

Leisure Suit Larry 5!

On playing this game I often found a lot of trite: the “that feels exactly like...” lines in particular. I'd never imagined there was so much dialogue written in the inventory realm! There's even separate lines for the different tapes!

Dialogue in green refers to lines that cannot be found in the game. This is noticeable in some of Patti's sections – the limo, the fax machine and the studio session in particular.

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LARRY'S TRITE

I'm sorry, but you have failed to enter the correct password for this game. Please try again when you know the password.

Your password is now (...). Don't forget it!

Would you like to restore a previously saved game?

You hear a delicate little click from the camcorder as its tiny battery is now completely drained.

It's not much to look at.

To whom were you trying to speak?

There's nothing to do there.

Now?!

You coyly turn your back and relieve yourself. You quickly feel much better. The hint of a smile crosses your lips.

Visions of cucumbers dance through your head.

Good thinking! Shoot a little tape of that!

(But is your pocket camcorder working?)

You wave your napkin in the air. How fun!

That's one more place that won't accept your AeroDork Gold Card!

That doesn't look like a vending machine!

Stop flashing your money around, Larry!

That's not something you should set afire!

Your doily would look lovely there, but you'd better keep it instead.

Try finding some place else to place (...).

You wave the fax in the air. You have fun.

(But not much!)

"Fine. Go ahead. Leave! We've got better things to do in here anyway, don't we, Patti?"

"(How's this feel, babe?)"

"(Ooooh, Larry! Let 'em go play with their word processors now!)"

Do you really want to skip ahead?

ERROR: Object passed to SetFFRoom -1 ain't.

Why, look! It's (...).
You engage in a short, but personally meaningful, conversation with (...).
That feels exactly like (...).
It seems (...) just doesn't work with (...).
Don't do that to (...)!
Score: (...) of (...)

"We're sorry, your call cannot be completed as dialed. Please hang up and try your call again. If you are having trouble, please hang up and dial your operator."

"This is a recording."

(As if you didn't know!)

"Thank you for using U. S. Sprint!"

"You have reached Directory Assistance for the Greater (...) Area. We're sorry, but we're unable to come to the phone right now. We're presently busy (yeah, busy (...)!). Let us assure you that your call IS important; it's just not important to us!"

This door is locked.

Cleverly spotting an empty electrical outlet, you bend down and stick your battery charger in the socket.

Bending over, you insert your Pocket Camcorder into the battery charger and watch the "Charging" lamp illuminate.

You bend down and remove your battery charger and camcorder from the electrical socket.

You bend down and remove your battery charger from the electrical socket.

Battery Strength: (...)(...)

Your lonely battery charger sits all by itself, with plenty of power to suck from the wall, but with no place to push it!

You want to stick it where?!

A guy never looks as good as he does on polystyrene wheels!

You give yourself a thorough once over and remember why you love polyester!

And to think you used to laugh at your Mother when she would talk to herself!

You carefully smooth the wrinkles from your clothes.

(And spend quite a bit longer in some locations than others!)

After a careful check to be sure no one is watching, you slyly "adjust your clothing."

You adjust your camcorder to make sure it has a clear view out of your pocket.

You mop your brow with the napkin. Fortunately, it's still readable.

You pay yourself all your money!

You attempt to set yourself on fire.

(You fail.)

You pick your teeth with the business card.

You don't need to give yourself (...), Larry; you already have it!

You have nothing, Larry.

Throughout this game, you can "Zap" ahead by clicking this Fast Forward button, which is now hidden at the top of your screen.

PATTI'S TRITE

You look yourself over. You like what you see. "Although I could stand to lose a few pounds," you think.

"I really enjoy these little talks," you say to yourself.

You begin to adjust a bra strap before remembering you'd need a crowbar!

You begin to adjust your bra strap before remembering you'd need a bra!

Maintaining your cool, you surreptitiously check the zipper on your dress. It's fine.

As much as you'd love to celebrate, you hate to drink alone!

You can't listen to the gold record--without equipment.

You slide the letter opener inside the back of your dress and scratch that itch that's been driving you crazy!

"Ahhh!"

You gladly remove your double-barrelled bra.

You slip your genuine F.B.I. bra over your shoulders.

"YOW! That sucker's cold!"

You don't need to give yourself (...), Patti; you already have it!

You have nothing, Patti.

That's not a good place to pour out your champagne.

Your gold record would get scratched there.

You briefly contemplate firing your bra at that, but decide to hold your "fire."

LARRY'S INVENTORY

Auto-focus, auto-level, auto-color balance, auto-zoom, auto-pan, .5-lux, Complete-Video-Studio-in-a-Pocket-Protector.

'The Rob Lowe Model'

Power: (...)

Charge: (...) min (...) sec

Delicately exchanging your blue ballpoint with your yellow highlighter, you switch the camcorder off.

Charge: (...) min (...) sec

Slipping your green felt-tip between the .5-mm lead mechanical pencil and the blue ink rolling ball pen, you switch the camcorder on.

Your camcorder's batteries are exhausted.

The camcorder will not operate without a videotape inside.

Before installing another videotape, you first remove the tape in the camcorder.

Because of its tiny size, your camcorder has no erase heads. It requires tapes that have been

previously degaussed.

(You DID degauss them, didn't you, Larry?)

You insert the tape into "The Rob Lowe."

"Insert into any 110-volt, 20-amp GFI-protected circuit. Recharges most batteries in one minute!"

You open the battery charger and discover there's no battery inside!

The battery recharger must be plugged into a wall socket before the camcorder may be installed in it.

Genuine pretty-good quality

Highly biased

Degauss before using

Floss before brushing

The videotape is already degaussed.

You had no idea financial concepts could be so "physically" rewarding!

You had no idea mud wrestling could be so spiritually rewarding!

You had no idea dental pain could be so rewarding!

You wiggle the tiny door on the videotape just to make sure it still works. It does.

You shake the videotape violently, seeking to prevent premature shell sticpage.

You smooth down the label on the videotape with your hand.

NAME Michelle Milken

AGE 28

HAIR Black

EYES Brown

HEIGHT 6' 1"

WEIGHT 131

OCCUPATION junk bond sales

HANGOUTS Wall Street,
computer stores

TURNONS anything covered
with whipped cream

TURNOFFS strong moral fiber

Inside her folder, you find a napkin.

You open Michelle Milken's resume and look inside.

If computers are your life,
grab a quick byte in our cafe!

In the Heart of the Fabulous

Times Square Wine Country

920 W. 42nd Street

New York City

Exploring for a secret message from someone in New York City, you unfold the Hard Disk Cafe napkin. Alas, you find nothing written on the napkin.

"Whether in the U.S.A. or the South Pacific, it's Nontoonyt for you on AeroDork!"

You scratch the AeroDork Gold Card and find it isn't made of solid gold.

This boarding pass good for one First Class Seat on AeroDork Flight #1, (...) to (...), seat (...)(...), (...) (...), (...) only.

You open the boarding pass and discover it looks like it would just fit inside the AeroDork Boarding Pass Folder that came in the box with your copy of this game!

Good idea; save this in case the restroom runs out of paper!

Opening the magazine, you discover an interesting article. It says computer punch cards are descendants of a long line of mechanical products dating all the way back to the music box.

You promise to remember this information, in case you ever run across a music box in a computer store.

You always were a (...) -bit game player!
You flip the quarter in the air. It comes up (...).

You always wanted to have one of these, but you never had anything to schedule!
Inside you find: some folding money with more than two digits in the corners, many credit cards, some mutual fund account access codes, and a Swiss bank account number.
You thumb through the pages looking for anything that might help you, but find nothing except some alphabetical page dividers, which you rip out of the binder in disgust and throw away!

This is even better than having your own savings and loan (as you think you may have had in "LSL4: The Missing Floppies!")

You really enjoy running your money through your fingers. However, counting that high is beyond your limited mathematical skills.

Whoever this Pat Patterson guy was, he was sure loaded!
You carefully count the credit cards. There are more than you ever imagined having.

What an interesting way to make a club membership card! No one uses this antique, 9-track, paper tape any more!

Whoever said you're not a man of credit?

How clever you are! A few extra holes and you're a new man!

You briefly consider folding, spindling or mutilating this tape, but remembering your early training, decide not to do it--at least, not here.

NAME Lana Luscious

AGE 21

HAIR Blond

EYES Blue

HEIGHT 5' 10"

WEIGHT 123

OCCUPATION professional mud wrestler,
former "Miss Wet T-Shirt
of Atlantic City"

HANGOUTS Tramp's Boardwalk

TURNONS polyurethane, mud

TURNOFFS high IQ's

Inside her folder, you find a matchbook.

You open Lana Luscious' resume and look inside.

"Visit beautiful Tramp Casino on the beautiful Tramp Boardwalk outside the luxurious Tramp Hotel near the palatial Tramp Overscale Miniature Golf Course right off filthy Tramp Beach!

777 High Roller Drive

Atlantic City"

Just for fun, you strike a match and hold it between your fingers as long as possible, until it burns down so far that you think you're about to burn yourself. Then you drop it and rub it out with your toe.

(Thus, you amuse yourself greatly!)

You have (...) silver dollar(...), but you desire much, much more.

Hey, wait a minute!

These aren't real silver dollars. Every single one of them has Donald Tramp's picture on it!

You enjoy the clinking sound these silver dollars make.

With these on your feet you feel as though you could fly... right off the boardwalk.

You can't skate here, Larry!

NAME Chi Chi Lambada
AGE 24
HAIR Raven
EYES Chestnut
HEIGHT 5' 8"
WEIGHT 101
OCCUPATION dental hygienist and
 former gymnast
HANGOUTS the gym; the office
TURNONS locker room odor,
 dental irrigators
TURNOFFS burning rubber

Inside her folder, you find a business card.

You open Chi Chi Lambada's resume and look inside.

"Can Doc Fixem?

Nope, but can 'Doc Pulliam!!!"

Doc Pulliam's Dental Hygiene Heaven,
169 Lower Wacker Drive
Miami, FL
Dial 554-3627

Our Motto:

"Beats a doorknob and string!"

You turn the business card over expecting to find a secret clue on the back.

You don't.

Official U. S. Government Alien Resident Permit

Whatever possessed you to "purchase" one of these?

Isn't this sweet! It would look great back home in your apartment.

(If you HAD an apartment!)

(If you had a HOME!)

You'd be too embarrassed to wear the doily now!

Stand up first.

Sadly, you remove the doily from your head.

Feeling rather silly, you wrap the doily around your head in a classic "3 Stooges-toothache" style.

Click the OK button to close this window.

To charge your camcorder, first find an electrical outlet, then plug the charger into the outlet. Then plug your camcorder into the charger.

To record on this tape, select it with your arrow and insert it ever so gently into the camera.

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Why tape Michelle's resume? You want the real thing!
Mr. Scruemall won't be at all pleased to find a tape filled with napkin footage.
You wisely decide not to waste tape shooting the AeroDork Gold Card.
The boarding pass would be a very uninteresting short subject.
Find a more interesting subject for your camera, Larry.
George Washington is very photogenic but not nearly sexy enough to make "America's Sexiest Home Videos."
You're wasting time filming your DayTrotter, Larry.
Find a more interesting subject for your camera, Larry.
You've got more important things to tape than these Credit Cards.
Don't waste tape shooting tape, Larry! (What a cosmic concept.)
Why tape Lana's resume? You want the real thing!
The matchbook is even more boring than you, assuming (of course) that's possible.
Oh, good. A little footage of Donald Tramp never hurts!
Don't bother shooting your blades; you have more important things to do.
Why tape Chi Chi's resume? You want the real thing!
Carefully examining the business card with the macro close-up feature of the camcorder, you discover... it's really boring!
Find a more interesting subject for your camera, Larry.
The doily is very attractive but not worth wasting your precious tape.

Trying to degauss the tape with your battery charger simply won't work, Larry.
The battery charger won't fit into Michelle's dossier... but isn't it fun to try?
You clumsily attempt to set fire to the Hard Disk Cafe napkin with your battery charger. You fail.
Be careful you don't accidentally erase that little magnetic strip on back of the AeroDork Gold Card.
Charging the Boarding Pass is an exercise in futility (a sensation with which you're wholly familiar!).
You sensuously insert the battery charger into the tightly-rolled magazine and then slowly withdraw it. A tremble runs through your underdeveloped body.
Somewhere in the darkest recesses of your brain, you faintly recall that charging a quarter will never make it a dollar!
The convenient little DayTrotter has no need for spurious electrons!
Another totally pointless act... much like your birth, Larry.
You don't need the charger for that. The credit cards will let you charge anything you want!
Your attempt to charge the H.D.C. Membership Tape. You fail miserably.
The battery charger won't fit into Lana's folder.
The matches use common chemical compounds to create heat and light, and thus require no recharging.
You can't charge the Tramp Casino silver dollars.
Your blades use people power, not battery power.
The charger won't fit into Chi Chi's folder.
It's useless to recharge Doc Pulliam's business card.
What in the world were you thinking of? You can't recharge your Green Card!
The doily is already fully charged. (Just kidding!)

This videotape won't fit into the battery charger.
Click the OK button to close this window.
Tape, meet Tape. Tape, this is Tape.
Very organized. It is logical to store the videotape in the resume folder. (But just don't do it, OK?)

The napkin has no interest in viewing the videotape.
The videotape has no use for the AeroDork Gold Card.
The videotape can't use the boarding pass.
The In-Flight Magazine has better things to do than to watch videotapes.
The tape doesn't need your quarter. Apply it to your education.
"No," the tape says, "That's not my DayTrotter."
The tape doesn't want any of your "hot" money.
The tape doesn't accept credit cards. Call it prejudiced?
The tape couldn't care less about your membership tape.
Good idea. Videotape does work better with a little light!
What were you hoping to accomplish? Don't answer, it's a rhetorical question.
The tape doesn't skate, thank you.
The tape isn't in need of oral hygiene.
The tape was Made in America. It doesn't need a Green Card.
The tape looks very feminine against the pretty little doily.

Wake up, Larry. You can't put the videotape in the battery charger.
This videotape is unimpressed by other videotapes.
You show the tape to the napkin, but the napkin is unimpressed.
What in the world are you trying to do?
The videotape hardly notices the boarding pass, what with that sexy Gold Card sitting nearby.
You guide the videotape carefully into the rolled up magazine, and you tremble slightly.
You try all sorts of ways to fit the videocassette into the quarter, but only end up making yourself look even more foolish.
What, and lose it among all the other crap stashed in there?
The videotape doesn't need the money.
The videotape won't fit into the wad of credit cards.
Even this videotape is longer than YOUR tape, Larry.
You clack the tape and the silver dollar together. It makes a nice noise.
Vroom, vroom! You put the videotape in the roller skate boot and pretend it's skating around the room.
Great, if the videotape ever needs a dentist, now it'll know just where to find one.
The videotape is already a full citizen.
Why, the videotape looks so pretty and feminine on the attractive little doily!

The battery charger doesn't accept videotapes.
"Hello, Brother," says the videotape.
You wipe the videotape on the napkin to get rid of that "fresh mermaid" aroma.
You attempt to imprint the Gold Card on the videotape.
The videotape doesn't need a boarding pass.
You slip the videotape tenderly into the sensitive folds of your In-Flight Magazine.
The videotape seems unimpressed with your chump change.
The DayTrotter doesn't have room for the videotape.
No need to pay the videotape, it's just doing its job.
The videotape doesn't take credit cards.
The videotape is unimpressed by the length of your membership tape.
After struggling futilely for several seconds, you grasp the notion that the videotape is far too large to fit into the matchbook.
Even the videotape isn't fooled by Tramp money.
You wisely realize that the bottom of a roller skate is a particularly dangerous place to keep your valuable videotape.

Placing them up against each other, you easily ascertain that both the videotape and Doc Pulliam's card are rectangular.

The videotape has no idea what to do with a Green Card.

The videotape isn't into doilies, but if you can find a 4-head VCR, she'll love you forever.

Rubbing Michelle Milken's resume gently against the camcorder makes its zoom lens lengthen!

Trying to get a charge out of Michelle's resume?

Michelle's resume and the videotape spend an intimate moment together.

This videotape turns up its nose at Michelle's resume.

You show Michelle's resume to this videotape, but it isn't hiring right now.

You wipe Michelle's resume, sweaty from your thickly-furred palms, on the cocktail napkin.

You press Michelle's thin, flimsy resume hard against your glistening Gold Card and you break out in a cold sweat... an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you.

Michelle's resume looks askance at your Boarding Pass (she's used to traveling First Class!).

Michelle's resume is probably looking for something much longer and thicker than this issue of the AeroDork Magazine.

Michelle's resume appreciates the incredible head of George Washington on the quarter.

Placing the DayTrotter next to Michelle's resume allows you to see how well filled-out they both are!

There's no need to bribe Michelle's resume. She's perfectly willing to give it away!

Michelle's resume is impressed with your thick, bulging wad of plastic.

Michelle's resume tenderly caresses the full length of your membership tape.

Don't put those two resumes near each other. Michelle's resume would like to scratch the "i's" out of Lana's resume!

"No," screeches Michelle's resume, "keep those matches away from me!" You wisely separate the two before somebody ends up in flames.

What possible use would a resume have for play money?

You roll up Michelle's resume and jam it into one of the roller skate boots. Then you take it out again. The resume is noticeably more fragrant.

Michelle's resume hisses at Chi Chi's resume. Chi Chi's resume, in turn, lashes out at Michelle's resume. You quickly separate the two before they hurt each other.

Michelle's resume isn't in need of a root canal right now.

Michelle's resume doesn't need the Green Card. But if you run across any migrant resumes, you might want to give them a shot.

The resume clashes with the doily; other than that, it's a pretty effect.

You carefully wipe the camcorder lens with the napkin, removing dust, fingerprints, and errant flakes of dandruff.

With the napkin, you wipe some of your psoriasis flakes off the contacts of the Battery Charger.

You dab gingerly at the videotape with the napkin, attempting to remove some of the greasy fingerprints you've left all over it.

Using the Hard Disk Cafe napkin, you try to wipe some of your sweat off of the videotape.

You rub the videotape with your napkin and manage only to remove a few of your nose hairs, which somehow landed there.

There's no need to put the napkin back into Michelle's resume.

You proudly burnish the Gold Card to a gleaming shine with the napkin. As usual, nice buff job, Larry!

Fruitlessly attempting to clean the boarding pass, you chide yourself for leaving the office without your bottle of Boarding Pass Polish.

No doubt the last person who read the magazine had some dreadful, fatal skin condition, so you

endeavor to wipe the virulent bacteria off with your napkin.

Now the change gleams brightly in the sunlight, reminding you that this assignment marks the beginning of a brand new era of success for you!

You attempt to remove any fingerprints that would allow the police to return the DayTrotter to its rightful owner.

Good idea. You don't know where that money has been!

Being careful not to mar the magnetic stripes, you buff the credit cards to crystalline perfection.

Have you considered doing this professionally?

You wipe every remnant of paper-punch hole dust off the membership tape.

You clumsily attempt to brush your oily fingerprints off of Lana's resume, but only succeed in worsening those shiny smears.

You meticulously buff the head of every match in the matchbook, a process which you find strangely exciting, not to mention familiar.

That Trampy money now gleams brightly after a little expert polishing.

After noticing all the grease in the roller skate bearings, you painstakingly clean off every bearing with the napkin. "Great," you think naively, "they'll roll much smoother now without all that gunk in there."

You spot a few curly hairs which have somehow found their way into Chi Chi's resume, so you brush them off with the napkin.

Doc Pulliam's card is already quite spotless, and doesn't require a wiping by the napkin.

Using the napkin, you wipe a bit of the leftover trash off the Green Card.

The doily appears to have some indelible stains on it, which you don't care to examine too closely.

You attempt to insert your Aerodork Gold Card into the camera, but the magnetic stripe on the card is much too short to record anything useful.

There's no need to recharge the Gold Card, Larry. It charges without electricity.

This videotape only accepts "Carte Blacmanges" and "Whiners Club" cards.

This videotape only accepts "Armenian Distress" and "Dishcover" cards.

This videotape only accepts "MasturCard" and "Wheesa" cards.

There's no point in hiding the Gold Card in Michelle's resume.

You wipe the Gold Card on the Hard Disk Cafe napkin, and some of the cheap gold-colored paint rubs off.

The Boarding Pass, being a fellow "AeroDork05 product," is unimpressed by the Gold Card.

It's safer to keep the Gold Card out where you can see it.

You put the Gold Card on the quarter, and they make a brisk clacking sound (not unlike plastic against cheap alloy).

You'd better not do that. Should you ever decide to return the DayTrotter to its rightful owner (which could happen at about the same time Wayne Newton's voice changes), you might forget to remove the Gold Card.

The money isn't going anywhere and therefore will not need your AeroDork Gold Card.

The Gold Card is far too snooty to associate with those other, more-ordinary credit cards.

The raised letters on the Gold Card are not sharp enough to punch additional holes in your Membership Tape.

Fortunately, you're taking Lana's resume with you. It won't need a Gold Card.

You rub the edge of the Gold Card against the head of several matches, building up a pile of sulphur in your hand. The question is, "Why?"

You're no alchemist. You simply can't convert Gold Cards into money.

You slide the Gold Card back and forth on the wheels of your skates. Wheeee!

What would Chi Chi's resume do with an AeroDork Gold Card?

Next to the Gold Card, Doc Pulliam's card is pale and unimpressive. But then, so is Doc!

You place the two cards side-by-side. Aesthetically, you prefer the Green Card, but the Gold Card has the better parentage.

Tres attractive! The clean white doily really sets off that Gold Card's striking graphics.

If you take the camcorder with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the battery charger with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the videotape with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take Michelle Milken's resume with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the H.D.C. napkin with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the Gold Card with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the AeroDork In-Flight Magazine with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the quarter with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the DayTrotter with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the money with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the credit cards with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the membership tape with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the resume with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the matchbook with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the Tramp money with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the roller skates with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the resume with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take Doc Pulliam's business card with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the Green Card with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.
If you take the doily with you, it won't need its own boarding pass.

The camcorder takes an 8mm magazine, not an 8" x 11" magazine!

You thwack the battery charger soundly with the magazine, just in case it's still working.

Attempting to jam the magazine into the videotape will cause irreparable damage to the videotape!

You thoughtfully wrap the videotape in the magazine, then remove it again. Don't you have anything better to do?

The videotape is too petite to hold your thick, manly In-Flight Magazine.

Michelle is nowhere to be found in the magazine, so it would be incredibly dishonest and sleazy to include the magazine in her resume.

The napkin is too busy reading itself to read the magazine.

As they're both AeroDork products, the Gold Card and the magazine are already well acquainted.

As they're both AeroDork products, the Gold Card and the magazine are already well acquainted.

The little bas-relief picture of George Washington on the quarter isn't the least bit interested in reading the magazine.

It's already jammed with useless information. (The DayTrotter, that is; although the magazine is worthless, too!)

Trying to hide the magazine among the money is truly ludicrous.

There's no way you're going to get that great big magazine into that tight little wad of plastic.

The Membership Tape does make an excellent bookmark.

Lana is nowhere to be found in the magazine, so it would be incredibly dishonest and sleazy to include the magazine in her resume.

You're going to put the magazine into the matchbook? Oh, no, you're not!

The phony Tramp money has no use whatsoever for the In-Flight Magazine.

You cleverly consider wadding the magazine into the roller skates to improve their fit, but decide to leave the magazine in readable (and smellable) condition.

Chi Chi is nowhere to be found in the magazine, so it would be incredibly dishonest and sleazy to include the magazine in her resume.

Rather than inserting the magazine into the card, perhaps you should consider the precise opposite

course of action.

The Green Card doesn't understand magazine articles written in English.

The magazine completely covers up the doily, so there's no aesthetic advantage in that combination of objects.

You combine the quarter with the camcorder in a futile attempt to invent the Camquarter.

Touching the quarter to the battery charger's contact points would have been fatal if the charger had been plugged in. Unfortunately, it wasn't.

Although you're used to paying for videotapes a quarter at a time, you can watch this one for free.

Michelle's resume doesn't swallow quarters.

You attempt to execute the Vanishing Quarter Trick with the napkin, but like your life, it falls flat.

Scratching the quarter against the gold card makes you wonder if this card is really solid gold.

No need to tip the boarding pass; it's just doing its job.

A quarter is about all that magazine is worth!

You try to insert the quarter into the DayTrotter, but there's no change. (drum fill)

Hey, this is folding money. Keep your chump change separate.

Your change won't fit into the wad of credit cards.

Wrapping the quarter in the membership tape might damage those teensy weensy wittle holes.

Lana's resume doesn't swallow quarters.

Placing the quarter in the matchbook makes it bulge suspiciously... an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you.

Unless you want to end up plugging REAL money into the slot machines, you'd better keep your quarters separate.

Putting the quarter into your skates will only irritate your foot... not to mention the next person who gets the quarter!

Chi Chi's resume doesn't swallow quarters.

Scraping the quarter across the elegant printing on Doc Pulliam's business card fills your hand with little black flecks.

The quarter covers up some of the mind-numbing legalese on the Green Card.

The shiny quarter looks very pretty on the nice doily, yes indeedy.

You give the camcorder a swat with the DayTrotter, just to make sure all its components are properly seated.

The battery charger has about as much use for a DayTrotter as, say, a green card does.

In a side-by-side comparison, more consumers prefer the contents of a sexy videotape audition to the contents of some loser's DayTrotter.

You consider jamming your swollen DayTrotter between the delicate folds of Michelle's resume, but you'd hate to crease her vital statistics.

You lay the DayTrotter on the napkin and pause to admire your handiwork.

You place the DayTrotter on the Gold Card, but nothing happens. Perhaps you should try somebody else's Gold Card. Or maybe a different DayTrotter. Then again, maybe they're both the wrong objects, or perhaps you're thinking of a Gold Card and DayTrotter from another game entirely. At least you did do something!

You gesture hypnotically with the DayTrotter, but nothing happens to the boarding pass.

By waving the DayTrotter mystically over the magazine, an article in the magazine suddenly appears about (what else?) DayTrotters. Congratulations! You've found the Secret Combination!

You place the DayTrotter over the quarter, and when you take it away, the quarter is STILL THERE. Amazing!

The DayTrotter balances precariously on the money for a tense moment, then tips over. Boy, oh boy, do YOU know how to party!

You can't fit the DayTrotter into the Credit Cards.

The DayTrotter most certainly will not fit into the little holes of the membership tape.

You consider jamming your swollen DayTrotter between the delicate folds of Lana's resume, but you wouldn't want to crease her vital statistics.

You start to place the DayTrotter inside the Casino matchbook, but realize at the last moment that would make it impossible for you to "Close Cover Before Striking."

No need to try this; the Tramp silver dollars all have their own DayTrotters back at the Casino.

The DayTrotter is too jam-packed with somebody's useful information to fit inside your skates.

You consider jamming your swollen DayTrotter between the delicate folds of Chi Chi's resume, but you wouldn't want to crease her vital statistics.

Doc Pulliam's business card has no use for the DayTrotter.

The Green Card has about as much use for the DayTrotter as, for example, a battery charger does.

Even against the decorative doily, the DayTrotter looks a little shabby and overstuffed.

The Camcorder doesn't want your money. Clean its heads occasionally, dust the lens with a soft cloth once in awhile, that's all it asks.

The battery charger doesn't want your money! Wipe its terminals once in awhile, don't let it get overheated, that's all it wants from you.

Your money's no good with this videotape. All it asks is that you rewind it when you're done watching it.

Michelle's resume couldn't care less for your ill-gotten booty. (Or is that ill-booten goty?)

The napkin doesn't give a hoot for your new-found cash-ola. All it would like is for you to keep it carefully folded and tidy.

The Gold Card doesn't want money. It just wants to be loved. Is that so wrong?

The boarding pass has no use for money. It only wants to be sucked... into some slot, somewhere.

The magazine turns up its nose at filthy lucre... unless maybe you were wanting to subscribe?

Waving that wad of money around in the quarter's face will only give it an inferiority complex.

Have a heart!

You've already taken the money out of the DayTrotter; stop teasing it by waving the money around in front of it!

Click the OK button to close this window.

If those credit cards really needed money, do you honestly think they'd come to YOU for it, Larry?

The Membership Tape isn't interested in your money. It's who you know that counts.

Lana's resume is offended by your offer.

The matchbook fairly snickers in your face. Why, that Tramp Casino has money to burn!

You mercilessly tease the fake Tramp money by waving the real money around in front of it.

You remember your Mother advising you to keep your money in your shoe, but let's try to cut the umbilical cord SOMETIME, Larry!

What do you take Chi Chi's resume for? One of those slutty resumes who'll tell you anything for money?

Why does a Doctor's card need money? It's got its health?

The Green Card doesn't want your money, it just wants to live in a land of opportunity where you don't have to speak the language to get a driver's license.

The doily doesn't want your money. It just wants to have fun.

You can't possibly record auditions on credit cards. The magnetic stripes are far too small.

The credit cards simply fall off the battery charger.

The videotape will accept only Opening and Closing credits.

The credit cards don't have Michelle's name on them, so why put them in her resume?

You attempt to wrap the credit cards in the napkin, but then you fail to see what purpose that would

serve.

Yes, the credit cards are roughly the same size as the Gold Card.

The boarding pass is already paid for.

The wad of credit cards clearly won't fit in the In-Flight Magazine.

You lay the credit cards precariously on the quarter, then remove them again.

You just took the credit cards OUT of the DayTrotter! Why put them back in again?

Putting the credit cards together with the money gives you an immense, though fleeting, sense of security.

Wrapping the credit cards in the membership tape is unnecessary, since the credit cards are bound with a rubber band.

The credit cards don't have Lana's name on them, so why put them in her resume?

You put the credit cards on the matchbook for a moment just to see what happens. Nothing, that's what!

The credit cards, the Tramp money... have you ever had such great cash flow, none of which was actually yours?

Silly, you can't wear skates with a wad of credit cards stuffed inside!

The credit cards don't have Chi Chi's name on them, so why put them in her resume?

The wad of credit cards is giving Doc Pulliam's simple little paper business card an inferiority complex.

Try to keep the Green Card separate; you never know when you'll need to whip it out in a hurry.

The wad of credit cards looks ludicrous sitting on the doily.

The Camcorder is only meant to function with videotapes... not with membership tapes!

The membership tape just sits there on the battery charger.

What were you hoping to do, splice the membership tape into the videotape?

Michelle has her own membership tape already.

For goodness sake, don't mix the napkin up with the membership tape!

You carefully wrap the membership tape around the Gold Card, just to pass some time.

Placing the boarding pass and the membership tape together allows you to see their striking similarities and amazing differences.

You insert the membership tape in the magazine, to mark the spot where you would have stopped reading if you'd bothered to ever start reading in the first place.

Placing the tape over the quarter allows you to see just a tiny bit of the quarter through the holes in the tape.

Yes, the DayTrotter would be a fine place to keep the membership tape, if it weren't already stuffed to the gills.

Placing the money and the membership tape together allows you to see their striking similarities and amazing differences.

Whoever owns these credit cards obviously doesn't need your membership tape.

Click the OK button to close this window.

Pretending that Lana is a member of the Hard Disk Cafe would be falsifying her portfolio (which isn't nearly as fun as it sounds).

You attempt to fold the tape in half seven times and insert it into the matchbook, but find yourself unable to accomplish that.

You drape the tape lovingly over the Tramp money.

You attempt to punch new holes in the membership tape by running the roller skates over it, but nothing happens.

Pretending that Chi Chi is a customer of the Hard Disk Cafe would be falsifying her portfolio (which isn't nearly as much fun as it sounds).

Comparing the two, you find that Doc's is thicker but yours is longer.

Comparing the two, you find that yours is longer but the Green Card is bilingual.

The white membership tape is virtually invisible against the white doily. Wow!

Rather than record Lana's resume, why not record the real thing?
You can't charge Lana's resume... at least, not here, not now, at this time, presently, in a nice way.
Lana's resume doesn't care if it never sees a videotape again!
If you value your job, you'd better keep the resumes separate.
Rather than tell you why you can't put Lana's resume in the napkin, I'll just take this opportunity to mention the new "point-and-grope," 256-color, VGA version of "Leisure Suit Larry 1: In the Land of the Lounge Lizards." (This has been a paid commercial message from your friend, Al Lowe.)
The Gold Card isn't big enough to hold Lana's resume.
What would a boarding pass do with Lana's resume?
Placing Lana's resume into the magazine would be a perfect way to forget where you put it!
If Lana's resume is like most other resumes, it has no use for crass material objects or money.
Stuffing Lana's resume into the DayTrotter is a sure way to cramp her vitals.
What could be sillier than standing around trying to show a resume to a wad of money?
Only a congenital idiot would attempt to show a resume to a packet of credit cards. (Oh, wait! Did you just do that?)
Lana's resume sighs with jealousy at the sight of the membership tape.
Click the OK button to close this window.
Lana's resume would scarcely fit in the matchbook.
The Tramp money is unimpressed with Lana's resume.
You'd ruin Lana's resume if you tried to cram it into the roller skates.
Who taught you to file? Keep those resumes separate, durn it!
If Lana's resume ever needs a dentist, it'll know just where to go.
Lana's resume quickly memorizes the green card, just in case of emergency.
Oooh! Lana's resume covets the pretty doily!

You carefully sterilize the camcorder by holding a lit match underneath. Good job!
Yes, scorching the battery charger is a worthwhile use of your time, you lovable pyromaniac!
You attempt to set fire to the videotape, but just like the Cubs, it's not catching.
You attempt to set fire to the videotape, but like the Mets, it's not catching.
You attempt to set fire to the videotape, but like the Patriots, it won't catch.
Setting fire to Michelle's resume is a good way to get fired yourself.
You try setting fire to the Hard Disk Cafe napkin. Say! These things are printed on thin sheets of asbestos, to prevent a fire hazard!
Burn the company Gold Card? Why, you fool, that'd be corporate suicide!
If you burn this one, you're not going to get another one. So just stop playing with matches.
Congratulations, you've found the best use for In-Flight Magazines... as solid fuel. But hang onto this one awhile longer, just in case.
You use up half the matches fruitlessly trying to melt the quarter down into slag.
But... but... but this is somebody's semi-important business information which they've stupidly left in a limousine!
Unless you have money to burn (which you don't), keep those matches away from the cash.
These cards are made from Bakelite05, so your attempts to burn them are fruitless.
Burn this membership tape and you're NOT going to get another one, young man.
Maybe your Uncle Al should just take those matches away from you before you burn down this whole game!
The Tramp money doesn't burn... it just smokes delicately.
Mmmm... there's nothing like the aroma of melting plastic and scorched leather to make you feel like a real man!
Put down the matches. Stop the horseplay. Somebody's going to end up crying in a minute.
You may need Doc's card later on, so quell those arsonist tendencies.

Don't even think about burning this card. If you get deported, it may come in handy!
Burn the pretty doily? What kind of cad would do something like that? It's just not in you, Larry.

Yes, you're supposed to shoot some tramps, but not these!

That's a good way to short out the battery charger.

This videotape doesn't gamble.

That would serve no purpose... at least, not now.

Oh, the old fake gambling money in the napkin trick, eh? Well, IT WON'T WORK!

They clash, don't they?

That could seriously jam the ABM.

What a bad place to keep your gambling money!

Due to the effects of Reaganomics and the Laffer Curve (no relation), the quarter and the silver dollar are worth exactly the same amount... just under a nickel!

There's no reason to use the Tramp money with the DayTrotter... at least, not in this game!

Rather than giving the Tramp Money to the real money, The Donald would rather you gave the real money to him.

You can't pay off credit cards with fake gambling coins!

What a concept!

Keeping your gambling money in Lana's resume is a good way to lose it. Help take a bite out of crime!

The Tramp money keeps slipping out of the matchbook.

That would be very uncomfortable if you ever wanted to actually wear these skates!

Keeping your gambling money in Chi Chi's resume is a good way to lose it. Help take a bite out of crime!

You can't use the Tramp money with Doc Pulliam's card... at least, not in this lifetime.

You can't use the Tramp money with the Green Card... at least, not in this universe.

My, what a pretty little display you've made, with the Tramp coins sitting on the lovely little doily.

You should have been an interior decorator.

There's barely enough room in the Camcorder for a pen and pencil, let alone the roller skates!

You attempt to supercharge the roller skates by hooking them up to the battery charger, until it dawns on you that the roller skates are non-electric.

You hear an amusing clackity-clack sound as you roll the skates back and forth across the videotape.

Don't... you'll get skid marks on Michelle's vitals.

You run the roller skates back and forth over the napkin, just to see what it would be like if you skated on something softer than pavement.

This is something you shouldn't do, and here's why. The pressure from the roller skates' wheels could flatten out the little raised numbers on the gold card, making it useless.

You carefully iron out the boarding pass with the roller skates.

You futilely attempt to smooth out the magazine by running your skates over it.

Careful! You might get the quarter stuck in the roller skates' wheels.

You can pack a lot into the DayTrotter, but not quite that much.

Rather than attempt to hide the roller skates in the wad of money, perhaps you should try the opposite approach.

You shouldn't do that, for the same reason you shouldn't use the roller skates on the AeroDork Gold Card.

Despite your best attempts at ironing out the curl in the membership tape with the roller skates, the tape continues to coil up.

Don't... you'll get tread marks on Lana's vitals.

You pound on the matchbook with the roller skates briefly, working out some of those frustrations.
You'll mangle the cheaply-manufactured Tramp money.
Don't... you'll get tire marks on Chi Chi's vitals.
Doc Pulliam's card is already flat as a pancake.
The Green Card is already perfectly flat.
The rugged roller skates might mangle the delicate doily.

You rub Chi Chi's resume gently against the camcorder and the zoom lens begins to lengthen.
Trying to get a charge out of Chi Chi's resume?
Chi Chi's resume turns up her nose at cheap videotapes like this one.
Chi Chi's resume wants nothing to do with the whipped-cream puffery contained in Michelle Milken's resume!
You wipe Chi Chi's resume, sweaty from your thickly-furred palms, on the cocktail napkin.
You press Chi Chi's thin, flimsy resume hard against your glistening Gold Card and you break out in a cold sweat... an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you.
Chi Chi's resume looks askance at your Boarding Pass. (She's used to going First Class!)
Chi Chi's resume is definitely looking for something longer and thicker than this issue of the AeroDork In-Flight Magazine... something like "War and Peace."
Chi Chi's resume appreciates the incredible head of George Washington on the quarter.
Placing the DayTrotter next to Chi Chi's resume allows you to see how well filled-out they both are!
There's no need to bribe Chi Chi's resume, she's perfectly willing to give it away!
Chi Chi's resume is impressed with your thick, bulging wad of plastic.
Chi Chi's resume eagerly caresses the full length of your membership tape.
Don't put those two resumes near each other. Chi Chi's resume would like to scratch the "i's" out of Lana's resume!
"Help," cries Chi Chi's resume, "keep the matches away from me!" You wisely separate the two before somebody ends up in flames.
What possible use would a resume have for play money?
You roll up Chi Chi's resume and jam it into one of the roller skate boots. Then you take it out again. The resume is now noticeably more fragrant than before.
Chi Chi's resume isn't in need of a root canal right now.
Chi Chi's resume doesn't need the Green Card. But if you run across any migrant resumes, you might want to give them a shot.
The resume clashes with the doily.

You might jam the camcorder.
There's no room inside the battery charger for Doc Pulliam's card.
Unless you're planning to shoot videotape of the Doctor himself in action, you'd best keep that card elsewhere.
Wrong!
There's no reason to put Doc Pulliam's card on the napkin.
You can't use Doc Pulliam's card with the Gold Card... at least, not here.
You can't use Doc Pulliam's card with the boarding pass... at least, not much.
You mark your place in the magazine with Doc's card... at an old article about how window washers secure themselves to tall buildings with hot pink ribbons (and sometimes rope). You fondly remember "Leisure Suit Larry 1" and wish you were back "In the Land of the Lounge Lizards!" (Available at better software stores everywhere!)
You play with Doc's card and the quarter for a few moments, just to keep your hands busy (in a socially acceptable manner).
Put Doc's card in the DayTrotter and you'll end up losing it!
You can't use Doc Pulliam's card with the money... at least, not bloody likely.

Don't get Doc's card mixed up with those credit cards!

Try as you might, you just can't get Doc Pulliam's card through those little holes in the membership tape.

Are you insinuating that Lana's dental work isn't all it should be?

The matchbook flosses daily and doesn't need to be referred to Doc Pulliam.

Why show Doc Pulliam's card to the Tramp coin? In case it wants to be used as a filling?

You stuff Doc's card down into the roller skates as a sort of makeshift insole, but you remove it again since you may actually want to use it for something else.

You just took it OUT of Chi Chi's resume, now you want to put it back in? Make up your mind.

Doc Pulliam's card won't work on the green card, unless the green card is covered by an approved insurance card.

Doc Pulliam's business cards are all very familiar with this doily. Many's the afternoon they whiled away laying on this very doily, patiently satisfied to wait to be picked up by satisfied patients.

The camcorder is Japanese and is already working legally in this country.

The battery charger, having been manufactured in New Jersey by Radio Shlock, is 100% American and doesn't need a green card.

This videotape is only married to an American VCR and doesn't need no steenking green cards!

Michelle's resume is here illegally. Shhhhhh.

The napkin was manufactured from endangered American plant life and doesn't need a green card.

AeroDork Gold Cards are domestic and don't need green cards.

The boarding pass has a lifespan of only a few hours and doesn't care whether or not it gets caught without a green card.

You mark the place you were reading with the green card... the article about whether or not English is going to become the lingua segunda of the United States.

This is American money, bub. Though in a few years, it'll probably have to say "In God We Trust" in two languages.

The DayTrotter is already working legally in this country.

This stuff doesn't work anymore, so the last thing it needs is a green card.

The credit cards are living off their interest and don't need to work.

The membership tape, being an inanimate object, would never need such a thing as a green card.

Lana's resume is engaged to a credit application and won't be needing a green card.

No green card is necessary here: these matches won't work anywhere.

Are you joking? The Tramp money isn't good anywhere except the Boardwalk anyway!

These are renegade roller skates and don't want no steenking green cards.

Chi Chi's resume was naturalized years ago (and it hurt, too!).

Doc Pulliam's business card has a degree from BCTI (Business Card Technical Institute) and had to submit proof of employability at that time.

Oh, great, here you are handing out green cards to doilies, presumably so foreign doilies can come in here and start taking jobs away from genuine, red-blooded, all-American doilies. Nice going.

Wrapping the camcorder up in the doily would block the lens, which wouldn't please Mr. Scruemall and the boys.

This year, Ms. Manners says that doilies are unnecessary for electronic equipment.

You'd get a lot farther in this game if you didn't spend so much time sitting around playing with your doily.

You slip your doily discreetly into Michelle's resume, and then remove it again before anybody notices.

Notice how the doily and the napkin blend in with each other?
You cover the Gold Card briefly with the doily, just for effect.
Doilies for boarding passes won't become popular for another 22 years, Larry! Once again, you're ahead of your time.
The doily helps you mark your place in the magazine... at an interesting article about certain entertainment software companies chaining employees to their computers.
Your attempt to present the quarter in an aesthetically pleasing manner is wasted.
You wrap the DayTrotter in the doily, but that makes the DayTrotter less accessible and creases the doily.
There's no point in wrapping the money in the doily... at least, not around here.
Wrapping the doily around the credit cards is an interesting way to waste time while you try to figure out how to do something that makes sense.
Wrapping the membership tape in the doily is like trying to giftwrap an unrolled roll of toilet paper.
Lana's resume already has a lovely manila folder and doesn't require any additional decoration.
You can't use the doily with the matchbook... at least, not intelligently.
The silver dollars are meant for your gambling pleasure, not for you to use in practicing your interior design.
What a waste of a doily that would be.
You guide your doily into Chi Chi's resume, and then withdraw it again quickly before somebody comes. Wheeee!
The doily would certainly enhance the beauty of Doc Pulliam's card, if that's what you needed to do, but it isn't, so it doesn't.
This message space for rent. Contact Al Lowe Productions.

PATTI'S INVENTORY

You are amazed the Japanese didn't come up with this product first!

Reverse Biaz
des Rever Records
Suite 900
Shill Building
1000 Upson Downs Lane
Baltimore, MD

P. C. Hammer

K-RAP Radio
1709 Hillview Vista
Philadelphia, PA
Access code: 45954

often in Control Room B
Access code: n/a

The DataMan has no on/off switch as it is always on. However, right now it is empty.
You remove Reverse Biaz's DataPak from your DataMan.
You remove P. C. Hammer's DataPak from your DataMan.

You insert Reverse Biaz's DataPak into your DataMan.
The DataMan already contains a DataPak.
You insert P. C. Hammer's DataPak into your DataMan.
Reverse Biaz
Insert one end first
You check the DataPak carefully for any signs of damage. You find none.
P. C. Hammer

This fax paper sure is flimsy!

You do so love a nice wet Brute!
You begin to pop the cork, but decide to wait for a more opportune moment.
Excellent detective work, Patti!
For years you've wondered what happened to "The Four Shabangs!"
You have your doubts that this record is solid gold.
A smoking gun of the subtle degradation of our nation's youth by those filth-mongering blasphemers, wouldn't you say, Patti?
You hold the cassette tape up to your ear and listen carefully. You do not hear the ocean roar!

P. C. Hammer
K-RAP Radio
1709 Hillview Vista
Philadelphia, PA
Access code: 45954
often in Control Room B
Access code: n/a

This is merely a razor-sharp letter opener; don't try anything funny with it like picking locks!
You nearly cut your hand on the needle-like letter opener.
Did you know that one key will fit the lock of every piece of pressed-cardboard furniture in the world!?

Examining the papers inside the folder carefully, you find one with some references to gangster activities. It is signed only with a scrawled name you make out to be "Julius."
These papers provide proof positive of Mob payola at K-RAP Radio! But how will you get them out of here without Krapper finding out?
There is nothing more to find in this folder. Besides, you already have photocopies of everything inside.
Checking through these papers makes you realize you need some way to photocopy them.
These copies provide proof positive of Mob payola at K-RAP Radio!
Good job sneaking these photocopies out of K-RAP, Patti!
"D D D"

This tape is filled with digitally-recorded incriminating evidence!
If you could look closely enough, you could see billions of magnetic particles pointing in random directions.

(In other words, this tape is still blank!)

You really need a tape deck to use this, Patti.
Commander Twit's boys may be into explosives, but they know nothing about comfort or adequate support.

It is easier to insert a DataPak into a DataMan than the other way around.

You've already got the fax; now go collect some evidence!

Somehow, the DataMan doesn't fit in a champagne bottle.

The DataMan doesn't play these antiquated analog data disks. Try one of those crude needle-tipped tonearm, cartridge, and revolving platter devices.

There's no need to transfer the information on the cassette to your DataMan.

Since the information on the fax is already present in hard copy, you see no need to input it into the DataMan.

The letter opener doesn't prove anything incriminating except the inability of its owner to open an envelope with his fingers.

Surely you can find something more scandalous than a desk key?!

A nice thought, but the actual documentation (or a reproduction thereof) would be better evidence of the folder's contents.

Since you're taking the photocopies with you, there's no need to input them into the DataMan.

The tape is a flawless magnetic reproduction of "2 Live 2 Screw's" damning conversation and doesn't require transference to the DataMan.

There's no information in the bra that you need to record with the DataMan, but if you're an especially good agent, maybe they'll let you keep it!

A terrific space-saving idea, but technologically unfeasible.

In side-by-side comparisons, nine out of ten consumers preferred the DataPak version of Reverse Biaz' information.

Just the thought of dipping the DataPak into the champagne makes you a little giggly.

Unfortunately, the gold record contains only analog information.

Don't confuse your DataMan with a lowly cassette recorder.

You wrap the DataPak in the P. C. Hammer fax, but then unwrap it again, since the DataPak's DuroPlex05 plastic shell makes it impervious to the elements.

You strike the letter opener several times with your DataPak. Yep, it's a real, solid letter opener!

Your DataPak isn't locked.

Since there's no evidence in the DataPak, it doesn't belong in the evidence folder.

You may damage the photocopies if you use them to wrap up the DataPak.

These two are incompatible information storage devices.

Ordinarily, you'd have no problem tucking the DataPak into your bra (in fact, you'd probably enjoy it). But hiding items in this bra presents an insurmountable logistical problem.

You consider wrapping the DataPak in the Reverse Biaz fax, but the DataPak's DuroPlex05 plastic shell makes it impervious to the elements anyway.

In side-by-side comparisons, nine out of ten consumers preferred the DataPak version of P. C. Hammer's information.

You attempt to stuff the fax into the DataMan, but it fails to read the information stored thereupon.

This DataPak is already chock full of precious information about Reverse Biaz.

You'll make a fine mess of things if you combine Reverse Biaz' data with P. C. Hammer's data.

You briefly consider rolling the fax into a tube and shoving it into the champagne bottle, but it seems like a waste of good champagne.

You compare the fax to the gold record. Everything checks out... after all, how many guys named "Reverse Biaz" can there be?

How could you read the fax into the cassette tape?

Hmmm... the same jagged text, the same greyish printing, the same small dotted letters along the top

edge. Yep, these are both faxes! Brilliant detective work, Patti.

You use the fax to wipe every trace of your fingerprints from the letter opener. You don't score any points, but you do get some self-satisfaction out of being so thoroughly and authentically spiesque. Curiously, the desk key doesn't respond to the fax.

The fax is not evidence, so it doesn't belong in the folder, does it?

There's no evidence on this fax, so don't get it mixed up with these incriminating photocopies!

Even if there were a point to recording the contents of the fax, which there isn't, you'd still need some sort of recording device. Give it up.

Your double-barreled Hooter Shooter would undoubtedly put several large crinkles in the fax.

Pour that champagne into the expensive company DataMan and you'll never work for Desmond again!

The time to pour champagne is when you have things to celebrate.

Tres romantique... drinking champagne out of a DataPak.

Click the OK button to close this window.

Champagne of this quality could easily remove the gold paint from the record.

Pouring champagne on the cassette tape could make its valuable recorded evidence unplayable!

You run the risk of smearing the thermal printing.

That would definitely make the letter opener sticky and suspicious. You don't want to risk it.

A dousing of champagne would rinse off some of the humus from the tree's planter, but it wouldn't improve the desk key's functionality.

Champagne all over the evidence?! Whose side are you on, anyway?

The cheap champagne will wash away the toner and leave you with nothing!

Are you trying to sabotage your mission? Champagne will ruin the reel-to-reel tape!

Oooh, kinky! But it might rust your firing chambers.

The gold record is 100% incompatible with the DataMan.

You whack the gold record on the DataPak, just to see if it's real gold. It isn't.

You can't use the gold record with the fax... at least, not in any productive, useful way.

You spin the gold record on the neck of the champagne bottle while holding your ear very close to the grooves, but lacking a tonearm, no sound emerges.

The laws of mass and volume prevent you from putting the gold record into the cassette tape.

You lightly polish your gold record with the fax.

You could use the letter opener as a crude, monophonic needle and listen to the gold record, but it would probably gouge the grooves. (A feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

The gold record is not in that key!

The gold record protrudes conspicuously out of the folder, making this a poor combination.

Fine, you keep the gold record in between several sheets of photocopies.

Gold records. Reel-to-reel tapes. Boy, is this a game written by a musician, or what?!

The gold record won't fit in your bra since you're built more like a mountain range than a turntable.

Attempting to play the cassette with the DataMan is like trying to play a sophisticated CD-ROM computer game on a clunky old 2-drive floppy system.

Transferring data from the cassette tape to the DataPak is far more difficult than simply rubbing the two items together.

Transferring data from the cassette tape to the DataPak is far more difficult than simply rubbing the two items together.

You can't use the cassette with the fax... no way!

The neck of the champagne bottle is way too slender to allow the cassette to pass through.
Placing the cassette on the gold record for a moment, you ruminate on how LP manufacturers were convinced that cassettes would doom the LP market.
You can't use the cassette with the fax... no way!
Holding the letter opener vertically, you place one hole of the cassette over the top of the opener.
Then, by spinning the cassette around, you find you can manually rewind it. Is this fun, or what?
Holding the desk key vertically, you place one hole of the cassette over the key. Then, by spinning the cassette around, you find you can manually rewind it. This sort of resourcefulness must be why they chose you to be an agent!
Keep the cassette with you.
Don't mix the cassette with the photocopies.
You can't splice the cassette tape to the reel-to-reel tape.
The cassette would make your bra bulge (even more than it's bulging already).

You stuff the P. C. Hammer fax into the DataMan, but somehow, the DataMan fails completely to read the information stored thereupon.
You'll make a fine mess of things if you combine P. C. Hammer's data with Reverse Biaz' data.
The DataPak is already chock full of precious information about P. C. Hammer.
Hmmm... the same jagged text, the same greyish printing, the same small dotted letters along the top edge. Yep, these are both faxes! Brilliant deductive work, Patti.
You briefly consider rolling the fax into a tube and shoving it into the champagne bottle, but it seems like a waste of good champagne.
Something doesn't match up. Could it be that you're confusing your suspects?
What were you going to do, read the fax into the cassette tape? Truly pointless!
You use the fax to wipe every trace of your fingerprints from the letter opener. You don't score any points, but you do get some self-satisfaction out of being so thoroughly and authentically spyesque.
Curiously, the desk key doesn't respond to the fax.
The fax is hardly evidence of anything, so it doesn't belong in the folder, does it?
There's no evidence on the fax, so don't get it mixed up with these incriminating photocopies!
You wrap your tape in the fax. Why, you do not know!
That would undoubtedly put several large crinkles in the fax.

You resist the temptation to pry open the sophisticated DataMan; that would be tampering with government equipment.
You loosen a few screws on the DataPak; for some reason, you find yourself thinking about Larry.
The fax has no envelope to open!
You pry briefly at the champagne cork with the letter opener, but since you're about to be caught at any moment, you look for something better to do.
You spin the gold record on your finger and attempt to use the letter opener as a needle. But more pressing matters demand your attention!
You cleverly use the letter opener to break out the little tabs on the spine of the cassette tape, thus preventing accidental erasure!
The fax has no envelope to open!
You attempt to cut a few extra notches in the desk key with the letter opener, but since the key is made of case-hardened steel, your efforts are futile.
You're apparently itching to rip open a few envelopes with that thing, but there are no envelopes in the folder.
These photocopies are loose pages, just like in Washington!
You can spin the reel-to-reel tape very nicely on the letter opener, but right now you've got more important things to do.
You're tempted to loosen the bra by prying up the metal straps with the letter opener, but the tight fit

is for your own good (and ours).

The DataMan isn't locked. Haven't you got more urgent matters to attend to?

The DataPak can't be opened with the key.

All you can do is poke a hole in the fax with the key... which is utterly pointless.

You jab at the cork with the key, but that won't help you out of this dire situation.

The key makes a barely adequate spindle for the gold record, but there's no reason to do that with the secretary about to come in.

Feeling yourself quite clever, you use the key to break out the little tab on the cassette tape to prevent it from being erased! Nice work, Patti!

All you can do is poke a hole in the fax with the key... which is utterly pointless.

You can't open the letter opener with the key.

The folder of evidence isn't locked.

You don't need to open the photocopies. In fact, there's no way to open the photocopies. Nor is there any reason to try.

The key doesn't fit in the spindle hole of the reel-to-reel tape, but even if it did, that's not what the key is for.

It would certainly be a relief to unlock this bra and unbind yourself, but you're on assignment right now. Besides, the key doesn't work with the bra.

You lay the folder on the DataMan momentarily, but with Krapper's secretary hanging about outside, you need to find a more productive use of your time.

The folder balances precariously on top of the DataPak. So what?

Now is not the time to shuffle papers, Patti... you've got to get out of here with some sort of evidence!

You can't hide the folder in the champagne bottle.

The gold record won't hide the folder effectively.

You ARE getting desperate, aren't you, Patti?

Now is not the time to shuffle papers, Patti... you've got to get out of here with some sort of evidence!

The folder doesn't do anything with the letter opener.

You can't use the folder with the desk key.

No, wait... keep the photocopies and put the folder back in his desk!

That's a useless combination.

The folder won't fit in your bra. In fact, YOU barely fit in your bra!

If you hang onto the photocopies, you won't need to enter them into the DataMan.

There's no room in the DataPaks for the photocopies... they're already full of complex miniaturized electronic components.

There's no reason to put the photocopies, which are truly damning evidence, in with the fax, which isn't even interesting.

Surely you'd be better off not putting the scandalous, incriminating photocopies into the champagne!

Keep your evidence separate.

There's no reason to put the photocopies, which are truly damning evidence, in with the fax, which isn't even interesting.

Just keep the photocopies and leave the office as you found it?

Just return the folder to the desk drawer so no one knows you took it. Then take these photocopies back to show the guys at the FBI.

The photocopies won't work with the reel-to-reel tape.

Putting the photocopies in your bra will not only crinkle the photocopies, but will increase your risk of painful and embarrassing paper cuts.

Just the thought of playing the reel-to-reel tape in the DataMan is enough to send electronics hobbyists into fits of maniacal laughter.

You might be able to tie up the DataPak with a few feet of the reel-to-reel tape, but that would damage the vital evidence.

You rub the reel-to-reel tape back and forth across the fax. Nothing happens.

You consider feeding the reel-to-reel tape into the champagne bottle, to simulate the effect of a tapeworm in the bottom of the bottle. But that might destroy the incriminating recording.

Noticing the gold record is larger but the reel-to-reel tape is thicker, you deduce it's the quality of reproduction that counts, not the size of the recording!

You can't splice the the reel-to-reel tape to the cassette tape.

You spin the reel-to-reel on the letter opener, wasting precious seconds.

You somehow try to fit the reel-to-reel over the key. Meanwhile, as you're fumbling around with your inventory, you come closer and closer to being discovered.

Keep the reel of tape. Dump the folder of evidence before you get caught.

There's no reason to keep the reel-to-reel with the photocopies.

Removing your blouse faster than the eye can see, you fit the reel-to-reel tape over one "spindle."

Unfortunately, you have no take-up reel for your other "spindle," so you remove the tape and replace your blouse.

Don't shoot the DataMan; he's doing the best he can.

You aim your .38-caliber 38Ds at the P. C. Hammer DataPak, but at the last moment, you wisely decide to save your ammo!

There are enough holes in your story already without you blowing a few more through the Reverse Biaz fax.

Although it would be impressive, there are better ways to open a champagne bottle than with your Hooter Shooter.

There's already a hole right through the center of the gold record.

There are two holes in the cassette tape already, so there's no need to create two more.

There are enough holes in this story as it is without you blowing a few more through the P. C. Hammer fax.

Being made of high-carbon, case-hardened steel, the letter opener would resist the projectiles from your full, rounded weapons.

Setting off your Hooter Shooter in here will only attract unwanted attention!

You don't do much spying, do you? The idea is to gather your evidence without letting anybody know you've been snooping around. Blasting away at the originals with your Hooter Shooter may be a tip-off.

This is your evidence, Patti. Save your bullets for the bad guys.

CUTSCENES

An East Coast meeting is not going too well....

"As you know, ever since LPs came out back in the 50s, our recording industry subliminal message campaign, 'Just Do Drugs,' has been a resounding success."

"Drug sales have never been better, and prices remain firm as this slide shows."

"Discounting our disastrous push to quadraphonic, results have been most gratifying."

"Now to you, Bruno."

"Thanks, Vinnie. Boss, as you know, our pornography division also enjoyed a period of explosive growth as this slide shows."

"Unfortunately, after a quarter century of positive ROI, recent results have been flaccid."

"We attempted to counter this trend with a heavy investment in rap music, thinking teenagers' continuous exposure to pornographic lyrics would help sales of our wider product line."

"But the result is obvious: painfully declining penetration!"

"Our market research failed to foresee the widespread growth of cable!"

"Even when we forced through rapidly reduced VCR prices in the early 80s it just didn't help our X-rated movie sales--no one buys them!"

"Why should they, when they can use their remote controls to flip through channel after channel of almost the same stuff in the comfort of their own homes?"

"Now even the networks are getting into the act!"

"I understand the problem, but I want a solution!"

Six months later, and a continent away, another Board of Directors meets...

"And so," a corporate yes man continues, "I'm pleased to say our contest to find 'The Sexiest Woman in America' to serve as the hostess on 'America's Sexiest Home Videos' has been a resounding success!"

"The character portrayed by our hostess, whom we've decided to name 'Vanna Black,' will be one exceptional woman!"

"We've searched for a woman, beautiful, yet with those All-American, girl-next-door looks; a woman virginal and untouchable; and yet, a woman who is sexy and slutty."

"We've received thousands of submissions, and (thanks to hard work by me and my colleagues) narrowed the field down to three finalists."

"I intend to have these women flown here, first class, wined and dined in regal style, then outfitted with the finest fashions Rodeo Drive has to offer."

"They'll want for nothing! And, on the morning of the auditions, champagne baths for all! I've arranged national press coverage, of course."

"In short, everything is proceeding according to schedule."

There is a polite smattering of applause from the other lackeys around the conference table.

"But wait, Biffie. We all know that if we bring these women to Hollywood to audition under those circumstances, they'll all be sexy."

"Yes sir, Mr. Scruemall!"

"Isn't that what we wanted, Mr. Scruemall?"

"Bravo, Mr. Scruemall!"

"But, we're looking for a woman so over-sexed she'd drop (what's she's doing) for any man, any time, any place, and for any loser, any dork, no matter how lame!"

"I've changed my mind! Now I think we should hold a blind audition, where the women don't know they're being auditioned!"

"But (with all due respects, Mr. Scruemall) that's impossible. We need videotapes of their auditions for our own, uh, personal review purposes. There's no way we could follow the guy around without her seeing us!"

"Well, yes, we do need those tapes to review. But what if we could find an auditioner so inept, so sexless, so lame, so unappealing, that it would take the sexiest woman in America to find him attractive?"

"Great idea, Mr. Scruemall!"

"Of course, Mr. Scruemall!"

"Masterful stroke, Mr. Scruemall!"

"But, Sil--, er, Mr. Scruemall! How will we ever find somebody so lame?"

"Hi, guys!" you say cheerfully. "So, who wanted java?"

"You may begin with me, boy."

(So you decide to do exactly that!)

"Here you go, Mr. Scruemall," you say in your best suck-up tone of voice. "May I freshen that for you?"

"Yooooooooowwwwwww!!!!!!!"

"You clumsy idiot! What a dolt!"

"Who hired this fool? Sexy women? Why even the sexiest woman in America wouldn't..."

"Hey, wait a minute! Wait just a minute..."

"Mmmm," says Silas, thinking fast and furiously. "Uh, say buddy, er, nice leisure suit."

"I'm sure I know you, uh, but what exactly is your name?"

"Why, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer," you reply.

"How quaint," he grumbles, "your first and middle names are exactly the same. Well, never mind about that. I have a proposal I'd like to make to you, Daffer. Now, here's the deal."

"You see, Luffner, I've got to find a hostess for our new television show."

"Yes, I know," you offer proudly, "I'm the Chief Tape Rewinder and Sterilizer on this project!"

(You conveniently neglect to mention the "Betamax Division" portion of your job description!)

"And a fine job you're doing (I suppose). Well, Larcher, we've used those audition tapes to narrow the field down to three finalists, but we're, uh, um," he stumbles, "too ah, busy to hold their auditions here!"

"So I want you to visit them in their, ah, 'home environments;' see them in their 'natural habitat,' so to speak; catch them 'au naturale' if you can."

(You understand many of the words in that last sentence.)

"You do know how to audition girls, don't you, Loafer?"

"What? Audition three women? No problem, boss, I'm your guy!"

Why, it's like a dream come true! In fact, it's like several of your dreams come true! When those babes find out why you're visiting, they'll fall all over you! Not that you mind, of course. Anything for your company.

"But, Loaner, if you tell them who you are, or of your powerful position here at PPC, it could easily invalidate the data. We want to see their reactions to a nice, normal guy like you, Lenny."

"I must be certain you don't 'take advantage' of the situation. So, take this."

"Wow, Mr. Scruemall," you say, unable to contain your excitement, "I can always use another pocket protector. Mine's getting really vintage!"

"Lipper, you fool! This is no ordinary pocket protector! It's a brand new, imported, miniaturized, .5 lux, Rob Lowe Model 'Complete Video Studio' merely disguised as some dork's Pocket Protector!"

"I knew that," you pretend.

"You must never let a 'client' suspect you are filming them or that you represent the show! They must each think of you only as plain Larry, Larry Limper!"

"I can handle it, Sir," you say excitedly.

"I hope so. If you can pull this off, Lipper, I promise you a really big promotion: perhaps even to Assistant Associate Director! What do you think of that?"

You think, "Wow! This could be the big break I've been hoping for!"

"I promise to give it everything I've got!"

"Good. I really want you to take charge, Larry. Take whatever you need from here in the office; you're really on your own. I'll look forward to personally viewing those audition tapes when you return."

"But remember: because this little guy is such a new model and because it's so tiny, its recording time and battery life are severely limited! Be sure you recharge after every girl!"

"Heh, heh. Always a good idea," you think."

"Okay, Wopner, you've got one, maybe two days max! You'd better grab the girls' bios and get going!"

What a dream assignment! Travel across the United States, visiting three of the sexiest women in America, and you get paid for doing it!! Larry, it looks like things are really beginning to go your way.

(Of course, something makes you think you've had that thought before!)

Meanwhile, back in your limo...

Meanwhile, another East Coast #Board Meeting" takes place...

"So, tell me, boys," says Mr. Bigg, "is everything proceeding according to our plan?"

"Yes sir, Mr. Bigg! Our friends in Hollywood have the industry in an uproar. Their `America's Sexiest Home Videos' show is the talk of show biz!"

"There's every indication it will be the smash hit of the fall season."

"And we've found the perfect way to attack our little straw dog: I've discovered a new, hyper-active, political action committee called `Conservatives Against Nearly Everything.'"

"I'm sure they would be willing to become the focus of a national campaign to clean up the airwaves."

"I'd like to propose to you, Boss, that we make a `little investment' in the health and well-being of C.A.N.E. You know, a `little something' to show how much we support their cause."

The room is filled with suppressed laughter.

"Well, boys, I think you know I'm always interested in `raising C.A.N.E.!'"

The laughter becomes unsuppressed!

"This bunch sounds like the perfect group to be the vanguard of our little protest against the filth of the airwaves! Why don't you make an anonymous contribution to our simple little friends at C.A.N.E., eh, boys?"

Meanwhile, your boss receives an angry telephone call...

Silas Scruemall listens intently and deferentially to the powerful voice on the other end of the line.

"Let me assure you, Julius: everything IS proceeding nicely. No, sir. I will NOT let you down."

"Yes, sir. That's also being taken care of. No, it's handled. I have a man on it right now. All right; whatever you say, Julius!"

Meanwhile, a conservative political action committee is pleased to receive a sizable contribution...

"Well, thank you, gentlemen. I promise your CONSIDERABLE contribution will not be wasted!"

"I daresay this one donation will enable us to now succeed where we've been unable to before. You just don't know how grateful we are!"

"You're welcome. But, just remember: our `benefactor' insists that his contribution remain completely anonymous."

"There are no strings attached; do with it as you will. But--he expects to see positive benefits immediately. Is that acceptable to you?"

"Why, sure. In fact, I know just where this money would do the most good. Tell your boss he's made the right decision going with us! C.A.N.E. will not let him down!"

"Oh, let's just say he fully intends to see that you live up to your end of this bargain (if you get my drift)."

Meanwhile, a conservative political action committee peddles a little more than just influence...

"And as you know (blah blah blah) interested in traditional American values, (blah blah blah) my campaign promises (blah blah blah) good and virtue (blah blah blah)"

"And furthermore (blah blah blah) if re-elected, I will (blah blah blah) pornography, blatant exploitation (blah blah blah) minors, miners (blah blah blah)"

"And in conclusion, (blah blah blah) (blah blah blah)"

"Yeah, okay, Senator, we've got it. Here's the deal: there's plenty more where this comes from, as long as we see some progress on that bill to tighten regulation of the airwaves."

"We want that smut off the air--and we're willing to back up our beliefs in the 'traditional' American way. So? Do you want it or don't you?"

"Gimme that suitcase, boy. I got legislation to write!" he grins.

"Where am I?" you wonder. "What's happened to me? What am I doing here?"

The last you remember, you were writing your life story as a computer game, sitting on a deck with a half-naked woman, overlooking a beautiful lake nestled high in the Sierra Nevada.

"I remember a woman named Patti; something about an island; and, and... a gig as a computer game programmer?" you think. "What's going on?"

"How did I end up in Hollywood--and what am I supposed to be doing here?" you sigh. "I'm so confused!"

(Of course, you're quite accustomed to being confused!)

"And what am I doing in Larry 5?" you think. "And whatever happened to Larry 4?"

Slowly you come to the realization that you must be suffering from amnesia, although how a computer game character gets amnesia you do not understand!

"Who was that Patti woman? Does she still exist? Did she ever exist?" you think. "Or is she just a series of partially-toggled bits in my memories?"

You remember her most deeply in your heart, not to mention several other major organs.

But where is she? Will you see her again? Does she ever think of you?

Suddenly, your memories stir again, "Patti was Passionate Patti, the famous pianist/entertainer. I remember: I loved her!"

"And wait! She loved me, too! Will I ever find her again?"

For the first game in your life, you are traveling First Class. You feel certain you could easily grow accustomed to such luxury. You kick back in the leather seat, relax, and find yourself growing rather sleepy.

In fact, you feel too sleepy to even read the stupid "AeroDork In-Flight Magazine" in the seatback pocket in front of you.

You think about ordering a drink, but instead you find yourself growing sleepy.

There's nothing to do here in First Class--they have people to do things for you!

You've hated airplane travel ever since "Leisure Suit Larry 2: Looking for Love (in Several Wrong Places)."

(Another fine Al Lowe game.)

You briefly consider talking to yourself but then realize you already know what you were going to say!

You tighten your seat belt and wish this flight were over.

(Perhaps on this trip, you'll be able to get a little shut-eye.)

This tray sometimes holds your food.

You consider eating some of that delicious airline food, but realize you are getting sleepy.

You could fold up the tray table but then you'd have no place to rest your stomach!

What a body!

(You need!)

Clouds drift lazily by outside your window, at about 650 miles per hour!

You reach over and leave your fingerprints on the window, thus ruining the next amateur photographer's chances of getting a clear picture of the ground.

There's a copy of AeroDork Airlines' complimentary magazine, "Fly the Dorky Skies."

You take the magazine because you never know when you might be having so much fun that you need something boring to read just to calm down.

During our absence, your dream of Passionate Patti's Parthenon performance progressed. The concert, a huge success, is now over; the critics have acclaimed her technique, interpretation, and mature musicianship; her promoter is arranging a one year tour; and the two of you take this opportunity to celebrate....

You awaken with a start to hear the stewardess say...

"Why, Mr. Laffer! Is there a problem with your nuts?"

A voice crackles through the intercom speaker above your head, "Please tighten your seatbelts and return your tray tables to their fully upright and locked position. We'll be landing momentarily."

Ah, this is the life! In your dream, you are the handsome gondolier, poling through the canals of Venice with your lone, lovely female customer: Passionate Patti! Everything is going well until...
...you stick it in too deeply.

(An experience wholly unfamiliar to you!)

Deciding to seize the moment, you wriggle down beside your Patti, relying on the subtle canal currents to propel you through your night of love...

During our absence, your dream of you and Passionate Patti has progressed. You snuggle up together, drifting dreamily through the moonlit canals of Venice, the songs of other gondoliers wafting softly across the waters. Suddenly your gondola springs a most inopportune leak....

Awakening from your dream, you realize you just filled your lap with complimentary beverage!

In your dream, you are watching Passionate Patti perform a rock concert before the reflecting pool of the Taj Mahal! What a great musician! What a romantic setting! What a gorgeous babe!!

During our absence, your dream of Passionate Patti's Taj Mahal concert has progressed. Late at night, the gig over, the amps and drums packed in the road cases, it's now time for just the two of you, relaxing together on a couple of overstuffed cushions, emotionally drained. To calm herself, and prepare you for the evening ahead, Patti plays a little selection on her oboe....

You soon realize the snake is not the only thing Patti has charmed!

You hope none of the other passengers notices that your tray table is already up!

Your visit to the East Coast finished, your airplane heads back to Los Angeles.

"It's not hard to see, Patti, the problems of two little people don't amount to a hill of beans in this crazy mixed-up world..."

"Larry, in all the scenes, in all the games, in all the world... you had to walk into mine!"

"Remember Larry: we'll always have Nontoonyt!"

"Here's looking at you, kid!"

"Oh, great," you think, "another lousy crowd. And on a Saturday night, too."

"Too many drinkers and talkers; too few listeners," you think. "Are there no good places left to play?"

"Another grimy week on a grimy stage before another grimy scene in a grimy office with another grimy little night club manager!"

(Just what did you expect from a club called "The Piano Pit," Patti?)

Finishing your bows, you head for the manager's office. "Now I suppose I'll have to endure another scene with that cheap club manager. The perfect way to top off a perfect week," you think sarcastically.

"Oh, well," you sigh, "Chin up! Positive attitude!"

(Right. You feel positive he'll be a jerk!)

"That pig!" you think disgustedly. "Gawd, I wish there was some way to get even with the rotten crooks that run this stinking business!"

Poor Patti. Once again, you're "too hip for the room!"

"Well, Andy," you say to the swarthy club manager, "that about wraps it up for me. Looks like you've had another good week!"

"Funny you'd mention that, Patti."

"I was just getting ready to talk to you."

"You DID enjoy the show, didn't you, Andy?" you ask with your best smile.

"Oh, Patti, it ain't me. You know I like you just fine. It's just my boss that don't."

"Julius doesn't much care for small audiences."

"He says your fans listen too much and drink too little."

(How ironic! You were thinking just the opposite!)

"He can't see how he and his 'backers' can be expected to make a profit like that."

"Patti, I'm just going to have to let you go."

"But, Andy! How could you? After all I've done for you?"

"It's not me, Honey," he says, "you treated me jus' fine. I'll be sorry to see you go."

"Well, then, give me my pay, and I'll get out of here!"

"Ah, er," he stutters, "I guess that's the other thing: I can't do that."

"Julius says your contract was never valid, so he doesn't have to pay."

"WHAT!" you explode, "Now you're saying I don't even get paid for the week I have worked?! I ought to file a grievance with the Musicians' Union!"

Not exactly shaking, he replies, "Do what you have to do, Patti, but if you ever want to work anywhere in this town again..."

His meaning is not lost on you. "Goodbye, Andy! Somehow I expected more of you. I don't know why!"

"Patti, take my advice: play more commercial. Give 'em what they like! A broad as good lookin' as you could really pull 'em in, if you'd just get smart!"

"Andy, when I start taking musical criticism from you, I'd appreciate it if someone would just put me out of my misery!" you say, leaving his grimy desk.

Entering the brisk night air, you notice a dark figure leaning against the far wall.

Evidently, he has noticed you, too.

You aren't afraid. You've handled rough situations before. After all, think of all you went through back in "Leisure Suit Larry 3!"

"Patti, I'm Inspector Desmond, of your Federal Bureau of Investigation. If it's all right, I'd like to request a few moments of your time."

"But, of course, Inspector," you reply. "Nice trench coat!"

"You too," he smiles, easily recognizing your joke. "I'm here, on behalf of your country, to ask a favor of you."

"Go ahead, Inspector, but I don't usually grant favors on a first date! Besides, I'm not the private-eye type."

He smiles again. "Oh, you won't have to do that, Patti. You see, you're exactly the 'type' we need!"

"Let me explain: we're right in the middle of a months-long, nation-wide investigation into the infiltration of organized crime into the entertainment industry."

"I'm looking for a special someone, someone willing to take some risks, someone without a family, without many social ties, without any extenuating circumstances to get in the way."

"Someone who understands the music business, who plays an instrument, and who has the looks, brains and talent to be accepted by those insiders we're trying to catch."

"I know you've been 'stiffed' by these guys--probably many times. I want these guys, and I bet you do too. So, Patti, in short: I need you to go 'undercover'!"

"What do you say?"

You are taken aback. But considering the requirements, who could be better for the job than you? It would be sweet to get revenge on these guys, not just for tonight's embarrassment, but for all those other times when you gave your talents for a bunch of ingrates.

"But, of course I'll help you, Inspector Desmond!" you hear yourself say, "after all, I recently learned I'm taking next week off."

"So, how do we start?"

"Follow me, Patti. I have a car and driver waiting for us."

The following morning, in a much nicer area of the city, Patti meets Desmond at F.B.I. Headquarters...

"All right, Patti, here's the deal: we're convinced of organized crime's considerable influence in the entertainment industry. I want you to use your musical talent to help us obtain sufficient evidence to convict the guilty parties."

"But, Inspector," you say worriedly, "I know nothing of spying."

"Don't worry, Patti, most of the spies we use are amateurs! You won't be 'licensed to kill!' Just keep your eyes and ears open, learn what you can, take advantage of any opportunities, and try to bring back some hard evidence!"

"We'll make sure you're in the right place at the right time. And you'll be doing good for your country."

You think, "Not to mention getting even with those bastards for all the times I've been screwed in the past!"

"All right, Inspector Desmond," you say. "But what places and what times?"

"There are two specific areas of concern: one is subliminal messages in popular music. Our studies link the recent nationwide rise in crime to increased popularity of hard rock music."

"'des Rever Records' in Baltimore is heavily involved in such subliminal recordings. Much of the overdubbing at that studio is handled by a young recording engineer named Reverse Biaz."

"The second area is the recent flood of obscene rap recordings. I personally believe records like these are being used by the Mob to undermine the moral fiber of our nation's youth."

'K-RAP Radio' in Philadelphia is the headquarters of the rap group '2 Live 2 Screw,' who have had an unjustified string of hits recently. I'm sure that place is a center of Mob involvement."

"That's hard to believe," you think.

But to Desmond you say, "Well, all right, Inspector, but I'm hardly an expert in subliminal recordings or rap music!"

"Oh, don't worry, Patti. With your `talents,' you can easily fake your way through the simplistic noise these guys pass off as music. After all, they're hardly the M.J.Q.!"

"One more thing: a man we know only as `Julius' has been connected to both these businesses. I think this `Julius' character may be the key to the entire problem."

"Anything you can discover about `Julius' or K-RAP or des Rever Records would be helpful. We'll provide you with background information on all the pertinent people, places and groups, but it will be up to you to get in and get out with whatever hard facts you can."

"Okay, boss, I'm on! Now, how do I begin?"

"Earlier this morning, I set you up with a gig at des Rever Records as a keyboard sub on a recording session."

"We've also arranged a short East Coast tour as your cover story. The government will handle all your travel arrangements."

"First class, of course?"

"Yes," he laughs, "first class, of course! I'll get you a private limousine and your own personal driver! And, Patti, if things go well, I'll even set you up with a gig at the White House! Would you like that?"

"Yes, of course!" you agree, afraid now that you're in way over your head.

"Come with me, Patti," Desmond says, rising to his feet, "we'll get started right now!"

"Hello, Patti, and welcome aboard. I'm Dr. Phil Hopian, staff physician and volunteer gynecologist around here!"

"It will be my pleasure to be serving you today."

"I love this job!!"

"Now that you've passed your official departmental checkup (with flying colors, I might add), it's time for me to install one of our lab's latest inventions, our `Safety First Field Locator Device.'"

"Is this really necessary, Doctor?"

"Of course, Patti. This device lets our team of highly-trained professional trackers follow you wherever you go."

"Well, okay, I guess. But will this procedure be painful?"

"Of course not, Patti.... Trust me!"

(You've heard that line before!)

"Now just relax, Patti; you'll only feel a little prick."

(A feeling not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

"Oh, I'm sorry; let me warm that for you first."

"Oops! Perhaps you'd prefer something in a D-width?"

Two hours later...

"Get your hands off me!" you shout. "That's not what's meant by `personal driver!'"

Squirming across the leather seat, you grab the door handle, fling open the door, and escape the limousine (and that chauffeur)!

Now would be an excellent time for you to save your game, Patti.

As you drift off to sleep, you begin to dream.

"Oh, Donald!" you moan in your dream.

"The Donald," he corrects you.

"MY Donald," you correct him! "I so love this little boat you bought me..."

"...I'm going to name it, `The Tramp Pianist!'"

"Oh, Willi," you moan in your dream. "Put down that keyboard and practice a little touch typing on me!"

"Not now, Patti!" he replies, "I'm about to finish cutting a deal with IBM!"

"Oh, OH, OOOOOHHHHHH!" you shout in your dream! "I just love it when you do that!"

"I just hope my three nephews don't come in about now!" he replies.

Meanwhile,

Back at the F.B.I.'s

Mission Control Headquarters...

"What's she doing now, Agent Smith?"

"Well, I dunno, Inspector Desmond, it's kinda hard to figure out. Either I'm picking up a lot of RF interference, or she's consuming way too much fluid!"

"Well, I dunno, Inspector Desmond, it's kinda hard to figure out. Either she's in a tunnel somewhere near Baltimore, or she's dilated 3 cm!"

After getting Reverse Biaz totally sloshed (then finishing off the bottle yourself), you slip out of the control room, through the studio, down the elevator and back to your limo.

After "sacrificing" yourself for your country, you slip out of the control room, through the studio, down the elevator and back to your limo.

"Well, Patti, I'm glad to see you made it back safely. I told you there was nothing to worry about!"

"You were right, Inspector Desmond. But for a while there, I was really stumped!"

"Oh, you did fine! Now let's go over what you discovered through your investigations."

"Let's begin with Baltimore and des Rever Records. What happened?"

"It was easy. I got past that guard in the Shill Building Lobby just by showing him the DataMan# into which I had inserted Reverse Biaz's cartridge."

"It was easy. I got past that guard in the Shill Building Lobby just by showing him Reverse Biaz's fax."

"It was easy. I got past that guard in the Shill Building Lobby just by finding Reverse Biaz's office in the building directory."

"I had real trouble there, Inspector. I never could figure out any way to get past that guard in the Shill Building Lobby."

"Good work, Patti. But what happened after you were upstairs? Did you learn anything about des Rever or Biaz?"

"Oh, no. That's too bad. I thought Reverse Biaz was a major player. He might have been the key to breaking this case."

"While upstairs in des Rever's outer office, I found a gold record which I think might contain some valuable evidence. Here, take it!"

"I couldn't find anything interesting in des Rever's outer office."

"I discovered the gold record could actually be played on a stereo system there. It sounded fine."

"But when I played the gold record in reverse at 33-1/3, I heard a strange message. It should be proof positive of the vicious things they've been doing!"

"Good going, Patti. Did you make the recording session I booked for you?"

"Actually, the studio session went pretty well, Boss. After a couple of tries, I started really cookin'!"

"I'm sorry, but I just couldn't, Inspector."

"You'll love this, Boss! I just used an old technique with which I'm quite familiar! I grabbed some champagne from my limo and got Reverse drunk! So drunk, in fact, he gave me this cassette tape to impress me."

"Gosh, Boss. I just used an old technique with which I'm quite familiar! Here's the tape I, uh, `talked' him out of!"

"Here's the tape I, uh, `talked' him out of!"

"Too bad, Patti. I wish you could have found something there."

"You really have a way with men, Patti!" he laughs. "Our agents could have never `obtained' evidence like you did."

"So, did you discover anything at K-RAP radio?"

"Well, I sneaked into John Krapper's office just as the receptionist came back from her break."

"Sorry, Boss, but I couldn't even get past the K-RAP lobby! They really had tight security!"

"Nice job of sleuthing, Patti!"

"It's too bad you didn't get further into the K-RAP building, Patti. I think P. C. Hammer might well be crucial to this problem."

"I searched John Krapper's desk and discovered a folder filled with what looked like incriminating evidence to me!"

"I assumed he'd miss the folder if I stole it, so I used his photocopier to make copies of it. Here they are!"

"Way to go, Patti. Nice work."

"And, besides that, I overheard what `2 Live 2 Screw' thought were private conversations. They didn't realize they were meeting in a room with an open microphone!"

"Although I nearly got trapped by P. C. Hammer, I recorded `2 Live 2 Screw' on a reel-to-reel tape."

"Great! Patti, you have proven yourself the right woman for the job!"

"Good, Patti. May I have the tape?"

"Uh, well, Inspector, I must confess: I left it on the tape recorder in the K-RAP control room. I'm sorry."

"Oh, that's all right, Patti. Mistakes happen; even to super-spies!"

"Patti, I don't know if this is an appropriate time, but I must tell you: I find myself strongly attracted to you."

"Patti, you've done a wonderful job! I'm so proud of you!"

"You have such wonderful big, uh, er, eyes! Even though you weren't much help as a spy, I hoped you might feel something for me, too. So, here's a little favor."

"I have a small souvenir for you, Patti--a little something for you to remember your experiences as an F.B.I. agent."

"I want you to have Commander Twit's exploding bra--and every time you wear it, think of me!"

"Oh, great! I'll wear it to my next heavy metal gig."

He laughs, "And that may be sooner than you think, Patti!"

"In anticipation of your success, I made all the necessary arrangements for your White House..."
Suddenly, a westbound flight heads South!

Hey! This is no dream! Your airliner is actually falling out of control!

As your flight plummets from the sky, your life passes before your eyes.

For a while, you consider that redhead you dated during high school, wondering if there could have been some reason she wanted you to come over to her house that afternoon when her parents were out of town?

But then you consider your performance since you were back at PornProdCorp....

"Was there an award back at good ol' PornProdCorp? I wish I had looked around more while I was there!"

"How I wish I had taken the charger for my camcorder!"

"What if I would have brought along some videotapes from PornProdCorp? I could have recorded those women I saw!"

"Boy, I wish I had degaussed those videotapes before I left my office."

"I wonder what was inside that DayTrotter# I found in that New York City limousine?"

"And how about that AeroDork Airline magazine? What was in that?"

"I wonder how much the overdue charges are on those roller-skates?"

"Was there anything in that dentist's office I missed?"

"Did I ever finish that dentist's receptionist's survey?"
"I wish there had been some way I could have seen `more' of Chi Chi Lambada!"
"That Chi Chi Lambada was so easy! I wonder what making love to a gymnast would have been like?"
"Why didn't I record my encounter with Chi Chi Lambada?"
"Why didn't I pursue Michelle Milken harder? She seemed so easy to get to know!"
"Why didn't I record my encounter with Michelle Milken?"
"I bet if I had gone to see Lana Luscious mud wrestle, I could have gotten a kiss!"
"I could have recorded my mud wrestling session with Lana Luscious."
You think to yourself, "I did pretty dog-gone well this time, even if I do have to say so myself!"
All in all, you wish you had accepted that redhead's offer!
The loudspeaker crackles with a panic-stricken voice, "Any passengers with flight experience are urged to report to the cockpit immediately!"
"Hmm," you think, "I used to sell flight simulator software door-to-door! Maybe I could help?"
"Oh, stewardess," you shout, "What's wrong?"
She replies, "Oh, not to worry. It's just that the pilot's contract ran out a few moments ago and (being a good union man) he refuses to work without a contract!"
"Oh, sir, can you help us?"
"Well, I'll do the best I can," you volunteer. "Did I mention I used to sell flight simulator software door-to-door?"
"Oh, that's wonderful, Sir! Hurry! Follow me up to... er, down to the cockpit!"

No matter where you look, nothing looks familiar! Whatever made you think those hours you killed playing "Red Baron" when you should have been working could possibly prepare you to handle a modern passenger jet?
"AAAAEEEEEEEE!" you scream.
Oh, right! Like that's gonna help you land this thing!
You're too late. You drained your bladder shortly after entering the cockpit!
You turn on the radio.
(It's tuned to a nice, soft-rock, easy-listening, MOR, album station.)
The wing surface deicers go to work, quickly removing any trace of ice from the hot summer sun-baked flight surfaces.
Good idea! Change to the auxiliary fuel tanks!!
You change back to the main fuel tanks!
You flip the switch that signals the stewardess to bring you a fresh cocktail!
How you wish you had acted earlier!
Your jetliner plummets through those clouds like a hot knife through a buttery-flavored, artificial, non-dairy, lard-like, food product substance.
As much as you'd like to grab onto the clouds, you just can't do it from inside the cockpit.
(However, you soon may be sitting on one, strumming your harp!)
Oh, Larry! Here's another fine mess you've gotten yourself into!
Whatever possessed you to volunteer to land a major aircraft? This is far different from your futile attempt a few years ago when you tried to sell flight simulator software for a major computer game company!
As the ground rushes headlong toward you, you decide to make a run for it! Maybe there are some parachutes tucked away under the stewardesses' seats. Maybe the other passengers won't notice you heading for the exit with a parachute tucked under your leisure suit. Maybe you'll be able to open the door. Maybe you'll be able to fly!
But there's a slight problem... now you've got to land this sucker!
You look like you're gonna die!

You begin to talk to yourself then realize, "I've gotta fly this sucker!"
You scratch your ear instead of saving this plane!
That won't help! Do something!
This is your plane, plummeting to Earth, soon to crash, killing all aboard.
"MAYDAY! MAYDAY!!" you scream, into no apparent microphone!
That won't help a falling airplane!
How you wish it were that simple--to just reach outside and grab your airplane, pull it back to safety. But you've learned long ago: you're no Superman!

As you rise to leave, you struggle against the severe G-forces pummeling your body, inadvertently catching the cuff of your leisure suit on an inconspicuous switch labeled "Auto Pilot."
Grasping at anything and everything on the dashboard, you brilliantly (and totally accidentally) hit something called an "Auto Pilot."
The airplane's computer takes over, stopping its spin, leveling out the plane, and preventing certain disaster!
YOU DID IT, LARRY!

There's the runway, Larry! Steady now. Bring 'er in carefully! You're "coming in" too fast!
"YEOW!" you scream!
Whew! That was close. You just barely "pulled out" in time!
"OH, NO!!" you scream!
Larry! You've got to "keep it up" longer!
You circle around 180 degrees to try again.
Next time, try it with both hands on your "yoke!"
"This is it," you think, "I've got to make it this time!"
You did it, Larry! You saved an entire airliner filled with innocent people. Surely, you'll finally gain the respect you deserve.
But how stupid were those airport designers! They built a runway 100 feet long...
...and TWO MILES wide!

"HIP, HIP,"
"HURRAY!!!"
What's this? The now all-too-expected Chartreuse Carpet Lounge is filled with people, all here to celebrate the country's newest hero--Larry; Larry Laffer!
"It's him!"
"It's Larry!"
"It's Larry Laffer!"
"HUZZAH!!!"
"So tell us, Mr. Laffer," asks a reporter, "how does it feel to save the lives of hundreds of people?"
Another reporter chimes in, "Where did you learn to fly a commercial airliner?"
"What is the secret of your amazing rescue technique?" asks a third.
"And will you earn extra Frequent Flyer credits?"
Before you can answer any questions, you hear a telephone ring.

"Mr. Laffer! There's a telephone call for you!"

"For me?" you wonder. "No one knows I'm here."

"Here, take the phone," says the reporter. "It's the President of the United States!"

"Er, hello?"

"Hello, who is this?" asks the voice on the phone.

"My name is Larry; Larry Laffer," you reply.

"Well, Mr. Lafner, this is the President of the United States!"

"I just wanted to telephone to express the appreciation of this great nation to you, Larry Lasner, for the heroic deed you just accomplished!"

"(And, of course, take this opportunity to up my approval rating another few points. You know, it never hurts to be seen worldwide on CNN under these circumstances!)"

"Eh, um, anyway, what I mean is," he says, getting back on track, "You probably didn't know, but the Vice-President's Mommy was on that airplane you just saved."

"(By the way, he's still gaining the approval of the great American people; yes, gaining every month, little by little, getting better and better...)"

"Ah, in any case, he's so grateful that he wants me to host a big dinner in your honor here at the White House. He would have called you himself, but it's long distance."

"So, Lafter, do you think you could drop by the White House, oh, say, Tuesday next week for one of those typical Big National Hero Of The Week Dinners?"

You are astonished. "But of course, sir," you reply, "I'll be there!"

"Do I have to bring a date?" you wonder.

But to the President you say, "I really look forward to meeting you and the First Lady!"

"Oh, sorry, Lasser," he says, "I'll be too busy fish, er, uh, MEETing with some important ambassadors or something, to attend. But I promise to send the Vice-President instead."

"Nice talking to you, Licker," he concludes. "Good job!"

"And, good bye."

"(Click.)"

"Good bye to you, Mr. Pres... oh, I guess you've hung up."

Well, Larry, things DID work out for you! Who would have thought that you would get a personal invitation from the President of the United States to attend a big State Dinner--especially one in your honor!

(You wonder if they'll have live music.)

And so it ends...

The following Tuesday, our heroine patiently awaits her turn to perform at a White House dinner, while unbeknown to her, our hero approaches the doorway.

What an honor for you, Patti! Just look at all the dignitaries here to hear you perform.

(Well, you presume that's why they're here.)

You are seated at the table closest to the door, near the piano you are to perform upon after dinner.

Inspector Desmond sits across from you, chatting with the woman beside him.

You carry on a meaningless dialogue with the two men beside you. What a shame the President was too busy to be here, though. You feel sure he would have loved to meet you!

A voice rings out from just outside the doorway, "Ladies and Gentlemen, our Guest of Honor this evening, fresh from his heroic rescue of an airplane filled with U. S. citizens, including our Vice President's Mommy, Mr. Larry, Larry Laffer!"

"What!" you think. "Larry? MY Larry Laffer?"

"Larry!" you shout. "It's you!!!"

"Patti!" Larry shouts. "It's you!!!"

"Oh, Larry! I've missed you so!!" You whisper in his ear.

"What happened to you, Patti?" Larry sighs. "The last I remember, we were together on a deck overlooking a lake! Where did you go? Hell, where did I go?!"

"Oh, you sweet dear. You really don't remember a thing, do you? It's a long story that perhaps I'll tell you some day, but right now, all that matters is that we're together again!"

"Uh, say Patti," Larry says, "Since I had a little trouble finding a date for tonight, why don't you join me on the dais? We can talk about old times."

"Why, Larry! That would be wonderful."

"Come on, Inspector Desmond," you say, "we're gonna sit at the head table!"

"Uh, Patti, er, well, I meant..." Larry stutters, then finally gives up. "Hi, Inspector. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer."

"Charmed," grunts Desmond.

"Uh, excuse me, Patti. Would you two scoot over a little so your guest of honor can sit down, too?"

From nowhere, a Secret Service man appears with a folding chair.

"You know, Mr. Vice President," Larry says, "you've always been a secret hero of mine! In fact, the Vice Presidency is one office to which I have always aspired to!"

"Mr. Laffer," responds the Vice President, "has anyone ever mentioned to you that we look alike?"

"Oh, of course. And am I proud!"

Before you can talk to Larry or Desmond, you realize the large burly gentleman to your left is already speaking to you.

"...and it's fortunate that you're here this evening as I'm only in town for a short time. Yes, I'm testifying tomorrow on Capitol Hill at the Senate hearings on pornography in the entertainment industry."

"Oh, really?" you say, feigning interest.

"You've heard of me, then?" he swells up noticeably.

"Yes, my job is simple: tomorrow I intend to convince Congress to create tough, anti-pornography legislation tough enough to make the airwaves "Beaver" clean again, just like they were back in the Fifties!"

You love these dinners and being seated next to people who feel their sole mission is to impress you with themselves!

(Especially a man who's breath is enough to curdle hairspray!)

"Allow me to introduce myself," he says, "I'm Mr. Bigg, a major West Coast corporate leader."

"My name is Passionate Patti," you reply.

"And I bet I can guess how you earned that name," he grins.

What an obnoxious creep! Now he's humming at you. Some familiar song. A love song? Who does he think he's impressing?

"What is that song," you think. "It sounds so familiar."

Realizing you are still unimpressed, Bigg digs in deeper.

"You know, Patti (may I call you Patti?), I find you a very sexy woman. In fact, I've been looking for just such a woman for a new position I recently created."

Between phrases, he continues to hum that melody.

"Patti, you seem like a woman interested in quick success. Why don't you be the hostess of my new TV show?"

"For months I've had minions out hunting for the sexiest woman in America. But tonight, I've discovered her myself! Just say the word, Babe, and the gig is yours!"

At the mention of "sexiest woman in America," Larry's head jerks toward Bigg, his attention riveted on your conversation.

"Really, Mr. Bigg, your offer is not interest..."

Bigg interrupts you. "Oh, Patti! Stop being so formal. Please. Call me `Julius.'"

"JULIUS!" you think, your mind racing!

"Patti, something's wrong," says Larry. "He's offering you the job as hostess of `America's Sexiest Home Videos!' But he has nothing to do with that show! I should know, I do! I was sent by the

producer to find... Say, wait a minute. Could he be the money behind the show...?"

"JULIUS!" you cry, suddenly putting everything together! "Desmond! Arrest this man!!!"

"WHAT?!" shouts Bigg.

"You scoundrel! You've been humming the love theme that I wrote for the soundtrack of `Larry 4!' That song was never published and the recording was never released! There's no way you could know it unless you played Larry 4!"

Of course, I see it all now. Bigg, you're the man who hired me to create the music, then erased the floppies to keep from paying me! You're the reason my poor Larry has amnesia! You're the man behind K-RAP and des Rever Records! Julius Bigg--you're the man I've been following this entire game!"

"You're so smart, Patti!" screams Bigg, "let's see you deduce your way out of this!"

And leaping to his feet, he pulls a revolver and aims it directly at you!

"Everybody stay away or I'll shoot!" shouts Bigg.

Larry cries out, "I'll save you, Sir!"

Do something, Patti!

"It's a good thing I wore that F.B.I. bra!" you think, touching your elbows behind your back.

"Congratulations, Patti!" says Desmond. "You've saved the Vice President's life! We'll haul this guy down to headquarters right now!"

He whispers to you under his breath, "There goes our weekend together, Patti! I'll be stuck at the office filing paperwork on this low-life for days!"

"I'm sorry I shoved your face in that custard pie, Mr. Vice President!" Larry says.

You turn to Larry and say, "So... it looks like I'm free for the weekend. How about you?"

Assuming you are talking to him, the Vice President whispers carefully, so as not to let his wife overhear, "Er, uh, well, yes. Perhaps I could set up a little excursion to Camp David..."

Larry presumes the Vice President is being magnanimous. "Gee, thanks!" he says in a loud voice, "and I hope you and the missus get a chance to come along too.

Later...

"Larry? What's that bulge in your leisure suit?"

"Oh, Patti! Oh. I know what you mean. Why those are just some miniature video tapes I recorded while on the road."

"Hey, fun! That'll give us something to watch at Camp David!"

"I just love home movies!" chimes in the Vice President.

"Uh, Patti, er, Sir, ah, I don't think... Oh, never mind," Larry says. "Grab your glasses everyone. Patti, I propose a toast to us--and to our wonderful future together!"

"Excellent, Larry. Yes--to a great week-end!!!"

And so, all's well that ends well?

Well, well!

It seems all your "work" videotaping those girls was for naught. Silas Scruemall, producer of "America's Sexiest Home Videos," decided to "simplify the audition process" by magnanimously awarding the show's hostess gig to his current girlfriend.

"America's Sexiest Home Videos" went on to become the megahit of the season, proving clearly that P. T. Barnum was right.

Congress never did get around to doing anything to "clean up the airwaves."

It seems every bill ever submitted somehow turned up mysteriously "stuck in committee" while they "examined the evidence!"

After a lengthy trial that increased tabloid sales nationwide, Julius Bigg was found innocent of all charges related to his incident at the White House dinner.

In what was quickly dubbed the "custard pie" defense, he pleaded "temporary insanity due to the high sugar content of those White House desserts" and got off with a mild reprimand from the judge and six months of mandatory Jenny Craig meetings.

Reverse Biaz soon found himself out of a job when des Rever Records went bankrupt. Executives realized there's no longer any reason to add subliminal messages to recordings since kids can't figure out how to play their CDs backwards. K-RAP became a national sensation when they expanded by buying a small television station outside of Atlanta and a 24-hour satellite channel. They promoted P. C. Hammer to his new position as the nation's first "Nude VeeJay." Their new slogan: "K-TV--More Rap, Less Wrap!" The Mob's pornography business continued its steady decline. But they'll find newer, more profitable investments somewhere. Piano bars continue to change into karaoke bars and the entertainment industry remains exactly as honest as it has always been. But all is not lost: Leisure Suit Larry and Passionate Patti are together again! ...at least for the weekend! Now would be an excellent time for you to save your game. We have a little surprise in store for you. You did it! You finished the entire game! Congratulations to you from all of us, the creators of "Leisure Suit Larry 5: Passionate Patti Does a Little Undercover Work."

We have a little reward for you. Since your computer has a DAC, here's a sample player so you can easily hear all the sounds from this game. We hope you enjoy hearing them again!

LARRY'S LOCATIONS

LOS ANGELES

PornProdCorp Hallway

Don't leave now, when they're crying for coffee in there!
"Excuse me!" you say, assuming responsibility!
You grab the pot from the warmer and head for Mr. Scruemall's office--eager to once again kiss up to the boss!
This door leads to the filing room where PPC stores its voluminous correspondence. Some of your favorite moments have been spent at this exact location, watching secretaries fill those lower drawers.
Remembering your boss' "open door" policy, you decide to just follow your orders. Besides, that's what you do best!
This is the entrance to the office of Silas Scruemall, your boss. Mr. S is famous for his "open door" policy: open his door and you're fired!
A tasteful, wood-grained brass plate on his door reads, "President, C. E. O., C. F. O., C. T. O., C. O. O., Chairman of the Board, Executive Producer"
"Hey, Scruemall!" you whisper softly, "I'm not afraid of you!"
("Only your power," you think.)
You notice a fresh pot of "Discount Coffee Warehouse's" finest Kona-like blend waiting on the warmer. You wonder if anyone nearby would like a cup.
You get a refreshing drink of bottled tap water.
Here are some suggestions if this is the first time you've played a Sierra adventure with the "no-typing" interface.

When windows like this one appear, press ENTER or click your mouse to clear them away immediately. Or, you can just wait and they'll clear automatically. Use the control panel to adjust the Text Speed to your reading speed.

When there is no text here, you can press ESC or move your mouse to the very top of your screen. The "Icon Bar" will appear. Click on the Question Mark, then move your cursor across the other icons. They'll each tell you what they do.

Click on those icons to change your game cursor. For example, choose the Eyeball icon and click it on various things around this room to "Look" at them.

Choose the Walking Man icon from the icon bar and click its feet where you would like to "Walk."

Your feet will stop as close as possible to where you clicked.

Choose the Hand icon from the icon bar and click its index finger where you would like to do some "Action."

This would be a good time to select the Eyeball "Look" icon from the icon bar and click it on the coffee pot in the upper left corner of this room.

Select the Hand "Action" icon and click it on the coffee pot to use the coffee.

If you haven't already, now would be a good time to read the documentation that came with this game.

The coffee maker has just finished brewing a fresh batch of Kahuii Koala Mocha-Homo Blend.

There's no pot here. Remember? You broke it!

You'd love to brew a fresh pot, but there's no pot left to brew in!

Yes, of course you think the sign is lovely, but you really have no use for a big, ugly sign.

If that thing talks back, you vow to leave the building immediately!

Thinking yourself incredibly smart, you attempt to remove the painting from the wall in order to crack the safe which you feel certain lies behind it.

You fail.

(But not because you can't crack a good one!)

Try talking to people instead.

Take your hand off her!

(You're smudging that fine cardboard surface!)

You really ARE lonely, aren't you, Larry?

You really enjoy playing with your hands, eh, Larry?

You have so much fun feeling things!

You attempt to throw your voice into the picture. You fail.

"Class B Establishment" granted by the Board of Health. (Contested by the Board of Good Taste!)

This is in keeping with your opinion of this place.

Ouch! Those plastic leaves are sharp!

Does talking to plastic plants help them grow?

Ouch! Pricked again!

"SPROING!" says the leaf.

"Presented to PornProdCorp for their humanitarian efforts in the field of free speech and the commercial development of the steel-reinforced videotape.

March 10, 1976"

(Wow! It's a genuine "Titty!")

Is this the best thing you've found to do with your hand cursor?

You're afraid to sit down here since your boss may come out of his office at any moment. Shouldn't you continue with your mission?

Rubbing your hand across the desk makes you appreciate its fine vinyl woodgrain surface.

You have no need for coffee or filters.

The coffee pot is plugged into the upper electrical outlet, and your battery charger is "currently" occupying the lower outlet.

The coffee pot is plugged into the upper electrical outlet, but the lower one is "currently" available. Good idea! You can never tell when a guy might need his pocket protector fully charged!

The camcorder can't be plugged into an outlet. You must use its recharger base.
You engage in a short, but personally meaningful, conversation with (...).
That feels exactly like (...).
It seems (...) just doesn't work with (...).
Don't do that to (...)!

Tape Room

Nope, nothing of interest in this drawer!
This drawer only contains a few old donut crumbs.
Without the battery recharger, this drawer seems so empty!
Well, well! What's this? So that's where you left your battery recharger!
 You take it from the drawer and pop it into your pocket.
You always wondered what these tiny little tapes were. These miniature videotapes are a perfect fit for your new camcorder.
 (And you thought they were DAT tapes!)
The tape has already been degaussed.
Sliding the switch to send rapidly alternating, pulsating currents through your degausser, you sensually slide the girl's dedicated magnetic particles in slow concentric circles over the degausser, gradually increasing in speed and intensity, until they (and you) are randomly aligned. A shudder passes through your body!!
 (By gawd, that's degaussing!)
You try in vain to insert your camcorder into those tiny tapes.
Degaussers work on tapes, not hands. They return the magnetic particles to a random distribution.
 (They erase tapes!)
You've always wanted to use these upper cabinets, but your arms are too short, so you've never seen inside them.
You quickly rinse your hands with the sterilizing solution. You rather enjoy it, although for the life of you, you don't know why.
"Hey, Sterilizer!" you yell into the metal drum. "Every night's your night in the barrel!"
You rinse %s in a stream of sterilizer, effectively removing over 90%c of the bacteria from its environmental surfaces.
You've seen enough of this monitor over the last few months. You don't want to see any more.
These tapes only fit in your Pocket Protector Camcorder.
Cleverly surmising the humble floor drain is really a secret passage to another part of the building, you yank and tug on the grate, only to find it is firmly screwed.
 (You can relate to that!)
"Hello!" you shout down the drain.
 "Heeeellllloooooo."
"Nah," you think, "who needs a box?"
These tapes are of no use to you.
These are the tapes of the women who didn't make the cut. They won't fit in your camcorder.
 (And neither do their tapes!)

PornProdCorp Archive

The empty credit card imprinter holds no fascination for you.
Say! An exclusive "AeroDork Airlines Gold Card" rests in the credit card imprinter. Probably just someone racking up a few charges on the ol' company dole!

The imprinter is of no value to you. The Gold Card was all you needed.

The "Winners" drawer is now empty.

There are three resume files here.

Why, look! Here it is!! You've found it! This drawer is labeled "Winners!"

There was nothing else of value in that drawer.

Assuming that your recent promotion now authorizes such extravagance, you remove the luxurious "AeroDork Gold Card" from the credit card imprinter.

You take the three resumes from the drawer.

The bookcase contains nothing that is of use to you. Perhaps you should look elsewhere.

You'd love to fold this up for your wallet, but you refuse to create a bulge in your leisure suit.

"Were you ever featured in 'National Geographic?'" you wonder.

What? You work?! No way!

You have no use for the lamp.

"Testing 1, 2, 3!" you say forcefully, thinking that desk lamp is a hidden microphone.

One of your favorite pastimes here at PornProdCorp is to stand here holding the magnifier up to various parts of your anatomy.

Like your fingerprints, Larry!

(Shame on you for thinking thoughts like that!)

You move the magnifier slightly, then restore it to exactly the same spot again, all in the twinkling of a video scan!

As you start to open the drawer, you read the label, and decide this is not the drawer for you. You are afraid to turn on that fan without protective garments.

(And it, you!)

Remember: the Sexiest Woman in America. THE Sexiest Woman in America! You're not going to find her sitting around in here!

This poster is your personal favorite. You've always had a soft spot for (...)-haired twins.

PornProdCorp Exterior

Carefully checking to make sure that no one can see you, you take full advantage of the PPC Memorial Fountain.

Now (...) is wet!

You remember her! She's PornProdCorp's founding mother: Chesty Turbo!

You can't really do what you're thinking!

"I'm so lonely," you moan to the statue.

Larry! She's not that good!

For just a moment, you have the feeling that tree is the only thing in Hollywood that's straight!

(Then you notice it's leaning!)

You love the feel of palms, don't you, Larry?

"I Talk to the Trees," you sing.

Keep your hands off the glass.

"Hello! Is anybody in there?" you shout through the glass.

(There is no response.)

LIMO

For some reason, the limo texts for both Larry and Patti are in the same text file.

"Geez," you think, "no matter where I go, no matter which limousine rental company I use, no

matter which driver I get... all these limos look alike!"

As much as you would love to pet the little fishie, he would prefer to be left alone.

Do you think talking to fish will make them grow?

Geez, you are the little sick-o, aren't you!

Look! Some poor unfortunate traveler forgot his appointment calendar.

This show is SO boring.

(Oh, wait. The television isn't on!)

It's broken.

Yeah, too bad for the other guy. He'll never know. Besides, he would probably want you to have it!

Too bad it's broken.

You have no way to play those tapes since the limo's videotape player is broken.

Leave the bottles and glasses alone.

Both the CD player and the cassette deck are broken.

The cabinet is locked!

"I'm sorry, Sir," crackles the driver's voice through the intercom, "but my cellular telephone won't work in this area. Too much interference or something."

"Besides, I'm sure you were not given authorization for cellular calls."

DAMN! And all your life you've wanted to try a cell phone!

If you roll down the windows, you'll spoil the air-conditioned comfort in which you ride.

It looks like you are moving.

Bored silly, you find yourself staring out the windows!

"Sir, we have arrived at your destination!" says your driver. "I hope your journey was a pleasant one."

"Thank you for an excellent journey, my good woman," you tell your chauffeur. "I'll leave a little something for you on the seat back here."

As you are ready to exit the limousine, you notice a small leather binder on the seat beside you. You feel certain the limo company will make no attempt to locate its rightful owner, so you take it, vowing to search relentlessly until you find its owner and return his missing DayTrotter# to him! You think, "Who wants a stupid old DayTrotter# anyway?" So you leave it and all the things that came with it on the seat of your limo. "Let somebody else hassle with that thing!" you think. "I've got better things to do!"

Meanwhile...

"Airport, eh?" says Bobbi. "It's a great place--if you like flying!"

"Hard Disk Cafe, eh?" says Bobbi. "It's a great place--if you like computers!"

"Tramp's Casino, eh?" says Bobbi. "It's a great place--if you like gambling!"

"Doc Pulliam's, eh?" says Bobbi. "It's a great place--if you like pain!"

Bobbi Bang, your limo driver, is as cute as a button.

Bobbi Bangué, your present limo driver, is as cute as a pin.

Bobbi Bahng, your latest limo driver, is as cute as a baby's bottom.

Bobbi Biang, your current limo driver, is as cute as any limo driver you've ever had.

Please leave the driver alone! (...)e's doing the best (...)e can!

You try to get the driver's attention, but she ignores you.

The driver points to her ear and shrugs, indicating she is unable to hear you through the soundproof glass window.

Perhaps you could show her where you want to go.

"Hey, Baby! How about you crawling back here and letting me drive for a change?!"

She ignores you completely.

(An experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

"Please!" she shouts through the intercom, "It's not safe to bother me while I'm driving!"

You're at the airport now!

"Waddayou, crazy?" shouts Bobbi, "I ain't gonna haul you all the way to New York City!"

"Waddayou, crazy?" shouts Bobbi, "you're already there!"

You have no need to return to New York City.

"Waddayou, crazy?" shouts Bobbi, "I ain't gonna haul you all the way to Atlantic City!"

You have no need to return to Atlantic City.

"Waddayou, crazy?" shouts Bobbi, "I ain't gonna haul you all the way to Miami."

You have no need to return to Miami.

Airport exterior

Look! There's a plain brown envelope lying on top of that trash receptacle near the ATM machine. You are outside the (...) airport. AeroDork Airlines has installed one of their exclusive ATMs near the entrance.

AeroDork was the first airline to feature ATMs ("Automated Ticket Machines"). These machines have allowed AeroDork to completely eliminate ticket agents.

"Hello!" you cry, "is this machine voice activated?"

The ATM's voice activation circuits may be implemented "Real Soon Now."

A small, tasteful bumper sticker on the back of the limo reads, "Honk if you can last more than thirty seconds."

This tower contains all the many new air traffic controllers recently hired to keep you totally safe during takeoffs and landings.

"Is your name George?" you joke to Mister Bush.

There's nothing hidden in the planter.

Do you think talking to these plants will make them grow?

That piece of luggage belongs to some other jet setter, Larry.

This car has been parked here well over the three-minute time limit!

This car has been parked here well over the 3 minute time limit!

This is the part of the airport where planes are not supposed to drive!

That door is for those travelers with enough wisdom and experience to not choose AeroDork Airlines.

The sign says you are presently in (...), Larry!

You conveniently "forget" to leave any money. You feel guilty... but only for a few moments.

There's an envelope here.

You take the envelope, open it and find your non-personalized, "100% legal," surrogate green card inside.

"Da plane, boss, da plane!"

You may think you can touch that airplane... but you're wrong!

There's a plain brown envelope resting inconspicuously on the top of the trash can.

A small sign on the side of the trash receptacle reads, "Hold it 'til you get to the can!"

There's nothing in the trash can--in THIS Leisure Suit Larry game!

A lonely cloud drifts by on V.F.R.

You may think you can touch the clouds... but you're wrong!

Aerodork ATM

You are standing before one of AeroDork Airline's amazing new Automatic Ticket Machines. Just insert your exclusive AeroDork Gold Club membership card into the slot on the left.

Insert your exclusive AeroDork Gold Club membership card into the slot on the left.

Hey! Don't forget your gold card!

Your newly obtained boarding pass is just hanging there, waiting for you to grab it.

Your AeroDork Gold Card is ready to return to your pocket.

Insert your AeroDork Gold card into this slot.

Click the hand icon here to select the flight to (...).

Please enter the five-character Destination Code from your AeroDork Airline Travel Brochure.

You can use your number pad to enter your code. The keys match in position (i.e. the 7 key will press the top left button, etc.). Be sure to use only the numeric key pad, not the cursor keys.

Please enter the five character Destination Code from your AeroDork Airline Travel Brochure.

Airport Interior

You are in the west wing of the lavish AeroDork Airline terminal building. It's easy to tell when you're traveling via AeroDork--you're bored!

How quaint! A public cigarette vending machine. You thought those had all been eliminated by anti-smoking activists.

Evidently AeroDork Airline's automated flight handling is efficient--there's not one person waiting in this waiting room.

You're not really interested in sitting in those little puddles of overnight sleeper drool.

Why would such a modern structure require a post so near a corner?

Feeling that familiar sense of "adventure game frustration," you long to bang your head against that post in the corner, but refuse to give up!

"You know, I once had a girl friend that reminds me of talking to you," you say to the post.

AeroDork has spared no expense to decorate this fabulous gateway.

This door leads to a part of the game that AI never got around to writing.

This door not only is locked, it doesn't even have a knob!

You feel around in the cigarette vending machine's change slot and find...

...a pair of quarters!

...nothing. Someone must have taken whatever change was left here!

This outlet would be perfect for plugging in something electrical.

Your battery pack is nearly recharged.

There is an electrical outlet on the wall.

Injured in an Automobile Accident? Hurt in a Work-Related Accident? Been pulled over by the L.A.P.D.? Let our personal injury lawyers work for YOU! We collect only if you win your case.

Free consultation. Ambulance Chasers, Inc.

Now in its 1st Straight Season on Broadway! Harold King's "Kiss Me, My Fair Fiddler on the West Side of the Best Little Cabaret in Oklahoma!" Sold out through April, 2003. Vincent Couldbe says, "Even better than last year's 'Hello, Annie's Greasy South Pacific Chorus Line!'" Contact TicketMeister.

Welcome to Atlantic City, "Where Dreams Come True." Remember, bet your limit... never limit your bet!

Welcome to Miami, "America's Friendliest City." Warning: local ordinances forbid carrying lead pipes or tire irons in a concealed manner. Just keep them visible. Have a wonderful stay!

For elegant dining in an informal atmosphere, come to Bubba's-On-The-Bay. Exquisite nouvelle cuisine served in the classic Deep South style. Chicken-fried Medallions of Veal, Blackened Carpaccio with Capers and Oleo, Jambalaya Sorbet. Check out our new puzzle placemats!

Welcome to New York City! Home of the San Francisco Giants, New Jersey Jets, and Los Angeles Dodgers!

Broke? Down on your luck? Stupidly lost all your money gambling? Looking for some kind person to give you a break? Don't hang out around here and we won't hang out in your cardboard box.

Irv's Pre-Passing Extended Care Home. Finest nursing home arrangements in the country. TV night every other Sunday. Bingo. Guaranteed digestible food. Irv says, "If you're waiting to pass away, stay with us today!"

Take the Yawniversal Studios Tour! Get bit by the Real Shark from "Maws." Get crushed in the hand of the Giant Robot Ape from "King Dong." Get stabbed in the abdomen at the Gates Hotel

from "Psicko." Camera rental and infirmiry services FREE.

From anywhere to anywhere, in New York City there's no limousine service that's precisely, totally, exactly like the fabulous Checker Limo Co. Nearly-instantaneous service from our fleet of radio-dispatched cars. Floors disinfected regularly! Call 552-4668, anytime.

On your next trip, try TWAL, The Women's Airline. All female crew, all male flight attendants.

Extra protection down the center of the plane, where women need it most. Remember our slogan: "Fly TWAL... The Darn Thing Has Wings!"

Phil's Pharmaceuticals is open 24-hours for all your drug needs. 53 varieties of addictive over-the-counter chemicals flown in fresh daily. Ask about our Spring Break specials. We do not condone illegal drug use. However, bulk discounts on Valium clones are available this month only!

While you're here in Los Angeles, be sure to visit wonderful "Wizneyland." Your children will be terrified when they see their favorite cartoon characters running up to them in enormous grinning overstuffed costumes... horrified when they ride through the bowel-loosening haunted house!

Wizneyland! It's a million trips to the bathroom!!

It's Carefree Living in the Eurasian Style in new Exorbitania Townhouses. Only 1/2 block from Central Park, Broadway, Madison Square Garden, Statue of Liberty, UN Building, World Trade Center, Automat. One-bedrooms start at \$10,000,000. Security locks, no pets. And no vacancies to the likes of you, either, buddy!

Where does the Moral Majority turn to promote censorship and creeping Fascism? "Slant," the Holier-Than-Thou Newsweekly. No liberal pandering, no pinko editorial cartoons, no objective journalism... just good ol' fashioned Fundamentalism. Printed on 100% recycled environmentalists. RIOT GEAR!

Explosives, weapons, armor. Brass knuckles, nunchuks, pipe bombs, switchblades, guns, bazookas, tanks, stealth bombers (24-hours notice, please). Senior citizen discounts.

You appreciate the historical accuracy of an ashtray simulator in public places.

You want to put your butt in the ashtray?

Slot machines! You haven't played the slots since "Leisure Suit Larry 1: In the Land of the Lounge Lizards." Now available in an all-new, 256-color version with enhanced graphics, music and sound effects!!

You haven't played the slots since your old "Land of the Lounge Lizards" days! You have no desire to waste your (hard-found) money here.

You try to pull the handle of the slot machine but since there's no quarter in it, nothing happens.

Hey, all right! Someone left a quarter in that machine. Pulling the handle yields only one lonely cherry, but that's enough to pay you a quarter. You reach into the slot machine's coin bin and grab it.

You are inside the (...) AeroDork Terminal's waiting room (and former ticket counter). A security camera peers at you from the far wall. AeroDork is famous for building exactly the same terminal in every city they serve (except Muncie, Indiana--that's where they hide your lost luggage!).

You already took the quarter you need; leave the small change for those poor little kids!

(You big bully!)

Directly beneath the security camera is a charity cannister containing many pennies, nickels and dimes, but only one quarter.

Directly beneath the security camera is a charity cannister containing many pennies, nickels and dimes, but no more quarters.

You are much too frugal to ever part with a hard-found quarter!

(TIGHT-ASS!)

AeroDork has spared no expense to decorate this fabulous gateway.

Evidently AeroDork Airline's automated flight handling is efficient--there's not one person waiting in this waiting room.

ou're not really interested in sitting in those little puddles of overnight sleeper drool.

What are you expecting? A disco admission card?

You want to put your butt in the ashtray?

The sign over the door reads, "Chartreuse Carpet V.I.P. Lounge."

This counter was once staffed by highly trained, courteous young men and women.

(Of course, that was when this area was part of the frozen yogurt concession!)

A few days ago, you could have bought a ticket here. But now (...) and (...), AeroDork's last remaining employees, have nothing to do but stand around and gossip.

(So, in essence, not that much has changed!)

You must have just missed them. Perhaps you should talk to one of the girls, instead of to the ticket counter!

It's (...), AeroDork's blonde bombshell. Once she was a highly motivated employee. Once she was a highly trained professional. Once she never forgot to ask, "Didya wan'sum fries wit' dat?"

(...) was once a ticket agent here. Now her only responsibility is to the few remaining employees: she fires them!

"Excuse me, Miss. Could you help me?"

"Buddy, I don't think ANYONE could help you!" she replies sarcastically.

"Get that away from me, dork!" shouts (...). "Anything YOU have, I don't want!"

It's (...). Once she was AeroDork's red-headed, red-blooded, red-hot, temptress of the flight path.

Now she's lucky if she even sees a pilot.

"Excuse me, Clerk," you cry, "Could I buy a ticket here?"

"Nope," she retorts with a snap of her gum, "we're all out. Try our ATM outside, ok?"

"Fella, I ain't interested in anyone that can't support me in the style to which I've grown accustomed to," she says, interrupting your clever inquiry. "And nobody I know is accustomed to a style like yours!"

There goes your chance for a "Larry's Kids" telethon!

This door leads to the exclusive AeroDork Airline V.I.P. Chartreuse Carpet Lounge.

You can't open this door. It's secured from within. If only you had some form of identification to prove you really belong inside.

"Hello!" you shout. "Is there anyone inside?"

(You hear no response.)

The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce welcomes YOU to Los Angeles! See Movie Stars' homes! See the Beverly Hills Wax Museum! See your favorite TV shows actually being taped for future broadcast! Some culture also available; call for details.

Gay? Lesbian? Divorced? Single? Widowed? Depressed? Sorry, but the 'Blecchnaven Center' offers weekly seminars for happy, straight couples only.

For the biggest ride you've ever had, give us a call right now. Let us expose your blatant consumerist backside. "Tramp Limo Service, 553-4468"

Luxury Accommodations are merely a brick's throw away at the Miami Fountainblooey Hotel. 28-story shatterproof glass atrium, fire-resistant deluxe suites. Every Thursday night is Singles Night at "The Castro Room." Valet parking, coat check, firearms rack.

It's the second-most fun you've had getting wet! Visit MARINELAND, U. S. A.! See authentic U. S. Marines swimming, playing, doing tricks. Watch Porca, 'The Killer Marine,' leap out of the water at feeding time for fishsticks!

Now through September 31st at Madison's Glare Garden! Monster Trucks! Funny Cars! Stupid Motorcycles! Mutant Mopeds! We've turned the floor of the coliseum into a giant mud bog! See audience members with necks twice as thick as their heads! Call Ticket-O-Rama for details.

'Honest' Noah's Check-Cashing Service. The fastest way to get money when you've gambled away all your cash. Sorry, no second-party checks, third-party checks, bank checks, personal checks, out-of-state Czechs, wheat checks, rice checks. Plenty of corn checks!

"Wet 'n Watery Wild Whooshing World!" Home of the "PsychoKiller Two-mile Waterslide." Speed downhill at 75 miles an hour with nothing to protect you but a thin slice of cheap foam rubber and your bathing suit (assuming it stays on). You must be under 90 to ride. "It was

soooooo scary! Luckily, at 75 miles an hour, who can tell you're peeing?" says Barry Smith, of East Miami.

How do busy executives stay on top of world finance? "Businessmen's Financial Hourly," of course. All the financial news you need, delivered to your home or office every hour on the hour, all day, all night. Latest markets. Millions of pages a year of the information YOU need every minute to keep your business from sinking like a rock.

The NYC Ballet Company's 2015th production of "Sleeping Beauty" opens August 15th. The NYC Times called it, "A classic... never gets all that boring, even though you've seen it several hundred times." Opening September 20: the 2016th production of "Sleeping Beauty." Call The Ticketster for details.

Gambleholic's Anonymous. Kick the gambling habit! We'll lay you 2 to 1 we can clean up even the worst gambling problem. Meetings held on best 2 out of 3 Thursdays each month. Ex-major league baseball players admitted FREE!

"Misplace" something? "Lose" something important? "Can't find" that important documentation? Let us help. We're "Just Green Cards" and we're here to help any alien who has "lost" their card! Just call me, Carlos, at 554-1272! You'll get your "replacement" immediately. And remember: "We deliver!!"

Hey! You're smudging the lens!

You have the distinct feeling that someone is watching you.

While the boarding pass proves you have a flight on this airline, it doesn't prove you have enough class to be admitted to the exclusive AeroDork Chartreuse Carpet V.I.P. lounge.

This end of the (...) AeroDork Terminal lobby is distinguished only by a bank of pay telephones against the far wall. You feel AeroDork carries this "identical terminals" bit a little too far! Darn. Their line is busy.

You presume you must have dialed a wrong number.

You change your mind and hang up the phone.

This was once AeroDork's proud department of lost luggage mishandling. Since those big cutbacks, it's never been the same!

You have no lost luggage to claim. Of course, if you did it wouldn't matter anyway, as there are no workers here to help you.

AeroDork has spared no expense to decorate this fabulous gateway.

Why would such a modern structure require a post so near a corner?

Feeling that familiar sense of "adventure game frustration," you long to bang your head against that post in the corner, but refuse to give up!

"You know, I once had a girl friend that reminds me of talking to you," you say to the post.

You appreciate the historical accuracy of an ashtray simulator in public places.

What did you expect? A disco admission card?

You want to put your butt in the ashtray?

Once upon a time this ticket counter sold tickets. Now it provides a resting place for the last remaining AeroDork employees, (...) and (...).

A few days ago, you could have bought a ticket here. But now (...) and (...) have nothing to do but stand around.

(So really, not that much has changed!)

You must have just missed them. Perhaps you should click on one of the girls, instead of on the ticket counter!

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"Fella, I ain't interested in anyone that can't support me in the style to which I've grown accustomed to," she says, interrupting your clever inquiry. "And nobody I know is accustomed to a style like yours!"

Finally, a working telephone!

You insert a quarter into the only working pay telephone.

These telephones require a quarter. If you had a quarter, you could just stick it in the telephone and it would work.

These telephones only accept quarters.

This pay phone is broken.

You can't dial this telephone. It's broken.

Save your quarter. This pay phone is broken.

How do busy executives stay on top of world finance? "Businessmen's Financial Hourly," of course. All the financial news you need, delivered to your home or office every hour on the hour, all day, all night. Latest markets. Millions of pages a year of the information YOU need every minute to keep your business from sinking like a rock.

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Suffering from copy machine breakdown? Tired of messy toner bottles? Sick of paper cartridges and service calls? Ready to rip the guts out of your piece-of-crap, document-mangling Shmearox copier? Call us. We're ACME Carbon Paper.

We want your old jewelry.

Rings, chains, earrings, brooches.

No Money Paid.

"Stick 'em Up Pawn Shop"

1525 Park Avenue West

Calling all married men! Entertain women discreetly and privately in our new "Stayfree Bachelor Pads." Exclusive panel slides into place whenever your wife knocks on the front door. Vibrating beds, imitation leopard-skin rugs, fake fireplaces. Contact Escobar Enterprises Estates today!

Welcome to Miami. Rent a limo for your stay. North Beach Limousine Rentals. Cheap. No client too old! 554-8544

When the sharpest image counts, count on Canonan camcorders. The official camcorder of the Amateur Cinematographer's Committee on Los Angeles Police Conduct. "I love it! I'm gonna

get one when I get these bandages off!" says a Mr. R. King of Los Angeles, California."

Dr. Seymour Weiners of the Weiners Clinic says, "Chronic fatigue? Prostate problems? Hemorrhoids? Kidney stones? Liver spots? Osteoporosis? Arthritis? Psoriasis? Cataracts? Incontinence? Allergies? Hernia? Yecch! Go somewhere else, okay?"

New Jersey Associated Faux Health Clubs. Slim down the fast, easy way. No weight equipment, no exercycles, no treadmills. One aging anorexic celebrity says, "Dieting doesn't give you a great body. But having your fat sucked out with a teeny little vacuum cleaner sure does!" Come by today.

This man is hanging in midair... by his gums! Is he crazy? Yes, crazy about "Krazy Dentu-Poxy." Guaranteed to keep dentures from wiggling, slipping or falling out for the rest of your life. Bonds denture material to flesh permanently in seconds. Eat corn-on-the-cob, apples, rock candy, and furnace clinkers just like you used to.

BIG-R'S CREDIT

Need credit? Need a loan? Or just want to talk to someone who really understands what "deep in debt" really means? Call Roger H at Big R's Credit Carnival! Applications accepted over the phone. \$10.00 non-refundable service charge might even be tax deductible!

The Mayor's Office is pleased to announce the 25th Annual "Why I Love New York Even Though You Take Your Life In Your Hands Every Time You Open Your Front Door and Who Can Afford To Live Here Anymore Anyway?" Songwriting Contest. Forms available at City Hall.

Now through December at the Conventional Center: "An Evening With Bobby Vinton." New Jersey Herald says, "Bobby sings all his hits, including 'Blue Velvet,' 'Red Roses For A Blue Lady,' 'Blue Roses For A Red Lady,' 'You Only Look Blue When You're Standing Next To All Those Red Roses,' and 'Blue Ladies Plus Red Roses Equals Purple Velvet.' A must see!" Call TicketMonster for details.

Jiffy-Pace Lube-and-Battery service. We'll have your pacemaker in and out within 15 minutes or your money back! Free valve check. (We use only Catatonic State Motor Oil.)

There are two local telephone directories hanging from the pay telephones. Opening the plastic telephone directory covers, you notice someone has thoughtfully ripped out all the pages to prevent needless alphabetical confusion on your part! Now how will you dial the right number?

"Hello, Checker Limo. Wearya? Weardjawannago?"

"Uh, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer," you say, "What was the question again?"

"Waddaya deff? Wearya? Weardjawannago?"

"Oh, I'm at the airport. At the AeroDork Terminal."

"Weardjawannago?"

"Oh, I guess I'd like to go downtown."

"Gotcha. Mee'cha ou'side."

(And he hangs up the phone.)

"Good afternoon, and welcome to lovely Miami," a pleasant voice answers the telephone. "How may North Beach Limousine Service assist you today?"

"Hello. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer," you say, "I'm at the AeroDork Terminal at the airport."

"Very well, Sir. And how will you be paying today?"

"Uh, would you take an AeroDork Gold Card?" you say.

"Ahhh, but of course, sir! Your limousine will be outside in a few seconds!"

He concludes, "And thank you for thinking of us!"

"Good day. Tramp Limousine at your service."

"Good day, Mr. Tramp," you presume, mistakenly. "I'm at the airport, and require transportation to the city."

"Yes sir!" he replies, "I'll send one of my best girls right over!"

"JesGreenCars. Si habla Espanol y Eeengleesh. Haf ju `lost jour carrrd?"

"Hello, I'm looking for a limousine to take me from the airport into town, I guess."

"Ho-kay. Aeropuerto? Ho-kay. Wee deelefer jur carrrd! On dee trash can. Outside de aeropuerto. Ju leef a-ten-dousand pesos outside de aeropuerto. On dee trash can. No problemo!"

"Please deposit seventy-five cents for the next three minutes."

"Since you don't have three quarters, you decide not to call (...)."

Boarding Room

All your life you assumed those snooty, private airport waiting rooms were filled with luxurious appointments. Once again, you were wrong! In fact, you'd swear that AeroDork installs that same folding chair in every terminal in every city they serve!

A voice comes over the public address system, "AeroDork Airlines is proud to announce the departure of its Chartreuse Service to msdffft, wqpaffw, and paovnnq."

Hmm. That speaker is none too clear.

How thoughtful! AeroDork has provided a comfortable metal folding chair for your sitting convenience!

The door to the jetway is firmly locked, and without protrusions of any kind.

You can only open this door by using the ABM to the right.

The Boarding Pass sign is currently flashing. Are you going to miss the plane?

It appears to be a sign.

Your AeroDork Gold Card will only work in the ATM outside the airport.

You're a little early. That flight isn't due to board for another few minutes.

Near the far door is one of AeroDork Airline's exclusive "ABMs."

ABM is an acronym for "Automatic Boarding Pass Machine." So far, AeroDork is the only airline to have them.

(You expect it to remain that way!)

It's just another example of AeroDork's extravagant attitude towards its customers. Freshly brewed coffee just for you!

YUCK! The pot has boiled dry! Nothing remains but the stench of burned coffee.

The cabinet holds up the coffee maker.

There's nothing in the cabinet that you need.

Wouldn't you think the local transportation authorities would worry about exposed wiring?

Right! Of course you can reach the ceiling in here!

There's nothing hidden behind the painting.

Welcome to (...)!

This airport looks just like the one in (...)!

Your boarding pass is sucked...

...into the slot of the ABM!

NEW YORK

Hard Disk Cafe

The exterior of "The Hard Disk Cafe" is in keeping with their computer memorabilia motif.

Your limo is gone, Larry. Why not walk inside?
The limousine you ordered has arrived. Why not get in?
You try in vain to find a means of transportation, but to no avail. How will you ever be able to telephone that limo company?
"Ahhh!"
Now would be an excellent time for you to save your game, Larry.
It feels so warm to the touch.

You change your mind and hang up the phone.
"Hello," says the voice on the telephone, "You've reached the `Fabulous Checker Limo Company.' I hope you're having a nice day!"
"Hello! This is Larry; Larry Laffer," you say. "Please send my limo to The Hard Disk Cafe immediately!"
"Yes sir! It'll be there damn near instantly."
That line is busy.
"I'm sorry, but that is not a working number. This is a recording."
"Say, good fellow," you say to the maitre d', "would you be willing to accept a little bribe?"
"But, of course, My Sewer," says the maitre d' snootily. "It worked in Larry 3, didn't it?"
"I suggest you find transportation to another location, Mr. (heh, heh) Laffer!" he smirks.
"You have your tape, Mr. Laffer. Stop bothering me!"
"Please, follow me, sir," says the maitre d', walking to the punch tape reader. "Allow me to prepare you for membership in our exclusive club."
"Thank you very much, sir," says the maitre d' greedily. "Have a nice day!"
Larry! How brilliant you are! Carefully wrapping your membership tape around the music box's cylinder, you punch a new set of holes in your membership tape, altering it forever. But now, will you be able to enter the cafe?

"Hello," you say to the maitre d', "do you have a table for a swinging guy like me?"
"No."
"But sir," you protest, "perhaps you've heard of me... my name is Larry; Larry Laffer."
"No."
"I'd really like to get something to eat," you say to the maitre d'. "May I have a table now?"
"No."
"I'd really like to get something to drink," you say to the maitre d'. "May I please have a table now?"
"No."
"You know, it's amazing that a place like this could even stay in business," you say, beginning to lose your temper. "I've never been to a place where the customer is always WRONG!"
"No?"
"Let me into that cafe, you ninny," you shout at the maitre d'. "You better let me in, I think!"
"Know."
"So when can I get in, eh?" you whine, "I've got to meet somebody here!"
"Ho."
"She's really quite lovely," you offer, "in fact, I bet you know her."
"Who?"
"Say, since I'm just going to stand here anyway, why don't I tell you a little story? A story about how a unassuming, traveling software salesman, born near a log cabin in Gumbo, Missouri, made it into the big time..."
"OK! STOP!! I'll get you a damned ticket!" he shouts.
(Nice going, Larry!)
"There you are, Sir!" barks the maitre d'. "Enjoy your visit here at the lovely Hard Disk Cafe!"
"Want to hear a little more about me?" you offer.

"Thanks for making that tape for me. Could you give it to me now?"

"You fool! Eeet's hanging there in plain sight!"

"Uhh, I seemed to have misplaced my membership tape," you tell the maitre d'. "Could you cut me a new one?"

"I'm sorry, sir, but my limit is one bore per customer!"

"Excuse me," you say to the maitre d', "How do I get into that inner door?"

"I'm sorry, sir," he replies, "but admittance to the exclusive 'Herman Hollerith Room' is limited to only our very finest customers."

"(...which you are not!)" he concludes under his breath.

"Thanks for the membership tape!" you say to the maitre d'. "But where do I go?"

"Just find a place to sit down. You have an assigned table. Find it!"

You grab your tape from the tape reader.

A telephone rests near the maitre d's podium--and it's finally available for your use!

That woman has tied up the telephone for as long as you've been here.

There's no need to use the telephone again, since you've already contacted the limo company.

Shouldn't you walk outside? Your limo may be waiting for you.

"Get off that phone," you shout. "There are others here that want to make a call."

She ignores you completely.

Bertha ignores you completely.

"Hey, I'd like to make a call someday, myself," you say to the large woman.

Music boxes show an early use of the principle that made the punchcard possible. It gave precisely aligned pins meaning as musical pitches.

(How interesting: the music box's cylinder appears to be the same width as your membership tape.)

Its cylinder is exactly 35 millimeters wide.

The music box is either very old and very tired, or some practical joker has altered the pin placement on its cylinder. It sounds terrible!

It's a music box, not an Edison cylinder recorder.

You wonder if this will ruin your only means of admission to the Cafe!

If you punch any more holes in that piece of tape, there will be nothing left!

(You wonder if his French accent could be fake?)

"Hello," you say to the maitre d', "do you have a table for a guy like me?"

"Just use the membership tape I created for you," he replies.

"Please keep your hands off me," says the maitre d'. "I'm for the use of members only!"

"Why don't you get your tape out of the machine?"

"You know, I'd really love to be rid of all these troublesome credit cards," you tell the maitre d'.

"Would you be willing to trade them for a table inside?"

"But, of course, Sir!" he replies, snapping to attention. "I always have a soft spot for a fine fellow like you!"

"You might want to save these, Sir," he replies. "You may need them later."

"Would you mind throwing this away for me," you say, "Now that I know how to get here I don't need it any more."

"Wee, wee, moisture!" he replies.

"Would you like to see my appointment calendar for the next year?" you ask the maitre d'.

"Hardly," he sniffs.

These doors operate by means of a Membership Tape inserted and read by that machine to their left. Insert your tape into the machine just to the left of these doors. You might try using that on the maitre d'. An ancient mainframe computer's paper tape reader sits against the far wall near the door. Your membership tape is still hanging from the side of the machine. This paper tape reader grants access to the "Hard Disk Cafe" proper, which is located behind those closed doors. To enter, just insert your membership tape in the slot. This disk drive is for display purposes only. This computer is for display purposes only. This machine once used magnetic tape, not paper tape. The historic old piano roll is hermetically sealed in that glass case. A sign on the punch card reader requests that you keep your hands off. "OUCH!" Who do you think you are, Snoopy's Uncle Spike? Punch holes in your membership tape? A good idea, but this is not the way to do it.

Sector 4F

You carefully insert your paper membership tape into the ancient machine. Welcome to "THE HARD DISK CAFE" customer database. Please insert your membership tape now. Processing... Since you have no membership tape, you decide there's no use wasting your time here. User #104725029871492 found. Welcome, Mr. Larry Laffer. Tonight you are assigned to Track 45, Sector 4F. User #104725029871491 found. Welcome, SuperUser Laffer. Go right on in. Sit anywhere you like. Make yourself at home. SuperUser #1 found. Welcome, Mr. Gilbert Hyatt! Go right on in. Make yourself at home. Sit anywhere you like! User 104725029871491 found. ALERT! ALERT! SysLevUser Error! User #104725029871491 found. Welcome, SuperUser Laffer. You may now enter the "Herman Hollerith Room." SuperUser #1 found. Welcome, Mr. Gilbert Hyatt. Feel free to enter the "Herman Hollerith Room." Sit wherever you wish. Listen, Laffer: your lowly clearance level prevents access to the exclusive "Herman Hollerith Room." You were assigned to Track 45, Sector 4F. Now sit there! "Hey! Come on! Gimme back my tape!" That stupid machine ate your tape! You hope you won't need it again, Larry.

At last you are inside the "Hard Disk Cafe's" cafe. But where in the world is YOUR seat? You could sit like this and watch people all day. In fact, you may have to, as there seems to be an extreme shortage of waiters in this place. No wonder there's no crowd! Look, Larry! There she is!! It's your "target" for New York City: Michelle Milken. You know it's possible to get in there, but how will you? Michelle used that paper tape reader. You wonder what lies behind "The Magenta Door." This door operates by means of a Membership Tape inserted and read by that machine to the left. "Hello. Is there anyone inside?"

Insert your tape into the machine just to the left of this door.
You might try using that on the maitre d'.
"Yoo hoo, Michelle!" you cry, fumbling to find the words that would stop a knockout like this one.
"Wait! I've just got to meet you!"
"Getchur hans off'n my grub!" screams the woman.
"Excuse me, madam," you say, "do you have any idea how to enter the other room?"
"Glub, glub, glub," is her only sound.
An extremely skinny man is eating with an extremely not-very-skinny woman!
You can't sit there. You weren't assigned to that table.
Look! How convenient! A small sign on the table reads, "Track 45, Sector 4F." This is your table, Larry!
You no longer have to sit at this table, Larry. You are now a "SuperUser!"
(Whatever that means!)
You can't get to those tables.
Your voice echoes throughout the nearly empty "Hard Disk Cafe."
"OUCH!"
This is identical to the reader you used to enter this room.

Hollerith Room

"Nearly as many times as I'm here," she responds.
"That may be, but I look even better out of it!"
"Well, you may sit down, but it may be for dessert!"
(Now what did THAT mean?)
(Say, this may turn out all right yet!)
(A better offer you've never had, Larry! Go for it!!)
You can't stand up; you have nowhere else to go.
Why not talk to that beautiful woman instead. Go on, Larry; strike up a conversation.
"OUCH!"
You can't sit with a strange couple!
"Excuse me, may I join you?" you ask the couple at the left table.
"No. I'm sorry, but we're eating." replies the wit at the table. "And I don't want to lose my appetite."
"Excuse me," you shout to that far table, "but can you explain why I don't talk to that lovely woman sitting all alone at that table in the corner?"
"Could your head be up your..."
"Hi, folks; I'm from out of town!" you yell to the diners at the table across the room.
You know what you want to do, Larry. Your problem is figuring out how to do it!
Perhaps you should sit down with her first.
A little premature, aren't you, Larry? Maybe first a little dinner, then a show, perhaps a little dancing....
"Hello, Lovely Lonely Lady," you say to the gorgeous babe sitting all alone in the booth near you.
"Allow me to introduce myself. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer."
You hope she doesn't just ignore you.
"Hi, Larry," she says with a friendly smile, "new in town?"
Remembering your boss' warning not to reveal your identity, you decide to begin with a casual opener, "Do you come here often?" you ask.
Perhaps I could mention her "power clothes," you think to yourself. A compliment on her apparel might be appropriate...
"What a lovely suit you're wearing," you tell her. "And you certainly look good in it!"

"I notice you're dining alone," you try again.
"Yes, and dining isn't the only thing I don't enjoy doing alone!" she responds with a smile.
"I was wondering: may I join you for dinner?" you ask.
You can't move the cart. Then you'd have no table!
"Allow me to make our booth just a little more private," says Michelle, standing up.
Every booth has curtains to assure your total privacy while dining.
There's nothing you can do with the curtains.
They don't want to talk to you, Larry!
Just leave them alone!
Don't you get the hint? They don't want to talk to you!
"DEAR!" interrupts his wife, "that's not necessary! This is a family restaurant!"
"Why doesn't that come as a surprise?" the woman replies snootily.

Perhaps you should take the initiative, Larry. You've been sitting there for over a minute now. Try something!
"You know, Larry, it's nice just sitting here with you, but I'm going to have to run. I've got a big, uh, er, `bored' meeting I'm late for. Maybe I'll see you around, eh?"
"Wait, Michelle!" you cry as she leaves, "I've still got a few things left to say..."
Well, Larry, you "blew" that one!
Hanging your head in shame, you wander back to the lobby.
Oh, NOW you get her drift!
You're almost sorry you're recording all this. What will the boys in Hollywood think?
What a shame you didn't get this on tape, Larry!
You more than willingly give all your money to Michelle!
You think, "I don't need those credit cards," so you gladly offer them to Michelle, in return for a little more of the same!
Leafing through your DayTrotter# with Michelle, she expresses an interest in some of those cryptic numbers listed beside the notation "Swiss Accounts." You allow her to keep the book, since you have no interest in chocolate.
After a few more minutes with Michelle, you stagger to your feet and attempt to walk back to the Hard Disk Cafe lobby.
"Oh, Larry. Don't you just love stiff cream?"
"Well, there goes her cherry," you think.
"Ooooooh, Larry!" says Michelle. "I know a way we can `increase your interest!'"
(What does she mean by that, Larry?)
"You're a `software' kind of guy and I'm a `hardware' kind of girl," she says. "How about if I `download onto your hard disk?'"
"Allow me to make our booth more private."
"Would you be interested in this?" you ask. "It's `my' personal organizer and contains a list of all `my' Swiss bank accounts, off-shore deposits, and international funds."
"Well, I don't know," she pretends to hesitate.
"Why, yes," she says with a big smile, "I'm sure I could `invest' these for you tomorrow! Trust me!"
"Would you be interested in this?" you ask. "These credit cards would surely be useful to you if you ever need to withdraw funds. You know, cash advances, things like that?"
"Oohh," she squeals, "perhaps I haven't mentioned how much stock I put in these things! And what a smart rubber band you have around them!"
"I also have this little bit of cash on me," you say, offering it to her. "Could you make some investments for me with this?"
"Oh, could I?!" she cries. "As my friend, Donald Tramp says, `cash is king!'"
"Did I mention my name?" you ask. "I didn't think so. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer."
"Good evening, Lawrence," she says, "I'm Michelle Milken, program-trading specialist and

sometime computer hobbyist."

"I'm really into computers," you say, exposing wisdom beyond your years. "In fact, I've written a couple of very successful computer games. At least, I think I have."

"Oh, really?" asks Michelle. "Does that mean you have lots of money?"

"I make a nice living, er, well, that is, I think I did!" you say. "But now I'm not so sure. You see, I've been having a little trouble lately with amnesia. So what is it that you do?"

"I laugh all the way to and from the bank!" she says with a grin. "I'm a junk bond dealer."

"So, what does a junk bond dealer do?" you ask.

"Whatever she can," Michelle replies cryptically.

"I've been hearing lots of good things recently about junk bonds," you say. "Would you recommend them as an integral part of my portfolio?"

"Junk bonds, eh?" she warms perceptibly. "Why I was just telling a friend about them today. Yes, I think they would be perfect for someone like you!"

"Really? I always thought investments like that were too risky for an ordinary guy like me!"

"Larry, no one I know would ever admit to thinking that you are in any way, shape, or form, 'ordinary!'"

"So, do you have any cash-equivalent funds lying about, just gathering whatever conservative interest rate you're presently earning?"

"Well, no, Michelle, I don't," you say.

"Michelle, I just thought of something!" you say. "I might just have lots of royalties waiting for me from my last job. Of course, I can't quite remember if I do or not, but it is something to consider."

"And consider it I do, Larry," Michelle replies. "In fact, perhaps I could open your account right now."

"Huh? Well, oh, I don't... Ohhh!" you say as a big smile crosses your lips. "Well, okay, Michelle, have it your way!"

You can see why this woman made the finals back at good ol' PornProdCorp! She has to be one of the sexiest babes YOU'VE ever seen!

(But she sure has a funny way of eating ice cream!)

While you may wish to reach across the table and grab her, your professional attitude and loyalty to your employer prevent such blatant, crass behavior.

"Hmmm," says Michelle, with a coy smile, "that's an idea!"

Yeah, that ought to impress her, Larry. Give her a napkin that she could pick up off any table in the building!

"Oh, no thanks, Larry," responds Michelle. "I have no idea what I'd do with that."

"You really enjoy staring at me there, don't you, Larry?"

"There's plenty of time for that later, Larry!"

This is a face you could dream about, Larry!

"I like it when you stroke my face, Larry!"

ATLANTIC CITY

Casino Exterior

Now would be an excellent time for you to save your game, Larry.

It's certainly too bad that I have no silver dollars to tip you," you quip to the unamused fellow.

"All I have is one silver dollar," you tell the doorman. "Normally, I'm quite the generous tipper!"

Totally out of character for your cheap self, you decide to give the doorman a generous tip. "Here you are, my good fellow," you quip, "take these (...) silver dollars. I'll have no use for them where I'm going!"

"Yeah, that's what Mr. Lowe says, too."

"Right."

"WOW! Come back again, Sir, and soon!"

"Amazing! What a genius! What a coincidence! Congratulations, Sir! You have correctly guessed the number of which I have been thinking of. Here's your ten 'Tramp Casino' lucky souvenir silver dollars."

"Aw, too bad! I was thinking of (...)."

"But feel free to try again any time!"

"Please don't confuse them with REAL money!"

"May I summon a limousine for you, Sir?"

"Well, you're a little ugly, but I suppose.... Oh, okay. I get off at midnight!"

"Thanks for the offer, but we employees of Tramp's NEVER accept gratuities!"

"So? Ya wanna limo or not?"

"Yes, please... but could you make it back in?"

"No problem," says Brewster. "Just watch this!"

"No, thank you. But I may well come back this way later."

"Welcome to Tramp's Casino, young man! I'm here to welcome you because I'm the welcomer, so 'Welcome!'"

"Hey fella! Wanna get lucky? Guess the number of which I'm thinking of. You might just win 10 'silver dollars!'"

"Hey! I may be standing here on this street corner, but I'm not that kind of working girl! Ya want I havta call my boyfriend the bouncer?"

You really enjoy this part of the game!

You haven't seen neon pasties since the late '60's!

You are desperate for entertainment!

Cheap feel!

Keep your mouth off those!

That slot machine NEVER stops on a winner!

That slot machine NEVER stops on a loser!

If it's handles you want to pull, why not go inside?

You wouldn't eat there, even if there was a door!

It's only a sign, you know!

"Have you ever heard of 'yodeling up the canyon?'" you ask the sign.

Touch all you want. She's only a sign!

"I'm so horny, I'd talk to a sign," you say to yourself.

"I'd love to click my cursor on you, Baby," you think.

"Wanna get together somewhere after the game?" you ask the sign.

"I'll bet she really likes this," you think.

"I'm available tonight," you tell the sign. "At least, I think I am!"

Boardwalk

Be careful, Larry! You nearly skated right off the boardwalk.

There she is! It's Lana Luscious!! She looks just like that photo you saw in her resume!

She must not have heard you, Larry. Perhaps you should try to get closer next time.

This shanty reminds you of "The Shack," your favorite collegiate hangout!

What a strange location for a rocket fuel manufacturing plant.

You haven't seen a slot-car raceway in years!

The "Salty Dog Saloon" is built upon the very same location as the old "Pepper Dog Saloon," which burnt down years ago in the Great Tramp Boardwalk Fire of '06.

Wow! In this place you can watch movies for only 25 cents! What a bargain!

This is one of the last of the juke joints!

You wonder what they sell inside the "Love Shack."

This house was built here many years ago, before there even was a Tramp Boardwalk!

Recliners are a very popular item among any Atlantic City tourists that can still walk!

A sign on the front door reads, "Shirts? No shoes. No service."

Carlos Escobar has been running this taco stand ever since he wrecked his van staring at sidewalk scenery!

You wonder if they have your favorite poster--the extra-large-size, full-color, "Wayne Newton Perspiring!"

The owners of the "Live Girl" shop are faring much better financially since they changed their name from the "Dead Girl" shop!

If you wanna have fun, this is the place to do it.

Contrary to popular rumor, this is NOT a jukebox recycling center.

If you want a CD real bad, this is the place! They've got some CDs that are real bad!

No boardwalk is complete without the requisite salt-water taffy store.

Look! It's the skate shop of the supermarket-famous Ivana Tramp! And--she's open!!

Sorry, Larry. A sign on the door clearly reads, "No shirt, no shoes, no service." You're going to have to remove your skates before entering.

A small sign near the front door of the shop reads, "Closed in Honor of The Donald's Birthday!"

(You had no idea Donald Tramp's birthday was a local holiday!)

"Oh, Lana," you say in your friendliest voice, "Lana Luscious!"

"Yes," she replies, hesitantly. "Who are you?"

"My name is Larry; Larry Laffer," you purr. "I've come a long way to meet you!"

"And meet me you have, Larry," says Lana. "Whaddaya say we sit down on that bench over there?"

These skates are killing me!"

"It would be my pleasure."

"Skate here often?" you ask.

"Only when I'm trying to find a man," she says with a smile.

"So, does that happen often?" you ask.

"Only when I'm here skating," she says with a smile.

"I must tell you how much I love your skating technique," you tell Lana.

"If you like that, you should drop by the 'Tramp This! Mud Wrestling' Show. I go on in just a few minutes!" she says with a wink.

"Where is the mud wrestling held?" you ask.

"Why, it's in the Tramp Ballroom. The entrance is at the rear of the casino!" she says. "And if you bring a few hundred dollars with you, I'll make sure it's an experience you'll never forget!"

(You now understand why Lana was one of the top three finalists back at PornProdCorp!)

"I'll be there, Lana!" you exclaim. "See you there!"

"Okay, Larry; I'll look forward to it!" she concludes, standing up. "Gotta go get out of my makeup!" (Doesn't she mean "into?")

You are sitting on the boardwalk staring directly into the eyes of a gorgeous, oversexed blond! If only you could think of something to say!

"Oh, Larry! You know that just drives me crazy!"

"Larry! Here?" says Lana. "Why don't you come by the Casino later when I'm mud wrestling?"

"Oh, I have no use for anything you could possibly offer me, Larry," says Lana. "Why, when I have total access to this sun-drenched boardwalk, the fresh ocean breezes caressing my hair, my smell of the salt water and ready access to all the mud I can roll in!"

Almost every building on the boardwalk is closed today in honor of a long celebrated local holiday--Donald Tramp's birthday.

You are unable to climb the slimy, slippery surface of the pilings.

You are swimming beneath the boardwalk!

There's no need to dive, Larry.

Ivana

"Hiya, Cutie!" says the older woman behind the counter. "Welcome to `Skates, Etc.' I'm your hostess for your visit, Ivana Tramp."

"Hello," you say. "I'd like to rent some skates."

"Good idea; you've come to the right place. My rental fee is quite reasonable, but there's no use quibbling over such details now. When you return the skates, we'll settle up based upon the number of minutes you actually skate."

"But, first, I'll need a small deposit for such valuable equipment," she says, sizing you up. "Let's say oh, (...), okay?"

"I don't have any money," you say.

"Oh? Well, I suppose I'll accept some more of those damned `silver dollars' from the casino."

You have an inspiration. "Instead of money," you offer, "would you accept this `auto-focus, auto-level, auto-color balance, auto-zoom, auto-pan, .5-lux, Complete-Video-Studio-in-a-Pocket-Protector?' It's a `Rob Lowe Model,' you know!"

"It's the very latest model and was very expensive," you continue. "But you've got to promise to give it back when I return your skates."

"Hmmm," she muses, "'The Rob Lowe?' Yeah, I suppose that'll do for a deposit."

And she takes it from you.

"Here's my skates, ma'am," you say, handing them across the counter. "May I have my deposit back now?"

"Well, I dunno," she hesitates. "First, lemme inspect 'em for damages." And she diligently inspects every inch of your skates.

"Hey, looky here! Ya scuffed this wheel!" she shrieks. "I'm gonna hafta dock yer refund (...) bucks!"

"Hmmm. Well there's a small nick in this one wheel, but I guess you can have your camcorder back anyway, although I was kinda hopin' you'd jes' keep the skates."

There's no need to shove her around, Larry; she's been shoved enough already!

Perish the thought!

"So, didja have a good time on them blades, my little `Chicken Fat?'" says Ivana.

"Happy rolling!" says Ivana. "Remember: `keep your tips up!'"

"Come back any time!" says Ivana.

"I've already quoted you a price, young man! Take it or leave it!"

"Oh, no money is necessary yet. We'll settle up when you return the skates!"

"Thanks for the offer, Cutie-pie, but I never accept tips!"

"Would you be willing to settle for \$(...)00?" you ask. "That's all the money I have!"

"Hardly," she sniffs. "But, do you have anything else of value?"

"Here you are," you say, "here's (...) of those heavy silver dollars."

"Thank you, sir!" she replies, accepting your money. "And remember: keep your skates as long as you wish; enjoy them as you would any other fine mechanical object. Just don't wear them off the boardwalk, for any reason."

"Oh, no," says Ivana Tramp. "that's yours! But, thanks anyway."

"Yes? Isn't that cute?" says Ivana. "You've got your skates. Why are you showing that to me?"

"What's the matter, little buddy?" asks Ivana. "Are you afraid you'll go outside on the boardwalk and get `stuck in a crack?'"

You can't reach the skates, but even if you could, the owner would break your finger if you tried to take them without paying.

You can't reach the beaded curtain.

Although you find the small wooden crate precious, you really have no desire to carry it with you throughout the rest of the game.

There's no place here to sit down--except that dirty box which might very well soil your pure white leisure suit. Perhaps you could find a place outside?

Casino Interior

The Tramp Casino Ballroom is presently closed.
Leave them alone, Larry; they're concentrating on losing.
You find the casino's artwork totally tasteless...
...and fascinating!
Don't touch those paintings!
You? Play roulette? HA!
The roulette players are too busy to talk to you.
Save your money, Larry! You'll only lose anyway!
If you want to play blackjack, buy "Leisure Suit Larry 1!"
(Another fine Al Lowe game!)
The blackjack players are too busy to talk to you.
You try your best, but just can't reach the chandelier from your current (low) altitude.
Larry! She's only a statue!
You find the faux marble cool and exciting to the touch!
The only machines accessible to you are these progressive video poker machines. You notice the
jackpot is up to \$(...)!
You insert all (...) of your silver dollars into the video poker machine.
You have no silver dollars with which to play this machine.

Video Poker Odds

Progressive Royal Flush \$(...)

Straight Flush	50 to 1
4 of a Kind	20 to 1
Full House	10 to 1
Flush	5 to 1
Straight	4 to 1
3 of a Kind	3 to 1
2 Pair	2 to 1
Pair, Jacks or Better	1 to 1

Click on a button instead of where you just clicked.

Card #(...)

Win:\$ Bet:\$ Credits:\$

It's too late now to change your bet!

You can't bet more than your credits.

The Tramp Casino poker machines are limited to bets of \$100.

You must bet something!

You take your money from the tray.

First, finish this hand.

You have no money and pretend to play the game, assuming that the other gamblers standing around you won't notice. You win zero dollars and have zero fun!

P R O G R E S S I V E J A C K P O T ! ! You win (...) dollars!

You sadly walk away, your turned-out pockets telling everyone of your gambling "problem."

Mud Wrestling Arena

The public address system booms through the hall, "Come on, guys, let's give a great big welcome to the last contestant in the big 'Tramp This! Wet T-Shirt Contest,' Miss Jennifer Jiggle!"

"And that completes today's matinee, guys! Come back later today for the wonderful "Tramp This! Mud Night Madness" mud wrestling contest!"

"C'mon, Larry! Let's see what you've got!"

"What'sa matter, Larry? Are you a wimp or a mouse?"

"What a wussy! Get up here!"

"A REAL man would be up here already!"

"What's wrong, Big Boy? Afraid I might win?"

"Geez, Larry! What a chicken!"

"Hey, Jennifer! Why don't you really wet down that T-shirt?" you shout.

There's nothing you can use on Jennifer that she hasn't used on herself already!

You really wish she'd take off that shirt, don't you, Larry?

You'll have to pay first, Larry!

"Oh, yeah, Lana? I'm not afraid of you," you say quietly.

She's waiting for you to climb in that ring and do exactly that!

The gentleman blocking your path will be glad to allow you to pass--for a price.

Since you've paid, he now treats you with all due respect.

(Evidently you have none due!)

He'd bounce you a long way if you tried that!

"Da ballroom's closed, Mac! Beat it, before I lose my delly-cate sense of humor."

"There's one good seat down front, right at ringside!"

"\$25.00, that's the cover charge and ya ain' gettin' in fer less!"

"Plenty o' good seats lef, Bud! Butcha ain' gettin' past me 'lessin' ya pays ma price!"

"You wanna chance to play wit' da goils? It'll cost ja \$500.00, please! Up front. No refunds when ya get beat!"

"If ya wanna watch, I kin letcha in for a measly \$25.00. If ya wanna participate, it'll cost ya 5 big ones! (Need I mention, it's worth it, too!)"

"Ya paid yer money. Now sit down!"

"Ya paid yer money. Now get in there!"

"Excuse me, sir," you say to the hopefully friendly bouncer. "Would it be okay if I only paid you \$ %d.00? I seem to be a little short!"

The bouncer scowls at you.

"Yeah, and not just in that wimpy little fake eelskin wallet, Donkey-doo! Get out of here!"

"Hello, Mister," you say to the bouncer. "I'd like to purchase one of your better seats. Here's my \$25.00."

"Thanks for nuttin'. Ya gets da best seat in da house--which is also da only seat in da house!"

"Hello, Mister," you say to the bouncer. "I'd like to participate in the evening's next event. Here's my \$500.00"

"Thanks, suck... uh, er, Sir! Now if you'll kindly step into the ring, the beatin... ah, uh, the show will begin."

"Thanks, suck... uh, er, Sir! Now if you'll kindly sit down, the beatin... ah, uh, the show will begin."

Of course, you want to go on stage, Larry, but first you must pay the bouncer his due.

You can't get on the runway, Larry. At least not yet!

Hang in there, Larry. She looks like she's slowing down!

Hint: click the hand on any body part you can reach.

"Ha, ha, Larry!" Lana cries, "I knew I could take you!"

Gosh, Larry! Are you sure you want to go through with this? Why, your leisure suit might even get muddy!

She must be waiting for you to take the offensive. You decide to grab whatever parts of her body

you can!
(Heh, heh, heh!)
It's her arm! Grab it!
It's her leg! Grab it!
It's her head! Grab it!
It's her... WHOA! Yeah, grab that!
You'd love to grab her there!
"Oh!"
"Wow!"
"Ooh!"
"Woah!"
"Eeee!"
"Ahhhhh!"
"Gasp!"
Don't grab you and Lana. Grab those flying body parts instead!

As you become more and more aggressive, Lana becomes more and more passionate, until the two of you, oblivious to the hundreds of men staring at you, roll off the ring onto the floor and begin shedding clothes!
How embarrassing!
"Oh Lana, I just don't understand! I suppose it's because Bucephalus has never performed in front of 900 people before!"
Now you're sorry you even started that camcorder. What will the boys back in Hollywood think of your less-than-stellar performance?
You're so glad you didn't get this on videotape! That's all you need--more humiliation back at the office!
You slink out of the ballroom to the hisses and boos of hundreds of men, each of which is thinking, "Thank God that wasn't me!"

MIAMI

Doc Pulliam Waiting Room

There is nothing you need to do there.
Your teeth feel so clean, you won't need to floss for a month!
You would be too embarrassed to walk outside with that silly doily wrapped around your head.
Being totally bored with the AeroDork In-Flight Magazine, you shove it into Doc's magazine rack, where it is sure to delight and amaze his primarily Spanish-speaking customers.
After glancing at a few of the magazines, you decide you have no interest in learning what the stock market will do in 1969!
You have no desire to read magazines that are older than you.
The palm tree feels rough to your touch.
You briefly consider sitting there, but decide that chair will be much too hard!
You briefly consider sitting there, but decide that chair will be much too soft!
There's nothing left on this table since you took Doc's doily!
The only thing on this table is a long, lacy doily. It reminds you of those long runners your Grandmother had on her table.
You've already taken the doily. You have no use for the table.
Ah! Good idea. This chair looks just right!
"Hello, North Beach Limousine Service."

"This is Mr. Laffer," you say. "Would you please send my limousine over to Doc Pulliam's right away?"

"No, I'm sorry, Mr. Laffer. All of our drivers are on break right now. Could you call back again in a few minutes?"

"Why, yes sir, Mr. Laffer. In fact, one of our drivers is in that vicinity right now. Just look outside. I bet you'll see her!"

"You again? Why don't you just go outside and get it?! She's waiting for you!"

"Good afternoon. You've reached Dr. Pulliam's exchange. I'm sorry, but everyone in their office has gone home for the evening. But please feel free to call back tomorrow. This has been a recording."

"Good afternoon. Dr. Pulliam's office."

"Hello? This is, uh, umm, ah, Dr. `Payne.' I'm going to have to send over one of my emergency patients over for Doc Pulliam. Something's come up and I won't be able to see him this afternoon. Could you please see him right away? Thanks ever so much. Gotta go; it's tee time!"

You already did that.

You change your mind and hang up the phone.

Hmmm. Wrong number.

"Now where did I put that telephone number?" you ask yourself.

First, hang up the phone.

There is no answer from beyond the sliding glass windows. Either they're avoiding you, or they've all gone home.

"Go away," a voice cries through the glass. "You already have an appointment. We'll see you then!" Ghostly shapes seem to float on the other side of a set of frosted sliding glass windows. There must be someone working back there. On the window a small Dymo label reads, "Knock on window for service."

Doc's office is already full of Doc's business cards.

You rap your knuckles gently on the textured sliding glass window.

"Oh," she growls, "and just what do we think we're doing here, eh, little man?"

"Yeah, what is it?"

"Hello," you say in your most pleasant tone, "my name is Larry; Larry Laffer. I wonder if I might get an appointment with one of your dental hygienists?"

"Hello," you say to the receptionist. "I'd like an appointment to see one of your dental hygienists. I think I'm due for a little oral cavity work (if you know what I mean)."

"No!" she says, closing the window.

"Yeah, maybe," she replies, "but first, let's do your paperwork."

"Wait!" you cry, but it's too late.

And she grabs a large piece of paper, covered with tiny type.

"Okay, sweetie, let's fill out this lil' ol' admission form together, now shall we?"

"Do you have dental insurance?"

"Do you have LOTS of dental insurance?"

"Are your teeth overly sensitive?"

"Are you allergic to pain?"

"Do you ENJOY pain?"

"Do you enjoy sharing your pain with others?"

"Do you enjoy mechanical objects in your mouth?"

"Do you enjoy other people's hands in your mouth?"

"Do you enjoy rubber in your mouth?"

"Do you swallow?"

"Have you ever even heard of AIDS?"

"Do you know anyone who has ever hired a lawyer?"

"Do you know the definition of `malpractice?'"

"Since this is not an emergency, I'll go ahead and set you up with an appointment for, uh, let's see..."

how about nine months from today? Ten o'clock is good for me!"

"Oops! Well, gosh, I'm sorry, but I just realized we'll be unable to accept you as a client. I just remembered... we have no more openings this century!"

"Hepowafww, mmapwffoj," you mumble with your jaw tied shut, while you pretend to be unable to speak, "maywppf asqd waf ffvppf?"

"Oh, you poor dear! You look like you're in terrible pain! Why, just go right on in. I'll have one of our technicians attend to you right away!"

"Excuse me, ma'am," you say, hoping she doesn't recognize your voice. "My name is Larry; Larry Laffer."

"Well, Larry, that was a quick trip! Please, just walk through the door to the right! I'll have one of our technicians attend to you right away!"

There is nothing here.

You take the lace doily from the waiting room table, but you really don't know why.

Dentist Chair

Chi Chi Lambada's Dental Hygiene Heaven cubicle is far from typical. Instead of Muzak, hot salsa music plays over a powerful stereo system. And how strange: the center of the carpet shows signs of extensive wear.

Try establishing eye contact first.

She's not interested in that, Larry. Talk to her; use your charm.

Is that the only thing on your mind?

(Don't answer that!)

"I can't take any more of this, Ms. Lambada," you cry, "I hate the taste of latex gloves!"

"You know, Ms. Lambada," you say as she inserts her hands into your mouth, "I wmwpa fz fqpzvi uht cpwexf kpazxcxwq!"

You can't do that while lying in a dentist's chair.

You think to yourself, "Where else do you pay someone lots of money to insert metal objects into your mouth in order to inflict lots of pain?"

You hear someone coming.

"Well, Mr. Laffer, shall we get started?"

"Oh, I don't know," you protest. "I hate dental work so much, I think I'd rather have a baby!"

"Well, make up your mind," says Chi Chi. "I've gotta adjust the chair!"

"Say, Larry. Have you ever considered dental floss as an aphrodisiac?"

"Just a few more seconds and I'll have that nasty old tooth of yours pu..., er, uh, cleaned!"

"I'm all done, Mr. Laffer!"

Wow! You can now readily understand how she got that name! Take a look at those Chi Chi's!

"Well, I might be interested, Larry," says Chi Chi. "But what about a little conversation first?"

"Why don't we go downstairs to my apartment behind the gymnastics studio where I'll be able to express my appreciation in a more acceptable manner?"

(All right, Larry! It sounds like you're going to get a home-cooked meal for a change!)

A few minutes later,
downstairs in the
gymnastics studio...

Chi Chi Lambada

Wow! You can now readily understand how she got that name! Take a look at those Chi Chi's!

Wow, what a babe! Chi Chi Lambada is the perfect name for this Latin beauty!

She's not interested in that, Larry. Talk to her; use your charm.
"Don't rush me, Big Guy!" says Chi Chi. "You've still got a little plaque on those bicuspid." "Perhaps... if you'll just hold still a little while."
"I can't take any more of this, Ms. Lambada," you cry, "I hate the taste of latex gloves!"
"Oh, Chi Chi," you say, "has anyone ever told you you're beautiful?"
"Does the name 'Bucky Beaver' mean anything to you?" you ask Chi Chi.
"Oh, I do hope illegal actions don't bother you, Larry!" says Chi Chi.
Waiting until your mouth is full of equipment, Chi Chi asks you a question.
"I hope it doesn't bother you if I occasionally rub up against your elbow... like this. Sometimes when I hear that salsa music, I get so excited I just can't control myself!"
"Yes."
"Well, I suppose I've heard worse!" she responds.
"Well, I dunno," you respond.
"Have you ever considered dental floss an aphrodisiac?"
"I know what you mean," you say.
(You're going to have to do better than that line, Larry!)
"Oh, nothing much, I suppose. I really meant to jump in on that amnesty deal a few years ago, but I just forgot, I guess."
"Owefggh wfqqafd," you reply.
"Amnesty? Chi Chi?" you interject. "Are you an 'undocumented worker?'"
"Yes, I guess I am," she replies. "Although I'd do anything for the man who could help me become a citizen."
"Say," she pauses and looks deep into your eyes, "you wouldn't have any ideas about this, would you?"
"Uh, no, I can't think of anything right now," you say with a grin. "But if something pops up, I feel certain I'll think of you!"
"Now, Larry! Stop that!!"
As much as you try to prevent it, your eyes are attracted to the vicinity of her button; is that thread straining?
"If you've stared at me long enough, Mr. Laffer, it's time for me to get back into your mouth!"
"Hey! Just a minute here! If anybody's going to undo my button, it's me!"
"Hey! What do you think you're doing?!"
"You know, Chi Chi, I bet a girl like you could use something like this," you say, offering her the green card you "found" at the airport.
"Could I?" says Chi Chi. "Oh, Larry! You've made me the happiest woman in Miami. Now I'll be able to move to Central California!"

Gym Exterior

You vow to get in shape!
From up here, you can see the Atlantic Ocean.
But, looking through the windows, all you can see is dental equipment and a lot of people wearing smocks!
A closed gymnastics studio is on the ground floor, while a dentist's office occupies the second floor. It looks like there is no one inside the gymnastics studio, although the mini-blinds severely handicap your view.
You are unable to part the mini-blinds to see inside since blinds are commonly placed on the INSIDE of windows!

The door leading to the gymnastics studio is locked.
You try the door and find it is locked.
The "Gym-Dandy Gymnastics Center's" sign is made of virgin polyvinyl chloride.
Now would be an excellent time for you to save your game, Larry.

"Chi Chi!" you cry. "What are you doing?"
"Come on, my little Tito Puente," she cries, "I am ready and waiting!"
"UGH!"
"Oh, Larry!" cries Chi Chi, "I bet you've never done it THIS way!"
"Larry! Watch out for my trampoline!"
"ARGGHH!"
"Now it's your turn, Larry!" says Chi Chi, the blood rushing to her brain. "Come and get it, Big Fella!"
"AAWWWH!"
What a humiliating experience this has been! Finally, your lack of athletic ability has emerged to haunt you!
Well, at least you recorded Chi Chi on your videotape. The boys in the office will be proud of you! (But so much for those fantasies you've had about you and gymnasts!)
What a shame you didn't get that scene on tape!

PATTI'S LOCATIONS

Limo

"Home, Bobby!" you signal to your driver, and he nods in ready agreement.
You change your mind and hang up the telephone.
Hmmm. Wrong number.
This is a good show, but one you've seen before!
You turn the television set off.
You turn the television set on.

A cellular phone rests conveniently beside you.
A chilled bottle of champagne awaits your pleasure.
You grab the fax from the machine. The header says "Reverse Biaz."
You grab the fax from the machine. The header says "P. C. Hammer."
You would love to grab the little fishy and pet him and make him your friend and take him home and the two of you grow old together and spend his final years resting in a small bowl of briny water on your nightstand.
Hang up! You have an incoming fax! Don't tie up the line.
You don't need to use the phone right now. But perhaps later.
You dial Inspector Desmond's office telephone. Soon a familiar voice answers.
"Hello, this is Desmond."
"Hi ya, Boss!" you say cheerfully. "I just wanted to tell you, I've found the information I need on Reverse Biaz and P. C. Hammer and I'm on my way."
"Good job, Patti!" exclaims Desmond, "I knew you wouldn't let us down!"

"Thanks, Inspector!" you say cheerfully. "I hope I'll be talking to you soon!"
"Hi ya, Boss!" you say cheerfully. "I was wondering if I might get some information from you."
"Sure, Patti!" replies Desmond. "What is it you're looking for?"
"Inspector, please fax me some information about..."
"Inspector," you ask, "could you please fax me some information about P. C. Hammer?"
"Sure, Patti!" replies Desmond. "I'll get someone right on it. Bye."
"Inspector," you ask, "could you please fax me some information about Reverse Biaz?"
How wonderful. Your own personal fax machine.
(Doesn't everybody travel like this?)
The fax machine has no way to dial out. If you want to make a telephone call, your cellular phone rests right beside your right hand.
The fax machine awakens...
in a plane far, far away....
Bobby Bang, your limo driver for the entire tour, is about as cute as guys come.
Please leave your driver alone!
You tap on the glass, but there is no answer.
"Hello, Miss. Thanks for lowering that window. I'm sorry, but I can't hear you anyway--I'm deaf!
Just show me where you want to go."
The intercom from the driver's compartment crackles to life, "I'm sorry, but I can't hear you through the soundproof glass!"
"I thought I tried that when we were in Baltimore?!"
"Hey, baby," says Bobby Bang, "if you're serious about that, maybe I should stop the car?!"
"Hey, baby," says Bobby Bang, "that's okay with me! Let's wait until we get to Baltimore!"
"Oh, come on, lady!" says Bobby, "that's where you are now!"
"Oh, come on, lady!" says Bobby, "I'm not taking you back there!"
"I'm sorry, lady," says Bobby, "But I can only handle one destination at a time!"
Your driver stares blankly at the totally blank DataMan.
"The Shill Building, eh?" says Bobby. "It's a great place--if you like music!"
"K-RAP Radio, eh?" says Bobby. "It's a great place--if you like rap!"

FBI Headquarters

"Welcome to our Technical Laboratory. This is the head of our Office of Agent Field Equipment, Commander Twit. Commander Twit, meet Passionate Patti."
"Good morning, Patti," says Commander Twit. "It's so very nice to meet you."
"Likewise, Commander," you reply, thinking that is the first time you've ever said THAT phrase!
"What is all this wonderful equipment you have here? I've always been very interested in research--and researchers!"
"You have?" Twit asks suspiciously. "Well, allow me to show you about for a moment before we begin your indoctrination."
"Oh, I'd just love a tour," you say, flashing your best smile.
"Fine," Twit says, obviously charmed. "Feel free to explore the lab a bit, Patti; when you're ready, I'll give you some information you'll need."
"Enjoy your indoctrination, Patti," says Desmond, turning to leave, "and especially your physical!"
"Excuse me, Commander Twit," you say. "I'm particularly interested in this man's research! What is he up to?"
"I suspected you might be intrigued. Dr. Rolfing is working on refining our new 'infrared, heat-seeking, surface-to-air vibrator.' We feel it will be of considerable value as a protective device against certain types of enemy agents."
"Of course, it works much better when you remember to turn it on and then RELEASE it!"
"Oh, Commander Twit," you say. "What are these two men doing?"

"Ah, now this is an experiment that I think should be of great interest to you, Patti. These two technicians are working on one of our latest

Title 9-funded developments: the hair-trigger, double-barreled, armor-piercing brassiere cannon."

"How interesting, Commander!" you say. "But how could you ever fire such a device?"

"Heh, heh, that's the beauty of this baby," he exclaims, his voice rising with pride. "Just touch your elbows together behind your back!"

The technician mistakenly believes Commander Twit is speaking to him!

"You idiot!" Twit shouts at the bra-slinging technician, "I was talking to Patti!"

"Obviously, our turnover rate is rather high here!"

There's nothing you can do to Commander Twit that he hasn't done already.

"Whenever you're through exploring this area, we'll set you up with the mission-required information you're going to need."

Perish the thought!

You decide that it wouldn't be a very good idea to try to open your new boss' private office-- especially when he's locked the door.

"Hey, Desmond!" you cry. "Are you in there?"

(There is no response.)

"Whenever you are finished with your indoctrination," says Twit, "I'll have a limousine waiting for you outside that door."

Knowing what excellent medical coverage the government offers key employees like these, you feel certain this man will make a full and complete recovery!

It is easy to see that F.B.I. employees don't always score!

This dart board is here only for the amusement of the full-time, salaried employees.

(Besides, you've never played darts in your life, and you don't intend to begin now!)

You try to turn on the monitor, but are unable to do so.

What? And get electrocuted?!

You attempt to communicate through the intercom, but your clearance is insufficient.

Don't move it. You don't need anything that's past the chair.

You briefly picture yourself playing "Zeliard."

Be careful. You'll get shocked!

You really shouldn't mess around with the F.B.I.'s equipment.

You take the double-barreled brassiere from the workbench. It smells strongly of fresh gunpowder.

(You hope they lowered the size of the charge!)

"Hey, Desmond!" you cry. "Are you in there?"

(Evidently not!)

You attempt to communicate through the intercom, but you find you're suffering from insufficient clearance.

"Patti, please step over here to the computer for a moment," says Twit. "I need to take care of your indoctrination paperwork."

"First, let's get you a contact telephone number."

"Ah, here's one: 556-2779."

"Now let's issue you a computer account number."

"Here we go. How about BB-30,7. Now for your E-mail ID number."

"65493756. And your official password is..."

"...MAKING WOOPY. How appropriate. Now I'll apply for security clearance for you...."

"Granted. And you need some sort of codename; everybody who's anybody around here has a codename."

"How about `Agent 88'?" you suggest.

"Okay, let's see if that's taken."

"Well, it appears it was used once, but that was years ago!"

"And now all you have left is your Official Departmental Medical Checkup and then we'll be ready to fit you with your `Safety First Field Locator Device.'"

"That's the door to Dr. Phil Hopian's office. Let's go in there now. He'll fit you with your `Field Locator Device.'"

"Agent, uh, 88, I'd like you to meet our staff physician, Dr. Phil Hopian. Dr. Hopian, this is Agent 88! Don't worry about a thing, Patti: you're in good hands with Dr. Hopian!"

"Nice to meet you, Patti. Come inside and take off all your clothes!"

"Wow. Fast worker!" you think.

"Assume the position!" he barks.

"Oops. Sorry. I used to be a field agent! Old habits, you know."

You enter his office, slip behind a screen and remove your clothes, replacing them with one of those wonderful hospital gowns that leave nothing to the imagination.

Oh, well. Things could be worse. At least the good doctor is also a good looker!

"Ah, yes, Patti. I see you're interested in one of my pet projects, which I find fascinating. This man has developed a high-yield, space-age polymer, macrobiotic, flatulence-inducing powder."

"We feel it will be excellent for those times we find it necessary to destabilize a public leader by humiliating him during a major public appearance or state function!"

"Well, well. That seems to be progressing nicely! However, a lighter dosage may well be preferable!"

There's nothing you can do to Commander Twit that he hasn't done already.

"Whenever you're through exploring this area, Patti, please feel free to enter Dr. Hopian's office."

Perish the thought!

You are afraid to touch any computer keyboard that doesn't have MIDI built in!

You have not a clue as to what this machine may do!

You'll never be able to duplicate the F.B.I.'s "secret formula" of eleven natural herbs and spices.

After seeing the results of Commander Twit's earlier experiments, you think it best not to touch anything here unless truly necessary.

You don't have time to read a book now, Patti!

You open the drawer and look inside. There's nothing in there but a few charred slips of paper.

It's locked, and you're glad that you can't get in!

You knock on Dr. Phil Hopian's office door. There is no answer because the good Doctor is off playing golf.

You have not a clue as to what this machine may do!

You are afraid to touch any computer keyboard that doesn't have MIDI built in!

You'll never be able to duplicate the F.B.I.'s "secret formula" of eleven natural herbs and spices.

There's nothing on that bench that could be useful to you in your mission.

You don't have time to read a book now, Patti!

You open the drawer and look inside. There's nothing in there but a few charred slips of paper.

Aw! The technician took his duck with him!

Shill Building

You are staring at the Shill Building's lobby directory. Evidently, the building's management ran short of those little push-in letters.

The lobby of the Shill Building is very elegant. A wonderful mural covers the vast rear wall. A sleepy guard "works" at a security counter.

"Yes?" mumbles the sleepy guard, "You need somethin'?"

As you begin to speak, you realize you don't know the room number of Reverse Biaz's office.

"Nice outfit you're wearing, Mister!"

"Honey, if you don't know where you're going, how am I supposed to know?"

"Excuse me," you say to the sleepy guard, "Would you please direct me to the offices shown on this LCD readout?"

"Excuse me, Sir," you say to the nappy guard, "I can see you're quite busy, but could you help me find the office shown on the fax?"

"Excuse me," you say to the narcoleptic guard, "Would you please direct me to the office shown on this LCD readout?"

"Excuse me, Sir," you say to the worn-out guard, "I can see you're quite busy, but could you help me find the office shown on this fax?"

"Excuse me," you say to the well-rested guard. "I'm here to see Mr. Biaz in Room 900."

"Lady, I already told you: Reverse Biaz says, 'you blew the gig when you split'--whatever that means!"

"Hey, pretty cool! I was thinkin' about gettin' one of these for the little missus! Now, let's see... 'Biaz?' 'Suite 900?' Sure, no problem. I'll summon the elevator for you right now!"

"Hey, pretty cool! I was thinkin' about gettin' one of these for the little missus! Now, let's see... 'P. C. Hammer?' I'm sorry, but there's nobody by that name in this building."

"Kinda flimsy paper, ain't it? Well, let's see here... You know, it's hard to read this stuff; the text is all fuzzy-looking. Oh, here it is... 'Biaz?' Why, he's in Suite 900. Sure, no problem. I'll summon the elevator for you right now!"

"Kinda flimsy paper, ain't it? Well, let's see here... You know, it's hard to read this stuff; the text is all fuzzy-looking. Hmm... 'P. C. Hammer?' Nah, they only let us use screwdrivers and pliers on the computers here!"

"Huh? Oh, right. Give me just a second while I make sure he's in," sighs the overworked guard.

"I'm sorry, but he says he's found someone else. Take a hike!"

"Okay, honey. He's waiting for you upstairs. I'm calling for the elevator for you right now."

allowe Supplies	827
Hell Industries	301
uck You	702
des Rever Records	900
Shi Heads	400
AeroDork Corp.	501
Big Butt s Inc.	251
Hard Di k Service	601

"I'm sorry, lady, but that don't mean nothing to me."

Aren't guards just so precious when they're asleep?

The guard is sleeping on the job.

The guard would prefer to be sleeping on the job.

"Oh, Ma'am," sighs the guard, "that feels good!"

The guard grumbles under his breath and goes back to sleep.

Geez, Patti! Try to trim back that attitude, okay?

An elevator awaits you. But how do you access it? There are no buttons on the wall.

You push your hand against the elevator door, but it does no good. And there are no buttons nearby to push.

Halloween Supplies is Baltimore's largest local supplier of Halloween goods and party supplies.

Hello Industries is one of the world's leading producers of greeting cards.

Duck Youth is a wonderful public service organization that specializes in familiarizing inner-city youngsters with all varieties of barnyard and aquatic fowl.

That's it, Patti! "des Rever Records" is located in Room 900.

Ship Heads, Inc. provides the finest commodes available for ocean-going vessels.

AeroDork is a very high-class airline. So high-class their offices are forbidden to the public.

Big Buttons, Inc. supplies buttons of all sizes for every occasion: political campaigns, birthday parties, fund raisers, software company identification, etc.

Hard Disk Services can handle all of your computer hardware needs--from correcting corrupted database files to undeleting sensitive information, to recovering formatted hard drives. Since the staircase is presently being renovated, you are unable to use it. Besides, you know how much you hate climbing stairs in heels! Carefully examining the ashtray for a disco pass, for a brief moment you think you're playing "Leisure Suit Larry 1: In the Land of the Lounge Lizards." Of course, you're not. You would, but you have no ladder!

Des Rever Office

The waiting room is filled with an impressive array of recording memorabilia. Wriggling the gold record on its plaque, you discover it is loose enough to be removed. So you do. You've wanted to have a gold record ever since you began playing professionally at age thirteen. (But you never dreamed you would get it like this!) Amidst the hiss and crackle of this old LP, you can just barely make out a husky female voice saying, "Porn is best at a quarter a whack!" Of all the nerve! des Rever Records imprints subliminal messages encouraging young Americans to frequent adult bookstores! At last! You've found some good solid evidence for Inspector Desmond. Although the music sounds quite garbled backwards, you feel certain you can understand the words, "Just Say Yes!" "Just Say Yes!" Why, that's just the opposite of what Nancy Reagan said! You now have the incontrovertible evidence Desmond sent you to find! And you finally understand what evil this place does! How vile! How corrupt! des Rever Records records backwards music urging innocent teenagers to violate the law! You never really believed this before--but you believe it now! If you could only obtain more evidence to prove your case. Although it seems improbable, you feel sure you can understand a message among the sped-up music: "Digital Audio Tape causes impotence." How odd. (Hmm. This must be a "pre-Sony" Columbia recording!) Well, that's interesting. You've always wondered if there was really a record underneath all that "gold." The record player is STILL stopped! You should see how well it stops when there's a record on it! This turntable is pressure-sensitive. It will not turn without a record present. The turntable is now prepared to revolve thirty-three and one-third times per minute. (But only when it's ON!) The turntable is now prepared to revolve seventy-eight times per minute. "Patti, I promise you: you'll never work in this town again!" One of des Rever Records' gold records is mounted on a simulated solid walnut plaque. This plaque once contained a gold record. It says, "This gold record is awarded to Reverse Biaz, Chief Engineer, `des Rever Records.'" "Where are you going, Patti? There are a lot of people in this town who would love a chance to blow synth on a session here. I was happy to give you the gig. But, if you leave me now, I promise you I'll be on the phone to the Union before you're downstairs!" This is your man: Reverse Biaz, chief engineer of `des Rever Records' and the man you've been sent to investigate. The double-paned, soundproof glass prevents him from hearing you. It's difficult to do anything through this glass. You don't pour THROUGH glass, you pour INTO glass! He's probably not going to break that double-paned, soundproof glass to accept it, Patti!

Gee, Patti, he IS cute--but aren't you here for business?
There's nothing you can do with Reverse Biaz from out here.
What an unusual turntable; it still has a 78 RPM setting.
The turntable doesn't require a push start.
Round and round and round it goes.
Why don't you take it for a spin?
Don't remove the gold record while it's spinning!
That stylus is really "getting in the groove."
The tone arm rests gently in its holder, awaiting your next action.
Bring the turntable up to speed before applying the tonearm and cartridge.
Don't do that! You'll wreck the stylus.
A small plaque on the rear of the speaker reads, "Digital Ready."
This button is marked "Reverse."
This button is marked "Stop."
This button is marked "Forward."
This button is marked "33."
This button is marked "78."
You are unable to remove this gold record from its plaque.
A speaker crackles in the background...
"Hello, out there! You must be Passionate Patti! Everything's all ready for your cut-in session. Just come on into the studio, I'm waiting for you."

Des Rever Studio

At last you are alone with Reverse Biaz. Now what are you going to do to obtain Desmond's "hard evidence?"
You've wanted a chance to play a Farelight 2000 ever since you first heard one. Now's your chance!
des Rever's recording studio contains a myriad of recording equipment. There are microphones, boom stands, road cases, and cables everywhere!
You're here as a keyboard player, Patti. So play!
des Rever Records' recording studio reminds you of your last studio session, a big two-CD recording of background music for a computer game named "Leisure Suit Larry 4." And of that big contract you signed with a mysterious someone known only as "Julius," who never paid you one red cent for any of your work!
You grimace and silently hope this session goes better.
"Why, hello there! Patti, I'm Reverse Biaz, Chief Engineer here at des Rever Records. I'm not sure exactly what happened to my regular synthist, but I sure appreciate you jumping in here to help us out like this. I'm sure you'll have no trouble with these tunes."
"The synth is programmed, the charts are on the music stand, the levels are checked and I'm ready when you are, baby!"
"Go ahead, Patti. The synthesizer is on that stand. It's all yours."
"Okay, Patti. Just read the chart there on the stand. We'll take it from a few bars before your entrance. Listen for the clicks, then cut in your solo."
"That's not quite what the boss is looking for, Patti, baby. I'm gonna roll again from the top. Let's have a little more feeling, okay?"
"Well, Patti, I suppose you just wanted to hear it that time, eh? Well, now you've heard it, so this time really let me have your best shot!"
"That's a little TOO sparse, Patti-cakes, babydoll. Let's take it at the upper-left corner, okay? And this time, how about a little more intensity, okay, kid?"
"Well, that was fairly outside! Let's give it one more shot, babe. Here we go!"

"Take (...)!"

"Why don't you come into the control room now and listen to the playback with me?"

"Great take, Patti! Why don't you come into the control room now and listen to the playback with me?"

"Here you go, babe. Check this out!"

"Nice playing, Patti," he smiles, "I bet you have wonderful technique!"

"Well, Patti," Reverse says, "I've got another session starting soon. You're going to have to go now; I've got to get to work!"

After failing in your attempt to get evidence from Reverse Biaz, you return to your limo.

"What would you say if I proposed a toast, Mr. Biaz?"

"Why, Patti!" he replies with a grin, "I'm always interested in sharing a glass of champagne with a beautiful woman!"

"To you, Patti!" he proposes a toast. "And to many more successful sessions together!"

Ahh! A pleasant vintage," he sighs, "but it's a little warm, isn't it?"

"Well, possibly so," you say in its defense, "but then, you don't know where it's been!"

"Here, Mr. Biaz," you say, "have a little more."

"One more won't hurt, Mr. Biaz," you say, using a technique on him that's worked more than a few times on you.

"No, but I'd love to hear!"

"I've shown you my work; will you show me yours?"

"Oh, really? How could that be, Reverse?"

"Please, call me Reverse!" slurs Reverse, "So, Patticakes, have I ever told you what an important guy I am?"

"Sshaay, thiss ish tasshty!"

"Why, ssshweetie, my ssshtuff's on more recordsssh than anybody'sssh!"

"Eassshy, ssshugar!" slurs Reverse. "Lemme find you a sshample!"

"Wait'll ya hear thiss," slobbers Reverse. "Every ssshong hasssh ssshomething ssshublimal!"

Good job, Patti! The boys back at the F.B.I. Labs will have a wonderful time extracting those backwards subliminal messages from Biaz's tape!

"So, Mr. Biaz, I understand you're quite a successful recording engineer," you say.

"I just love studio work," you say with a knowing smile.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Biaz," you say, fluttering your lashes, "I think I was especially inspired today--by you!"

"Oh, that would be wonderful, Mr. Biaz."

"And please, call me Patti!" you say, ignoring the fact that he has been calling you Patti.

"I'll only be in town a short time, Reverse," you say, your voice filled with warmth. "I'd certainly like to have a little something to remember you by."

"Is there a chance I could get some samples of your work?" you ask, with a knowing glance. "In fact, I'd love to 'add your work' to my collection."

"Yeah, I can't complain," he replies. "I have several 'clients' who keep me quite busy."

"Oh?" answers Reverse. "Well, you did do a nice job on this cut."

Warming noticeably, he continues, "Well, Patti, I do know a lot of very important people in the recording business. I suppose I could drop your name in a few right places."

"Please... call me Reverse!"

"Why, I think that could be arranged," he says. "What is it you're thinking of?"

"I'd be glad to give you some samples of my work, Patti," he says with a wink, "if I can have a sample of YOURS!"

More than willing to "serve your country" (especially with such a hunk), you throw yourself enthusiastically into your mission.

Eventually, through one sacrifice after another, you eventually obtain a small cassette tape from Reverse Biaz containing some of his best work. It is exactly the evidence you've been seeking. The boys back at the F.B.I. lab will have a heyday playing with this one.

Unbeknownst to you, when you bumped your leg on the recording console in the excitement of the moment, you made a complete soundtrack of your love-making session.

Reverse later added a drum machine and synthesized bass line, and created another hit record.

Ironically, you eventually got that Number One record you've always wanted! But, you knew nothing about it. At least once in your life, Patti, you hit the top of the charts!

You would like to see the control room, and talk with Mr. Biaz, but first you want to complete this recording session.

"Oooh! Now that feels nice, Patti."

You are unable to touch Reverse Biaz through that double-paned soundproof glass.

"Patti, I can see your lips moving, but I don't have an open mike out there. Just go ahead and play, and we can talk later, okay?"

You don't pour THROUGH glass, Patti, you pour INTO glass!

"I don't know why you're offering me that, Patti. Did you come to play or come to bargain?"

You have no way to do that through that window!

You assumed all modern studios recorded directly to hard disks!

Reverse would prefer you to leave his reels alone!

Those tapes are inaccessible to you--for now!

Wow! It's a Farelight 2000, the highest-tech high-tech synthesizer keyboard. You've always wanted one of these for its wonderful Boesendorfer patch!

Gurn Blanston plays one with "Rex Famine and the Limestone Bug Legs."

You can't play the synthesizer keyboard from inside the control room!

This is the song you recorded for Reverse.

This is the song you are supposed to perform. You DO remember how to play keyboards, don't you, Patti?

You can't reach the music from inside the control room.

There's no need for you to turn the page, Patti!

You can't reach the synthesizer from inside the booth!

As much as you hate to, you just can't resist tweaking a patch here and there!

The control room mixer is covered with a complicated array of sliders, knobs, buttons, patch bays and XLR connectors.

You'd love to get your hands on those potentiometers, but assume Reverse is as particular as most engineers!

K-Rap Exterior

Although you can't see it, the K-RAP building is quite impressive when viewed from the opposite side.

From the tiny top floor you just entered, it stretches hundreds of feet down the hillside, in a series of cascading terraces, gardens, and patios.

Obviously, there's more to this place than meets the eye!

Now would be an excellent time for you to save your game, Patti.

K-Rap Lobby

You hear the door's lock click.

You hear no sound from the door. That must not have been the correct number.

You hear footsteps! Hurry, Patti! It's the receptionist returning from her break.

The door's tasteful brass plate reads...

Mr. John Krapper

Founder

Owner

President
C. E. O.

K-Rap Office

Whew! You made it!

John Krapper's granite and stainless steel desk is spotless. It holds only a computer and a telephone...

...and an imitation gold-plated needle-sharp letter opener.

...and a locked file drawer.

Never knowing when you might get some mail, you decide to take Krapper's letter opener from his desk.

Trying the drawers of Krapper's desk, you find them securely locked.

You carefully return the letter opener to the exact same location on Krapper's desk and make sure the drawer is securely locked. He'll never even know you touched it.

You would return the folder to the drawer, but the desk is locked.

Hmm. This tree could use a good watering.

Look! There's a key almost hidden in the plant's humus.

You see a glint of metal coming from the humus in the pot at the base of the tree.

The copier is now broken! You should know; you broke it!

"To use the `Zeroz 9000,' simply insert the pages you wish to copy."

Mr. Krapper will surely miss his file folder, Patti! You'd better return it.

Mr. Krapper will surely miss his desk key, Patti! You'd better return it.

Mr. Krapper will surely miss his letter opener, Patti! You'd better return it.

You'd better not use this telephone, Patti. You might get caught by the switchboard operator.

You briefly consider booting up John Krapper's computer in an attempt to contact Inspector Desmond, but realize there's no way his computer would be connected to FBI-Net!

There's a needle-sharp letter opener lying on Krapper's desk.

Opening the doorway to carefully peek outside, you notice the receptionist has returned. You decide you cannot exit the room that way!

Bending over at the base of the tree, you dig into the humus and find the metallic object that you saw earlier. It looks like a desk key.

Pawing through the humus in the tree's pot, you see a glint of metal.

You carefully return the key to its hiding place in the humus.

Peering through John Krapper's personal (formerly-locked) file drawer, you notice a number written on a small blue stickum! Why in the world would he want to remember %u?

Where's that little blue stickum? Oh, here it is! %u

Prying away at the desk's inefficient lock with Krapper's letter opener, you find a weak spot and carefully pry the drawer open.

Trying the key you found buried in the tree's pot, you insert into the desk and turn it carefully. It opens.

You lock the desk.

Before closing the desk drawer, you find some folders marked "Personal."

Carefully searching through the many drawers of Krapper's desk, you find a folder marked "Personal."

For a moment, you wonder if you should take it.

But of course you do!

You return the folder of evidence to Krapper's desk, and close and lock his desk drawer, being careful to leave everything exactly as you found it.

You place John Krapper's personal papers in his copier, and press the "Start" button.

"Hey, what's the matter with this thing?" you think. "Why did it stop working? What did I do, jam it?"

"Oh well, at least I got the most important evidence copied before it jammed," you think, grabbing your copies from the machine.

"What does this switch here do?" you wonder, pulling on something that doesn't belong to you. (An experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!)

"GREAT!" you think. "Now just look at me! I'm covered with toner from head to toe!"

"Oh no," you think, "how am I ever going to get this stuff off?"

You look yourself over. You like what you see. "Although, I could stand to lose a few pounds," you think.

K-Rap Bathroom

You don't need a shower right now, Patti. You're not dirty.

(That is, you're not soiled!)

You reach over and give the handle a solid push.

Wouldn't flushing the photocopies be defeating the whole purpose of your mission?

Hey! You might need that!

Made of hand-carved, gold-flecked marble with gold-plated faucets, you bet this sink alone is worth more than your grand piano!

What you really need is a shower.

Your hands aren't dirty.

Now, that's a good idea, Patti. Use Krapper's shower to wash that toner from your hands and face.

As you turn what appears to be a gold-plated faucet, you feel the "shower" begin to move!

Where will you end up on this naked adventure?

And without your inventory, too!

"Oh no," you think. "How will I ever get this stuff off me?"

You look yourself over. You like what you see. "Although I could stand to lose a few pounds," you think.

Your "elevator" descends through the K-RAP atrium, past floor after floor of offices. At least there are no workers here to see you! This is just like a recurring nightmare of yours....

Oh, Patti! You're so em-bare-assed!!

Studio exterior

You hear no sound from the door. That must not have been the correct number.

Since you have no way of knowing John Krapper's personal elevator's access code, it appears you are trapped down here forever!

Inside Studio A, the members of "2 Live 2 Screw" are carrying on a lively discussion. If only you could hear their conversation.

You are unable to hear those dudes through the soundproof glass.

Patti! You have no interest whatsoever in these guys!

They can't hear your offer, and wouldn't be willing to deal with you anyway!

If only you could find some way to overhear their conversation.

You are far too familiar with the "showervator" already! You hope that somehow, some way, you'll

be able to find your way back up to Krapper's office and to your own clothes!

From down here, Mr. Krapper's private elevator requires his personal access number through the keypad to the left.

While you might want to undress and re-enter the shower, you can't, as the elevator door is now firmly locked.

That doesn't seem to unlock the shower door.

The showervator is off-limits to you at the moment.

Checking as much of the downstairs as you can see, you make sure that no one is coming.

Cautiously leaning out of the showervator, you grab the set of clothes conveniently hanging on the nearby clothes rack.

Wow! Look at you! It's the all-new, all-what's-happenin' "Rappin' Patti P!!!"

With that outfit and your impromptu copier make-up job, you're all set to blend right in down here!

You briefly consider doing what you often do when you're in the shower, but soon decide this is neither the time nor the place.

You attempt to hike up those Hammerpants you're wearing, but it does no good!

Maintaining your cool, you surreptitiously check the zipper on your giant pants. It's fine.

It's locked.

You hear the door's lock click.

You hear no sound from the door. That must not have been the correct number.

You really don't want to open this door. Your mission is to NOT get caught!

P. C. Hammer is the man Desmond says is linked to much of the evil doings here at K-RAP radio!

It's a good thing your disguise is working out so well. You certainly wouldn't want him to notice you.

You may wish to talk with P. C. Hammer later, but now is not the time.

Stay away from the window, in case P. C. realizes you're not the woman you seem to be.

Patti! Is that all you have on your mind?

(Although he IS kind of cute!)

A large, heavy microphone stand waits for a gig.

You really have no use for a microphone stand.

(Especially one that must weigh a ton!)

Patti!

(Besides, wouldn't that steel be cold!?)

You attempt to hike up those Hammerpants you're wearing, but it does no good!

Maintaining your cool, you surreptitiously check the zipper on your giant baggy pants. It's fine.

Studio B

Someone has jammed the door shut with a large, immovable object!

Oh, no! P. C. Hammer has noticed the "Recording" sign over the window of Control Room B, realized you are not an engineer, and is heading for your room!

Blocking the only way out of the control room with that heavy microphone stand, he heads for the elevator!

You're in trouble now, Patti!

Wait! What's that!!

By carefully staring across the lobby through the control room window, you notice P. C. Hammer punching an access code into the keypad of the shower elevator. From the angle of his finger and the movement of his hand, you learn the secret access code. Knowing that code, you could escape this area and return upstairs!

Now if you could only find a way out of this room!

This recorder will not operate without a reel of tape.

You haven't seen a 2", 24-track, 3"-hub reel-to-reel recorder in years. What antiquated equipment!
Where's K-RAP's digital equipment?
You are unable to mount your reel's tiny hole onto this recorder's massive spindle!
You have no use for another tape. Use the one you have!
Before you lies an elaborate microphone mixer and studio control panel console. The names of the various downstairs studios are engraved on the potentiometers.
This volume control says, "Control Room C."
This potentiometer says, "Studio C."
This slider says, "Control Room B."
This pot is labeled, "Studio B."
This controls the volume coming from "Control Room A."
This fader is labeled, "Studio A."
The rest of these are labeled "Carts (A-F)," "Tables (A-C)," "CDs (A-R)."
The console contains many knobs, sliders, meters and buttons. Which one will you choose?
You carefully aim the microphone so it's pointing just below your mouth.
You hear your voice echo through the room's monitor speakers. The speakers are amazingly loud; loud enough to break glass.
You carefully check the level of your voice on the mixer. It's okay.
What's the use of recording silence? There no signal currently being fed to this deck.
The recorder's automatic shut-off prevents it from operating without a properly mounted tape.
The recorder is capturing every nuance of "2 Live 2 Screw's" conversation.
The recorder contains a tape full of incriminating evidence.
This tape is half on the take-up reel. It needs to be rewound before you can remove it from the recorder.
There is a blank tape on the recorder.
A large Studer console recorder is all warmed up and ready to record--except there's no tape upon which to record!
Your tape is already recorded.
Taking your biggest possible diaphragmatic breath, you lean back and belt out your most powerful high C, directly into the microphone, through the powerful amplifiers and out through the control room monitor speakers!
Is it Patti...
...or is it Memorex?
Punching in the access code you learned by watching P. C. Hammer, you are able to ride the showervator back to John Krapper's bathroom. Luckily, no one noticed your clothes lying on the floor there.
Putting on your dress and gathering your possessions, you sneak back to the receptionist's lobby door and wait for her to take a break before making for the safety of your patiently waiting limo.
You grab a blank reel of tape from the shelf.
You turn on the reel-to-reel tape recorder.
As you record "2 Live 2 Screw," you giggle with delight as they thoroughly incriminate themselves.
What's that? What's P. C. Hammer doing? He looks like he's seen your "Recording" sign! And he doesn't look too happy about it.
Oh, oh! Where did Hammer go?
You turn off the recorder.
The tape is now fully rewound.
You remove the reel-to-reel tape.
You bring up the volume control labeled "Control Room C."
You hear nothing but hiss.
You bring up the potentiometer labeled "Studio C."
You hear nothing but hiss and a little air conditioner bleed-through.
You pull up the slider labeled "Control Room B" and hear what sounds like a female breathing.

(Oh, wait! That's you! You're in Control Room B!)

You raise the volume on "Studio B,"

You hear nothing.

You carefully open the slider on "Control Room A," as if P. C. Hammer could hear you doing so.

He's recording his "live drive-time" show for tomorrow morning. Who cares?

Since you've cranked it up to the point of feedback, you can't go any louder! Besides, it's almost loud enough to break glass.

You crank up the volume on your control room's monitor speakers to an ear-piercing level.

You are eavesdropping on the conversations from Studio A and to you it sounds just like "2 Live 2 Screw!"

You fade up the volume on "Studio A" and... listen to that!

Why, that's "2 Live 2 Screw!" Patti! You did it! Now you can overhear their conversation!

But how can you get some hard evidence to take back to Inspector Desmond to prove you really are hearing this!?

You place your tape on the recorder, carefully threading it around the tension arms, over the heads and past the capstan, finishing by threading the leader onto the takeup reel with a professional flourish.

You don't want to try that door, Patti! The direct approach won't work with P. C. Hammer.

You attempt to hike up those Hammerpants you're wearing, but it does no good!

Maintaining your cool, you surreptitiously check the zipper on your giant baggy pants. It's fine.

CREDITS

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Passionate Patti Does A Little Undercover Work"

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Version (...)(...)

If you're having a good time playing this game and would like to order other fun products from the Sierra family of computer games, just give our Order Desk a telephone call at

(...)

(International customers call(...).)

Our friendly and courteous order takers are probably sitting around doing nothing right now and would love to have someone to talk to!

You'll also want to order spare copies of all these other lovable Larry Laffer mis-adventures:

"Leisure Suit Larry In the Land of the Lounge Lizards,"

"Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (in Several Wrong Places),"

"Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals,"

"Leisure Suit Larry 4: The Missing Floppies," and

"The Laffer Utilities," a collection of silly little programs designed just for fun at the office.

(Well, maybe you shouldn't order your copies of Larry4 just yet; we seem to have misplaced our master disks.)

Besides the Larry series, Al Lowe has written these other fine Sierra games: "Bop-A-Bet,"

"Dragon's Keep," "Troll's Tale,"

"The Gelfling Adventure," "The Black Cauldron,"

"Winnie the Pooh in the Hundred Acre Woods,"

and "Donald Duck's Playground."