

### **Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of Pulsating Pectorals Script**

*Compiled from the original resources by BBP*

*This script was built with the aid of SCI Viewer.*

*To differentiate between Patti and Larry-lines, I use two colours, black for Larry and purple for Patti.*

*The digits before each copyright question indicate the answer.*

#### **INTRODUCTION**

Since we last saw our intrepid hero Larry Laffer cavorting merrily with his newly-found true love on the sands of Nontoonyt Beach, this beautiful island has undergone extensive "improvements." Once pristine and primitive, covered by virgin rain forest, splashed by gurgling streams and washed by tropical rains, Nontoonyt has discovered (and been discovered by) modern civilization. The villagers, eager to shed their Stone Age lifestyle, united themselves by forming "Natives, Inc.#" to protect their interests and develop their island. Realizing they were sitting on a yuppie dream, a vein of gold they could mine through tourism, they took correspondence courses in business management, public administration, sales and marketing. Learning modern construction techniques through self-help books and pirated videotapes of "This Old House," they began by building a hotel on this very same beach. Borrowing heavily from foreign investors, they expanded into some very attractive tourist traps... ..but growth really exploded when they discovered the Holy Grail of modern marketing: the wonder of time-share! Ah, civilization! Who would want real palm trees when you never have to prune or water those new plastic models? Welcome to the paradise of the Pacific: the all-new, all-improved, totally-yuppified, "consumer-orientationalized" Nontoonyt Island!

#### **INVENTORY**

How will you ever use this credit card when everyone on the island knows you personally and also knows you have current assets of zip-ola?!

This knife would be perfect for slicing your ginsu if it weren't so dull.

(What the hell is a ginsu, anyway?)

Your granadilla is hard and black.

The indigenous island grasses have long, thin blades perfectly suited to weaving.

She never saw you coming! Twenty dollars is not much money, but it may be all you need.

"Whereas & whereas & whereas...

Therein, hereby, corpus delicti, wherefore...

Grant to the bearer by the tribes of Nontoonyt Island 640 acres of rare virgin forestland."

Wet people enjoy rubbing these all over their naked bodies!

"Fat City#

Member in Good Standing

Insert and wait for click."

Free at last!

These appear to be epiphytic members of the family Orchidaceae.

You hope this key will open more than just her elevator!

(Heh, heh, heh.)

"Imported from Fresno County

Limited Edition

1,243,153 of only 3,231,679 bottles"

"Saturday Night Special"

"Super Stretch

Super Support"

"Frederick's of Coarsegold"

Be careful not to cut yourself; this knife is now razor sharp!

You've always been a true admirer of the African primitive school of sculpture.

Now if you can just find a luau somewhere to show off this new little number!

500 one-dollar bills isn't so bad for your first try at exotic dancing!

Everybody doesn't like something, but nobody doesn't like a good lei!

There's nothing like a bottle of nice dry Nontoonyt.

This might pass for a native handicraft.

"Feed

the

Kitty!"

All your life you wanted one of these!

Didn't you write off this dress as a business expense?

"Every girl needs a little magic in her life sometimes."

At last, you have a pair of nuts!

Patti! Shame on you! Don't you know marijuana's illegal? What do you plan to do with this stuff?

Aren't you the clever one! But now that you have a rope long enough to reach across that canyon, whatever will you do with it?

Exactly why are you carrying around an empty bottle?

You're all ready to enter the wet T-shirt contest!

You hope this is the end of the game as you are running out of dress!

This is the key to your penthouse.

It may have been expensive when you bought it, but it's depreciating rapidly!

## **ANY LOCATION**

You use your razor sharp ginsu knife to carefully carve the precious granadilla wood into what you hope will be accepted as a primitive island native sculpture.

Erotic Sculpture

You carefully weave the wild grass into what you hope will pass for a primitive, island native outfit.

Grass Skirt

Well, well. Look at this! Suzi wrote her locker number plus some words on the back of her spa keycard.

Don't you ever take notes? It says, "%s," "%s," and "%s!"  
Closer examination reveals the words to be: "%s," "%s," and "%s." Now, what could that mean?  
Why would Suzi scribble the names of Nontoonyt businesses on the back of her spa membership keycard?

### **Standard girl**

That's ONE thing you're hoping for!  
"Round, firm, fully-packed! So easy on the draw!"  
Her hands are lovely, but it's not her hands you're interested in!  
Another perfect 10! How can all the women on this island be so beautiful?  
You dream of starting there and working your way to the top!  
You wonder if it smells as good as it looks!  
You can picture yourself whispering sweet nothings into that beautiful, shell-shaped orifice!  
It busily exchanges moisture-laden carbon dioxide for fresh oxygen-enriched atmosphere.  
(In other words, she's still breathing, Larry!)  
You imagine your tongue winding its way around those pearly whites!  
You stare deeply into her eyes. She loves it.  
You love the way her tongue moves around her lips.  
How you'd love to sneak a little peck onto that gorgeous cheek!  
%s! Just think where that tongue of yours has been!  
That may be possible if you'd play the game better!  
My, %s! You certainly have a charming way with the opposite sex.  
"Do you enjoy gambling at the casino?"  
"Are you crazy? Nobody ever wins there!"  
Where? You're talking to %s, remember?  
Just say what you wish to say, %s.  
"What's your name, baby?"  
"You said your name, then I said my name. Don't you remember?"

### **some clerk**

You see a man with dark hair.  
He can't help you with Patti.  
(...although he has had her!)  
The clerk is not interested in anything you have to offer, %s.  
There is a clerk behind the counter.  
He seems to really enjoy his job.  
(You remember feeling that way once!)  
He's an ugly dude.

You'd like to run your fingers thru his hair!  
The clerk doesn't know where Larry is any more than you do, Patti!  
The clerk is not interested in anything you have to offer, %s.  
There is a clerk behind the counter.  
You remember his lips against your's.

### **Scene with binoculars**

The binoculars are here for the enjoyment of all. Please respect the wishes of "Natives, Inc." and allow them to remain.

You won't find Larry by using these binoculars.

These binoculars are broken.

One look at that is all your heart can take!

Two pairs of free binoculars are mounted on posts near the fence.

The plaque is securely screwed.

(And so are you if you want to take it!)

From high up here on Vista Point, you are almost above the smell of the city.

From here, you can see Kalalau's extensive land holdings high in that mountain valley across the island.

The fence is there to prevent clumsy people from falling over the edge and ruining the barbecues of the villagers below.

This mesa has extremely steep cliffs on three sides.

The polluted lagoon stretches off into the distance like a bag of cold fast-food fries.

The city below you stretches from the edge of the lagoon almost up to your current vantage point.

The large resort hotels stretch before you like billboards on the highway of the damned.

(Oops, sorry. That should have been "highway of the darned!" You're playing "clean mode," aren't you?)

Vista Point has a well-manicured, bluegrass lawn with a bronze plaque.

Where?

From here, on the lovely Vista Point, high up the slopes of Nontoonyt Volcano, the City lies spread below your feet like the floor of a movie theatre after a Saturday matinee!

A lovely lawn with a bronze plaque lies near two pair of binoculars.

My, how this island has changed! You remember when you parachuted down here there was nothing but a sleepy little native village inhabited by a tribe of illiterate islanders. Now look at it: it's overgrown with hotels, resorts, casinos, and cheap tourist traps.

Such is the cost of progress. At least your job as Vice-President of Marketing for "Natives, Inc." has enabled you to provide a lovely home for you and your beloved wife, Kalalau.

### **Plaque**

On this site, the great hero of our people

LARRY LAFFER

singlehandedly saved our island from  
our mortal enemy, the evil Dr. Nonookee.

Yep, it's Larry; Larry Laffer.

You are reading a beautiful bronze plaque commemorating the previous adventures of Larry; Larry Laffer.

Your heart fills with pride, but also with longing for those simple days of yesteryear.

On this site, the great hero of our people

LARRY LAFFER

singlehandedly saved our island from  
our mortal enemy, the evil Dr. Nonookee.

### **Looking through the binocs**

These are binoculars, not microphones!

She can't hear you.

Only you and Dennis Jonathan would stare at those tiny little things!  
You attempt to turn the binoculars so as not to see into that woman's room, but you just can not!  
(Hee, hee!)  
This is as far in as you can look!  
You are voyeuring into a woman's room in the hotel.  
(No wonder this is called a scenic viewpoint!)  
%s! You're looking into a woman's hotel room!  
She's turned off the lights!  
    She's pulling down the shades.  
    Oh, my gawd! She's taking off her clothes!  
    WOW!  
    Did you see that?!  
    Where?  
    You wipe the sweat from your hands as you remove your eyes from the binoculars.

### **Forest scene with granadilla**

The granadilla is short and graceful, with a gray trunk, and delicately spreading branches.%s  
Beneath the granadilla lies a beautiful piece of wood.  
The native corporation (Natives, Inc.) has done an excellent job of preserving the environment of the jungle, at least in this location! A beautiful, specimen granadilla tree grows here.  
There is no wood lying around here.  
Move over until you are beside the small tree with the gray trunk in the lower right-hand corner of the scene.  
The villagers were wise to retain total financial and political control of their island. For example, they've never allowed vehicular traffic anywhere. Everyone walks wherever they go.  
Up this path lies your home. Your beloved Kalalau is probably there right now, waiting patiently for your return....  
You take the beautiful chunk of granadilla wood from beneath the tree.

### **TV scene**

You don't need to do that.  
Not in that stream! Have you looked carefully at that water?  
There's only one channel and it's owned by Natives, Inc.!  
That won't do much good. It's off!  
They are!  
You can't do that here; at least, not now.  
Congratulations!  
You've found...  
...nothing!  
You find some fresh, wet bubble gum, but nothing that you'd care to keep!  
Too bad this island doesn't have cable.  
You stare at the screen, blankly.  
It looks like it MIGHT work.  
You can't. Just enjoy it as it is!  
You're not strong enough to carry it.  
OOOOOOWWWWWWWW!!!!!!!!!!  
(Don't you know better than to mess around the back of a television set when it's on!)  
There's nothing back there but air.  
Isn't it strange to find a television in a park?  
You're after things with TWO legs, %s.

Leave the lights alone.  
Its slats make indentations on your butt.  
It's in need of a paint job.  
They just hang around -- rather like you, %s!  
Its polyvinyl chloride surface glistens beneath these lights!  
There is a newspaper lying on the table.  
It's just a simple end table.  
How nice. Natives, Inc. has created a lovely waterfall using the untreated effluent of their sewage.  
These flagstones were made by short, fat, white guys in plaid shirts.  
What an interesting park! A lovely television set sits beneath attractive hanging lamps facing a park bench -- all situated near a gurgling stream.  
You return the newspaper to the table.  
**You don't have time to read, Patti!**  
Scanning through the island newspaper, you find an advertisement for the Casino Lounge...  
Coming Soon!

Here!

At our own Lounge and Piano Bar!

Passionate Patti at the Keyboard.

Watch for her -- you won't regret it!

Reading the island newspaper, you find an advertisement for the Casino Showroom...

Now Playing!

The big, new, all-girl revue!

It's got T's!

It's got A's!

It's got prerecorded music!

It's the latest and greatest

show from producer Irving Guice!

Now appearing in the Casino Lounge:

Passionate Patti!

Keyboard and Sing-A-Long

Star Of Five Continents!

Even Appeared On 'Star Search'

"Headless Corpse Found in Topless Bar"

(Don't you just love yellow journalism?!)

## **Jungle #2**

It's difficult to see from here. Why not just walk inside?

Through the thick jungle you can barely see an office building to the northeast and a strange large blue structure to the southwest.

"Say," you think, "I bet Kalalau is at home right now, waiting eagerly for my return. I'll head back

there right now!"

Recovering from Kalalau's shocking news, you carefully consider the alternatives.

"I suppose I could go into mourning," you think. "Mope around all day, sit in my room, rent lots of videos, things like that..."

"Or, I could give up women, remain celibate forever, enter the ministry or something.

"Wait a minute, what am I thinking? No way! Not me. Not Larry; Larry Laffer!

"You know, this island is the perfect location for a sophisticated, single swinger like yours truly.

And, thanks to a wonderful island tradition, Kalalau's dowry gave me hundreds of acres of potentially valuable forest land.

"Perhaps my love for Kalalau blinded me to the potential of my current locale. Where else could I find more women than at a tropical resort? And to think, every one of them came here seeking just one thing -- a good time!

"Yeah, that's it!" you exclaim out loud. "I've had it with monogamy, marriage, long-term relationships, commitment.

"So be it! My life's new goal will be to allow as many women as possible to enjoy me while they can!"

He's back!

Look out, girls! Just when you thought it was safe to dive back into the gene pool, the original swinger is at it again!

### **Somewhere outside Comedy Club**

The tough tropical island grass slices your hands to ribbons, but refuses to budge.

The tough tropical island grass slices your hands to ribbons, but refuses to budge. If only you had some way to cut it.

Good idea! You try and try to cut the grass with your dull knife, but it is just not sharp enough!

How would you use the knife?

Chip 'N' Dale's

Nontoonyt's finest

Adult Entertainment

CLOSED

OPEN

Admission: \$25.00

There appears to be an opening in the side of the concrete gigantic rock just outside the door to the nightclub.

Long, slender and beautiful, the island's indigenous grass was once worn by the natives as ritual costumes.

(Now they mostly just order from L. L. Bean!)

These flowers are attractive, but nothing out of the ordinary for a beautiful, tropical island like Nontoonyt.

Trees are everywhere.

(This is also a dog's paradise!)

"Chip 'N' Dale's" is open at last! A familiar face waits near the door.

You are just outside Nontoonyt's famous striptease joint, "Chip 'N' Dale's." A large cliff mostly prevents your passage to the west. In the center of this area is a large clump of island grass.

There is a sign on the door.

Your razor sharp ginsu knife slices through the blades of grass like a hot samurai's sword through a tub of cheap margarine.

Congratulations. You are the proud new owner of some long blades of grass.

Perhaps it will be open later!

Say! It looks like this place is finally open!  
You really don't want to go back in there.  
Are you sure you want to do that?  
Sorry, but you're too young and inexperienced to do that.  
(Or, at least your current "Filth Level" is!)  
He'll never hear you from here.  
"Hello, sir" you say to the maitre d'. "Could you give me some information about the show inside?"  
The doorman responds, "Tonight's show is offered at the special low rate of only \$25.00. Of course, with tax, that'll come to \$43.00 exactly."  
He'll never see it from here.  
"How about if I show you my pass from the showroom."  
"No way; this place costs money!"  
You're broke.  
No one is near you.  
"Just couldn't get enough of Dale your first time, eh?"  
"Hello, sir" you say to the doorman. "Could you give me some information about the show inside?"  
The maitre 'd responds, "Tonight's show is offered at the special low rate of only \$25.00. Of course, with tax, that'll come to \$42.95 exactly."  
The maitre d' looks like he would be the life of the party...  
(...if the party was an undertakers' convention!)  
What did you want to give him?  
It's not yours to give.  
"Want to go to my place later?"  
"Do I look like a fool? You can't make me leave my post that easily."  
"Do I look like that kind of man? Pay your way in, just like everyone else!"  
"Wow! I don't want that!!"  
The maitre d' replies, "And just exactly what am I supposed to do with that?"  
"Yes? May I help you madam?"  
"Here's all the money I have in the world," you say to the doorman, "Boy, what luck! I just happen to have \$43.00 in tips!"  
"Why, thank you very much, ma'am. I know you'll enjoy the show!"  
The doorman mumbles something as you enter the club. You, of course, respond, "Come again?"  
"You know, I'm a little short of cash right now," you say to the doorman, "But I do have an idea! Step over behind that rock over there and I'll explain it to you!"  
"Huh?"  
"OH!"  
"What did you think of that?" you ask him.  
"Walk this way!"  
You think, "If I walked like that..."  
"What a show, eh, honey?" slurps the maitre d'. "And how about that Dale?"

The world-famous "Comedy Hut" is presently closed.  
The world-famous "Comedy Hut's" strict dress code policy prohibits you from enjoying them at this time.  
You might try walking inside.  
The door is locked.  
It's unlocked; why not walk inside.  
You are outside the world-famous "Comedy Hut," the fast-food of comedy clubs!  
They are presently closed.  
They appear to be open.



### **Cave**

From in here, you can barely see the sky.

Just step closer to the edge of the cliff.

(Heh, heh, heh.)

You are in a small opening in the side of the volcano, far above the trail you left. In the distance, Nontoonyt Lagoon glistens greasily in the sunlight.

A few hardy weeds attempt to grow in solid rock.

From here you have a spectacular view of the beach, but you are too far from the edge to see the city.

There are a few weeds growing in the floor, but a beautiful display of orchids climbing the righthand wall.

Garlands of wild orchids festoon the otherwise bare rock walls. You bet your F.T.D. man wishes he were here!

The only plants here that catch your eye are the orchids growing on the walls.

*You have no use for any other orchids, Patti; you'll always cherish those Larry gave you.*

Move closer to the flowers near the cave opening. They are more beautiful since they catch more light.

You need no more orchids.

Yeah, good idea. Those ones you picked before were getting pretty droopy.

Fortunately for you, there are plenty of orchids available.

You pluck a few fresh orchids from the walls of the crevice.

### **Entrance to bamboo maze**

There is nothing before you but limitless jungle. There's no need for a guy like you to lose himself in that forsaken wilderness. You'd better head back to the bright lights of the city, Larry!

What unusual rock formations!

The thicket of bamboo is so thick it is impossible to see very far into it.

A dangerous cliff lies beside this ledge. A bamboo thicket is in the distance.

### **Outside casino**

*You have no business in "Natives, Inc.," Patti. There's nothing in there to help you find Larry!*

You can't enter "Natives, Inc." dressed like that!

You can't enter the casino dressed like that!

Ow!

(There must not be a path that way!)

On what?

The fountain's rough surface would only dull your knife.

That would never sharpen a fine ginsu knife.

Move closer to the steps.

The landscaping of the casino blends nicely into the jungle beyond.

You have no need to go that way, %s.

Down the pathway to the lower left is the headquarters of "Natives, Inc."

Isn't it beautiful?

The steps leading into the casino are made of smooth concrete... as smooth as a sharpening stone.

You are outside the island's casino. Steps lead up into the lobby, while water splashes merrily down the fountain.

Down this path lies your office. Say, what about that cute little redhead in accounting? You've

always wanted a chance to balance her figures!

It IS nearly time to start work. You'd better hurry, Larry! You're going to be late again and you know how much Chairman Kenneth hates tardiness.

"I hope this trouble with Kalalau doesn't influence my excellent working relationship with Chairman Kenneth," you think.

"Surely, it won't make any difference to Ken. My meteoric rise through the ranks of 'Natives, Inc.' is because of my superior managerial abilities, not just because I married the boss' daughter!"

You rub your dull ginsu knife back and forth on the smooth concrete steps of the casino.

Sharp Knife

Much to your surprise, it becomes razor sharp! Without thinking, you hastily shove it back in your pocket.

OW!

### **Changing cabanas**

You can't reach the sink from here.

Not here! Can't you find someplace more modest?

Ahhhhhh!

You have no way to carry any water.

Your bottle is currently full.

This cubicle has no door. You are far too modest to change clothes here.

What do you want to wear?

How can you wear a clump of grass?

Close the door!

How can you do that?

You need more than just a hand basin to get rid of that workout aroma!

You would, but why bother?

The cabana has three cubicles (some of which have doors), and a sink with running water at its left end.

A public sink is mounted on the side of the cabana.

There's a bar of soap that's hanging from a rope that's looped over a nail that's driven into a board that's attached to the wall that's at the end of the cabana.

There is a water faucet on the sink. It may work.

On the wall is scrawled the word "ZAX" which you think you've heard before, you're just not sure where.

"Two Guys from Clovis"

Graffiti is not important in this game.

Hey, come on. That was a JOKE!

YUCK!

Believing yourself to be playing a previous Leisure Suit Larry game, you dig through the all the garbage in the can, only to discover...

...a postcard saying, "The weather is here; wish you were beautiful." You return it to the trash.

The casino is located just to the south of this clearing.

The door closed behind you.

The left cubicle is unoccupied at the moment. Just walk inside.

This door is stuck. You cannot get inside.

This cubicle has no door. You have no desire to use it!

The casino's changing cabana (which bears an amazing resemblance to an outhouse) is nestled in a grove of trees.

The left door is the only one that is available to you. The center door seems stuck and the right door is missing.

Stop thinking about garbage and get your mind back in the gutter!

You grab the unusually-shaped "Soap-On-A-Rope" that hangs above the sink.

Ahhhhh.

You place your bottle under the tap, while carefully considering the level of carcinogenic compounds therein.

Bottle of Water

You remove your leisure suit and hide it inside the stall while slipping into the grass skirt. Boy, do you look like a native now!

Since you have no further use for the silly grass skirt, you toss it through a hole conveniently placed in the floor (you presume for just this purpose).

Bill ignores you (as usual).

Al is too busy working on something else to talk to you.

You couldn't bear the thought!

He's giving Al more verbal abuse.

It's William Skirvin, world-famous artist talking to Al Lowe, a ne'r-do-well game designer.

"Wow!" says Bill. "Take a look at that bikini!"

"Open the door a little, will you, Bill?" responds Al.

(Pant, pant, pant.)

Where?

She's undressing!

What a body!

"Are you enjoying the view, buddy?"

## **Lagoon**

You have no desire to swim in a lagoon as polluted as this, %s!

Not here; someone might see you!

You are perfectly content to allow the sand crabs to continue running everywhere in this area. Just be happy they aren't crawling on you!

Change clothes first.

That girl seems to be using almost all of her towel!

"Share my towel?" asks Tawni. "Try it, and I'll break your..."

...arm!

How can you do that?

There is no towel here.

But... you can order an official "Leisure Suit Larry 2" beach towel just by dialing 1 (800) 326-6654 (or 1 (209) 683-4468) today!!

You can't take the towel when that girl is lying upon it.

"Take my towel from me?" asks Tawni. "Try it, and I'll break your..."

Wouldn't you love to be in its place?

There's a towel under that girl.

Oh, look! Tawni forgot her towel.

The towel is under you, protecting you from the sand crabs!

Occasionally lizards love to scamper across the rocks here at Sunaffa Beach.

The reflection of the brilliant tropical sun off the waters of Nontoonyt Lagoon has a beautiful, aquamarine glow, due in large part to the quantity of raw sewage dumped directly into the water by Natives, Inc., although zillions in corporate revenue have been saved in the process of non-processing.

You suppose that means swimming is not recommended.

How interesting. Hundreds of tiny sand crabs are running about all over the sand of beautiful Sunaffa Beach.

The sand crabs are everywhere. You feel fortunate they aren't crawling all over you!

There is a beautiful topless woman lying here, sunbathing on her towel.

Beautiful Sunaffa Beach is deserted.  
There is something moving in the sand.  
Next time, %s, stay out of that polluted lagoon!  
You're in over your head again  
The tropical sun warms you all over.  
You know, a guy could get a nice suntan here.  
You had a pretty good tan when you laid down here.  
Your tan now looks MAHvelous.  
As the tropical sun slices through a hole in the severely depleted ozone layer directly above the pollution of Nontoonyt, you seem to remember reading an article somewhere about UV overexposure being dangerous...  
Some guys never learn!  
Another case of executive burnout  
"Whacha selling?" Tawni yells at the peddler.  
The peddler smiles. "I have some fine ginsu knives."  
"Excuse me for a moment, will you?" Tawni asks you. "Something else has popped up."  
"Well," you think to yourself, "that was rude!"  
"So what do you think, lady?" says the vendor. "Wouldn't you like one of these fine ginsu knives to take home for a souvenir? For you, I'd make a special deal!"  
"Oooohhhh," says Tawni, "is it really a bargain? I just LOVE bargains!"  
"Most assuredly so," says the peddler, "it's made with hand-rubbed hickory handles, and a blade of the finest Sheffield carbonized steel, drawn from the hottest 100-year old oak charcoal fires, honed to perfection by small Oriental virgins, and guaranteed for life!"  
(Or until you leave this beach, whichever comes first!)  
"I'll take it," says Tawni. "Does it come in a carrying case?"  
"No," says the peddler.  
"...but I'll bet you could!" thinks the peddler.  
"That'll be thirty dollars," he concludes.  
"Well, let me see now," replies Tawni, digging into her bikini bottoms. "Oh, gosh, I've only got twenty bucks in cash left."  
"But wait, I do have this nice shiny new credit card!" Turning to you, she says, "Hey, hold this knife for me, willya?"  
"Thanks ever so much, madam," says the native, sliding his imprinter over your former credit card.  
"It's a pleasure doing business with a real pro!"  
Turning back to you, Tawni says, "I'm sorry to `interruptus,' my little shopper-whopper, but you know: I just can't resist a purchase!"  
"And now, where were we?"  
You pause to contemplate her rude behavior. Were you too offended by her thoughtless interruption to continue making love to the beautiful young Tawni?  
Nope.  
Suddenly, you become aware of the hundreds of tiny sand crabs that have been crawling inside your leisure suit pants since you first laid down on the sand...  
"YEEEEOOOOWWWW!!!" you scream. "Quick! Get off of me!!!"  
"Is my lovemaking that good for you, my little middle-aged mall-man?" says Tawni.  
"%s" you cry. "Tawni, I've got a terrible case of crabs!!!"  
"CRABS?!" shouts Tawni, "I should have known better than to have anything to do with a local. Especially, an OLDER local! And, a PUDGY older local at that!!!"  
As you pull a large crab from your pants, Tawni says, "Like, man! I refuse to party with any guy so socially irresponsible! Get lost, `Flaccido Domingo!"  
"Tawni, baby!" you cry, "Does this mean we're through?"  
There is no response.  
You must be more specific.

Better check your inventory, Larry. You don't have one of those.

"Hunks of wood for sale!" you shout.

"Who'd want a piece of wood for a souvenir?" responds Tawni. "I can pick up one of those anywhere! No thanks, little native man."

"Souvenir soap!"

"Soap?! You're trying to sell me soap? What a lousy souvenir. Get out of here, pudgy nature boy!"

"Wildflowers? Why would anyone buy flowers from a beach vendor when they grow wild everywhere on this island?"

"No thanks," says Tawni, "I'm not interested."

At least she didn't recognize you in your clever disguise. Now if you only had an authentic Nontoonyt souvenir!

"Oh, wow!" exclaims Tawni, without looking up. "SOUVENIRS! Whacha selling?"

She turns her head and recognizes you. "Oh, it's you, again! Leave me alone, you creep!"

(Obviously she still remembers you, Larry. If only you had some sort of disguise...)

You might be able to, if you would look at her first!

Where?

Yeah, yeah, that's the idea; but as usual, the question is: how?!

Larry! She doesn't recognize you in your clever disguise. Now if you only had something to sell her!

Before speaking to a woman, it is advisable to look at her, Larry.

She doesn't seem to recognize you in your clever disguise.

You wonder if she still has that twenty dollars she got in change from the souvenir bead vendor.

Now? She seems to be interested in that beach vendor.

"Hello," you say to the beautiful young girl on the towel. %s

"Hello, Larry," replies the blond. "My name is Tawni."

Don't you just love these colorful native types?

"Uh, excuse me, sir," you ask. "Do you have a permit to do this?"

"Beat it, bub!" he whispers under his breath, carefully preventing the woman from hearing him.

"Can't you see I'm just trying to make a quick buck off the Americano here?"

"Souvenirs!"

"Get your genuine Nontoonyt souvenirs!"

"Oh, wow!" exclaims Tawni, "SOUVENIRS!"

"Whacha selling?" she asks the peddler.

"Genuine plastic souvenirs, handmade in the city of rsubfqsdf."

"Special souvenir seashells, mounted on a free-swinging necklace made of real Nontoonyt string."

"Today, only, I have a very special deal on these wonderful, souvenir beads."

"Genuine native-islander, designer-labeled erotic carvings for only twenty dollars!" you cry. "But you'd better hurry; I only have ONE left!"

"What was that?" asks the girl.

"Seashells?" she surmises, "I see you sell seashells at this slimy seashore!"

"Exactly how are your shells different from the ones lying all over Sunaffa Beach?"

"Ooooh, I just love jewelry," says the girl. "Would you allow me to purchase some?"

"Well," says Tawni, "I might be interested. Does it have any special features?"

(Your disguise seems to be working, Larry; Tawni doesn't recognize you!)

"(Hong Kong.)" the vendor mumbles under his breath.

"These are no longer contaminated with that crude oil/sewage mixture we call ocean water."

"Sure, if you're nice to me. And, give me lots of American money!"

"I'm glad you asked," you respond, "there is one small part that might attract your eye!"

"No, but it is hand-made!"

"Oh, no matter. As long as they're genuine, give me several. You never know when I might get back this way and I just love buying souvenirs!"

"Oh. Well, better let me have a few," she says, "here's fifty bucks. Can I get lots?"

"Ok. Here. Take all I've got," she says.  
(Boy, this gal will buy anything!)  
"%s It's a deal," she says, "I don't know much about art... but I know what I like!"  
"All together, that comes to..." the peddler pauses, considering what the market will bear, "...three hundred dollars, American. And, I'll cover the taxes for you!"  
"Really? That expensive? Well, ok, if you say so."  
"Hey, thanks a lot," says the vendor. "Have a nice day!"  
"Sure, here's a bag full," says the vendor. "Have a nice day!"  
"Hey, thanks a lot," says the vendor, "But why don't you keep this twenty? You might need it."  
"Have a nice day!"  
"You're lucky. I'm down to my last twenty bucks!" says Tawni. "Here you are."  
"Thank you very much, Miss. And... use it in good health."  
He's too fast for you; you'd never catch him.  
What a nasty looking little devil he is!  
A bright red lizard scampers across the rocks near Sunaffa Beach.  
Leave the lizard alone. He's of no use to you.

### **Tawmi full-view**

Before you speak, you look straight into her eyes...  
Why not try looking her straight in the eyes first.  
What a gorgeous woman, with obviously nothing to hide!  
You suddenly forget about Kalalau completely. You could learn to enjoy the single life once again!  
There they are!  
You think she seemed slow to cover them when she stood up!  
It's barely covered by that string bikini.  
There may indeed be faint outlines visible through that knit bikini...  
Her legs are as smooth as a shopping mall's parking lot.  
Tawni stood up when you introduced yourself to her. Perhaps you should talk to her.  
WOW! She looks even better vertical!  
(Bet she has a great "horizontal hold!")

### **Talking to Tawmi**

"Say, babe, why don't I take you shopping down at the famous Nontoonyt Mall?"  
"I don't need you to take me `mallng."  
"What do you say, Tawni? Don't all you beach girls have a thing for older, pudgy formerly-bald guys?"  
"Ha, ha. You really have a sense of humor! What would make me interested in you?"  
"I don't want to buy from an American like you when I could purchase native island souvenirs."  
"Tawni, do you recommend the souvenirs here on the beach?"  
"Boy, do I! Larry, I bet I've bought something from every native vendor that's appeared here!"  
"So, Tawni, how do you like swimming in the water here?"  
"It's wonderful, but my suit does get strange stains!"  
"%s Shame on you!"  
"Hey, Tawni! Bet you don't have one of these!"  
"Gee, Larry, you almost don't have one either!"  
"Everybody talks about it but you don't do a thing about it -- oh, wait! Did you say weather?"  
You attempt to make a lame joke.  
(You succeed.)  
"Hey, Larry! This is what I think of that joke!"  
"Tawni, could this be love?"  
"No, but it might be like!"

"Would you care to leave this beach and go somewhere where we could be alone?"

"Only to Nordstrom's!"

"What's the story on that downtown Nontoonyt Mall, Tawni? I can't seem to find it -- anywhere on the island!"

"If I knew, would I be here on this towel?"

"Have you been to that new downtown Nontoonyt Mall?"

"No, but if I ever find it, I bet I could spend my whole vacation there!"

"Have I mentioned to you that I will soon be coming into a major real-estate holding?"

"Is it a shopping mall?"

"What would it take for you to date an, um, `older man' like me?"

"Larry, I guess I'm just a `material girl!'"

Those legs reach all the way to her beachhead!

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Tawni. "Stop looking at me like that!"

It's gorgeous.

(And you can see almost all of it!)

They are sweet, aren't they?

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Tawni, noticing your glance. "You really enjoy staring at breasts, don't you?"

You think she seemed slow to cover them when she stood up!

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Tawni, noticing your glance. "Stop looking at me there!"

Her blue eyes show the effects of too many hours spent "mallng."

Tawni's pert little nose has years of experience sniffing out bargains.

24k gold

(You have extremely sharp vision!)

Her mouth is just beneath her nose.

Her tongue is scarred with paper cuts from licking too many credit card envelopes.

Tawni's face is framed with blond hair.

Tawni's hair shows the effects of the many hours she devotes to sunbathing.

It's barely covered by that string bikini.

There may indeed be faint outlines visible through that knit bikini...

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Tawni. "Stop looking at me there!"

Her magnificent blond hair haunts you.

(Too bad there's no one home within it!)

What did you want to show her?

"Geez, Larry, how nice! A stupid old hunk of wood?!"

"Golly, gee, a REAL bar of soap! You're so lucky to have a real bar of soap."

"Lovely bunch of wildflowers, Larry. You know those grow wild all over this island?"

"OOOOHHHH! Now there's something that `earns my interest!'"

"Why, Larry," says Tawni, "isn't that special?"

What did you want to give her?

It's not yours to give.

"Geez, Larry, I've always wanted a stupid old hunk of wood. Is this from the Neiman-Marcus catalog...

...of 1812?!"

"Golly, gee, a REAL bar of soap! In all my days of shopping, I've never seen a bar of soap before."

"Lovely bunch of wildflowers, Larry. You're a regular little Merlin Olsen!"

"Why, thank you, honey," says Tawni, "but I need something I can spend!"

"Honey, I'm not interested in giving. It's GETTING I enjoy!"

"Here, Tawni," you say, "I can see how you enjoy shopping. I'd like you to have my credit card."

"Oh, Larry," cries Tawni, "it's the perfect gift; the right size, the right shape, and the right color: gold! And I think I know the perfect way to express my appreciation to you, too. Come here, big boy!"

As much as you hate to, you stop looking at the beautiful Tawni.

### **Somewhere**

No one here is interested in talking to you.

This grass is unsuitable for your needs.

There are no taxis in this "Leisure Suit Larry."

At least "Natives, Inc.#" did something right: to "maintain that native island feeling" they banned vehicular traffic from the island; everyone walks everywhere.

(Including you!)

These ARE wonderful trees, but that's not something you should do right now.

You'd love to, but you'd %s!

The air blows in off the lagoon crisp and clean, bringing a slight taste of salt and the aroma of diesel slicks.

How nice it is that automobiles were never allowed here on the island! Everyone does aerobic walking all the time!

The bare dirt feels good under your feet.

This warm tropical weather makes everything grow.

### **Outside Fat City**

You can't enter "Fat City" dressed like that!

Fat City has an entrance ramp disguised as a whale. Doesn't it remind you of "The Louvre?"

It says "Fat City!"

This is no fish tale!

Are those cleverly disguised television cameras?

What a clever doorway! Fat City's entrance ramp leads down to its lower-level lobby.

Perhaps you should get closer...

That's some spout!

Ahead of you lies "Fat City," the island's famous health spa. Is that symbolism, or what?

### **Outside Natives.inc**

There are so few windows for such a large building -- and none of them open!

It's blindingly tasteless.

What?! Can it be true? Could "Natives, Inc." really use cardboard palm trees?

You are outside "Natives, Inc.," home of the island's major (and only) corporation.

(You've always been a big fan of steel buildings!)

That was humiliating, Larry. You vow never to work for HIM again!

### **Outside Dewey, Cheate & Howe**

When you lean over the railing you can see straight down.

This area is ALMOST suitable, but the textured concrete here is just too rough for your delicate ginsu.

Those lawyers really know how to pick a location!

You surmise those three large initials comprise this firm's logo.

There are a few beautiful flowers clinging tenaciously to a steep escarpment.

There are some beautiful flowers here.



You are outside the legal offices of Dewey, Cheatem & Howe, the best Corporation of Associated Legal Professionals on the island of Nontoonyt!

(Also the ONLY!)

The only plants here that catch your eye are those hanging on that sheer rock cliff.

While these flowers are beautiful, they just don't "lei" right!

### **Dewey, Cheatem & Howe Reception**

You may need some wood, but this is not the right place to get it.

It's for internal use only.

(Corporate internals, that is!)

You've been looking at a computer ever since you started playing this game!

There is a telephone on the desk, but don't get any cute ideas about using it!

With all the trees on this island, wouldn't you think they'd have enough outside!?

You surmise those large initials represent the first letter of the last names of the three partners in this law firm.

A suspended florescent fixture hangs above the receptionist's desk.

Roger's desk contains a computer terminal, a fax machine and a telephone.

You are standing outside the door to Mr. Dewey's private office.

This door leads to Ms. Suzi Cheatem's private office.

This is the door to Mr. Howe's private office.

There are three doors leading to the private offices of the firm's attorneys, as well as a door to the south leading outside.

You are in the offices of the distinguished island legal firm of Dewey, Cheatem, and Howe.

There is a male receptionist seated at the table.

"Oh, by the way: Nice outfit, Mr. Laffer! (Hee, hee.)"

Roger is the executive secretary in charge of faxing and reception here at the legal firm of Dewey, Cheatem & Howe.

The receptionist seems to be busy right now.

"Is there a lawyer available that could help me?" you ask the clerk.

"I'm sorry, sir, but Mr. Dewey is in conference, Ms. Cheatem is taking depositions, and Mr. Howe is in court. Could you please drop by again later?"

"Yes, we have someone available. What specifically do you want, sir? We have all sorts of attorneys here."

"Is that deed ready?" you ask the clerk.

"Ms. Cheatem has instructed me to prepare your land deed. I'll have it ready soon. Why don't you come back in a few minutes, Mr. Laffer."

"Hi, Roger," you greet the clerk.

"Hello again, Mr. Laffer. I bet I know why you're here!"

"I'm back, Roger," you greet the clerk.

"Nice to see you, Mr. Laffer. Did you bring \$500.00 with you?"

"Is Ms. Cheatem always like that?" you ask Roger.

"Yep! Isn't it nice to meet a woman that's really 'into' her work!"

"Thanks for all your help, Roger," you tell him.

"You're welcome, Mr. Swinging Single!"

"Roger, look here. I found a membership card to Fat City in my deed."

"Just keep it, Mr. Laffer. It's the least Ms. Cheatem can do for you!"

"Say, Roger. What do you know about that entertainer over at the casino lounge?" you ask him.

"From personal experience, I can verify she's pretty fast -- and I'm not talking about fingering her keyboard!"

"Yes, we have lawyers galore around here. Why do you ask?"

You have no money.

"That won't help, sir. There are simply no lawyers available at this time. Why don't you come back later?"

"That's not necessary, sir. Ms. Cheatem, one of our finest attorneys, is available right now, and remember: here at Dewey, Cheatem and Howe your first consultation is always free of charge."

"You've paid all you owe. No more money is necessary, Mr. Laffer."

Too bad, Larry. Ms. Cheatem instructed you to bring \$500.00 with you to pay for your next visit, remember? Check your pockets, but you don't have it.

(Yet.)

"Here's the five hundred dollars Ms. Cheatem requested," you tell the receptionist. "May I please meet with her to finalize my divorce now?"

"Why, certainly, Mr. Laffer," replies the receptionist, "walk right in. Ms. Cheatem will be happy to talk with you now."

"Excuse me," you say, interrupting the man working at the counter. %s

"I need a divorce. Is there anyone here that could help me?"

"Good day, sir. Welcome to the legal offices of Dewey, Cheatem and Howe. You've come to the right place, but unfortunately, all of our attorneys are busy right now. Could you please return later when one of them is free?"

"I'm in desperate need of a divorce. Is there anyone here that could help me?"

"Hello, Mr. Laffer. It's a pleasure to meet you. Certainly, we here at Dewey, Cheatem and Howe would be most proud to satisfy all your legal needs. Currently, Mr. Dewey is in court, and Mr. Howe is taking depositions down at the court hut, but you are in luck: Ms. Cheatem is available. Go right on in; her door is just behind me. I'll tell her you're on your way in."

"How can I get a divorce around here?" you ask the clerk.

"Ms. Cheatem has given me complete instructions for the preparation of your land deed, but she mentioned nothing about a divorce. Have you paid your fee yet, Mr. Laffer?"

"Roger, I'd like to get this divorce business all straightened out. When could I meet with Ms. Cheatem again?" you ask.

"You've already had your one (and only) free introductory consultation, Mr. Laffer. Suzi will be happy to meet with you again, but to complete your legal arrangements, you must pay me your \$500.00 fee."

"Now may I get my divorce papers?" you ask Roger.

"Geez, Larry. Give me a little time, will you? Your papers will be ready just as soon as I can prepare them."

"It's nice to see you again, Roger."

"So long, Larry!"

"Aren't those divorce papers ready yet?" you ask Roger.

"I'm glad you asked, Mr. Laffer! They're all set. Here you are. And, Ms. Cheatem told me to tell you it was a %s with you!"

"It is my understanding that island custom dictates automatic transference of ownership of any lands in a couple's possession to the husband upon a divorce. I'd like to begin such a proceeding. Is there anyone here that could help me?"

"Good day, sir. Certainly, you've made the right choice by coming to Dewey, Cheatem and Howe! Unfortunately, all of our attorneys are busy at this time. Could you please return in a few minutes?"

"I'd like to talk to one of your attorneys about a real estate ownership transfer. Is there anyone available to help me?"

"Good day, Mr. Laffer. Certainly Dewey, Cheatem and Howe is the right place for all your legal needs. At this time, Mr. Howe is taking depositions at the court hut and Mr. Dewey is tied up in court. However, Ms. Cheatem is readily available. Just walk through the door immediately behind me. I'll tell her you're here."

"Thanks a lot for that deed, Roger."

"You're welcome, Mr. Laffer. But I bet you didn't come here just to exchange pleasantries with the hired help! How may I help you this time?"

"Is that land deed ready yet?" you ask the clerk.

"Absolutely, Mr. Laffer. Here it is. But, you know that land is so isolated from the main tourist areas you'll never be able to sell it to a developer. It's nothing but worthless forest land! No one could build a tourist trap there!!"

"What are you waiting for? Go on in!"

"Don't you see I'm VERY busy!"

"Did I mention that I've been seeing quite a bit of Passionate Patti?"

He ignores you and returns to work.

"Can't you see I'm busy!"

### **Ms Cheatem's Office**

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Laffer," says Ms. Cheatem, "according to an ancient island custom, any land owned by either or both spouses upon dissolution of the marriage becomes the exclusive property of the male member of the household."

"Since Kalalau was the daughter of the tribal chief, and her dowry contained sizable quantities of real estate, this means you are now the owner of a considerable chunk of real estate. I'll make the necessary arrangements and have Roger, my secretary, draw up the papers for you."

"Stop by the next time you're in the neighborhood; they shouldn't take long to prepare."

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Laffer," says Ms. Cheatem, "the grapevine has it that you are interested in leaving your wife. Since you did pay Roger your \$500.00, I'll be happy to draw up your divorce for you."

"Stop by the next time you're in the neighborhood; it shouldn't take long to prepare."

Walk over until you're near the front of the sofa.

How can you do that?

"Please, have a seat on the sofa, Mr. Laffer," says Ms. Cheatem.

Ms. Cheatem appears to be busy right now.

"Hello, Ms. Cheatem," you tell the lawyer. %s

"Good day, Mr. Laffer. How may I help you?"

"Nice day, isn't it, Ms. Cheatem?" you ask.

"What? You want me to make small talk at \$500.00 an hour?"

"Please have a seat, Mr. Laffer!" says Ms. Cheatem.

She seems to be busy right now.

"Ms. Cheatem, allow me to come right to the point. My wife, Kalalau, was a wonderful woman and brought to our marriage a considerable dowry, consisting of a few no-load mutual funds and some extensive real estate holdings."

"I was wondering if there was any easy way for me to get my hands on that land. I've heard of some ancient island tradition concerning men and real property..."

"Say no more, Mr. Laffer. I know exactly what you mean. According to ancient island custom, any land owned by either or both spouses upon dissolution of the marriage becomes the exclusive property of the male member of the household. Congratulations, Mr. Laffer. You are now the owner of a considerable chunk of Nontoonyt real estate. I'll make the necessary arrangements and have Roger, my secretary, boilerplate the papers for you."

"Thank you very much for stopping by, Mr. Laffer. Your free consultation has officially ended."

"Please have a seat, Mr. Laffer!"

"How exactly do I go about getting a divorce, Ms. Cheatem?"

"It's simple, Mr. Laffer. As long as you don't expect to take your case through the local court system (which is owned lock, stock and barrel by Kalalau's father) you can just let me take care of everything. My standard divorce runs \$500.00, and of course, I expect to be paid in cash."

"Isn't it time we finalized my divorce, Ms. Cheatem?"

"Absolutely, Larry. Since you paid your \$500.00 to Roger, I'll get started on it right away. The next time you're in the neighborhood, stop by his desk. It's a fairly straightforward agreement; it

shouldn't take long to prepare."

"I was too stupid to listen the first time you told me about the divorce. Would you explain it all again, Ms. Cheatem?"

"Absolutely not, Larry. What do you expect for only \$500.00?"

"Thank you very much for stopping by, Mr. Laffer. Your free consultation is now over."

It's for internal use only.

(Corporate internals, that is!)

There is a telephone on the desk, but don't get any cute ideas about using it!

Why look! You can see right through her desktop as if it were glass!

It looks comfortable.

The picture is beautiful, but you're more interested in other vistas hereabouts.

The doors are open and Ms. Cheatem expects them to stay that way!

Ms. Cheatem's glass-topped desk sits before her mini-blinded window overlooking the lovely toxic-waste and hyphen-removal plant.

Her shelves are filled with leather-bound legal tomes and collections of "TV Guide."

Ms. Cheatem must feel whatever it is she's writing is more important than talking to you.

Ms. Cheatem is busy right now, talking to a bigger name on line 3.

How rude! She got up and walked away from her desk right in the middle of your stimulating conversation.

Ms. Cheatem must have had an important incoming fax, since she had to interrupt your meeting to pick it up from the fax machine.

Ms. Cheatem has a nice office with a large picture window, much nicer than that cheap cubicle Chairman Kenneth gave you at Natives, Inc!

"Good day, Mr. Laffer," says the attorney from her desk with a smile, "I'm Suzi Cheatem. How may I help you?"

"Please, make yourself at home. Have a seat on my couch."

"Well, I've certainly enjoyed our little visit together. When you're ready to do business, please come back and see me again."

"It was so nice of you to stop by again, Mr. Laffer. Please come see us again, whenever you have legal needs to be fulfilled!"

"Oh, by the way, Mr. Laffer, did my secretary explain to you my policy concerning new clients?"

This first consultation is always free, but then you'll owe me for any work I do. I'm sure you understand."

"I'm back, Ms. Cheatem," you say. "And I'd like my divorce papers."

Suzi's eyes widen as she spies your new outfit, "Ohhhhhhh, Larry! I had no idea you enjoyed cross-dressing too!"

(What does she mean, "too?")

"You know, nothing turns me on like wearing mens' underwear!" she cries.

You are stunned. You had no idea. Dazed, you head for the sofa.

"Yes, yes," Suzi says, "do sit down, Mr. Laffer. Make yourself comfortable, Larry. You wouldn't mind if I called you Larry, would you?"

"No, Larry is fine, I suppose."

"Allow me to assure our confidentiality, Larry," says Ms. Cheatem. "I hate for anyone to violate the privacy of my `attorney-client' relationships!"

"Would you mind if I slip out of this hat?" you ask her.

"Feel free to slip out of whatever you wish," Suzi replies.

You carefully remove the gigantic feathered hat from your head and place it at your feet. You may have come here expecting a divorce, but it looks like you're going to get more than `legalese'!

"And now, it's time for me to get comfortable too," says Suzi.

"So," says Suzi, "how do you like women in men's undergarments?"

You reply, "Actually, I think I'd love you in mine!"

"Enough of this legalistic foreplay, Larry," she says. "What do you say we spend the rest of the afternoon going through your briefs!"

"Hey, Suzi!" you cry. "What's that?"

"Excuse me for a just a moment please; I seem to have a telephone call. May I put you on hold?"

"Oh, no," says Suzi. "I suppose I could have Roger hold my calls."

(It would be nice if someone got to hold something around here!)

"Not again!" cries Suzi. "I'm just SO busy!"

"%s" you cry. "If you're this busy, why don't I come again later!"

(And you do mean that figuratively!)

"Now, dear," Suzi says to you, "where were we?"

You think to yourself, "I've had lawyers do this to me before, but this is the first time..."

"Oh, no!" says Suzi. "I'd better write myself a note before that conversation slips my mind."

(It would be nice if something started slipping around here!)

You've had just about all of this you can take!

"There. All done."

"Oh, wait!" she says, "I'd better fax Roger a memo about that last conversation!"

Suzi covers the phone with her hand and whispers to you, "Sure, ok, good idea. Call me any time.

As soon as I prepare your divorce papers, you may pick them up from Roger, my secretary. We must get together again soon. From what I've seen of you, I'd love to try to squeeze you into my...

"...agenda!"

Wriggling your way out of her grasp, you grab your tall feathered hat from the floor and slip out her office door. The problem is: Suzi's docket is just too full!

(Poor Larry. You've just experienced the agony of "clientus interruptus!")

Now you can see why Suzi Cheatem is known as the "Queen of Torts!"

### **Chip & Dale**

You'd love to, wouldn't you?

You applaud uproariously.

An excellent idea! But what would you do with them?

That's a good idea! But to whom?

No, they wouldn't want your panties.

A good idea! But Dale is not dancing at the moment.

Where?

Wow! He looks exactly like a young Tom Jones! The women here are going wild!

(The men look terminally bored.)

He's gone, Patti.

Sit down beside him first.

He's really a hot dancer, Patti! Back in your B.L. period (Before Larry), you would have been instantly intensely interested in a man like him. Even now, something tells you to attract his attention.

He can't hear you for the roar of the crowd.

He's backstage now... resting up.

"Oh, Dale," you coo, "would you like to join me?"

You've got him sitting here with you; why don't you try looking into his eyes?

He's gone for good, Patti; you've missed him!

The people at the tables are uninterested in conversing with you Patti. They're here to see the show.  
Ok.

Just leave them there. You have no interest in cross-dressing.

You didn't come in here to drink, Patti!

You're too sophisticated to lower yourself like that!  
This chair not only faces the wrong way, but has a "Reserved" sign on it. However, the chair beside it is unoccupied.  
It would be rude for you to ignore your guest, Patti!  
That's not what you should throw in this place.  
You wouldn't want to!  
Perhaps Dale finds you interesting. Maybe his clothes are a clue...  
That's why people come here -- to look at the stage!  
There are only two chairs available here.  
You're sitting in one of them.  
Dale is sitting beside you!  
(And you're looking at his chair?)  
The spotlight is aimed directly at the stage.  
Through that curtain walks someone who may be helpful to your quest, Patti!  
It successfully prevents you from looking backstage.  
Unlike you, the other people here are happy and enjoying themselves; not worried about finding their lover like you.  
What a nasty establishment this is!  
(You love it!)  
You slip off your "Saturday Night Specials" and readjust your pantyhose -- all in one smooth movement!  
"Hey, Dale," you cry, "these are for you!"  
You shriek, "Take me, big boy. I'm yours!"  
"Hello, handsome," you tell the male stripper. "My name is Patti, but you may call me Passionate!"  
"Thanks, Patti," he responds, "and you may call me Dale."  
"Ladies and ladies," says the voiceover announcer, "Chip 'n' Dale's is proud to present, in person, tonight only, for one show only, the first, the original, the greatest, (the owner) ...DALE!!!"  
(a smattering of applause)  
"Ok, ladies! Let's really hear for him."  
"Isn't he wonderful?!"  
Patti, look! It's him!! Dale!!! He's here, walking through the audience!  
"Hey, that was you that threw that lovely little pair of panties at me, wasn't it?" asks Dale. "You look lonely. Would you like a little company?"  
"Say beautiful, aren't you that fabulous babe who's entertaining over at the casino?" Dale asks you.  
"It's a privilege for me even to sit with you!"  
"Well, babe, it's been my pleasure," says Dale, standing to leave.

### **Dale close-up**

"No way, Patti! I know your reputation. As soon as you show me a clean bill of health I'll consider your offer!"  
Who cares about Bill's health?  
"Hey, Dale. Word has it you're the warden of a considerable penal colony! How about a tour?"  
"Oh my Gawd!!!"  
"Dale, I simply have to find Larry; Larry Laffer. Is there anyway you could help me?"  
"Patti, I'm no pathfinder, but I know this: the answer doesn't lie with anyone here in this village!"  
"I've heard about that bamboo forest being like a maze. I do know this, when all else fails: read the manual!"  
"I've been meaning to do something about the poor service here!"  
"Honey, that little pair of panties you gave me is all I need from you!"  
"Honey, I'd like to help you in your quest, but I just can't."  
"I notice you don't wear hosiery, Patti. Your bare legs look wonderful!"  
"I see you don't believe in wearing needless undergarments, Patti. I could tell from the moment I

saw you sitting out there in the audience you were a girl after my own heart."

"I know my motto: don't get caught without a drink in your hand!"

"So, Dale, is there any way through that treacherous bamboo forest that lies to the north of the village?"

"Patti, all I can say is: when all else fails, read your manual!"

You attempt to make a lame joke.

(You succeed.)

"Hey, Patti! This is what I think of that joke!"

"Baby, I think I loves ya!"

"I'm sure you would!"

That's ONE thing you're hoping for!

All the sexiest men have beards.

(See box cover.)

Tight butts drive you nuts!

His hands are large and powerful but it's not his hands you're interested in!

He looks even sexier dressed!

He has the body of a dancer!

Is your latent foot fetish cropping up again, Patti?

You feel balding men are more attractive!

Dale's ears are not what attracted you to him.

He has a nice rhythm to his breathing.

Doesn't he have the cutest smile!

You stare deeply into his eyes. You see no signs of life.

"What do you think of this, Dale?"

"Oooh! So it's true! You are `The Passionate One!'"

Just think of the tales that tongue could tell...

"Oh, Patti!" smiles Dale. "Keep looking at me like that!"

Dale is wearing an excellent knockoff of an expensive, imported gold watch.

His delicate ears have heard a cacophony of shrieking women.

"My, what a manly chest he has!" you think to yourself.

"Oh, Patti!" smiles Dale. "Please keep looking at me there!"

Before you sits Dale the Male Stripper and co-owner of "Chip 'n' Dale's." You hope he may be able to help you find Larry.

"Hello," he says with a smile.

"Dale, if I had met you a few days ago, I would have asked you out on a date. But now, I'm only interested in Larry; Larry Laffer."

"I hope you find him, Patti."

"It's been a pleasure talking with you, Dale"

"Hope you get your man, Patti!"

## **Comedy Hut**

"Hey, you!" shouts the comic. "Come back when you get a sense of humor!"

"Hey, Paul," you shout, "that joke's so old it's got gray hair!"

"Oh, yeah," retorts the comic, "%s"

(Some guys just don't have a way with hecklers!)

Wait until the comic is onstage.

"Hey, Paul," you shout, "that last joke was mildly amusing!"

Ok. Next joke will be #%d.

"Hey, buddy," you shout, "that material came over on the `Bounty!'"

Paul's not here. He's successfully escaped again!

"Hey, Bob! Don't give up your day gig!"

From the looks of your input, you're no comedian!

Where?

These people are here to hear the comedian, not you. Find a seat, %s, and enjoy yourself.

You quietly cop some poor slob's bottle of `fine' wine.

Move in front of the chair that's at the center table.

"The world-famous "Comedy Hut" has one empty table and chair, and it's right in the center of the room!"

The stage here is not too big, but it's dark!

One represents "Comedy," the second "Tragedy," and the third "Caffeine," but you can never remember which is which!

The sign is the most impressive aspect of this place!

There's always got to be someone!

The spotlight spotlights the stage.

It's impossible to get a drink around here!

The door to the outside is to the south.

Look! It's Paul Paul!

He's backstage, trying to rid himself of the odor of flop sweat!

There are several women sitting here in the "Comedy Hut," but none that are interested in talking to you.

Sitting at this table are Bill Skirvin and Al Lowe, deep in an esoteric discussion about 3-D animated graphic adventure game design.

There are several men sitting here in the "Comedy Hut," but none that are interested in talking to you.

A bottle of wine rests on the center table, breathing until its owner returns.

He is not here.

(He has "poofed!")

Al Lowe is trying (unsuccessfully) to make some point with Bill Skirvin.

Hey! Is that Al Lowe over there?

William Skirvin is trying to explain the subtleties of computer graphics with Al Lowe.

Hey! Is that Bill Skirvin over there?

The world-famous "Comedy Hut" is filled with tables, many of which have people sitting at them enjoying themselves. Why don't you sit at that empty table in the center of the room.

He always plays the same fill.

He looks terminally bored.

The world-famous "Comedy Hut" is filled with people having a mildly uproarious time.

"Hey, you!" shouts the comic. "Don't you like my material?"

"Hey! I've got an idea. How about if you and I sit in a comedy club and we make Larry walk up to us and say something like, `%s'"

"`%s', eh?" says Bill, "Are you crazy? No way. That's so lame! Larry would never say that!"

"Yeah, I suppose you're right," says Al. "This is not a good idea. Let's get out of here! `%s' Really!!"

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, the world-famous `Comedy Hut' is proud to present, a legend in his own mind, Paul Paul!"

From the darkness, someone in the audience yells at you, "Hey you! Yeah, you standing up! Sit down, willya?"

"Good evening, ladies and germs," says Paul, always the snappy starter.

The comic looks straight at you. "Sit down, dork!"

"Ok, folks, we're gonna try something different tonight. Tell me the name of your three favorite ethnic groups. It doesn't matter to me which you choose; I've got enough jokes to insult anyone!"

"Thank you."



"%s"

All done.

error

"And now," says the comic, "because you've been so patient, I'd like to do my famous impersonation of a duck!"

"And it goes something like this..."

"Ladies and gentlemen, Paul Paul!"

Look! He's getting a sitting ovation!

### **Paul Paul's jokes**

A /1 man walked into a bar with a pig under his arm. The bartender said, 'Did you win him in a raffle?'

And the pig replied, 'Yep.'

These three guys were stranded together on a desert island. The /1 guy finds Aladdin's lamp buried in the sand. He says 'I wish I were home' and poof -- he vanishes into midair.

Well, the /2 man grabs the lamp and says 'I wish I were home, too.' Poof, he too vanishes, leaving the /3 man holding the lamp.

The /3 guy says, 'Gee, now it's lonely here. I wish they hadn't left me...'

Did you hear about the unlucky /1 guy? He filed for divorce because he lived in a two-story house.

One story was 'I'm not in the mood' and the other was 'I've got a headache!'

A /2 man was talking with a /3 man, 'I'm so unlucky!'

The /3 man asks, 'Really? Why do you say that?'

'Why, just last night that beautiful hunchback girl stood me up. And after I bought her flowers, dug the hole, and everything!'

Did I tell you the one about the /3 guy who was messing around with his sister-in-law?

He really had it in for his brother!

Do you know how to recognize the bride at a /2 wedding?

She's the one with the braided armpit hair!

Do you know why the /1 guys have been stealing all those police cars lately?

They saw the '911' and thought they were Porsches!

Do you know who won the /2 beauty pageant?

No one!

A /3 woman on her way home from market was carrying a duck when a drunk staggered up to her and said, 'Hey, where'd ja get the pig?'

The /3 woman replied, 'You drunken fool, that's no pig -- it's a duck!'

And the drunk said, 'Quiet, /3, I was talking to the duck!'

Do you know how they take a census in a /2 neighborhood?

Easy. Flood the basements!

Do you know the most dangerous job in a /1 neighborhood?

Riding shotgun on the garbage truck!

Do you know how to tell the groom at a /2 wedding?

He's the one with the clean bowling shirt!

Once the /1 football team played the /2 football team. At the end of three quarters the score was tied: nothing to nothing. Just then a train went by. The /1 team heard the whistle, thought the game was over, and went home.

Six plays later, the /2 team scored.

Do you know where a /2 family hides its money?

Under the soap!

Do you know why /3 stadiums all have artificial grass?

To keep the cheerleaders from grazing during halftime!

I just learned the difference between oral sex and sushi!

It's the rice!

What is two hours of begging?

/1 foreplay!

A 70-year-old man was in his doctor's office, sobbing uncontrollably. 'Doc, you've got to help me! I just recently married a 21-year old, gorgeous girl, built like a brick shipyard, and all she wants to do all day long is have sex with me!'

The doctor replies, 'Some problem! So why do you need my help?'

'I can't remember where I live!'

Have you tried that new Jewish-Japanese restaurant yet?

It's called 'Sosumi.'

A young lumberjack had a terrible accident with his chain saw and went to the doctor's office for stitches. As the doctor began to apply an anesthetic the lumberjack just laughed, 'Doc, I won't be needin' any pain-killer for a little ol' wound like this.'

The doctor replied, 'Son, this is going to hurt a lot. Are you sure?'

'Of course, I'm sure,' said the lumberjack. 'Why, in my entire life I've only felt pain twice: once when I squatted down to relieve myself in the woods and got my testicles caught in a bear trap!'

The doctor cried, 'My gawd, that's terrible! But when was the second time?'

'When I reached the end of that chain!!'

An elderly couple were just finishing their annual physical exam. Their doctor proclaimed them in perfect health. The wife said, 'But, Doctor, what can we do? I'm afraid we're going to catch this AIDS virus!'

The doctor responded, 'Don't worry; there's no way you could be in a high-risk group.'

'But, Doctor,' she replied, "remember: we DO have annual sex!!"

My wife is so ugly...

...a peeping tom threw up on our window ledge!

My wife bought us a new waterbed.

I call it 'The Dead Sea!'

Once when I was a teenager I stopped at the drugstore to purchase some of those 'necessary supplies.' I told the pharmacist, 'Better give me a dozen, I've got a hot date tonight with the school tramp!'

When I got to her house, her mother insisted I join them for dinner. I offered to say grace, and I prayed and prayed and prayed. When I finished, my date leaned over to me and said, 'Why, Paul! I had no idea you were so religious!'

I replied, 'And I had no idea your father was a pharmacist!'

A man complained to his doctor, 'Doc, my wife has lost her interest in sex!' The doctor replied, 'Say no more, old friend, I've got just what you need. Just slip her one of these little pills and stand back!'

That night, as the man dropped a couple of pills into his wife's glass of wine he thought, 'If these pills are so great, maybe I should take a couple myself!'

Nothing happened. The evening passed uneventfully and they both went off to bed. Then, about one o'clock, his wife suddenly sat up in bed and announced, 'I want a man!'

And the man woke up and said,

'Me, too!'

A /2 man called his wife and said, 'Honey, I'm at the doctor's office; he just finished my exam and says I've only got 12 hours to live!'

His wife replies, 'Oh, sweetheart, that's terrible news! What will we do?'

The /2 man said, 'I thought tonight we should have one great, last fling: fancy dinner, a show, dancing, everything. Then we'll check into a hotel and make love all night!'

And the wife replied, 'Easy for you to say; you don't have to get up in the morning!'

Do you know how to recognize a /3 virgin?

She's the one that can run faster than her brothers!

Once I had a great thing going with this Eskimo girl...

...unfortunately, she broke it off!  
Did you hear about the /2 man who was so lazy...  
...he married a pregnant woman!  
A /3 man was so stupid...  
...he studied all weekend for his urine test!  
Do you know how to break a /1 man's finger?  
Punch him in the nose!  
How do you sink a /2 battleship?  
Put it in water!  
Do you know how to get 25 /3 guys in a phone booth?  
Throw in a dollar!  
Did you hear about the /1 guy who won a gold medal in the last Olympics?  
He had it bronzed!  
How can you tell the /2 pirate?  
He wears an eye patch on both eyes!  
Six months ago, my wife had her credit card stolen. Tonight I learned this /3 guy took it. But I'm not going to turn him in.  
He spends a lot less per month than she did!  
Yesterday I went to the meat department in that new cannibal supermarket down in the beautiful downtown Nontoonyt Mall. They were running a special on human brains!  
/1 brains were \$4.99 per pound; /2 brains were \$6.99 per pound; and /3 brains were \$39.00 per pound.  
I asked the butcher, 'If /1 brains are \$4.99 a pound and /2 brains are \$6.99 per pound, how could /3 brains be \$39.00?'  
He replied, 'Do you know how many /3 guys you've got to go through to get a pound of brains?!'  
How do you tell the difference between a dead dog and a dead /1 lying in the middle of a highway?  
There's skid marks in front of the dog!  
Why did the /1 pervert cross the road?  
Because he was stuck to the back of the chicken!  
What's the difference between two terrorists and two /1 women with PMS?  
You could negotiate with the terrorists!  
Why did the chicken cross the basketball court?  
He heard the referee was blowing fouls.  
Do you know the worst thing about being an atheist?  
You have no one to talk to when you're having an orgasm!  
Do you know the best thing about sleeping alone?  
You can have sex anytime you want it!

### **Native.Inc reception**

"May I please sit down in one of these chairs?" you ask Dave, the guard.  
"I'm sorry," says Dave. "These chairs are for visitors only, not for former employees!  
The door to the outside is never locked.  
The door to Kenneth's office is ALWAYS locked!  
"Say, Davie, may I have a drink of this water?"  
Dave responds, "That water is for our beloved employees and not for incompetent former goldbricks!"  
"Get your hands off that!" cries the guard.  
"Don't try to bribe me, Laffer!" replies Dave.  
"Hi, ya, Dave. How's it going!" you attempt to be cheerful. "May I go inside?"

"Absolutely not," replies Dave. "I'd like to keep MY job here, Larry, not like SOME people I know!"

"Say, Dave," you smile, "have you heard that new piano player over at the casino?"

"Nope," he replies, "but I've heard OF her!"

"Hey, Dave," you say offhandedly, "ya gettin' any lately?"

"Well, I made it with that new entertainer over at the casino lounge," he grins, "but, that's no challenge. I hear every man on the island beat me to her!"

You wouldn't work for this firm again, even if they WOULD hire you!

You wouldn't work for him again!

(At his request!)

This was the only tiger remaining on this island.

(Chairman Kenneth thought it would make a perfect throw rug!)

Nothing here is of importance to you now, %s.

The view out the window looks much like the view immediately outside.

Someone has reset your pins!

Wow! Other offices just have water coolers. "Natives, Inc." has a bubbler of Perrier built into the floor!

The table has four legs and rests on the floor.

He's been behind that desk ever since you started working here.

The door to the outside is to the right. You remember vividly your last trip through the door to the left!

The reception area of "Natives, Inc#" contains a few chairs, a tigerskin rug, and a guard behind a large desk.

"Good morning, David," you tell the guard. "Another day, another dollar, eh?"

"Perhaps so, Larry," Dave replies, "but then again, perhaps not. Chairman Kenneth wants you to report to his office immediately."

"Ok, David," you respond.

But to yourself you think, "Don't worry, it's probably nothing. I bet he wants to compliment me on my last big ad campaign."

"%s" yells Chairman Kenneth, "another 7-10 split!"

"Davie boy," barks Kenneth, "load up my ramdisk; I'm gonna take the laptop out for a spin today!"

Well, well, Larry. It seems your ad campaign wasn't the only thing Chairman Kenneth didn't appreciate!

Oh, well; you lived off your wits once, you can do it again...

You shake the haze from your brain, slowly rise to your feet and stumble groggily outside...

### **Chairman Kenneth's office**

"Good morning, Mr. Laffer," Chairman Kenneth growls, "it's so nice of you to fit a little time into your busy day to drop by and see us here at 'Natives, Inc.' Please, have a seat..."

"...anywhere but on my couch!" he concludes.

Oops!

"Perhaps you're wondering why I summoned you here, Laffer?" begins Ken. "It has nothing to do with that recent ad campaign of yours, although by its appearance you didn't have a hell of a lot to do with it yourself!"

(Oops. This isn't going that well, is it, Larry?)

"Since you are no longer married to my daughter and your marketing skills are non-existent, I can't for the life of me think of a reason why I should keep you on here!"

"In fact, I've been waiting for this moment for quite a long time. I know the perfect way to handle this situation..."

(How you hate it when he gets that look in his eye...)

"Perhaps I could introduce you to a favorite hobby of mine..."

## **Fat City lobby**

The doors here are all controlled by a keycard given to members only. Since you're not a member, you can't get in.

"Hey!" shouts the man behind the counter, "You can't go in there! The tanning booth is out of order."

"We'll get it fixed Real Soon Now."

Fat City's facilities are available to members only.

There are many items behind the counter that are totally uninteresting to you!

You don't have time for a drink now!

You'd rather order a "Leisure Suit Larry 3" T-shirt from Sierra. Just call 1 (800) 326-6654 (or 1 (209) 683-4468) to buy yours today!!

There is no soap available here. You must bring your own!

A small sign on the door says, "Locker Room."

A small sign on the door says, "Aerobics Studio."

A small sign on the door says, "Tanning Booth."

There are four doors here, one on each wall.

The bulletin board is filled with advertisements for products you find totally uninspiring.

Behind the counter you see a man.

You don't see anyone.

There's a handsome young man behind the counter.

Looking behind the counter you see...

...nothing.

You see a counter.

Robin stands behind the counter, totally bored, patiently counting the minutes until his shift ends.

You wouldn't think they'd need those lights turned on with a skylight that large!

There is a bulletin board here filled with totally boring announcements.

blah, blah, blah

You are inside the lobby of "Fat City," the island's newest and brightest health spa.

You insert Suzi's keycard into the slot. The door opens automatically.

"Oh, Larry, I'm so excited about this..."

"...new video idea of yours!"

"Come on, Larry," says Bambi, "Let's do a little `blocking!'"

Where?

"What's the story on these locked doors, buddy?" you ask the clerk

"How can I get a membership in this place?" you ask.

"Is this where I buy a copy of Bambi's video?" you ask the clerk.

"Hey, Robin! Where's my locker?"

"Hey, Robin! What's the combination to my locker?"

"Here's my membership card," you tell the attendant. "May I please have all the rights and privileges pertaining thereto?"

He seems pleasant enough, but none too bright.

"Hello," says Robin "New in town?"

"You certainly have an interesting way with clothes," insults the man behind the counter.

Robin looks bored. "Do you have nothing better to do than stand here talking to me?"

"Have you heard the news?" says the receptionist. "Passionate Patti is coming to the casino lounge."

"By the way," says Robin. "Have you had Passionate Patti too?"

"I'm sorry, but I haven't seen Larry Laffer."

Robin looks at you and says, "Excuse me. I didn't recognize you, Ms. Cheatem! Just insert your card in the slot beside the door you wish to enter. And, `Have a Nice Day,' ok?"

"The doors are locked and only open by keycards given to each of our members," says the attendant behind the counter.

"Excuse me, sir," you say, "may I ask you a question?"

"Certainly," Robin replies. "What is it?"

"Our membership roster is full right now, but we'll be starting a big campaign next fall," Robin replies. "I'll call you, ok?"

"Thank you anyway, but I'm just here for atmosphere!"

"Not yet," replies Robin. "She's having a hell of a time getting it made."

Robin replies, "I'm sorry, but due to security reasons, I'm not allowed to give combinations. You should have made a note of it when you received your membership card."

"People expect me to do everything around here!" Robin whines. "How do you expect me to remember if you can't?"

"How may I help you?" asks the clerk.

### **Tanning machine**

"Here's a nice quiet spot where I'm sure we won't be disturbed. This old tanning machine has been broken since the late eighties."

"So?" she asks, "why don't you step over here to my casting couch and I'll audition you for a role in my new video!"

(Perhaps a "roll" would be more like it!)

"Bambi, I may not be able to keep up with you aerobically, but remember: practice makes perfect!"

"You know, Larry: no pain, no gain!"

Your energetic pre-aerobic warmup loosens the stuck lid of the defective tanning machine...

"Wow, Larry! You're the first man who's ever made me see lights!!!"

The brilliant glow of 1500 watts of ultraviolet-B heats your back as quickly as it cramps your style.

"Hey, Bambi," you cry, struggling to raise the lid, "how do you get this thing up?"

"That's YOUR problem, Larry. I'd just like to raise the lid of this tanning booth!"

"Larry, help! It's stuck!!!"

"No, it's not; I'm just having trouble moving with this lid on my back!"

Bambi slips out of the tanning machine, out the door, and out of your life, leaving you to ponder yet another of life's great mysteries...

...why is it so damned hard to get an even tan in a machine!

### **Locker bay**

You hang your towel just outside the shower room where you'll be able to reach it easily upon exit.

You can't walk into a shower wearing your leisure suit!

The sweatsuit would weigh a ton if you wore it into the shower!

You're far too modest to work out on those weight machines in the nude. In fact, you can hear women snickering because you're standing here in front of the open doorway!

In order to work out on the weight machines, you must change into a sweatsuit!

(And from the looks of that stomach you could certainly stand to spend a few hours in there!)

That's a nice towel, but it's not suitable garb for a man using exercise machines!

While it appears you enjoy gallivanting around in the nude here in the locker room, Fat City's strictly prohibits naked people in the lobby!

You can't go into the lobby wearing sweats!

Hey! Take off that towel, and put on your leisure suit if you want to visit the lobby!

You clear the mechanism by quickly spinning the lock several turns to the right. Which three numbers do you wish to try?

You carefully turn the dial to the right until you reach the number %d, then left all the way around past %d until you reach %d, then right again stopping on %d. You lift the handle of the locker.

Darn. Nothing happens. This must not be the correct locker.

Here you are at locker #69 and you don't know the combination!

You did it!  
The locker opens.  
Do you want to dial the combination of a locker?  
You have all the photos of Tom Selleck that you need.  
(Zero.)  
You're as naked as you're going to get!  
Not here. Find your locker.  
Your locker is still closed.  
You remove everything you are wearing and toss it in the locker. Congratulations! You're quickly turning this family-oriented entertainment software into an X-rated game! Next thing you know, you'll probably begin to enjoy walking around like this. THEN where will we be?!

You're already wearing your leisure suit.  
You can't change into your leisure suit with water all over your body!  
You can't reach your clothes from here!  
Your locker is empty! You didn't leave it open when you left before, did you?  
You return to your leisure suit, once again ready to face the world of women.  
You're already wearing the towel.  
You would, but you really don't want to!  
You carefully tie the beach towel around your waist, leaving your leisure suit in the locker with the sweatsuit.  
You're already wearing the sweatsuit.  
You can't change into the sweatsuit with water all over your body!  
Gosh! Don't you look sweet in a pair of (newly-larger) women's sweats!  
You're freezing; not even close.  
You're cold.  
You're warm.  
You're getting warmer.  
You're hot; very hot! You're burning up!!  
HEY! This is it! You've found good ol' number 69!  
It must be in here somewhere.  
You feel fortunate when you can successfully pick your nose!  
It feels rusty.  
It's difficult to see through those narrow slots.  
It's difficult to see through the narrow slots of your closed locker door.  
It's empty!  
Where's your stuff?  
You didn't leave the area without locking your locker, did you?  
There's a photo of a scantily-clad Tom Selleck, some spray deodorant, and a set of woman's sweats.  
There's a photo of a scantily-clad Tom Selleck, some spray deodorant, your leisure suit, and a set of woman's sweats.  
There's a photo of a scantily-clad Tom Selleck, some spray deodorant, and your leisure suit.  
You can't reach the deodorant from here.  
Psssssst.  
You spray on some deodorant, then return the can to the locker.  
(Does it really help to spray that stuff on your clothes?)  
You have no towel.  
Now?  
You're not wet.  
Didn't you leave your towel inside the locker?  
Good idea. You carefully dry every tiny pore to prevent chafing!  
You are all alone in the locker room, but you can hear severe grunting coming from the weight room.

Yes. That's the puzzle, isn't it?!

Looking around, you see some naked men.

You peer through the doorway and see lots of naked men!

You look through the doorway and see lots of men and women exercising on weight machines.

They are all wearing sweatsuits...

...sweaty sweatsuits!

The left door on the far wall leads to the showers.

The right door leads to the weight room.

In your opinion, he looks a lot like you.

Hey! There's locker #69 over there!!

The locker nearest you might be #%.d.

(Then again, it might not.)

It's over there in that skinny little corner of the lockers. You can just walk to it from here.

The lockers are made of steel, painted in a lovely cyan hue.

These sweats are so bulky, you can't tell what shape your body's in!

Perhaps you should use it!

You are in the "Fat City" spa's locker room. On the far wall are two doorways. There is another door that leads to the lobby. Identical lockers are everywhere. Which one should you use?

There you go again!

### **Shower**

You grab your towel from the hook by the door.

Ok. Your hair is clean.

(That was fast!)

The faucet is near the top of the screen.

You may want to turn on the shower first.

Shouldn't you be in the water?

You rinse your body in the sensually-warm running water.

You rub your hands all over yourself in an excellent imitation of a bar of soap. Too bad you don't have one.

(Bar of soap, that is!)

You were so wise to bring your "Soap-On-A-Rope" into the shower with you.

You carefully rub it over every part of your body.

...some parts longer than others!

Soon, it's all gone!

Well, look at that! Somebody used up all the soap and left none for you!

(Where could you find soap on this island?)

It's "on."

It's "off."

Look! The water is going down the drain in a %sclockwise direction!

It looks grate!

The shower room has a slippery tile floor.

### **Weight machines**

You are already exercising!

You've done enough leg curls!

You've bench pressed a ton already! Enough!

You've done enough pull ups for any man!

You've pulled that bar enough!

There are four separate workout stations on Fat City's exercise equipment: the Leg Curl bench, the



Bench Press weight-lifting bench, the Pullup station, and the Pull Bar.  
You must be near the station you wish to use.  
You've pulled that bar enough! How about something else?  
Move until you are near the bench on the left side of the exercise machine.  
You've done enough leg curls for any hunk! Why not try another station?  
Move until you are at the far side of the bench on the right side of the exercise machine.  
You've lifted enough iron for any man. Why not try another station?  
Move until you are on the near side of the bench at the right side of the exercise machine.  
You've worked out enough on this machine! Why not try another station?  
Move until you are at the front center of the exercise machine.  
Ok. Use one of the machines.  
There are four separate workout stations on Fat City's exercise equipment: the "Leg Curl" bench, the "Bench Press" weight-lifting dumbbell bench, the "Pullup" station, and the "Pull Bar."  
Congratulations! You've done %d leg curls.  
Congratulations! You've pumped over %d pounds.  
Congratulations! You've done %d pull ups.  
Congratulations! You've done %d bar pulls.  
Boy, oh boy! This exercise stuff really works! Why, you look and feel like a new man!  
Hey! What's happening!?  
Whoa!  
Well, well! Look at this. It's "The Incredible Dork!"  
There they are!  
    The "Pulsating Pectorals!!"  
You could learn to like this!  
Maybe you could enter one of those contests!  
Oops. Your new body has sprung a leak!  
Oh, well. Who would want to be that "pumped up" anyway? At least you're no longer overweight; why, just take a look at yourself. That gut of yours is gone and just look at those muscles! What a hunk!!  
Use the cursor keys until you work up a sweat.  
No pain, no gain!  
You can do it!  
Smile, this is supposed to be fun.  
Who booked this gig?

### **Excercise room with Bambi**

"Jeez, it's dark back here!" you cry, ramming your nose into the rear wall of the studio. "OW!"  
Stay on the floor.  
There is nothing in the studio that you need.  
Leave the equipment alone!  
Who would want a video of you?  
You've done enough exercising for one game!  
You need to, but this is not the place. Try the weight room, tubby!  
The room is filled with enough professional video equipment to produce a complete movie.  
The glare is frightening.  
You are in Fat City's Aerobics Studio, which is presently filled with audio/video equipment. %s  
"Tell me what you think of these moves, Larry," Bambi says.  
"It's needs to be a little hotter, Bambi," you say. "Come on, honey, really turn me on!"  
"How about this?"  
"You're getting there!"  
"Go, Bambi, GO!"  
"Here's a little move that could put us `over the top!'" Bambi yells.

"I can't stand this any longer, Larry! All these movements have turned ME on! Come on, Larry! Enough of this rehearsal. IT'S SHOW TIME!!"

A tall statuesque blond is working out on a stage surrounded by video equipment.

"Phew!" she cries, "we DO have showers here, you know! I suggest you try one before I pass out!"

"Phew! Have you ever tried using soap? It wouldn't kill you to practice a little self-hygiene."

"Phew!" squeaks Bambi. "What B.O. you have!"

What a body!

(You vow to get more exercise in the future!)

Perhaps you should look at her first.

"I'm back, Bambi!"

"Hello, beautiful," you say, %s

"Hi, Larry. How's it going?"

"Wow, Larry! How come I've never seen you before? A hunk like you would be hard to forget!"

"It's nice to meet you, Larry Laffer. From the looks of that stomach, you've come to the right place!"

### **Bambi close-up**

What did you want to give her?

It's not yours to give.

"Geez, Larry, I have one of those! I DO work here, you know!"

"What's that hole from, Larry?"

"Look, Bambi! I'm a single guy."

"So?"

"Hey! Put that thing away!! I have no use for that!"

"Those do grow here, don't they? But orchids won't help me with this video!"

"I'm perfectly capable of bringing my own towel to work, Larry!"

"Why, thank you, honey," says Bambi, "but I don't need `things,' I need help with this damn video project of mine!!"

You wonder if you are fit enough to handle this one.

"Larry! Shame on you! Your face is an open book!"

"Would you like some help with your video project, Bambi?"

"Not from you, Mr. Husky! What could a tub-o like you know about fitness?"

How would you help her?

Help her with what?

"How is your video doing?"

"Not well. With so many workout tapes in today's marketplace, I'm having trouble coming up with that certain little something that will make mine different, establishing my competitive edge!"

"Could I work out with you, Bambi?"

"Maybe after I finish this aerobics video project, Larry."

"What's the story on that locked door out in the lobby, Bambi?"

"Oh, that old thing? Why, that old tanning booth hasn't worked since the late eighties!"

"What's the story on that man at the front desk?"

"He's only there for appearances, Larry."

"Hey, Bambi! Take a look at this, baby!"

"War injury, Larry?"

You attempt to make a lame joke.

(You succeed.)

"Hey, Larry! This is what I think of that joke!"

"Bambi, would you like to see the town with me?"

"I've seen this town, Larry and it ain't that much!"

"Why all this video equipment for a simple aerobics room?"

"Oh, that's not for my classes. I'm working on a new videotape for worldwide distribution."

"Hello, beautiful," you say, %s

"My, my! Your body is certainly ready for one of my workouts!"  
"Phewww! You smell like you've been working out and didn't bother to shower. How crude!"  
"Phewww! You smell like you've been working out and showered without using soap. How crude!"  
"Phewww! You smell like you've been working out, showered but didn't use a deodorant. How crude!"  
"Why all the elaborate video equipment for a simple aerobics class?"  
"So? How's it going?"  
"Say, I used to be in marketing. Perhaps I could help you?"  
"Gosh, Larry! That would be wonderful. If you could, I'd be eternally grateful!"  
"Baby, I think I loves ya!"  
"I'm sure you would!"  
"Oh, Larry!" smiles Bambi. "Stop looking at me like that!"  
Her pearly white wrist passes through an expensive golden bracelet.  
You predict there is little or nothing between Bambi's ears.  
"Bambi, is there any way I could see what you've done so far?"  
"Not really, Larry. I haven't yet figured out the hook that will make my tape different from all the others on the market."  
"My, what a tasty little pair of hooters!" you think to yourself.  
"Oh, Larry!" smiles Bambi. "Stop looking at me there!"  
You feel certain you could learn to fawn over Bambi.  
"Hello," says Bambi with her doe-eyed smile.  
"Bambi! I've got it! I know just the angle that will sell that video of yours!"  
"Oh, really? What could that be, Larry?"  
"SEX!"  
"Of course! Why didn't I think of that? If sex sells toothpaste, it surely should sell aerobics!"  
"We'll be the first aerobics video to use sexual positions for our exercises. Can you do it, Bambi? Can you make it interesting?"  
"Interesting?! I should say! Watch this!!"  
"I can't wait to see you work out again, Bambi!"  
"Come back when you feel helpful, Larry!"

Fat City's floor is covered with dried sweat droplets.  
Fat City's ceiling is the same color as their old gym towels.  
The walls here are nearly vertical.  
Yes, Fat City does have doors, %s.

Nice pair of sconces, eh, %s.  
You are inside Nontoonyt Resort. To the north stretches the casino, to the east you see the hotel lobby, and to the south lies the exit to the outside.

From this angle you can see her entire naked body.  
The pillars reach from the floor to the ceiling.  
It's about three feet tall.  
The staircase here is perfectly suited to walking.  
The curtains prevent you from seeing behind them.  
A grand staircase rises from the resort's lobby.

### **Casino**

You have no desire to gamble.

(You got enough of that in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards!")  
You see many tourists donating their hard-earned money to "Natives, Inc." Being intimately familiar with the profit margins of gaming, you're glad it's them and not you!  
The railing prevents you from falling off the side of this balcony.  
The doorway leads out of this scene. Wherever could it go?  
.kcab gnikool flesruoy ees uoY  
If you would look in the mirror, you would see yourself.

### **Theatre entrance**

The posters on the wall are advertising the current showroom headliner, the lovely exotic dancer, Ms. Cherri Tart!  
It's in use, Larry!  
This telephone is only usable by those with correct change!  
There is none.  
You have no key to fit this door. Have you tried knocking?  
You would, but it's locked.  
Where did you leave your clothes?  
Why not just go on in? It appears to be open.  
You have no further business backstage!  
As you begin to knock, you hear something backstage.  
It looks black in there.  
A tiny sign on the door reads, "Stage Door -- Authorized Personnel Only"  
There IS a way.  
The rope is there to keep out all those without a ticket.  
The showroom's maitre d' waits for additional customers.  
The podium is made of rosewood and plastic laminates.  
Through the doorway lies the casino's showroom. You could see it better from the inside.  
There is a public telephone on the wall between the stage door and the showroom entrance.  
A gorgeous showgirl is talking on the -- wait a minute! It's Cherri, the tart, er, uh, dancer from the showroom!  
The outer lobby of the Casino's Showroom is basically empty, except for %s.  
"What a show, eh, buddy?" slurps the maitre d'. "And how about that Cherri Tart?"  
The maitre d' wisecracks, "You seem to have been a big hit with the audience! Five hundred one-dollar bills ain't bad... for your first night!"  
You think, "Just imagine: I got to have all that fun and make money, too!"  
(Why, that was even better than being a programmer for Sierra On-Line!)  
Daring to defy the "Authorized Personnel Only" sign on the stage door, you softly knock one, two, three times. You hope Cherri is true to her word!  
A small voice whispers through the door...  
"Larry?"  
"Is that you?"  
You think to yourself, "Thank heavens, it's Cherri!"  
You whisper through the door, "Yes, Cherri, it's me, Larry; Larry Laffer!"  
"Oh, Larry, I've been waiting for your return! Did you get the deed?"  
"Uh, no, ah, er," you stammer, "I don't have it."  
"Well, when you do find it, come back," says Cherri. "But don't take too long, ok? I've got another show to do tonight."  
"Ok, I'll try," you conclude.  
"I've got it right here, sweetheart," you respond, "and I think you know just how much I'd like to give it to you! This is your big chance! Now you can give up show business and move to your own

little place out in the country."

"Oh, Larry! 640 acres of virgin Nontoonyt rain forest, perfectly suited for slash burning and typical agricultural pillage. You've just made me the happiest woman on Earth! Come on backstage and allow me to properly express my appreciation."

"Heh, heh, heh," you chuckle. "It looks like I'm gonna get a little something for Kalalau's worthless farmland after all!"

He'll never hear you from here.

"So where can I get one of those free passes?" you ask the maitre d'.

"Did you look in the box that held your disks?"

"Do know where I could find Passionate Patti's piano bar?"

"Certainly. You took a wrong turn at the top of the staircase. Go right instead of left."

"What kind of place is this?" you ask the maitre d'. "How does a guy do any gambling around this casino?"

"If you knew how Natives, Inc. has set the odds here, you wouldn't ask!"

"You've done quite enough in that room, fella!"

"Just couldn't get enough that first time, eh?"

The maitre d' responds, "If you would like to see tonight's show you'll have to have a ticket. Of course, some of the local tourist magazines contain free passes. If you have no ticket, you might try one of those."

He'll never see it from here.

You're broke.

"Thanks anyway, fella!"

No one is near you.

"Hello, sir" you say to the maitre d'. %s

"Could you give me some information about the show inside?"

The maitre d' looks like he would be the life of the party...

(...if the party was an morticians' convention!)

Move closer to the maitre d'.

What did you want to give him?

It's not yours to give.

"Hey!" shouts the maitre d'. "Put that knife away before I call security!!!"

"Get those weeds out of here!" shouts the maitre d'.

"Isn't that precious?" he snarls. "A hunk of wood. Indeed!"

"No, I'm not going to be your date for the prom!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but we don't accept credit cards here. Especially not from deadbeats!"

The maitre d' replies, "And just exactly what am I supposed to do with that?"

You say, "Excuse me, sir, but I'd like to see tonight's show. I have my copy of `Nontoonyt Tonight' right here."

"Oh, really? Well, for tonight's show I am allowed to accept free passes only from our ad on page %d. What is the number of the pass on that page?"

You typed %d; I wanted %d from page %d.

"Let me look through this list of passes and numbers..."

"Well, well. Very good, sir," says the maitre d', his tone and mannerisms changing entirely. "But, I must have made a mistake. It appears there are no more seats available for this show! I'm so, so sorry. But, perhaps something will open up later."

"Say," he exclaims, "I remember you. Why look here; I must have overlooked this seat right here in the front of the house. Please, walk this way!"

"Yes? May I help you sir?"

"I don't want your stupid one-dollar bills!"

"Why thank you very much, sir! I'll try to keep your generosity in mind. Unfortunately, you must have a ticket or one of the casino's complimentary passes in order to gain admittance here. Do you have such a pass? If so, now is the time to show it to me."

"Why, thank you very much, sir, Well, well, look at this! I seem to have found a nice, front row seat available here. Allow me to show you to your seat!"

"I'm sorry, sir, but that's not the right number. Next time, obtain a proper pass in advance! Wait right there while I summon security and have you arrested for attempting to pass a counterfeit showroom pass."

"By the way, have you saved your game recently?"

Next time, better have a copy of "Nontoonyt Tonight" before playing this game.

Al says, "Read Your Manual!"

### **Cherri Tart**

Perhaps you should look at her first.

Where?

You're too late. She's leaving.

A beautiful woman is here, talking on the telephone. Perhaps you should walk over to her.

Perhaps you should establish eye contact first.

"Hello, beautiful. I loved your dancing," you say to the gorgeous woman in the dressing gown. %s

"Hello yourself, Larry," replies the bathrobed beauty, turning to face you. "I'm Cherri Tart."

"I've certainly enjoyed our little chat together, Larry, and I'll look forward to hearing from you again soon! Now, if you'll pardon me, I must head backstage. Our stage manager has such a short fuse for a guy with such a sour disposition!"

"When you get the deed to the land, just knock softly on that door over there. I'll be waiting near the door. Till then."

"Oh, Larry," Cherri cries, "I can just picture my little country place now!"

You think to yourself, "I bet I'd love the taste of a piece of this "Cherry Tart!"

"Why, Larry! Shame on you! I can tell just what you're thinking!"

"You know, I think I have some land coming to me from a recent, (cough, cough) uh, legal development. I really have no use for it. Would you like a few acres?"

"Do I? Why, Larry, I'd do ANYTHING for a little piece of land. But I must run; I still must get ready for the next show."

"What if we split this scene and go back to my place, Cherri?"

"From what I've heard, Larry, you no longer have a place!"

"So, Cherri; tell me what you want to do with your life."

"I'd love to quit show business, get a little farm some place far out in the country where I could be alone, and raise organically-grown vegetables, fruits and herbs."

"Well, Cherri, I'm just the opposite. I have hundreds of acres of land coming into my possession soon but I'd love to be in show business."

"Oh, Larry! You're so lucky! How I wish I had some land."

"Hey, Cherri! Take a look at this, baby!"

"Gee, that's too bad, Larry."

"Baby, I think I loves ya!"

"I'm sure you would!"

"Oh, yes, Larry. That's my goal, you know: to quit show biz and move to the country to pursue my dream: slash and burn, pillage and rape agriculture!"

"I certainly enjoyed your dancing, Cherri! I'm somewhat of a dancer myself, you know."

"I'll bet you are, but you seem to have lost your dancer's physique!"

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Cherri. "Stop looking at me like that!"

They look delicious.

"Perhaps we'll see more of you two later," you think to yourself.

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Cherri. "Stop looking at me there!"

You are talking with Cherri Tart, the headline dancer in the casino showroom.

"Hello," she says with a smile.

What did you want to give her?

It's not yours to give.

"Gosh, Larry. This towel would be perfect for my new home in the country... if I can ever get out of show business. Thanks!"

"If I ever get my own place in the country, I'll need soap like this to clean up."

"I've dreamed of moving to a place, way out in the jungle; just a little place with anacondas and a picket fence. A good sharp ginsu knife will come in handy!"

"Oh, I just love orchids, but unfortunately, I'm allergic!"

"Why, thank you, honey," says Cherri, "but what I really need is just a little place I can call my own!"

"I hope you find what you're seeking, Cherri"

"Thanks, Larry!"

### **Theatre**

You quickly make your way through a crowd of men and take one of the few remaining seats near the rear of the showroom.

The announcer's voice booms over the public address system, "And now, lady and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for: the star of our show, Miss Cherri Tart!"

Evidently the men in the audience like Cherri's act, as they begin to toss dollar bills onto the stage.

"Isn't she wonderful, lady and gentlemen?!" screams the announcer. "Let's really hear it for our own little Cherri Tart!!"

"That concludes tonight's two-hour spectacle, 'Nontoonyt For You!' You must clear the auditorium now, as our second show begins shortly. Good seats are still available, so tell your friends!"

He concludes with a trite, "Good night, and walk safely on your way home."

What a show, eh, Larry?

(Too bad you came in so late; you only saw the last minute!)

You begin, "Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking..."

The crowd roars its disapproval. They're not here for a lecture, Larry. This is show biz!

You are all alone on a large stage and runway, surrounded by men who expected to see a beautiful woman.

(Now you understand the term "flop sweat!")

The announcer's voice booms over the public address system, "And now, lady and gentlemen, the moment you've all been waiting for: the star of our show, Miss Cherri Tart!"

"%s"

You scream, "People! Hundreds of people! And every one of them staring at me!!"

You're caught, Larry! And redhanded, too! And, wearing Cherri's costume too!!

"Lady and gentlemen, the star of our show, Miss Cherri Tart!"

In your hurry to dress in the darkness backstage, you must have grabbed the wrong clothes!

(So THAT'S why your underwear was such a tight fit!)

"Our star, Cherri Tart!"

"CHERRI!"

You walk to the beginning of the runway.

Well, Larry, you've done it again! Now what are you going to do?

You are mortified! How you wish you had paid more attention when your mother enrolled you in that pre-school ballet and gymnastics class!

"Boo."

"Hiss."

"Move it or lose it!"

"Get off the stage!"

"Who's got the tomatoes?"

Too bad, Larry. You feel you could die of embarrassment.

In fact, just for purposes of argument, you ARE dead of embarrassment!

"Feets don't fail me now!"

Summoning up all your courage, you begin to wiggle your way down the runway.

The audience must also appreciate your talents as they begin to throw dollar bills -- at you!

Look, Larry! They're all throwing money at you. They like you! They REALLY like you!!

Time passes.

Time in which you dance and dance, meanwhile picking up many, many one-dollar bills.

You dance until your legs just can't take it any longer!

(Which isn't really that long considering you are wearing a pair of high heels three sizes too small!)

500 Dollar Bills

## **Backstage**

Suddenly, you feel hungry for tuna.

You have no desire to wear women's clothing again.

Well, perhaps a little desire.

But you'll do your best to sublimate it!

The lights are once again dimmed. You vividly remember how they felt when you were on-stage dancing.

There they are! Your clothes are still here, right where you left them.

You are so happy to once again be back in your white leisure suit.

(Although you are becoming more and more fond of cross-dressing!)

Say! What the heck are they doing there?

The set pieces here are very strange.

Backstage is an interesting sight. Those set pieces always look so real from out front, but from here you can tell they are merely a facade.

(Much like your life, Larry!)

"Larry! You're so wonderful. You've given me what I've always wanted."

"I think you know what I've always wanted!"

Cherri smiles at you in the darkness, "At last I'll be able to remove this costume never to wear it again!"

"What are you? Modest? Hurry up, Larry, the second show's about to start."

You carefully consider her offer...

...but not for long!

"Oh, Larry!" cries Cherri. "Don't you just love the real estate business?!"

"Oh, Larry! I could go on like this all night!"

"You're the only one!"

"Who turned out that light?"

"What's that drum roll!?"

"Oh, no!!!" she cries, "Quick, Larry! Get dressed! The second show is starting!!!"

You both scramble to find, sort, and wear whatever articles of clothing you can!

"Geez, it's dark, Cherri," you shout, "I can't tell what's what!"

The public address system booms, "Lady and gentlemen, welcome to 'Nontoonyt For You,' our spectacular tribute to the thing we all love most."

"Where's my pants?"



Ah! Now that feels like home.

### **Piano Bar**

You have no need to use the employee's exit, Patti.

This exit is marked "For Employees Only." You are no longer an employee of Natives, Inc.

You have no desire to spend any more time here!

These two stools are reserved for high rollers only.

The booths are reserved for high rollers only.

There is a stool available right beside the keyboard.

Where?

Great! A "Magic" marker. A girl never knows when she might need a little Magic in her life!

Larry! That money belongs to Patti, not you!

You keep your tip jar above the treble end of your keyboard.

Let's see; did we have a good night tonight? Oh, well; a few bucks is better than nothing. Where you're going you're not going to need a lot of money anyway.

You'll just have to wait until a waitress shows up.

You never can find one when you need one!

You have no desire to tip yourself!

You really should save your money for another place.

Save your money, Larry. This is one girl you'll not be able to purchase!

No, you've played this piano quite enough for one lifetime!

On the scale of musical aptitude, you rank in the fourth percentile, nationally.

(...just slightly below an elephant passing gas!)

"Say, Patti!" you shout. "Can you play `Melancholy Baby?'"

"Sure, buddy," she responds, "here's one of my favorites."

She sounds a lot like a hip Bobby Short!

There's nothing more dull than a piano bar without a piano player!

You look under it and see its bottom.

The announcement board lists the drink specials of the day in a vivid florescent ink. You wonder how they get such vibrant, day-glo colors from a marking pen.

The blackboard announces the beverage specials of the day... just above its now-empty tray.

Why, look! Someone left the marking pen lying in the tray of the announcement board.

This room certainly has an unusual shape! Look at how the walls curve into the ceiling then into that spotlight.

Patti looks beautiful, doesn't she?

This is the dullest bar you've ever seen.

(And you've seen quite a few!)

The tables here are usually crowded with Patti's fans.

(Perhaps they heard you coming!)

The stools here are near the piano bar.

You haven't ordered a drink yet.

On the end of the piano sits a large brandy snifter filled with money; tips donated by enthusiastic fans.

There is a door to the north marked "Employees Only" in addition to the way you entered.

The piano awaits the arrival of its new performer -- Passionate Patti!

Look, Larry! It's that woman you've been waiting for -- Passionate Patti herself!! She looks even better than you expected.

(You wonder why she selected "Passionate" as her stage name.)

She's not here, Larry. She's waiting for you upstairs.

It's your tip glass! Of course! You forgot all about it.

This piano brings back fond memories for you.

This piano bar has been quite good to you, but then, you deserve it!  
Unusual walls rise to a sculptured ceiling that descends upon the stool before a grand piano.  
Seated before you is none other than the queen of the keyboard, the irresistible instrumentalist of the ivories, the sultress of the Steinway, the babe of the Bosendorfer... Passionate Patti!  
This place is sure dead!

"Hello, beautiful," you say to the pianist. %s

"And hello to you, Larry," replies Passionate Patti. "I'm the girl of your dreams, Passionate Patti!"

Why, he looks just like The King!

He looks like he doesn't want to be disturbed.

So this is where he's been hiding!

Hey, look! It's Roger Wilco.

"So what are you doing here without those Two Guys?" you ask him.

"What two guys?" he replies.

"Ok," says Patti, "how about a selection from that hot new Sierra adventure game `Leisure Suit Larry 3?' Here's the hauntingly-beautiful LSL3 `%s Theme.'"

**No one can hear you, Patti.**

Before speaking to a woman, it is advisable to look at her, Larry.

Why not have a seat first, Larry?

Perhaps you should establish eye contact.

"Here's another song you might enjoy," says Patti.

"Here, Larry, take the key to my suite," says Patti. "I'll slip out the back way and use the service elevator. Just wait a few minutes before you come upstairs, as I'd like to slip into something more comfortable..."

"...like your flowers!"

"Oh, and remember Larry: I refuse to make love to a man without something to drink first!" she says over her shoulder. "No offense, of course."

(None taken, you suppose.)

### **Patti close-up**

"Hello, beautiful, my name is Larry; Larry Laffer. Why don't you and I get together some time very soon?"

"Hello yourself, Mr. `Pretend-To- Be-A-Swinging-Single!' I never date married men when there are so many single guys just waiting their turn!"

"Patti, you know I'm divorced now. What do you say we get together for a little nightcap after your last set?"

"I'm sorry, Larry, but you must improve your poor physical condition. I could never go out with a man with such a pot belly!"

"Patti, look at my new body! I'm a hunk!! Now, can we go out?"

"Phew! Don't you ever take a shower? I could never go out with a man with such B.O."

"Phew! Don't you ever use soap? I could never go out with a man with such B.O."

"Phew! Don't you ever use deodorant? I could never go out with a man with such B.O."

"Patti, please! Let's try it. You and me. Together. Alone at last! What do you say?"

"I'd say `YES,' Larry, but where I come from a gentleman customarily gives a gift to his lady on their first date? I could never go out with a man who didn't care enough to give me presents."

A little fast, aren't you, Larry? Why, you hardly know her!

"Why, Larry! Shame on you!"

She IS beautiful, isn't she?

"Yes, Larry, I DO live in the penthouse here."

"I might enjoy that later..."

"You've never experienced that until you've had me..."

"What talented fingers you have, Patti."

"All the better to play with, Larry!"

"This is no time to get discouraged, Larry..."

"You know, Larry, I always say it's not the men in your life that count -- it's the life in your men!"

"Larry, I believe in the old saying: a good man is hard to find... but a hard man is good to find!"

"Larry, you won't get much out of life if you don't go for it."

"Bet you've never seen one like this before!"

"See what, Larry?"

You make a lame joke.

(You succeed.)

"Hey, Larry! This is what I think of that joke!"

"Baby, I think I loves ya!"

"I'm sure you would!"

"Patti, do you have any idea how a guy like me could get into that showroom across the casino?"

"I don't know, Larry. They gave me a free pass."

"Patti, do you take requests?"

"Certainly, Larry, but not when you are staring into my eyes like this. You make me want to play this song (and this song only!)"

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Patti. "I love it when you look at me like that!"

Her pearly white wrist passes through an expensive golden bracelet.

Tasteful imported Italian earrings grace her delicate tasteful ears.

"My, what I'd love to do with those!" you whisper to yourself.

"Oh, Larry!" smiles Patti overhearing you. "You're so subtle!"

Patti's grand piano stretches across the bar like a wino with a 6-dollar gallon of wine!

Before you sits the latest girl of your dreams the world-famous piano bar entertainer, Passionate Patti.

"Hello," she says with a smile.

What did you want to give her?

Where did you get that?

"Do you take plastic?"

"Honey, I'm not interested in credit, (except the way they announce my act!). If you want to give me a tip, put it in the tip glass right here on the piano. And be sure I don't hear any clinking sounds!"

"Patti, this grass skirt would look perfect on you."

"If it's not imported, Larry, there's no way you're going to get me to wear it!"

"Patti, would you care for some of my grass?"

"Not me, Larry. I don't do drugs!"

"Patti, how about this bar of soap? Would you like to have it? It's yours."

"Gosh, Larry, you really have a way with women, don't you?"

"What do you say, baby? Would %d dollars make you interested in me?"

"How dare you!"

"Take my land. Please!"

"What are you? Henny Youngman?"

"Would you like to rub this all over your naked body?"

"No, Larry, but I do enjoy being rubbed!"

"Would you like to work out over at Fat City? You could take my keycard."

"Hardly. I can get into Fat City whenever I wish. You see, I 'know' the clerk there!"

"Patti, look! I did it! My divorce is finalized. Here, take it. Frame this thing and mount it here on your piano!"

As you hand your hard-earned divorce decree to Patti, something flutters to the floor.

"Well, well," you say, "look at this. Somehow Suzi Cheatem's Fat City Membership Card got mixed in with these papers. I suppose I could always return it to her."

"Congratulations, Larry. Did I mention earlier how much I love single men? Suddenly, you've become a lot more interesting to me. We should get together some time."

"Patti, here. Take these wilted, old flowers."

"No way, Larry. Although I have a soft spot in my heart for orchids, I could never accept these tired old things. Is that all you think of me? Dead flowers, indeed!"

"Patti, please accept these flowers and let's get together tonight when you get off work."

"No, Larry, not now. Although I have a soft spot in my heart for orchids and I am growing more fond of you every moment we're together, I could never date a married man!"

"Patti, although their beauty pales besides yours, I'd like you to accept these orchids as a humble token of my interest in you."

"Oh, Larry. Your flowers are very pretty, but what woman would want to go out with a man who is unable to 'lei' her?"

"Patti, please wear my lei... tonight... for me... alone!"

"Oh, Larry, thank you! You're such a charmer! I'm ready. What do you want to do?"

"Patti, look at this '%s?'"

"Why, Larry. How droll."

"Oh, well; what the hell. It's getting late, I'm ready to quit for the night, and you're looking better all the time. Sure, let's go!!"

"I'm leaving now, Patti"

"See you later, Larry!"

## **Hotel**

You couldn't reach the elevator's pushbutton from here.

You always appreciate a fine ficus benjamina.

Isn't it wonderful? The linoleum industry has made such advances recently!

The left elevator is currently on floor %d and the right elevator is on floor %d.

It's too late at night! Arnold has gone to bed until tomorrow morning's shift. Deal with him later, Patti. What he doesn't know, won't hurt him tonight!

You are in the lobby of the casino hotel. %s There are two elevators here.

"Hey, buddy! How do you get into that casino?"

He can't hear you from way back here.

You attempt to catch the clerk's attention, "Excuse me."

"Excuse me, clerk. May I rent a room here?" you say.

The desk clerk eagerly awaits your every request.

(If you are a registered guest!)

"Say, you're that Laffer guy that used to work around here," he replies. "Your money's no good here. Literally!"

"There's no need for you to go to the casino."

"Hello, Patti."

"May I help you, Patti?"

"Hello, miss."

"Good evening, Patti. How may I help you?"

"I'm sorry sir, but this is a private hotel!"

"Yes? May I help you?"

"Would you like me to call security, bub?"

"How may I help you?"

## **Elevator**

You must pick a floor. Which floor?

You attempt to pick the lock with your fingernail, but are unsuccessful!

(You must have a room key to operate this elevator, %s.)

The elevator is already underway!

That's where you are!

Press the floor number, please.

You have no business travelling to any floor except one and nine.  
Gawd, do you hate musical tripe!  
Your favorite style of music is playing.  
Wait until the door opens.  
The keycard would work better if you were in Fat City!  
The locks here will only respond to an official hotel room key.  
The row of lights above the door indicate you are currently at floor %d.  
On the wall to the right of the doors is a panel with a keyhole beside a vertical column of buttons numbered from one to nine. "Could those indicate potential floor destinations?" you wonder.  
The elevator's door is presently %s.  
The keyhole is a hole into which you insert a key.  
It's an elevator.  
(What did you expect?)  
Evidently, you don't want to change floors!  
You insert Patti's penthouse key into the ninth floor penthouse access lock and turn it one-quarter turn to the right. Both you and the elevator begin to rise.

### **Hotel suite**

Skipping ahead...  
Talk, talk, talk. Doesn't anybody...  
The door isn't what you're interested in here, Larry!  
You're here to get something, but not that!  
The view from her window is spectacular!  
It (and she) is ready and waiting for you, Larry.  
Is that all you came up here to do: look?!  
Patti's clothes are lying on a table by her dressing screen.  
Practice makes perfect.  
From her balcony, Patti has a perfect view into the Fat City locker room window.  
Lamps hang suspended from the ceiling casting a dull glow to the surroundings.  
You didn't come here for botany!  
A table at the foot of her bed holds two empty wine glasses. There is a table near her dressing screen that holds her clothes.  
Passionate Patti's penthouse suite is gorgeous. Too bad you couldn't negotiate a contract as sweet as hers!  
"I brought the wine again, Patti," you announce.  
"I remembered to bring the wine, Patti," you announce.  
"Where the hell did you go?" she asks.  
"And I remembered to wear your lei, Larry!" she smiles.  
You decide to place the bottle of wine on the silver tray resting on the table at the foot of the circular bed, beside the two glasses Patti has thoughtfully provided for the occasion.  
Empty Bottle  
"Perhaps I should explain... I have a history of not finishing what I begin. Just don't be surprised if something happens before we finish!"  
F8 will bypass this scene.  
"Rest assured, Honey; I promise you: something will happen!"  
"Would you care for a glass of wine?"  
"I thought you'd never ask."  
"Say when."  
"Right after this drink, Larry!"  
"So, Patti, how did you get started in the music business?"  
"Shut up, Larry!"

"Oh, Patti."  
"Oh, Larry!"  
"Wherever did you learn to kiss like that?"  
"Well, when I was younger I DID play trumpet in a mariachi band..."  
"OH, LARRY!"  
"Oh! (mmmmh) Ah."  
"Ohhhh! (aaaaahh)!"  
"Larry, (oooh) you're the first man (aaaahh) who's ever made me feel (mmmmh) THAT!"  
"Where did (oooh) you learn (oooohhhh) to do (uuuhhh) that?!"  
"And that!"  
"And, oh yes, THAT! Yes, THAT!! Please, more of that!!"  
Well, well, Larry. Perhaps you learned more from Kalalau than you realized.  
No longer is our Larry Laffer the Laughter Lover!  
"Oh, Larry, I'm so glad you came. As you can see, I slipped into something more comfortable -- my bed! But, I'm not naked: I'm wearing your lei!"  
(All right, Larry! You're on, big guy!)  
"Did you bring the wine?" Patti asks softly. "I'd love a drink right now."  
"%s" you reply, "I knew there was something I was supposed to do! I'll be right back!! Don't move!"

Skipping ahead...

"Oh, Larry!"  
"Yes, yes! Oh, Larry! That's wonderful!! I didn't know pectorals could pulsate like that!"  
You think to yourself, "How ironic! Of all (both) the women I've known, this piano-player turns out to be the greatest!"  
Patti thinks to herself, "How ironic! Of all the men I've had, this dork turns out to be the greatest!"  
Simultaneously, you each murmur into the other's ear, "I never knew it could be this good!"  
"YES!!"  
As Patti drifts off to sleep, you realize: this is one woman who deserves her nickname!

Skipping ahead...

"The woman of my dreams..."  
"The man of my dreams..."  
"I'm in love!"  
"There'll never be another woman for me!"  
"How I wish I still smoked!"  
The two of you drift off to sleep bathed in the glow of your experience together...  
"That settles it; from now on it's Larry Laffer forever! Tomorrow I must call my boy friend and tell him I'm breaking off our relationship for good. Sorry, Arnold."  
As she falls asleep, thinking about how she'll handle the end of her other relationship, Patti murmurs softly a single, devastating word: "...Arnold."  
"What! What did she say?! Arnold? Arnold! Oh, no!"  
"I thought she felt something... I know I felt it... During the best sexual experience of my life she was thinking of another man?! I am so stupid! By now, I should have learned: some men have a way with women and some men don't!"  
"I was a fool to believe my new body would make a difference. Nothing makes any difference! Once you're a loser, you're always a loser!"  
"I give up. I've had it with women! It's just not worth it! I'm going where no woman will ever frustrate me again!"  
"HE'S GONE! What happened? Where could he be?"  
"Oh, no! I finally meet the man of my dreams, and now he vanishes into thin air!"

"Now what will I do?"

"Where is he?"

Skipping ahead...

"He's gone. He's really gone!"

"Where could he go at this time of night?"

"Why would he leave? Am I blind? How could I let him slip through my fingers?"

"Wait! What's that? Off in the distance. Way over there at the point! Was that a flash of white polyester?"

"IT'S HIM!!!"

"But, where is he going? There's nothing that way but uncharted bamboo forest!"

"He's gone! But it had to be Larry. His pulsating pectorals are recognizable anywhere!!!"

"Suddenly, everything seems so obvious, so simple. I MUST give up everything and find my man. I know my quest -- to find Larry Laffer!"

Patti

\$43.00 in Tips

Your Key

You can't leave dressed in nothing but that blue sheet!

Although you enjoy walking around your penthouse nude, you don't want to do it now.

Patti! There are people watching!! Move behind your dressing screen first.

You're wearing it!

No, it's served you well; now just leave it there.

You've always enjoyed the feeling of black lace.

You want to wear your bra on the outside of your dress?

You look good in black!

Patti! You've got "L'eggs!"

There's nothing under there!

Perhaps you could do that later.

Move behind the screen, Patti! No one here wants to see your naked, sensuous body.

You put on your shoes when you put on your dress, Patti.

You decide to leave the tray there. Let room service clean up.

You consider fighting your depressed feeling with music, but instead realize: finding Larry Laffer is the only medicine you need.

There's no need, Patti.

A pair of pantyhose lies on your dressing table.

A pair of black lace panties rests on the dressing table beside the screen.

A black lace brassiere is all that is left on the dressing table.

Your dressing table is empty.

Your white gown with the long slit hangs on a hanger on your dressing screen.

The now-empty bottle of wine that Larry brought you rests on the table at the foot of your bed.

The table at the foot of your bed contains nothing but an empty room-service tray.

Some of your clothing lies on your dressing table, beside your dressing screen.

The now-empty wine bottle rests on the table at the foot of your bed.

That's where it happened, all right!

Wasn't it nice of the casino management to rent a piano for your suite.

There's no use looking for Larry now, you know where he went. Now go find him!

The lamps are just hanging around here.

You're not interested in plants, Patti!

The view is spectacular, but you want to see your Larry!

You'll never be able to look at this suite again without thinking of your Larry!

You must refer specifically to each article of clothing.  
You slide your dress over the screen and drop the sheet on the floor.  
You grab the sheet again, and hang your dress back on the screen.

No one here is interested in talking to you.  
You'd love to, but you'd %s!  
Nah, you'd just lose!  
This place is ostentatious enough for even YOUR taste.  
The ceiling in the casino is just as garish as the floor.  
You have no desire to gamble after your experiences in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards."  
You are so sorry you didn't hire this interior decorator when you built your home!  
How nice it is that automobiles were never allowed here on the island! Everyone does aerobic walking all the time!  
This carpet was handmade by island virgins.  
(That's why it's now old and threadbare!)  
Isn't this a fun place?

### **Bamboo maze**

YOU DID IT!

As you stumble out of the bamboo forest, you find yourself beside a beautiful stream.  
You try your best to pull the nearest bamboo stalk out of the ground, but you are unable to budge it.  
It would never hold you.  
You ARE frustrated, aren't you, Patti?  
You simply can not.  
Either this wine is VERY dry, or your bottle is empty!  
You briefly consider a conservative rationing plan for your precious water. Oh, what the hell!  
Instead, you chug-a-lug the entire liter! Boy! You didn't realize how thirsty you really were!  
Blindly celebrating your thirst-crazed delirium, you throw the now-empty wine bottle far out into the bamboo thicket in protest of bottle-bill laws everywhere!  
You see lots of bamboo everywhere.  
(Are you sure you know what you're doing here)  
You carefully examine the bamboo stalk closest to you. It looks exactly like every other bamboo stalk you've ever seen.  
Which is exactly %d.  
"Boy, could I use a good belt about now!" you think to yourself.  
You think to yourself, "I'm sweating worse than a jazz clarinetist in a cowboy bar!"  
"Like, there wouldn't be a nice little cocktail lounge hidden out in this gawdfersakin' mess, would there?"  
"Why is everything here shaped like a swizzle stick?"  
"Why am I crawling around like this?"  
"Why am I talking to myself?"  
"I'M DELIRIOUS!!!"  
You are feeling VERY tired and thirsty.  
You have almost no energy left.  
As you take leave of your withered, dehydrated body you wonder, "Is this what it's like to play Cleveland?"  
Patti, you really must start packing more sensibly when you take these little outings of yours!



Bamboo-zled

### **Maze exit**

Your thirst is sufficiently quenched now, Patti.

Bamboo will not make a rope.

The bamboo plants will do you no good.

Just walk into the water, Patti.

These trees bring back fond memories of your youth spent back on the plains of Mora, Minnesota.

This island is just filled with unusual rock formations, isn't it?

To the south lies the final remnants of the bamboo forest. You're thankful you have no need to reenter that place!

The river here sweeps down from the mountains, swiftly disappearing into the jungle ahead. Vicious rapids roil its surface.

(At least the water is clean!)

You find yourself clear of the bamboo maze at last! You are standing beside a swift, cold, mountain stream, filled with beautiful clear water.

You find the stream's water remarkably refreshing, without a trace of caffeine.

### **Cliff**

Your thirst is sufficiently quenched now, Patti.

You briefly consider using your bra to lower yourself over the cliff, but decide it's just too small to do any good. Perhaps it will be useful later.

A good idea; but how would you use them?

A good idea. How you wished you had worn yours when you left your apartment!

You already did. Now do something with it!

You ARE wearing them!

O.K. They're on again. Now what?

A good idea, but you forgot to wear your pantyhose when you got dressed back at the casino.

You would, but you're still wearing them!

To what?

That just won't work.

There IS a rock here that is suitable for your purposes; you are just unable to reach it from here.

These trees bring back fond memories of your youth spent back on the plains of Mora, Minnesota.

The river here sweeps down from the mountains, swiftly disappearing into the jungle ahead. Vicious rapids roil its surface.

The rock near you has a cylindrical top, strongly resembling a boat tie down.

The centuries of lava flows have left unusual rock formations everywhere on the island.

It's a long way down from here! Evidently the bamboo forest was all uphill, as you are now considerably higher in altitude.

The river here boils and bubbles as it prepares to drop over the cliff and out of sight to the valley below.

(You wonder why there are no souvenir stands here.)

You are near the edge of a dramatic cliff. The river beside you hurls itself over the edge, forming a spectacular waterfall and disappearing into the canyon below.

There is no way you could climb up that arch! It will never help you, Patti.

Yes, but how?

You MIGHT be able to climb down this cliff. Try moving closer to the edge.

(Will you really "fall" for this old joke?)

The flowering vines are not sturdy enough to support you.

The trees here are not close enough to the edge of the cliff to aid your descent.

The plants here are of no use to you.

The arch is impossible to climb.  
The flowers are pretty, but unnecessary.  
It is unnecessary to jump off this cliff. Just walk a little closer to the edge.  
Isn't it difficult to swim upstream... especially when upstream is uphill?  
You've found the FASTEST way down!  
You find the stream's water remarkably refreshing, without a trace of caffeine.  
You remove your pantyhose, tie one leg to the tip of the large rock, tie the other around your waist, then lower yourself carefully over the edge of the cliff.  
You hope these are "support" hose!

You briefly consider using your bra to lower yourself over the cliff, but decide it's just too small to do any good. Perhaps it will be more useful later.  
A good idea, but you forgot to wear your pantyhose when you got dressed back at the casino.  
A good idea, but there are no rocks here with a shape suitable for an anchor.  
What unusual rock formations the lava flows have left around here.  
A dangerous cliff may be directly north of you.  
There is no way you could climb up that arch! It will never help you, Patti.  
Yes, but how?  
You MIGHT be able to climb down this cliff. Try moving closer to the edge.  
(Will you really "fall" for this old joke?)  
The flowering vines are not sturdy enough to support you.  
The trees here are not close enough to the edge of the cliff to aid your descent.  
The plants here are of no use to you.  
The arch is impossible to climb.  
The flowers are pretty, but unnecessary.  
It is unnecessary to jump off this cliff. Just walk a little closer to the edge.

### **Cliff with ganja**

There is no one within miles of you, Patti.  
O.K. But how?  
That won't work here.  
That will not help, Patti!  
This entire area is filled with unusually shaped rocks and plants.  
(None of which will help you!)  
Dirt, dirt everywhere.  
Clever idea.  
(But wrong!)  
The air is clean and fresh.  
The centuries of lava flows have left unusual rock formations throughout this jungle.  
The bare dirt feels good under your feet.  
This warm tropical weather makes everything grow.

You feel a little thirsty.  
You feel VERY thirsty!  
You can't; there is no suitable fiber here!  
Good idea, but you presently have nothing with which to make a rope.  
You have enough rope.  
You'd be happier if you did not!  
That's a thought, but what will you use?

You carelessly throw your marijuana to the winds.  
Move a little closer to the edge, Patti.  
There's no way you can lasso that palm tree from over here! You're stuck on this side of the canyon.  
You could never hang by your nuts!  
A good idea, but slightly premature.  
To what?  
You'll never be able to tie a knot around that tree from over here!  
Rope? What rope?  
You already did that.  
An excellent idea, but slightly premature.  
If you did that now, you'd have to turn loose of the rope!  
It's too late now, Patti.  
How can you do that?  
It's too late for that. There's no way to get back to the ledge from here.  
Good idea, but not just yet.  
Your rope is hanging from the rock, but at such an angle and so near the edge of the cliff that you dare not take it.  
It might be okay.  
That's not the answer, Patti. If you did that, you'd crash into that cliff over there!  
There are no trees near you.  
Move over until you are near the other tree.  
There are trees here, but none close enough for you to climb.  
You already have a lovely set of coconuts, Patti!  
The coconuts hang below the fronds at the top of the tree. There's no way you could reach them from here, Patti.  
There's no way you could possibly scale these rocks.  
(Especially in that white dress!)  
You'll never be able to return up there, Patti.  
It's a long way to the bottom of that canyon. Be careful, Patti!  
It's a long way back up to that stream and waterfall!  
High above your head hangs the remains of your poor pantyhose, twisting slowly, slowly in the wind.  
You have all you need. The question is: what are you going to do with what you've got?  
You have enough hemp rope to meet your needs.  
You need no more at this time.  
You have nothing to smoke.  
It's too late to smoke it -- you turned it into a rope, remember?  
You have no marijuana.  
It's too late for that -- you turned it into a rope, remember?  
That's unnecessary.  
Shaking won't help. You must go right to the source, Patti!  
There will come a time when you may make use of those coconuts. This is just not it!  
It looks secure enough.  
(But is it?)  
Across the canyon is a rock that rises to a point. Get the point?  
Two small depressions indicate your landing point.  
A path to the northwest leads through the trees and away from here.  
Since your legs are wrapped around it, the tree is two inches from your nose and quite easy to see!  
Looking up under the fronds, you can see that these are coconut palms.  
(You now realize you've been waiting for a chance to type that this entire game!)  
From over here, you think you may be able to make out a faint outline of some coconuts hanging beneath the leaves of the palm tree to which you tied your rope.

Peeking beneath the palm trees' fronds, you can see that these trees have large, brown nuts.

You surmise they are coconut palms.

Carefully peering beneath the overhanging fronds, you observe this is a male of the species.

Dr. Nonookee, the evil genius that your Leisure Suit Larry defeated in "Looking for Love (in Several Wrong Places)," planted this garden many years ago. He must have used a helicopter for harvesting!

There is a small opening in the brush towards the northwest.

Wait a minute! You've seen those leaves in pamphlets from the Surgeon General's office. Why, that stuff's marijuana! You must have tumbled into what's left of Dr. Nonookee's private stash!

From up here, you can see a long way. Across the canyon you catch a glimpse of running water and flashes of pink through the jungle growth.

There is a small opening in the brush towards the northwest. There's no reason to mess around here, Patti. Your destination lies before you.

Your three-point landing has left you upon a small ledge projecting from the face of the cliff. All around you are plants with unusually shaped leaves.

You slowly recover from your near-tragic pantyhosing, and try to remember why you are here.

Of course! It's Larry you're seeking. You bring yourself back to your feet, ready to again resume your quest for the man of your dreams!

You bend over and gather a few choice products from Dr. Nonookee's garden of unearthly delights.

Are you sure this is something you should be doing?

You feel your precious bodily fluids turn to dust!

You were so near... and yet, so far!

A Little "Dry" Humor

You fill your mouth with marijuana leaves and slowly chew them...

You quickly dry a few leaves in the sun, pull a pack of rolling papers from your bra and place the leaves in the paper while professionally executing a one-handed roll.

Grabbing a couple of rocks, you slap them together until they make a spark that ignites your joint.

You begin to get a little buzz on.

Whoa! What's happening?

This stuff makes you feel like you're floating.

Looking down, you notice the ground seems far below you.

Hey, cool, dude!

(You see visions of Daventry!)

Aw, bogus! Is this stuff wearing off already?

You wrap your slender thighs tightly around the long, cylindrical trunk.

(...an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you.)

Reaching beneath the palm tree's frond kilt, you grab a pair of the large brown hairy nuts.

...an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!

Hemp Rope

Cleverly remembering that an original, legal use of marijuana was in the manufacture of hemp rope, you take the marijuana you harvested and carefully weave it into a rope. Fortunately, you picked enough so your rope is just slightly longer than the distance across that chasm.

In other words, our little Muhammad Ali has made her own "dope-a-rope."

Giving it everything you've got, you hurl the rope as hard as you can.

You did it! You've lassooed that rock on the far side of the canyon.

Although your previous experience with knots has been limited to fashion accessories (plus a few weekends spent on yachts in ports around the world serving as deck hand au naturel), you tie the rope to the palm tree as securely as you can.

Good idea, Patti! You discreetly remove approximately eight inches from the hem of your dress; just enough so when you climb on your rope you'll have a safety harness for security!

Oh, Patti. Without that rope, you'll never make it across the canyon!

Hey! Hold still, willya?

Before climbing onto the rope, you slip into your safety harness. Will it be strong enough to hold you?

You wrap your long, delicate, pianist's fingers and your long, delicate, pianist's legs around your handmade rope. Squeezing your legs tightly together, (an experience wholly unfamiliar to you), you move out over the canyon.

Remember, Patti: next time

"Just Say NO!"

Way to go, Newton!

Who told you the law of gravity had been repealed?

Patti! Your knot around the palm tree came loose. Now there's no way for you to turn back!

You feel certain your informal safety harness will help you pass safely over this canyon.

(But are your feelings correct?)

Well, well, well. Isn't this another fine mess you've gotten us into! Now you're hanging by your hands and knees from a rope woven from marijuana stems suspended high above a tremendously deep chasm.

Your hands rapidly tire from holding your body's full weight on the rope.

You are having trouble keeping your knees together.

...an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!

Your legs are becoming fatigued; you wonder how long you will be able to continue!

Your improvised safety harness works! You feel you may be able to make it all the way across!

You did it, Patti! But, now you wonder if there was something you forgot before you left.

Of course, you could always take the rope back again!

LOOK OUT!!

If only you had some way to secure yourself to the rope. Your hands have certain skills, but rope grasping is not one of them!

Remember Christopher Reeves

### **Feral Pig**

That's an idea. The question is: "How?"

The feral pig is unfamiliar with magic.

Your key will not help you, Patti.

No matter which tree you climb it won't do you any good!

A good idea. How you wished you had worn yours when you left your apartment!

You ARE wearing it!

First, get those coconuts out of there!

You already did. Now do something with it!

O.K. You remove the coconuts from your brassiere. Now what?

ou're not wearing your bra.

You have no nuts, Patti!

(After all, you are a woman!)

Nah! Sierra made me promise not to do any more Dolly Parton jokes!

(Better take it off first!)

You've already loaded that thing enough!

You would, but you're still in it!

Good idea, but there is nothing at which to throw.

You are not strong enough to hurl a coconut with enough velocity to stop one of Nontoonyt's feral pigs!

(Grin.)

What did you wish to throw?

At what?

There's no way around or under or over this problem. You must eliminate that boar!

You feel that the river is somehow a key to your success.

In the distance a river runs downhill.

(You expected maybe, uphill?)

Ahh! That feels better.

O.K. It's on. Now what?

Good idea, Patti! You are now holding a bra containing a pair of heavy coconuts.

(Now what?)

Unfortunately, Patti, the pig refuses to wear your bra. Really! Attacking a pig with just a bra? You must be nuts!

That pig has really got you up a tree, Patti.

How boaring...

You did it, Patti! Your 36C bolas has done its duty.

(But have you noticed how you're running dangerously low on clothing?)

Patty, look out!! It's one of Nontoonyt Island's rare feral pigs, exercising his territorial rights -- right at you!

LOOK OUT!!

Once again, Patti, you find yourself being porked!

...an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!

From the looks of things, Patti...

..."That's All, Folks!#"

Are you sure Oscar Mayer# started like this?

Busted flat again

Where?

That wouldn't have any effect on this wild boar!

The feral pig just grunts and snorts, laughing at your attempts to pass.

The only thing he's interested in eating is you, Patti!

You would love to, but you just can't reach the pig from here.

As much as the feral pig would like to carry on a conversation.

A feral pig is successfully preventing you from proceeding. He looks mean! You'd better not get too close, Patti.

The feral pig just grunts and snorts.

## **River**

How can you do that?

That was Larry's bit, Patti!

There it is! Right over there! Just across the channel!

(Why don't you try swimming over there? Hee, hee.)

Whee! Giddyup, old Log!

That is not the answer, but the log is the key to your success here.

A good idea, but difficult to do when you are sitting smack dab on top of your log!

If you pull it any farther, you'll lose it in the current.

You're not really that thirsty.

You'll have to get wet first.

Yeah; just what you need: a big hunk of timber! You don't need to TAKE the log...

How can you reach them from here?

The plants will do you no good.

Look! A small log rests in the weeds near the riverbank.

You have dragged a log into the middle of the river. Now what are you going to do with it?

Where? You see no log from your current location.

(Here's one place where you may have to get your feet wet, Patti!)

Dutch rush grows in the shallow water at the edge of the stream.  
The only trees you can see from here are all the way across the river, and completely out of your reach.  
A roaring river rushes by. It looks too deep to wade across and too rapid to swim. How will you proceed from here?  
You mount the gnarly log.  
(...an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!)  
Boy, is this fun! Sitting on a log, mired in the mud of the river bottom.  
You did it!  
The current has caught your log and is taking you downstream... toward your Larry?  
Press F8 to bypass the next scene.  
Patti! Be more careful! There are treacherous undercurrents in this river.  
Head over heels but not in love!

### **LOG RIDE**

Skipping ahead...  
Lookout, Patti! It's your worst nightmare!  
Children!!  
You made it!  
But now what lies ahead?  
Oh, no!  
Don't you just hate arcade games!  
Insert Another Quarter

### **Tribe**

You finally make your way past all the obstacles and arrive at a pleasant little clearing. This might be a good spot to take a short rest. You look for a place to beach your trusty log.  
LOOK OUT!!  
What have they done to you, Patti?!  
%s You've been captured by Nontoonyt's famous tribe of Amazonian women%s cannibal natives!!  
Now what will you do? How will you ever find your Larry?  
(On the other hand, where do they find such stylish outfits way out here in this wilderness?)

Knocked unconscious, securely wrapped in the Amazonian woman cannibal's net, you hang over her shoulder like a sack of potatoes in an Army mess.  
Oh, Patti! Where will they take you? What will they do to you? What will happen to you?  
(And will there be a hairdresser available to you afterwards?)  
You are jostled through the village, paraded about the square, handled roughly, battered and bruised, then placed inside a cage made of bamboo and leather.  
...an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you!  
(You fondly recall a blind date when you were at Juilliard...)  
As you slowly regain consciousness, the blackness leaves your brain and you realize you are no longer tied up in that net. But something tells you you are no longer alone.

You have nothing with which to aid your escape.  
Yes, that could work. But how?  
Yes, that's the idea. But where could you find something magical?  
You can't. The cage withstands your every attempt to escape.  
Throwing things won't help!  
What good would that do? You're trapped inside an unbreakable fortress of bamboo!

There's nothing within reach that will help you.  
You two will love each other until death; which appears to be only a few more minutes!  
You can't. You're only a weak piano player!  
As hard as you hit the cage, it will not give!  
It's just too massive. You'll need more than ordinary means to escape this cage!  
A crude yet effective rope suspends the cage above the village cookpot.  
He's with you again. You've succeeded in your quest. But how will you ever honeymoon together?  
How nice! She's invited you over for dinner!  
In the distance, the villagers are preparing to have you for dinner -- literally!  
The cage is made of bamboo and leather with a door to the rear that is securely tied shut.  
Peering between the bamboo poles you see your future coming to a short boil.  
This cage is so strong you'll never break out!  
At last, you are again with your Larry; but under such circumstances?!"  
"LARRY! IT'S YOU!!!"  
"PATTI! IT'S YOU!!!"  
"Oh, Larry! I've missed you so!!!"  
"Oh, Patti! I've missed you so!!!"  
"Oh, Larry, I just couldn't believe you left! You can't believe how it felt: to have finally found a perfect match and then to have you disappear into thin air! I awakened to an empty bed, rushed to the balcony, and saw you disappear through that horrible bamboo forest, so I started out after you. And I found you!! We're together again, at last, and this time, to stay!"  
"But, tell me, Larry: why did you go? Whatever caused you to leave like that?"  
"You. You did, Patti. After the most fantastic night of my life, just as I was drifting away into a blissful sleep, I heard you murmur one word, `Arnold!' Why, Patti? If I'm so special, why would you speak someone else's name? Weren't you thinking of him while we made love?"  
"Oh, Larry, you wonderful, fragile fool! I was thinking of him because I was trying to figure out how to tell him I was going to leave him for you!!!"  
"Patti! I am a fool. But what's the difference? At last we understand: we both feel the same for each other. We'll be together for the rest of our lives!"  
"Speaking of which, you did come here to rescue me, didn't you? You do have some sort of plan, don't you? You didn't travel all this way just so you could join me for dinner -- in their stomachs, did you?!!!"  
"Er, uh, well, just a minute," you stall, "I'm sure I'll think of something!"  
"You'd better think fast," Larry responds, "I think these gals have got something cooking... and it's gonna be us!"  
"LARRY! LOOK!!!" you cry. "What's that witch doctor doing?!"  
"That's it! We're finished!!!"  
Mark my words, Patti: sometimes you must fight magic with magic!  
Boy, are you two stewed!  
"Larry, I don't know if this will work or not, but the only thing I can think of is this `Magic' marking pen I picked up back at the lounge. Let me see if I can draw us a way out of this mess!"  
"PATTI! You did it. At least, you did something. What is that? A magic door?"  
"I don't know, Larry, but from the looks of things hereabouts, I don't want to stay around here. Come on, let's get out of here!"  
"I'm right behind you, honey," Larry responds. "See you on the other side!"  
"PATTI!"

### **Endgame**

"%s I'm falling!!!"

"Larry! What happened?"

"I don't know, Patti, but it feels like we just fell out of the game!!"



"The question is: where will we end up?"

A sign on the rear wall of the studio mentions that Studio C is off to the upper right.

It says, "Here lies Al Lowe, `the Pride of St. Louis."

You are backstage at the Sierra Studios. From the looks of things, they are filming another in the series of "Police Quest" games.

(Or they were until you two "dropped in!")

Meanwhile, back at the Sierra Studios, workers are busy filming yet another exciting episode in the never-ending saga of Sonny Bonds and the citizens of Lytton, California, U.S.A.

"Quiet on the set, please."

"Music!"

"Lights!"

"Camera!"

"Action!"

"Craig! Look out! Get outta here!!"

UGH!

Watch out, Godzilla Larry, or you'll destroy the City of Lytton!!

Wow! Some guys really know how to make an entrance!

Staggering to his feet, Larry surveys your new surroundings.

Larry spots you lying motionless on the floor beneath the miniature city of Lytton. "Patti! Are you ok?" he cries.

"I guess so," you reply. "But if I keep doing my own stunts like this, I'm going to end up flat-chested!"

"Come on, Larry," you say, "let's get out from under here."

"But what is this place, Larry?" you ask.

"Good question," he replies. "Although it does seem familiar!"

"You take the lead, Patti. Let's explore!"

Patti! Why would you want to get flat?

This stuff is not why you're here. Keep moving.

This room is filled with leftover props from all the Sierra adventure games.

Those flats must be title screens from old Sierra adventures.

Those must be the insurance salesmen from "Space Quest II: Vohaul's Revenge."

That old tub dates from a very early Al Lowe game!

You wonder how many numbers are in that box!

Those were worn by the Murrays in those famous "Manhunter" games.

"Here lies the remains  
of the King's Quest IV  
programming staff.  
1987-1988"

That big M doesn't stand for Marriage, Patti!

So that's how they did that taxi cab scene in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards!"

(Pick up a copy today, at a software store near you!)

This must be Sierra's prop storage room. Look at all the old flats and backdrops in that rack.

No one here is interested in talking to you.

You'd love to, but you'd rip your nylons!

The ceiling here reflects this building's industrial heritage.

Who decorated these sets, any way?

Good. Opposite thinking sometimes helps!

You must be upside down in order to reach the plug from where you are.

You have no use for any part of the Anti-Gravity Generator.

A small wire attaches the Anti-Gravity Generator to an electrical outlet in the floor of the set.

It's unplugged now!

He looks out of this world!

So that's how those guys do it! The "Acme Anti-Gravity Generator" has enough power to keep both you and Larry afloat! You wonder how much electricity is coursing through that small wire plugged into the floor of the set.

It's lost all its attraction to you!

You are on the set of "Space Quest."

A machine is working away down near the floor.

"%s" you shout. "Now what?"

"We're weightless!!" Larry yells.

"Look, Larry," you cry, "I did it! The anti-gravity generator is unplugged!"

"Wait a minute, Patti!" Larry yells. "If there's no anti-gravity..."

"Wow, Patti! That was a rough one. What's next?"

"Truck that camera left!"

"No, no, no! Move back!"

"Good, good. That's fine. Stop right there," barks the woman in the director's chair.

Turning to the actress on the set, she says, "Now, Rosella, what do you say we take it again from the top, and this time really show me some emotion!"

"And... ACTION!!"

"CUT!! No, that's no good. Try it from the right side this time!"

"No. CUT! You slipped again, Rosella!"

"CUT!! How many times must we do this, Rosella? You must get all the way up to that uvula!"

"What's going on here, Patti?" whispers Larry.

"I don't know, Larry, but that girl certainly seems tired of going down %sthat tongue!"

"This just isn't right!" whines the actress on the giant tongue set. "It's too humid in here. This wool skirt keeps soaking up water. That goo you spread on the tongue is too slippery. You haven't given me my motivation for this scene yet..."

"Thank you very much, Rosella!" interrupts the woman in the director's chair. "If you have any other complaints, please don't let me stop you!"

"Well, yes I do!" she pouts, pointing directly at you and Larry. "I thought this was a `Closed Set!"

Who are those two people over there?"

"CUT! BREAK!! Ten minutes, people," she shouts to the crew.

With an angry glare, she turns toward you and Larry, "And who are you? What are you doing here?"

How did you get in? Come over here, right now!"

As you move closer, you recognize the woman in the director's chair. "Why, Larry, look! It's Roberta Williams!"

To her, you cry, "Oh, Ms. Williams! I've loved your games for years! What an honor this is... to finally meet my software hero!"

Roberta softens noticeably, "Well, yes, I... I, uh, am Roberta Williams. But who are you?"

"Well, Roberta, I'm Passionate Patti, the world-famous lounge pianist. The gentleman to your right is my lover. His name is Larry; Larry Laffer!"

"Nice to meet you both," says Roberta, "but how did you get in here? This is supposed to be a high-security area!"

"We just dropped in... literally!" offers Larry.

"Actually, Berta, we've had one hell of an adventure just getting here. Why, I've been through a

virtual maze of bamboo forest with just one drink of water; rappelled down a sheer cliff on a pair of pantyhose; crossed an incredible chasm with only a handmade rope; fought ferocious feral swine with my underwear; ridden a log through a whitewater canyon; and..."

"O.K. already! Enough, enough," laughs Roberta. "But what about him?"

"I, I," Larry stammers, "I've had quite a few adventures in my day, too!"

"Oh, really?" replies Roberta, "anything that might make an adventure game?"

"Of course, it would, Bert!" you brag confidently. "If you could just set us up with a little place to work (up to my reasonable standards, of course) we would write a whole series of adventure games for you!"

"We could discuss this over lunch," Larry interrupts, "I haven't eaten a thing this entire game!"

As the three of you head off together, Roberta says, "We do have a home on the lake; would that adequately meet your needs, Patti?"

And so it ends.

Larry and Patti move in together, sharing a simple programmer's shack in the mountains. Patti gives up her musician's life on the road for the one man she found able to match her passion. Larry begins to tell the world his life story through software...

Let's see, now: it all begins in Lost Wages...

...outside a bar named, "Louie's." No, "Lois'." No, that's not right either. Hey, Patti! Gimme a name for a bar."

"How about 'Lefty's?'"

"That's good, babe!"

Hmmm. Maybe I should compile and test this.

Let's see if my little Larry can go inside...

Congratulations! You did it! You've won!!

We hope you've enjoyed "Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals!" You, Larry and Patti have certainly been through a lot together!

You did an excellent job! What a score!!

You did a great job, but you did miss a little something. For instance...

You shouldn't have short-changed yourself while straddling that log!

You know, you could find some of your missing points back at "The Comedy Hut."

What a shame you didn't "sleuth" more when you had your divorce.

Isn't it surprising that you spent so much time at a tropical resort and never took time out to improve your tan?

You wonder now why you ignored Chip 'n' Dale's on your way to the bamboo forest.

Do you remember when you were at Fat City? Someone was waiting for you, but you missed her!

You probably don't know it, but a lot of the points that are missing above got lost when you didn't completely explore the island in your showgirl costume.

## **DEATH**

Well, %s, are you now fully convinced that gravity really sucks?

You really FELL for that one...

Ignoring the "Authorized Personnel Only" sign on the stage door, you merrily bang away. Probably nothing will happen...

"Who in the hell do you think you are to knock on my stage door and disturb my show?" roars the

burly stage manager. "How dare you!"  
(Oh, no, Larry! What have you done now?)  
"Ouch!"

You know, indiscriminate knocking could well be the death of you...  
That's you all over!

You lower yourself (an experience not wholly unfamiliar to you) over the sheer side of the canyon wall, your full weight supported only by a pair of run-filled pantyhose!  
(How you wish you'd changed to a clean pair this morning!)  
Oh, no! Your pantyhose broke!!  
Ow!  
Really, Patti! Everyone likes to make a good impression, but...  
Busted Flat

### **COPYRIGHT PROTECTION AIDS**

2 The Punk Flamingo  
8 The Comedy Hut  
9 Nontoonyt Community Center  
10 Bippi's Island Liquors  
12 Chip `n' Dale's  
13 Island Office and Voodoo Supply  
16 Dewey, Cheatem & Howe  
17 Witch Doctor Appearance Centre  
18 Piggs's Coffee Shop  
19 Nontoonyt Nectarine Advisory Board  
23 Fat City  
24 Hurtz Rent-A-Bike

**CHEATER!!!**

Oh well, O.K. Since it's you, you may go ahead. Pick a filth level from 1-5, where 1 is "clean" and 5 is "dirty."  
Welcome to "Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals!"

**WARNING!** This game contains some material which may be deemed offensive by some players. If you are offended by adult situations, vulgar language, ethnic humor, sexual innuendo or pixelated nudity, you'll be happier playing another game.

Use the TAB key to select, then ENTER to continue.

Oops, I don't wanna play  
no dirty computer games!

I'm gonna go watch PBS.

What is your age?

Come back with your legal guardian!

Welcome to the "Clean" version!

To prove you are at least %d years old, just answer these five simple questions.

Correct

Wrong

You are so bright!

You got %d correct out of 5 questions. Therefore, you get to play this game at the "%s" level!

Have fun!!

1Henry "Hank" Aaron is best known for  
his prowess with a stick.  
his ability to talk to animals.  
his skill at lifting weights.  
"Hank who?"

4Acupuncture is  
the ability to accurately puncture anything.  
extremely painful.  
a style of kinky sex.  
an ancient form of Chinese medicine.

1If you inhaled Agent Orange you were probably  
in Vietnam.  
stoned.  
loaded with Vitamin C.  
able to talk like Donald Duck.

2An abacus is  
another name for a chalkboard.  
a technique for counting.  
an insignificant Roman god.  
something dirty.

3Your abdomen is located  
inside your bank.  
inside your Audi.  
beneath your chest.  
best after dark.

2A W-4 is  
the best all-around motor oil.  
a tax form.  
a fighter plane.  
Leisure Suit Larry's draft rating.

4The Electoral College is  
in upstate Vermont.  
Ronald Reagan's alma mater.  
a system of direct representation.  
ridiculous.

4The Presidency of Gerald Ford is remembered for  
the escalation of the Vietnam War.  
the beginning of the Watergate scandal.  
the decline of inflation.  
nothing much.

3OPEC is  
America's first line of defense.  
a government agency.  
the coalition of oil producing countries.  
a computer language.

4"The Andy Griffith Show" was a spinoff of  
"Make Room For Daddy."  
"Mayberry R.F.D."  
"Matlock."

none of the above

3 An aneurysm is

a swamp-dwelling marsupial.  
quite enjoyable.  
an enlargement in an artery.  
usually caused by frog urine.

2 In 1979, the Vice-President of the U.S. was nicknamed

"Poppy."  
"Fritz."  
"Hans."  
"Dutch."

3 A balloon mortgage is

an early type of aircraft  
a kind of French torture device  
a type of home loan  
a cross-country hot air balloon race

1 Who played Patty Duke's cousin on "The Patty Duke Show?"

Patty Duke  
Pia Zadora  
Patty O'Rourke  
Patty Melt

1 Krakatoa is actually \_\_\_\_ of Java.

West  
East  
Northeast  
Southeast

3 Jack Benny's chauffeur was

Westchester.  
Portsmouth.  
Rochester.  
underpaid.

4 "Who threw the overalls in Mrs. Murphy's

laundry?"  
merkin?"  
mukluks?"  
chowder?"

1 "You won't have \_\_\_\_ to kick around any more."

Richard Nixon  
Charles Atlas  
Al Lowe  
Pele

4 "Candy is dandy, but"

"who ordered candy?"  
"booze is badder."  
"cheddar is better."  
"liquor is quicker."

4 Abbie Hoffman wrote

"The Grapes of Wrath."  
"The Wrath of Khan."  
"Take My Wife... Please!"  
"Steal This Book."

1 Who died in "Love Story?"

Ali McGraw  
Ryan O'Neal  
Brian Piccolo  
the audience

4A philatelist is

a humanitarian.  
a barbarian.  
one who licks and tells.  
a stamp collector.

3Comedians often play in

the Bible Belt.  
the Corn Belt.  
the Borscht Belt.  
their food.

2"Ask any mermaid you happen to see,"

What's the finest caviar?  
What's the best tuna?  
What is Tom Hanks really like?  
Are you Shirley McClaine?

2Charles Dickens wrote

"Tails From Two Cities."  
"David Copperfield."  
"Magic Made Easy."  
"Doug Henning."

4Lizzy Borden gave her mother

a poem lovely as a tree.  
a cherry that had no stone.  
gray hair.  
forty whacks.

2The five Marx brothers were Groucho, Harpo, Chico,

Bobo and Rollo.  
Zeppo and Gummo.  
Karl and Freddy.  
Scooter and Skido.

3Pesticide is

a legal term for the murder of a younger sibling.  
a slang term for the harassing of nerds.  
a bug killer.  
taking sides with obnoxious people.

4An oil glut is

the latest tanker spill.  
how doctors describe cholesterol in arteries.  
a typical fast-food meal.  
an overabundance of the commodity in the world markets.

1A philanthropist is

a humanitarian.  
a stamp collector.  
a frivolous lover  
the lasso-slipping ability of Phil's aunt.

1"The Munster's" pet dragon was called

Spot.  
Fred.

Igor.

Smokey.

3Cat Stevens is

a famous cat food promoter.

a beatnik politician of the 50's.

a singer/songwriter who "got religion."

Austrian.

2In the TV show "Rawhide," Rowdy Yates was played by

Harry Carey

Clint Eastwood

Harry Palm

Clint Walker

1The "Women's Suffrage" movement was run by

Susan B. Anthony.

Jacqueline Susann.

Gloria Steinem.

Paula Abdul.

2Two famous sex researchers were

Olsen and Johnson.

Masters and Johnson.

Johnson and Johnson.

Hall and Oates.

1What is a "Brainfour?"

a thinking device

a quadrilateral circle

an operation to remove blood clots

a memory chip holding four times more information

4The fastest speed you would reach if you jumped off a 40-story building is

400 MPH ( $40 \times 10.0$ ).

40.4 MPH ( $40 + 4/10$ ).

4 MPH ( $40/10$ ).

irrelevant to you at the time.

3Are you a kid?

Yes, but I wanna play anyway.

Yes.

No.

No, I am a grown up.

4Social Security is

for people afraid to be alone in public.

an underarm deodorant.

a contract signed when you get married.

some sort of governmental thing.

2"All Along the Watchtower" is a

religious publication.

song by Bob Dylan.

nickname for guard duty during WW II.

"Great Wall of China" fight song.

2In the 60's television show, U.N.C.L.E. stood for

Underground National Council for Large Earlobes.

United Network Command for Law Enforcement.

United Naval Commission for Leaders of Europe.



"truth, justice, and the American way."

4Vertigo is

- a balance disorder of the inner ear.
- an Alfred Hitchcock film.
- any sudden vertical movement.
- both A and B.

1Watergate is

- a hotel.
- a large, water-driven power station.
- a valve used to stop leaks in water pipes.
- German for "your father's heart."

3A "condominium" is

- a prophylactic for midgets.
- a small supermarket.
- an apartment you can purchase.
- the smallest size.

4Which was not a '60s rock group?

- The Who
- The Stones
- The Beatles
- The Bangles

3Spiro Agnew was

- a linebacker for Green Bay.
- a billionaire Greek shipping tycoon.
- an ex-con.
- pardoned.

4In 1980, Americans supported the Iranian hostages by

- not buying gasoline.
- taking out a contract on the Ayatollah.
- holding mass rallies.
- tying up innocent trees in yellow ribbons.

2In the mid-70's, you had the "dry look" if you

- had too many dry martinis for lunch.
- used a blow dryer.
- had too many dry beers after work.
- wore desert boots.

1A square root is a

- mathematical term.
- nerd cheer.
- path with no diagonal movement.
- painful condition.

4Senile people

- have been to Egypt.
- study rivers professionally.
- live in pyramids.
- (I forget the fourth answer.)

2"Brown vs Board of Education" concerned

- corporal punishment.
- desegregation.
- forced busing.
- declaring catsup a vegetable.

3Canasta is

the capital of Haiti.

a Cuban dance.

a card game.

Madonna's last name.

1 If someone called you a thespian, he would probably be referring to your dramatic skills.  
referring to your ethnic background.  
insulting your sexual preferences.  
punched out!

2 ARVN stands for the

"American Recreational Vehicle Network."

"Army of the Republic of Viet Nam."

"American Rock Video Network."

"Automatic Recovery Vehicle--Nuclear."

4 "The Naked Lunch" is

served at only your more sophisticated restaurants.

live at CBGB's.

available in VHS.

a beatnik novel.

3 The Gestapo was a

now-defunct chain of Quiki-Marts in the Deep South.

tribe of headhunters.

WWII German police force.

popular 60's dance.

2 "LSD" is

used to slow the spread of cancer.

able to really mess up your head.

any "Large Screen Display."

a "Large Stomach Disorder."

1 Analgesics are used to

control pain.

enhance rectal pleasure.

prevent pregnancy.

kill fleas.

3 The term "Baby Boom" refers to the

now-defunct practice of exploding ugly offspring.

noise a baby's bottom makes.

increased birthrate following WWII.

sound a baby makes when dropped from a high building.

4 Someone interested in animal husbandry

is married to a sheep.

petitions for animal rights.

would be arrested in Michigan.

breeds livestock.

2 A Bar Mitzvah is a

famous Manhattan gay bar.

Jewish religious ceremony.

Yiddish granola bar.

special kind of cracker.

3 The Big Bang is

the title of a hit porno movie.

Bernard Goetz's favorite sound.

how the universe got its start.

a 27-car pileup.

4The U.S. Vice-President elected in 1988 was

J. Danforth Quayle.

not ready for prime time.

"No Jack Kennedy."

All of the above.

3What is interface protocol?

a required course in "The Famous Beauticians School"

Chapter Three of "How to Earn Big Bucks as an Ambassador"

foreplay between consenting computers

when the eyes and the nose cast their "Ayes" and "Nos"

4Josephine the \_\_\_\_\_

Bonaparte

Manicurist

Eighth

Plumber

1Who had a rabbit and a talking grandfather clock?

Captain Kangaroo

Glenn Close

Jimmy Stewart

Pee Wee Herman

2What band was Paul McCartney in before Wings?

Menudo

The Beatles

The Monkees

The Traveling Wilburys

1If they could just stay little until their \_\_\_\_\_ wear out.

Carters

undies

kidneys

Legos

4What was the first TV show with the sound of a flushing toilet?

"Maude"

"The Jeffersons"

"American Top 40"

"All in the Family"

3What TV show featured an appearance by Richard Nixon?

"Hello, Larry."

"Mr. President."

"Laugh-In."

A special 2-hour "Love Boat."

4The phrase "Cutting the cheese" refers to

hors d'oeuvres preparation.

topping another French chef.

leaving a warm climate.

flatulence.

1Which of the following was NOT a carbonated drink?

"Nik-L-Nip"

"Vita-Cola"

"Moxie"

"Mr. Pibb"

2The "Domino Theory" refers to  
"30 minutes! Guaranteed!!"  
Southeast Asia.  
the speed of collapsing rows of vertical dominoes.  
the non-Latin Mass.

3"Supercalifragilisticexpialidocious" is  
a typo.  
misspelled.  
an adjective.  
a palindrome.

2In "The Wizard of Oz," Dorothy's last name was  
Parker.  
Gale.  
Gumm.  
Minelli.

3Who fought the Battle of the Bulge?  
General Ullyses S. Grant  
Colonel Tom Parker  
General MacAuliffe  
Elizabeth Taylor

1Muhammad Ali was originally known as  
Cassius Clay.  
Titus Andronicus.  
Sonny Liston.  
Wally Cox.

4Marijuana has never been called  
pot.  
grass.  
reefer.  
off.

3Who never won the Nobel Peace Prize?  
Teddy Roosevelt  
Henry Kissinger  
Linus Pauling  
Pope John XXIII

3In the Spanish Civil War, the Fascists defeated the  
Democrats.  
Republicans.  
Libertarians.  
Armada.

2Ronald Reagan was never a  
sportscaster.  
professional football player.  
governor.  
napper.

3The Mason-Dixon Line is a  
betting spread.  
geometry problem.  
surveying boundary.  
type of fishing gear.

4Muhammed Ali was known for  
his skill as a poet.

missing the draft.

boxing.

All of the above.

1 Which of the following is not a Woody Allen film?

"Exteriors"

"Manhattan"

"Annie Hall"

"Bananas"

2 People discussing arms control are

involved in the prosthetics industry.

mitigating the destructiveness of war.

preparing for short arms inspection.

practicing cheerleading.

3 Artificial insemination is the

study of plastic plants.

study of sex among the insemians.

technique widely used to breed animals.

safest form of sex.

1 Artificial intelligence is

computers pretending to be human.

humans pretending to be computers.

an oxy-moron.

a blow-up doll.

4 The author of this game likes to wear his hair

parted on the left.

parted on the right.

long.

on the inside.

4 Mikhail Baryshnikov is famous for?

being an ex-Commie

wearing tight underwear

performing while on tip-toes

All of the above.

2 What occurred at the Bay of Pigs?

Many ugly women took a bath.

A big mistake.

The first bacon factory was established.

Columbus arrived in America.

3 Which was not a Beatles song?

"Please, Please Me"

"Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Di Ob-La-Da"

"Put This In Your Mouth"

"The Continuing Story of Bungalow Bill"

3 Pearl Harbor is best known for

being a great place to shop for necklaces.

her five years as a Washington D. C. madam.

being bombed during World War II.

her singing voice.

4 Macadamia nuts are

caused by infrequent bathing.

extremely painful.

usually supplied with batteries.

common in Hawaii.

1 Mace is

liquid tear gas.  
a mild aphrodisiac.  
best applied as a topical lubricant.  
a brand of underarm deodorant.

2 If "the rabbit died," what really happened is

its ears went limp.  
somebody's been doing something to someone.  
you need a different brand of rabbit chow.  
there'll be no more rabbit poop around the house.

1 What can you get in a "red light" district?

in many cases, trouble  
the Blue Plate Special  
outdoor lighting fixtures  
lingerie

3 To impress your date, you should

sing (loudly) Barry Manilow's greatest hits.  
casually mention how you flunked your last blood test.  
not bring up the vast quantities of ear hair they have.  
discuss your plans to continue living at home with Mom.

4 According to men, women think foreplay should last

longer.  
much longer.  
much much longer.  
All of the above.

4 I am easily offended by

nudity.  
racial humor.  
foul language.  
None of the above.

2 The rhythm method is

how drummers do it.  
a popular form of birth control.  
percussive in nature.  
a way to fool around while listening to music.

4 Eleven inches is

a foot.  
a yard.  
.70 meters  
more than I have.

4 Who should be on top, the male or the female?

On top of what?  
the male  
the female  
What species?

1 Which of the following does not belong?

walking the dog  
hunting beaver  
chasing tail  
trolling

4 How many virgin cheerleaders are there?

Five million.  
Two thousand.  
One hundred.  
Too many.

3 Which of the following does not belong?

Safe  
Raincoat  
Tire iron  
Condom

4 Who comes on New Year's Eve?

Santa Claus  
The Easter Bunny  
Jason  
Sometimes, me

2 A conundrum is

used to prevent disease.  
a riddle.  
a yuppie habitat (sometimes known as a "condo").  
a musical instrument of the percussion family.

1 What lies on the back of a Playboy centerfold?

several jokes  
a tattoo  
her boyfriend  
a hairy wart

1 What celebrity was the first Ronald McDonald?

Willard Scott  
Larry Laffer  
Ronald Reagan  
Bert Parks

3 A homophone is

opposed to the gay lifestyle.  
in favor of the gay lifestyle.  
a word that sounds like another word.  
a communication device.

2 What is "Where the Rubber hits the Road?"

Trojan  
Firestone  
The Hollywood Drive-In Theatre  
Galoshes, Inc.

2 Who does not belong?

Marilyn Monroe  
Phyllis Diller  
Jayne Mansfield  
Bo Derek

4 A reefer is

to give to or assign to someone.  
a good place to store beer.  
where ships often crash.  
sometimes smoked illegally.

1 TM is most often associated with  
the Bahgwan Shree Rajneesh.  
Shirley MacLaine.

the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi.

Yogi Bear.

3Buddy Holly died

on stage.

in the saddle.

in an airplane crash.

in the "Blue Ball Saloon" when he bent to tie his shoelace.

1What did Gomer Pyle say when he was excited?

Shazam!

Wanna buy a duck?

Yes, sir!

Yabba Dabba Doo!

4A loop is

often used in family planning.

repeated instructions in a computer program.

in downtown Chicago.

All of the above.

3Decalomania is

an obsession with decimals.

an obsession with Californians.

sticky.

a mental disease involving decalcos.

2STD is

an automotive lubricant.

something to avoid.

commonly associated with celibacy.

a West German political party.

3Who does not belong?

Peter Lawford

Sammy Davis

Stevie Wonder

Dean Martin

1Who invented "The Twist?"

Chubby Checker

Michael Jackson

The American Chiropractic Society

Milton Bradley

4CP/M is

a first aid technique.

a type of accountant.

a female problem.

an operating system.

2Chlamydia is

a baroque musical instrument.

often "gotten off a toilet seat."

a flower with purple petals.

the fifth wife of Emperor Nero.

3Who was not in the original "Saturday Night Live" cast?

Chevy Chase

Gilda Radner

Eddie Murphy

John Belushi



1 Which of these do you consider most offensive?

- Abstinence
- Graphic sex
- Gratuitous promiscuity
- Racial slurs

4 An IUD is

- a promissory note.
- an international organization.
- used to increase fertility.
- supposed to limit reproduction.

3 Which of these is out of place?

- cathouse
- house of ill repute
- bridge club
- the Chicken Ranch

2 Which of these is not related to fowls.

- laying an egg
- getting laid
- telling a yolk
- "finger-lickin' good"

1 What country produces the Mercedes Benz?

- The same folks that brought you sauerkraut
- Atlantis
- Sweden
- Japan

2 What does the "F" stand for in JFK?

- Forest
- Fitzgerald
- Franklin
- Fitzpatrick

## **TRITE**

You're getting off to a slow start, Larry. Perhaps you should dig out the documentation that came with this game and read through the Walk-Thru in your copy of "Nontoonyt Tonite."

(This is merely a friendly suggestion from your designer and programmer, Al Lowe.)

It has been %d minute%s since you saved your game!

Oh, yeah? Well, "%s" this!

You may know the word "%s" but it's beyond Al Lowe's vocabulary!

Oh, yeah? Well, I've got your "%s" right here!

You don't need to type the word "%s" to complete this game!

Don't you ever say the word "%s" again!

That doesn't appear to be a proper sentence.

What in the hell are you talking about?

That's probably something you could do, but this game won't!

The hell you say!

You're too smart for this game!

Congratulations! You have dumbfounded this game!

Hi, Al!

"Goodbye."

There's nothing here suitable for sharpening your knife.

This is not the correct place to do that.

That's not a good idea, Larry. Patti wanted that wine!

The bottle is already empty.

Empty Bottle

Ok. It's empty now.

You have nothing with which to cut anything.

Your knife is too dull to cut anything.

What do you want to cut?

This grass isn't really suitable. Keep looking.

No; find something else to carve.

You have nothing to carve.

You've already done the best you can.

You have no flowers with which to make a lei.

You've already made a lei from the orchids.

An interesting thought -- but how?

Right now, they're just a beautiful bunch of orchids.

You're close, but you are not the person for whom they are intended.

You have no grass.

You've already made a skirt from the grass.

Please! Not here.

Be more specific. Say what you want to wear.

It would be difficult to wear a clump of grass.

A good idea, but you're far too modest to change clothes here.

A nice shower WOULD feel good!

That's may do something somewhere but not here!

Well, well. Look at this. Somehow Suzi Cheatem's Fat City Membership Card got mixed up in these papers. What a sleuth you are!

What do you want to count?

You quickly count to %d. Such fun, eh?

How can you count that?

You're busted!

You have %d dollars.

You have no money.

"How about a few of these ones?" you ask.

(Evidently no one is interested.)

"Hey! Can I give you a tip?" you say.

"Guess not," you think.

"I've got twenty bucks on me," you announce. "Anybody interested?"

There is no response.

A good idea, but you can't change here!

What did you want to put inside your bra?

You can't do that here; at least, not now.

Ok. You put it in. It fits. You remove it.

(Pretty much fun, eh?)

Hey! We want our R rating for sex, not violence!

What do you want to inspect?

You see nothing special.

The orchids look perfectly safe.

The bottle is empty. Not even a note!

The water is still inside the bottle.

The bottle is full of wine.  
"100% Pure Silk"  
"Extra Sheer"  
"36C"  
You look pretty good, if you do think so yourself!  
You can not open the coconuts.  
"Hi."  
"You're welcome."  
"Knock, knock."  
(Nobody wants to play that game, %s!)  
Patti!  
(Really!)  
A warm feeling spreads down your leg.  
Climbing the walls already?  
You'd better not. You might rip your dress.  
That would be unbecoming a man of leisure.  
Talking to yourself again, Larry?  
You really miss him, don't you, Patti?  
You are so glad you two are back together!  
Whee!  
"FEELINGS! NOTHING MORE THAN FEELINGS!!"  
Isn't that what you are doing?  
If you pick it, it won't heal!  
"HELP!"  
That's against the law!  
Who would loan you anything?  
Ok, you win.#  
(Game over.)  
What do you want to wear?  
You'd look better if you didn't!  
You can't wear what is not yours.  
What do you want to drop?  
Nah. Better not!  
It's not yours to drop.  
What do you want to throw?  
Nah. You might need it later!  
That doesn't belong to you.  
Sniff, sniff.  
You should have showered after that workout!  
You should have used soap during your shower!  
Your deodorant has failed!  
You whistle a happy tune.  
"Is there any chance I could get a job around here?" you say.  
(There is no response.)  
Forget about that creep, Patti!  
"Ha, ha!"  
Once you tasted it, you wouldn't want it!  
There's no time!  
Stop your whining!  
How would you help?  
Searching through your clothes you find...  
You find nothing.

"Same to you, buddy!"  
Yeah, you probably would, too!  
Aren't your palms hairy enough?  
Obviously, restraint is no problem for you, %s.  
That comes later.  
You see something special.  
Nobody's THAT thirsty!  
It's not that easy!  
It's in the box your disks came in. Have you read it?  
If you are very quiet, you can hear your keyboard click.  
Wouldn't you rather just remain friends?  
Tsk, tsk.  
That's probably where you'll end up!  
You look pretty good, if you do say so yourself!  
You look great, no matter what you wear!  
You're too cool!  
Your toes are so ugly!  
Your feet should hurt, what with all this walking!  
You see many leaves.  
Where?  
Staring at the walls already?  
It just lies there, under your feet.  
It's still up there!  
Hey! That's Larry's line!  
You really love this, don't you!  
Tight butts drive you nuts!  
Has it been 30 seconds already?  
This game does not encourage voyeurism!  
It's just as it appears.  
It doesn't look interesting.  
There's nothing worth buying here.  
You're broke!  
What do you want to use?  
There's no need to use it here.  
To whom?  
What do you want to give?  
It's not yours to give.  
You have no reason to do that.  
You get down from a duck, but not here!  
You already are "up for the game!"  
What do you want to take?  
You already have it.  
There is no wood here that strikes your fancy.  
It's of no use.  
You don't need it.  
There's no reason to take it.  
You can't do that now.  
"Hello," you say.  
Ok, but I don't usually do that!  
She doesn't seem interested in that!  
Score: %d of 4000 %7s %s

O.K.  
It is.  
You are.  
Good idea. You might try that again later.  
You're not close enough.  
You already took it.  
You don't have it.

You can't. It's locked.  
Get your fat ass out of the doorway first.  
Please move out of the doorway first.

## **DEBUG**

Debug will%spop up on next newRoom.  
You are currently enjoying room %d.  
Larry  
Patti  
What room was that supposed to be?  
You don't have it, Al.  
It's outta here, Al.  
You already have it, Al.  
You got it, Al.

You are currently enthusiastically enjoying room %d.  
What room was that supposed to be?

2 Ok, Al. Showroom state is now %d, where

0 = SRshowIsOn  
1 = SRshowDone  
2 = SRcherriOnPhone  
3 = SRknowsAboutDeed  
4 = SRcherriBackstage  
5 = SRstageDoorUnlocked  
6 = SRdone

3 Ok, Al. Newspaper state is now %d, where

0 = NSnotYet  
1 = NSpComing  
2 = NSshowroom  
3 = NSpHere  
4 = NSIMissing

4 Ok, Al. Lawyer state is now %d, where

0 = LSbusy  
1 = LSfree  
2 = LSwaiting4deed  
3 = LSdeedReady  
4 = LSneeds500

5 = LSdivorce  
6 = LSwaiting4divorce  
7 = LSdivorceReady  
8 = Lsdone

## **MENU**

See your local software dealer or dial (800) 326-6654 from 8-5 Pacific Time. Have your credit card handy.

Remember:

save early, save often!

Sorry, but from here, all you can do is Restart or Restore a saved game.  
(Hope you didn't get caught!)

## **CREDITS**

"Leisure Suit Larry 3:  
Passionate Patti in Pursuit  
of the Pulsating Pectorals!"

Designed by Al Lowe

Programmed by Al Lowe  
and Carlos Escobar

Graphics by William Skirvin  
and Roger Hardy

Sierra's Creative Interpreter  
by Jeff Stephenson, Bob Heitman,  
Pablo Ghenis, and Stuart Goldstein

Music Composed and Performed by Mike Dana  
Sound Effects by Rob Atesalp  
Atari ST Translation by Corey Cole  
Amiga Translation by Robert Lindsley

Quality Assurance led by Robin Bradley

Version %s January 27, 1990

How could you play at the "%s Level" for %d hour%s, %d minute%s and %d second%s and only score %d point%s?!

You've been playing this game at the "%s Level" for %d minute%s and %d second%s and you've only scored %d point%s?!

You've been playing this game at the "%s Level" for %d minute%s and %d second%s and you haven't scored a single point?

### **DURING THE GAME:**

Click at the top of the screen or press ESC to use the menus. Additional shortcuts are shown there.

### **IN TYPING WINDOWS:**

Arrows, Home and End move the cursor, or click anywhere with the mouse. Ctrl-C clears the line.

IN DIALOG WINDOWS:

Enter selects the outlined item, or click on items with the mouse. Tab and Shift-Tab move between choices. ESC always cancels.

If you really need help, pick up a copy of the "Passionate Patti" hint book at your software dealer.

Sorry, but you can not save your game at this time. Please try again later.

Are you serious? You want to start all the way back at the beginning again?

Quit? Now? When you're doing so well? Why, you're almost up to %d points!

So what am I supposed to do, just stand here while you do something else? Oh, all right. I'll just hold my breath until you return...