you? You come to an expensive health spa to try and lose that big gut of yours and what do you do? As soon as you know you're dealing with a machine that won't laugh at you, you order fattening food! Well, the laugh's on you!

Press 1 to repent.

Press 2 to backslide.

Press 3 to join Weight Watchers!

A wise choice. We'll send up a nice plate of rice cakes! Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

How about if we send up some chocolate to go with that? Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

I doubt they'd even have you. You'd skew the curve! Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, lunch.

Press 1 for burgers.

Press 2 for Mexican.

Press 3 for fried chicken.

You selected 1, burgers.

Press 1 for cheese.

Press 2 for bacon.

Press 3 for the works.

You selected 1, the deluxe cheeseburger, with extra cholesterol. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, our bacon "artery buster" burger. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, La Costa "Lotta Layers" Burger, with mayo, sugary ketchup, and cheese, a heart-attack on a plate. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, Mexican.

Press 1 for tostadas.

Press 2 for enchiladas.

Press 3 for chimichangas.

You selected 1, tostadas. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, enchiladas. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, chimichangas. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 1, fried chicken.

Press 1 for mashed potatoes.

Press 2 for potatoes with extra gravy.

Press 3 for biscuits in gravy.

You selected 1, fried chicken with mashed potatoes. Mmm, that sounds good to me, too! Just because I'm hungry, I'll throw on some extra gravy. And maybe some biscuits too. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, fried chicken with mashed potatoes and extra gravy. I can relate to that! You can have the gravy that's left after I finish eating MY serving! Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, fried chicken with biscuits in gravy. Oh, man! I'm tired of pretending to be a computer. I don't care what you press; I'm outta here!

You selected 3, dinners.

Press 1 for healthy meals.

Press 2 for tasteful meals.

Press 3 for pig-out meals.

You selected 1, healthy dinners.

Press 1 for salad.

Press 2 for veggie platter.

Press 3 for celery soup.

You selected 1, salad. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, vegetable platter. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, celery soup. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, tasteful meals. We're all out. Have a nice day.

Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

Have a nice day.

You selected 3, pig-out meals.

Press 1 for extra-large deluxe pizza.

Press 2 for beef stroganoff.

Press 3 for filet mignon.

You selected 1, the extra-large deluxe pizza with all the trimmings. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 2, the beef stroganoff. This is a complete meal, including soup, salad, wine and dessert. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 3, a gorgeous 12-ounce filet mignon, smothered in onions, wrapped in bacon, complete with french onion soup, salad, and french fries.. Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

You selected 4, mid-morning snacks. Try a little self-control instead. Try waiting until lunch! Drink a glass of water or something, tubby!

You selected 5, afternoon snacks. We don't like serving afternoon snacks. You should have cleaned your plate at lunch! Have some consideration for others around here. Don't just think of yourself!

You selected 6, late night snacks. Look at the time. It's too late for that. Why don't you just go to bed and leave us alone! We've got to fix breakfast soon!

PHO Thank you for ordering. Checking your account for adequate cash reserves to complete transaction. Please hold...

PHO ...Sorry. You have no credit standing whatsoever with La Costa Lotta. Order any food you want, you won't get it!

PHO You have cancelled your order. Returning to main menu.

PHO Returning to main menu.

Press # to confirm, or * to cancel.

Have a nice day.

PHO Welcome to La Costa Lotta's Telephone Sex Service.

LL All right!

PHO You must be 18 to continue. You must have your parents' permission. This call costs \$10.00 per minute. Charges will be automatically billed to your room. Be sure to hang up now if you don't agree to everything we just announced.

PHO Thank you for staying on the line. We won't tell your parents!

Press 1 for straight.

Press 2 for male-male.

Press 3 for female-female.

Press 4 for bi.

Press 5 for additional choices.

DON'T PRINT THIS, PRINT A RANDOM MSG FROM 611.MSG

That is not a valid selection... for you!

You selected 1, Straight Sex.

Press 1 for teenager.

Press 2 for age 20-29.

Press 3 for age 30-39.

Press 4 for "mature" women.

Press 5 for perversions.

LL (Oh, boy! This oughta be great!!)

DOS Error on File Server:

PHONESEX

"Sector worn out."
Contact SysOp or defrag.

ErrNum: 134802,69

PHO Sorry, we're unable to come to the phone right now, but if you leave your name and number after the beep, we'll ignore you until it's convenient for us!

PHO You've reached the Carlos Insult Line.

Sorry, we're experiencing difficulty on this line. If you require further assistance, please call Sierra Telephone and ask for Connie. If she is unavailable, Boomer or Ozzy will be glad to take your call.

I'm not near the phone right now, but if you leave your name, your phone number, and a brief message, I'll get back in touch with you as soon as I get this code cleaned up!

We're not near the phone, but leave a message and we'll call you back.

PHO It's time to play "LEAVE YOUR MESSAGE"

At the sound of the tone, leave your name, number and the time you called, and you could receive...

A year's supply of "Rice-a-Roni," the San Francisco treat...

A case of "Turtle Wax"....

or a brand new CAR...

And now it's time to play America's favorite home game...

"LEAVE YOUR MESSAGE"

Hi, this is Chris. Sorry, I'm not home right now. Eric, Bryan, Brent and I are busy hauling Rob's inebriated carcass from bar to bar in South Lake Tahoe.

The Phone: CARLOS

CARL When you were born, you were so ugly.....the doctor slapped your mother!

CARL You're the world's happiest guy.....if ignorance really is bliss!

CARL You're always learning new ways.....to be stupid!

CARL You should exercise more.....to work off some of the fat above your neck!

CARL I've seen better heads than yours.....on a glass of beer!

CARL If only you had a little more wit.....you'd be a half-wit!

CARL You have a mind of your own.....who else would want it?

CARL What you lack in intelligence.....you make up for in stupidity!

CARL Brains aren't everything.....and in your case, they're nothing!

CARL If you only would say what you think.....you'd be speechless!

CARL You always got a chip on your shoulder.....your head!

CARL You'd be a perfect fool.....but nobody's perfect!

CARL You could have a free marble headstone on your grave.....if they'd only bury you up to your neck!

CARL It's a good thing you have such a thick skull.....it protects the weakest part of your body!
CARL You must have been passed out.....when the brains were!
CARL Your brain is one of the largest undeveloped areas of the world.
CARL Use your head.....it's the little things that count!
CARL You haven't got the brains you were born without!
CARL I always enjoy talking to you.....it gives my mind a rest!
CARL You're so full of crap, it's coming out your ears!
CARL How long did it take you to become this ignorant?
CARL You're just not playing with a full deck!
CARL You could go completely out of your mind.....and no one would know the difference!
CARL Your mouth is so big.....when you yawn, your face disappears!
CARL The only thing that's getting thinner about you, is your hair.
CARL I never forget a face.....but in your case, I'll make an exception!
CARL Women think you're dark and handsome.....when it's dark, you're handsome!
CARL You could make a living hiring yourself out to frighten little children!
CARL Every person has the right to be ugly.....but you abuse the privilege!
CARL You have the face of a saint.....yeah, a Saint Bernard!
CARL You're more than a couple of bricks shy a full load!
CARL Your porch light is on, but nobody's home!
CARL Bad breath is one thing.....but you could knock a buzzard off a garbage truck!
CARL Your elevator doesn't quite reach your penthouse!
CARL You've got the whitest teeth.....I've ever come across!
CARL If ignorance is bliss.....you're in ecstasy!
CARL You have a good head on your shoulders.....but it would look better on a neck!
CARL The last time I saw a face like yours.....it was stuck in a bag of oats!
CARL If you ever go in for brain surgery.....prepare to pay extra for a finder's fee!
CARL Your left eye must be really fascinating.....because your right eye keeps looking at it!
CARL When you were born, they threw away the mold.....unfortunately, some of it grew back!
CARL The day you were born your parents went to a lawyer.....hoping to find a loophole in your birth certificate!
CARL You're nasty, repulsive, repugnant, disagreeable, offensive, belligerent, pugnacious, and antagonistic.....and those are your good points!
What's this? You want a second opinion? O.K.You smell bad, too!
CARL People like you don't grow on trees.....they swing from them!
CARL You've got an open mind.....and a mouth to match!
CARL I don't know how old you are.....but you sure look it!
CARL If you were a stripper.....they'd yell, "Put it on!"
CARL There's one good thing about your body.....it isn't as ugly as your face!
CARL Is that your face.....or did you lie down in front of a truck?
CARL Want to lose a quick five pounds....? Brush your teeth!
CARL Please don't turn the other cheek.....it's just as ugly!
CARL You've got an ugly nose.....but it's better looking than the rest of your face!
CARL If looks could kill.....you'd be forced to wear a mask!
CARL Nature is cruel.....if you don't believe it, look in the mirror!
CARL You could be a model.....for horror masks!
CARL Beauty isn't everything.....with you it's nothing!
CARL Your nose runs more than a tourist in Mexico.
CARL You have more face to wash and less hair to comb every day.
CARL You're something that one only meets in a bad dream.
CARL You had a nice figure.....about 100 pounds ago!
CARL Want to lose 10 ugly pounds....? Cut off your head!
CARL Have a nice day!

Your Bathroom

LL Puuuuitttueee!

LL YUCK!

Perhaps you should stop before you get hemorrhoids!

LL Aaaaahhhhhh!

How nice: your bathroom has floor-to-ceiling glass walls looking right out on the pool! Thank goodness no people are outside.

If it's fresh air you're after, go outside.

You can't reach through the window; that glass wall is solid.

But shouldn't you have wiped first?

You carefully scrub your face with the wet washcloth.

You'd better be careful with an open flame in THIS atmosphere!

Don't light a match in THIS room!

You don't want to fill it with methane, just compressed air!

Suddenly, you are happy you decided to pause to study the brochure.

Wow! Look! This thing is filled with photos of naked women.

Damn those big, unfeeling, travel corporations! They'll do ANYTHING to entice innocent young males to their resorts!

This would be a good place to use a towel, but since you're not wet, you decide not to dry yourself.

Since no one's looking, you might try that here... since you're all alone.

But you usually need some sort of visual stimulation...

Wanting to be extra safe from transmitted diseases, you carefully unfold another toilet-seat cover on your lap!

Expecting company?

Good idea.

The floor-to-ceiling picture window looks out on La Costa Lotta's swimming pool. Fortunately no one seems to be able to see you right now.

Wouldn't it be embarrassing to have people staring in at you while you're doing something personal in here?

The window's glass is quite solid. You have no reason to fear falling.

Mark, the spa plumber, lies under your sink, working hard to correct your brown water.

Wouldn't you think he'd be uncomfortable, lying on that huge tool belt?

Mark, the spa plumber, is working hard to correct your stopped-up toilet.

Wouldn't you think he'd remove that huge tool belt before commencing his plunging?

LL Say...

MAR I thought you said you were leaving!

LL Oh, I did, didn't I?

LL Thanks for coming so fast.

MAR I wish I had a dollar for every time I heard THAT!

LL Huh? No, I mean, thanks for fixing my sink so quickly. Is it done yet?

MAR Done? Already? Gimme a break! You know how many things I've got to get done today? I got people waiting everywhere!

MAR You think you're the only person in this place with plumbing problems? You "guests"

are all alike! I'm so busy, I don't have time to take a crap any more!

LL {thinks} (Yeah, I can tell by the way you wear your jeans!)

LL Gosh, I'm sorry you're so busy. How about if I get out of your way? See you later. I'll just wait in my room or something.

MAR Good idea. The sooner you leave me alone, the sooner I'll get this done.

LL {thinks} (Geez, what an asshole!)

MAR (Geez, what an asshole!)

LL Oh, hi. Thanks for fixing my toilet.

MAR Are you the one who did this?

LL (Uh, oh!)

LL Uh, why, ah, well... no, I didn't do that!

MAR I bet.

LL Why, no. It, it... it was... it was my wife...

LL Morgan Fairchild!

LL Whom I've seen naked!!

MAR Don't let the door hit you in the butt on your way out, okay?

LL Uh, yeah. I was just leaving.

MAR Hey! That tickles! What are you, some kind of fag? Get your hands off of me!

MAR Don't get any ideas!

Mark has nothing more for you to steal..., er, "borrow."

LL {thinks} (Say, I bet he'd never miss a simple adjustable wrench!)

LL {thinks} (Say, I bet he'd never miss a simple file!)

MAR Let me guess? Just in from San Francisco?

MAR Why would I want your key? I'm already in here. Besides, I have a master. And, you don't. And you never will!

MAR Hey, thanks! (beer)

MAR Yeah, right. Nice boobs, buddy! (badge)

MAR Hey, man! What kind of guy do you think I am? (orchid)

MAR Hey, I'm having enough trouble here without you pokin' me with stuff!

MAR How sweet. Get out of here! (bracelet)

MAR Been to see Thunderbird, eh? (collar)

MAR But I hardly know you! (diamond)

MAR I got some of those down in my truck. (batteries)

MAR I'm a plumber, not an electrician! (cord)

MAR Nice job of wire strippin'! (stripped cord)

MAR Nice. Yours? (pearl)

MAR Yuck! I ain't seen crud like that since ol' Doc Swinebutt left town late one Saturday night! You'll never be able to clean that in THIS sink!

MAR No, thanks. I had one just a few minutes ago. (orange)

MAR I already got a match for you... my socks and your breath!

MAR One of the lifeguards has a swimsuit just about that size!

MAR Hey. Nice beaver! Bet you're looking for a place to fill it with air, though.

MAR If you used that in the pool, you could order a drink!

MAR Don't need a key. Got my master key.

MAR Wow! Where'd you hear that?! (words of wisdom)

MAR {use brochure} Those broads? Aw, let's see...

MAR Had 'er.

MAR Did 'er.

MAR Yep.

MAR Been there.

MAR Done that.

MAR Nailed 'er shut!

MAR You can use that when I leave. (soap)
MAR Excuse me? (tp)
MAR Hey, nice quality! I've got one here somewhere just like it.
MAR What a coincidence! I have a wrench that looks exactly like that.
MAR Exactly what are you proposing? (condom)

A mirror hanging in the middle of the large window reflects the bathroom door.
The mirror does not move. It must be screwed into that stainless steel support beam.

Isn't that cute? The bathroom is equipped with cold drink coasters in the shape of flowers.
You really have no need for a pair of cheap coasters in the shape of flowers.

While your bathroom is small, it is complete. And what a great view!
LL (ELVIS IMPRESSION, WITH MUCH ECHO) "Love me tender... Love me true..."
Even with all the echo in your bathroom, you're still no King!
There are quite a few things to do here in the bathroom, but most of them involve the sink or the stool.
Your bathroom is devoid of benefits: no free soap, no little bottles of shampoo, no sewing kit, nothing!
LL {think} (I must remember not to tip the maid.)
That's never been a problem for you before!
This is the right place, but your aim is off.
That won't really help you in the bathroom.
You don't need to hang up your towel in here. Keep it with you in case you need it elsewhere.
You might use that here in the bathroom, but just not right there.
This is the right room, but you missed the toilet!
This is the right room, but you missed!

You could have sworn when you were outside, there were more people around. Perhaps it's meal time? There's sure no one outside your window!
Running your hand along the glass pane, you leave a mess of fingerprints. Aw, what do you care?
That's why there are maids, right?

This door leads to your shower.
LL I vow not to enter this shower until I have a beautiful babe on my arm to wash my back!
And another beautiful babe on my other arm to wash my front!
Looks like you'll be showering in the men's locker room for the rest of this game!
You don't really need a shower now.

It's a bathroom sink. You've seen these before. Right now, the water is off.
It's a bathroom sink. You've seen these before. Right now, the water is running.
The water runs clean and clear. That plumber may be grumpy, but he sure does his job!
LL {thinks} (Hey, I just thought of something. Remember back in Lost Wages? In Lefty's Bar? In his bathroom? Remember when I found that diamond ring lying on the sink? Remember that?)
LL (Well, I do.)
This sink has a brown stain in the bottom.
Thanks to Mark, the plumber, your sink now produces cool, clean, clear water.
Yuck! The water coming out of the sink is brown!
Mark is hard at work, trying to clear up your water problem.
don't print this; just turn water on or off, depending
Very efficient. But... impractical! Your mother taught you to wash your hands AFTER you went to

the toilet... not DURING!

You can't wash your hands when the plumber's working under the sink.

Wait until Mark's finished.

While you sometimes do that when you're in a hurry, you decide not to do it here!

While you sometimes do that when you're in a hurry, you decide this plumber wouldn't see the humor in your actions!

Your little sink is too shallow to hold the massive cellulite filter. Now where would La Costa Lotta have a larger sink?

There's no need to wash your orange.

Turn on the water first.

LL You know, a guy's face can never be too scrubby clean!

MAR Hey! Turn off the water!

LL Oops. Sorry.

You don't really want to wash your face in THAT water!

Water won't burn. (sandy lamp)

If you get it wet, it will never light!

Pssssshhht! (lit match)

Turn on the water first.

LL {thinks}(This would be a good place to wash my hands.)

You wouldn't want to wash your hands in brown water!

Don't mess up your "good impression" by lathering it into oblivion.

It might rust.

Mark already fixed your sink.

You fill the vase with water. The flowers appreciate you for it!

This stainless steel toilet seat cover holder blocks the view a little, and for no purpose; the darn thing is empty.

The last time you used one of these, it stuck to your butt. Not that it matters; the toilet cover dispenser is completely empty.

Sure, that's where they belong, but you're no maid. Let her do it!

The toilet looks clean, but a guy can never be too sure! You wouldn't want to catch one of those diseases you heard about.

What a beautiful setting in which to obey Nature's call.

The water in your toilet is all the way up to the very top! How can you fix it?

You flush the toilet. Good boy!

You can't get to the toilet with this plumber in your way!

Oh, no! The water's rising!

Now your toilet is backed up... and how will you explain this to the management?

Finally. The RIGHT place!

The plumber doesn't care to watch you right now.

Even another drop would run this mess over the top and onto the floor!

LL (Guess I didn't have to go!)

You don't really want to use the toilet while that plumber is here.

Good idea. You bend over the pot and carefully install an "ass gasket."

There's no way you want to increase your contribution to the contents of THAT mess!

You would never try to flush a whole roll of toilet paper down the can. At least, not when the plumber is right here!

You briefly consider stuffing the toilet with the whole roll of toilet paper, but you outgrew such juvenile behavior years ago!

LL Oh, yeah?

Okay, okay! You stuff the entire roll of toilet paper into the commode.

You've already clogged this toilet bowl! There's no need for another "contribution!"

This hanger is made to hold up a bath towel.

Too bad the maid never leaves you one!

Rubbing the towel rack gives you great pleasure.

But no towel!

You can't do that now-- you're on the can!

If there was a towel hanging on your towel rack, you would take it, but since the towel rack is empty, so is your hand!

This door leads back to your hotel room.

Keep that door closed! Somebody's on the can in here!

Maid's Cart Close-up And Little Hall Outside Your Room

The back of the cart contains objects not visible from the front: toilet seat covers, complimentary dental floss, and bath towels.

There's nothing you can do to the maid's cart.

Don't whiz on the maid's cart!

No, you can't put your stuff on the maid's cart.

(But you might be able to take some stuff FROM her cart.)

The maid's cart is filled with the usual towels and washcloths, plus lots of other freebies which she places in the guests' bathrooms.

Funny; you haven't seen any of this stuff in YOUR bathroom!

LL Hi, cart. Got anything worth stealing today?

Why would you want to push a cart around the hotel?

If you take the maid's cart, she'll be unable to service her guests' rooms.

LL Here's some hand creme.

LL You can never tell when a little hand lotion might come in handy.

Hand creme might be good for those itchy palms of yours!

You already have enough hand creme.

You just can't look at a bottle of hand creme without thinking about masturbation, can you?

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the digits, "201."

Like every other guest room in the hotel, this door requires a key.

Well, yes, that IS a key. But it's not the key to THIS room.

This key opens the diving tower, not your room.

This amazing device accurately indicates the current location of the elevator. What will they think of next?

You're not tall enough to reach that high.

While you could always use another pointer, you can't reach the elevator indicator.

This private elevator leads up to the resort's penthouse suite and is not designed to be used by mere plebeians like you.

Knock all you want, it's doubtful anyone will answer.

Instead of the customary buttons, the penthouse elevator has a lock that requires a special key that you don't have. And with your present level of employment (referenced on your aps as

"N/A"), it's doubtful you ever will!

Since this elevator requires a key, pushing on its lock does little good.

What a ritzy resort! They even give out complimentary dental floss!

You carefully straighten up the piles of dental floss only to see them collapse into a heap again.

LL I can always use some more dental floss.

You already have a year-long supply of dental floss, since you insist upon ignoring your dentist's good advice and flossing only "when I have plenty of time" as if your "busy" schedule prevents you from taking good care of your teeth!

The ADA will never make you their poster boy!

Don't take any more dental floss... just look what you did with the last floss you took!

The front of the cart contains objects not visible from the back side: rolls of toilet paper, itty-bitty bars of soap, washcloths, and miniscule bottles of hand creme.

How considerate! La Costa Lotta has placed an ice machine right here for your listening pleasure.

LL (Let the chips fall where they may!)

LL Hello?

The machine responds with only an icy stare.

While you could press the button on the ice machine and cause ice to spill out all over La Costa Lotta's expensive carpet...

...you won't!

The guests here prefer their ice clear instead of yellow!

You need an ice bucket to get ice.

Good idea!

Now your champagne will be nice and cold. For a while.

Your champagne bucket still contains ice, and your bottle is nice and cold. You don't need any more ice for awhile.

The whale oil lamp might hold two ice cubes... not enough to bother with.

This plant looks artificial.

This plant IS artificial.

This plant feels artificial.

This hall contains only one guest room, an ice machine, and a private elevator.

A large glass wall at the far end has a security door that effectively blocks your admission to the "Costa Club" rooms down the hallway.

LL Hey, everybody! It's me, Larry! I'm back.

So?

There are some things to do around here...

...but right there isn't the place!

LL Take that!

...you shout to the upstairs hallway, in a fit of anger.

(Or maybe you just missed what you were aiming at!)

LL I just can't wait until I'm alone in my bathroom!

There's no need to use that object here in the hallway.

How impressive: "Imported Oat Bran Soap." Soon there will be bran in everything!

The soap feels slightly powdery to your touch.

Use this when you want to make a good impression.

You already have some soap.

Good idea. No one would ever see you... right out here in the middle of the upstairs hallway!

This stairway leads down to the lobby.

You don't need to use the hand rail. Just walk on down the stairs.

A package of thin paper toilet seat covers rests on the cart.

The toilet seat covers are made of extremely thin paper, but they look substantial enough to last through one sitting.

LL I could use these for tracing paper.

One pack of toilet seat covers should last you an entire game!

Wait until you're in your bathroom.

This shelf of the cart is filled with clean white terry cloth towels.

These bath towels are made of the finest terry cloth; so fine, you can almost see through them.

LL I bet I could use a towel sometime.

Leave some towels for someone else to filch!

Pervert.

Fresh toilet paper is always necessary... especially at a nice resort like this!

You consider using the center cardboard cylinder of a roll of toilet paper as a megaphone, but decide that would be too embarrassing even for you!

LL Umm. Nice and soft.

She was probably going to give you a fresh roll of toilet paper today anyway.

Don't be greedy. Others may want to wipe sometime too!

La Costa Lotta's white washcloths are elegantly engraved with a large flowing "H."

LL Maybe they got 'em on sale?

You coyly wipe your mouth on one of the washcloths on the cart and hope no one saw you.

This washcloth feels almost like a bath towel, only much smaller and thinner.

LL I'm sure the maid intended to provide my room with a washcloth.

Isn't there a one washcloth limit?

You don't need another washcloth. You left yours downstairs in the refrigerator, remember? Go get it.

You don't need another washcloth. You left yours downstairs, soaking in the salad bar, remember? Go get it.

You don't need another washcloth. After your experience with that fickle Gammie, you may never wash again!

A glass security wall with a locked door prevents you from entering the "Costa Club" area. "Costa Club" members get extra amenities such as free newspapers and sandal shins.

There's no way you can enter this area as "Stallions" was too cheap to pop for "Costa Club" treatment for a loser.

Please do not expose yourself to the higher paying customers!

There's no use trying; you're not going to be able to enter the "Costa Club" area.

Sure, go ahead. Scratch the glass if you want. But even the diamond won't get you into the "Costa Club" area.

Pouring the old melted ice into the little receptacle on the ice machine, you prepare to catch a few new cubes.

Good idea! Dumping out the icy water into the ice machine's tiny receptacle, you prepare to fill the champagne's ice bucket with fresh cubes.

Health Spa Lobby

LL What did she say?!

GAR When are you gonna learn to sthtay away from women, Sthweetie?

GAR I told you stho! Sthhe's justht not good enough for you, my little manhandler!

LL Oh, sthut up!

GAR What doesth SHE have, that I don't have?!

LL I can think of at least TWO things!

GAR Ooooh, my! New perfume?

A rack of attractive advertising brochures rests on the counter. Printed on expensive paper, filled with full-color photographs, the brochures advertise La Costa Lotta's many services.

LL Excuse me, sir. Do you mind if I fondle your brochure?

GAR (Ooooh! Be sthill my beating heart!)

GAR Hi, big boy! New around here?

LL Uh, no, err, I mean yes. And leaving soon, I hope!

GAR Ooooh. Sthuch a tease!

Rubbing your fingers across the brochure advertising La Costa Lotta's many fine services and features, you remark...

LL What an expensive feel!

GAR Oh, no I'm not!

LL You never can tell when I might want to learn what other wonderful features are available here at lovely La Costa Lotta.

Deciding to conserve Earth's precious natural resources, you decide one of these brochures should be enough for anybody!

Don't look too closely. This particular carpet causes retinal damage if you stare at it too long.

LL Nice weave!

The carpet is floored by your compliments.

Great. Now you've got athlete's palm.

You can't pick it up, you're standing on it.

Duh!

You consider making a contribution to the unsavory mix of bodily fluids that have already dampened this carpet, but your sense of cleanliness wins out!

At this counter, Gary the Towel Attendant helps guests check towels in and out.

The desk isn't voice-activated, but that towel boy may be.

You pound the desk a few times.

LL Service! Service!

GAR I'm a human being, for heaven'ssth sthake. You don't haft to act like I'm not here!

The counter is so attached to the floor.

And you're getting that way, yourself!

Oh, screw the desk and get on with the game!

LL Hey! That's what I was trying to do.)

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "High Colonic Treatment Suite."

LL Hey in there! How's the treatment going?

No answer. Apparently your question just went in one rear, and out the other!

Evidently Rosie is on break. She's locked her door.

If you took that door, you'd violate the privacy of the customers who are having their colonics raised.

There are less painful and more efficient ways of opening a door.

There's a tasteful marble fountain in the middle of the lobby. It provides the familiar, soothing sound of recirculating dirty water.

You're not a talking fountain, are you?

You consider taking a drink from the fountain, but that water looks more than just a little polluted.

The fountain is much too heavy to be taken. And you certainly don't need any of that slimy water.

You never could resist the sound of running water!

Gary the Towel Attendant flits around behind the towel counter, straightening up things that are already straight, and trying to unstraighten things that are straight!

GAR If you need any help with that, please let me know!

GAR I just love it when you do that!

LL Excuse me, sir. Is this where I get my spa towel?

GAR Yes, it is, handsome. May I please have your name?

GAR And room number? (Heh, heh, heh.)

LL My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. And I'm in room... say, wait a minute! Exactly why do you want my room number?

GAR Why, so we can charge you for the towel you don't return!

LL Well, okay, I guess. It's room 201, right at the top of the stairs. Feel free to drop in...

GAR Oh, goodie!

LL ...NOT!!

GAR It doesn't seem like there are enough customers here to warrant a full-time towel attendant.

GAR Oh, I do more than this... much, much more!

LL I don't want to know!

GAR Did I mention I want you in the worst way possible?

LL That would BE the worst way possible!

GAR If you have any trouble in the locker room, just squeal!

LL Hello.

GAR Oooh! Hello, sailor! New in town?

LL What?! Wha, well, yes I am. Is this where I check in?

GAR Oh, no! You need to see Gammie, at the front desk, in the lobby. Out the door behind you, hang a left; it's the next room.

LL Thanks.

GAR Don't mention it. Got a date for the spa formal yet?

LL Hey. What kind of place is this?

LL So I go left to find the front desk?

GAR Yes. And hurry. And hurry back!

GAR Ah! You just knew I would enjoy that, didn't you! Well, you're right! I did!!

GAR Does this mean you want to "take" me out on a date?

GAR Oooh, I accept. I accept!

GAR Why, thank you, Honey! You can count on me! (room key)

GAR Are you confusing me with that tramp, Thunderbird?! I hope not!

GAR Present? Whee! I just love present!

LL Hmm. If you're that eager, maybe I don't want to give you anything at all!

GAR Damn! Blew it again.

LL Huh?

GAR Nothing. Just a figure of speech!

GAR How did you know they call me the Crisco Kid? (lard)

GAR That's me on page three standing behind Billy Dee!

GAR Close behind!

GAR Is this a proposal? (condom)

GAR Be sthll my pounding heart!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Women's Locker Room."

To you, this is the ultimate in forbidden fruit. Behind this door lies sights you've never even dared to imagine!

Pink tile... sit-down urinals... lilac scent... and more, much more!

GAR Oh, don't go in there!

GAR Anyway, why would you want to? There'sth nothing insthide but women changing clothesth.

You wouldn't want to take this door away, because then dozens of naked women would suddenly be exposed to the world!

Life is so UNFAIR sometimes, isn't it?

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Cellulite Drainage Salon."

LL Anybody in there want to chew the fat?

(GROAN) (Groan.)

The door to the Cellulite Drainage Salon is locked. Did you remember to pull out that little button in the knob when you left?

Fortunately, you're through in there.

The right wall sconce hangs just a little lower than the left wall sconce.

Some say the room is designed that way, but you think of it as an imperfection.

LL (VERY CLOSE TO THE MIKE, AND QUIETLY) If you've planted a secret microphone in this lamp... I'm on to you.

Why would you want to turn off the lights? You weren't trying to make it more romantic in here?

Maybe for you and Gary? Larry!

To take the lamp off the wall, you'd need to find the needle-nosed pliers, the socket set, the hammer, the blueprints, and the caulking compound.

You decide it's not worth the trouble.

What if the electricity travels upstream and gives you a nasty burn?

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Men's Locker Room."

You've had a fear of doors like this ever since junior high school.

The ridicule... the shame... the snapping towels... the big boys always dropping their soap!

LL There's nobody in there, is there? I'm coming in!

You can't take the door. It's holding up the game. (And now, so are you!)

Can't you at least wait until you're in the pool like everyone else?

This pen is used to sign the towel register.

LL Hey, nice nib!

Ha! Do you think La Costa Lotta's management is stupid? Don't you think they saw you coming a mile away and had these pens chained to the desk? You bet your polyester posterior they did!

Don't even think about using this pen to tattoo "Welcome to Jamaica, Mon. Have a nice day!"

Big spiky plastic plants grow lushly amid the silk mulch and styrofoam soil.

Hey, Plant! I think I love you!

The plant responds, "Can't we just be fronds?" and leaves.

These plants feel so real. If you were a blind man wearing gloves, you'd never know they were

fake!

There's no need to carry a plant around with you. If you really want another plastic plant, when you finally escape this horrible place and get back home, just start a clipping from one of your other plastic plants.

You surreptitiously expose yourself to the plants.

In this book, the spa keeps track of who has checked out their towels.

LL Shall I just sign my name here in the registry?

GAR Oh, yesth! Pleashe! And don't forget your room number, okay?

LL Yikes!

GAR Oh, Sthir! You needn't sthign in again. I remember you... perfectly!

While you might find a list of all guests who have checked out towels interesting, it's not really something that will help you escape from La Costa Lotta.

(THUMP SOUND EFFECT) Thump!

GAR Oooooohhh!! You win! I'm yoursth!

After all these years, you pick now to "come out of the closet?"

Guests of the Spa don't have control over the ambient lighting. Everything's kept as bright as possible to best display the garish decorating.

This is the lobby of La Costa Lotta's exclusive Health Spa. A person waits behind the counter. There are several doors.

LL Hey! What do I have to do to get some service around here?

GAR You have to sthstop talking to the wallsth, for one thing, honey.

LL I do love a room totally covered in indoor-outdoor carpeting. It's so sharp and jazzy!

Leave it here for now. Besides, Gary is watching!

You get an uneasy feeling that this would be a poor choice of locations in which to go waving that thing about.

The sign reads, "Health Spa."

What would you say? Surely not, "Hey, baby! What's your sign?"

LL Well, yeah. We could do that.

Yes, we could do that... but it would be wrong!

You can't reach the sign. Too bad you didn't wear your platform shoes!

It's way over your head.

(A feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

Why, you'd need a ten-foot pole to hit that sign. Trust me, you don't have one.

The figures of a beautifully-proportioned young couple embrace while water cascades down their naked bodies. Art like this really brings out your primal urges!

LL (REVERB) Mommy! I gotta go bathroom!

LL Hi, guys! You two are really realistic, you know that?

They completely ignore you.

LL Say, they ARE realistic!

Your hands explore the sinuous curves and graceful swells of the female statue. The cool marble of the figures belies the burning passion with which the nubile young Venus mounts her frothing stallionesque Adonis.

Yuck! Somebody stuck gum in one of her crevices!

LL (TRYING TO LIFT STATUE) Oof! Urgh! Hupppppp-aah!

The marble statue is far too heavy to lift.

(But you did manage to cop a quick feel!)

They don't look like they're into threesomes.

Mmm, there are stacks of fresh, fluffy, terry cloth towels behind the counter!
You'd like to wipe that drool off the corner of your lip, but you're afraid the clerk will spot you!
You can't reach them from here, but you just know they're soft and cuddly, like your beach towel at home.

(Except without the big Farrah Fawcett printed on it!)

GAR I'm sthorry, Sthir! Guests are not allowed to justht help themselves to towelsth.

LL Oh. I'm unaccustomed to such luxurious service. What should I do?

GAR Just sthign the guestht registhtry here on the counter.

GAR I'm stho sthorry, Misthter Laffer, but there isth a one-towel per custhtomer limit.

LL How do you know I already have a towel?

GAR It's obvious, from that bulge in your pants I've been staring at!

LL (EMBARRASSED) Ulp!

GAR I'm stho sthorry, Misthter Laffer, but there isth a one-towel per custhtomer limit.

LL Oh. Okay. Sorry.

GAR Oh, it'sth all right with me. I'll give you anything!

LL (Ulp!)

Towels here are reserved for REGISTERED guests, not just any flake that wanders in from the parking lot.

Hey, those towels were CLEAN, Larry!

High Colonic

ROS Jai! Carrrrumba! I think you need me!

LL (Did I forget to wipe my butt?)

How unusual. A large sunken Roman tub with stirrups!

Good idea. Stick your hand into that giant bed pan?

Yuck.

Good idea. Use the bed pan.

NO!

An electric fan is attached to the wall.

You love the sound your voice makes echoing off whirling blades.

It's a good thing that electric fan is off. Sticking your hand into a spinning fan would leave you without your best girlfriend!

What are you trying to do? Start a fan club?

LL Sliced cold cuts, any one?

Rose's room is covered with flowers! She must really love fragrance. It smells like a greenhouse in here!

The flowers smell sweet, but with a strange underlying aroma of something unpleasant.

The idea is not to "take" her flowers, but you're getting close.

That's quite a piece of plumbing. Those gauges go up to 500 pounds per square inch!

Why would there be a pair of hand grips mounted on the wall?

Using these as a handle you attempt to remove the far wall, but fail.

This hose is connected to that large apparatus near the back wall.

It ends in a strange, long, slender nozzle with a trigger valve.

Attempting to add to your collection of high-pressure hoses, you try to take Rose's but find it attached to the plumbing.

Leave the lubricant alone. It's unimportant.

A dispenser of lubricant hangs on the wall.

Hi, Slippery!

You really don't want to get your hands all covered with slippery lubricant.

The bottle of lubricant is firmly attached to the wall.

What happened? Run out of hand creme?

You can't really collect any of that lubricant in anything you have.

It's already full to the brim... with lube! (lube-filled lamp)

You carefully pump a few squirts of lubricant into your whale oil lamp.

Your lamp can hold no more.

No. Stop. Wait. (use full lit lamp)

You can't remove the lubricant from the wall, no matter which tool you try.

It's a converted Harley.

You don't want to start the engine. That's her job.

How delightfully primitive! A moo-cow in hillside pasture.

What a massive piece of plumbing.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

NOT!

So this is what a "High Colonic Treatment Suite" looks like. Apparently, this woman really loves flowers! Just look around.

Talking to the walls and floor won't help... but talking to Rose certainly could!

You'd love to do things with this woman, but you can't do things you'd like to do by doing that thing you were just doing.

Rose's fiery Spanish temper would really flare up if you took something from her area!

LL Oops.

Missed!

It seems Rose is only interested in colorful flowers.

LL Hello, Miss. My name is Larry, Larry Laffer.

While you dream of someday sweeping a woman off her feet, you might be better off talking to this one.

(SARCASTICALLY) Sure. Why wait? Jump right in. No subtleties necessary.

Perhaps you should look at her first.

LL I wonder what fits in those stirrups?

What stories these stirrups could tell, if they were human, and had memories, and vocal cords, and...

The stirrups feel as cold and hard as stainless steel.

(Which, of course, they are!)

Obviously something goes on in this room that requires quite a bit of pressure!

Tanks? You're not welcome!

This thing sucks!

This photograph looks just like a picture window. But, of course, it's fake.

Cellulite Drainage Salon

You'd better turn off the Cellulite Drainage Machine before trying anything that fancy, Larry!
You're too energy conscious to leave the room while that giant Cellulite Drainage Machine is running.

You don't need to do further work on the machine, Larry. It's served its purpose. But now what are you going to do with all these tanks full of cellulite?

Dr. Swinebutt's Cellulite Drainage Salon is more than you, or anyone else, ever imagined.

LL Hello back there in the back storage tanks! Can anyone hear me?

There is no need for you to touch that.

This room is filled with heavy-duty things to manipulate-- but that's not one of them!

Still feel those primeval urges to mark your territory?

That might work on the ripped vacuum hose, but that's not where you placed it.

You might use that on the Cellulite Drainage Machine, but it wouldn't do any good!

That might lubricate the piston, but there's no piston where you placed the lard!

You might use the wrench on the Cellulite Drainage Machine, but there's no bolt at that location.

You can tell this switch is presently in the "OFF" position because the Cellulite Drainage Machine is quiet.

You can tell this switch is presently in the "SUCK" position because the machine is running.

A gigantic power switch mounted on the Cellulite Drainage Machine's control panel reads, "SUCK" and "OFF."

LL That sucker!

You'll never be able to suck hard enough with a hole that big in your hose!

LL (Perhaps I should investigate more closely...)

NO! Turn off the machine, Larry!

Is this the moment you've been waiting for?

LL YES!!

Dr. Swinebutt's mighty Cellulite Drainage Machine appears to be in perfect working order once again. Congratulations, Larry!

Now you're ready for Gammie!

You've had enough of this machine to last you a lifetime! Leave it off.

It won't work. You have the filter, remember?

Just before turning the machine on, you realize you forgot to tighten the bolts on the filter compartment.

Taking the labels literally, eh?

This area receives the large red piston.

A standpipe protrudes from the floor. It has a spigot attached.

This spigot is somehow connected to the vast cellulite tank farm at the rear of the room.

"Tasting 1... 2... YUCK!"

You open the spigot just a little. Nothing comes out.

You crack the spigot a tiny bit and note a drop of cellulite comes out. This spigot must be connected to those huge tanks filled with Gammie's former hips!

You don't want to take the spigot. But you might want to fill something from it.

What a revolting thought!

You really need some sort of container to obtain a liquid like cellulite.

You could fill your lamp with cellulite, but right now it's full of Rose's lubricant.

Good idea, but the Cellulite Drainage Machine is presently empty. If you could fill it, something might come out of this spigot.

Good idea, Larry! It's a well-known fact that early settlers of the Old West often substituted cellulite when they ran out of whale oil!

At least, that's what "Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist" told me!

The whale oil lamp is already filled to overflowing with "whale" oil.

Hey. It's dangerous to refill your lamp while it's already burning!

Your beaver is too small to fit over that mighty spigot!

You want to FILL something, not FILE it!

The valve isn't so tight that it requires the wrench.

Good idea. Always practice safe spigot! (condom)

Nah, that's not even close. Are you just guessing, Larry?

The hole in the hose is patched. Now direct your attention to the rest of the Cellulite Drainage Machine.

There's a huge hole in the main vacuum line.

Probing the hole, you feel certain you could never get the machine to suck hard enough with a hole this large in one of its main vacuum lines.

In other words, "This hose sucks!"

You can't take the hose with you. You'll have to repair it here.

Gawd! You are SO sick!

Hmmm. What if I wrapped this elastic belt around the hose?

At least you're using that in the correct room!

No, that goes back where you got it... after you clean it!

Put the filter back where you got it!

While that might fill the hole, it would never form an air-tight seal.

It does seem like a whole roll would stuff up about anything!

But not this!(TP)

You can't just tighten this baby and forget about it. That hole is huge!

That's not going to stretch THAT big, Larry! (condom)

The tank contains a removable filter that's in extreme need of a good cleaning!

Your newly cleaned filter is now properly seated in the Cellulite Drainage Machine.

The filter is totally clogged with a viscous bodily fluid.

Yes, the filter is properly seated.

LL (DISGUSTEDLY) Hmmmfh.

You'd take ANYthing!

There's no reason to remove the filter. It's as clean as you're going to get it!

Several bolts hold the filter tank's lid firmly in place.

Boy, is that thing grungy!

While the inside of the tank is covered with cellulite, it doesn't appear to be clogged. Removing that packed filter was a good idea.

The lid of the filter tank is loose and ready to be removed.

LL Ouch! Man, are those bolts tight!

Your hands feel like they do when you try to twist off those bottle caps that don't!

You don't really want to stick your hand in THAT!

LL (GRUNTINGLY) Uggggh!

Ah, screw this! I'm frustrated.

Sure, you could carve your initials into the stainless steel tank, but what would that prove?

Remove the lid first.

That filter is too dirty to work. Find a place to clean it!

There! Nice and clean.

The file does a nice job of rounding off the corners of that bolt!

But it doesn't help you open the tank.

You cleverly loosen the bolts holding the filter tank's lid in place with your handy wrench.

There's nothing left to loosen.

You tighten down the lid.

You could have sworn you slid that tank lid right up there earlier... and now, it's still there!!

LL Hello.

(TONS OF ECHO) Hellllllooooo.

(ECHO) Helllllllloooooooo.

(GRUNTINGLY) Uggggh!

The filter came from the tank, not the lid.

Placing it in the lid won't help.

You remove a few spots of rust with your file, but do nothing to open the lid.

You need to rub the shaft with something to prevent friction.

You need to rub the shaft with something to prevent friction.

The Cellulite Drainage Machine's cylinder looks extremely dry.

Your mighty piston is well-lubricated and ready to go!

And this machine's okay, too!

The Cellulite Drainage Machine's piston cylinder is dangerously hot and in urgent need of lubrication.

The cylinder feels dry to your touch.

The cylinder feels "ready to go!"

The cylinder feels warm to the touch, as if you were running it without adequate lubricant.

No way!

A giant electrical spark crosses the open-air gap between two huge electrical insulators for no good reason.

Your piston is lubed up and rarin' to go!

That piston looks extremely hot!

The piston shaft is long, hard, and dry!

Your piston is lubed up and rarin' to go!

LL OUCH! That piston is hot!

Just one giant shaft to another, eh?

The beer is too diluted and would quickly burn away from your rapidly pulsating shaft!

You pour all of Rose's "creme de lube job" onto the piston's mighty shaft, and lovingly rub its awesome girth.

The massive shaft is plenty slippery already.

You carefully rub the lard on your piston's shaft in a slow, sensual, yet totally meaningful manner.

Your mighty piston is now lubed and ready!
You wipe the piston's shaft with your wet washcloth, but it doesn't do any good.
A good idea, but the soap contains too many artificial emollients to ever withstand the massive friction generated by the machine!
Put that Bastard away! (file)
This hose has no leaks.

Giant electrical sparks wend their way through the ether destroying long distance short wave radio reception from here to Bangkok.
(That's not really true, but AI just had to work in the word "Bangkok" somewhere in this game!)

That might get blood flowing through it!
These tanks contain the cellulite removed from patients.
These pipes must transport some sort of fluid across the room.

Coyly opening every drawer in the table, you discover that Dr. Swinebutt cleaned out more than just his patients before he left town!
The probes are designed to be inserted into a patient's body at the point from which the cellulite is to be removed.
While the probes may look like hanging microphones, they aren't. And this is no audition!
By their viscous coating, you presume these probes are used to suck the cellulite from the patient's body.
These poor little probes have served their purpose... and quite well.
You really don't want to insert a probe into THAT part of your body, do you, Larry?!

The probes need no further work.

The large red pipe disappears into the darkness of the ceiling.
These cylinders pump up and down, giving the Cellulite Drainage Machine its power.

What? Fast Forward? Now? Miss the good stuff?
Fast Forward
Oops
Yes

Four prodigious electrodes rise from the electrical cabinets of the Cellulite Drainage Machine like rabbit-ears from hell! Be certain you don't touch them!
Don't touch them!
Waddayou, crazy? You could die!
Ignoring your better judgment, and all recommendations, you realize why you flunked out of music school...
...you are a poor conductor!

Locker Room

LL Ahhh. A nice hot shower always makes me feel like a new man!
GARY Me too, sthweetheart!
GARY And here I AM!!

The men's locker room has a few benches, a locker bay and not much else. It's just a place to

change clothes before entering the exercise areas.

There's no one to talk to.

(Of course, if you knew that just on the other side of a thin wall women were undressing, prancing around in skimpy towels, and discussing the state of the men in their lives, it would drive you crazy. You'd want to touch them, or talk to them, or even look at them!

(Yeah, you're happier not knowing!)

(Oops!)

There's not much to do here in the locker room except change clothes.

There's not really much to take from a locker room.

Wait until you get to the bathroom!

(Or use the swimming pool like you usually do!)

You might want to clean up in the shower room next door!

Don't snap your towel!

The men's shower room is directly behind this locker room.

LL Anybody back there in the shower? I'm thinking about entering!

You might walk into the shower room to take a shower, but grabbing at air won't get you far.

Hey, clever! "Take a shower!"

Wait until you're naked and soapy, with tiny beads of water all over your body!

Powder-finished baked enamel on 14-gauge steel makes for an attractive, if still odious, locker bay.

LL Hello? Is anyone hiding inside one of these lockers?

These lockers COULD be filled with dead bodies! Maybe that's why no one answers you!

LL Nah, Daryl Gates might do that, but not Al Lowe!

This locker is taken.

Sure, "take" a locker is a common phrase; but really, don't you just want to "use" one?

Wouldn't those vent slots be mighty painful?

How embarrassing! La Costa Lotta hangs a painting of a naked woman right here where a guy might glance at it while undressed and get, you know, interested or sumpt'in!

LL Hi, babe! Betcha you get off watching all these naked guys!

Cleverly pulling the painting from the wall, you carefully examine the back of it for clues.

Of course, you find nothing!

You already have enough pictures of naked women on the walls of your apartment.

That painting has seen far more impressive evidence than yours, counselor!

Good idea! You know in every game, Al Lowe always hides something in the garbage can!! You can't wait to find out what it will be in THIS game!

Once again, you're "talkin' trash!"

Fooled you!

Nothing! Nada! Zipola!

But now, your hands smell like a fishmonger!

You have enough garbage in your life already!

You've dated some in your life, but never literally!

This particular locker is not in use.

You wouldn't think of changing back into your leisure suit without taking a shower first!

You don't want to leave your towel in the locker. You might want to wear it, though.

It's tough to reach your leisure suit through those tiny slits in the locker door.

Gary will be "oh, so unhappy" if you slop mud all over his sweet new carpet.

You can't leave the locker room smelling of sweat!

La Costa Lotta does not permit its guests to walk about the resort wearing nothing but a towel. You don't want to use the towel to wipe off some of the mud when there's a shower in the next room.

Blotting the rivulets of sweat the sauna sent pouring from your pores will barely dent the awesome aroma emanating from your corpulent tissues.

(In other words, "Take a shower, Armpit!")

This looks like the room where you left your leisure suit but all these lockers are closed.

This is the right room in which to change clothes, but you have no locker in which to place your leisure suit. Find an unused locker.

These lamps echo your theory on women: hang around long enough and eventually you'll go out!

Another architect trades aesthetics for safety, placing slippery tile in a spot where men have to walk with wet feet.

Don't throw your towel on the floor!

(What a slob!)

What? Where? You can't see anything over there! What are you doing?

Men's Shower

WOW! Now you really need a shower!

The men's shower room is completely lined with tile, causing a wonderful echo when you walk, and a deep, rich resonance when you talk.

LL (WITH ECHO AND DEEP VOICE) Now at bat (bat... bat...)

LL Number 13 (13... 13...)

LL Larry Laffer! (laughter... laughter...)

There's not much to do in the shower room except take a shower.

Can't you wait until you're actually naked and soapy like everyone else?

That's not really very useful in a shower room.

While you could wash the filter off in the shower, you couldn't do it without getting your leisure suit soaked!

Good idea. Try turning on the water first.

What? Use this wet washcloth in the shower? Well, okay.

But you'll have to turn on the water first.

A shower would warm up your already chilled washcloth. Are you sure you want to do that?

To take a shower, just turn on the water faucet.

This is the right place, but save your bar of soap for something more impressive than just washing yourself off. Use the redi-mixed soap/hot water combination setting on the shower's faucet.

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Mud Baths."

Actually, it opens onto a short private alcove, which then opens into the Mud Baths.

LL Hi, Door.

Take my door. Please!

Excuse me, Ms. Door. I thought you were an old friend of mine.

(Strange. One of these tiles is "off-color.")

LL (There's an off-color tile here. I must remember to look at it later, when I'm dressed.)

LL (This tile looks loose...)

LL (I bet I could do something with this tile... if I were fully dressed.)

Perhaps if you could remove that tile...
It's not necessary to apply any object to the tile. Just grab it...
...if you're man enough!

This is the end the water comes out.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

LL (SING) "Start spread-ing the news..." "I'm lea-ving to-day..."

While once these shower heads could be adjusted, the mineral deposits in the local water supply
now have them corroded firmly in place.

This small shower head is of no use to you.

(What did you think? That you were going to get a little head?)

The floor here is filled with tiny drains, each with its own retractable spigot, which occasionally,
randomly, shoots up water.

You find this conversation totally draining!

Try as you might, you can't remove the drain cover.

You have no need for water.

These holes are too small, even for you, Larry!

That won't work on the drain, but there's nothing in there you need anyway!

Good idea, but the drains are held in place with screws with those special mono-directional heads
that prevent tampering.

The handle beside the mud room door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta
logo and the words, "The Prancing Fluids."

You turn off "The Prancing Fluids." Now you'll never see them again!

You miss your friends, "The Prancing Fluids," so you turn them back on again.

The Prancing Fluid fountains create a wonderful montage of sparkling water effects...
..and occasional geeses!

Try as you might, you can't catch the leaping water.

You might take a powder, you might take a shower, but you'll never take a fountain!

That might get it clean.

(But wouldn't the high pressure hurt?)

This knob controls the shower.

If you want to take a shower, get undressed!

Yeah, this WOULD be a good time for a shower.

If you want to "take" a shower, get undressed first, then use the "hand" icon.

These towel hooks are the perfect height and shape to hold up a towel while someone showers.

You might want to hang yourself from the towel hook, but it would never hold you!

A shower would feel good...

A shower would feel good... if you weren't fully clothed.

No! How many times do you have to hear this? You're the one looking for the WOMEN, okay?

LL (Doh!)

HEY! Stop looking at the naked men!

You're supposed to be looking at naked women!

While you consider tapping him on the shoulder, you decide you'd rather not see him turn around!

You're going to have to wait until you're playing the role of Passionate Patti to do that!

This man is not interested in other men.

This naked man is only placed here for the prurient pleasures of the female game players.
Better not, Larry! This guy looks big, strong and hetero!
Perhaps you're thinking of Gary the Towel Attendant?
LL Why should I give HIM anything? I'm saving myself for the babes!
Good idea! But don't waste your Impressive Bar of complimentary soap; use the free soap that
comes already mixed with hot water here. It flows right out of the showerhead as soon as
you turn the faucet on!
If you want to clean yourself, get undressed first.

Loose Shower Tile

LL Oh, my gawd!
WOM Who's that? Is someone here?
You ARE looking! And hard!
(Looking hard, that is.)
Your hand cannot fit through the small opening behind the tile.
What do you think this is, "Porky's?"
Besides, this wall is too thick...
...and it's not THAT thick!
You can't stick anything through this little hole.

Mud Baths

Out of consideration to La Costa Lotta's other patrons, you decide to get dressed before appearing in
public!
Out of consideration to La Costa Lotta's other patrons, you decide to shower and dress before
appearing in public!
You're in no condition to do that now.
La Costa Lotta's Euro-Mud Baths are built right into the floor, Roman-style. The mud looks warm
and inviting.
La Costa Lotta's Roman-style mud baths are built right into the floor. The mud looks inviting, but
not as inviting as that woman in the mud!
There's no one here to talk to except those couples up in those champagne glass spas.
You may want to direct your attention to that young lady sitting all alone in the mud.
There's not much to do in a mud bath except take a mud bath.
That's not something you need to take.
What are you aiming at?

CHA After I shower, I'll meet you in the Electroshock Exercise Center.

LL {thinks} (DISGUSTED) (Well, that's the end of that. I know I'll never see her again!)

A young couple sits in the champagne glass spa, enjoying each other more than the bubbles.
The couples in the champagne glass spas aren't interested in anything you have to say!
They'd never even hear you.
The champagne glass spa feels warm to your touch.
No one could pick up a 12-foot tall, metal champagne glass filled with water and people!
You're too late.

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Women's
Shower."

Behind this door, dozens of hot, steamy women are showering, their naked bodies glistening under those tiny, needle-sharp sprays of sensual hot water, rubbing their bare flesh with soap in small circles, then larger and larger, ever widening circles of...

LL ENOUGH, ALREADY!! I'm horny enough now; I don't need to hear talk like that!

LL Anybody home?

Larry! That's the women's shower! You can't go in there.

(Not if you expect to live long!)

What do you think this is, a scene from "Porky's!?"

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Men's Shower."

If you want to talk to someone, feel free to walk right in.

The charred electronic lock now protects nothing. Just walk right in.

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Electroshock Exercise Center."

LL Are you locked again?

No. Walk on it!

LL Please, open up!

You can't leave here covered with mud.

You try the knob but the door is kept locked by an electronic keypad with billions and billions of possible combinations. We'll pause a moment while you enter every one of them.

(HUMMING, BORED) Hmm de hum da dum dum.

Okay. Done. None of them work.

Now, how could you open a sensitive electrical device like this (since you don't have a sledge hammer!)?

You can't remove the lock from the Electroshock Exercise Center door.

It's already destroyed; now must you add insult to injury?

Whizzing on the electronic lock won't help; it's waterproof.

You get a wild idea: use the electrical cord to short-circuit the electronic door lock. But just wrapping the wire around the lock does nothing.

What a great idea! Use the electrical cord to short-circuit the electronic door lock.

But even though the cord is plugged into the wall outlet, the insulation on the end in your hands prevents current from flowing to the door's lock.

You decide to wait until you're fully clothed before bothering further with the electrical cord.

You tentatively place the bare end of the electrical cord on the door's electronic lock and wait for something to happen. Nothing does.

(You often get exactly the same results in the morning when you forget to plug in your toaster.)

Cleverly touching the electronic lock with the bare ends of your electrical cord, you pass 120 volts at high amperage through the electronic lock's delicate printed circuit boards, frying them immediately with a gratifying shower of sparks.

The lock gives up the ghost as its solenoid freezes in a permanently-open state with a loud "click."

LL I wonder what's inside here?

LL Hey, Charlotte! I've got it open. Come on in.

CHA Good work, Larry! I'll be right there. Just let me take a quick shower first. I'll meet you inside in a few seconds!

LL {thinks} (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

LL Okay, Char. I'll see you in a few minutes. Right in here, okay?

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Swedish

Sauna."

Look at the shine on that leaf. Why it almost looks as good as plastic!

LL Hi, Plant.

La Costa Lotta has spared no expense. Even their plastic plants are real.

You have no use for a plant.

There is an open electrical outlet on the wall beside that door.

Whenever you see an electrical outlet, you always think of two little faces stacked on top of one another.

LL Hi, little guys. Do you enjoy waiting around for someone to poke you in the eyes? The only way to "take" electricity from an outlet is with the right electrical cord.

LL I wonder what would happen if I stuck something besides my finger in this electrical outlet?

Don't do it, Larry. You don't have a 3-prong plug!

That doesn't have a properly grounded plug, Larry. (filler)

Be careful, Larry. You don't want to mess around with electricity!

Be careful. The other end of that wire is bare!

Evidently, La Costa Lotta wants to take no chances with this room. They have installed a heavy-duty electronic combination lock. It has only a numeric keypad. No one could try all the possible combinations!

You try another combination.

It doesn't work.

While you don't need to return the plants to where you found them, you feel sure your mother would be proud of you!

The mud is meant for soaking.

LL (Oops.)

This mud bath looks too hot.

This mud bath looks too cold.

This mud bath looks juuuuuu-st right!

Even the mud here finds you boring.

You've had enough mud for this game!

To "take" a mud bath, just jump right in.

Larry! Most people wait until they're IN the mud bath to do that!

Why throw your stuff in the mud?

The electrical cord you plugged into the wall is still lying there. You doubt that it's up to code!

LL {thinks} Maybe I can use this somewhere else.

A video camera is mounted on the wall beside that air vent. It enables La Costa Lotta's crack security force to keep an eye on activities here in the mud room.

The video camera is now aimed directly into the women's shower. Too bad you didn't bring your miniature wireless remote video monitor.

You cleverly attempt to re-aim the camera through the louvers leading into the women's shower, but you cannot. The camera is held firmly in place by a large bolt, which is far too tight for you to turn with only your fingers.

You remember tightening that camera with the wrench, so there's no way you could loosen it with your fingers.

You can't reach the camera from down here. It's far from the floor, above those plants.

This camera takes pictures. You can't take it.

No, you can't flash the security guards!

While that might help, it won't loosen that tight bolt like a wrench.

Using the plumber's wrench, you loosen the large bolt holding the video camera in place, then turn the camera so it's looking directly into the women's shower.

Too bad you can't see the monitors now. At least you've given someone a good time!

Once again you loosen the large bolt holding the video camera in place. You turn the camera back toward the mud baths so no one will ever know you messed with it.

This mud bath bears too many sad memories of a time long, long ago, when you thought the beautiful Charlotte Donay might someday be yours. But instead, you got nothing but some burns and a deformed medallion.

Charlotte Donay reclines in her mud bath. You cast your most radiant smile at her. She barely glances at you.

LL {thinks} (Good enough for me!)

LL Hello. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

CHA Allow me to slip out of this warm, caressing mud for a moment, Larry. I'm Charlotte Donay... but you may call me Char!

Perhaps you should look at her first.

You grab just enough mud to confirm your suspicion: there's a faint aroma of Charlotte in this mud!

From here, it looks like that particular louver opens directly into the women's shower.

From here, you'd say that louver looks right into the men's shower.

Sauna

LL (Ahhhh. This feels so good!)

La Costa Lotta's spacious sauna is extremely warm.

Why bother talking to a redwood board?

The walls, floor, even the ceiling of the sauna are completely covered with stained redwood.

There's nothing there but warm wood.

There's a good place to sit down right over there.

LL (SIGH) Ah!

This is no place to leave your stuff.

A beautiful silver bracelet still lies on the wooden bench, right where Burgundy left it.

That silver bracelet lying on the bench feels exactly like a silver bracelet!

LL I'll be sure to return Burgundy's silver bracelet to her.

(SARCASTICALLY) Right.

Stand up first.

You're not thirsty, especially for water as dirty as that!

LL (I wonder if things would have gone better if I hadn't spilled that water?)

A bucket filled with water waits beside the heated rocks.

The water bucket still lies where you dropped it.

LL You're looking a little pail today!

LL Hello!

LL (LOTS OF ECHO) HELLO!

LL (LOTS OF ECHO) HELLO!

LL (LOTS OF ECHO) HELLO!

You don't need an empty bucket.

Electrically heated rocks generate a tremendous amount of heat.

If you're looking for "hot talk," call La Costa Lotta's Sex Line.

Good idea; burn off your hand!

It would be like losing an old girlfriend.

Good idea. Pick up a heavy rock that must be 400 degrees!

LL (I remember the last time I did that; man, did that stink!)

Electric Shock Center

Do you really want to Fast Forward and miss this "electric moment?"

Lemme Outta Here!

Yes

Oops

The top of the cabinet holds several vials of unknown substances.

You rearrange the vials on top of the cabinet, then quickly move them back into exactly the same place again. No one will ever know.

The vials are of no value to you.

A cabinet rests against the wall. After your experience here, you don't really care to look inside it!

Cables ending in large alligator clips hang from the ceiling.

These are the cables that were attached to your... to your... to your plug and sockets.

A remote control panel is attached to the table.

The remote control panel attached to the table is what Charlotte Donay used to increase the voltage nearly to the point of death!

This door leads back out to the mud baths. You remember staggering out there after being shocked within an inch of your life!

Just pick it up, okay?

A large pearl earring lies on the floor, exactly where that naked woman dropped it as she ran screeching from the room!

You carefully pluck the large pearl earring from the floor. Ellen will never miss it!

There's really not much to do here, since everything is turned off until the attendant returns.

You have no desire to do anything in this horrible place. The memories of hundreds of volts coursing through your fragile frame are just too painful to make you want to hang out in here.

Although you did end up with a nice piece of modern art in the process.

There's nothing here in the Electroshock Exercise Center that requires anything you have.

La Costa Lotta's Electroshock Exercise Room is quite impressive. Filled with heavy-duty electrical equipment, circuit breakers, transformers, and insulators, it looks like it belongs in an electrical sub-station instead of a resort!

And now you know how all this stuff works!

A table covered with genuine artificial red naugahyde stands in the center of the room, directly beneath a mass of cables.

LL NO! NO!!

Bad memories, eh Larry?

This lever opens and turns on the tanning bed for a carefully determined number of minutes based on extensive and scientific measurements of the customer's age, pigmentation, skin condition, and current tan.

Providing a much more scientific sunburn!

This is the tanning bed from which Ellen escaped when you let out that horrifying scream.

LL Whatever happened to her, anyhow?

The tanning bed doesn't feel warm.

You have no use for a tanning bed... especially one weighing thousands of pounds!

A huge cabinet covered with elaborate electrical controls, meters, dials, and gauges rests against the wall. It looks like it's just waiting for Dr. Frankenstein to appear!

This is the cabinet that caused you so much pain.

You are afraid to turn on the cabinet as you know even less about electricity than you know about women!

You are afraid to turn on the cabinet after what that machine did to you!

As if you could carry around a enormous cabinet covered with elaborate electrical controls, meters, dials, and gauges.

Weights Room

This is the weight room, where you can find everything you need to BEEF up, put some ripples on your BREADbasket, lose that BEER gut, and see a little CHEESECAKE!

LL (Hmm. Suddenly I feel hungry!)

The clanging of the dumbbells is so loud, you can hardly hear anything!

Maybe if those dumbbells would put down the weights and stop exercising for a second, you could hear!

You run your hand over the surface, giving your hand a tremendous workout as you stre-et-tch those wrist muscles and be-en-nd those fingertips!

Whew!

That's way too heavy for you to take.

That's the only muscle you can't exercise in here!

That guy looks just like you.

Oh, sure, he may be a little more bulked-up, and his hair may be a little thicker, and he may be a little taller, but over all the physique is kind of similar.

LL Hey, dude! Nice neck! How did you get that neck so thick and luxurious?

MAN Topical steroids!

You're hesitant to touch him. He might take offense.

Or, even worse, he might not!

Babe alert! A sleek, sweaty superchick works out on the stair machine, wearing a shiny polyester workout suit! What more could you ask for? Truly, here's your perfect woman: big breasts AND man-made fabrics!

LL Saaay, baby! Instead of these steps, whaddaya say you and me go stepping out together?

WOM I'd rather lay your puny body across these steps and do a tap-dance on your skull.

LL Was that a no?

She's way too hot for you to handle, Larry. She sizzles where you just fizzle!

You cop a quick feel from the woman using the wriggle machine. With all her quivering blubber, she doesn't even notice!

Some egghead is actually trying to read while she gets her cellulite redistributed.

And no, that was NOT a free plug for some electronic boutique that sells software, etc!

LL Shake that thang, baby! In fact, shake ALL those thangs!

This is a woman that truly deserves a closer look.

LL Hi ya, Cutie! How ya doin'?

TBI What?! You! Climb on, lay down and shut up, boy!

TBI My name is Christina Priscilla Diana van Dyke...

LL (Do I have to remember all that?)

TBI ...but the only people who called me that are dead now.

LL (Doh!)

TBI You may (and in fact, will!) call me Thunderbird!

Grab that one and you may never see your hand again!

To do that would certainly require precise timing!

It's the new Super Cellulite BunShaker 600!

The bun shaker hasn't been used much since you stole its only belt!

You fondle the still-warm, heavy-duty, wide rubber belt that's now hanging unused from the chassis of the Super Cellulite BunShaker 600.

There's nothing to do with this machine since some jerk stole its belt!

You remove the wide rubber belt from the Super Cellulite BunShaker 600.

You already took that poor machine's belt; must it give you its all?

It's a leg bench, a state-of-the-art resistance machine designed to firm up those quadrupeds, define those incisors, and trim those sartorials!

Be careful! You might catch your pinky between the butterfly sprocket bolt and the lateral oblique tension bar.

(Yeah, as if you could!)

This equipment is too big to lug anywhere.

Assorted barbells line the walls of the weight room.

Just what you need: more things you can't pick up no matter how hard you try!

Damn, they feel like real weights. So much for fooling the girls!

LL I know I could lift those weights if I wanted to. I just don't feel like it, that's all. I don't feel the need to prove myself to anyone. I know I can do it, and that's all that counts.

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Mud Baths and Champagne Spas."

You wonder what muddy, sweaty women wait within!

That looks like a Joe Widerbutt 10-station cross-training weight bench, equipped to do arm curls, butterflies, leg curls, leg extensions, bench presses, lateral pulldowns, shoulder presses, abdominal crunches, and hernia pulls.

You consider doing some quick reverse pulldowns or crossover butterflies, but why try to improve on perfection?

The weight bench is just a little too heavy for you to move. What if you removed those weights, detached the cables, removed the seats and discarded all those nuts and bolts?

What if you just forget it!

This device works to strengthen the inner thighs and simultaneously permanently detach the knee cartilage. It's the "Crippled Butterfly" station.

This huge barbell probably weighs more than you do.

(It also gets picked up more often!)

Pumping iron would be too much work. You'd rather just play computer games!

(LAUGHS UPROARIOUSLY, AND AT LENGTH. FINALLY, CYNICALLY:) Ha! Yeah. Right.

Like you could!

This is a massage table. It works like this: you lie down on it, someone massages your entire body, from head to toe, without missing an inch.

Well, maybe missing just about an inch!

You don't lie down on the rubdown bench since there's no one here who wants to rub you at all, let alone down!

You can't get a massage table. In fact, here you can't even get a massage!

It's a StareMaster 6000 stair machine, the latest in high-tech steppers. Climb the steps, the steps fold in, and you slide back down. Repeat ad infinitum.

LL Didn't anyone ever tell you "it's not polite to stair?"

LL Ha, ha, ha! I crack me up!

At your age, your maximum theoretical heart rate is about 180, and since you want to maintain a range of 70 to 85 per cent of that, your maximum sustained target rate is 153 for no less than 20 minutes, assuming, of course, a five-minute warm-up period, followed by...

...ah, to hell with it. You'll just spring for a triple bypass when your time comes!

That's not what your doctor meant when he suggested that "you occasionally take the stairs!"

THU (FORCEFULLY) And don't be late!

LL (WHIMPERINGLY) But... but... what room are you in?

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Aerobics Classroom."

You wonder what wet, sweaty women wait within!

Aerobics Room

LL {thinks} (Awright! Now that those girls are out of here, I've got the aerobics babe all to myself!)

Get those girls out of here!

You are so impatient!

Oops

Yes

You can remember when this room was filled with the sound of rubbing Spandex! Now there's nothing here but Cav's stereo system.

What a wonderful place you've stumbled upon, Larry! A room filled with hot sweaty women dressed in skimpy tight-fitting outfits!!

The aerobics room is empty now, except for that beautiful aerobics instructor standing on the small stage near the east end of the room.

LL Hello?

LL Hey, girls! New man on campus!

There's no discernable response.

LL Excuse me, Miss? May I speak to you?

CAV Yes, but you'll have to talk to ME, not the floor!

Whatever you were aiming at, you missed!

There's nothing in the aerobics room for you to take... at least, right there.

This is not a good place to expose yourself. These gals look tough!

Now? The girls are gone!

LL Hello, Miss. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer!

LL Hi, Cav!

LL Perhaps I shouldn't bother her; she's quite focused on her work.

Perhaps you should look at her first.

That aerobics instructor has a hell of a set of speakers!

Feel that bass!

Her woofers and tweeters are firmly attached!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Weight Room."

"Shape Up or Slip Out!"

The Larry Theme

Air for the G-String

Hard is Good, Right?

Shock Your Booty

2 Rump 2 Pump

Switch Hitt'n Kitt'n

Harry Palm Blues

Cell Block Love

Un Noche en Parlier

Samba de Hooters

Spanish Surprise

Larry Be Bad!

No Pain, No Gain

Muskrat Lust

Twist Till It Hurts

Not Ravel's Bolero

Peering through Cav's record collection, you find one album that particularly excites you: the soundtrack from "Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!"

CAV Keep your hands off my stereo system, buster!

LL (SIGH AND LOOK AT CAMERA) (There's another beautiful woman I'll never have!)

This girl is concentrating on her exercises.

She's too busy trying to keep up to talk to you.

This woman is totally engrossed... in her exercises.

She's too busy staring at the instructor to talk to you.

Her? Talk to you? During this strenuous routine? Doubtful.

This lady is too busy checking out the other girls' bodies.

AER (RANDOM HOWLS, MOANS, SQUEALS, AND SHRIEKS) Yeow!

AER (RANDOM HOWLS, MOANS, SQUEALS, AND SHRIEKS) Eeek!

AER (RANDOM HOWLS, MOANS, SQUEALS, AND SHRIEKS) Hey!

AER (RANDOM HOWLS, MOANS, SQUEALS, AND SHRIEKS) Oooh!

AER (RANDOM HOWLS, MOANS, SQUEALS, AND SHRIEKS) Ouuuuuh!

They're too busy working out to notice tiny details!

She doesn't want that... she's here to DANCE!

That's the aerobics step where you proved you have no rhythm.

There is one empty aerobic step just waiting for another overweight body.

LL (CHILD-LIKE) Whee!

LL Maybe I'll join in. I haven't worked out in the last three games!

CAV Hey, you! Keep up.

CAV (SARCASTICALLY) Hey, White Suit! Your falling behind...

CAV ...isn't letting you keep up!

CAV (LOSING TEMPER) Hey, you! Yeah, you! The one with no breasts! You've got no rhythm!

CAV (PISSSED) That's it! FORGET IT! Class dismissed! Everybody out of here!

This could be a big step in your life... but it wasn't!

This could be a big step in your life... if you'd only try!

The hand hole in the top of the step is far too large to be satisfying!

There's no need to place anything on the aerobics step.

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words,
"Swimming Pool."

The aerobics classroom has a stage at one end so the instructor has a place to prance.

You don't really want to climb up on the stage.

There's no need to place your little covered offering on the stage.

There's no need to place your little offering on the stage.

You're happy that La Costa Lotta has a modern sprinkler system.

You can't reach these sprinkler pipes from the floor.

The aerobics instructor thoughtfully has a spotlight aimed directly at her so all her students can
study every muscle moving in her body!

You can't reach the spotlight from here.

You can't unscrew the bulb.

You can't climb up on anything to take the bulb from the socket.

In fact, that light is absolutely worthless to you!

Full spectrum fluorescent bulbs are so hip!

What are you trying to do, burn your hand on the bulbs? Those are fluorescent lights!

Make-Up Room

The Make-Up Classroom is really boring with no class in it.

La Costa Lotta's Make-Up Classroom offers the latest in high tech, non-interactive, over-priced
video lessons in something all these women already know how to do!

These women aren't interested in talking to you. They just want to make small talk, drivel, gossip
and palaver... exactly like they do in a beauty salon.

There's not much to do in the Make-Up Classroom unless you've suddenly developed an interest in
cross-dressing!

LL Hey, man! No way!

Steal this room and you'll go to hell in a handbasket... or at the very least, Helena Rubenstein.

Yes, upon close inspection, you believe this IS the room where Max Factor!

None of the women here are impressed with that.

You can hardly wait for night to fall so you can meet Shablee down by the beach.

You take a closer look at the lovely young thing sitting at the right front make-up table.

LL So, I guess I'll be going now. Gotta get ready for tonight, right?

SHA Sure 'nuff, Lar. And be sure you come prepared.

SHA (And you KNOW what I mean!)

SHA Oh, honey, nothing doing now. But make sure you come "prepared" to the beach tonight!

SHA Excuse me? What in the hell do you think you're doing?

SHA But you ARE going to "take" me out! Remember? We just talked about it!

SHA I suppose this means you want to "take" me out?

Class must be over, as the room is empty.

A woman sits at this desk, trying her best to ignore you completely. But you really don't care, as your eyes are attracted to that dark-skinned beauty at the right desk in the front row!

LL You know, Babe, a beauty as natural as yours doesn't require make-up.

WOM Buzz off, jerk! That IS make-up!

The woman sitting at that desk ignores you completely.

You have no need for a massive make-up table, complete with electrical lights.

(SARCASTICALLY) Good approach. Run right up and "let fly!"

She's not interested in anything you have to offer. But that cute black chick in the front row might be.

VICTOR JUST USE SHABLEE MSGS IF SHE'S HERE

This is the desk where you first met Shablee.

This is the only desk without a working lamp.

Feeling this desk's lamp, you notice it's cold. Obviously, something is wrong with this light.

You have no need for a massive make-up table, complete with non-working electrical lights.

You don't really need to use anything on this desk.

An electrical cord lies on the floor, unused.

Carefully examining the electrical cord, you notice it appears to be in working condition; it's just not in use here.

LL Could this be "The Missing C(h)ord?"

Wouldn't THAT be a shock!

SHA Don't look at those, Larry. Look at me!

You find the gigantic graphic of a mascara brush about to enter its bottle somehow provocative.

It seems an innocent blush brush is about to be penetrated by a large lipstick.

A super-graphic of a giant lipstick tube sprawls across the left wall of the classroom.

All around the Make-Up Classroom, large monitors show a video entitled, "Kiss and Make-Up: The La Costa Lotta Way!"

LL (GAGGINGLY) (Gag!)

Hotel Bar

Cell Block Love

The boys could find my number written by the telephone.
The sort of girl a Lytton man could take, then leave alone.
In high school I was voted Miss Congeniality.
But then I asked myself, "Why am I doin' it fer free?"
I knew when you grew up next door you had a crush on me.
You'd been the high school quarterback, then joined the L.P.D.
That night you caught me hookin' and you hauled me off to jail,
You wrapped your arms around me, and you held me without bail!
The lifeline that you threw me were the handcuffs that you used.
You left my heart locked up, and my wrists a little bruised.
You brought me down for questioning, I had to say, "I do!"
Your kisses sentenced me to life, in Cell Block Love with you.
I sit alone and cry when you refuse to wear your vest.
I never know if you'll come home or take one in the chest.
I sit and stare when you won't wear your firearm like you should.
I know someday they'll find you, dear, flatlinin' in the 'hood!
I pray you're just unfaithful when you don't come home 'til two.
Perhaps I oughta go back out and hit the streets like you.
We sure could use the extra cash, for bills we've plenty of,
And you could run me in, like on the night we fell in love!
I waive my right to silence, here's the statement that I'll sign:
I do confess to lovin' you and wantin' you fer mine!
Is it so wrong, a workin' girl who loves a man in blue?
I hope I never make parole from Cell Block Love with you.
It's never solitary here in Cell Block Love with you.
My prison address, darlin', is in Cell Block Love with you!

Welcome to La Costa Lotta's Blues Bar. A "full-service" bar is available to meet all your refreshment needs.

Comfortable seating is offered in a relaxed, contemporary atmosphere. And of course, the best in entertainment is yours to enjoy 24 hours a day.

From up here on the stage, La Costa Lotta's Blues Bar looks completely different. It looks, oh, somehow lower.

LL Hey, everybody! It's me, Larry Laffer!

As usual, nobody notices.

It feels fuzzy and soft.

Rather like your back and shoulders!

You can't take that! It's been ergonomically designed to give this room a relaxed, contemporary, yet uncomfortable, atmosphere!

Sorry, you can't mount that... at least, not now.

There's not much reason to use that here in the Blues Bar.

The plastic palm fronds are beautiful to look at! They're so convincing, one might actually believe that tropical palm trees can flourish while stuffed into tiny pots and stored above dim, smoky bars.

Hey, baby! Nice fronds! Beautiful stems! Love those leaves! You're MY kinda palm!

You love the feel of real plastic. It reminds you of Helga, that Swedish stewardess you met at the swap meet.

You can't take this plant. It's hot-glued in place.

You make it a point never to relieve yourself in public.
Because whenever you do, people laugh.

LL (WHISTLES AS IF TO SAY, "WOW!") Coolamundo! This tank looks into the swimming pool! It's like being at an aquarium, only the fish are babes!
Nobody in the pool can hear you from in here.
It's behind the bar. You can't knock on it. All you can do is admire the scenery.
It's got thousands of gallons of water behind it. It might be a good idea to leave it in place.
You consider playing "Little Dutch Boy" with the tank window, but fortunately there's no hole to plug!

The bar has a plentiful supply of healthy beverages:
Poorsappo Japanese-flavoured rice near-beer...
Zimzity clear malt wine alcohol-free cooler...
Dom Perrier champagne-flavored mineral fluid...
"Clearly Utah Salt Flats" sparkling seltzer (in regular or Extra Flat n' Salty)...
.and Chameleon Multischnapps, the schnapps that "tastes different on every woman who wears it."

If you could reach them, they'd feel just like booze bottles.
You'll have to ask the bartender if you can take his bottle.

LL Hey, that reminds me of a little joke. Stop me if you've heard it. A guy walks into a bar and says to the bartender, "I betcha ten bucks I can identify the exact contents of any drink you make."

The bartender takes him up on it and mixes (out of sight, under the counter) a drink made out of half a dozen different liquors. He hands it to the guy, who takes a sip.

"Aha," says the guy, "that's exactly two parts Poppinov Vodka...

...one part Picardi 191 rum...

...three parts Hiram Wallbanger Road Apple-Flavored Schnapps...

...two parts Creme de Secaucus...

...one part Old Korean War Veteran Whiskey...

...one part GlennGary GlenRoss Scotch...

...and three parts Franjelibuieca."

The bartender is astonished! "Why, that's perfect!" he exclaims, and hands the guy ten bucks.

A fat guy sittin' down the bar has watched the whole thing. He slides a glass down the bar and yells, "Here ya go, buddy! Bet you can't tell me what's in THIS!"

The guy picks up the glass, sniffs it gently, then takes a sip. He spits it out immediately and screams, "That tastes like PISS!"

And the fat guy says, "Well, yeah, sure. But WHOSE?"

I gotta million of 'em!

Perhaps you should try looking at her first.

BURG Ahhh! That shore hits t'spot!

BURG Mmmm. Ya know, ah think that'un was even better'n tha' first'un!

BURG Whew! It shore is hot in heer!

BURG Ya know, ah coul' jes' keep doin' this all night!

BURG Damn! Ah'm dow' tah mah last beer, lil' buddy!

BURG Looks like Gary done fixed mah audjo pro'lem. Time tah head back to the salt mines!

BURG Hey! Wha happen'd ta mah mike?

BURG How am ah supposed to perfarm with no pee ay system?

BART I buzzed for a stagehand, Burgundy. He's coming right away.

BURG Who's gonna fix mah microphone, anyhow? Ah cain't sing without no mike!

BART Stop griping, will ya? Here he is now!

GARY Oh, Burgundy! Back off. You're stho het'ro!

GARY Let'sth sthee what'sth wrong here, sthall we?

GARY Maybe it'sth the plug?

GARY It'sth justht thisth sthilly loosthe connesthtion again! There, that sthould do it!

GARY (WITH FEEDBACK, ECHO) Tasthting! Tasthting!

GARY All sthet, Burgundy, honey! Have you done your Judy Garland medley yet?

BURG (DISGUSTED) Get outta here.

BURG Ah, dammitahel! Thar it goes ag'in!

BURG Hey! Ya gonna fix this thing?

BART Gary's on his way, Burgundy! He should be here soon.

BURG How long does it take him to git here, anyhow? He needs ta fix mah mike! Ah cain't sing without no mike!

BART Hurry up, Gary. Her whining is even worse than her singing!

BURG I HEARD THAT!

GARY You're stho hard on the equipment, Burgie!

GARY Did you sthcrew up the plug again?

GARY Sthame thing again! There, that sthould do it!

GARY (WITH FEEDBACK, ECHO) Tasthting! Tasthting!

GARY All sthet, Burgundy, honey! Have you done your medley from "The Fantasticks" yet?

BURG (DISGUSTED) Get outta here.

BURG Ya know, ah really love this stuff!

BURG Man! Thar' ain' nuttin' like a good cold one every now and then! It's soooo hot in heer.

BURG (LOUD BURP) Brrrraaaaappppp! Why, darlin'. 'Scuse lil' ol' me!

BURG Damn! Does it seem hot in here to you? Ah'm burnin' up!

BURG Gol dammit, Larry! Ah gotta hava break. Ain' chu got privledges to the sauner?

LL Why, yes, Burgundy, I believe the "sauner" is open to all guests.

BURG Wall, it shore ain' open to us perfarmers. Ah could shore use a nice sweat 'bout now!
Waddaya say you and me get awl sweaty together?

LL In fact, I've been looking for a date to the sauna tonight for quite a while. I'm going to meet some, uh, "friends" there later on; I'd be pleased if you would be my guest!

BURG Soun's good, lil' buddy. Jes' gimme a minute so's ah kin get outta this damn heavy-weight sparklie dress. You go on ahead. Ah'll meet cha there in 'bout two shakes of a cow's tit!

LL {thinks} (How colloquial!)

LL {thinks} (Guess she's going to take that sixth beer with her! Oh, well. Off to the sauna!)

Burgundy looks a little juiced...

..but not enough to go out with you!

Burgundy is La Costa Lotta's hot new blues singer. Her picture is prominently featured in the La Costa Lotta promo they run on "Stallions!"

Burgundy seems almost relieved to start performing again. How will you stop her again?

Burgundy is still hard at work... singing her little adenoids off!

Burgundy looks like she's currently enjoying drinking those beers you gave her!

Burgundy is growing more and more irritated as she stands around waiting for a member of the Amalgamated Stage Workers and Chair Bottom Scrapers Union to show up to fix her "broken" microphone.

Burgundy is too busy performing to talk with you. And they say, she loves to perform! In fact, once she starts, she never stops!

But there must be some way to get her to talk with you.

Whoever said country singing wasn't hard work?

LL Excuse me, miss. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

Burgundy is presently too intent on keeping her lips wrapped around those long necks to talk much.

LL Excuse me, miss. Is there anything I can do to help out?

BURG No, ah'm just waitin' fer a stagehand to git my show back on the road.

LL If you're not busy, I have some questions about last year's Country Music Awards?

BURG Wah shore, Ah kin kill ah few minutes wi' a fellow music lover!

Burgundy, the bar's featured vocalist, is singing her heart out on stage. There isn't a dry eye in the house.

(Maybe she should do something about her spitting problem!)

LL It's not that. They're probably musicians!

Burgundy, the Blues Bar's country western vocalist, is tonight's featured performer.

The stage is empty right now. How tempting!

Now that you're up here, the stage looks entirely different. Less appealing, in fact.

Did you want to talk to the singer, or were you simply holding a private conversation with the stage?

Earth to Larry. There's nobody on-stage to heckle.

LL LADIES AND GENTLEMAN, BOYS AND GIRLS, AND CHILDREN OF ALL AGES!

Whoa, Larry! Who died and made YOU ringmaster?!

The stage is occupied. And this isn't "New Talent Night!"

You decide to hop up on-stage and let your star quality shine through!

Solid stage! Good thing, since it's supporting your weight.

You're ALWAYS trying to take center stage!

If you really want to "take the stage," buy "Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist."

What did you want to take from the stage?

LL {thinks} (Hey. Look at all the cool ropes and stuff back here!)

That's not a socially acceptable way of expressing your dissatisfaction with the entertainment.

Larry, you don't want to be responsible for some performer slipping and breaking something, do you?

Burgundy's guitar stand stands ready and waiting.

Burgundy's Martin D-35 sits resting in its stand.

LL I know just how it feels to be stood up!

Burgundy's guitar stand feels empty and alone without its friend.

LL (Hmm. I haven't played guitar since I opened at Woodstock!)

Another dream that's slipped across your brain into your memory to become real life!

You don't need a guitar stand.

You wouldn't want to steal her guitar.

LL Why not?

'Cause it's not a steal guitar!

(DRUM FILL SOUNDFX) (drum fill)

Burgundy's microphone stand is tall, slender, cylindrical, and it can extend in length to well over five feet!

LL (Damn! Like I don't have enough of an inferiority complex!)

LL CHECK! CHECK! Sibilance! CHECK!

Fortunately for you, the microphone is dead.

The bartender here in the Blues Bar has seen better days. No one wants to tip a guy who only serves non-alcoholic beverages!

LL I could really use a whiskey.

BART Me, too! I'm sorry, but the closest thing we have is sproutberry juice.

LL Exactly what sort of beverages do you serve here?

BART I make a superb "King Alpha." Or perhaps a "Broccoli & non-brand name cola?"
What about a "Zucchini Wallbanger?"

LL Yuck. How about a mineral water?

BART Nope. Fresh out. Got some pool water, but it's a little chlorine-y!

LL Got a match?

BART There's some right there on the end of the bar. Help yourself.

LL Hey, gimme a couple of long-necks.

BART A cup full of long next?

LL A couple. You know, two!

BART Too long next?

LL Two. Long necks. Beer.

BART Tulong next bier?

LL Now you've got it!

BART Got it? What the hell are we talking about?

LL Gimme two beers, please!

BART I'm sorry, sir, but we have no alcoholic beverages anywhere on the premises. This is a HEALTH spa, not a roadhouse!

LL How's the weather here, barkeep?

BART How would I know? I'm in a basement, looking out at a lighted swimming pool! I don't even know if it's day or night!

This bartender is not a man you'd care to rub palms with.

BART No, thanks. I've got enough swizzle sticks already.

BART Don't you love that picture of me? They made it look like I was really riding that ear of corn!

The matches are offered as a service to customers.

So just take one if you want one, okay?

The side of the tub of matches says, "For Our Matchless Friends."

(Funny; that phrase was trite even in the 70's!!)

You insert your hand into the bowl of matches up to your wrist and wriggle it around, hoping against hope to find something besides matches.

You don't.

LL Oh, boy! Free matches.

You already have a match. Let's not be greedy.

A 25-foot long, Belden 5815, braided-shield, low-impedance, limp jacket, studio-quality, microphone cable runs from Burgundy's Shure SM-58 microphone to an outlet on the edge of the stage. It is equipped with Cannon XLR-3 connectors at each end...

...but the stage input end seems to be rather loose.

LL Testing, 1, 2...

Larry! Talk into the MIKE, not the cord.

Oops.

You've already knocked it out. Why plug it back in?

Don't do that now. You'll get caught!

Surely, Burgundy would miss her microphone cable.

It's Gary, the towel room attendant. Evidently he doubles as a stagehand.

GARY Not now, honey. I'm here on business!

GARY Ooooh, I rather like that. But, right now I'm busy!

There's nothing on Gary that you want. Literally!

GARY Sthay! Fffinally coming out of the closthet, are we?

There's not that much to do backstage.

The backstage area is filled with interesting technical equipment...

...all of which is beyond your comprehension.

LL Hello. Anybody backstage?

There's nothing much to do back here, unless you're into ropes and flies.

(That, of course, referred to the ropes that raise the scenery and curtains above the stage!)

You don't want any of this stuff.

LL Hmmmm. Since nobody can see me back here...

Does it help to get that out of your system once in a while?

Hey, look! Burgundy left her dress hanging backstage.

Unfortunately, the dress feels rather empty at this time!

Looks like Burgundy won't be needing this again.

Looks like Burgundy won't be needing this again, since she now has access to an unlimited supply of Marine Corps fatigues!

Sure, nobody can see you hiding backstage, but really!

You can never tell when an adjustable wrench might come in handy.

You could use the wrench... if you had it!

LL Hey. I know just where to use an adjustable wench!

It's a wRench, Larry!

Do you really want to Fast Forward and risk missing a gratuitous sex scene?

Fast Forward

Oops

Yes

Synchronized swimming is your favorite part of the Olympics!

LL {thinks} (What an interesting arrangement of fruit.)

Dining Room

How cruel! La Costa Lotta has placed gigantic graphics of extremely fattening foods on their walls, while only serving cardboard-flavored health food.

Sorry, Larry. This room's for dining, not whining!

There's so little to do in a dining room between meals.

Orange you glad you did that?

Sorry, but this dining room doesn't serve take out food!

No, they don't keep meat tenderizer on the tables here!

A window into the kitchen shows La Costa Lotta's gourmet chefs preparing the next meal in a frenzy of activity.

Those chefs are far too busy to talk to you right now.

Oversized graphics of junk food is a rather cruel joke to play on patrons of a health spa!

The burger on the wall is flat and of little use to you.
Rather like your Whopper, Larry!

Here's yet another piece of cherry pie you'll never get to eat!

A fresh orange, in surprisingly good shape, now rests on top of the salad bar's ice.
Orange you glad you dug around in here?

La Costa Lotta's salad bar is presently nothing but off-color, half-melted ice. Come back at dinner time and it will be different.

Yeah, by then it'll be off-color, fully-melted ice!

However, you do notice a faint trace of color under one section of the ice.

Finding your first experience pleasurable, you decide to play in the ice a little more. But this time you don't even find an orange.

Seeing a hint of color beneath the ice, you dig away at the ice until you uncover a fresh orange left over from breakfast. It seems to be in surprisingly good shape.

If you're looking for more fruit, you might try the Health Spa lobby.

LL I might as well take this orange. You never know when a guy might want something to suck on!

Looking for something to suck, you grab a piece of dirty ice, but toss it back before you get sick.
Why would you want to cool that down?

You could use this dirty ice in your ice bucket, but didn't you see an ice machine around this place somewhere?

You don't need an ice pack, but that ice would cool off whatever's placed within it!

Burying the washcloth in the dirty ice, you leave it for a few seconds until it gets cold.

LL That oughta do it.

The washcloth is still cool; there's no need to chill it further.

From here it looks exactly like a woman's hoop skirt.

So, of course you have to sneak a peek underneath it!

You attempt to close this umbrella. It doesn't work.

Bummer!

Shoot!

The umbrellas are attached to the bar.

They've been friends ever since their salad days!

These doors each bear a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words,
"Kitchen -- Authorized Personnel Only."

You COULD just ignore the signs on the doors and walk right in.

You don't really need a napkin since you always wipe your hands on your clothes.

There's no use putting real flowers on the table when these plastic jobs smell even stronger.

LL Give it to me straight! Don't try to "soft-petal" me!

These flowers are pretty and they do smell nice, but still, who wants plastic pansies?

Who'd want plastic flowers? Besides there are real flowers around this place.

Kitchen

La Costa Lotta's kitchen looks nothing like you expected. There are no chefs anywhere in sight. But there is a large taco truck parked here.

LL Hey! Anybody in that truck?

There is no response.

While you would like to whip yourself up a good meal, this kitchen is almost empty. There are some garbage cans here, though, if you're interested in "dumpster diving!"

About the only thing you could get in this kitchen would be salmonella.

At least walk behind the truck first.

VICTOR: REMOVE THIS WHEN CODE WORKS

That's not of much use, here in the kitchen.

It does make sense to wet your washcloth in the sink... it's just that you missed the sink!

La Costa Lotta hasn't used this old dishwasher in years, ever since they switched to that modern closed-cell extruded polystyrene-based plate-like substitute!

LL (Huh?)

They switched to plastic disposable plates!

There's currently no one inside the dishwasher that wants to speak to you.

The kitchen's stainless steel sink is quite deep. Evidently, at one time, La Costa Lotta didn't get all their meals from a roach coach!

Do you ever have the feeling your life is "going down the drain?"

Good idea! Rinse out the filter.

Hey! Why don't I run this baby through the dishwasher, too?!

The cellulite filter is already clean. Remember? You cleaned it!

There. It's soaking wet!

Your washcloth is already wet.

You don't want to wet your cloth with warm water; you'd have to chill it all over again!

Why, look! The chefs that appeared to be working so hard from out there in the dining room are nothing more than a rear projection movie!

It's a silent projector!

You don't need a 35mm projector.

...cause you've got an 8mm sprocket!

You can't reach the top of the taco truck. Hell, you can barely reach the top of its tire!

Hoping to use the lens as an enlarger?

Why, those cheap corporate bastards! La Costa Lotta is supposed to be a health spa, and all they do is feed their customers fast food from a roach coach!

And evidently, the truck has been here quite a while. One of its tires is flat!

Knocking on the truck provides no response. Evidently, Carlos is on break!

That won't really do any good here. But you feel in your heart, this truck must be here for some good reason...

This tire has plenty of high-pressure air inside.

LL Having a good year?

Grasping at straws now, are we, Larry? You're not a dog!

You could let some air out of the tire, but why?

Be careful. You don't want to damage the Taco Wagon's tire!

Cleverly realizing the truck's tire is a source of pressurized air, you press the beaver's inflator onto the tire's valve stem.

LL I hope that was good for you, too!

Your beaver is quite full already!

Watch out! That file might poke a hole in that tire, causing it to explode, injuring you in the process!

The tire doesn't need changing; it has plenty of air.

Four large refrigerators nearly fill the wall. Some idiot left one of the doors wide open!

LL (Oops!)

Four large refrigerators nearly fill the wall.

The refrigerator merely gives you the cold shoulder!

VICTOR: REMOVE WHEN CODE RUNS You close the door.

VICTOR: REMOVE WHEN CODE RUNS. You open the door.

All that's in the refrigerator is waxed lips and wilted lettuce. It appears for the past few months, all of La Costa Lotta's meals have been provided by the local roach coach!

Many humans open the refrigerator before trying to take something from it.

Your washcloth is now nice and cold. How refreshing!

You remove the still-warm washcloth. Too bad you didn't leave it in long enough to do any good.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

You just can't face taking any of this year-old food. Look somewhere else for what you need!

While you could put a dry washcloth in the refrigerator, you decide it would be better if you wet the washcloth before chilling it.

VICTOR: REMOVE WHEN CODE WORKS Larry puts the washcloth in the fridge.

The refrigerator door is still closed.

Your washcloth is already chilled.

Isn't that just like you, Larry? Always talking trash!

There's some lard here, remember?

There's a handle and some kind of bucket buried in the trash.

You already have the lard, and there's nothing else in here worth taking.

There's nothing left but garbage. But now your hands really smell!

Of course! Digging through the trash is always a good idea in an Al Lowe game!

Hey, look! Somebody threw away a 5-gallon can of lard!

Digging through the trash reveals...

...NOTHING!

VICTOR: REMOVE WHEN CODE RUNS Larry grabs some lard.

Carrying around a trash can won't improve your "dig-ability quotient" with the babes!

There's nothing else in these trash cans worth taking.

This tire appears to be low on air.

A meat cleaver sticks out of a chopping block.

This brings back memories... Do you remember the dirtiest line on 50's television?

LL Mrs. Cleaver to Mr. Cleaver: "Oh, Ward. You were a little hard on the Beaver last night!"

You can't pull the cleaver out of the chopping block. It's in too tight.

(A feeling wholly unfamiliar to you!)

This is NOT another hack-and-slash game, not even "Larry Kruger: Friday the 13th at La Costa Lotta!"

Hey! It's Beaver Cleaver!!

The dumbwaiter on the far wall is used to deliver meals to the hotel's penthouse apartment.

It's too dumb to reply!

You bang on the door, never noticing the control panel right beside the dumbwaiter.

These buttons control the dumbwaiter beside them.

You press the green button on the dumbwaiter's control panel and see the doors slide open. Now, how are you going to fit inside that tiny chamber?

It's damp. It's yellow. It appeared right after you peed behind the truck...
...what could it be?!

Dumbwaiter

Yep. You fit.

Now what?

This is as uncomfortable as it looks!

It's hard enough to breathe while wrapped up in this position. Talking is out of the question.

Besides, there's no one around to hear you!

The only thing you want to "do" is get out of this sardine can as quickly as possible.

For once in your life, you have no urge...

...at least, no urges other than to get yourself out of this dumbwaiter!

It's a green button. You wonder what it's for. How could you ever find out?

It doesn't do anything now, of course. The dumbwaiter doors are already open. But if they were closed, you could just reach out here and press...

...HEY! Wait a minute. If the doors were closed, you wouldn't be able to reach out here.

You'd be trapped inside!

It's a red button. You wonder what it's for. How could you ever find out?

Long Long Hallway

Wow! This carpet could make your eyes hemorrhage!

How odd. The carpet doesn't make a sound, and yet it's the loudest carpet you've ever seen!

You don't want to embarrass yourself by getting down on all fours and stroking the carpet here.

(Tempting as it may be.)

Feel free to leave the carpeting in place. It's so much more pleasant to walk on than the dirt, leaves, twigs and bones littering the ancient native burial ground this place was built upon.

This isn't indoor/outdoor carpeting!

All the hotel room doors are exactly alike. They all bear a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the room number.

MAN If you're delivering the goat, just leave it outside the door until I get the sling erected!

MAN Oh, God! It's my wife! Quick, madam, into the closet... and take that Taster's Choice with you!

WOM Oh, no! It's my husband! Quick, Mr. President! Go out the window!

WOM Yikes, it's my husband! Quick, Mr. Garvey, into the closet!

WOM Oh, no! It's my husband! Quick, Hillary, under the bed!

WOM Whoever it is, you'll have to come back later! I just stepped out of the shower and my firm, tan, naked, young body is glistening with water droplets!

WOM (MECHANICAL NY TELEPHONE OPERATOR) I'm sorry, the door you have knocked on is not a working door. Please check the room number and knock again or ask your Front Desk person for assistance.

MAN Oh, geez, it's my wife! Quick, let the air out of that thing! (FOLLOWED BY A LONG "FARTING" SOUND AS IF AIR IS BEING LET OUT OF AN INFLATABLE "MARITAL AID!")

WOM (ACCOMPANIED BY A LOUD BUZZING SOUND) Sorry, come back when my batteries wear down! (BUZZING FADES OUT)

WOM (SCREAM, THEN:) You said you were the President of the Hair Club for Men! You didn't say you were also a CLIENT!! (SCREAMS AGAIN)

MAN (BRITISH ACCENT) Don't answer the door right now, Luvie. Let's finish our little game of "Tampon in your Trousers" first!

MAN (BRITISH ACCENT) I hope that's not Andrew again. When will he realize your toes are mine, ALL mine? (SLURPING SOUNDS)

WOM Someone's at the door! Quick, Mr. Rushdie! Under the bed!

MAN (GAILY) Oh, Lieutenant! Quick, into the closet! (PAUSE) Wait, shall I rephrase that?

MAN Uh-oh, someone's at the door, Ms. Collins! Shall I get into the closet with the rest of the team?

WOM Excuse me, someone's knocking. Man, business hasn't been this good since the Tailhook Convention. (SHOUTING) Come back later, I'm working!

MAN Come back later! We're watching "A Very Brady Rosh Hashanah!"

WOM Carlos, wake up! I'm not done yet!

WOM Russ? Is that you? Did you bring the "protection?"

WOM Ruben! Get up! I think it's your roommate!

MAN Phy! Is that you, babe? Come on in! I think I'm as ready as I'm gonna get!

MAN Karin, you animal! Stop it! I can't take any more!!!

WOM Chris, isn't there something else you could do since you're on your knees?

WOM Dan! Dan! Oh, Dan! Oh, oh, oh. Oh, GOD!!

WOM Quick, Bil. Turn off the video camera. Your ex-wife's at the door!

WOM Victor? Did you fall asleep again, honey? Victor??

MAN Ms. Fleiss? Is that you? I was gonna pay afterwards, I assure you!

WOM Ohmagawd, Donovan! I thought that was just a tattoo!!

Take a door? Any door?

Don Pardo, tell them what they've won!

There's no way that will fit into the keyhole.

(But close, very close!)

This is not your room. Ergo, your key will not open this door.

No one inside this room is interested in anything you have to offer.

(Of course, that's meant with all DUE respect!)

You'll never find the door that this key fits.

This key will open the diving tower, but not this door!

That accomplished nothing, but the flowers seemed to enjoy it.

Surprisingly enough, La Costa Lotta planted artificial flowers throughout the hotel.

Wouldn't you think with all these windows and skylights this resort would have real flowers in their halls?

Who wants plastic flowers?

They're not real. They don't need watering.

Yeah, like that's going to have any effect on the poor art work.

La Costa Lotta spared no expense in lining this long hallway with rare, expensive and beautiful objects d'art.

The sculptures here do not do interviews!
There's nothing behind the sculpture. But at least you're trying!
You wouldn't carry this deformed sculpture around even if you were able to lift it!
Isn't that carrying artistic criticism a little TOO far, Larry?

This stainless steel window frame only LOOKS bent.

LL I wonder if I were to whisper into this window frame, then ran all the way down the hall and held my ear against the frame way down there, if I could hear my own voice echo?
Huh?

Rubbing your hand up and down the stainless steel of the window frame, you notice it feels as smooth, cool, and firm as a gymnast's thigh!

If you take this window frame, who knows what could happen? Why, the fourth floor might collapse onto the third floor, which could crash onto the second floor, which will crumble onto your head. You'll escape injury, of course, but... why bother?

Thinking of what happens when you stick your tongue on a cold piece of metal, you shudder and decide not to try something like that here with a cold stainless steel window frame!

Another Bit Of The Long Long Hallway; More Specifically Just Outside The Spa Lobby

The main hallway of the hotel's first floor leads off to the west, while the hotel lobby is to the east. You especially enjoy the fuzzy, flocked wallpaper. It's not as cool as that lush red and gold flock in your bedroom back at Mom's, but it's close.

LL I'm sure I saw some guy carve this same sculpture on PBS last week!

LL Of course, it could have been a rerun.

Although it looks like antique African ebony, this sculpture is really made of durable polyfoam silicates.

You are already infertile. You don't need an African infertility statue!

This sculpture is so obscene, La Costa Lotta installed a window frame just to hide it from you!

Feeling the sculpture, you're amazed to discover there's a school of black velvet sculpture!

Oh. Trying to PROVE you have no taste?

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Health Spa Lobby."

LL You know, you Doors are still one of my favorite bands!

The West End Of the Long Hallway

You are in the hotel's west hallway. Some stairs lead downward.

Since there's nobody around, you practice a few of your favorite pick-up lines.

LL Hey, baby, new in town?

LL Wanna pick out drapes?

LL What? No, it's just a cold sore!

What cool wallpaper.

What are you doing? Trolling?

Somebody paid a lot of money for this junk!

What? You think this is a "talking picture?"

LL Hey, feel all the little bumps from that guy's brush.

Even your mediocre taste prevents you from stealing anything this bad.

That might actually be an improvement; but what if somebody sees you?

The wall near the stairs bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Make-Up Classroom."
It'll run downhill, you know.

This guy looks familiar.

LL Me, Larry. You, who?

This sculpture is made of fine-grain ironwood imported all the way from Idaho.
Take, take, take. When are you going to start giving, Larry?!
That's disgusting!

A banister leads downstairs. There may be an entire underground world down there...
...but probably not.

This banister is so silent; it must be board.
Funny, this banister feels quite loose. Oh, well.
Boy, are you paranoid!

The banister is quite attached to its wall. They're never seen going anywhere alone.

A tiny brass plaque bears the caption, "Nuns Of Steel!"
She, unlike a real woman, has nothing to say.
The sculpture feels like it's made of steel.
It's made of steel, not steal!
That's sacrilegious, not to mention unbearably awkward!

Another Bit Of Hallway, This Time To The Right Of The Lobby

From here, you can hear sounds emanating from the lobby through that open doorway to your left.

The only door in this hall leads to the dining room. It's a popular door, but only at mealtimes, which are few and far between.

This sculpture looks just like one you saw last week on Home Shopping Club.
This sculpture is entitled, "Jesse Helms' Sewage."
Evidently another disgruntled National Council of the Arts non-grant winner!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Dining Room."

LL Door. Open!

Funny. It's not the normal voice-activated door to which we've all grown accustomed here on Planet Romulon.

Hallway In The Eastern Wing

This hallway extends through the eastern wing of the building and continues east and west.

You, on the other hand, appear to be wandering aimlessly in all directions.
Since there's nobody around, you practice of a few of your favorite pick-up lines.
Hey, baby, I think I loves ya!
I promise you, sweetheart, I'll try not to ruin you for other men.
Why, yes, I HAVE had it tested, and it's clean as a whistle!

It feels hairy.

(Oh, wait a minute, that's your palm. Guess it's time for another trim!)

You can't take that; it's an integral part of the hallway.

Waving it around the room won't help. Have you tried steroids?

You see bright daylight at the end of the corridor.
Your voice echoes down the corridor. Nobody answers.
You detect a cool, chlorine-and-cocoa-butter-scented breeze coming from that direction.
For somebody who's always trying to pick up things, you don't pick up on things very quickly, do you?
Try to restrain yourself.

Say! It's an original LeRoy Neiman painting of the 1992 Presidential Debates!
You're not quite to the stage where you talk to pictures and they answer back.
Whoops! The paint's still wet!
Of course you want to complete your collection of original Neimans, but stealing the picture would be morally wrong.
(As if collecting Neimans wasn't already morally wrong!)
Yeah, do it to them before they do it to you!

This sculpture is a rare example of fine carving skills of the now extinct African tribe from the Lak Kanooke region of Mozambique.
LLUmm gaa do lee ben va reen.
You already have all the rare African sculptures you desire.
(Which is to say, "none.")
Well, the mouth IS ready...

This sculpture is a match to another one around here somewhere.
LL Pardon me, Miss? Do you have a copy of the hintbook for Leisure Suit Larry 4?
You touch it briefly while fantasizing about Sally Fields.
Do you think La Costa Lotta is foolish? All their artwork is severely screwed.
Down, that is!
You're gonna wear that thing out, Larry!

La Costa Lotta got raked over the coals because it wasn't "accessible" enough, so they added this banister. Big spenders!
The banister is strangely mute.
Yes, the banister feels quite safe and secure.
Boy, are you paranoid!
It's firmly affixed to the wall, which IS the point of a banister, isn't it?

Hallway Outside Thunderbird's

That's another thing you don't ever need to try in this hallway.
There are three hotel rooms leading from this hallway. Will you pick Door Number 1, Door Number 2, or Door Number 3?
LL Where's Carol Merrill when you really need her?
The idea is not to just hunt and peck with your inventory objects until you find one that works!
It's a good thing you can't see behind this window frame. The sculpture back there is REALLY nasty!
LL Oh. Oh! OH! OOOH!!

Just seeing this door gives you an uncontrollable urge to knock on it.

Unlike you, this door is well-hung!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words,
"Thunderbird--No Waiting."

You remember this room.

LL Yeah, my neck's still sore!

There's no response from this room.

Fear prevents you from EVER knocking on this door again!

Why, the sculpture of that woman is stark-naked!

LL Feels good to me!

Why are all the sculptures in this hotel naked? Who decorated this place? Is he obsessed?
...or was it a SHE?!

Hallway With Mineral Water

This hallway seems to stretch forever!

You could swear the fine grain of the door's expensive imported mahogany bears a photographic
likeness to Jim Morrison.

LL "Come on baby, light my fire..."

In order to take the door, it would have to do its Larry impersonation and become unhinged.

Brazenly disregarding all civilized standards of behavior, you leave a barrage of fingerprints and
greasy oils from your not-recently washed hands all over the delicate wooden sculpture.
This statue looks very expensive.

You wonder why she's facing away from us?

La Costa Lotta really has a "thing" for sculpture. You've never been in a building so rich with art
works.

LL Al Lowe?

LL Statue?

LL Nah, it's probably someone else.

Amidst the leftovers of someone's recent meal, you find a brand new, unopened bottle of mineral
water.

You've already taken the mineral water. Why not leave the rest for the bus boys?

They've got to eat too!

The tray does not answer.

You carefully rearrange the cigarette butts and toothpicks from someone's recent meal into a
pleasingly artistic work of modern art.

You grab the bottle of mineral water from the tray, never knowing when you'll have a use for
something without substance, that's tasteless and over-priced.

You already took the mineral water. What are you looking for now? Snapple?

Is that a critique of the food here?

LL Look! It's rectangular.

Well, kind of.

Isn't that Jackie Coogan? Or Jackie Robinson? Or Jackie Gleason?

This statue is well hidden behind that window frame.

This door knob shows much wear and tear from the millions of "Do Not Disturb" signs hung on it over the years.

Yet Another Hallway Section: It May Be Called West End But Where Are The Dancing Women In Tight Suits

You are finally at the west end of this interminable hallway. Sanctuary awaits you outside!

This is the Presidential Suite.
Sometimes she lets Bill use it, too.

To you, this is either a statement against man's inhumanity to man...
...or the pope doing gymnastics.
Isn't her thing a little pointy?

This piece is by Benny-Boy Rodin, a New Wave grunge sculptor and great-grandson of Auguste.
It's a prime example of his "Wal-Mart period."
LL I just can't keep my hands off this cool sculpture-like stuff!

Looking outside, you notice it looks a lot like inside this hallway, except very, very different.
Now just look at the handprint on that glass!

Maybe if you put your eye really close to the peephole, you can watch the itty-bitty people inside?

East Enders

You are finally at the east end of this interminable hallway. Sanctuary awaits you outside!

Look. It's just another door.

To you, it's either an angry statement against man's inhumanity to man...
...or a very shapely knight.
What exactly is she pointing to?

This artwork was imported from the Orient.
You can tell by the little letters on the bottom that say, "Made in Taiwan!"
LL I swear, this is the very last sculpture I'm ever going to touch!

Look. Outside! Green stuff. Plant-like matter. What could it be? It's the outside world!
Yep. There really is glass in this window!

This must be a corner room. How swank!

The Tram

ART Please step out of the way. I need to turn my tram around.
ART We have reached the end of the line. Please watch your step getting off the tram.
ART And thank you for riding Art's Tram Line!
ART Hang on!

La Costa Lotta furnishes an electric tram to shuttle its aged, tired, or lazy patrons around the hotel.

It only appears to be a toilet on a skateboard under a beach umbrella!

The tram seems to be traveling much slower now that you're aboard!

LL Excuse me! Hey, driver!! Stop.

ART You talkin' to me? Come on, get on board.

LL I'd like to get off here, please.

ART No problem. Please wait until the tram has come to a full and complete stop before exiting the vehicle.

ART And thank you for riding Art's Tram Line!

LL (WHISTLES) Yo, Art!

ART You again? Oh, okay. Come on. Hop on board!

LL Wait for me!

If you'd like to get off, just tell the driver.

ART Sorry, this is the end of the line for me. But, if you'd like to go to the other end of the hotel, wait for me to turn this baby around.

Any guest may "take" the tram! Just hail the driver.

ART Hey! Put that away. The ride's free. You don't have to pay me!

ART I don't really have any use for that. I just drive the tram here.

The tram's "toilet tank" cleverly disguises an electric motor with power source.

LL There must be something to do here, otherwise Al Lowe wouldn't waste his time creating this scene!

Hey! What do you know about Al?

LL Oh, nothing!

LL (Heh, heh, heh!)

If only you had a real tool, Larry!

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

You can't take the motor, nor anything else here.

That's not to say there's nothing to DO here!

Wrong kind of tool, Larry!

That won't help much. What you need is a wrench!

The battery supplies all the tram's power. Without it, the tram wouldn't move. And Art would have to walk!

Wetting your finger, you firmly grasp the positive terminal of the battery.

Nothing happens.

It's no surprise, really.

When you flunked out of music school, you knew your worst fears were realized:

You're a poor conductor!

This battery is too big, even for certain people's "late night friend!"

That might put a little life in the old boy!

You've done enough damage already.

Clever. You use the wrench to disconnect the power cable from the motor.

A power cable runs from the battery to the tram's electric motor. It is held on by some small clamps that are too tight to be turned by hand.

Disconnect the power cable from the battery to the motor? Why, that would mean the poor tram wouldn't run, and Art would have to walk!

Hey. That wire is live!

That won't work, but it looks like those nuts on the end of the clamp could be loosened with the right tool.

This pulley connects that one part of the motor to that other part over there.

This might be a transformer. Then again, with your knowledge of electronics, it might be a RAM chip!

The Pool

BIL Shhheeeee-it!

LL She? Where?

BIL No, I mean literally: "Sheeee-it!"

LL (Did I forget to wipe my ass upstairs?)

LL (SCREAMING IN PAIN) YEEEEEEEE- OOOOOOO- WWWWWWWW!!!!!!
That really hurt!

LL Here's your key back, Mr. Dee. Or may I call you Billy?

BIL Preferably, don't call me.

You might be able to do that if you weren't so worried about drowning at the moment!

You might be able to do that if you got out of the pool first.

La Costa Lotta's large kidney-shaped swimming pool is ringed with chaise lounges and watched over by a handsome young lifeguard.

Try talking to someone specific.

(SETUP) Everything around here feels hot and damp.

(PUNCH LINE) Maybe that's because YOU'RE hot and damp!

There's just nothing there worth taking.

Everybody's seen one of those before and nobody's impressed with yours.

Are you sure you don't want to watch Merr lead Larry to the top of the bungee tower?

Try placing the swimsuit on yourself, instead of throwing it about the pool.

You can't use the beaver until it's inflated.

Just click your beaver on the swimming pool if you'd like to go for a float.

You're already humping your beaver.

You'd better not let the lifeguard see you flashing that key around!

The crystal-clear waters of the pool are deliciously inviting.

You speak to the pool, but no magic seahorses appear.

BIL Excuse me! Hey, you! Please bring back the tower key before you go swimming. Other guests may want to dive too.

BIL (Paying guests, I might add!)

You won't need any of the inviting, crystal-clear pool water.

(SETUP) Why can't you act like a normal person?

(PUNCH LINE) Wait until you're swimming!

LL Ahhhhhh.

While there is plenty of water here to rinse out your dirty filter, don't you think the other guests would find it repulsive?

You wet the washcloth in the swimming pool.

You could fill the lamp with pool water, but wouldn't it be a bitch to light?

That tiny swatch of cloth is about the size of some of the swimming suits around the pool!

Try putting the swimsuit on yourself, instead of on the pool!

While your inflatable beaver is intended for use in the pool, it will do you absolutely no good until it is filled with air.

This is no place to take a bath!

That would surely stop up the drain! (TP)

BIL Get that Bastard out of the pool! (file)

Ah, an empty lounge chair! There's nothing quite like the pleasure of lying under a tropical sun on hot sweaty vinyl.

(Unless it's the pleasure of tracing the web mark patterns embossed in your back afterwards!)

You practice a few of your favorite pick-up lines on the empty chaise lounge.

LL "Say there, sweetcakes! If I said you had a beautiful body, would that be okay?"

LL "Excuse me, I accidentally dropped my Congressional Medal of Honor somewhere around here. Have you seen it?"

LL "Va-va-voom! Do those legs go all the way up to the top?"

You consider lounging in the sun awhile, but what if you fell asleep and missed that girl diving into the pool and emerging without her top?

LL (Where?!)

Better not, Larry! Your lily-white skin would burn to a crisp in minutes. Remember what happened when you went on that cruise in "Leisure Suit Larry 2: Looking for Love (in Several Wrong Places)?"

Lugging a lounge chair around with you is so gauche.

Come on, Larry! Somebody may want to USE that chair!

Right now, the bar is floating in the middle of the pool, too far from the edge to see much.

LL A tall cool one would sure hit the spot 'bout now!

The pool bar is moored to the side pool, unoccupied.

From here in the water, you notice everyone sitting around the bar is riding an inflatable device.

From your vantage point atop your beaver, you realize all you have to do is paddle over to the bar and order a drink.

LL (SHOUTING) Hey! Move that bar over here, willya?

You can't do much to the swimming pool's floating bar since it's floating around out in the middle of the pool and you're standing here on dry land.

Unfortunately, guests are only allowed to drink at the pool's floating bar if they have an adequate approved flotation device.

(No, your gut doesn't qualify!)

Now, how to order a drink...

You're not close enough to reach what's on the bar.

(INCREDULOUS) What are you doing? Marking your territory?!

This locked door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Diving and Bungee Tower."

LL Hey, you. Up there! Lemme in!!

BIL You need the key.

You wriggle the handle of the diving tower's safety cage and find it's securely locked.

You don't want to take the door, but you may want to open it.

That's hardly an appropriate key!

(And it doesn't seem to fit ANYTHING around here.)

While that's fun, it doesn't help you get into the diving tower.

You unlock the door to the tower.

Good idea. But while the room key enters the lock easily, it won't turn no matter how you jiggle it.

You surreptitiously slip your covert key into the tower's gate to test it.

LL (SURPRISED, LOUD) HEY, IT ACTUALLY WORKS!

LL (SURPRISED WHISPER) (Oops. I mean, "it works.")

You hope the lifeguard didn't hear that! Perhaps he was distracted by someone drowning.

You'll never be able to file through the bars without the lifeguard seeing you!

Darn it! The curtains are drawn and you can't see inside.

LL Hello in there! Open up your curtains, will ya?

That's strange, there's no response.

You attempt to open the window.

LL Oof! Urg! Ach!

LL Whew!

It must be locked. Maybe one of the others is open.

That window would be such a pane to carry around!

Trying to make work for the window washer?

Curses! Whoever occupies this suite has closed their curtains, preventing you from doing a little creative spying.

LL Yo! The sun's out! Rise and shine, and hey, open your curtains!

You're being ignored.

This isn't "King's Quest VI." You can't carry around a window, stick it on a wall, and look through it.

That's ONE way to win friends!

Oh, drat! The curtains are drawn and you can't see what's going on inside!

LL Yoo hoo! Would you mind opening your curtains just a bit?

Apparently so.

You can dress it up, but you can't take it anywhere.

Fudge! You can't peek inside because of those rotten curtains.

LL Hey! Anything going on in there?

An angry male voice answers:

MAN "Not any more!"

There's already a very nice window in your room. You won't need to take this one.

(SETUP) Keep it up and they'll throw you out of the resort.

(PUNCHLINE) (Of course, if you COULD keep it up, you wouldn't have to be wandering around here in the first place!)

Not one of the people swimming in this pool is wearing a leisure suit!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Aerobics Classroom."

LL Anybody in there?

There's no response. So you're left wondering, "What's behind Door Number One?"

Where's Carol Merrill when you really need her?!

That's spa property. You wouldn't dream of taking it.

(Unless you could, in which case you'd walk off with it in a hot second!)

Ouch! That keyhole isn't quite big enough.

(But almost!)

What a fox! You wouldn't kick this lady out of bed for eating crackers.

(Unless that's ALL she eats.)

LL Hi ya, sweetie! Since you're a sun worshipper and I'm a son, why don't you come up to my place and worship me?

WOM Bug off or I'll kick you where the sun won't shine!

WOM Leave me alone! I'm trying to catch some rays so I don't end up blinding people with my pale, sickly skin.

WOM I'm sure you know the problem!

You can't just "take" her. She's not an animal. She's a human being.

Be careful! It might sunburn!

LL (Like this?)

She's not interested in anything you've got.

LL (Oh, yeah?)

Yeah!

LL (DISAPPOINTED) (Okay, okay.)

This girl's a real looker! She's got adorable freckles from head to toe!

LL Hey, honey! There may be a lot of fish in the sea, but I'm your catch of the day!

WOM You? No, I'd have to throw you back for being "undersized!"

WOM Hey! What do you think you're doing?

LL Playing connect-the-dots with your freckles! Wanna play with mine?

WOM Sorry, I left my tweezers back in my room.

She's not that "taken" with you.

WOM Trolling for sardines?

LL (Doh!)

WOM I wouldn't dream of accepting anything from you. You may have touched it with your bare skin!

Ooh, it's a ruby-chested sunbather!

LL Excuse me, isn't that my sunscreen on your back?

MAN No, it's Pat's. He'll be back in just a moment.

LL Ulp!

LL I'll be going now.

MAN You got that right!

MAN Oh, Pat! I love a light touch.

LL I'm glad you like it! But, please: call me Larry!

MAN Larry!?! Get your hands off me!

LL Why, you're a MAN!

MAN Hands off, hairless.

LL Hey! I've still got quite a bit of hair on my head!

MAN I wasn't referring to your head.

MAN Oh! Too bad, buddy. Viet Nam?

He doesn't want anything of yours.

Oh, now there's a girl you could really go for! Alive, female, under 80... everything you look for in a woman!

LL Hey, baby, you're my kinda broad!

WOM Oh, really? And exactly what kind of broad is that?

LL Uh, I don't know. I never got this far in this conversation before!

WOM Take your hands off me or I'll scream bloody murder!

LL I'm so sorry, it was an accident! Tell you what, let me make it up to you. We'll go to

my room, put on some music, turn down the lights, order champagne from room service, and get to know each other. How's that sound?

WOM No, thanks. I'd rather just scream bloody murder!

You attempt to snatch her bikini top, but your hands are shaking and you're dripping sweat. Better forget that idea.

WOM Oh, you poor man! War accident?

She doesn't want anything of yours.

Billy Dee, La Costa Lotta's full-time lifeguard, is fit and trim, handsome and sexy, stylish and hip.

He was recently voted "Lifeguard Magazine's Best Mouth-To-Mouth Resuscitator" in the prestigious "Single Women Category."

LL Hello. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I'd like to go swimming here.

BIL Looks like you need a swimsuit first, Larry Larry. But feel free to change clothes in our exclusive European "Changing Bushes" over on the other side of the pool.

LL I notice people are getting something from you. What is it? May I get something, too?

BIL Sir, besides the important job of guarding lives here at the pool, I am also responsible for maintaining strictest security over our combination high-diving tower and bungee-jumping platform.

The gate to the tower, which you may have noticed over there, is kept securely locked at all times.

No one is allowed admittance without first proving their qualifications to me. Guest safety is our first concern here at La Costa Lotta. We can't afford to have any of our paying customers injured in any way.

LL Oh, I'm not a paying customer! I'm here on a freebie.

BIL Here ya go, bud!

LL May I please have the key to the diving tower? I'm more than willing to display my qualifications.

BIL Don't worry about it. I'd rather not see it! Here's your key.

BIL Bring it back to me as soon as you finish!

LL Hi, Billy. It's me, Larry. May I please borrow your key again?

BIL After that first dive of yours, I dunno. Oh, well, what's the difference? It's not like you're a paying customer...

BIL Well, then, I guess there's no problem!

BIL Unfortunately, somebody else is using the key right now. Come back in a few minutes, bub!

LL Mr. Billy, I've decided I'm more than "Man Enough!"

LL I'm gonna "Go For It!"

LL I want to "Live For The Moment!"

LL I'm gonna "Go For The Gusto!"

BIL Sounds to me like you're "Mr. Cliche!"

BIL I suspect you're going to request the Diving Tower key again, right?

LL Why, yes. Of course.

Billy Dee's well-oiled black skin is soft and smooth to the touch.

BIL What the hell do you think you are doing?! You're as bad as Gary, the towel attendant! Keep your hands off me!

BIL I refuse to play "Match 'Em" with an unarmed man!

LL (Slammed!)

BIL I'm certainly not interested in meeting you in your room later, if that's what you're trying to imply! But, you could try Gary, if he's working today.

LL You look like you could use a cold one, buddy.

BIL Being charged with public safety, I'm not allowed to drink while on duty.

BIL Yeah. Cav goes through those ID cards like... like... like a dyke through ID cards!

BIL What happened? You lose your date for the prom?

BIL I have everything I need right here, Sir.
LL How about a little warm champagne?
BIL Mmm. Sounds gross!
BIL Chilled champagne? I really don't want to get to know you that well!
BIL I see Thunderbird is still "working out" here!
BIL You'd better save that for someone special. (diamond)
BIL You'd better save that pearl for someone who matters.
BIL No, you may not grease yourself down with lard! Don't even ask!
LL Where could I have this cleaned? (filter)
BIL Not here, that's for sure! Keep that nasty looking thing out of my pool!
LL Are you in charge of the lost and found here? I found these over on the floating pool bar.
BIL Those things? Just keep 'em. I find sunglasses here all the time. Nobody cares.
Besides, that looks like one of those cheap, under-\$200.00 pairs anyway!
BIL As little as that piece of cloth is, it looks to me like it's still big enough to cover everything YOU'VE got, buddy!
LL (Boy, do they hire rude help here!)
BIL What's that you're thinking? Why you makin' that funny face? You lookin' for trouble? I've a good mind to toss you outta here on your...
BIL ...Oh, excuse me, sir. For a moment there, I thought you were one of the "townies" that try to infiltrate our private club!
LL Where would I inflate this floatation device?
BIL I don't know. I have people who do that for me. Besides, it tires me.
LL Is it okay for me to ride my beaver in the pool?
BIL Of course. Watch out for cacti!
BIL Thanks for bringing it back. Ask again any time.
BIL Too scared to dive, huh? Happens to a lot of our guests. None of the real men, of course, but a lot of the women and "others."
LL (Doh!)
BIL What's that, your room key? Say, wait a minute. The shape of that key looks somehow strangely familiar...
LL (Doh!)
BIL Oops, I think that's my, uh, girlfriend's key. Yeah, that's it!
BIL Really? How insightful! (wise words)
LL What did I say?
LL Is that you there on page three?
BIL Yes, it is.
LL And are you naked?
BIL Why, yes I am!
LL That's what I was afraid of!
BIL There should be a shower in your room, sir. I recommend you not leave a ring around my swimming pool.
BIL Hmmmm. That impression in your bar of soap looks strangely familiar...
BIL What's that? Half a swimsuit? HA! (floss)
BIL I get those free, too. (condom)

A hedge of thick, waist-high bushes lines the pool area.

LL Hey, anybody who's in those bushes, come out now!

Only the gentle breezes answer you.

And maybe it was your imagination, but you could swear you heard those gentle breezes call you a "jerk!"

You slyly bend back the end of a small branch so you'll be able to retrace your steps and find your way out of the maze if you ever escape these virulent pirates!

(Oops. Wrong game!)

You start to take the bushes, when a small, still voice inside your head stops you.

"Won't you please leave those shrubs where they are, so that all the guests can enjoy them?"

"Now I want you to just stop for a minute and think about what you almost did, and why it was wrong."

"And later, if you're good, I'll spank you."

Please don't relieve yourself here. These are "old growth" bushes.

Those bungee jumpers certainly look scared! Funny how they claim to be having fun!

Somehow people are gaining access to the diving platform high overhead.

Look! Someone has entered the tower and is climbing to the top.

BIL Hey, you! Local community standards as well as national health codes prohibit the wearing of floss swimsuits in our public areas.

BIL Change back into your clothes before leaving the pool area!

BIL (SHOUTING ANGRILY) Hey! You!! Yeah, you! Get back here with my key!

Quite the little dog-paddler, aren't we?

Hump that beaver, Larry!

You surreptitiously slide the dental floss out of your butt.

Yes, you do look cool in those shades.

There's no need to put on your shades yet, Larry. You can't sunbathe here since you aren't wearing a swimsuit.

You are so cool, wearing sunglasses while swimming!

BIL Hey, you! Stay out of those bushes with my key. What are you trying to pull?

You surreptitiously slide the dental floss out of your butt.

A deflated, inflatable swimming pool float doesn't need to be treated like that.

A deflated swimming pool float in the shape of a Canadian Highland beaver lies unnoticed and unwanted.

The inflatable beaver feels like it is out of air.

You grab yourself a swimming pool float in the shape of a beaver.

And, like all men, of course you can always use a little beaver!

A large window in the side of the swimming pool allows the patrons of the Blue Bar downstairs to enjoy looking up at the swimmers' nearly naked bodies.

(It's cheaper than hiring dancers!)

Try that when you're sitting at the bar instead.

A man floats beside the pool bar. He's sitting on something, but you can't tell quite what.

That's the guy who kept telling you nothing but punch lines when you were at the bar.

Try that when you're sitting at the bar instead.

A woman floats beside the pool bar. She appears to be sitting on a large green cylindrical pool float.

That's the 600-denier redhead wearing the 6-denier bikini.

That appears to be a waitress, serving drinks to the patrons of the swimming pool's floating bar.

Swimming Pool Bar Close-Up

There's no need to do that here at the bar. Most people just enjoy drinking and talking... especially when a beautiful nearly-naked redhead is right beside you!

The bar should be open some time soon, perhaps later in the day, when you swim your daily laps. (look) La Costa Lotta's unique floating swimming pool bar drifts around the pool while you circle the pool trying to keep up.

La Costa Lotta has a unique bar floating freely in their swimming pool. Unfortunately for you, it's floating too far from the edge of the pool for you to reach anything.

La Costa Lotta's unique freely floating swimming pool bar has conveniently floated over near the edge of the pool. It's so close, you can reach out and touch it (probably without getting wet).

There's not much to do at a bar except order drinks for yourself... and possibly a friend.

Stop that! You're frightening the other swimmers!

That won't help you get anywhere here at the bar.

While you would love to "interact" with this woman, you know there's no use to try while you're this far away from her.

This woman is so beautiful you nearly swoon and slip off your beaver! Try to control yourself, Larry.

LL I couldn't help but notice you "hanging out" here at the pool bar. Allow me to introduce myself: my name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

MER Laughter? Whatever. I'm Merrily.

You realize it's going to take a little something extra to get to talk to this doll. Let's see, she's sitting at a bar...

While you would like to reach over and touch that beautiful woman, you would probably slip off your beaver and embarrass yourself if you tried.

Don't do that. If you take her cucumber out from between her legs, she'd be unable to stay here at the bar!

Keep your gherkin away from that cucumber!

Perhaps you should look at her first.

It's that guy from Lefty's Bar! And he's still boring everybody around him by telling all those dirty jokes. Thank God he mumbles everything but the punch lines!

A male customer sits at the other side of the bar, riding an inflatable pussy, quietly drinking by himself. He seems to be no match for you in your quest to finally "net" yourself a catch like that babe on the cucumber!

LL So, how do you order a drink here, stranger?

KEN Slap your tail! But, more importantly, have you heard the one about...

LL Oh, no! It's you again! I remember you from Lefty's Bar in "The Land of the Lounge Lizards!"

KEN ...blah, blah, blah, blah, blah...

KEN Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!

KEN ...just think of the money he saved!

KEN ...because her balls hang out of her mini-skirt!

KEN ...who do you think I am, the Governor of Arkansas?!

KEN ...oh sure, NOW you tell me!

KEN ...and the horse limped back to the barn!

KEN ...easy for YOU, Senator Kennedy!

KEN ...so are you gonna screw around or are you gonna play golf?!

KEN ..I just happened to be walking by when this refrigerator fell on me!

KEN ...aren't you sorry you had me neutered when I was a kitten?!

KEN ...you sure don't look Jewish!

KEN ...help me find my car keys and we can DRIVE outta here!

KEN ...how do you think I rang the doorbell?
KEN ...too bad Mother wasn't here; we could have saved the horse and wagon!
KEN ...the one in front is sick and the one in the rear is pushing her to Mr. Sinai!
KEN ...Whatsa matter, Honey? Aincha got no vase?
KEN ...Read the card! Read the card!!
KEN ...we can save the woman, but I'm afraid it's too late for the rabbi!
KEN ...Step aside, girls, I've gotta gargle!
KEN ...and the dog says, "I've never had five dollars before!"
KEN ...if she ain't good 'nuff fer her family, she ain't good 'nuff fer ours!
KEN ...I guess you're gonna HATE Thursdays!
LL Hey, buddy. Do you mind? I'm trying to hustle this chick over here! Ya wanna cut out the corny punch lines?
There's nothing you want to do to him. Except not start him telling jokes!

From your position in the water, you can appreciate the fine craftsmanship that went into the building of such a goofy device.
The bar is made of the finest imported plastic laminate, but has warped considerably from the heavily chlorinated water.
LL Who do you have to know to get a drink around here?
There is no response. Perhaps you're not using the right signal?
You slide your hand along the plastic laminate bar and admire its finish.

Your beaver's tail is authentically wide, perfect for water slapping!
That's not the kind of tail you're looking for.
You decide to order a drink...
Be patient; she has to swim the length of the pool!
After your first experience with these drinks, you decide never to slap your tail here again.

That woman has a large green cucumber between her legs!
It's not her cucumber you'd like to get to know!
You'd trade places with that cucumber in a second!

Someone has left an expensive sunglass case lying on the bar. From here, you are unable to ascertain its contents.
Sneaking over to the edge of the pool and leaning way out, you inquire about that pair of sunglasses lying on the bar...
(WHISPERED SOFTLY) Anybody lose these?
Guess they're mine now.

BARG Yes, sir? You slapped?
LL Yes, I'd like to order a drink for myself and the beautiful young lady floating beside me.
BARG Very good, sir. Do you have any identification?
BARG I'm sorry, but if you have no proof of your status here, I'll be unable to fill your order.
BARG Here you are, Sir! That will be \$50.00.
LL Like I care, as long as you charge it to my room! Here you go, Babe! Enjoy your "drink!"
MER Why, thank you.
LL (SLURPING SOUND) Hey! These drinks are "watered down!"
BARG What did you expect? I have to carry them underwater!

BARG Really. Just order a drink. I've got enough to do without making small talk with the likes of you. Want to talk? Talk to this guy. He's always got something to say!
BARG So? Do you have any proof of who you are? Or that you really are a guest here at La Costa

Lotta?

BARG Getchur hands off me!

BARG (DISGUSTEDLY) Not another voluntary room key? Do you know how many of those I get a day?

BARG Ah, yes sir! What would you like?

LL I'd like a Tequila Sunrise and how about a King Alphonse for the lady.

BARG I'm sorry, sir. This is a health spa. We only have healthful drinks here. Instead of that poison you ordered I'll bring you something better...

BARG ...a Seaweed Sunrise and a King Alfalfa for the lady.

LL Seaweed?! Yuck! How about a frozen daiquiri?

BARG Frozen daiquiri? Oh, you mean a Frozen Broccoli! Coming right up!

BARG Coals to Newcastle. (beer)

BARG Yeah, right! You look exactly like Cavaricchi Vuarnet! I wonder how many badges that dyke goes through in a month?

BARG Sir, please! I'm not the other girls around here. All I do is deliver drinks, okay?

BARG Ah, yes, Mr. Thomas, sir! I remember your room number from last week. All the girls were talking about the quantity of beverages you ordered. What would you like?

BARG Gosh, that's the first one of those I've gotten...

...TODAY! (condom)

A small empty glass labeled "Tips" sits at the rear of the bar.
Dreamers!

A cash register sits totally unused at the rear of the bar.
If you could check inside, you'd find it empty... but rusted.

The sign above the bar reads, "Bar." So much for YOUR sleuthing skills!

Amazingly enough, La Costa Lotta has covered the bar with a non-slip surface that even withstands belly-flop waves!

You'd like to order a drink, but that's not the way. A guy would need some way to attract the attention of an underwater waitress, DAM it!

Diving Tower

Good idea, Larry! That lifeguard will never see you up here!

Now you've stored a perfect impression of the tower key in your bar of soap.

It looks like you're above the atmosphere, but that's an illusion caused by the curvature of the earth.

You're really only a few miles up!

LL (SHOUT WITH ECHO) Lemme down from here!

Sorry, Larry. There's only one way down. And you know what that is.

You can't reach it from here. Maybe if you jumped and tried to grab it in mid-air! (EVIL SNICKER)

There's nothing here you can take. Deal with it. You're stuck. There's only one way down, buddy!

You don't have to go. It doesn't matter, your bladder emptied automatically about 50 feet up the ladder.

This is the accursed ladder you wished you had never climbed!

The ladder makes a lousy conversationalist.

(At least you two have something in common!)

Sorry, Larry, but you'd never forgive yourself if you had to crawl back down that ladder like a

helpless kitten! You know the only way down from here that will keep what little self-esteem you have left is...

JUMP!

This ladder is firmly bolted to the platform, not like that hick-town water tower in "Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist!"

(Oops. Did that give away a clue?)

That would only make the rungs more treacherous!

Oh, God! Looking down at those buildings is making you nauseous.

LL (REVERB) Helllllllllp!

Nobody can hear you, Larry. They're all on the ground far below, waiting for your swan dive.

(More like, "Swan SONG.")

You can't reach the windows from the platform. There'll be no ledge-climbing to get off of here!

What are you trying to do, bring the ground closer by pulling up the buildings?

Ordinarily, you could think of nothing so satisfying as playing "Hit The Window" from up here. But your little game will have to wait.

Either that's the La Costa Lotta's swimming pool one hundred feet below you, or there's a small blue kidney bean with ants all over it hovering just past the end of the platform!

LL (SHOUTING) Hey, you guys wanna see me do a cannonball?

You're so high, no one can hear you.

LL (Reminds me of my college days!)

Screwing up all your courage (and probably your back as well), you decide to go for it.

LL What the hell. Here goes nothing!

Yes, from up here, your hand can cover the entire pool. Scary, isn't it?

You can't take it. You'll have to go down there and get it!

You're standing on a large concrete platform, hundreds of feet above water level, looking down at what you once thought was a rather large swimming pool.

There's no point talking to this platform. The concrete is stone deaf.

It seems solid enough to hold your weight indefinitely. That fits in very nicely with your current line of thinking that perhaps you'll just stay up here forever!

This particular slab of concrete seems too heavy to lift.

LL Probably because I'm standing on it. Yeah, that's the ticket.

The Beach

Formed by the combined forces of wind, tides, the Earth's rotation and gravity, the waves continually break on the beach eroding away the sand.

(Now can we call this an "educational game?")

Amazing Fact #13,129: Oysters don't come when you call them.

You don't want to play in the breakers. But a swim seems like fun.

Good news! You never have to wave in this game!

Get your mind off the waves!

LL {tthinks} (TO SELF) (Hmmm. Shablee left "our" champagne here.)

Sticking your finger into the champagne bucket reveals that ice does not last forever!

Like you always say, a little warm champagne never hurt anyone!

LL Besides... I EARNED this!

That will only make it warmer!

There's no way you'd ever escape La Costa Lotta through that horrible jungle. You've heard it's filled with man-eaters!

No wait. That was the disco!

LL Aaaaaah-eeee- aaaaah-eeee- aaaaaah!

You're no Tarzan!

As much as you would like to hang from the wild grapevines and swing from tree to tree, you don't.

LL I don't? Why not?

You're just not the swinger you used to be!

Sorry, you can't pick up this jungle. It's attached to the island, with is attached to the Continental Shelf.

There's a little path winding its way up through the jungle.

What a colossal waste of your precious leisure time!

Carefully examining the path with your fingers, you discover it's made of sand.

You can't take the path. Oh, wait! You were being metaphysical again, eh? "Take the path" indeed!

You are so clever!

Not even you would pee where everyone has to walk!

LL (SHOUTED) I love the beach!!

On this sandy shore, as the waves of the Azfarazikan Sea lap gently at the white sands of beautiful La Costa Lotta, you can't help but think...

LL {thinks} (I feel like a giddy 18-year-old!)

Unfortunately, there are none around!

LL Hmm. Is there something sticking out of the sand over there?

The pounding surf drowns out your words.

LL Way to go, pounding surf!

You let the soft sand filter through your fingers.

LL OW! Yipes! Hot! Hot! Hot!

LL (TO SELF) (Since nobody's watching, I could build a sand castle... right here.)

LL What's this?!

While your sand castle will win no prizes, your diggings have revealed an ancient whale oil lamp buried in the sand.

LL I'd better cover this up before anyone sees how dorky it looks!

You poke around under the sand, looking for some of those delicious Costa Lotta clams, but there doesn't seem to be any.

That's a good way to catch crabs!

Low-lying clouds dot the sky like graffiti on a freeway overpass.

LL How poetic!

As usual, nobody up there is paying the slightest attention to you.

The sky, like puberty, is just beyond your reach.

You can't take the sky. Other people are still using it.

Be careful! Wave that thing around and some seagull, mistaking it for a minnow, is going to swoop down and carry it off.

Here, where the sea crashes mercilessly over and over against the land, you stand and watch nature's raw power unleash its fury and might.

But that's you, Larry... always standing and watching, never participating.

The sea won't say anything to you. It just waves.

Be careful! The water may look calm, but it's got a really nasty tow!

LL That reminds me, I'm supposed to have a bunion removed next week!
You won't need to take on any sea water. You've been bailing out your entire life.
Please. Fish don't swim in your toilet. Please don't pee in their pool.

Right. Like you could touch a bird up in the sky!
A lovely tern flies by lazily overhead.

LL Hey, li'l buddy! How's the weather up...

SPLAT!

LL {thinks} (That was rude!)

Larry! Wait your tern!

The forceful trade winds immediately extinguish your match.
(Good thing the bar is still open!)

Little Scene With The Deck

This idyllic clifftop spot overlooks the beach and, beyond it, the Azfarazikan Sea.
The flora only speaks the language of flowers and sunlight.
It feels slightly moist, probably from the damp sea breeze that blows from the north.
Sorry, Larry. This is sacred ground. You can't take anything from here.
What were you going to do, PLANT that thing in hopes that it would grow into a REAL one?

It appears to be a tree of some sort. You're unfamiliar with the indigenous flora.
It's like talking to a brick wall, only thinner and rounder.
You can't climb this tree. It's too smooth and weatherbeaten.
You're barking up the wrong tree.
That would be a sign of utter disrespect to a tree that's far older and taller than you.
(Not to mention how much bushier it is on top!)

These stair railings closely follow the stairs down to the beach.
You attempt to make first contact with the railing.
Unfortunately, you seem to have forgotten to bring your Universal Translator along.
It's constructed from kiln-dried four-by-fours finished with a fine exterior stain/sealant like
Tumpkin's Formula 505 All-Weather No-Skid Tropical Deck Protectant in the ever-popular
"Golden Driftwood" hue.
Tumpkin's: quality finishes for quality construction!
(So maybe Al sold out? So what? He needed a deck.)
The railing is solidly built and can't be taken.
(However, it CAN be misled!)
What if you got a splinter?!

These stairs lead down to the beach.
Chatting with the stairs is non-productive.
All they do is sit and stair!
Feels like they're still holding up swell, even after years of wind, rain and salt water!
Sure, you can take the stairs. Right down to the beach!
Relieving yourself on the stairs would make them particularly treacherous.

Some beautiful red flowering plants decorate this shady, peaceful cliffside clearing.
You chat awhile with Mother Nature.
LL Ow!

The thorns on these plants give you a tiny prick.

(Nah. TOO easy!)

What? And chance impaling your manhood on one of those pesky thorns?

What if it got infected? It might swell up until it was many times its normal size!

Okay, so what's the BAD news?!

It appears to be just one of the windswept trees that make La Costa Lotta so beautiful, green and lush.

Little do you know that this tree has a fungal infestation called Skirvin's Syndrome, that will eventually twist it into a crude approximation of genitalia.

But let's enjoy it now, while it's still pretty and unsuggestive.

Good tree! Pretty tree! You're a pretty tree, aren't you? Yes, you are! Yes, you are!

(Perhaps you should consider a dog, Larry?)

The tree feels smooth from years of constant wind and rain coming off of the Azfarazikan Sea to the north.

This is a "real" tree as opposed to a "plastic" one. It actually has roots that anchor it to the ground.

Therefore, you can't pick it up.

Don't you know to "go" before you start to play a game? Now, you're just going to have to hold it.

(No, not literally!)

There's a lovely little lawn for lounging and lolling at your leisure, Larry.

The lawn can't hear you. The lawn is stone deaf.

(Yes, it's sod but true!)

The grass is so nice and soft, you'd love to tear off all your clothes, lie down, and wriggle all around.

But the last time you tried that, they told you not to come back to the Astrodome ever again!

You don't want this grass. It may look healthy, but it's got all the standard tropical grass infestations: blightworm, snotweed, pusmites, the whole works.

Find something else to do with that thing, Nature Boy!

The landscapers added an attractive hedge to the rim of the cliff that drops down to the beach.

Nice rim job!

Hello, Mr. President!

George isn't the President anymore, Larry.

I knew that!

Try something useful. Stop beating around the bush.

Try as you might, you can't pull up that shrubbery.

Apparently its tap root is longer than yours!

You give the bushes a good sprinkling. You're so territorial!

As far as the eye can see, you see the Azfarazikan Sea!

Even with your mouth open really wide, the water can't hear you from here.

But if you walked down to the beach, you could actually enter the water. Yeah, that's it! Wade out to where it's really deep and THEN talk as loudly as you can. Yeah, try that!

You can't feel the water from up here.

You're too far from the water to take any.

You'd need a bigger hose and a lot more water pressure.

Hotel Exterior

From here you can see the front of the imposing La Costa Lotta building and the lush grounds

surrounding it.

The scenery says nothing. It just stands there and looks pretty.

DAR Halt! Who goes there?

LL It's me, Larry Laffer! I was just going to walk to town, find a swinging discotheque, pick up some single babes... you know, just normal kind of resort stuff.

DAR That's what you think, fella! No one's allowed to leave the premises of La Costa Lotta without checking in with me, here in the gatehouse.

Sorry, that's staying right where it is.

A peek in the gatehouse reveals La Costa Lotta's high-tech security arrangement.

After all, they wouldn't want anyone escaping... er, breaking their diets!

LL Yo! Gatehouse!

It doesn't respond. Perhaps if you looked inside, there would be a guard to help you.

The architect who designed La Costa Lotta always insisted upon making a grand entrance.

And here it is!

It doesn't matter how loud you shout, there's no curbside service at La Costa Lotta. This is a class joint, bub.

Though they're graceful and attractive, these palms are showing signs of abuse. Heat, moisture, and constant friction have really given them a beating.

LL (I can relate to that!)

You might have better luck if you hit on a member of the animal kingdom instead of a plant.

Then again, maybe not.

You can't get a good grip on that.

(A feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

As you read in the brochure, this place is filled with dense bushes.

Too bad you can't see them with all these plants in the way!

Don't try to talk to it. It's vegging out.

You can't move the plants. They're firmly rooted.

Unlike yourself.

Here we are at the fabulous La Costa Lotta resort, hotel and health spa, the finest symbol of yuppie youth, life and vigorous good health!

(Somehow, it vaguely reminds you of a taxi driver's hand!)

You rub your hand on the rough, pebbled exterior of the Hotel.

You gaze at the shimmering, brilliant blue ocean, gently rising and falling with the swell of the surf, and think to yourself...

LL (Wow! Big water!)

The waves drown out your voice.

You can't reach the ocean from here.

The day is warm, the sun is bright, the sky is blue, and you're ready to forge ahead and be rejected again and again.

Yes, all's right with the world!

LL "You see this sky... this sky's in love with you..."

DAR Halt!

DAR ...your singing!

Nobody in THIS game will tell you to "reach for the sky."

You must be thinking of "FREDDY PHARKAS, FRONTIER PHARMACIST," the

critically-acclaimed comedy Western game from Al Lowe and Sierra! Now available at finer software stores everywhere.

LL (That was blatant commercialism!)

Daryl's Security Booth

This gatehouse doubles as the "Security Central" for the entire hotel and spa. No one can get in or out of the compound without the approval of Daryl, the Gate Guard.

Daryl is too preoccupied to pay attention to you. Now's your chance, Larry. You can steal the place dry!

Wait a minute. That's what you HAVE been doing!

LL Excuse me, sir! Is this the way out of the spa?

DAR Maybe. Maybe not. Who's asking?

LL It's me, Larry; Larry Laffer. I'd really like to leave this place and head into town.

LL You know, hit a few of the swingin' singles bars, dance to some cool disco music, hit on some better chicks... well, I don't have to tell you. You look like a swinger yourself!

DAR Swinger? Leave? Let me check my roster.

LL No way, Laffer! You ain't getting by me! You just go right back in to your room, and get with the program. I'm warning you!

LL There must be some sort of misunderstanding. I'm a guest of the famous TV show, "Stallions!"

LL I was kind of a winner. You probably saw me on the show right here on one of your TVs.

DAR "Stallions?" Nope, can't be.

LL What do you mean, "can't be?"

DAR Because I know Shalo, the assistant producer of "Stallions," personally. She always arranges these freebie deals herself. Nope, can't be.

LL But I AM a guest here. Why can't I leave?

DAR Nobody leaves until they've paid their bill and shown me a paid receipt!

LL But, I'm not supposed to pay!

DAR That's what they all say.

DAR Back inside with you, Laffer! And don't try to sneak past me. I have ways of making you sorry... if you get my drift!

LL Let me see if I have this straight: I can't leave until I show you a receipt marked, "Paid in full?"

DAR Right.

LL And I can't get a paid receipt until I pay my bill, right?

DAR Right.

DAR And, since I'm a guest of "Stallions" I don't pay for anything while I'm here, right?

DAR Dunno. That's between you and Shalo. She's the assistant producer. Talk to her!

LL Shalo was very busy after the show. She had to leave quickly on a cruise with the "other guy" on the show. I'm sure she just forgot to tell you.

DAR Don't know nothing about cruises or busy. Know you can't get out until I get a paid receipt!

DAR Hey, dude! I say, don't touch my equipment! I've got a gun. Don't make me learn how to use it!

LL Is there anything in your cute little guard's hut that I can take?

DAR Yeah. Take a hike!

DAR Bathroom? Each guest room has complete bath-type facilities.

DAR That WAS what you were going to ask, isn't it?

LL Uh, yeah.

DAR So? Somebody has to sleep in Room 201. I can't do anything about the noise!

DAR Thanks, anyway, but we're not allowed to drink while on duty.

DAR (Wait a minute! If I show him that, he'll know I'm no employee and take it away from me.)

LL (Think he'd get mad if I asked him if this was big enough to fit around his fat gut?) (belt)

LL (DOH! I'd better not let him know I have his handcuffs!)

DAR This is no lost and found. Just keep anything you don't want.

DAR No, thanks. Thunderbird gave me one yesterday!

DAR Thanks, but my billy club, err, flashlight, is fully charged!

DAR That had better not be La Costa Lotta property, bub!

LL Oh, no. I brought it from home.

DAR I'm not so sure. Your eyes tell me you're lying! (cord)

DAR Thanks. I like fruits. Like you!

DAR Don't plan on walking off the premises with any of our property! (cool washcloth)

DAR No one has reported a lamp missing.

DAR Is this an attempted arson? Be careful, pal. You're really playing with fire when you screw with me!

DAR Lost and found? Just keep 'em. These rich folks have more sunglasses than they need. We're always finding them lying around the premises.

DAR I could use that to polish my gun, but it's too little.

DAR Cute. It's you!

LL Would you please blow this up for me?

DAR Sure. Set it up on the barrier and I'll blow it all to hell with my .457!

DAR Just return that to the pool when you're finished with it, please.

DAR To check out, just pay your bill and deposit your room key in the Quiki-Checkout box beside the front desk. Or ask Gammie for ASSistance! (Heh, heh!)

DAR Oh, yeah. That Merrily is one hot babe, eh? I never knew I could do so many things while dangling in the air! And how about that way she came up with? You know... (wise words)

DAR What a rip! Security precautions prevent my picture from being published.

DAR I try to keep all my files up-to-date. (file)

DAR Say? That's not marked "Property of La Costa Lotta," is it? (wrench)

LL Uh, no. In fact, it's no longer "Mark'd" at all!

DAR Thanks. Got one right here in my little pouch.(condom)

This is where Daryl keeps his stash.
...of Wayne Newton cassettes!

An unused pair of handcuffs dangle from Daryl's belt.

LL (I wonder...)

Daryl is so absorbed in your new television spectacular, you are able to remove the handcuffs without his detection.

(I wonder if I could just slip that...)

(Now that he's so engrossed in the naked women, I wonder if he'd miss his gun?)

That's Daryl, the Gate Guard. Don't let his amiable looks deceive you.

Beneath that sugared exterior lies a heart like a jelly doughnut!

Daryl the Gate Guard, head of La Costa Lotta's crack security force, seems to be very engrossed in the new TV season... or something!

DAR Hey, hands off!

LL Pardon me.

DAR Oh, it's you! No, no, it's okay. For a second there, I thought it was my night guard...

Hans Ouff!

DAR Hey, hands off!

LL Oops. I'm sorry.

DAR What? Oh, it's you again. I thought I told you not to touch me.

LL Well, pardon me.

DAR Can't. That's the job of the courts. But I'd be glad to run you in!

LL Would you mind if I picked you up and carried you around, all through the spa, wherever I go? Wouldn't that be fun?

DAR Waddaya, some kinda nut?

LL (He's so preoccupied, he'll never notice me. I can take anything now!)

Closed-circuit cameras from throughout the hotel and spa beam their images here to the security booth enabling one person to keep an eye on just about everything that happens in every room.

There are no microphones hooked up to the monitors. They're for visual surveillance only!

Please don't smudge the monitors! I'm all out of those moist monitor towelettes!

From here, you can see the road leading away from the gatehouse to freedom. Perhaps you could make a break for it!

Perhaps you'll get shot...

There's nobody outside the window to hear your dulcet tones.

DAR Please don't smudge the window! The janitorial staff only comes around out here once every six months.

DAR And even then, all they do is steal the centerfolds from my magazines.

The dials and pressure-sensitive buttons on these panels control the gate, the security cameras and monitors, the Muzak, the temperature of the pool water, the local climate, and the sign out front that announces the total number of soy burgers sold thus far.

DAR Please keep your hands and feet outside the station, security guard, one each, w/striped barrier!

Daryl's stool strains under more weight than OSHA would have thought possible.

Look! Daryl has a little stool.

(Perhaps he should remember to wipe himself more carefully.)

(It's a good thing I turned that camera around and aimed it into the women's shower!)

They can't hear you. It's a security camera, not interactive television!

Get your fingerprints off that monitor!

Put that thing away!

Employees Only

ART Where do you think you're going?

LL Uh, who me? Why, I was going with you!

ART The hell you are! This area is off-limits to non-employees! So, stay out!!

LL That ought to cause this guy some trouble.

Look out! Here comes the driver!

All that electrical stuff under the hood confused you. Maybe you're a low-voltage kind of guy.

ART What the...?!

ART (MUMBLING UNDER BREATH) Cod spam gone brefgth! Stupid tram.

ART It's dark in there. Where's mah light?

ART Now, let me see... WHOOPS!

You are standing in a woody area just outside the east end of the hotel. A walk leads off into the bushes to the east.

You talk to the trees?

So do you also call the wind Mariah?

Once, in your younger days, you may have been able to climb these trees, but now your bones are weak and your back is stiff.

You'd better leave the landscaping here. La Costa Lotta would be corporately upset if you didn't!

Almost hidden by the mature landscaping, a large chain-link fence is broken only by a gate with an electronic lock containing a small slot.

The tram driver used some sort of card on that electronic lock and the gate opened! There's obviously more hidden in that mature landscaping than just brambles!

Carefully checking the gate, you determine it must require some sort of key card for admittance. There's nothing you can take here, but you somehow feel you should find a way through this gate!

Breathlessly, you insert Cavarrichi Varnet's employee ID card into the slot on the electronic lock and hope there's no careful photo checking required.

The gate slides open with a clang.

ART Hey! What do you think you're doing? You don't work here!

Oops. Watch out, Larry. You don't want to anger Art.

LL (Yeah. How would I get around then?)

LL I, er, was just, ah, going for a mineral water.

ART Sorry, boy, but you're outta luck! All they got back there is beer... and plenty of it!

LL (Whew!)

A tall chain-link fence stretches across the east end of the sidewalk here preventing passage that way.

A sign on the fence reads, "Employees' Campground-- Authorized Personnel ONLY!"

You are immediately interested in gaining access!

That would have caused permanent brain damage in a better man!

Blatantly ignoring the "High Voltage" sign, you attempt to make your own entrance to the Employees' Campground.

Steps lead north and south, while a smooth sidewalk runs east and west here. The concrete is smooth as a sharpening stone.

No, stop! That wasn't a clue!!

Art often parks his tram here while he heads off for a smoke.

ART The tram is just leaving for Kingman, Barstow, Cucamonga, and all points west.

You have effectively disabled Art's tram.

There's no radio on the tram, so there's not much use talking to it.

LL I wonder what this baby looks like under the hood...

If you're thinking of trying to do something to the tram, you'd better be more discrete! Art might see you.

There's nothing more you can do now, except stand and wait.

LL (Hmm. I wonder if that beach umbrella is firmly attached?)

Yes. Leave the umbrella alone.

It's not a real toilet, it's just shaped like one!

Art likes to park his tram here while he sneaks off for a smoke.

Wow! Look at the size of that flashlight he's wearing. He must use that as a billy club

substitute!

Art looks contented. At peace. One with the world.

(What was in that cigar?)

Art seems to have lost something.

Art knows something is wrong under the hood, but he's unable to hold up the hood with one hand, aim the flashlight with his other hand, and then work on the motor with his other hand!

Perhaps he could use some more of your "help!"

LL Don't you know cigar smoking is bad for your health?

ART Would you like a cigar, yourself?

LL Yeah! Can I have one?

ART Nope.

LL Welcome back, Art. Enjoy your cigar?

ART Yep. But now it's time to hit the road!

LL Lose something?

ART Well, kind of. I was just thinking about heading over to the Employees' Campground for a cigar break. But I'm out of matches.

LL Excuse me, sir. May I be of assistance?

ART Maybe. Dunno. Something happened to my motor. Not getting any juice. And I don't seem to be able to hold up the hood, aim the light and still work under here.

LL Allow me to help you. How about if I hold your flashlight for you?

ART Sure. Anything is better than this!

LL Does that help?

ART Yeah, perfect. Now I can see what's going on under here.

ART Looks like some butthead disconnected my power cable! But, I think I can force fit it back on here.

ART THERE! Got it. Let's see if it works...

ART Hey. Good as new. Thanks for your help. Gotta be goin' now.

ART Oh, hey! I almost forgot. I need my flashlight back!

LL Here you go. That sure is a powerful flashlight.

ART Yep. Titanium alloy case, Fresnel lens, leather carrying case, and 6 D-cells worth of pure candlepower!

ART See ya later. And if you ever need a ride, just say so.

LL Yeah, okay. Bye.

ART Nope, not me, pal! You must be thinking of Gary, our gay towel attendant!

You'll have to be more creative than that to separate Art from his flashlight.

While you might be able to use that giant flashlight he wears around his waist, there's no way you could just "take" it from him. But, maybe he could "offer" it to you?

The only thing Art had that you really wanted is in your hands right now. Make use of your time, Larry! DO something.

I got one of them, too. But what's wrong with yours?

Hey, thanks for offering, but part of my contractual obligations with La Costa Lotta Corporate I ncludes not accepting gratuities of any type from the guests.

LL Hey, Art! Ya wanna match?

ART Well, I AM out of matches. But I don't have time right now. ART Maybe when it's break time, okay?

LL Hey, Art! Ya wanna match?

ART Yeah, man, that'd be good!

LL You know what they say: "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!"

ART Who said that, anyway?

LL I dunno.

What's an oak tree doing in a tropical setting like this?

This is a beautiful specimen.

Unfortunately you haven't cared for specimens since that sick incident in boot camp with the apple juice!

These young trees were planted right after La Costa Lotta installed its new Employees' Campground. Like all major corporations, they spare no expense in coddling their help.

You especially like these flowers. But you're afraid to pick one, since you could easily be seen on one of the many remote TV cameras La Costa Lotta uses to monitor its guests.

La Costa Lotta has spared no expense landscaping; the grounds here are covered with beautiful flowers. Just don't think of picking one!

Employees Only

La Costa Lotta has thoughtfully provided housing and entertainment for all its employees.

Right now, a couple within the tent are providing their own entertainment.

Right now, some of its employees are more entertaining than others!

LL Hello, kids?

Perhaps they can't hear you from out here.

Or, perhaps they can and just don't want to answer. After all, you are interrupting them on their own time. They probably listen to guests all day long and are sick of guests by this time.

They probably hate the guests here. That nice "suck-up" demeanor of theirs is phony as a three-legged snake.

LL Excuse me, everybody? Is it okay if I hang out here for a while?

You are totally ignored.

(How like life!)

The employees have trouble finding very much to do out here, too.

You don't really need that. Not from here. Not now. Not ever, actually. So just stop grabbing at things!

The employees aren't interested in your personal hygiene, Larry.

There's no need to use that around the employees' campground.

This tent contains the employees' canteen and dance hall.

It looks like they found something else to do besides drink!

This tent contains the employees' canteen and dance hall.

Inside, a man and a woman are alternately chugging beers to see who can stand up the longest. Right now, it looks like they're both losing!

La Costa Lotta has provided for their employees' every need, including these genuine wooden picnic benches, complete with splinters.

La Costa Lotta is serious about keeping their employees in their place!

A tall chain-link fence stretches completely around the employees' campground. Is it to keep the guests out or the employees in?

There appears to be a washtub filled with some sort of brown bottles buried in icy water. What could it be?

You're confused; you bob for apples, you drink beer!

LL Wow, is that water cold!
Yes, and it's deep, too!
LL Now cut that out!

They probably wouldn't miss one of these, or three, or six!
The tub is finally empty.

(You were expecting maybe the traditional "King's Quest" magic beer tub?)
Six is about all the beer you can carry at one time!
They WILL notice yellow ice water, Larry!
You dip the washcloth into the tub of dissolved labels, glue, and icy water.

Employees have paired off and are dirty dancing in the employees' canteen.

These are the same trees you could see from the other side when you were over there instead of over here, but now you see them from this side because you're over here instead of over there!

It says, "BEER" in rather large electrically-powered neon letters, visible even through the tent fabric.

You don't need another neon beer sign; your apartment is full of them.
And they don't impress the chicks like you thought they would!

He looks like he's in a serious chugging contest. Better not interrupt him!

She looks like she's in a serious chugging contest. Better not interrupt her!
She looks like she'll be ready for something quite soon, if she keeps drinking like that!

LL Hey! What kind of dance do you call that?!

These ropes hold up the tent. Be careful you don't trip over them!

Penthouse First Room

What an open, uncluttered, minimalist decor. You wonder what the rent is on a place like this!
There's no need to talk to that. It speaks to you through its very presence in the room.
The room feels cosmic. Vibes of tranquility and serenity reverberate from the walls. This place belongs to no ordinary woman!

Disturbing any portion of this room would disrupt the harmonic synergy of space and substance and unbalance the flow of light against shadow.

Besides, you see nothing here you really want to steal!
Piddling on the floor would add an undesirable note of disorganization and incongruity to the delicately balanced interior design.

Real plants! This is only place in this entire hotel with real plants!
Isn't that just like you, Larry Laffer! Find something real, and beautiful, and living, and the first thing you want to do is uproot it, tear it away from its home, kill it!

Think of the thousands of vegetables that gave their all on this table!
You don't have time to stop for dinner now!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words,

"Penthouse."

LL Open sesame! Er...hey, uh, abracadabra! Hocus pocus dominocus! Presto chango! Open up, damn you! Grrrrrrr.

That's not how you "take" the elevator!

This door bears a tiny brass plaque with the delicate La Costa Lotta logo and the words, "Private." There's nobody here to talk to. If you were to walk over one room, that could be rectified.

You try the knob and find it locked.

Ripping that door off its hinges is not the way to impress the beautiful woman in the next room! (SARCASTICALLY) Yeah, that would impress her!

It's a kotatsu, one of those low Japanese-style dinner tables!

Yes, you're one of the privileged few: a man who has actually ridden in a dumbwaiter!

LL Hey! Can you hear me down there in the kitchen? Send up an order of fries!

You could "take" the dumbwaiter back down to the kitchen by climbing inside it.

You decide since you may need to travel in the dumbwaiter again, you shouldn't soil it.

Two shoji screens are placed with great care, so as to perfectly complement the other Japanese decor and to manipulate the ambient light in a paraphrastic bit of cajistry.

Using the only Japanese you know (learned from nights spent trying to pick up chicks in sushi bars), you talk to the shoji screen.

LL Domo arigato!

Don't move those screens! They're reflecting just the right amount of ambient light into the aesthetically underlit portions of the room!

Taking those screens would stretch your leisure suit!

Why not just hold it 'til later?

You ARE aware that that was a figure of speech, of course!

A simple arrangement of three tropical flowers adorns the far wall like a sculpture.

The flowers have a subtle sweet scent that you find quite intoxicating.

You wouldn't dream of taking the flowers from this woman's penthouse.

Similar. Very similar.

Not in length, of course, but in breadth.

A ultra-modern, halogen chandelier casts a perfect circle of light on the table.

That could be enlightening. But don't.

Penthouse Second Room

The penthouse's living room is sparsely, yet tastefully, decorated in an Oriental minimalist style.

One item here attracts your attention: and she's sitting out on the balcony!

LL Hi, babe! Can you hear me?

Evidently not. And a good thing, too! This is one woman who is not a "babe!"

There's nothing much here to take; besides, your attention is completely captivated by that beauty on the balcony!

Geez, Larry. Not here!

A very modern chimney removes the smoke generated by that fireplace.

OUCH! This chimney is hot!

It would be difficult to carry around something that long.

(Nah! No joke here. Too easy.)

A salt water aquarium is built into the far wall. A very few extremely expensive fish swim lazily back and forth.

Hi, fishies! Aren't you glad I didn't tap on the glass?

(TAPPING SOUND) Tap, tap, tap.

LL Don't you fish just hate it when people tap on the glass?!

This is no place to go fishing!

Hey. Don't pollute the salt water!

Three perfect roses rest in individual vases in a perfect example of beauty in simplicity. This must be one fascinating and confident woman to decorate so tastefully, and yet sparingly.

LL Hello, Bette. I enjoyed the movie!

Rubbing your fingers up and down the roses' stems gives you a little prick.

LL Hey!

Okay, okay. Maybe you didn't get it from the roses!

One little prick deserves another.

How expensive could this screen be if (according to the label on the back) it was "Made in Japan?" Two shoji screens are placed with great care, so as to perfectly complement the other Japanese decor and to manipulate the ambient light in a paraphrastic bit of cajistry.

Outside the penthouse, on a balcony overlooking the entire resort, sits the most beautiful back you've ever seen!

How unusual! A natural gas fireplace, burning with an intense blue flame, at a tropical resort, the doors flung open, while the air conditioner runs at full force. Obviously, this woman has no financial problems either.

Nice thought, Larry. But think of the smell!

You stick the match in the fireplace, being careful to keep it just above the water.

The Babes In Alphabetical Order

BURGUNDY

Burgundy is a gorgeous woman, dressed in a heavily sequined red cocktail dress covered with beads and jewels that seems strangely out of place in a Blues Bar.

She's dressed more like a country singer than a blues singer. Regardless, her bright red hair and brilliant green eyes make you want to hear whatever she's singing!

BURG What did you say your name was, cowboy? Larry something?

LL Laffer.

BURG Laughter, huh? You shor' are, boy! Mah name's Burgundy.

LL I'm pleased to meet you, Burgundy.

LL I just wanted to tell you how much I enjoyed your singing.

BURG Why, than'cue, li'l feller. Yor're kinda cute, in a cur dog puppie kinda way!

LL You know, I've never heard anyone sing the blues quite like you do, Burgundy.

BURG Ah shoul' hope not! Hell, honey, Ah ain' no gol'dam blues singer-- Ah'm country, thru and thru! And Ah'm proud of it.

LL Country singer, eh? Then why are you working here in the Blues Bar?
BURG Why, Ah'm jes' killin' time singin' here while Ah'm waitin' fer my big break. Ya see, lotsa record company execs like to hang out at ritzy spas like this'un.
BURG Or at least, so Ah been told!

LL Could I buy you a drink, Burgundy?
BURG She it yass! You shore could. But none o' this faggy citified dawg drippin's they serve in here! Man, could Ah go fer a couple Lone Stars! Pshaw!

LL But, Burgundy, La Costa Lotta doesn't serve alcoholic beverages anywhere. There's nothing here but fruit juice and mineral water!
BURG Don' Ah know it! But cowboy, Ah'd love ta wrap mah lips around a tall one right 'bout now!

LL {thinks}(DOES TAKE TO CAMERA) (Ulp!)
Don't even think that, Larry!

How you long to feel those spangles against your bare fingers...
...and other appendages!

BURG While you would gladly "take" anything Burgundy has to offer, there's nothing here for you to physically "take."

BURG Wazzat? No, thanks. My guitar already has a capo!

BURG Ah don' care 'bout no room; Ah get mah own room fer free here-- Ah'm an entertainer!

LL Hey, Burgundy, I found you some beer!
BURG Cold ones? Long necks? Yeah, boy! Lemme at 'em!

LL You look to me like you're still thirsty, Burgundy. How about another sixer?
BURG Beer?! Yaaaahooooo! Ah'm so sick o' this crap they're servin' in here Ah could jes' puke!
BURG Than' ya, lil' buddy!

BURG Yeah, Ah got one a them, too. (badge)

BURG Hey, not me, Cowboy! Ah don' go in fer that rough stuff! (cuffs)

BURG Sheet fire, boy. Ah ain' got no use for that!

BURG Waddaya think Ah am, boy? Ah don' drink no bubblic-- unless'n it's gotta head on it!

BURG Wall, that's right purty, but Ah jes' cain't accept no diamond fer no reason.

BURG Ah ain' fixin' ta do no sparkin'... at least, not yet! (batteries)

BURG Ah could use a new gee-tar strap, but that'un looks awful cheap!

BURG Mah mike cord's bin actin' up, but Ah don' think that'll fit it!

BURG Wall, ain' that purty! But Ah couldn't take that from you, Larry! (pearl)

BURG Fruit? Ah git enough o' that in the employees' canteen! Seems like that's awl they serve us here!

BURG Mineral water?! Waddenda hell kinda cowgirl do you think Ah am? Why this stuff's made in Neeeww Yaaark Sit-tie!

BURG Sandy Lamp? Weren't she a country singer back in the late 50's?

BURG No, thanks. Got one! Nice 'un, too!

BURG Keep it in mah room. Deflated, though.

BURG Howd'ya like that pitchur o' me in the sauna?

BURG Once when Ah was li'l, Ah use ta make li'l lassos outta that stuff fer mah Barbies! (floss)

BURG Hey! Let's not get insulting, City Boy! (toilet seat cover)

BURG That's one hell of a nail file, Cowboy!

BURG Ah cain't tighten mah mike with that, boy.

BURG You ain' gonna be needin' that around me, unless'n you kin find me a few tall cold beers.

BURG Aw, Ah don' wan' none of yur posies, Larry! But this li'l flower is shore dry!

Hi, Mike!

Burgundy's green eyes sparkle with the fire of hundreds of old trash barrels burning in the night

while myriad country song lyrics bounce around inside her head like so many june bugs preparing to copulate themselves into oblivion with some backyard bug zapper.

"Slowly, delicately running his soft, pale fingertips over her smooth, sensitive eyelids, Burgundy felt each whorl of Geoffery's fingerprint burn fire into her loins, felt waves of passion wash over her, felt her moist womanhood nearly explode with..."

Oops. You're not Geoffrey! Let's see here...

Ah, yes, here we are:

"You can't do that."

"Take" a good look, Larry! Her lush green eyes drive you crazy.

Burgundy's petite little nose is perfectly placed just a little South of those Mason-Dixon eyes!

BURG Ah'm woman enough tah pick mah own nose, boy!

BURG Aren't you a little old to be playing "Lookie, lookie, I gotchur nosie!!!"?

Burgundy's mouth nearly drives you mad when she wraps those sweet lips around her microphone. How I'd love to touch those beautiful lips.

BURG But righ' now these country-singin' lips are dry!

Burgundy's dress is an outstanding example of the quality work of the Nashville sequin mines!

You're just trying to envision your lips going "mmbb mmbb mmbb mmbb" in there, aren't you?!

Burgundy's cocktail dress is so laden with sequins, spangles and bugle beads she doesn't even notice you copping a feel.

BURG No, ya can't have my lace...

BURG ...at least, not yet!

CAV

CAV Nice to meet you, little man. My name is Cavaricchi Vuarnet. And, based upon your proven athletic abilities, your name should be on my class roster.

LL Gee, thanks.

LL {thinks} (I guess?)

LL I've got to be leaving now, Cav. See you tonight!

CAV Yes, you will! And be sure you bring a date!

What a perfectly curvaceous left breast that is! Why, it's enough to make you swear off right breasts forever!

Watch it, buster. You're about to lose that hand!

Here you are, face to face with Cavaricchi Vuarnet, La Costa Lotta's stunningly-built aerobics instructor. One look at her is the equivalence of a two hour workout!

LL Cav, do you think it's possible for a hunk like me to develop an even better body?

CAV No.

LL Yeah. It is a work of art, isn't it?

CAV Art wasn't the guy I was thinking of!

LL Which do you admire more: my body or my mind?

CAV (SARCASTICALLY) You're one of the few men with equal development in both places!

LL How did you end up with such a great job, Cav?

CAV It doesn't pay that great, but at least I'm doing what I like: watching young women sweat in skimpy tight clothing!

LL {thinks} (I can relate to that!)

LL Were you serious in your invitation, Cav?

CAV Sure was; bring your best girl down to the sauna and we'll double-date!

CAV Hey, nice muscle development on that right hand! You been working out with it?

LL Uh, sorta.

CAV Well, nice job. Keep it up.

LL That's what I was trying to do!

CAV You'd take anything you can get, wouldn't you?

LL Oops. I thought you wouldn't want that.

CAV Watch it, pal!

CAV You know, one of us isn't man enough for an encounter like that! (room key)

CAV No, that's okay. Just keep it. (badge)

CAV What are you, stupid? Why would I want that? Get outta here!

CAV Ooooh, don't you just love this brochure? All those pictures of naked women!

CAV Who? Me? Hah! (condom)

What a perfectly curvaceous right breast that is! Why, it's enough to make you swear off left breasts forever!

CAV Careful, pal! You're not man enough for a breast like this one!

How odd! Cav's t-shirt seems to say "Homo!"

Oh, wait a minute... that's the top half of USMC!

Imagine the implications!

CAV I see you're interested in my employee identification card.

CAV Hey, watch it!

CAV If you think you're man enough to take the shirt off my back, I'd be more than willing to prove that you're not!

Cavaricchi's badge proclaims her an official employee of La Costa Lotta, entitled to all the rights and privileges thereof...

...including the right to hit on the guests!

LL {thinks} (PUNCH LINE) (I should BE so lucky!)

LL What an impressive set of credentials you have, Cavaricchi!

CAV Oh, that thing! I just wear it there because it calls attention to my breasts!

LL It worked! May I examine them, er, I mean, IT more closely?

CAV Sure. Stare as hard as you can!

You'd better keep your mouth away from there, if you know what's good for you!

Lucky badge! You'd love to hang out with company like that!

LL I couldn't help but notice your Employee ID badge, Cav. What a lovely likeness of you!

CAV Oh, that? I don't really like that photo. I was having a "bad mousse" day!

LL I suppose you're right. It doesn't hold a candle to the real thing! I guess I just like the way it dangles way out there in space... twisting slowly, slowly in the wind!

CAV You're kinda funny... for a man!

LL "Badges? Ve don' need no steenkin' badges!"

LL (CHUCKLES AT HIS LITTLE JOKE) (Heh, heh, heh.)

CAV Larry, you ARE a weird one! But I like weird!

LL Oh, no! Look! Your badge got caught on my finger. Okay, now I have to amputate my finger, or you can give me your badge! Either way, you pick. I don't care!

CAV (BARELY SMILING) I have to admit, in spite of your Y chromosome, I find you funny!

CAV Hell, take the badge! I get in anywhere I want to, and without no "steenkin' badges!"

CAV In fact, I have an idea: let's meet later today for a sauna together? Bring your best girl

and meet me in the Swedish Sauna. We'll double-date!

LL Excellent!

LL (THINKING WITH LOTS OF ECHO) (Now who will I get to play the role of my best girl?)

LL (STILL ECHOING) (And what will Cav bring as her date?!)

Cavaricchi Vuarnet's face is angular and handsome, with the determined, firm-jawed look so typical of aerobics instructors and Neo-Nazis.

Cavaricchi is beautiful, in a handsome sort of way!

CAV Like this face? It's all muscle too.

You bet she can press 150 with just those jaw muscles.

A large earring dangles from Cav's right ear.

CAV Sorry, Larry, you can't have my earring. It's a gift from an admirer.

LL Oh? Some guy you helped build up?

CAV No, some guy I helped wear down!

CAV OUCH! It's an earring, not a ripcord!

Cav's sexy, muscular body functions like a well-oiled machine.

LL Wonder if she's open to a little more oiling!

CAV Feel free to check out those abs! Pretty impressive, eh? No flab on me. Solid rock!

Do you really want to Fast Forward and miss everything (except the points)?

It's Too Hot In Here For Me!

With a beautiful babe beside you, why are you talking to a piece of redwood?

With two beautiful babes beside you, why are you talking to a piece of redwood?

Burgundy's soft body is covered with tiny beads of moisture, and wrapped only in a thin terry cloth towel.

LL Hi, Burgundy! I'm so glad to see you're really here.

BURG I'm here awl right, honey! Mosey on over and sit down beside li'l ol' Burgundy.

LL Whew! It's hotter than Fresno in here!

BURG Yeah, but it's a DRY heat!

LL Well, I do enjoy a sauna... especially with a woman as beautiful as you!

BURG Me, too! Hot and sweaty is perfect.

BURG And, we're alone!

LL Uh, not for long, Burgundy. Remember, I told you how I uh, err, took the liberty of inviting another couple?

LL Here they are now. Cavaricchi, is that you?

CAV Hi, Larry! Who's your friend?

LL Cavaricchi Vuarnet, meet Burgundy Bodine. Burg, this is Cav.

CAV How do you do?

BURG Hawaya?

LL So, Cav? Where's your date? Coming soon?

CAV Date? I didn't say anything about bringing a date.

LL But of course you did.

CAV No, I asked you if you wanted to "double date!" I consider this doubled.

CAV What's the matter, boy? Can't stand a little competition? Don't tell me this is your first menage a trois?

BURG Hey, Lar! I don't know about this kinky crap! I'm just a plain ol' fashioned country girl.

BURG You didn't say nuttin' 'bout no menagerie come Troy!

LL Gee, girls, I've never been with TWO women before, especially two as beautiful as you two! Where do I begin?

CAV You're right, Larry. Burgundy is a beautiful woman. Just look at how those delicate beads of perspiration glide down her shoulders, across her chest and disappear behind that totally unnecessary white towel.

BURG Oh, Cav! You're one to talk! Just look at you! That poor towel of yours is going to be stretched completely out of shape by your sexy figure!

Whew! It IS getting hot in here!

LL I've got an idea. Why don't one of you move over here to my left side. Then I can put an arm around both of you.

CAV That's AN idea, Larry. Perhaps we'll do that later. But right now, I want to get to know Burgundy.

CAV Burg, I know I've seen you around here. Don't you work in the lounge? Tell me all about yourself. Everything!

BURG Oh, there's nothing much to tell. I'm just a simple country girl, waiting for my big break in show biz. I only took the job in La Costa Lotta's Blues Bar to fill in time between tours.

CAV Why, that's fascinating. But what's even more fascinating is watching the light dance in those beautiful eyes of yours. You illuminate the whole room with your smile, girl!

LL I was gonna say that, Burgundy. You sure are pretty.

BURG Why, thank you, Cavaricchi.

LL Would you like me to turn down the temperature in here? Are either of you uncomfortable? Would you like to rearrange the seating here? Is anybody listening to me?

CAV Burgundy, your hair is so beautiful, soft and manageable, yet holds its shape so nicely! You're fortunate to be so blessed!

BURG Oh, this? Anyone can have hair like this. Please don't hate me for my beautiful hair!

LL (TO AUDIENCE) (When did I slip into a Pantene ad?)

LL Well, it sure is getting late. My, my. Look at the clock! Guess we may as well all turn in now.

BURG Oh, Cav! It IS getting warm in here! My silver bracelet is so hot, it's burning my wrist!

CAV Forget that, Honey. Let's talk more about you and me!

BURG Oh, Cav! I'm beginning to have the strangest feeling about tonight.

CAV It's not strange, darling. When things are right between two people, why fight it? Relax, and enjoy the new sensations.

LL Hey! I want some new sensations, too!!

LL How about a little steam, girls? Here. Let me pour a little water on the rocks.

LL Oops!

LL Sorry. I spilled the whole bucket! Now it really IS steamy, isn't it?

LL Cav?

LL Burg?

LL What the...

LL (Doh!)

Once again, Larry, the best man didn't win...
...and this time you were in a one-man race!

BURG Larry! Stop yer grabbin'! Ah jes' wanna enjoy this dry heat fer a few minutes first, okay? You really WOULD like to "take" her, wouldn't you, Larry!?

BURG Getchur hand outta your towel, Larry!

Aw, Larry. You've given me enough already. Ah'm jes' a simple country girl. Ah don' need yor fancy presents!

Aw, honey-pie! Putchur towel back down. Ah didn't know you wuz married to that woman in

Virginia!

Cavaricchi looks even better wrapped in a towel than she did in that cropped T-shirt!

CAV It's a little early to start that, Larry. Can't we have a little conversation first?

LL (On second thought, I'm not sure I could "take" everything Cav could dish out!)

CAV I feel sure one of us is man enough...

CAV Silly Larry! I don't want that! Just relax. Have a good time.

CAV Sure. Feel free to remove your towel. Like I care.

Yes

Oops

How you wish you could see clearly through all this steam!

CHAR DONAY

CHA I hope you'll excuse the way I'm dressed...

LL Oh, I think you look just perfect! Yep, never seen better!

Char is sitting in her mud bath, the warm sensuous mud covering her naked body.

LL {thinks} (I wonder if she'd enjoy having her mud removed by my tongue?)

LL I'd be more than willing to help you remove that mud, Char.

CHA Oh, that's not necessary. You see, I'm totally, completely, and absolutely naked under it!

LL (PANTING) (Pant, pant, pant!)

Even covered with mud, Charlotte Donay is a striking woman.

LL Hopefully, not literally.

LL Hello, Charlotte. Call me Larry.

CHA And you may call me Char.

LL You are one of the most beautiful women I've ever met, Char.

CHA You're so sweet to say that, Larry. But really, I'm just a simple 'lectricity-lovin' woman!

CHA Give me a few heavy-duty D-cells and I'm set for the evening!

LL You don't mean that literally, do you? You're not... one of... you know, one of... THOSE?

CHA THOSE? Oh, heaven's no. Let's just say, I love my stimulation wherever I find it.

CHA But, I AM totally partial. I prefer the real thing above the artificial every time!

LL {thinks} (What in the hell are we talking about?)

LL Is there anything you'd like, Char? Perhaps I could buy you a drink?

CHA Drink? Oh, no. The attendant here keeps us all in fruit juice.

CHA But, you know, there is one thing.

LL {thinks} (Anything, babe! Anything your breast... err, uh, I mean, your HEART desires!)

CHA There's one thing I need that I haven't been able to find at La Costa Lotta.

LL Oh, tell me. Anything you want. I promise: if I can get it, it will be yours!

CHA Oh, that's great! And the way I see it, when I get what I want, then you get what you want!

LL (GASPING) (Gasp!)

LL What exactly is it you want, my sweet Char Donay?

CHA Simple. I could really use six D-cells for my, uh, "late night friend."

LL {thinks} (Huh? She has a battery-powered David Letterman?)

LL That sounds easy enough, Char.

CHA Sure, Larry. After all...

CHA ...how hard can it be?

LL {thinks} (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

LL I'm off, Char. But I'll be right back... with your batteries!

CHA Hi ya, Larry. What do you have for me?

CHA Well, I haven't forgotten; I know it's something to do with electricity, and portability, and chemical changes, and cylinders. I'll work on it, okay?

LL Okay. Just don't forget. I hope you come back soon, as I'm afraid parts of me are becoming mudlogged!

LL Oh, we can't let that happen! I'll be right back, Char.

CHA Don't forget: when I get my D's, you'll get these double-D's!

CHA Come on, Larry. I know you can figure out someway past that silly electrical door lock.

CHA Don't just stand there staring. My mud is beginning to harden!

LL (I know the feeling!)

CHA Bye, Larry. I'm going down now.

Are you sure you want to touch her?

LL I'm sure. I'm sure!

Nah. You're not worthy!

LL Charlotte, I'd like to "Take" you away from all this!

CHA But, where would we go, Larry? I'm only here in the mud because the Electroshock Exercise Center is closed.

CHA Oh, my poor dear. You ARE lonely, aren't you!?

LL Say, Char, take my room key. I'm right at the top of the stairs. I would be glad to be your "late night friend!"

CHA Sorry, Larry; I'm not that easy. I know what I want.

CHA And a fast trip to your room ain't it!

CHA Nice likeness. How'dja get all that mousse outta your hair? (badge)

CHA Nice belt, Cowboy. Looks like you lost your buckle, though. (belt)

CHA Nope. Sorry. One room over! (handcuffs)

Oh, I really have no need for that. But I sure could use something!

Oh, I really have no need for that. Just go open that door over there, would you, Larry?

LL Here's your batteries, Char. But, I might mention I had to go through a lot of trouble just to find them.

CHA Oh, they're perfect! Whee! There'll be a hot time in the ol' Char tonight!

LL So, waddaya say? How 'bout I climb in that mud with you for a little "good dirty fun!?"

CHA Oh, no, Larry. I have a much better idea: I've been in that Electroshock Exercise Center so much this week I'm sure I know how to work it. Why don't we go over there for a little "charge session?"

LL But, don't they keep that door locked?

CHA Well, yes. But, if you're smart enough to find me six heavy-duty D-cells in a health spa, I just know you can find a way into a locked door!

CHA You get that door open, and I'll meet you in there and administer something to you you'll never forget! I promise!

LL Good idea. I've already opened the door for us. Come on, Char. Let's go right now.

CHA You've got it, Larry! I'm on my way.

CHA But first, I'll have to take a shower to clean off this mud!

LL {thinks} (DISGUSTED) (Well, that's the end of that. There's another woman I'll never see again!)

LL I'm making some progress, Char.

CHA Keep it up, Larry!

LL {thinks} (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!) (cord)

CHA Oh, thanks. But I keep five gallons of that in my locker. (lard)

CHA Oh, a wet washcloth would feel so good. But, I'm about to get out.

CHA Oh, the attendant brings us all the fruit juice we can drink.

LL You are such a striking woman! Want a match?
CHA No, thanks. I haven't had a match since Lois Lane died!
LL {thinks} (Huh?)
CHA Did you find my bikini bottom floating on the mud here?
CHA NO. I will NOT put my mouth on that!
LL {thinks} (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!) (beaver)
CHA Don't you just love those photos? I get strongly charged just looking at that brochure!
CHA Oh, I got a towel when I came through the lobby. That nice man, Gary, gave it to me. He's so sweet!
CHA Don't need it; they provide soap in the shower room.
LL Would you like me to rub some of this hand creme on your mud-crustured pores?
CHA Oh, that's not necessary. A long, steamy shower and a soak in the hot tub will make me feel like a new woman!
LL (I feel like one right now!)
CHA Are you trying to say my teeth need cleaning? (floss)
CHA Hey! No charmin' the squeeze! (TP)
CHA I use one of those to remove any possible corrosion from my batteries' terminals. Prevents bad connections.
CHA That video guy used one just like that when he was working on that camera over there yesterday.
CHA Well, really! I'm speechless!
LL (Is that what they call a "trojan hoarse?") (condom)
CHA Thanks, but I have neon flowers in my room.

Char's naked body is barely covered by the specially-processed mud from La Costa Lotta's famous mud pits out back.

(For some strange reason, they're located right behind the stables!)

LL Look! I can sign my name in your mud pack!
CHA Hey, watch where you go with the tail of that "Y!"
CHA Feel free to take all the mud you want from the mud bath, but if you took any from my body, why... why... you'd be able to see my naked flesh. And we wouldn't want that now, would we?
LL (Speak for yourself, honey!)
LL (Say, who's that peeping out of the mud?)
LL Wanna hear my Muddy Waters impersonation?
CHA No.
LL I knew that.

Although it's not readily apparent, Char's body is completely and totally naked beneath that mud.

Therefore, she wouldn't appreciate you removing samples!

One thing you've learned over the years is writing your name in a woman's mud rarely leads to future conquests.

CHA This is MY mud bath; don't try to smear any on yourself!
Sorry; no mud samples are necessary.

Right arm!

What you wouldn't give to be that mud, clinging to her flesh and acting dirty!

You close your eyes and reach out your hand. You feel her arm, soft and warm against your skin.

But, she's kinda hairy, isn't she?

CHA Why are you groping your own arm?

Come, Char. Let me take you away from here!

CHA I'll go... but only when I get what I want.

Charlotte's slender neck is graceful and sexy. You wouldn't mind having a neck like that yourself!

LL Nice neck!

CHA Thank you. It should be. Twice a day I bathe it in yak's milk from the local zoo. It keeps my skin healthy and glowing, and besides, the yaks seem to really enjoy seeing me naked!

So... you wanna neck?

Charlotte had her lip gloss tattooed on, so she'd never have to redo her lipstick!

You envision pressing your mouth against hers.

You like what you envision!

CHA (MUMBLES INCOHERENTLY) Mmmf glyph trummummmunf!

LL Pardon me?

CHA I said, "Take your hand off of my mouth!"

CHA "Take my lips, I'll never use..."

LL "Take my arms..." Oh, no. You're setting us up for a phone call from some intellectual property attorney!

Char's graceful nose is slender and sexy. You wouldn't mind having a nose like that yourself!

Charlotte's smouldering eyes reveal that beneath that sultry, vixenish exterior, she's got the soul of a real slut.

CHA (GIGGLING) Stop that! You'll smear my eyeshadow!

CHA "Take my eyes, I'll never use them..."

LL "Take my..." Hey, wait a minute! Do we have the rights to this song?

CHA I dunno. Did Dan Kehler write it?

LL Hah!

CHA Guess not. Better try something else.

LL Well, I suppose I have plenty of time to explore this place.

CHA Here I am, Larry!

LL (INCREDULOUS) Hi, Char. That was fast!

CHA I really rushed through my shower. I hope you don't mind; I'm still dripping wet and I didn't have time to put on any clothes.

LL (GULPING) Gulp!

LL Uh, no, that'll be fine, I guess. But don't you need to be fully grounded, babe?

CHA Oh, don't worry about me. Just take off all your clothes and hop up on that table!

LL Okay, if you say so.

CHA Now lie flat on your back so I can have total access to your body!

LL (THINKING) (This may work out all right yet!)

CHA To begin, I'll just smear some randomly-selected appendages with some of this electro-conductive jelly!

CHA Next, I'll attach these little alligator clips to various parts of your body...

LL OW!

LL OUCH!

LL YEOW!!

LL Char, you didn't tell me this was going to hurt. Besides, if I'm on the table and you're on the floor, how can this be any fun?

CHA Oh, silly. Just wait until I get your juices flowing. You've never felt anything like this in your whole life!

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

CHA Okay, now let me turn on the machine.

CHA I'm ready to crank up the voltage a little. Tell me when you start to feel it.

CHA Doesn't that feel good?

LL Feel good? I don't feel ANYthing, Char.

CHA Strange. Let me give it a little more.

CHA There, now. How does that feel? Great, isn't it?

LL Great? I don't know what I'm supposed to be feeling, but I don't feel a thing!

CHA Huh? I don't understand. I thought for sure I've been through this enough to know how to do it to you!

CHA I know you can feel it now. It's up all the way!

LL (Well, I'm not!)

LL Something's wrong, Char. Why don't you disconnect me, and we'll just use this bench in the regular old way?

CHA What? I know there's something...

CHA WAIT! There it is! Oh, silly me. Look, Larry. It's this cable. It isn't plugged in!

LL (SCREAMING IN FEAR) CHAR! NO!! STOP!!!

LL YYYYYEEEEEOOOOWWWW!!!

WOM EEEAAAACKKKK!! OUCH!

WOM Lemme outta here!

CHA YES!

CHA Didn't I tell you I would "turn you on?"

The Next Morning...

GAMMIE BOYSULAY

GAM Whew! What's that smell? They must have spread steer manure on the lawn again!

LL (Did I forget to wipe my ass upstairs?)

Gammie's slender, slightly tanned arms look good enough to nibble on. In fact, that may be the only thing this lady is missing: teeth marks!

GAM Please, no touching! But just so you know: my skin is soft and smooth and scented with the essence of wildflowers.

You may be able to touch her, Larry, but a wild, untamed filly like this one may never be possessed!

You seem to be unable to look anywhere else!

Your breath catches in your throat as you gaze at Gammie's taut yet ample gifts.

LL Oooooeeehhhhh!!

Of course her firm but pendulous breasts are enough to drive any man insane with lust, but try to restrain yourself!

GAM (SQUEALS) You can't take off my top already. I hardly know you!

You gaze deeply into Gammie's piercing green eyes, as you flutter your own lids as if to say, "Baby, your man has arrived!"

GAM Stop staring at me with that creepy look! I can see the whites of your eyes.

GAM Ow!

In your clumsy attempt to be romantic, you accidentally poke Gammie in the eye.

LL I'd like to take those beautiful baby greens of yours and carry them around with me, close to my heart.

GAM Baby greens? What? Are you making a salad?

LL I was speaking of your eyes.

GAM And you wanted to carry them around with you? Ewww. You ARE weird!

From her wild mane of sandy hair to her bodacious physical attributes, Gammie Boysulay is a frighteningly beautiful girl who will try anything once... just for kicks.

LL I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope!

GAM So? Did you do it, Larry?

GAM Did you fix the Cellulite Drainage Salon?

LL I sure did, Gammie! I told you I would and I DID!

LL Would you like to be my first vic-, err, uh, suck-, ah, err, patient?!

GAM Would I? Follow me, bub!

LL Good day, Miss. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I'm here as the guest of "Stallions," that famous television show.

GAM How do you do, Sir. I'm Gammie Boysulay, head of Human Services and Customer Relations here at La Costa Lotta.

GAM My job is to make sure your visit here is everything your heart desires...

GAM ...and less.

LL I suppose we could begin by checking into my room? I DO have a room, don't I?

GAM Oh, but of course, Mr. Laffer. "Stallions" has taken care of everything for you.

GAM Here's your key. You're in room 201, one of our finest suites, right at the top of those stairs, conveniently located near the ice machine, elevator, and kitchen exhaust fans!

GAM I'm sure you'll find it well worth the price you paid!

LL Say, baby... what time do you get off?

GAM Usually right after I get in bed!

GAM Err, what was the question again?

LL How about we get together later? What do you say?

GAM No, thank you, Mr. Laffer. My life consists of work and exercise... I really don't have time for romance.

LL Just work and exercise? What a waste!

GAM Hey! No cracks about my waist, okay?

GAM I can't help it! God knows I've tried to reduce. In fact, that's why I came here to La Costa Lotta in the first place: to fulfill my dream!

LL YOU have a dream?

GAM Yes I do.

LL Would you like to talk about it?

GAM Yes I would.

GAM My dream was to work here long enough to afford treatment at La Costa Lotta's exclusive "Cellulite Drainage Salon."

GAM Women came here from around the world to be treated by Dr. Swinebutt. But he was so expensive! I could never afford a complete make-over.

LL Dr. Swineheart, did you say? Who's he?

GAM The genius who created La Costa Lotta's Cellulite Drainage Salon's marvelous machine. One suck, and you were better than new!

LL (That's what I always say!)

GAM But, alas, shortly after I arrived here, Dr. Swinebutt was sued for malpractice and his Cellulite Drainage Salon shut down! Since then, his magnificent machine has fallen into disrepair!

GAM How I long for those halcyon days!

LL Say, Gam baby. I've got an idea! What if I, your friend Larry Laffer, could repair this little machine of yours, fix it up, make it right?

LL Wouldn't that make me your friend for life?

LL Or at least one night!?)

GAM (SQUEALS) OH, LARRY! If you could do that, I'd be the happiest woman on Earth.

GAM And I bet I could make you the happiest man on Earth!

LL I'll do my best to fix that machine for you, Gammie. You can count on me... at least somewhat.

GAM Let me know as soon as you get my wonder machine repaired, Dr. Fixit. Have I mentioned I've been celibate for years?

LL (Yeah. Me too!)

GAM Please, Sir! Don't you have any other form of identification?

GAM Oh, you'll get your chance.

GAM But only if you fix that damned machine!

GAM I don't need your room key. Remember: my master key lets me into any room at any time!

GAM Thank you for returning that lost key. Just deposit it in the box over there. I'll get to it later.

GAM No, thanks. That stuff always gets stuck in my teeth! Besides, I like my teeth to touch one another!

GAM Why, Sir? Is there something wrong with your complimentary turn-down condom?

LL Uh, no, I just thought...

LL ...oh, never mind!

Thick waves of flaxen hair caress her cheeks and cascade down her shoulders, leading your eyes to... to...

LL (GULP) Gulp!

You long to run your hands through her silken hair.

You can't take her hair. She's using it.

Her hands look young, lithe, supple... and skilled in the ways of pleasure-giving!

You surreptitiously extend a finger and, as gently as possible, touch her hand. Instantly you feel a jolt of pure chemical attraction pass between you, a spark of sexual tension that can only mean one thing: raw mutual lust!

GAM Ow! You shocked me! Stop rubbing your feet on the carpet.

It's a little presumptuous to take her hand.

(Maybe you should start with something less personal... like her wallet!)

Look at that voluptuous mouth! Right now, there's nothing in the world you wouldn't give to feel the delicate softness of lips like those pressed urgently against your own.

Own what?

You're overcome with desire to press your finger to those full, sensuous lips.

But you've done that with women before, and they usually bite!

You can't take Gammie's lips, but play your cards right and you may get to share them!

LL Here, Gammie. Allow me to get that door for you!

GAM Oh, Larry. You're such a gentleman.

A fat ass is presently filling THAT doorway!

LL All right, Gammie! Here we go. I hope I got everything fixed!

GAM For your sake, I hope so too!

LL This may take a while, Gammie.

GAM Oh, I don't mind, Larry. I've waited so long for this moment! I can't tell you how strong my feelings are for you right now!

GAM You're such a wonderful man, doing all this for little old me. But, could I ask you one favor?

GAM Could you bring me a fresh orange? The sound of this machine has made me want to suck on something too!

LL (GULP) (Gulp!)

Don't even think about it, Larry!

GAM Oh, please don't turn it off yet, Larry honey! I'll make it up to you, I promise!

GAM You don't know anything at all about this machine, do you, Larry? You haven't even connected me to it yet!

Don't remove the probes from her thighs. Turn off the machine first!

GAM Hey! Where did you wet this washcloth? It's covered with rust!

GAM What'd you soak this in, beer?

Why are you fooling around? You should be working on Gammie!

Your eyes are focused on only one thing: Gammie's newly trim rear balcony!

There's a woman standing nearby; try talking to her!

Forget about that. Why not take Gammie?

After all this work, she's over there!

GAM Hey, Larry! Where are you going? Don't just leave me lying here. You haven't hooked me up to Dr. Swinebutt's Cellulite Drainage Machine!

GAM Be sure to bring back my orange. I promise you, I'll make it worth your trouble!

GAM Be sure to bring back a nice cool cloth for my head. You know how good I'll look when you're done with me! Just imagine the fun we can have, Larry.

GAM Oh, Larry honey, don't forget my mineral water. I'm so dry!

Not now, Larry! You're about to be dumped by the newly-beautiful Gammie.

GAM Ahh! That feels SO nice, Larry! I'm getting all soft and fuzzy inside!

GAM Hey! This washcloth smells like you soaked it in the swimming pool!

GAM Hey! This washcloth smells like SALT water!

GAM Hey! This washcloth smells like old coins and chlorine!

GAM HEY! Where did you wet this washcloth, in a toilet?! PHEW!

GAM Hey! What did you soak this washcloth in, anyway? Urine?!

GAM Hey! Where did you wet this washcloth, anyway?

LL Hi ya, Gammie! I'm so glad you could come!

GAM I'd be glad too!

LL Oh, Gammie. Your new body is sensational!

GAM (SNOOTILY) I just can't imagine what I ever saw in you!

Gammie is lying on the table, waiting for you to play mad scientist with her.

Gammie lies on the Cellulite Drainage Machine table, connected to a giant vacuum pump by several tiny hoses, which you inserted into certain delicate parts of her body!

She's certainly a trusting soul!

Gammie is looking better, but she still has quite a ways to go.

Gammie looks very thirsty. You suppose this experience has really "drained her!"

Gammie looks good... real good!

It's amazing what your handicrafts have wrought!

LL Are you ready to begin?

GAM Sure, Larry! Would some soft background music help?

LL Just lie there, Gammie, and remain completely still. I don't want you to "throw a tube!"

GAM I certainly hope you know what you're doing, Laffer!

LL Come on, Gammie! That's enough for one session. You've lost at least 16 inches. What do you say?

GAM No way! I'm no quitter. I want to have a girlish figure for once in my life!

GAM Just keep right on sucking, boy!
GAM Remember, "turnabout is fair play!"
LL (Huh?)
LL Is there anything I can do for you?
GAM I could sure use a cool cloth for my fevered brow! In fact, I promise I'll make you a happy man if I live through this!
LL You look about done to me, Gammie. You've lost several feet off your hips!
GAM Do you want me to remove your hoses?
GAM Oh, no. I want you to take it off; take it ALL off!
GAM But I could use some mineral water, Larry. For some reason, I'm suddenly quite thirsty.
GAM And when I get off this table, I'd be glad to "make it up to you!"
LL You look wonderful! By golly, ol' Doc Swinebutt really knew his business, didn't he?
GAM Far too good for the likes of you, Large-Head!
LL Okay, Gammie, here we go! Lie very still while I stick this in...
GAM OOOHH!
LL ...your thighs!
GAM Oh. I knew that!
GAM Thank you for stroking my hair, Larry. But what I'd really like is an orange!
GAM That feels good, Larry, but I could sure use a cold wet washcloth right now.
GAM Oh, Larry! That feels so good. But it's nothing compared to what you're going to feel when I get off this table!
GAM Hands off, Bub! I want no fingerprints on my NEW body!
LL How about if I just pull these out right now? What if something happens to you?
GAM Don't you dare! Go right over there and make this baby "Suck!"
GAM Oh, Larry! If you could only wait a little while for that. Until I'm all slender and worthy of your attentions!
GAM HEY!
GAM Hey! That's not an orange!
GAM It's more of a "pink!" (handcuffs)
GAM I'd prefer a cool damp washcloth, honey!
GAM At least, right now!
GAM Mineral water, Larry! Hold your horses! I want to look my best for you!
GAM Hey! Who do you think you are, anyway?
LL Gammie, how would you like an orange?
GAM Oh, I love oranges, Larry. But would you keep it for me until later? I don't really care for an orange right now.
GAM Why, thank you, darling! You certainly know how to treat a woman. But, please don't stop what you're doing. I can just feel myself getting thinner and thinner. And I love it!
LL I hope you'll remember all the trouble I went to when we're all done! You won't just forget about me, will you, Gammie?
GAM Don't you worry, Larry my boy, you'll taste pleasures far sweeter than this orange!
LL (BIG GRIN) (Yeah!)
LL Here, Gammie! Let me put this dry washcloth on your head!
GAM Waddayou? Nuts? What good will a plain old dry washcloth do my rapidly rising fever?
LL Here, Gammie! Allow me to cool your fevered brow with this damp washcloth.
GAM Waddayou? Nuts? This washcloth is merely damp. I need a COOL, damp washcloth, and HURRY!
GAM Surely you can find some way to cool it. And hurry!
GAM Capeesh?

LL Would a cool washcloth help cool your fevered brow, Gammie?
 GAM Not right now, Larry. But maybe in a few minutes. It DOES feel rather warm in here.
 LL Here you go, Gammie!
 GAM Oh, Larry! Just place it there on my forehead.
 GAM Well, that does cool my temperature somewhat... but now I think what I really want is a nice bottle of mineral water.
 GAM You'd do that for me, wouldn't you, Larry honey-bunny? I'll make you one happy man when you do, believe you me!
 Gammie, here's a bottle of mineral water for you.
 GAM How sweet, Larry. But I'm not that thirsty right now. Maybe later, okay?

LL I brought your mineral water, Gammie! And I think you'd better check out your new body. You look wonderful!
 GAM Hey, it's about time you showed up with it. I feel like my eyeballs are about to be sucked into my body! Turn this thing off!
 LL You're so svelte! By golly, ol' Doc Swinebutt really knew his business, didn't he?
 GAM My God! Look at me!!
 GAM Why, I DO look wonderful! All my life I've hauled around a rear balcony, and now it's finally GONE!
 GAM I can't wait to show every single person in La Costa Lotta my new body!
 LL But, Gammie! I thought maybe tonight... you know, after I helped you... you and I could...
 GAM Oh, Losser! You're so idealistic! Why would anyone who looks as good as I have anything to do with anyone who looks like you!
 GAM Now that I can have any man I want, I intend to!
 LL Wait. Gammie! Stop!!
 Too late, Larry. She's gone!

MERRILY LOWE

Merrily Lowe is the perfect woman for you, Larry. She makes up in the body department for what she lacks in brains!

LL Is your drink okay, Merr?
 MER Oh, sure. Good enough. I'm not picky. I just try to stay happy all the time.
 LL You certainly have a beautiful smile, Merr. You must be enjoying yourself immensely.
 MER (SWEETLY) Oh, no. I'm miserable, actually. In fact, I'm more than just a little pissed off at La Costa Lotta's silly management and their strict adherence to local laws!
 LL (WITH CONCERN) Why, Merr, whatever is the matter? Is there anything I can do?
 MER Oh, Larry, you're so sweet to be concerned about little me. But, really, there's nothing you can do. This monkey I've got to carry on my own back. No one can break an addiction for you. I must handle it myself!
 LL (GREATER CONCERN) Addiction?! Local laws? Merr, are you in some sort of trouble? Is it drugs?
 LL (TO AUDIENCE WITH ECHO) (Awright! Here's our chance to add some "socially-redeeming value" to this little saga!)
 MER Drugs? How gauche! Nothing so mundane as that! No, it's worse; far worse. Larry, I may as well be honest with you...
 MER I suffer from... from... (SOBS THRU SMILEY FACE AND VOICE) I suffer from...
 MER (SHOUTS) B.A.!!
 LL (CONFUSED) B. A.?
 MER (SOBBING THROUGH SMILE) BUNGEE ADDICTION!!

LL (CONFUSED) You're addicted to luggage tie-downs?
MER No, silly! Bungee jumping. I want to do nothing in life but jump.
MER Oh, it started simply enough: a first small hit at a friend's party; then cranes at local county fairs; later, a few bridges here and there.
MER (MORE INTENSELY) But I got to the point where I had to have more, constantly more: higher, deeper, longer! I was going down 40 or 50 times a day! I graduated to balloons, but even that wasn't enough.
MER (SUDDENLY SOFTER) But then, I heard about La Costa Lotta!
LL Here? This place?
MER Get your head out of the bikinis, Larry, and take a look straight up.
LL I don't get it. You should be overjoyed to have a setup like this. What's the problem?
MER These provincial thinkers, that's what's wrong. They have some sort of stupid law that limits you to 10 jumps per day.
LL I'm not sure, but isn't there something in the Constitution about this? In that part about the "right to bare arms," I think.
MER Oh, that there was. And do you know what's worse?
LL You mean there's something worse than only getting to bungee jump ten times per day? What is it?
MER (EMBARRASSED) I've gotten to the point where I can only become sexually aroused if I'm high in the air, tied up with long rubber ropes!
LL (DOES LONG TAKE ENDING WITH GRIN) (Hmmm.)
LL And since they always keep that tower locked, I suppose there's no way you can just sneak in for a quickie whenever you need "a fix."
MER No, but if I only had my own key, I could come out at night when the resort is asleep and "get off again and again!"
LL Gosh, Merr, I wonder if there's any way I could get you a key?
MER Oh, if you could, Larry, I promise you an experience you'll never forget!
MER Oh, Larry! Have you figured out a way for me to gain access to the bungee jumping tower yet?
LL No, but I'm giving it lots of thought.
LL (OFF MIKE WITH HEAD TILTED BACK) Whoa! How high is that sucker?!
MER High enough -- even for me!
MER Oh, Larry! Have you figured out a way for me to gain access to the bungee jumping tower yet?
LL Funny you should ask. It wasn't easy, but I've got something here somewhere that should make you a very happy woman.
MER And if you'd just give it to me, I bet I could make you a very happy man!
LL I haven't forgotten, Merrily. I'll find you a bungee tower key somewhere!
MER That's great, Larry! I can't wait to "go down" with you!
MER Oh, Larry. Have you found a bungee tower key for me yet?
LL Yes, I have, Merr!
MER So? Are you going to "give it to me?"
MER Ah. That tickles!
LL May I have a few of those drops of water, Merrily?
MER Oh, Larry. Just order a drink like everyone else does!
MER Wow, look at that! My boyfriend has one of those... only his sticks out!
MER I would love to have a key, but not that one. It would do you no good anyway.
MER Oh, I'm not thirsty. I still have some of that horrible concoction you bought me! (beer)
MER Watch it. I prefer to be bound in rubber, not steel!
MER Oh, thanks anyway, Larry, but I don't know what I'd do with that.
MER Oh, thanks anyway, Larry, but I don't need that. You know what I want. Bring me a key to that bungee jumping tower and your life will never be the same!

MER Oh, honey. You must be thinking I'm Char!
MER Oh, fresh fruit is not what I crave, Larry!
MER Ick! Where'd you get that? (sandy lamp)
MER That's amazing. How do you keep it dry?(match)
MER Yeah, you look good in shades. (sunglasses)
MER No, thanks. Got one.
MER Pool flotation device, that is!
MER No way! Billy Dee said the next time he caught me trying to sneak up the tower he was gonna throw me off without my bungee!
MER Is that a key to the bungee tower? No, I don't think so. I have the pattern memorized, you know. But, it's rather close, don't you think?
LL Here, Merrily. You look like someone who would appreciate her own personal key to La Costa Lotta's bungee jumping tower!
MER How did you know? That's wonderful, Larry! Oh, baby, I can hardly wait until tonight.
LL (TAKE TO CAMERA WITH BIG GRIN) (Gee. I wonder if we could just cut to later tonight?)
(WITH MUCH ECHO) Later that night...
LL Look what I have for you, Merr. Your own personal copy of the key to the bungee jumping tower!
MER (SQUEALS WITH DELIGHT) Oh, Larry! My hero! You're wonderful! Meet me tonight, late, after everyone else is asleep, and we'll "go down" together!
LL (TAKE TO CAMERA WITH BIG GRIN) (Gee. I wonder if we could just cut to later tonight?)
(WITH MUCH ECHO) Later that night...
MER Doesn't that shot off the top of the bungee jumping tower turn you on?! (brochure)
MER Oh, I've got a towel somewhere over there on the pool deck. But thanks for being so considerate; I do sunburn easily!
MER I get that free too. Have you noticed? It seems awfully soft to me!
LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!) (soap)
MER Isn't this stuff great? I just love to rub it all over the parts of my body that don't get suntanned! (lotion)
MER Oh, no thanks. I found some of this in my bathroom. How do you think I made this bikini?
MER And I see you figured it out too! (floss)
MER I think that would ruin my add-on nails! That thing looks like it could shape metal!
LL With this wrench, you could unbolt the entire tower.
MER Yeah. Right.
MER How interesting. But I don't think this would stretch large enough for me!
MER ...to bungee jump with! (condom)

Gee, with those huge bolts of green cloth in the way, you can hardly tell what her breasts look like!

MER (HOTLY) Hey, now! What kind of girl do you think I am, anyway?
LL Well, I was hoping you were...
MER (CONTINUING AS IF UNINTERRUPTED) One of those sleazy babes you met in Larry 2 or 3?
LL Well, yeah.
MER (PETULANTLY) Huh! Well, you'll never find out THAT way.
MER Oh, you men are all alike! Just because a woman wears a simple, tasteful bikini, all you think about is groping.

Merrily's stomach is the only part of her that's flat!

You start to reach over to touch Merrily's incredible tummy... but your hands begin to tremble, your

knees knock, you start to drool, and sweat breaks out all over your body.

MER Yeah. I'm warm too!

Her arms look Freckl-icious!

As you stroke Merrily's arm, her freckles seem to quiver with delight.

You attempt to gently take her arm to lead her to some cozy corner to explore Mother Nature's Sweaty Wonders. But she stands her ground, not quite ready to make the commitment with the curious little horny man tugging at her arm.

You'd love to kiss every inch of Merrily's befreckled neck.

But why stop there?

Merr's neck is smooth and slightly damp from her last dip on the pool. And she's letting you touch it! Say, that's a good sign!

MER Thanks for wiping that stuff off; I don't know what it was!

MER OUCH! Stop pinching!

The way her lips are slightly parted, you can just tell she REALLY wants it!

LL (Wants what?)

You know. "IT!"

LL (Oh. Yeah, I know. I think.)

Hoping she'll suck on your fingers, you casually wave your hand in front of her face.

MER Oh! Gotta go? Bye!

MER Quit yanking on my face. Waddayu? Weird?

Merrily Lowe has thick, wavy strawberry blonde hair. In fact, Merrily IS strawberry cheesecake! You run your fingers through Merrily's hair.

LL Ow!

MER Oh, sorry, I lost a bobby pin in there somewhere.

MER Ooh, you caveman, you!

MER Oh, Larry, I hope your key works as well as that transition; I thought we were going to have to wait around until night fell, or something!

LL The coast is clear, Merr. Open the gate!

LL Ladies first.

LL (Heh, heh.)

MER Come on, Larry! Only a few hundred feet to go!

LL (OUT OF BREATH) How 'bout we take a little break?

MER No way, Larry! Come on, a little exercise will do you a world of good! Besides, wait 'til you see the view from the top of the bungee tower at night!

LL (Perhaps a closer look would inspire me to climb faster...)

You see something special!

Do you really want to miss out on what promises to be a unique experience, Larry?

Just Not Into Rubber, Larry?

Yes

Oops

-

You had no idea the bungee jumping tower would be THIS high!

LL Ohmigawd! How high are we?!

From this height, you swear you can see the curvature of the Earth!

You missed. Merr is over there!

Trying to use that at this altitude will only make you dizzy. You've got what she wants... and it's right there on the icon bar!

Why have a warning light on this tower? No airplane can fly this high!

You always wanted to see the Orient; now you have!

LL Hei yah!

LL Isn't that the Exxon Valdez?

LL (WALTER WINCHELL VOICE) Good evening, Mr. and Mrs. America, and all the ships at sea!

LL Next time I think I'll take the boat!

From this height, even the expansive grounds of La Costa Lotta looks small.

Merr's beautiful hair is sparkling in the moonlight; and at this height, there's very little air to cloud your view.

Merr is looking better and better.

Merr looks like she's ready!

Why are you standing there looking, when you should be "zipping?"

LL Merr, are you sure it's safe up here? Why, there's not even a railing around this thing!

MER Of course, silly. Now come over here by me!

LL Aren't you ever afraid of falling? I'm no acrophobe, but this is the highest I've ever been!

LL (Except for one time during spring break in Fort Lauderdale when I hung out with young Billy Clinton!)

MER Afraid of falling? Silly Larry! Falling's the best part!

MER I don't want to talk any more, Larry. It's time for you to get undressed.

MER Don't just stand over there in all your nakedness; get over here!

MER Oh yes, Larry. That feels wonderful.

MER Ummm, Larry! I'm beginning to feel that old feeling again!

MER Oh, Yes! Larry, hurry! Get undressed. NOW!

MER Go ahead, Honey. "Take" a chance.

MER Go ahead. I'm yours for the taking!

The idea is to take YOUR clothes off.

MER Oh, Larry. You're in such a hurry! Why, I'm not even in my harness yet!

MER Ooooooh, how the touch of rubber against my flesh turns me on! You are beginning to excite me, Larry!

MER Larry, why don't you get undressed now?

MER Come and get me, Larry! I'm bound up, and bound for, love!

LL I'm coming, Merr!

MER (PUNCH LINE) Not without me, I hope!

LL Merr, I hope you're not going to jump tonight... and leave me alone up here!

MER Oh, no, silly! There's only one thing I enjoy more than bungee jumping!

MER You may think I'm an airhead who's never had an original thought...

LL What? Why would I think that? Especially now!?

MER But, I do know something about life and love and happiness.

LL Well, really Merr, that's not important right now.

MER Oh, but it's something I simply must say! In fact, I'll whisper it in your ear right now...

LL WHAT!?!? My God, Merrily! I'm dumbfounded. That's amazing! You are so wise. An ultimate truth! I'm... I'm...

LL ...I'm FALLING!

MER Isn't that just like a man? Always has to get off first!
Quiet, Larry! You'll wake the entire resort!!
Now you've done it! You've awakened the entire resort. Everybody is staring out their windows at you, foolishly bungee jumping in the middle of the night, wearing nothing but embarrassment!
The Next Morning...

There's no time for further gifts... get down to business!

You look like you're scared of heights. Because, you are!
You really do have NO shame!

LL (I wonder if there's any way I can get her to go down...)

LL (...the ladder!)

You should be doing that to her, not yourself.

Thinking about getting undressed, eh, Larry?

LL Excuse me, Merr. I'm going to step over here and make myself more comfortable!

What? Get dressed now? When she's waiting for you over there?!

Perhaps a little "warm-up" first would be in order. Sure, Merr's excited, but exercise a little self-control, Larry!

LL (I'd give anything to be down that ladder... anything except giving up the opportunity to be with this over-sexed, nearly-naked woman here!)

Merrily's bungee cords lie coiled like vipers... ready to strike the first unwary male who climbs into her lair!

The bungee harnesses lie here waiting to claim their next victim!

ROSE ELEETA

ROS Ei! Carrumba!! What is that horrrrrible ca-ca smell?

LL (Did I forget something upstairs in the toilet?)

You are up close and personal with Rose Eleeta, one spicy little Spanish number, who runs La Costa Lotta's High Colonic Treatment Center.

ROS Welcome to La Costa Lotta's High Colonic Treatment Suite, Mr. Laffer. Your presence here is welcome to me, Rose Eleeta, on your attendant person duty.

LL Er, thanks, Rose. Nice to meet you too. You're in charge of haiku lyrics?

ROS Okay it is, Laffer. Sometimes I understand not your English so good. You see, Rose very new in U. S. of A. From Spain I have come just.

LL How long have you been in this country, Rose?

ROS Maybe 3,000 miles. In country not far, but English speak good, no?

LL Uh, no, er, I mean, yes.

LL What brought you to America?

ROS Airplane.

LL What I mean is, why did you leave Spain and journey all this way?

ROS Simply. To America I come to be an "au pair" for a pair of children.

LL "Au pair," eh? You must enjoy working with children.

ROS No, making children much more to my liking! But, give up tending children I did.
Bad hours. Expect you to leave bed during night. Not Rose. When bed I go, I go for hours.

LL (I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard THAT!)

LL Rose, would you like to try a little something special with me? I consider myself quite the continental type, very sophisticated and urbane.

ROS Yes, that nice, but where I come from, woman expects gift before freebie.

LL (Say! This girl IS continental!)

LL I can understand how a woman might want a gift. But what exactly would please you, Rose?

ROS Just around look you, Lawrence. Tell my likes, you know you can.

LL Hmm. I see.

LL (Why don't women EVER give you a straight answer?)

She's so realistic, you could almost reach out and touch her! But you can't, not until Sierra makes some truly major improvements in Interactive Entertainment!

And we all know exactly what you would do if you could take her!

ROS (GIGGLES) How cute! Is it cold in here, or is it just me?

ROS The key to your room? Yes, for cleaning underneath my fingernails I use, okay?

LL Never mind.

LL Here is my genuine employee badge, Rose. This gets me in lots of places.

ROS But in here it will not get. Rose not blind. You have no chest like in photo!

ROS What? Why do you think I would want something like that? I have not needs for such a thingie.

ROS No need fancy things. Happy with nature. Look around room. (champagne)

LL Here's something you could wear when you're near water. Would you like my beaver?

ROS No, thanks. Got one.

ROS Keep it in room with swimming suit.

Rose has deep, dark, penetrating, liquid brown eyes.

No wonder she's in charge of High Colonics!

Rose's eyes tell volumes.

Play your cards right and she may turn up your volume!

Geez, how gross! Taking her eyeballs?

Rose's breasts are pert and perfect.

One is pert, the other is perfect.

Which is which? YOU be the judge!

LL (Hmmm. I wonder if she'd mind if I touched her breast?)

Yep.

ROS You are so funny! Those you cannot take!

LL I can't?

ROS No, no, no! But you may enjoy looking, yes?

Rose's right arm is permanently cocked.

(A feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

With her slender left arm cocked jauntily on her hip, Rose Eleeta looks like a real little spitfire!

You gently brush your hand along Rose's arm.

Immediately a thrill of sensual pleasure races up your arm, across your shoulder, up your neck to your scalp, bounces right off, then shoots back down your neck, past your waist, and ends up somewhere South of Burbank.

ROS What do you want with my arm?

LL I dunno, I just thought I'd take it.

ROS (POUTINGLY) No. You may not. You have two of your own already. Make do.

Rose's full, pouting lips give her an air of youthful innocence tinged with blossoming sexuality that brings to mind such coquettish young babes as Brooke Shields, Uma Thurman, and Amy Fisher.

As much as you would love to touch those full, soft lips, you restrain yourself. After all, she bites! (Or, at least you HOPE she bites!)

You carefully and sneakily pull off a sample of Rose's lipstick, placing it on a hermetically-sealed glass slide you keep in your billfold.

LL "Check this out in the lab, Dano!"

LL Ah, Rose, were I but a finger in your nose!

ROS What? I've got a Butterfinger in my nose? You crazy!

Remember, Larry: you can pick your friends, and you can pick your nose, but you can't pick...

LL Hey, look! I've got your nose! I've got your nose!

ROS You sound like my old Uncle. He is always playing that joke on me!

Look at that strong, graceful neck! For just a moment, you imagine it straining in a paroxysm of pleasure as Rose performs Nature's Mystery Dance of Love with a virile young hunk like yourself!

Well, KIND of like yourself, only virile, young, and hunky!

ROS No, no, no! I have not given you permission to touch my neck!

LL May I have permission to touch your neck, Rose?

ROS Permission granted.

LL Gracias!

ROS You welcome!

LL Since I have permission, I'm going to touch your neck.

ROS You may have permission, but you don't have the permit.

LL I need a permit to touch?

ROS Si!

LL See? Or touch?

ROS Touch.

LL I see.

ROS Si!

ROS Don't take my neck! You already have much the better neck than I, since yours is capable of supporting your extra-larges head!

Rose has fine, shoulder-length, brown hair that looks soft and kissable!

ROS No, no, no! You may not fluff my hair! I have not given you permission!

LL May I have your permission to fluff your hair?

ROS Not yet, pale little man! You have much to experience first!

LL Hey, is this a wig?

ROS OUCH! What are you doing?

LL Oops. Sorry. Guess not.

Rose is wearing a flowered tube top that accentuates her petite but perfectly- proportioned pair of protruberances!

No need to my tube top touch! I tell you: it is 50-50 cotton/poly blend floral-print pattern by Armani of Beverly Hills. Satisfied?

(Hardly. But that's enough clothing information.)

The tube top is too small for your "manly" chest.

Besides, flower prints make you look like your grandmother.

Leave the fan alone. Focus your attention on Rose.

An electric fan is mounted on the far wall.

LL So, Rose, uh... did I tell you I'm your biggest fan?!

LL HEY! Don't even think that!

LL Here, Rosie, I'd like to give you a little something special. I can see how much you enjoy flowers.

ROS Oh, thank you, Lawrence! They are most beautiful. I'll put them right over here.

ROS And in return, I'd like to give you a little something special, my nuevo amigo!

Hey, Larry! Finally, you're gonna get lucky! And with this hot Spanish senorita, too!

ROS Please to examine closely the painting on the wall over there. I believe you will surely enjoy that which will follow.

LL (Why am I looking at a painting? Why is she running that Harley with the carb too rich?)

ROS I will make you experience feelings you never knew before!

LL (PUNCH LINE) (That wouldn't be hard!)

ROS You'll feel like a new man!

LL (PUNCH LINE) (Good, 'cause the old man wasn't gettin' any!)

ROS Are you ready for a good time?

LL {thinks} (PUNCH LINE) (I've been ready for 30 years!)

LL I'm all yours, Rose!

ROS Okay, honey. Drop those pants!

Finally, Larry!

(PUNCH LINE) But shouldn't she at least dim the lights?

LL Whoa! What's that?! Rose, uh, exactly what does "High Colonic" mean?

AAAAAEEEEEEAAAAA!!!

ROS Isn't it wonderful? Am I right? Isn't it a feeling you've never felt before?

A Few Hours Later...

LL Rose, I've never felt more emotions in such a short period of time!

ROS Yes, I know. All my customers say that. But here, Lawrence. Allow me to give you a little something in return.

(SCREAMS) NOOOOO!! Not again!

ROS Oh, you silly! No, this.

LL Why, Rose, what a beautiful orchid. It's... it's... it's so "prom night!"

ROS Thank you, Larry. Come back soon, so we can do this again, okay?

LL You know, I don't feel pooped any more!

ROS Yeah, and also you're not so full of sheet!

SHABLEE

No doubt Shablee's arms are as delicate and feminine as her pert and perky nose and her full and winsome lips!

Shablee's arms are so smooth and sexy, they remind you of your cousin, Monique!

LL (Ah, Monique! I had such a crush on her until I heard that nasty rumor about how in-breeding creates children with small bodies and over-sized heads!)

SHA You can't take them, Larry, but if you play your cards right, maybe I'll "take" you into them! Would you like that?

LL (BABBLES GIBBERISH INCOHERENTLY) Uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh, uh huh!

SHA I'll accept that as an affirmative.

Shablee's hair has that wild, untamed, tribal look that says, "I dare you to try and brush me. Just try."

SHA Oh, no! None of that touchy-feely stuff until I'm ready to play. And I think YOU'RE holding up the party!

Yeah, Shablee's hair could fool you, all right. Her braids look detachable, but they're not.

Shablee is one beautiful human being! Perky, cute as a bug, a sharp dresser, lovely hair, perfect make-up... she's the girl you always wanted to take home to Mother. Too bad Mother moved without leaving a forwarding address!

LL Well, Shablee. I guess I'll be leaving now. I'll look forward to our big date tonight, down at the beach!

SHA Okay, Larry! And don't be late. See you there about sunset.

SHA Not having a new dress to wear to the ball is so humiliating.

LL Don't worry, Shablee. I know right where to find you a dress!

LL (I DO know where to find a dress, don't I?)

LL I'm rather new around here. Have you been here long?

SHA Oh, not that long.

SHA Are you going to the big Weight Loss Spring Formal?

LL Good day, Miss. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

SHA Why, hello. I didn't hear you come in. You may call me Shablee.

LL Weight Loss Spring Formal? What's that? Sounds like a prom!

SHA Right you are, Larry. I've been searching everywhere for a new dress, but I just can't find one with that "certain something" I crave.

LL Shopping? Here? Where?

LL I haven't seen a single store.

SHA Oh, they're here, all right. You're just not a shopper like me!

SHA My motto is: "Veni, Vidi, Visa!"

SHA I came, I saw, I shopped!

LL So you'd like a new dress, eh?

SHA Oh, yes. If I could only find something brilliant, why I'd...

SHA I'd...

SHA Hell! I don't know WHAT I'd do! But, what's the use. I'll just have to wear something old, I suppose.

SHA You enjoy the touching part, don't you?

SHA There's nothing here you can take off me... at least, not here; not now!

SHA HEY! Waddaya think, you're the only guy with one of those?!

SHA Hold your horses, Larry.

SHA Yeah, right. Like you're going to get me into YOUR room!

SHA I don't drink beer. But, I love champagne!

SHA I'm not impressed with that fake employee badge. You look nothing like an aerobics instructor to me!

SHA Hey! I'm not that kind of girl! Keep your devices to yourself! (cuffs)

SHA Aaahh! How sweet. An orchid. And it's perfect, too. I'm sure I'd love it, but I just can't accept it.

SHA I only accept orchids by the dozen!

SHA Ah, honey, I don't want that. But I would like something nice to wear.

LL Oh, Shablee! I hope you love this gown. I really think it's you!

SHA Oh, Larry! It's perfect! You little devil. Whatever can I do to repay you?

SHA Why don't you meet me tonight... down at the beach... and we'll take a midnight swim together... just the two of us... alone... in the moonlight!

SHA What do you say?

LL I say: I'll be there!

LL Until tonight, Shablee!

Later that night...

SHA Why, how sweet! But, I couldn't accept.

SHA It's not big enough! (diamond)

SHA No, thanks. I already have sunglasses!

SHA Please! I don't want to see your beaver!

SHA I just love that photo of Billy Dee administering mouth-to-mouth!

SHA I get that free stuff in my bathroom every day too! (soap)

SHA Those ARE a good idea, aren't they? Later, if we get to know each other a little better, you should try this idea again! (condom)

What full, sensitive lips. You long to taste them...

...and other things too!

SHA Mmm, I love the taste of a man's knuckles. Once you've taken what I have to offer, you WILL allow me suck on your knuckles, won't you? Pretty please?

SHA Oh, I WANT you to take my mouth, Larry, I really do! But not until we're sure we're safe.

Shablee's beautiful eyes glisten in the lights of her make-up mirror.

Her eyes are hazel, large and deep and liquid. She's either tremendously sexy or has an advanced case of myopia.

Or both!

LL May I have your eyeballs?

SHA No.

LL Just for a souvenir. C'mon, how about just one?

SHA No. But I LOVE men who love to collect things!

You can only imagine what must lie beneath that top.

(Since you'll never actually see it in THIS game!)

SHA (SINGSONG) Uh, uh, uh! Aren't you forgetting something? A small length of sheep's intestines, perhaps?

(Gee, Shablee really knows how to set the mood!)

SHA Not yet, honeybunch. But, believe you me, I could rip this sweater off and be all over you in an instant. But not without protection. No siree, not me.

Only one tiny nose hair protrudes from Shablee's left nostril.

Nah. Just kidding!

SHA Hey, stop messing with my nose!

SHA What are you doing? Do I have a nose hair hanging out or something? Boy, are you romantic NOT!

Now? At a romantic, moonlit moment like this?

You're so infatuated with your latest soon-to-be-conquest, you simply can't take your eyes off her!

Right now, you're more interested in talking to Shablee!

While there's plenty to do on the beach, there's nothing to do there on this beach.

What else would you want to do, except touch your lover?

You don't want to take that!

At this moment, there is only one thing here you are interested in-- Shablee!

Stop screwing around with the beach.

+You missed her!

You mean, with a beauty like this waiting here on the beach just for you, you want to Fast Forward and miss everything (except the points)?

Shablee's here, in the moonlight, beside a warm campfire, sitting on her blanket, alone on the beach, in a romantic mood... and you're thinking about drinking?!

There's nothing like a campfire on the beach, under the stars, in the moonlight to set a romantic mood...

...unless it's sharing a blanket with a creature of incredible beauty who's ready and willing to satisfy your every whim!

(In other words, leave the fire alone, Larry, and concentrate on Shablee!)

Want to sing campfire songs, eh?

Let's just say you DID stick your hand in the fire, and the fire was hot, and you burned yourself, and you ran to the ocean to cool it, and a shark bit your hand and wouldn't let go, and you were dragged out to sea, and you drowned. THEN, would you be happy?

You'd get burned.

Can't you just use a match like anyone else? (burning lamp)

Shablee looks beautiful here on the beach, in the moonlight, with your lips softly waving at her...

HEY! Wait a minute!!

What are you doing, LOOKing at her? Come on, Larry! Get on with it!

Shablee looks beautiful here on the beach, in the moonlight, with those waves softly licking the shore.

Shablee looks beautiful here on the beach, in the moonlight, softly licking her lips.

Shablee looks beautiful here on the beach, in the moonlight, with your lips softly licking your eyebrows.

LL Come here, you beautiful thing!

LL Wow! Shablee!! I've kissed quite a few women in my time, but I've never experienced anything quite like that!

SHA Larry, perhaps you've finally found someone who really knows what a man wants!

SHA Hi, Larry. I've been waiting for you.

SHA I brought a little something for us... champagne, chilled, with two glasses!

LL Have I ever told you I find your eyes exciting?

SHA No, but please do.

LL Uh, well... I find your eyes exciting.

SHA Oh, you do?

SHA Ah, Shablee, would it be premature to request a little kiss?

SHA Take me, big boy!

SHA Oh, Larry!

SHA Oh, Larry! I like that.

SHA Ooooooh. Yes! Larry, that's so nice.

SHA OOOH! Larry! I know what you're thinking!

She's ready to give you even more than you can take, Larry!

SHA I'm ready, baby! I hope you brought a condom.

SHA What?! How rude!

SHA Mmmmm. You wild man! Not yet.

SHA Ah, Larry. Perhaps soon.

Not yet, Larry! Once again, you're premature!

SHA I was hoping you brought one of those!

SHA Here. Let me have that.

SHA I'm ready when you are!
(VARIOUS SPITTING SOUNDS) Phhhtuueeey!
No wonder Shablee knows what a man likes!

The Next Morning...

THUNDERBIRD

Ordinarily, you're rarely turned on by a woman's nose. But Thunderbird's petite, delicate nostrils make any man a Nose Man forever!

TBI Funny you should try that. I was thinking of having my nose pierced next week. Maybe I will. (handcuffs)

TBI Hey! Get that away from my face!

Thunderbird has two of the most perfectly formed hips you've ever seen on a woman. For just a moment, you seriously consider tracing that lacing!

But you know your heart couldn't take the strain!

TBI You can't take my hips. They're busy keeping my legs attached to my body.

At some mystical point inside those shorts, Thunderbird's perfect derriere turns into a pair of legs that men would die for.

And between!

You can't move her legs. They seem to be pinned tightly together.

(And doesn't THAT sound like fun!)

TBI You can't have them. I plan to walk later.

Thunderbird's hands are graceful and supple, and her fingers are so... so... so close to that incredible CHEST!

You wonder just how much strength she has in those powerful hands!

A studded wristband encircles Thunderbird's slender wrist.

It feels like real leather! And the studs feel like real studs!

(Of course, you're not exactly sure what a real stud feels like!)

TBI You like leather, little man-boy? I've got more leather than you know what to do with, only you wouldn't know what to do with it! Wait a minute. Well, you know what I mean.

Look at those strong, slender arms! You can practically taste them!

And if you get your way, you will!

TBI HEY! I don't remember ordering you to touch me!

LL Well, no, I guess you...

TBI That's right. And you won't touch me. Until I tell you when! And where! Got it?

LL I, uh, oh well, yeah. Sure!

TBI And until then, stop drooling on my weights!

Thunderbird's delicate neck arches sensuously as she gazes at you. You wonder what her neck would look like straining in the throes of ecstasy.

Of course, it's not like you would be there, but still....

You can think of nothing more exciting than caressing Thunderbird's bare, sexy neck... unless it's following that neck to its logical conclusion!

TBI What's this trying to take my body parts? You gonna build "The Bride of Larrystein?" Lay off!

Thunderbird's got that famous "downward smile" that Charlene Tilton perfected. It makes her look sexy, forbidden, unhappy and expensive.

TBI Get your hand away from my mouth, or I may have to teach you a lesson.

LL (Promises, promises!)

TBI Her eyes are blue. No, maybe they're brown. Wait, they could be hazel. (SIGH) It's hard to tell what color her eyes are. Who could see anything but those glorious breasts!

TBI Hey, Hannibal Lecter! Keep that finger outta my eye!

Thunderbird's curly auburn hair cascades down the back of her head and across her shoulders. Just for a moment, you wonder what it would be like if you were small enough to run naked through that forest of hair.

Actually, you're nearly the correct size now!

You long to run your fingers through that silky, sultry hair. In fact, you long to run ANY of your appendages through that silky, sultry hair!

TBI You can't take my hair. It's one of my three best features.

TBI Rather kinky idea! But first, practice some restraint!

TBI Grasping for straws, aren't you?

Something tells you this woman is unlike any you've ever tried before, Larry.

Thunderbird looks to be one tough chick. From her leather outfit to her defiant, challenging gaze, you can tell this is one woman who takes her pleasure seriously. It gives you goose-bumps just thinking about it!

LL Thunderbird, I was just wondering; is there anything else I could do?

TBI No, way. I'll just work on these thighs until you bring me some handcuffs!

LL (As if they needed it!)

LL Hello, Miss. I couldn't help but notice the muscles in your inner thighs!

TBI WHAT!?

LL I mean, I couldn't help notice "the magic in your intense eyes!"

TBI (SARCASTICALLY) Nice outfit! When you are going to stop having your Mommy pick out your clothes?

LL Oh, she doesn't pick out my clothes any more.

TBI I think a 90's guy has to know when to bypass the fickle whims of Paris haute couture and stick with the stylish lines of a true classic.

LL Hence the white leisure suit has become (how may I say it?) something of a "symbol" of mine.

TBI Hmmmph. I see. I gotta admit: it's you!

LL Thank you. You don't know how many people comment on it!

TBI (SARCASTICALLY) Oh, I can imagine!

TBI (SARCASTICALLY) What brings you to La Costa Lotta, little boy?

LL I'm here on a junket, actually. You see, I was one of the winners on a recent broadcast of "Stallions!" that hot new TV show for hot new studs like moi.

TBI So I suppose you'll be here for the TWO-week visit, instead of the weekend the First Place guys receive?

LL Gosh, Thunderbird! You sure do know your TV shows!

TBI I should. How do you think I got here?!

LL So, babe, waddaya say you and me get to know each other a little better?

TBI Honey, there's not much about you I need to know.

TBI And, not much about me you'd care to learn!

TBI But, I suppose a little "session" later on would be okay.

TBI I just have one problem, Larry.

LL Problem? What problem, T-Bird?

TBI That's THUNDERbird to you, Larry. Oh, my problem is simple...

TBI ...I'm having so much fun here that I wore out my only pair of handcuffs.

TBI So, if you want to have fun with me, you'll have to bring me a little hardware!

LL Handcuffs? Where am I supposed to get handcuffs at a health spa?

TBI That's your problem, Lar! All I know is, I'm gonna sit here and work this machine until you do! So, come back any time, but bring a little hardware with you!

TBI You missed me! I'm over here.

TBI There's nothing on me that YOU can take!

TBI In fact, I'm not sure you could even take me!

TBI Sure, any time. But first, how's about you doing a little something for me?

TBI Your room? Hah! You probably don't have any equipment there!

TBI Hey, thanks. I am hot and sweaty after working this machine!

TBI Yeah, sure! And that's your picture there on the badge; you with the large breasts!

LL Look what I brought you, Ms. Thunderbird. A genuine pair of chrome-plated, serial-numbered, auto-latching, inexpensive, resort cop handcuffs!

LL I only hope you'll find them acceptable.

TBI Geez. Taiwan again! You know how fast the chrome wears off these babies? Ah, well. At least you made the effort!

TBI Tell you what: I'll go back to my room and get dressed up. You stop by later. And don't take too long, either! Ya got it?

LL But, I...

TBI Shut up! I'm outta here!

TBI Cute. I don't want your lousy posies. (orchid)

TBI Honey, I'm more into stainless steel and chrome than stuff like that!

TBI Are you crazy, dude? I might be able to get one of these legs into that skinny little thing!

TBI Assuming I was so drunk I couldn't see how ugly it is! (dress)

TBI I never drink "sissy" beverages. (champagne)

TBI Hell, I get all the batteries I want by removing them from the devices people bring to my bedroom!

TBI Tie you up with an electrical cord? Hmm. Sounds interesting.

TBI It takes more than your bare cord to shock me, buddy!

TBI Ooooooh. You ARE the kinky little devil. But I'm more into 'cuffs than Crisco. (lard)

TBI Thanks. Keep it. Who needs an orange?

TBI A sandy lamp? Oh, I remember her! Wasn't she the one who recorded "Suck on my High School Ring" back in the 50's?

TBI Those may be "light anywhere" matches, but don't try it on me, buster!!

TBI I'll give you ten minutes to stop that! (lit match)

TBI Maybe you should wear those sunglasses out by the pool.

TBI What would I do with that? Combine it with string to make a bikini bottom? (polish cloth)

TBI No, thanks. Already got one! (beaver)

TBI Here's some words of wisdom for you, Larry: bring me some handcuffs!

TBI Don't you just love where that staple goes right through my navel?

TBI I swipe those things from the maids' carts too! (soap)

TBI Thanks. I know just where to apply this! (lotion)

TBI No, thanks. No time to floss.

TBI I haven't filed anything since I was fired from that secretarial job after beating up my boss!

TBI Are you trying to threaten me, Biffie? Watch out, or I'll use that wrench to loosen YOUR nuts!

TBI Gee. Thanks. Got any place I can hang this? (condom)

TBI What? Flowers? For me? You shouldn't have.

TBI (FORCEFULLY) And I MEAN that!

Those are two of the most magnificent, awe-inspiring, mouth-watering, 5-car-pileup-causing breasts that any woman has ever possessed.

TBI Halt! You may only admire these from afar.
For now, at least!

TBI Woolard's World of Leather? I'll be right there!

TBI Oh, it's you! I was, uh, expecting someone else first. But, don't worry. Come on in.
VICTOR: ERASE THIS

TBI Thanks for coming, Larry. I'm so happy to see you again.

LL Uh, nice room, Thunderbird. I've never seen a place quite like this before.

TBI I bet I've got a lot of things here you've never seen before!

LL (SWALLOWS) (Gulp!)

TBI I've fixed you a drink. Help yourself, it's on the table.

TBI I can tell how much you enjoy your gold chains.

LL Yes, I do. To me, they're a sign of virility.

TBI Whatever. Allow me to add a little "ring around your collar!"

LL What? Uh, do I really need to wear this? It feels like a dog collar.

TBI It is, my naughty little puppy! But it is a very nice collar, for a very nice little doggie.
What have you gotten yourself into this time, Larry?!

TBI May I help you undress?

LL Well... I...

(ANGRILY) Say! What the hell kind of date is this, anyway?

TBI (FORCEFULLY) Down on your hands and knees, dog!

TBI Sit, boy! Sit up!! Speak!

LL Woof.

TBI LOUDER! I can't hear you!

LL WOOF!!

TBI Yes, that's right! You're the puppy dog and I'm the Mommy dog.

LL (Well, you ARE quite the bitch!)

A Few Hours Later...

WOOF!

Fast Forward now? Just not into domination, eh, Larry?

No Tricks Like A Dominatrix!

Yes

Oops

GOAL GIRL: SHAMARA PAYNE

Shamara is the most beautiful woman you've ever seen!

LL (And she's not at all shy!)

Shamara is everything you've dreamed of in a woman... and more! Perfect in every way, you feel sure there's no way a woman like her could become interested in a man like you.

But, that's never stopped you before!

LL (LONGINGLY) Have I died and gone to heaven?

SP Who are you? And which department of the spa do you represent? I don't recognize your strange uniform. Are you with the kitchen help? When did they start dressing retro? And WHY? Are you sure you're supposed to be here?

LL Oh, I don't... wait, yes, that's right. I DO work for the spa. Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

SP How do you do, Mr. Laffer. I'm Shamara Payne. Please state your business here.

LL (SCRAMBLING, SHUCKING, AND JIVING) I believe there was some, uh, report downstairs, ah, ah, about the dumbwaiter. Yeah, your dumbwaiter was written up. Have you had trouble with your dumbwaiter?

SP Dumbwaiter? No, not really. At least, no more than usual.

LL Oh.

SP Are you just going to stand there doing nothing, Mr. Larry Laffer?

LL Do you always sit here, Shamara? Just staring out at the ocean?

SP Yes. Once I led a frenetic life, double-clutching espressos at six a.m. power breakfasts, Concorde-ing my way across "the Pond;" why, once I even owned an Apple Newton!

LL Wow!

SP But, one day, I finally looked at myself in my apartment's mirrored ballroom and realized: I may be fabulously wealthy; I may be at the top of my chosen profession; I may hang out with the cognoscente...

LL (Damn! I shoulda packed a thesaurus.)

SP ...but am I happy?

SP Well, yes I was. Quite.

SP But, more importantly, does my life have meaning? Why am I alive? What difference would it make if I just checked out?

SP So (in what I felt was an extremely Gauguinish move) I left my penthouse in the care of my servants and moved to this rather deserted island to live a Spartan life of contemplation and thought, living off room service and New Age music until I can fathom my meaningless life.

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (Rich: good.Thoughtful: bad.)

LL Let me see if I understand this, Shamara. You're successful, wealthy and happy so you gave up everything to sit and think?

SP Yes, Larry. I have everything... and yet, I have nothing!

LL (THINKING) (Oh, I dunno; you've got a great pair of tits!)

LL And what has your contemplation taught you, Shamara?

SP Oh, nothing really. But lately I've been wondering about the lack of men in my life.

LL (THINKING) (What a coincidence! I'm horny, too!)

LL I often think that myself.

SP About men? Oh, your sexual orientation or deviation is unimportant to me. What I seek is the perfect man.

LL (CRESTFALLEN) (That leaves me out!)

SP Not physically perfect, you understand... but rather spiritually perfect. Someone sensitive, intelligent, creative, wise.

LL (THINKING) (I'm outta here.)

LL It sounds to me like you're just another self-made, wealthy, healthy, New Age, 90's fast-pace dropout looking for meaning in an otherwise meaningless existence.

SP Why, yes, Larry. That's exactly it. You WERE paying attention!

SP But, can you help me? Can anyone lead me out of this funk?

LL Awright! This ultimate babe WILL be mine...

LL ...if only I can find something around this dump to please her!

You know what you'd LIKE to do.

Play your cards correctly and this just might be the one you get to do!

There's nothing you want to take from this woman...

...but you'd gladly give her everything you have!

Don't rush things, Larry. Take it easy.

LL (I think not. I don't want to chance offending this one!)

You don't dare risk offending THIS woman; you may never get so close to one so perfect again!

LL Here's my employee ID, Shamara. This proves I really do work here.

SP Like I care. Whether you're here or not doesn't really matter in the Grand Scheme of Things, does it, Larry?

SP What a picture, though. Nice boob job!

LL I want you to have this flower.

SP An orchid. How beautiful. How "high school prom-ish!"

SP But, you wouldn't just give me an orchid, would you? That would be too simple.

LL Well, I...

SP No, this is not merely an orchid. Let me think. It is natural, and beautiful, and unique, and... Wait! I see:

SP ..you're using this orchid to symbolize the perfection and purity of Nature, how natural things are best, how the world can create millions of these flowers, no two alike, just like human beings.

SP And thus, with a simple flower, you are encouraging me to recognize my own individuality, my own uniqueness, my oneness with Nature, my own connection to the everlasting Life Force.

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (Hell, I just thought it was kinda pretty!)

LL I knew you'd understand!

LL (No, on second thought, I don't think she'd care for that. But what would a woman like this need?)

LL Shamara, I brought you this sterling silver bracelet. I hope you like it.

SP (DISINTERESTED) Oh, Larry, I have no need for bracelets. Once I had hundreds of bracelets, nearly all of them better than this.

LL (HESITANTLY) Oh. I just thought perhaps...

SP (REALIZING THERE'S MORE TO THIS) But wait, that's not what you're trying to say, is it? This isn't a simple gift, is it? I bet it's much more.

SP The superficial old me would have seen this bracelet as merely a clumsy attempt at a cheap gift. Probably with an ulterior motive. Suspicious as always of a man offering me silver. In expectation of "future rewards."

SP But, you... you're different. You're as transparent as my pants. You're teaching me to achieve a higher level of consciousness. A deeper understanding. You're helping me scale these mental walls I've built around myself these last few months.

LL I...

SP No, no. Larry, please! Allow me to bring my thoughts to fruition.

SP I understand now. It's obvious. You're not trying to buy me off with this cheap silver bracelet, are you? You're speaking in symbols, aren't you?

SP You're challenging me to overcome my shallowness. And I will, rest assured. But a silver bracelet? What can this mean?

SP Oh, I'm so foolish! Such a lightweight! Of course I see it now:

SP Your gift symbolizes the spirit of life itself! A ring with no beginning, no end. A solid circle chasing itself round and round a vast emptiness.

SP Much like my quest for spiritual fulfillment, which looks like it must be far, far away but which, when you finally open your eyes to discover it, has actually been right at your feet the entire time!

SP Oh, Larry! Your wisdom is so powerful! I believe I'm finally beginning to understand.

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (I just thought you'd look good wearing nothing but a bracelet!)

LL Yup. That's exactly what I thought you'd say! You're really catching on to me, Sham!

LL Would you like to join me in a glass of lukewarm champagne?

SP Not really; I prefer my champagne served in a wine bucket, surrounded by cracked ice, bracingly cold, chilled to perfection.

LL I have the bucket, but I'm afraid my ice melted quite some time ago.

LL Would you like to join me in a sparkling glass of ice-cold champagne?

SP I'd love to, but not yet. I'm afraid I'm still confused as to the purpose of my life.

SP But keep it chilled, and perhaps we can find a use for it later.

LL Shamara, I've given you all my, ahem, hard-earned "knowledge." NOW will you share this champagne with me?

SP Oh yes, Larry, I would love to. I just hope that I can somehow find a way to express my appreciation for all you've done for me.

SP Your wisdom has clarified so many things for me, enabling me to reach higher planes of understanding than I've even dreamed of before.

SP You've shown me the purpose of life.

SP You've given meaning to my otherwise meaningless existence.

SP How can I ever repay you?

LL Well, there is just one thing that we haven't covered yet...

LL (THINKING, WITH ECHO) (Besides your breasts, that is.)

LL SEX!

LL Uh, I mean, Shamara, don't you think it's time we explored the inner workings of your inherent womanhood?

SP Sex? Oh Larry, I'm sorry to say that for me sex is hopeless. You see, I've been celibate my entire life.

SP During school, I was always too busy over-achieving to waste time dating. Once I started work, I was under such pressure to succeed that I never allowed myself the distraction of men.

SP If you think my understanding of life is weak, I regret to say I have no knowledge whatsoever of the sexual part of my existence.

LL Are you trying to say...

SP Yes, it's sad but true...

LL You're a virgin!!

LL (DOES TAKE TO CAMERA) (Heh, heh, heh.)

SP I'm sorry, Larry. I hope I haven't disappointed you.

LL Sham, don't worry about it. Remember, I'm here to help you in every way.

SP Oh, could you, Larry?

SP Is there any way you could do for me physically what you've done for me spiritually?

LL God knows I'll be glad to try!

LL But are you willing to keep working as hard as you have been?

SP Oh, I will, Larry. I promise!

LL Let's go inside, sit by the fire, and begin by drinking a little of this champagne.

SP Oh, thank you, Larry! I promise to give it my all.

SP Here's to you, Larry Laffer!

LL Shamara, I hope you like this diamond. It was a "gift" from a "friend" of mine.

SP Another diamond? Thanks, Larry, but I have dozens of...

SP ...oh, wait. It's a symbol, isn't it? Let's see, what could a diamond represent in your superior way of thinking?

SP Hmm. This is a tough one. Diamonds are a girl's... no, it can't be about friendship.

SP Could it be a way to "cut through" my cynicism and jadedness?

SP I've got it! You're trying to tell me that even someone like me, who has been under great pressure for so many years, can use that pressure to transform myself from a dark mental lump of coal into a transcendent human of crystalline purity and beauty.

LL Why, uh, yes, I think that's...

SP And, you're saying I don't have to give up my tough exterior in order to achieve perfection! How wonderful, Larry! How insightful you are! How wise!

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (How lucky!)

LL Why, thank you, Shamara. I'm glad you "caught my little message." I think you need to give yourself more credit than you do!

LL I have this, uh, object...

SP Ahhh, so I see. It's beautiful.

LL (It is?)

LL It is.

LL I'd like you to have it!

SP Why, thank you, Larry. It's not only beautiful, but I bet it's important, and probably meaningful too. But exactly what is its meaning?

SP Ah ha! Of course! To me it symbolizes the important role that Art plays in all our lives.

SP And not just Art, but the Arts in general: music, painting, dance, performance, sculpture, drama... All have the ability to move us spiritually above the fetid plane of our daily dreary existence and take us to a realm apart.

SP A place where, if we're fortunate, another tiny fraction of the Ultimate Truth may be revealed, where we cease for a few fleeting moments to be these self-consumed blobs of protoplasm and share in the Endless Quest for true enlightenment!

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (Gosh, I thought she could get a couple bucks for it as scrap metal!)

LL You're right, Shamara! I'm glad you like it!

LL Shamara, I think you should have this pearl.

SP Oh, Larry. I have no need for more jewelry. Besides, while this may be a large pearl, it does have a slight flaw over here...

SP ...but wait! You're not just giving me yet another bauble. Your thinking is far too sophisticated for that!

LL (It is?)

SP You're right, it is.

SP I see now what you're implying. It's true, I know. I've spent my life basing my opinion of objects upon their financial value instead of on their inherent beauty.

SP Missing the beauty of the tree by acknowledging only the net profit to be gained by harvesting the forest!

SP Missing the glory of a solitary canyon while recognizing only its landfill potential!

SP Missing the solitude of a seashore while buying up the oil drilling rights!

SP So exactly what is it you're trying to get me to see in this simple pearl, Larry?

LL Uhhh... well...

SP Oh, of course you won't tell me, that would be too simple! I know you want me to discover the meaning here by myself.

LL Yes, of course.

SP (MUSINGLY STUDYING PEARL) Hmmm.

SP (ELATED) I've got it! The iridescent shimmer of a simple sphere, created naturally by one of Earth's simplest creatures from the irritation of a single grain of sand, layered with bodily secretions over a lifetime, creating an object of classic beauty.

SP You're telling me to accept the imperfections in my character that have been

troubling me these past few months. To accept the irritations that life has handed me.

SP To stop trying to remove all irritants from my life. To cover my irritations with layers of love so they become points of strength and beauty instead!

LL I am? Uh, I am!

SP Oh, Larry! I've never had a man talk with me this way. Treat me this way. Express things in such wonderful, subtle ways!

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (Me neither!)

LL That's just the kind of guy I am, I guess.

LL I have this antique lamp that I found at the beach, Shamara. I think there must be some way to light it, but I haven't found anything to burn.

SP It looks like an old sailor's lamp to me, Larry. Didn't they once do a lot of whaling in this area?

LL (But where could I possibly find whale oil around here?)

LL I have this antique lamp that I found at the beach, Shamara. I think there must be some way to light it, but I just can't think of how.

SP Have you thought about matches? Say, just how wise are you, anyway?

LL For you, Shamara!

SP An old lamp, eh? And burning with such an unusual fragrance, too.

SP Why in the hell would a man show up on my balcony, bring me out of my reverie, make me rethink my chastity... just to give me a sandy old lamp?

SP Unless... unless... unless that old lamp is a symbol, a representation, of... of... of the lamp of knowledge!

SP Sure, this is no ordinary beach find, but rather a symbol of the importance of life-long learning, of the pursuit of knowledge, of the need to continue to grow as a person throughout my life!

SP Oh, Larry! I WILL continue to grow. I DO want to keep learning new things. I just wonder where I'll be able to find another teacher as wise as you!

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (I was just hoping we could burn it by the tub tonight, and you could play Susan Sarandon!)

LL You don't need another teacher, Shamara. I'll be glad to teach you everything I know!

LL Shamara, there's something I simply must tell you. May I whisper in your ear?

SP Of course, Larry. But, what is it?

LL It's just a little something I learned recently...

LL (MUMBLES) Wesqpf wpvxz xoienf s afd spoxcdf fwp ajwqpn fszxx!

SP Oooh! My God! But, of course! Why didn't I ever realize that before!

SP You're right. It makes everything so clear! I've been a fool.

SP Oh, Larry! You ARE a sensitive, thoughtful, caring, sharing New Age man!

LL (THINKING WITH ECHO) (Good thing it wasn't something dirty, I guess!)

LL Uh, yeah. I just thought you'd want to know.

If you play your cards right, Larry, all this (and more) might be yours!

How you wish she'd tire of keeping her arms crossed.
Talk all you want, you'll never get her to raise those arms.
Her arms are like velvet, only a lot warmer.

SP Hey! Are you trying to unfold my arms?

SP You may "take" my hand later, but you may not take my arm. I may need it sometime.

The gentle trade winds blow Shamara's hair in bold cascades, leaping playfully back and forth, occasionally covering her shoulders, then exposing their creamy glory.

May I blow softly in your hair, Shamara?

SP I'd enjoy that. And later, I bet we can find other things to do together too.

How you'd love to run your hands through that beautiful hair.

LL May I have just one strand of this golden flax? I'd like to place it in a locket, hang it from my gold chains, and wear it wherever I go.

SP Of course. As thick as my hair is, I'll never miss one strand.

SP You, on the other hand...

You've always loved women in transparent clothing!

Her pants are as thin as gossamer.

SP Hey! Watch your hands, buddy!

Take her pants? Like in "take them off?" Nice try, but something tells you a less blatant approach would be better with this woman.

Shamara's ears are like tiny, perfectly-formed seashells.

You'd love to hold her to your ear and see if you could hear her roar!

LL May I whisper sweet nothings in your ear?

SP Of course, you already are.

SP Please! Don't stick your finger in my ear!

Two dark, perfectly matched lines of tiny, silky hairs excite you in ways you've never felt before!

Her eyebrows are soft and smooth as velvet.

SP Oooh. I like that. Want to do it again?

How you'd love to take off all your clothes and dive into either of those aquamarine pools she calls eyes!

Brushing your fingertips ever so gently across Shamara's eyelids, she shudders with delight.

SP Oh, yes! I love a man who's gentle with me.

Shamara's lips are full and soft, eminently kissable.

How you'd love to press your lips against hers.

SP Play your cards right and you may get to do more than that, Larry!

You wonder if Shamara's lips taste as good as they look.

Shamara's nose is as cute as a button. Perhaps if you someday share gene pools, your offsprings' noses would be only large!

LL May I gently stroke the side of your nose, Shamara?

SP Yes.

SP I like that.

Death Scenes

CAV Oh, all right! You can have a quick peek!

LL Oooohhhh!! WOW!

CAV Of course, you know now that you've seen them, you're gonna have to die!

(CRY OF ANGUISH) Yeow!

As the last breath of life slowly ebbs from your body, you think to yourself, "So what? Those are tits to die for!"

At Least You Died With A Smile!

Try Again

Restore

Gangrene is such a terrible way to go!
Someday I Gotta Get In Shape!

You're still wearing your leisure suit, but what the hell, right?
The sodden leisure suit starts to pull you under the surface! Horrors!
As you go down for the third time, your vision fills with the image of a thousand leisure suit manufacturers burning in hell.
LL (This is not my idea of "going down!")
You're getting too old to swim in your leisure suit. Since you neglected to bring proper swimwear with you, perhaps you'll just have to create your own!
Wear A Swimming Suit, Dude!
I wonder what would happen if I stuck my finger in this electrical outlet?
(SCREAMING) YEEEEOOOOOWWWWW!!
What a shock! Perhaps you shouldn't play with electrical cords while they're plugged in!
Better Pull Your Plug!

Without thinking twice, without blinking an eye, without moving from his stool, Daryl raises one solitary finger and subtly depresses one particular button.
Perhaps you could find some way to distract the guard.
At Least The Water's Warm!

As your polyester leisure suit melts onto your raw flesh, you contemplate the wisdom of entering an extremely hot sauna wearing man-made fiber.
Is It Hot In Here Or Is It Just Me?

LL (Hmm. It looks like there's a problem with the piston. Perhaps I should check it out more closely...)
Perhaps that piston got just a little too hot before it exploded!
Doesn't Inadequate Lubrication Hurt?

LL (Hmm. There seems to be a problem with that hose. Perhaps I should investigate more closely!)
Look out, Larry! She's gonna blow!
In your worst nightmare, you never imagined yourself dying by drowning in cellulite!
It's A Little Like Tapioca!

LL Wow! Free mud baths. I think I'll jump right in.
The question is: Will polyester protect you from this extremely hot mud...
...or turn into a mass of molten plastic that eats into your raw flesh?
Evidently La Costa Lotta keeps the temperature of their mud baths slightly higher than the melting point of polyester!
The Latest In That Molten Look!

As the surging surf ping-pongs your lifeless body, environmentalists protest your damage to that tiny bit of staghorn coral you broke off with your head!

Surf's Up! So's Your Time...

Next time, try entering the swimming pool from upstairs!
Once Again, Larry, You're All Wet!

VICTOR: REMOVE THIS MSG WHEN CODE WORKS Larry inflates and dies.
Those taco truck tires certainly hold a lot of air!
That's You All Over!

Many people have reported that shabby fence to La Costa Lotta's crack maintenance department,
but its bureaucratic management just can't seem to get around to ordering repairs!

What A Way To "Get Down!"

GAR Oh, Sthweetie! I thought you'd never asthk!

LL Oh, no. What have I done?

And as Larry and Gary Fairy float off into the sunset together, we all think, "What an ignominious
end to a sterling career as the ultimate swinging single!"

Let's Pick Out Curtains...

Well... since nobody's watching... AND you asked...

How humiliating! A huge crowd of people watching you in your "most personal moment!"

Possessing absolutely no self-control, you refuse to stop before you go blind!

Your Mother Warned You!

Blatantly ignoring the "High Voltage" signs on the fence, you walk right up, grab the wires, and
attempt to climb the fence.

It seems obvious you're not going to climb over THAT fence!

What A reVOLTING Development!

Without thinking twice, without blinking an eye, without moving from his stool, Daryl raises one
solitary finger and subtly depresses one particular button.

Could a missile up your butt be considered brutality? NAH!

At Least The Water's Warm!

If You Need Help, Press F1

Press Ctrl-F any time you feel like fidgeting. If you have a DAC chip on your sound card, press F1,
F4, F6, F8 and F10 for a surprise.

Keyboard Fun

If you're having technical problems with this game, call Sierra's "Robo-Tech" at 209 683-8989 or
fax your problems to 209 683-3633.

But don't try to call them for hints; they're hard, cruel people who get their kicks by hanging up on
hint beggars!

Customer Service

Click once to clear this message. When you do, your cursor will change into a Question Mark. Pass
the Question Mark over the other areas of the screen to learn what they do. When you are

done, click again anywhere to turn off these messages.

Interface Help

Interface help is unavailable at this time.

Completely erase everything on this hard disk?

Press Cancel to prevent catastrophe or

Press OK to lose everything...

Ha, ha, just kidding! Here's a blatantly commercial message about the fine line of Sierra Hint Books.

Go back to your software dealer. Give him a lot less money than you already spent on this game.

He'll sell you a booklet that will guarantee you'll get much more value from your software purchase. We call it a "hint book."

It's a book full of hints. And jokes. And where we buried all the really dirty stuff. And lots of goofy things about how much fun we had making this game. And pictures of Al Lowe naked!

No, wait! That last part was a lie! You don't really have to see Al naked.

(Hell, it was bad enough for those of us who had to work with him that way!)

If you don't care about pictures of naked men, you could call our 24-hour automated Hint Line at 900 370-5583. Non-U.S.A.? Call 44 73 430 4004. Charges are only \$0.75 per minute (which is much cheaper than Passionate Patti's Touch-Tone Ecstasy Line). If you're under 18, be sure to have your parents dial the number for you.

"Shape Up or Slip Out!" is another in the long line of laughable Laffer software from Sierra and Al Lowe, World's Oldest Bald Bearded Computer Game Designer.

Other Laffer titles include: "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards," "Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking For Love (in Several Wrong Places)," "Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals," and "Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work." All are available at "finer" software stores everywhere, or by calling Sierra On-Line, Inc.

Those of you playing in offices worldwide should consider slipping through a requisition for "The Laffer Utilities," an innocuously-named collection of 17 silly things you can do on a computer, available in versions for DOS and Windows.

Some of "The Laffer Utilities" might actually be useful, such as Jokes, Betting Pools, Automatic Signmaker, and a large collection of clip art. But we promise nothing but laughter!

Al Lowe has also turned his perverse sense of humor loose on the Old West, with the critically-acclaimed "Freddy Pharkas, Frontier Pharmacist!" It's your standard Western tale of a boy raised to be a gunslinger, who gives it all up for a career in pharmacology.

Enjoy Al's collection of "Western movie cliches with a twist" with such delightful characters as Madame Ovaree (proprietor of "Ye Olde Ore House"), Sрни Lahkaka Bagnish (Freddy's faithful Indian companion), and the evil Kenny the Kid (fastest draw in the West) in whom Freddy, and you, may meet your collective match!

To order these (or any other Sierra products) call us at 800 757-7707, 209 683-4468, or fax your order to 209 683-4297. Non-U.S.A. customers call 44 73 430 3201.

Other Al Lowe Games

"Shape Up or Slip Out!" is an Up & Coming Production, Copyright 1994 by Sierra Publishing, a division of Sierra On-Line, Inc. Any resemblance to any characters, living or dead, means you need to find a better set of friends!

Control Panel Help

Interface Help

XXX Filth knob

Clicking here pulls down the File menu.

Clicking here pulls down the Game menu.

This is where you clicked to pull down the Help menu.

Clicking here changed your cursor into the Question Mark. Pass your Question Mark over the other areas to learn what they do. When you are done, click again anywhere to turn off these messages.

This is you, Larry Laffer. (Sad, but true.)

Click here to return to the game.

This Volume Control adjusts the volume of your sound card's music. It does not affect the volume of digital samples, if your card includes a DAC. If you have both, you may turn off the music without affecting the DAC by pressing F2.

Turning this Detail knob clockwise may increase the amount of incidental animation. Lowering it may make your game run faster.

Turn this Speed knob clockwise (or press "+") to make Larry walk faster. Turn it counterclockwise (or press "-") to slow him down. Press "=" to return him to normal speed.

Turn this Text Speed knob clockwise if you are a fast reader; the game's text will clear more rapidly. Decrease the setting to "make it stay up longer!"

When there is a face here, it's the person you're talking with.

This is the main game window. It's where all the action takes place.

Move this slider with your mouse to review text you've recently heard.

This Inventory Window shows the objects you are carrying. To use them in the game, first click on the Take cursor, then click the Take cursor on an Inventory Object, then click that Object on something in the main game window or even on other Inventory Objects.

Click here to change to the Move cursor, then click the Move cursor in the main game window. Larry will walk to that spot (or as close to it as he can). If you have a two-button mouse, click the right button to cycle through all the available cursors. If you have a three-button mouse, click the middle button to switch between the Move cursor and the cursor you used previously.

Click here to change to the Look cursor, then click the Look cursor in the main game window to look at things.

Click here to change to the Talk cursor, then click the Talk cursor on characters in the main game window to speak with them.

Click here to change to the Hand cursor, then click the Hand cursor in the main game window to do things.

Click here to change to the Take cursor, then click the Take cursor in the main game window to add things to your Inventory.

Click here to change to the Zipper cursor, then click your Zipper in the main game window. If you don't understand why, you've purchased the wrong game!

When an icon is in this location, clicking it will "Fast Forward" you to the next interactive part of the game.

Click here to leave the present scene.

When an arrow is visible in this location, clicking it will display more Inventory objects.

This is the number of points you have earned so far. There are 1,000 points possible.

Press this button to go backwards through the text you've recently heard.

Click here (or press Ctrl-C) to bring up the Control Panel.

Click and drag here to bring down the Menu Bar.

Click once to clear this message. Your cursor will change into a Question Mark. Pass the Question Mark over the Control Panel to learn what each knob does. Click again to turn off these messages.

Save, Restore, Restart and Quit are now located in the pull-down menus above the main game window.

Press this button to advance through the text buffer.

This window may contain text you've recently heard. You may turn the text off and on via the "Game" menu.

Trite

That would probably do something, but nothing you need to worry about.

Sorry, but you can't save your game at this time. Please try again later.

Sorry, but you can't restore a game at this time. Please try again later.

This game is over. Wait until Larry 7 to save your game!

You're too busy right now to access the control panel. Try again later.

Not Now!

You see nothing special.

You can think of nothing to say to that.

Where were you trying to go?

There's no need for you to touch that!

You don't need to take that.

You wouldn't touch that with a 10-foot pole.

And you're certainly ill-equipped!

You don't need to use it in that way.

LL Hey! Why'd you do that to me?

You pause for just a moment to study the one who loves you most...

...you.

LL (MUMBLE SOFTLY) Mozxcoiq fqweyzxc fw zxce wqf.

LL (MUMBLE SOFTLY) Now what was it I was supposed to remember?

LL (MUMBLE SOFTLY) I wanted to say something, but now I can't remember.

LL (MUMBLE SOFTLY) They say this is the first sign of old age!

LL Hee hee. That tickles!

LL Ohhhh!

LL OHHHHHHH!!

LL Hey, you really like that, don't you?

Could you just wait a little while before we do that again?

Stop playing with yourself.

Take me! I'm mine!!

You carefully adjust your clothing.

LL Ahhh.

You hope no one noticed.

You surreptitiously wriggle the key around inside your ear and remove a large blob of ear wax with which you have no idea what to do.

LL Oops! Dropped it.

LL (SOUNDFX) Glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug, glug.

Ahhhhhh!

LL (I could wear this, but it wouldn't dangle freely away from MY chest!) (badge)

You could lock the handcuffs around your wrists, but wouldn't that slow down the game a lot?!

Mmmmm. This orchid is redolent.

LL (Was I supposed to pack a thesaurus?)

What a coincidence. I have one exactly like that!

LL "I've got rings on my fingers and bracelets on my..." Wait a minute.

LL You're plenty lubed already!

You don't really want to wear the gown.

Whew! Thank God! I was afraid I was gonna have do another drag scene, like in "Leisure Suit Larry 2 & 3."

LL Hey, man! Good idea. I was thirsty! (cold champagne)

But just in the nick of time, you stop because you refuse to drink alone!

Awwwh!

You already wore that once. And once is enough! (collar)

You touch one terminal with your tongue and the other with your nose, but you still can't get a charge out of life! (battery)

You briefly consider forming the cord into a noose and looping it around your neck, but decide you're not doing THAT badly yet! (cord)

LL Oh, yeah. Good idea. Electrocute me, why don't you!?! (stripped cord)

Considering a little self-gratifying Mazola party? (lard)

You refuse to wear a cellulite-clogged filter on your head like a lampshade at a bad cocktail party!

Even though you are getting a little hungry, you decide to save the orange for future use.

No one will ever know you wiped your forehead with that washcloth.

Your wet washcloth smells nice and clean.

Your wet washcloth smells of briny sea water.

Your wet washcloth smells like piss!

Your wet washcloth smells of chlorine.

Your wet washcloth smells like crap!

Your wet washcloth smells of diluted beer and label glue!

Your wet washcloth smells of athlete's foot remedies and chlorine!

Your wet washcloth is brown with stains from that dirty sink water you soaked it in.

LL Ah! That feels cool.

You may be thirsty, but your hunger for something else is stronger. Take that water to Gammie!

You could bang your head with the lamp but you might hurt it.

LL My head or the lamp?

Guess!

You could pour a little on your hips, but you already have cellulite to spare!

You try to strike the match by rubbing it on your trousers, but polyester just isn't rough enough to start it burning.

LL OUCH! That's hot!

LL (I would look so cool wearing these out by the swimming pool... but not here.)

You could wear the sunglasses here, but why bother? You don't have time for sunbathing, Larry!

This tiny swatch of cloth was "included free with the purchase of any pair of sunglasses."

LL (Tiny? It's not THAT tiny. There are guys out at the pool wearing swimsuits smaller than that!)

You wouldn't dare wear that trifling little thing anywhere except poolside. Go out there and change.

You COULD wear the inflatable beaver... IF you were in the pool and IF it was inflated!

Wearing your beaver is a good idea, but try doing it in the pool.

You're already on your beaver!

Rubbing the brochure filled with photos of naked chicks all over your body will do nothing to further your immediate goals!

LL (No, but it's kinda fun!)

You furtively wipe a few drops of perspiration from your upper lip and hope that no cute babes have noticed. (towel)

Sure, you COULD rub the soap all over yourself right now, but wouldn't you really rather wait until you're in the shower?

Don't chance damaging that delicate impression you made!

You rub the Al Lowe Vera lotion into a few of those dry places on your knuckles.

You rub the Al Lowe Vera lotion into a few of the many wounds Thunderbird inflicted upon you.

Being especially careful around your incisors, you rid your mouth of all dangerous plaque.

You don't really need a dickey! (toilet seat cover)

LL WHAT?!

...made of thin white tissue paper!

LL (Whew!)

Normally one uses that when one's pants are around one's ankles! (TP)
You carefully buff that persistent hangnail completely off your finger!

LL YEOW! That file is tough!

What's the matter? Got a nut loose?

Here? Now? Why? (condom)

Mmmmm. These are redolent.

LL (Was I supposed to pack a thesaurus?)

The Points-O-Meter# shows you how many points you've earned.

Beg all you want! You're not getting any free points!

Trying to jerry-rig the Points-O-Meter#?

You want to "take away" some points?

Hey, don't go! What am I supposed to do inside here while you're gone?

Do you really want to start over again from the very beginning?

(c) 1993 Sierra On-Line, Inc. Thank you for playing Leisure Suit Larry 6: "Shape Up or Slip Out!"

Remember: we did it all with 1's and 0's!

Have you found the dirty parts yet?

While you were playing the game, we were examining your hard drive. (Boy, are you in trouble!)

Geez, what a boring DOS prompt you have!

"Shape Up or Slip Out" is a reference to the fact that Larry is trapped in a health spa. Now do you get it?

This has been an "Up & Coming" production.

Leisure Suit Larry was created by Al Lowe. Al Lowe bears no resemblance to any persons, living or dead.

Leisure Suit Larry is a registered trademark of Sierra On-Line, Inc. (Of course that's hard to believe.

But it's true!)

As always, if you liked our game, tell a friend. If you didn't like it, keep it to yourself. No one really values your opinion anyway!

Is it time for Letterman already?

Exactly what are you going to do that's more fun than THIS?

Warning: You are now entering real life!

Don't go away mad... in fact, don't even go away!

Oh, come on. You've got enough time. Let's play just a little longer!

Come back again when you can stay longer.

What did you think you were going to see, you pervert? Gotcha!

Larry's Code And My Apologies For The Use Of Caps Lock In This Section

This code is instrumental in learning when a line is said, and by whom.

In the MSG resource, all the files that you'll find, every line gets 5 numbers in front of it, indicating the object, verb, who says it and when.

The last of these numbers indicates the character who says it:

99 narrator

1 Larry

2 Gammie

3 Cav

4 A Man

5 A Woman

6 Burgundy

7 Woman on the phone

8 Daryl
9 CARLOS
10 SHABLEE
11 Thunderbird
12 Char
13 Merrily
14 Shamara
16 Art
17 Billy
18 Gary
21 Rose Eleeta
22 Bartender
23 MARK THE PLUMBER
25 Shalo
26 Larry thinks
29 Larry panting
30 Larry in another specific mood
31 yeow SCREAM, SPIT

The second number in the row indicates the verb: what do you do with the object to get the message?

VERBS

1 LOOK
2 TALK
4 HANDLE
5 PICK UP
6 UNZIP
7 USE ROOM KEY
9 USE BEER
10 employee badge
11 rubber belt
12 use handcuffs
13 orchid
15 anything else
16 bracelet
17 rose's lube
18 gown
19 warm champagne
20 icy champagne
22 USE COLLAR
23 USE DIAMOND
25 USE BATTERIES
26 USE CORD
27 USE STRIPPED CORD
28 use sculpture
29 use pearl
30 use lard
32 USE DIRTY FILTER
33 use clean filter

34 USE ORANGE
35 USE WASHCLOTH
36 USE wet WASHCLOTH
37 use cool washcloth
38 USE MINERAL WATER
39 USE SANDY LAMP
40 USE FULL LAMP
41 Use full lit lamp
42 USE MATCH
43 use lit match
45 use sunglasses
46 USE cloth
47 use swimming trunks
48 USE DEFLATED BEAVER
49 USE INFLATED BEAVER
51 USE GUEST KEY
52 use filed key
53 wise words??
54 USE BROCHURE
56 USE TOWEL
57 USE SOAP
58 use impressed soap
59 USE LOTION
60 USE FLOSS
61 USE TOILET SEAT COVER
62 use toilet paper
63 USE FILE
64 USE WRENCH
65 USE CONDOM
66 uSE VASE? fLOWER?