

Leisure Suit Larry: Love For Sail! script

The Larry 7 script doesn't contain too many abnormalities, but the following observations are interesting:

-Apparently one was supposed to be able to walk away from Dewmi. You can't. Nor will the Wad O' Dough ever be an inventory item outside Room 510.

-It's baffling how unlinear LSL7 is: prior to making this script I never knew it was possible to get the stock in an early stage of the game.

-Oddly the game doesn't consider the Dewmi encounter a photograph possibility.

-There are only a few inconsistencies: you can never show Xqwzts the handkerchief as you get that after he goes away.

-The game can include your own photo and recordings (see the beastar files on your disk for details); apparently this once applied for Willy's jokes as well.

Introduction

Inventory

Anyplace

Use on ego

Room 0

Your Attention Please!

Mast

Bridge

Steering booth

Captain's Cabin

TMT Leader Board

Captain Thygh

Aft deck

Promenade deck

Fo'c'sle

Peggy

Proud Li'l Seaman Lounge

Back of the lounge

Dressing Room

Kitchen

Blind Dessert Taste Test

Heavin' Ho

Hot Meat Serving Station

Das Grande Atriumo

Purser's Desk

Library

Victorian Principles

El Replicant Sculpture Garden

On The Scaffold

Pair O' Dice Casino

Craps

Employees Only Hallway

Employees Only

Xqwzts's Lair

Horseshoe Competition

Poop deck

The Juggs

Bowling Competition
Captain Queeg's Hallway
Captain Queeg's Ballroom
Jamie Lee Coitus
Fashion Show
Clothing Optional Pool
Drew Baringmore
LoveMaster 2000
Cook Off
Best-Dressed Competition
Bowling Pin Hold
Beaver Hold
Luggage Hold
Room 1009 Hallway
Room 1009
Annette Boning
Room 501
Strip Liar's Dice
Great Moments With Mr Clinton
If you need help, press F1.
Credits
Vocabulary/Code

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LARRY (GRUNT UNDER THE WEIGHT OF A GIANT GLOBE) UUuuhhhnnnnnggggh!
(ABOUT 3 SECONDS)

Resume My Previous Game
Lemme Outta Here! (Exit)
Visit the Larry Web Site
Start a Brand New Game
Open an Existing Game

Introduction

LARRY (PORN MOVIE SOUNDTRACK) Moan. Oh. Baby. Yes. There, no there! Oh, God.

SHAMARA (PORN MOVIE SOUNDTRACK) Moan. Oh. Baby. Yes. There, no there! Oh, God.

LARRY (APPROACHING NIRVANA) Oh, baby! You're the GREATest! This has gotta be the BEST night of my life!!

SHAMARA (SULTRY, TEASING, TEMPTING) I need more, Larry; more! And, something new. (SUGGESTIVELY) Here...slip into these!

LARRY (Breathlessly) God, Shamara, is there anything we haven't done?

SHAMARA (SUDDENLY COLD) There's lots I haven't done, Laffer. (THE BOMBSHELL) That's why I'm leaving you.

LARRY (BEWILDERED) Leaving? Now?

SHAMARA A night with you gives a woman plenty of time to think. (SLIGHTLY SLOWER) That New Age philosophy crap just isn't me. (HARD AND COLD AGAIN) What I really love is: MONEY!

LARRY You can't leave me here like this!

SHAMARA You're right. (STICKS CIGARETTE IN HIS MOUTH) So long, sucker!

(THIS MESSAGE NO LONGER USED!) So long, sucker!

LARRY Hey! I don't smoke!

(THIS MESSAGE NO LONGER USED!) I don't smoke!!

LARRY (PARALLEL FIRST LINE) Oh, baby! You're the LOWest! This has gotta be the WORST night of my life!!

LARRY (SIGH) At least things can't get any worse! (ONE LOUD HACK SENDS THE CIGARETTE ONTO THE BED)

LARRY (QUIETLY) I should never say that!

LARRY Ow!

LARRY Ouch!

LARRY Oooww!

LARRY (COUGH 3 TIMES) Cough. Hack. Awwwwwwccckk!

CHIEF (ALWAYS THROUGH BULLHORN) Inventory objects work just like game objects: left click on one and a menu appears. Try "Look"-ing at one now.

CHIEF Open the complimentary Lil' Hair Weave Kit and see if there's anything inside that could help you.

CHIEF To open the Hair Weave Kit, go to the Inventory window by selecting it from the pull-down "Game" menu. Then left-click on the Hair Weave Kit and select "Open" from its menu.

CHIEF The objects in Inventory behave exactly like objects in the game. You can Use inventory objects on other inventory objects just like you use inventory objects on game objects.

CHIEF First select the needle, then use the vice grips on it.

CHIEF In Inventory, click on the needle. From the needle's menu move down to "Use..." then move over and down to click on "Vice Grips." That's how to use the vice grips on the needle.

CHIEF Now that you've got something to work with, pop up your Inventory window and start making things happen.

CHIEF Pull down the menu bar from the upper-left corner of the screen. From the Game menu, select Inventory. Or right-click your mouse anywhere.

CHIEF Move the cursor around the screen until it's over an object. You can tell because the cursor "changes in shape." Click the left mouse button and a menu will appear.

CHIEF Adventure games require a lot of "Look"-ing. Be sure you click on everything that causes your cursor to highlight, then, from the resulting menu, select "Look."

CHIEF Move your mouse cursor to the upper-left corner of the game's graphics area until a menu bar appears. Click on the menu bar and a menu will drop down.

CHIEF Click the right mouse button almost anywhere and a shortcut menu will appear, listing the things you do most during game play.

CHIEF Try "Taking" something from the tables beside your bed.

CHIEF Move your mouse over a table until the cursor, uh, "unrolls," er, "lengthens," that is, "highlights." Click the left mouse button. Select "Take" from the resulting menu. If Take isn't on the menu, you're over the wrong spot.

CHIEF The other table also has something you need.

CHIEF Take La Costa Lotta's complimentary "Lil' Hair Weave Kit" from the other table.

CHIEF The other table also has something you need.

CHIEF Take Shamara's Vice Grips from the other table.

CHIEF (ALWAYS THROUGH BULLHORN) Attention! Attention!! You in the Penthouse!

LARRY (CONFUSED) Me?

CHIEF Yeah, you -- the person who spent the night with Shamara! Leave now! We think there may be a fire somewhere.

Stop fooling around and figure out how to get out of here!

It's on fire. And not with passion!

Shamara's Hot Bed

That's only a "sew sew" idea.

What?! (GRUNTINGLY) "Me take fire home cave?" Oh Larry, I love it when you go Neanderthal!

This is no time for souvenirs. Besides, your bra drawer is already bulging!

Brassiere

Who put THAT there?

Used Condom

You've gotten all the good you're going to get out of that!

(LIKE THE PSA) This is your body. Soon, this will be your body on fire. Any questions?

You

LARRY (TAKING A LEAK) Ahhhh. (ONLY NOW YOU REALIZE IT WAS IN YOUR PANTS)

Oops.

Good thing you wore your industrial strength "extra absorbent" underwear!

This is no time to "touch yourself."

It's called "fire." It's spreading. And it's going to kill you, if you don't get the hell out of here!

Fire

La Costa Lotta thoughtfully provides one of these complimentary "Lil' Hair Weave Kits" in every room.

Lil' Hair Weave Kit

My comb-over COULD use a little thickening.

CHIEF You ARE desparate, aren't you? Have you found the pull-down menus? Have you explored the "Game" menu? Have you tried "Inventory?" Have you thought about "Opening" the Lil' Hair Weave Kit? Come on, Larry! Think, man!! Don't sit on your hands and make little funny noises.

In handcuffs, as in life, Shamara spared no expense. There's no way you'll ever break a pair of cuffs manufactured by a company called "Sisters of Steel!"

Handcuffs

LARRY Maybe...

The needle is just too straight to use as a lock pick!

Yes. That's the whole idea, isn't it?

There's no way your Vice Grips are strong enough. Those grips spell "vice" with a "C," not an "S."

The lower parts of the headboard are filled with small dents... but that's not your problem right now.

Headboard

There's nothing more on THAT table.

One of La Costa Lotta's complimentary "Lil' Hair Weave Kits" lies on the table. You were planning to take it home.

Left Table

That table would be empty, if Shamara hadn't left her Vice Grips lying there.

Right Table

There's nothing more on that table.

Shamara's Vice Grips lie on the table, just waiting for another chance at love.

"Vice" Grips

LARRY It's a good thing Shamara used those Vice Grips last night. I can just reach 'em from here.

CHIEF (ALWAYS THROUGH BULLHORN) Break the glass door!

CHIEF (EXASPERATED) What's the matter with you, man! You're not limited to the standard set of Sierra verbs! Use the "Other..."!

CHIEF (MORE INSTRUCTIONAL NOW) Click on the glass door. Select "Other..." from the menu. In the resulting dialog box, type in the word "Break."

CHIEF Jump!!

LARRY (LOUD) Are you crazy? This is the fortieth floor!

CHIEF (LYING) Don't worry. We've got a net.

There's not enough water in the aquarium to put out that raging inferno! (break)

LARRY Even that long night of love making hasn't made me thirsty enough to drink warm water laced with fish feces.

The aquarium's contents are too "well done" to be considered sushi.

Those poor little guys have seen better days.

Aquarium

This chair is a solid heavy-weight example of the fine furniture craftsmanship of the "Design Guild de Motel Seiks."

Chair

You don't need to take it; just throw it. Now. Quick!

LARRY (CARRY HEAVY CHAIR FOR 4 SECONDS) Groan.

LARRY (Sigh.) Hotel furniture just ain't what it used to be!

(SEXY) The flames burn with white hot passion, probing every opening, spreading... oh, wait; that was you, last night.

LARRY (HAPPY ABOUT THIS) Hey, yeah?

Flames

La Costa Lotta recycled an old barbell and a couple of 10-pound weights to make this floor lamp.

Floor Lamp

(4" OF STRUGGLE & STRAIN; YOU CAN'T LIFT IT) Ungh, ogh, oh, ugh.

You can't lift that, Larry; it must weigh all of 20 pounds!

Don't you ever think about anything but sex!?

(THE ROOM IS ABLAZE AND HE UNPLUGS THE LAMP) What? You're afraid it will "start a fire?"

You look really good in those tiny skivies.

x

You

LARRY (LEAPING THROUGH A GLASS DOOR) Hai Yah! Ugbbababaph!

LARRY (DISCOVERING SOMETHING IMPORTANT) Hey...what's this!?

LARRY (WHINE ABOUT CUT FINGERTIP) Ow! I hate paper cuts!

LARRY (AFTER INSERTING IN UNDERPANTS) Ow! I HATE paper cuts!

CHIEF (ALWAYS THROUGH BULLHORN) Jump!

LARRY Okay. I'm coming...

CHIEF I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

LARRY (EXTREME SLO-MO, DOWN 2 OCTAVES; DO SEVERAL TAKES OF VARIED LENGTHS) Oh, shi...

LARRY (SEVERAL SOUNDS OF HITTING THINGS) Ow! Oh! Doh! Uch!

ANNOUNCER (RAPIDLY, WITH MUCH ENERGY, LIKE A SUPERBOWL

DISNEYLAND PLUG) Leisure Suit Larry, you just leapt from the 40th floor of a burning building! What are you gonna do next?

LARRY (HESITANTLY) I'm going to... (EXAMINE TICKET)

LARRY (POSITIVELY) ...take a cruise!

This glass door leads to the balcony... and safety!

Glass Patio Door

LARRY Our night of passionate love-making must have overheated the frame!

Yeah. Right.

The roses are symbolic... of your love life!

Three simple roses. A perfect metaphor of Shamara and you and...okay, so maybe it's an imperfect metaphor.

Dried Flower

Rose

They'd crumble at your touch...kind of like Shamara.

Sure. Right. This would be a good time to pick flowers.

LARRY Oooh, hello there, boat babes! My name is Larry; Larry Laffer!

THYGH Welcome aboard the PMS Bouncy, Laffer.

THYGH I'm Captain Thygh!

LARRY (STAGE WHISPER) Before this cruise is over, she'll be fallin' all over me!

Inventory

The Venezuelan Beaver Cheese is pale yellow, with hints of color marbling its velvety surface, kind of like cottage cheese at a July picnic!

The ship's kitchen would be a perfect place to mix ingredients.

You COULD prepare something, IF you had a recipe, AND you had all the ingredients.

It's the milk of beaver kindness. (BEAT) Was it good for you?

On the outside, it's the story of principled women who avoid temptation through abstinence and willpower, but on the inside, it's nothing but sin, sin, sin!

It's "The Erotic Adventures of Hercules," soon to be a major motion picture starring Troy McClure.

Every page smolders with intense passion, engulfing the reader in deprivations of wicked lust. (BEAT) At least, that's what it says on the back cover.

It's the dust jacket from "Prudish and Proud."

This is Victorian's book just the way you'd like to see her. Without cover.

"Prudish and Proud: The Gripping Saga of Three Demure Librarians who Resist the Temptations of the Flesh and Affirm Their Commitment to Moral Principles. #126 in a series of 200."

Sounds right up your alley, Larry.

This isn't the first time you've stuck your fingers in something round, firm, heavy, and hard.

LARRY Oh, yeah. I've bowled before.

It's not the best knife in the world, but carving s'Pork hardly requires high-carbon steel.

The Juggs' costumes were decorated with strings of battery-powered chase lights. Everything seems intact, but there doesn't seem to be any way to turn them on.

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

LARRY Come on, baby. Light my fire!

That's got to be history's worst attempt to "turn on" a light!

It's the official state deodorant of Texas: "Smokin' Pits: with the smell of down home barbecue."

LARRY This pair of white plastic dice is just like the ones used in casinos.

These ARE the dice from the casino, Einstein!

LARRY Told you!

This pair of white plastic dice is just like the ones used in casinos, except some fool has sanded them down so they can't lose.

LARRY Hey!

Oh. Was that you?

You've done a good job on them. Any more would ruin their delicate IMbalance.

This pair of white plastic dice is just like the ones used in casinos, except for a few little specks of glue.

LARRY I'll bet I show that Jacques now!

Professional audio engineers always use earplugs when working around high sound pressure levels to ensure their hearing remains sensitive and accurate.

LARRY Ick! I don't want those. They'll be all waxy!

No, these are unused.

Your hose is long and thick.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

You'd still be broke!

La Costa Lotta thoughtfully provides one of these complimentary "Lil' Hair Weave Kits" to every guest's room.

You open the La Costa Lotta complimentary Lil' Hair Weave Kit and find a needle inside.

LARRY (REALLY BLOW NOSE) Toot!

This lacy silk handkerchief, embroidered with the initials A. B., emits a faint odor.

It smells faintly of gardenias, with hints of rosewater and intrigue.

The tiny lettering on the bulb reads, "CyberLamp 2000\05 long-distance heat lamp. 2,500 watts.

Guaranteed range: 200 yards. Not to be used in unapproved fixtures."

This professional-quality competition-grade tossing horseshoe is made of expensive titanium molybdenum alloys with graphite fibers, and is a size 43 extra-wide.

This life insurance policy, in the amount of one billion dollars, is on one Aristotle K. Boning, with the beneficiary listed as Annette B. Boning. It emits a very faint smell.

Who would have guessed it? A short length of wire with an alligator clip on each end is all that's needed to change any slot machine into a winner!

LARRY Hey...I get it. Al Lowe put this here so I could cheat at slots!

Wrong again, token breath. You don't get to play a slot machine again until "Leisure Suit Larry 12: Dork and Dorker!"

LARRY (AWED) Wow, you DO know everything!

You could stick the photograph to the keycard, if the photo was sticky.

Your keycard has an all-important magnetic stripe on the back so it may be used for shipboard purchases and even (BEAT) to unlock your cabin door.

You've created what may well be the world's first pornographic photo ID.

LARRY Yeah. I kinda like it.

Figures.

Changing your mind, you apply the mucilage to the back of the lewd photograph instead. Good idea!

Yeah, but first I'm gonna tear off some of this groinal area.

No way. They're still green!

The outside is bitter... and covered with Peggy's pesticides.

While it may appear to you to be merely a small, orange-yellow citrus fruit, with a name like "kumquat" it's gotta be good!

The label on the KZ Brand Sexual Lubricant (and Roulette Wheel Polish) has some tiny print. "Warning: combining this product with certain household chemicals may produce a powerful contact explosive. Too bad this label is too small to tell you which ones. So there."

Feel the "feel-thy" picture? (SIGH) Really.

You can't make it sticky just by licking it.

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

Hey, Meester! Want to SELL some feelthy peek-tures?

Good job. Now the photos of you are not only dirty, they're sticky!

If you had some sugar and water you could use this lime juice to make limeade.

LARRY But I don't like limeaid!

Good thing you enjoy looking at it, then.

Carefully examining the lady's handkerchief saturated with KZ Brand Sexual Lubricant (and Roulette Wheel Polish) makes you suddenly want to be alone.

Someone used this page from "Professional Hash Slinger" magazine to wrap old fish.

LARRY Shouldn't that be a job for "Professional Fish Wrapper" magazine?

This page contains the recipe for "Venezuelan Beaver Cheese." The ingredients include beaver milk (as always, milk from the elusive Venezuelan beaver is much preferred), a pinch of salt, rennet (for which lime juice may be substituted in a pinch), and a hint of mold. Now for the details of preparation...

LARRY (PRONOUNCE IT "SUE-BEE-ISM") Hey! You made a subeeism.

What?

LARRY A subeeism. You know: when you choose a word based on previous words. Like you used the cliché "in a pinch" because you'd just finished saying the phrase "pinch of salt." Get it?

Damn, you're weird, Larry. Anyhow, there's more on the back of the page.

LARRY You mean I have to click again just to hear the back?

Oh, stop your whining. Here: the back contains the recipe for "Venezuelan Beaver Cheese and Kumquat Quiche." The ingredients include beaver cheese and a sliced kumquat. You probably don't want to hear the rest of this either, do you?

LARRY (SNORE) Zzzzzzzz.

This magazine page smells like fish... probably because it was once wrapped around one!

Xqwzts's custodian's key will unlock almost any storage area on the ship.

The pulsating mold radiates an eldritch glow, reminding you of that muenster you left in the back of the fridge so long it self-actualized and organized a union.

Your craps winning streak provided you with a windfall of 500 dollars. Somehow, you just know you're never gonna get around to investing it in Internet stocks.

That would be a good way to make something stick to your keycard, but you have nothing that you want to stick to it, at least at this time.

Wasn't it Aristotle who said, "Give me a big enough bottle of mucilage and I'll stick it to the whole world!"?

Mucilage is not THAT kind of glue! (smell)

If you bend it any more it won't work as a lockpick.

You did a fine job of bending this steel needle into an attractive zigzag. Especially considering you were working with your toes!

It's about as bent as it's going to get.

You can't possibly bend it with your bare fingers. If you only had a tool.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

LARRY (PRICK YOUR FINGER) Ouch!

What's the matter, Larry? Got a little prick?

LARRY Yeah. Oh, wait; I... oooooohhhh...

It's a steel needle from your La Costa Lotta complimentary Lil' Hair Weave Kit.

LARRY I wonder if I could bend this needle with the Vice Grips\05?

Carefully balancing yourself, you work the Vice Grips\05 with one foot while holding the needle with the toes of your other foot.

One taste of that was enough!

Judging from your reaction to this stuff, a little goes a long way.

LARRY Must be some sort of psychi-aphro-deli-desiac.

(DISMISSIVE, STACCATO) Far out.

(BLATANT COMMERCIAL) Your passport reminds you of your many exciting travels (in Leisure Suit Larrys 1 through 6, available at in Sierra's exciting "Leisure Suit Larry's Greatest Hits...and Misses!") Now, if those damn customs agents would stop drawing little moustaches on your picture.

You've created what may well be the world's first pornographic photo ID.

LARRY Yeah. I kinda like it.

Figures.

Yards and yards of glaring white polyester -- it's enough to bring tears of joy to your eyes.

This would be handy if you ever need to "pass the pot," Larry.

LARRY That's good, 'cause when I grew up, we were so poor we never had a pot to pass in!

Well, a little taste couldn't hurt...

LARRY (TASTES TERRIBLE!) Yuck! Spit. Bleck! Ptui!

It's your culinary masterpiece: Venezuelan Beaver Cheese and Kumquat Quiche. Better hope your personal liability insurance is paid up.

LARRY This ought to "spice it up" a little!

It smells awful goo... no, it just smells awful!

A tiny drop in your drink knocked you for a loop and now you want to eat this?! No way.

While ORDINARY Venezuelan Beaver Cheese and Kumquat Quiche may be considered delicious, your new improved version packs an extra-special punch of orgasmic powder.

LARRY Cool.

Yes, the remote DOES control the chase lights. But now what?

This looks suspiciously like a remote control... but to remotely control what?

Watch out!

(YOU SUDDENLY SNAP!) It's salt. For christ's sake, man, it's just salt! Do I have to describe everything for you? Waddaya looking for, a secret button that turns it into a letter opener or something? Do you think I have nothing better to do than to sit here in this stuffy recording studio booth and read the names of things to the likes of you? (HEAR SOMETHING IN HEADPHONES) What? I do? Somebody get my agent on the phone!

Every Thygh's Man Trophy Contest scorecard contains a list of competitive events selected from the dozens held aboard the ship. Find one of the events on your list and run this scorecard through its scoring machine. The entire contest is run by an intranet SQL database, with distributed processing and multiple buzzwords.

That's certainly an unimpressive tool.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

Your favorite brand of silicone lubricant is "Greased Pig" Brand.

LARRY I ask for it by name!

This pornographic photo wasn't covered with sticky goo until you got your hands on it. (PAUSE)

Oh, the lines we left out here....

This stock certificate is for five million and one shares of stock in BoneCo Transportation. Since the fine print says there are only ten million shares outstanding, this makes you... Da Man!

Drew Baringmore's suitcase is light on clothes, but unfortunately heavy on books.

The small tag inside the waistband of the swimming suit says, "The CodMaster 2000\05 -- gently lifts, separates and shapes a man's natural endowment to subtly enhance your appearance.

Lil' Giant Model: for the man who needs it most!"

Well, the PMS Bouncy spared no expense on their toilet paper! This stuff feels like sandpaper... 'bout 40 grit I would say.

The ship's toilet paper is as rough as a cob!
They're "Vice" Grips\05, and believe you me, the things Shamara did to you with them definitely fall under the heading of "Vice."

Anyplace

You don't need to use that in that way, at least not now, here.
There's no need to use that there.
That doesn't work with that.
Those? Together? Hardly.
You know, sometimes when you put one and one together you get... squat!
If you only had a recipe... and a kitchen....
If you only had a recipe... and a kitchen... you could make... something.
Oh, yeah? Well, bend this!
Oh, yeah? Blow this!
You don't want to blow that. You don't know where your mouth has been!
Blowing will do you no good.
LARRY I beg to differ, but sometimes it does a LOT of good!
Well, yes. But not in THIS circumstance.
You don't need to blow that.
There's no need to go about blowing things.
Who would be interested in your strange book "sandwich?"
Try using that book where it will be among friends.
Wrap that jacket around something that fits.
This book is too naked without a cover.
Who would want to read a boring book like that?
There's only one way to use a bowling ball, Larry, and that's right up your alley.
Bowling is available free to all TMT contestants... on the Poop Deck.
Oh, yeah? Break this!
Don't break that. You might need it later.
(LIKE IT'S TIME FOR A BREAK) Okay, everybody. Break! Five minutes!!
Problems letting out your aggression, Larry?
Sure, you could break that into a million tiny pieces. But we don't have the animation budget to show it.
LARRY Here, boy! Come on!! Here big fellow!
What in the hell is the matter with you?
Stop threatening people! You want to fight? Buy "Warcraft!"
Find someplace else to use those chase lights. Or is that over your head?
Yeah, you'd LIKE to climb that, wouldn't you?
Climb that? No way.
Really? Climbing? Not there.
Try closing something else.
LARRY Like my "open mind?"
No. That's already been slammed!
LARRY Grrrr.
(AS IN CLOSE THE DOOR) Close. But no cigar.
Close that? Unlikely.
Close that? Not in this game.
Really? Close that? No way.
Doing that will get you nowhere.

In this game, you may not want to use the deodorant on people.
For now, just drink it in with your eyes.
You may want to drink that... but you're not going to.
Drink, drink, drink! (BEAT) No, no, no.
Do you have a "drinking problem?"
Take a closer look. That's not drinkable.
Eat, eat, eat. Doesn't anybody f... wait a minute!
Take a closer look. That's not edible.
You're a firm believer in the philosophy, "Eat, drink and make merry."

LARRY Mary who?

Show of hands: I think we all saw THAT one coming!

Stop trying to put things in your mouth!
Really? That's something even Don Munsil wouldn't eat!
That feels... good.
Now entering the "touchy-feely zone."
What is this? Junior high?
Oh, yeah? Feel THIS!
Just content yourself with feeling alive!
Kindly keep your hose to yourself.
That's not a toilet. No flushing.
Keep your hands to yourself!
There is a use for the hankerchief, Larry, but that's not it.
Getting a little seasick, Larry?
Sometimes you just want to blow chunks, don't you, Larry?
Oh, yeah? Jumper this!
Use your keycard to unlock your room, but don't use it here.
Oh, yeah? Kiss this!
Knock knock.

LARRY Who's there?

Larry who?

LARRY Should I have a punch line ready?

Oh, yeah? Knock this!
Don't waste it. It's powerful stuff.
If only you had someplace to stick this up....
Put that tongue away!
You want to lick THAT?!
Licking is not the answer!

LARRY Doesn't that depend on the question, smart aleck?

Oh, yeah? Lick this!
Listening as carefully as possible, you hear nothing special.
That looks exactly like one of those should look.
You see nothing special. (Ah. Brings back memories, doesn't it?)
It is just as it appears.
This key will unlock most of the ship... but not that!
You MAY milk something in this game, but that's not it!
There's only one place on this ship where you've spent money....
That may not move. Or then again, it may be easily movable by a normal man.
Just a nibble is never enough!
You don't need to open that.
Oh, yeah? Open this!
You may not be man enough to operate that.
If you pick it, it will never heal!

Oh, yeah? Pick this!
Playing with things again, Larry?
You don't need this to use that, but you'll need it to store something.
Oh, yeah? Push THIS!
There's nothing there to read. At least, nothing your aging vision can detect!
Oh, yeah? Read this!
The remote doesn't work with that.
Only use your scorecard to enter Thygh's Man Trophy events.
That doesn't need screwing.
LARRY Maybe, but I still do!
You've had worse.
Larry, a penis is a terrible thing to waste.
Isn't a penis a terrible curse, Larry?
Sexaholics Anonymous meets tomorrow night. Be there!
LARRY What's the dues?
An inch a month.
LARRY Yeow! I can't afford that.
Wait, my mistake. That's Overeaters Anonymous.
LARRY Whew!
You led a troubled, lonely childhood, didn't you?
That's slick enough already.
You don't have time to sit. There's babes a'waitin'!
That smells a little like chicken.
That smells, but not enough to include on your CyberSniff 2000#.
Oh, yeah? Smell THIS!
That smells bad. Or maybe good. You can't decide. Worse, you don't care.
You can detect no smell there.
Oh, yeah? Stomp on THIS!
Oh, yeah? Suck THIS!
Stop sucking things!
You know, many people go all day without sucking anything!
No one will swap you anything for that!
You don't need to take every damned thing on the ship, do you?
LARRY Well... yeah.
Allow me to rephrase that. You don't need to take every damned thing on the ship.
Well, that's nailed down. Or if it's not, it should be!
You really take the cake, Larry. But you don't take that.
You could take that. But we didn't think of it.
Take? Is that all you think about? How about "giving" for a change? Would that be so bad?
You don't need that.
Don't take that. It might stain your white leisure suit.
Take that? No.
Not everything and everybody wants to talk to you, Larry.
Sometimes there's just nothing left to say.
Chatty, aren't we?
You have no desire to talk to anyone in this game who doesn't offer a "talk" menu!
Stop chinnin', start winnin'!
You don't want to throw that. Because it doesn't throw.
Be careful. That toilet paper is so rough, it may scratch that!
This is not a saxophone etude. No tonguing necessary.
You just love to touch, touch, touch.
YOU are the biggest turn off!

-The idea is for you to find a woman and get turned on.
You'd undress anything you could get your hands on, right Larry?
You don't have a key that fits that.
Don't unplug that!
You can't unscrew that.
LARRY Oh, yeah? Why not!
Because you haven't screwed it yet!
You don't need to unzip that.
There's only one thing you can wipe, Larry -- and often, you're not too good at that!

Use on ego

LARRY (SLAPSTICK BOUNCING FROM ONE WALL TO ANOTHER) Og. Ow. UGH.
LARRY (SEVERAL VARIED OUT OF BREATH SOUNDS) Puff. Puff, puff. Gasp.
LARRY range of coughs from tick in throat, clear throat, small to big coughs, hacking, wheezing
LARRY range of sounds as if... ah, hell: HAVE FUN!
LARRY range of grossed out sounds
LARRY Range of straining, grunting and groaning
LARRY (SEVERAL SOUNDS OF HEAVY LIFTING; VARY LENGTHS) Uhhnnng. Heavy.
LARRY range of pain, from pinch, to pin prick, to slap on face, to punch on chest, to slam against wall, to fall on floor, to massive injury
LARRY (BURNED) Yeow!
LARRY goosed, sleezy, pinched
LARRY range of sexual sounds
LARRY range of shocked sounds
LARRY range of smelling reactions from small sniff through smell to terrible smell
LARRY range of surprised sounds
LARRY (SEVERAL WHIMPERS) Whimper. Whimper. Etc.
LARRY (SAY WITH HAND OVER MOUTH, A LA COUGH, CLEAR THROAT) Hurry up!
LARRY (SAY WITH HAND OVER MOUTH, A LA COUGH, CLEAR THROAT) Slow poke!
LARRY Maybe a hintbook would help....
LARRY Let's go!
LARRY (SOFTLY SING TO SELF) Pro-cras-ti-na-tion... is funny... ka-chunk, ka-chunk.
LARRY Ahh.
LARRY Uhhhgh.
LARRY (SNIFFLE) Sniff.
LARRY (SILENT FART) Uhhnnhh. Ahhhh. Ueeeew!
LARRY (SMELL SMALL, DELICATE FART) Whooo-eee.
LARRY (THAT SMELLS!) Whoa!
LARRY (RELIEVED) Ahhh.
LARRY (NASAL) Hanh? Hanh! (HEY LOOK AT ME. I DIDN'T KNOW I COULD DO THIS!)
Ah. Hey! I should be in the movies!
That might do something to someone, but it does nothing to you.
(BURP) You burp.
(BURP) You burp.
You're not doing THAT badly!
Good idea. Now you smell like an old bar-b-q grill.
Wow! That bean dip is really effective!
Whew! That could clean your hull of barnacles!
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!! Man overboard.

Slowly, silently, skillfully, you slide one out and pray it's not a S.B.D.

LARRY I don't think anyone will even notice that "wee little laddie."

This is not a good way to pick up women, Larry.

LARRY (REALLY BLOW NOSE) Toot!

LARRY Wow. Do I look hot or what?!

The whole idea was to STOP doing that, Larry!

You

You give yourself a little prick.

LARRY Hey!

Oh, yeah. Sorry. Too late, isn't it?

LARRY Ah. That feels better.

Yes, but now look at your trousers!

You really are full of it, aren't you?

Sure, you lay a long line, but why?

Only dogs go around doing that wherever they please!

LARRY (SNEEZE) Ker choo.

Bless you.

LARRY (SNEEZE) Ker choooooo.

Gesundheit!

LARRY (SNEEZE) Kerrrrrrrrrrr choo.

Allergies.

This may be your room, but you don't need a shower right now.

Figure out some way to get Drew out of that shower and you just might do that!

Not here. There aren't quite enough people watching you yet.

Not here, Larry. But maybe someday....

You'd prefer to wait for a more opportune time to to do that.

Did you forget something the last time you were on the stool?

Room 0

LARRY Well, here we are, Drew. It's not much, but it is roomy.

DREW Okay, Larry. Just give me a minute to hop in your shower and rinse off this sunscreen.

LARRY Hmm. Steam's not the only thing rising!

These barrels were once used to store toxic sludge, but apparently no longer.

LARRY Well, that's good.

Not that good. It's all leaked out onto your floor.

LARRY Doh!

Just run your finger around your CyberSniff 2000\05 card; that's close to how these barrels smell.

While it may look like there are two pipes leaking near your bed, there's really just one. The rolling of the ship makes the water land on either side of your pillow.

LARRY Well, that's good, I guess.

Not that good. Guess where it's going to land when the sea is calm.

LARRY Doh!

If you take the bucket, the water will drip all over the floor.

LARRY So?

It's a sly, subtle way of telling you the bucket isn't something you can take. Geez, after this many adventure games, you'd think you'd get the lingo.

show him stand and ship start rocking again

LARRY (YAWN WHILE SPEAKING) Time for a little shut-eye.

LARRY (WATER DRIPS RIGHT ON YOUR FACE) Doh!

Well... calm seas!

You've been provided with the finest in army surplus cots.

LARRY Well, that's good.

Not that good. It's from the Uzbekistan Army, and the only reason it's surplus is because sleeping on it is less comfortable than sleeping on frozen tundra.

LARRY Doh!

Imagine a soaking wet dog crossed with a drunk on a three-day bender.

LARRY Yuch.

You can say that again.

LARRY Yuch.

It was a figure of speech, Larry!

LARRY Oh. Well. I knew that.

The toilet's drain pipe appears to be clogged with something.

The drain pipe is now unclogged, but it's tough to call it an improvement.

DREW (LIKE YOU'VE BEEN GOOSED) Whoa! Larry, there'll be plenty of time for that once I'm done showering. Be patient, my little Fokker feller. (grope)

Larry, please; I like to shower by myself. (kiss)

You've gotten Drew this far; now if you could just get her out of the shower.

DREW Larry, stop bothering me. I'm still oily. (hump)

LARRY Drew, are you coming out soon?

DREW In a minute, Larry. I just need to get this lotion off. When they said waterproof, they really meant it.

LARRY Drew, isn't that lotion off by now?

DREW Oh, maybe, but I like to be sure. Don't mind me; just go about your business. I'll be out just as soon as I'm squeaky clean all over.

LARRY Would you like a little company? I could scrub your back.

DREW Thanks, Larry. Ever since I started yoga, I've been able to scrub my own back.

LARRY Drew, you must be turning into a big pink raisin in there.

DREW Actually, this sunscreen is pretty tough. So far the water just beads up and runs off. I can't even get my hair wet. I'll be out soon.

LARRY I think this is a usage of the word "soon" I'm not familiar with.

LARRY Drew, do you mind if I go run some errands around the ship for a few minutes?

DREW No problem, Larry. Go ahead; I'll probably be out by the time you get back and then we can Fokker all night.

LARRY (READY TO EXPLODE WITH SEXUAL TENSION) Ohhhh....

Your mystery date seems to have dropped her hanky.

It smells of gardenias, with hints of rosewater and intrigue.

The shop light illuminates very little; much of the engine room is shrouded in darkness.

LARRY Well, that's good.

No, Larry, that's VERY good!

The shop light is firmly attached to the ceiling. You couldn't take it even if you had a really long ladder, an electrician's toolkit, and no common sense at all.

LARRY Hey. Was that a clue?

No. That was a "no."

The steam from Drew's shower has produced a small patch of mold.

We were going to add the mold smell to your CyberSniff 2000\05 card, but several states have laws forbidding it.

Larry, I like to be alone when I shower. No offense.

LARRY Um... none taken.

Actually, NOTHING taken.

(SING) Oh, Larry boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling.

LARRY (SARCASTIC) Lovely.

(ELVIS IMPERSONATION) Thank you. Thank you very much!

LARRY So how do the pipes look?

Just decorative.

This Lil' Giant Safety Shower was built according to the traditional principles of design and workmanship of the master craftsmen of Vrohuti.

LARRY Well, that's good.

Not that good. Their traditional principle is: "Make it last until the warranty expires."

LARRY Doh! (WAIT A SECOND) Oh, wait: when will that be?

Give or take a week?

LARRY Sure.

'Bout twelve years ago.

LARRY Doh!

Someone stuffed a spray can into the toilet's drain.

LARRY Oh. That's bad.

Not THAT bad. This way, nothing runs out on your feet!

LARRY Doh!

These tanks are filled with deadly poisonous gas, but don't worry; they were recently inspected.

LARRY Oh, that's good. How can you tell?

The inspector dated the safety violation sticker.

LARRY Doh!

Now that toilet will have plenty of water!

The toilet worked perfectly when this cabin's last occupant checked in.

LARRY Oh, that's good.

Not that good. He had to plug up its drain pipe to keep it from leaking all over the floor.

LARRY Doh!

LARRY This ought to get her out of there.

DREW (SCALDED) Yeow!

LARRY Oops.

DREW You bastard! That's it. I'm not staying here. And don't try coming around the pool, either!

LARRY Drew! Wait!

Well, that certainly seems to have gone well.

Now the toilet drains freely.

LARRY Well, that's good.

Not that good. It hasn't been connected to a water pipe in thirty-four years!

LARRY Doh!

What? Not without wiping!

LARRY (REALLY GROSSED OUT) Yeecccchh. Maybe this interface wasn't such a great idea?!

This toilet doesn't work. It has no water coming in, and the drain seems to be plugged up.

The toilet may have water coming in now, but its drain is still clogged.

The toilet now has access to plenty of water. Nothing keeps you from flushing it, except a tiny shred of common sense.

The drain has been unclogged, but until this toilet has water going to it, it's just gathering dust.

Perhaps you should look at the toilet first.

(do it)

Now there's an impressive way to start your "first date!"

Good idea. Get everything done at once!

You could, but then you couldn't flush it. And surely it smells badly enough in here even for you!

Let's put it this way: it hasn't been sanitized for your protection. Capiisce (KA-PEESH)? (smell)

LARRY (IT'S SANDPAPER!) YEOW! That's rough!

(walk him over and sit him down)

What are you going to use, your leisure suit?

It feels just like sandpaper; maybe 40 grit.

The toilet paper is like Clint Eastwood's face: old and rough, yet tanned and ready for love. It's at least a couple grades below grocery sack.

Mmmm. Papery.

go on. take it. handle whether standing or on the can

This pipe is clearly marked "water," for what that's worth.

A quick turn of the valve is enough to convince you this pipe contains water at high pressure. Be careful or it'll spew all over.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

It smells like a big rusty pipe. (BEAT) You were expecting maybe "gardenias?"

GIRL (LITTLE GIRL VOICE) Mommy? Why is the funny man wearing a diaper?

PETER (DELIGHTED) Oouuuuh! Wouldn't I love a bite of THAT!

LARRY (Yech!)

CROWD (LIKE JAPANESE TOUR BUS AT MT. RUSHMORE) Ohh. Ahh. Ah so. Very good. Yah yah.

(OLD WOMAN IN SHOCK AND HORROR) You damn hippies should be ashamed!

LARRY Okay, there's my room. I'm gonna make it without a single soul seeing me naked!

LARRY Ah, here's my room. This time I made it!

LARRY Just a little farther. This time I'm gonna make it for sure!

LARRY No one's seen me yet. So far, so good.

LARRY This time I've got to make it without running into somebody. I can't be THAT unlucky!

LARRY Surely I won't run into somebody THIS time!

LARRY Aw, hell. I don't even care anymore. Let 'em come! Take a look! Take a gander! See what you want!! Two for a nickel!

NUN (SHOCKED) Oh. (HORRIFIED) Oh! (INTERESTED SEXUALLY) Ooooooh!

PEGGY (DELIGHT AT FINDING A NAKED MAN) Well, shiver me timbers!

LARRY Oh, no!

PEGGY (RETRACT RULER AND STOMP OFF IN DISGUST) Looks like somebody already shivered that poor little timber! (MUMBLE AS YOU TURN OFF-MIKE) G*d d*mn sh*t-face c**ks**king mother-f**king son of a b***h

LARRY (JACK BENNY HURMPH) Well.

ANNOUNCER Next, on "Inside Affair:" The Lust Boat! Coming in a port near you?!

You insert your keycard into the slot with great anticipation. What will your "special suite" be like?

ANNETTE (DRIPPING WITH MYSTERY AND SEX) Larry. So nice you could... drop by. (HE'S NAKED) And dressed for the occasion.

LARRY Whoa! Who's this? Gotta play it cool.

LARRY (START SUAVE, LOSE IT) Um... yes, I always like to be...dressed...in things.

LARRY Rats!

ANNETTE What a sap!

ANNETTE I've got a problem, Larry. The old man.

LARRY Oh, that old guy in the wheelchair?

LARRY She must be his nurse.

ANNETTE Yes, exactly. I'm tired, Larry. I got into this for a reason.

ANNETTE To become a rich widow.

ANNETTE But I'm so tired... of waiting. Ya get me?

LARRY (SLOWLY, THEN ACCELERATE AS YOU FIGURE IT OUT) She loves nursing, but she doesn't have enough time for sex!

LARRY (LIKE ANNETTE'S EARLIER LINE) Oh, I gotcha.

ANNETTE I thought it would be easy. He looks like he's ready to keel over any second. But

he saves up his strength 'til we're back in the cabin. And then he wears me out.
ANNETTE I've had my fill of boning that old coot!
ANNETTE The constant pressure. The endless pounding.
LARRY Oh! A physical therapist too! (NOW INTROSPECTIVE) I wonder if it's true what they say about physical therapists?
LARRY (CARING) I see your problem and... and... (PROUDLY) I'm your solution!
ANNETTE This is easier than I thought.
ANNETTE So you're willing to "do the dirty deed?"
LARRY This is easier than I thought.
LARRY Hey, sweetheart. I'm always willing to help a dame in need.
ANNETTE What a putz!
ANNETTE Yes, (THAT'S WHAT I NEED) help. I'll make it worth your while. How 'bout a little sample? Right now....
LARRY Sample? More like a "taste of things to come!!"
LARRY (ORGASM FUNNY AND QUICKLY) Oooooohhhh!!
ANNETTE Come by my cabin late tonight and we'll work out the kinks.
ANNETTE I'll lay out my plan. He'll do the killing. I'll get off scot-free.
LARRY Sounds great! When can you "fit me in?"
LARRY Wait! What cabin?
LARRY What's your name?
LARRY Oh.

Your Attention Please!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Anyone wishing to spend next week humping the Captain, please report immediately to the ship's lounge.
ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! There is a meeting starting immediately in the ship's lounge for any and all passengers wishing to spend next week "working under" the Captain.
ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Anyone wishing to spend next week inspecting the Captain's ceiling, please report immediately to "The Proud Lil' Seaman" lounge.
ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Anyone wishing to spend next week in the Captain's quarters, please report to the lounge immediately.
ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! The lounge is on the upper deck. Use your courtesy maps.
ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Anyone who has not yet found their courtesy map should either report to the Purser's Desk or right-click their mouse.
ANNOUNCER Hey, you! Get your ass up to the ship's Lounge. NOW! (QUIETLY, OFF-MIKE) Was that too subtle?
ANNOUNCER Any bowlers who haven't completed their portion of the competition, report to the bowling alley now. There are lanes available.
ANNOUNCER Paging Mr. Martino. Mr. Mark Martino. White courtesy phone, please.
ANNOUNCER Attention Jennifer: Will you marry me? Signed, Kelly. That's Kelly, K-E-L-L-Y.
F ANNOUNCER The white zone is for loading and unloading only.
ANNOUNCER Blackjack contestants, report to the Casino immediately. There are tables available.
ANNOUNCER Be sure to catch that fun-lovin' mother-daughter country-western singin' duo, The Juggs, appearing in "The Proud Lil' Seaman" lounge.
ANNOUNCER (BORING VOICE) Tonight. A spectacular display of audio-animatronics in "The Proud Little Seaman" lounge. Don't miss your chance to see "Great Moments with Mr.

Clinton" in the lounge nightly.

ANNOUNCER Your attention please. Just because it's called the Poop Deck doesn't mean you can just drop your pants and drop a log. You know who you are!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. All contestants in last night's 24-hour Gerbil Swapping contest, please report to the infirmary.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Following a successful all-night rewiring, the Lovemaster 2000# is once again open... and ready for love!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. All contestants entered in the Sheepshank competition, report to the B Deck lounge immediately.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. This ship has sails, but they're not made of silk. Rubies do not fill its hold. There is no gold, nor spice. That is all.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Margaret has captured the Best Dressed Woman competition. Congratulations, Margee!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. The mandatory lifeboat safety drill for all passengers will be... oh, never mind.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Would the person who borrowed the ship's lifeboat please return it? You may keep the First Aid kit. And no questions will be asked.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Newt has won the High-Speed Life Vest Inflating competition. We salute you, Newt!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Megan, report to the scuba tank immediately.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. There are no brass urinals aboard this ship. The baritone saxophone player is not amused!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Tonight's Nude Ferret Legging Festival has been cancelled due to lack of interest.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. There will be a testing of the PMS Bouncy's electric sail motors tonight at eleven hundred hours P. M. o'clock in the evening when it's dark. That is all.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Will the party who borrowed Captain Queeg's Balls please return them to the Ballroom? No questions will be asked.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Paging Terese. Terese to the break room. Emergency cola run!

ANNOUNCER Paging Mr. Hunt. Mr. Michael... (BEAT) never mind.

ANNOUNCER Paging Mr. Hunt. Mr. York... (BEAT) Paging Mr. Hunt!

ANNOUNCER Paging Terese. Terese to the break room. Junk food running low!

ANNOUNCER Sunday, Sunday, Sunday! Live on the promenade deck! It's the Pope! Driving biiiiiig trucks! See him go head-to-head with the nitro-fueled Twisted Bishop! We'll sell you the whole seat, but you'll only need the edge! Be there!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Steve is the proud winner of the Nude Scrabble competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Mark has just finished with a record high score in the Nude Curling competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Jenn has just won the Strip Twister championship.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Bryan has just won the Strip Solitaire championship.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Walter Forbes to the Fo'c's'le.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Don and Mark have just won the Synchronized Skinny Dipping portion of the competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Al has just captured the Nude High Hurdles portion of the "Thygh's Man Trophy" championship.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Ben has just beaten off all comers in the Self Stimulation Simulation.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Don has just captured the piousness portion of the contest.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Mark has just captured the temperance portion of the contest.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Jenn has just won the strip shuffleboard tournament.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Don has just won the high-speed portion of the contest.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Bob has won the nude pole vaulting portion of the competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Al has just finished the flatulence portion of the competition. E deck will re-open in 15 minutes!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! All contestants: be sure to complete the social disease pre-test on your scorecard.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Layne has just won the nude blindfolded tattooing competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Would the winner of last week's "Pleasing the Captain" competition please report to the infirmary at this time. Your test results are in.

ANNOUNCER Whoever removed random message 22 please report to security immediately.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Bill has just won the all night disco marathon competition.

LARRY Damn! That's one where I could've had a chance!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Layne has just won the Spud Trucking competition by hoisting a full load.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Mike has just won the evening gown portion of the competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Karin has just won the women's topless pogo stick competition.

LARRY I'm sorry I missed THAT one!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Don has won the Skepticism Trophy, but refuses to believe it!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Bryan has just won the fly fishing portion of the competition by landing a 103-lb grouper using nothing but his fly.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Al has just been disqualified from further competition because of excessive artificial enhancement. You're not fooling anybody, Al!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Jennifer has just won the women's topless accordion playing competition. Friends who wish to congratulate her, please report to the infirmary.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Jason has just won the Nude Orange Passing competition.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Bill has just won the Cherry Picking competition with a record high score of two. Way to go, Bill!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Jason has just won the Nude Motocross portion of the competition with a leap of seven buses.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Slim and Slime have just won the Moat Olympics! Way to go, fellas. Eye Five!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please. Jason has just won the Atari 800 Hacking competition. Congratula... oops! Syntax Error.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just been named the overall winner of this week's "Thygh's Man Trophy!" with a record high score! Congratulations, Larry! And now...Captain Thygh would like to meet you personally.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer, overall winner of this week's "Thygh's Man Trophy!" Captain Thygh would like to meet you personally...in her cabin.

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer, overall winner of this week's "Thygh's Man Trophy!" Captain Thygh would like to meet you personally...in her cabin. (PAUSE) NOW!

ANNOUNCER Laffer, get your ass up to Captain Thygh's cabin!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the best dressed man portion of the competition with a record high perfect score of 100 points! Congratulations, Larry! The world of fashion will never be the same!!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the bowling portion of the competition with a record high perfect score of 300 points! Congratulations, Larry! You

really blew the place apart!!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the cook-off, with a record high score of 300 points! Congratulations, Larry! Everyone wants a copy of THAT recipe!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the crap shooting portion of the competition with a record high score! Congratulations, Larry! Don't spend it all in one place!!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the horseshoe tossing portion of the competition with a record high perfect score of 100 points! Congratulations, Larry! You really stuck it to 'em!!

ANNOUNCER Your attention, please! Larry Laffer has just won the sexual technique portion of the competition with a record high perfect score of 1000 points! Congratulations, Larry! What a man!!

Mast

turn down the volume on the PA announcements and the music, so it feels like we're a long way above the ship. Turn up the wind noise.

ANNOUNCER Mr. Munsil: report to Massage Therapy immediately!

LARRY (LOSING BALANCE) Oh. Whoa! (AND OVER YOU GO!)
Whoaaaaahhhhhhhh!!

It's a good thing you're not afraid of heights.

LARRY (SHAKY, SCARED) That's... a matter of opinion.

Island

It's dark and wet, with occasional white foamy spots -- kind of like your pants.

Ocean

LARRY (AS IF RUNNING AND BALANCING) If I can just run across this yardarm while cutting with this knife, I could gather up a big pile of white polyester fabric...

LARRY Oh, no! (TURN OFF-MIKE, AND THUMP SELF AS YOU'RE ROLLED UP IN THE SHIP'S ELECTRIC SAILS) Ohhfgttf. Ouuamph. Grabprt!

ANNOUNCER (TAP MIKE 3X FIRST; ADD SOME FEEDBACK??) Don't forget, folks, tonight, as always, our "Groaning Board" midnight buffet will be in the restaurant until 3 AM. Then a few hours later, join us on the poop deck for sunrise breakfast. And, of course, at 10 AM we have brunch in the restaurant, followed by lunch around the nude pool, and 4 PM tea in the lower lobby. And: all that is in addition to our three regularly scheduled meals. So, don't forget, eat, eat, eat!

LARRY (MUFFLED) I hope he makes another announcement quick, so I can get out of here!

ANNOUNCER And that's the last announcement for this evening. Good night and pleasant dreams!

LARRY (MUFFLED; FROM INSIDE THE SAILS) Doh!

ANNOUNCER (WAY TOO CHEERFUL!) Good Morning, lil' cruise buddies!

LARRY (MUFFLED) Oh, boy!

Good idea, Larry! However, the sail, unlike you, is wound quite tightly.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar... (INTERRUPTED)

Wouldn't this be the place to come up with some "new material?"

The sails are made from white polyester, just like your leisure suit, Larry.

LARRY Leisure Suit Larry? Hey, that's me!

Sail

Powerful motors spin the yardarm, wrapping and unwrapping the sails around it.

Yardarm

Bridge

LARRY (FURTIVELY) I'll replace this cover and no one will be the wiser.

This appears to be some sort of electrical box. Heaven only knows what it controls, the radar, the satellite link, the dirty movie channel in your cabin?

LARRY I've got dirty movies?

Well, no... YOU don't.

Electrical Junction Box

Screwing around with high voltage is always a good idea, but fortunately for you, this box is tightly screwed shut.

Good idea. Let's see what's in there.

LARRY What if I just connected these two circuits together? That shouldn't cause any problems, should it? Heh, heh, heh.

Strange combination of circuitry, isn't it?

Electrical Junction Box

You could just stick a metal screwdriver into a box filled with high-voltage electricity, but it would be the last thing you stick anywhere!

LARRY Wow!

Turn this to enter. Unless it's locked, of course, but who would lock up the bridge of a ship? The crew just loves to have civilians roaming about while they're trying to safely keep the ship on course.

Door Handle

You don't need to turn it; it's open.

Looks like you've found the fuse for the public address system.

PA System Fuse

You don't want to take the public address system's fuse; then you'd have no way of knowing if you won the Thygh's Man Trophy contest.

This must be the fuse for the motors that make the sails furl and unfurl.

Sail Motors Fuse

You don't want to take the sail motors' fuse.

(show L reach up as if to climb, but then cut to room 200 Up Her Mizzenmast)

This ladder leads up... unless you're on that deck up there and then it leads... down!

LARRY You mean...

Yep. It goes both ways!

LARRY (HEAVY, MAN) Whoa.

Ladder

You can never tell when one of these will come in handy, especially in the middle of the ocean.

LARRY That sounds like I'm supposed to take it. Am I?

Try it.
Life Preserver
You can't. It's for decorative purposes only.
LARRY Doh!

Through this hole you can see inside the bridge. It appears to be unoccupied.
LARRY (SCREAM!) Aeeeehhhh!! Who's steering the ship?
Autopilot. Calm down.
LARRY Oh.

Porthole

It's just a public address speaker. That's where you hear all those announcements.
Loudspeaker

There's nothing up there except access to the mast and acres of white polyester sailcloth.
Mizzenmast

Steering booth

Gosh, it's not like sailors to drink on duty.
Beer Cans
What for? You can get free drinks in the bar.

It seems to be hopelessly lost. Like you.
Compass

LARRY I don't like dogs!
Killer

This is the door you just opened.
Door

Every good ship has a pair of fuzzy dice.
Fuzzy Dice
No, you can't win in the casino with fuzzy dice!

The bridge is filled with complicated equipment, instruments, computers... and a bungee cord.
Instrument Panel

The front of this box is divided into two parts labeled "PA System" and "Sails."
Control Box
Good idea. But not in here. Someone might see you.
You don't want to make an announcement.

Why bother with expensive radar and auto-pilots when a bungee cord works just as well...
sometimes.
Ship's Wheel

Captain's Cabin
Is this a good idea?

LWW Waddaya want? I'm busy! Ooohhh.

LARRY Uh, nothing.

THYGH (OFF-MIKE) Get your ass back in here, right now! You've got work to do!

LWW Okay! I, I... I gotta go!

THYGH (OFF MIKE) Get the Mazola oil!

LARRY (SUPREMELY CONFIDENT) Okay, Cap'n. Prepare to meet your new master!

LARRY (SHOCKED AND SCARED) God, man! What happened to you!?

LWW I'm last week's winner. Or... what's left of me!

LWW Don't go in there!!

Are you sure you want to continue, Larry?

LARRY I made it this far; I'm not quitting now!

If you're really quiet, you may hear something through the door...

This is the door to Captain Thygh's personal quarters.

Captain's Cabin Door

It's locked. Maybe if you knocked.

Captain Thygh spends the entire week "behind closed doors," practicing her unique form of "hands on management." She wouldn't appreciate your spying on her... and him.

Door Porthole

That railing is up there for a reason. You don't know what it is, but there IS a reason.

Railing

This whiteboard shows the progress of the leaders in Captain Thygh's competition.

TMT Leader Board

TMT Leader Board

Captain Thygh's whiteboard graphically displays the relative progress of the leading contestants in her "Thygh's Man Trophy" race.

You're not doing very well.

You're doing all right, but you're a long way from first place.

You know, you just might be able to pull this one together, Larry.

Your cheating has served you well. Now, just don't get caught now!

You can almost taste the sweetness of victory... if you can win, that is.

Captain Thygh's Leader Board

Al

William

Bob

Bryan

David

Don

Jason

Layne

Mark

Steve

Jennifer

Ben

Captain Thygh

Captain Thygh is built like a brick shipyard!

Thygh's Body

In case of emergency, these may be used as a flotation device.

Thygh's Chest

Captain Thygh has a face which DID launch a thousand ships!

Thygh's Face

LARRY How I'd love to dock my skin boat in that harbor!

Thygh's Legs

Loose lips may sink ships, but Captain Thygh knows how to use hers to keep things up!

Thygh's Lips

THYGH There's no need to guess, Laffer. I'll tell you exactly what to do. That's what I do best!

LARRY But, how can you change the rules now? I thought I'd won the game!

THYGH After seeing you, Larry Laffer, suddenly I expect something more. And besides, I always say "a man should give before he gets."

THYGH That looks like ship's property. How did you obtain that?

LARRY Oh, I think I bought it at our last port of call.

THYGH Oh. Well, okay. But don't let me see it again.

LARRY So waddaya say, Cappy? How about a little date? You and me? Tonight? A little dinner, a little disco, a lotta "dat-co!?"

THYGH Not this time, Larry. I... have... a headache.

LARRY Yeah. Like I haven't heard THAT one before! (You can take aspirin, you know.)

LARRY What do you mean, "on we?"

THYGH "Ennui!" Oh, it's difficult to explain...

ennui, noun. Listlessness and dissatisfaction resulting from lack of interest; boredom.

French, from the Old French "ennuier:" to annoy, to bore, from the Vulgar Latin. To quote John Barth, "The servants relieved their ennui with gambling and gossip about their masters."

THYGH (BEWILDERED AT HEARING NARRATOR'S VOICE) Who the hell is THAT?

LARRY I don't know. But I hear him all the time!

LARRY I am so excited about winning the free cruise... and spending a week with a beautiful babe like you!

THYGH (PATHOLOGICAL LIAR) Why, there must be some mistake. No, that was never part of the offer.

LARRY But, I thought... you know, your cabin... a week of...

LARRY Don't you get tired of spending every week with a new man, learning his fancies, his desires, his sensitivities, his erogenous zones? Learning to please him?

THYGH Perhaps I don't understand the question. What exactly are you are trying to say?

LARRY But I won the contests, fair and... (YOU REALLY CHEATED ON ALL OF THEM) I won the contests!

THYGH Yes, I know. Well, the cruise part is no problem. I'm sure YOUR room is available next week. (HE'S SLEEPING IN THE ENGINE ROOM)

LARRY But...

THYGH And I know that the winner is SUPPOSED to spend a week with me, but... I'm filled with ennui.

LARRY I just remembered... I've got a meeting. Bye bye.

THYGH Yeah. Right. (ASSUREDLY) You'll be back.

THYGH I don't know anything at all about that.

THYGH I don't want it, but you have to admit it is very impressive. Just look at the size of it!

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

THYGH There's been some terrible error. I was told the winner of my competition was one "Larry Laffer."

LARRY Oh, that's me, all righty!

LARRY I'm back!

THYGH (SARCASTICALLY) Excuse me while I try to hide my enthusiasm.

LARRY Yeah. I'm excited too!

LARRY You know, I know Ken Williams personally.

THYGH Oh, yeah? Well, I know Ken Williams Biblically!

THYGH So what? I have a key to every door!

LARRY So, what do you really want out of life, Captain?

THYGH Oh, I don't know. The cruise game just isn't what it used to be. Once, everything was tinsel and glamour, jet setters and high rollers, playboys and loose sex. And now?

Richard Simmons and Cathy Lee! (BEAT) Besides, this was never my idea of a career. I want to return to my previous occupation.

LARRY Oh?

THYGH Supertanker captain.

LARRY Really?

THYGH Yes. I'd do anything to put "some real mass" under me again! I just can't understand why I lost that gig on the "Bonning Valdez" just because we happened to run aground. Like it's my fault Hazelton would rather spend the night in my cabin instead of on that drafty old bridge!

Captain Thygh is beautiful, spoiled and oversexed.

LARRY It's like I died and went to heaven!

LARRY Did I mention I've met Al Lowe?

THYGH Did I mention I've had him?

LARRY Damn! Smoked again!

THYGH That looks like a key to the storage areas in the hold. You haven't been messing around below decks, have you?

LARRY Oh, no. But I'd like to mess around with you!

THYGH You should BE so lucky!

THYGH Do you think I don't know how you got that money? Really, Laffer.

Captain Thygh

LARRY So, waddaya say? A little game of drop the anchor? You and me? Stem to stern? Tug and tanker?

THYGH God, Larry, you're pathetic. How'd did you ever get past the LoveMaster 2000? Cheat?

LARRY Was that a "no?"

THYGH Well, I'll be damned. You DID win!

LARRY But I thought you just automatically had sex with every guy who won your contest?!

THYGH Yeah, I did. Until now. Perhaps it's time for a change.

LARRY You know, Cappy, I just might be the boy who makes your dreams come true.

THYGH This is doubtful. Extremely doubtful.

LARRY What would you say if I told you I recently came into a significant position in a major shipping line?

THYGH I'd say we were both dreaming.

LARRY Well, dream no more, sweetcakes. Let me whip this out.

THYGH God, how crude!

LARRY Yep, crude it is! Crude OIL shipping.

THYGH (SOTTE VOCE) Well, I'll be damned! (TO LARRY) Does this say what I think it says? That you're...

LARRY ...nothing less than the proud new majority shareholder of BoneCo Transportation. (PUFFING UP) Only the number one crude oil shipper in all the world!

THYGH (THOUGHTFULLY) This changes everything.

LARRY (PRETENTIOUSLY) Sure does. But operating the world's largest fleet of super-tankers is so demanding. The environmental groups; the regulators; the constant turn-over when captains strike major continents...

THYGH (SUDDENLY SEXY) Turnover can be a good thing...

LARRY Well, I AM looking for someone to "fill a position directly under me!"

THYGH (SMILES HER CONSENT) Mmmmm.

THYGH (SOFTLY, SEXY) Oh, Larry.

LARRY (APPROACHING NIRVANA) Oh, baby! You're the GREATest! This has got to be the BEST night of my life!!

THYGH (ONCE AGAIN FORCEFUL) Put on these handcuffs, Laffer!

LARRY Although I truly appreciate opera, do you mind putting on some of MY music?

Aft deck

first time on this deck, flash the smell logo #1, ocean breezes

LARRY Don't you wish you could see the stuff that's back here?

Up this short ramp is the ship's nautically-themed ('though politically-incorrect) lounge, "The Proud Little Seaman!" At various times, it doubles as a meeting room, theater, bar and comedy club.

This is where you boarded the ship.

LARRY Ah! So, if I want to leave, I could just walk out that way.

Yes, but keep in mind that the first step is a long way down... and wet!

LARRY Just the way I like it!

This railing runs around the entire ship and yet it never gets tired. Ugh.

A one-eyed topiary weasel? Probably in show business.

Whoever heard of a topiary "Where's Dildo?"

You've always had a weak spot in your heart for cute topiary pussies.

Promenade deck

You don't need to break it open; it's not locked. But be careful -- it may be alarmed.

You're so polite.

A small sign reads, "Open only in the case of fire. CAUTION: alarm will sound!"

No alarm sounds.

Makes me wonder about all those times I didn't sneak into movie theaters!

You could remove the screws holding the hinges in place, but it might be easier just to open the damn thing!

It's a hose, useful for putting out fires.

Peggy is the ship's surly foul-mouthed deckhand. Heavily affected by a childhood spent watching too many pirate movies, she thinks she's a swashbuckler. She even had her peg leg rigged to accept multiple interchangeable janitorial attachments.

This railing keeps uncoordinated people from falling overboard. You should be happy it's there.

Oh, boy! Another beaver joke. Let's see: have you heard the one about the two beavers who went bike riding?

LARRY Oh, not again!

(DISAPPOINTED) Oh, you've heard it.

This would be a perfect time to test your CyberSNIFF 2000\05 card!
Every fine ship has plants carved into the shape of animals. But, a goose?
This vent is like Washington, D. C.

LARRY Okay, I give. How is a vent like Washington, D. C.?

Did you notice its menu's title bar?

This wheel must do something, but you have no idea what.

(SCREAM IN PAIN) OW!

These windows let others see out, but prevent people like you from looking in.

Fo'c'sle

LARRY Whoa! Look at all the cool stuff back here. Oh, well.

ROD That's not a balloon!

ROD That's my job! (blow)

ROD It's my penis! (grope)

ROD I'd like that! (kiss)

ROD It tastes like rubber! (taste)

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

This handsome sailor entertains the many children on this cruise.

ROD Hi, sailor! New in town? (hump)

ROD I've changed my mind. You don't get one! (take)

LARRY But that doesn't look anything like that!

ROD Well... it does to me!

LARRY You can keep it, okay?

LARRY But that doesn't look like that.

ROD It does to me!

LARRY Ugh. You can keep it, okay?

ROD Look! It's Godzilla!

ROD Look! It's Mothra!

ROD Look! It's Tyrannosaurus Rex!

ROD Look! It's Manimal!

ROD Look! It's Flipper!

ROD Look! It's an American Eagle!

ROD Look! It's Reptilla!

ROD Look! It's a submarine!

ROD Look! It's an attacking bird!

ROD Look! It's a bunny rabbit!

ROD Look! It's a pterodactyl!

ROD Look! It's a bald eagle!

ROD Look! It's Hootie the Owl!

LARRY What are you doing?

ROD Oh, I'm the handsome sailor who entertains the many children on this cruise.

LARRY But I haven't seen a single child anywhere.

ROD That's because this game is too dirty for kids!

LARRY So exactly what is it you do?

ROD Well, I can, uh, make balloon animals. (SUDDENLY EXCITED) Say! Do you want one?

LARRY Not really.

ROD I'll consider that a "yes!" Here ya go!

LARRY Uh...

ROD You ready for another?

LARRY Sure.

ROD Wait! I learned something new!

LARRY Not again!

LARRY Hey, I recognize you!

ROD Have we met?

LARRY Yeah, you're that guy from the bar in Larry 1!

ROD Am not.

LARRY Yeah, and you were that psycho barber on the airplane in Larry 2.

ROD Was not.

LARRY And you were Chief Kenneewauwau on Nontoonyt Island in Larry 3.

ROD Was not.

LARRY And you hid all the floppy disks from Larry 4!

ROD Did not.

LARRY Yeah, and in Larry5 you were that geek on the boardwalk!

ROD Was not.

LARRY Yeah, and in Larry6 you were in the pool, floating on that inflatable pussy. How was that?

ROD No. Not me. How about another balloon animal?

LARRY Yeah. Whatever.

LARRY I just figured out why you're here.

ROD Oh, really?

LARRY Yeah. You're only here to balance out the ratio of sexual organ references.

ROD Why, Larry -- that's so obvious, cheap, tawdry! Al Lowe would never stoop to that!

LARRY That's what you think!

ROD Look! They're fighting!

ROD (THIS AND THE FOLLOWING MESSAGES ARE ALL RANDOM NOISES OF BALLOON ANIMALS FIGHTING) Oh.

ROD Blub blub.

ROD Ack.

ROD Uppph.

ROD Bubububbbls.

The kumquat tree is an evergreen shrub, with beautiful sweet-scented white flowers, cultivated for its small, orange-yellow citrus fruit, which is commonly eaten fresh or in preserves... but rarely in quiche.

And this is the first one you've ever seen that's been sculpted into a sheep shape. Quickly!

Repeat after me: sheep shape, sheep shape, sheep shape!

Ah. You snare a delicious kumquat from the tree. How you wish you had a "taste" icon so you could taste it. Hey, wait! With this new interface, you might!

If you look over this railing, you can see the nude sunbathers down by the pool.

LARRY Really? Lemme see!

LARRY By golly, you can! Look at that! (BEAT) And that! (BEAT) And THAT!! Wow.

LARRY Okay. But you may go blind.

LARRY Oh my God. Nude Volleyball, Nude Roller Derby, Nude Lawn Darts, Nude Curling, Nude Caber Tossing, Nude Ferret Legging, even Nude Gerbil Colonics. I can't take any more!

LARRY That was great, eh? Was it good for you too?

The forecastle, known as the fo'c's'le in nautical circles, is the section on a ship's upper deck located forward of the foremast.

LARRY Really? I figured Al Lowe just couldn't pass up the opportunity to use the word "fo'c's'le" in a sentence.

Well, yeah, there's that, too! Besides, how else could he write off his new yacht?

(DISCIPLINARIAN VOICE) All right. Who screwed up that plant?!

These windows look out, but you can't look in.

Peggy

Al, I can't read that! I have standards...

Peggy's one good eye is more than enough.

Not many women are daring enough to go for that beard stubble look!

Does she have any?

PEGGY (MAKE 30" OF HUMMING, SINGING, BORED SOUNDS) Hmmmm. Da da da de.

PEGGY Peggy sings and hums to her merry self.

PEGGY What the hell are you trying to pull, dip-sh*t? You think I'm stupid or somethin'? I don't want that... or anything else you got to offer, you dumb son of a b***h!

PEGGY I gotchur beaver cheese... right here!

PEGGY Why don'cha milk on THESE fer a while?

PEGGY Yeah. I read it. But it takes more than that to get this ol p***y off! (Hercules)

LARRY Peggy, I've been in that employees' break room and I didn't see a soul. It was completely deserted, as if no one works on this ship.

PEGGY S**t, nobody DOES but me! I hafta do everything around here. "Peggy. Swab the decks!" "Peggy. Weld the railing!" "Peggy! Hose off the Captain's rubber sheets!" S**t. Ain't nobody works like I do!!

LARRY Very impressive... and colorful! But where's Xqwsts, if he's not in that break room?

PEGGY Oh, the sneaky little b*****d's probably hidin' behind the locker bay. Didja look in there?

LARRY So, where can I find a cabin boy, Peggy?

PEGGY You stupid son of a b***h. Don'cha know you can never find a g****m cabin boy when you need 'em. S*****t! I go lookin' fer one d***ed near every night, right before bed! And do I find one? Hell, no!

LARRY Well, my needs are a bit simpler. I just want a favor.

PEGGY Well, there is one sneaky-assed little foreign motherf***er always hidin' out down there in the employees' break room. Name of X-squats, or something like that, I don't know. Why don'cha try looking there?

LARRY Thanks, Peggy. Good recommendation. I will.

PEGGY (A LA PAUL HOGAN) You call that a knife? Hah! THIS is a F***ING knife!

(BLUFFING) Nah, nah, nah, jes' kiddin'. Hey, hey, all right. Stop yur shakin'!

LARRY I can't get Xqwzts's locker open. Do you know the combination?

PEGGY Sure, d***head. Why didn't ya ask me sooner? "38-24-36"

LARRY Seems so obvious.

LARRY What was that combination again?

PEGGY Oh, sure, you little f**king d**khead! Can't you remember anything? "38-24-36." Got it?

LARRY Miss Peggy, can you help me with these competitions?

PEGGY Help you? Hell, no! It's guys like you that dribble all over the f***ing LoveMaster, and then, guess who has to clean all that s**t up? Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah. Good ol' Peggy, that's who! S**t. I can't tell you how many times me peg leg's been stuck in that god d**n drain.

PEGGY You tryin' to tell me I need a bath, Gerbil Nuts? Step closer. I'll give you a whiff of

somehin' no deodorant can conquer!

PEGGY (EXAMINING DICE) Shaved? Yep. And not that well. But, I'd still play ya. Ya wanna go a few rounds, over there behind the mizzenmast?

PEGGY Um, well, it's mighty tempting, but... no. Sorry.

PEGGY S**t? You ain't very smart, are ya? These dice ain't even been sanded down yet!

PEGGY I was wondering who stole my f**king fire hose! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. Serves those b*****ds right at the headquarters. I told 'em some loser would steal them hoses. S**t. You passengers'll steal anything I don't nail down!

PEGGY I'll see you around, Miss Peggy.

PEGGY It's been my f**ing pleasure, ya p**k!

PEGGY Yeah, that's purty. Here, let me wipe my stinkin' armpit with that. Ah. There. (GIVES IT BACK TO LARRY) Here ya go.

PEGGY Uuugh! A hair! (hanky)

PEGGY You pitiful excuse for a d***less wonder! Do I look like a woman who needs her meat heated? (heat bulb)

PEGGY I ain't got a f**ing clue!

PEGGY For such a little dip, you sure got a big nose! Ya jes' gotta know everything, doncha? Well, I don't know nothin' about nothin' like that.

PEGGY You think I got nothing better to do than answer your dumb-ass questions, ya piss ant?

PEGGY (ASSUME WE'LL BLEEP MOST OF THE END EXCEPT FOR 'CRACK WHORE') I don't know s**t about that. But I do know this: your mother was a c**k-s**ing, ****-licking, ****-infested, s*****ic crack wh**e!

PEGGY I got nothing to say about that. (PAUSE) Now shove off, a*s wipe, unless you want to spend a little quality time scratching my st*mp!

LARRY Excuse me, Ma'am. May I bother you for a moment?

PEGGY (TO SELF) This godd**n salt air is rusting me f**in' leg socket! (TO LARRY) Yeah, yeah. Who the hell are you?

LARRY My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

PEGGY I'm Peggy. Did I mention this salt air is rustin'...

LARRY (INTERRUPTING TO STOP HER BEFORE SHE SAYS IT AGAIN) Yeah, yeah. Ah, thanks.

PEGGY Well, ya don't have to be so f**in' uppity!

LARRY Hello again, Miss Peggy.

PEGGY Hello, s**head!

LARRY Hi, Miss Peggy. I'm back.

PEGGY Well, look it you! Mr. High F**ing Fashion!

PEGGY You poor little a*s licker. You don't have a clue what to do, do you? (jumper cable)

PEGGY I already got a key to your room. And if you play your cards right, you might just win my little "Peg Man Trophy."

LARRY Luckily, I don't have a mantle to put it on!

PEGGY I wondered who was stealin' me f**in' kumquats! I oughta make you put that back. Or, maybe I should just make you stand here and suck it!

PEGGY Did I ever tell you 'bout the time I got a severe infection from overusin' that stuff? (KZ)

LARRY No, I'm sure it's a heart-warming little story, but... don't!

PEGGY Hey, did ja get any extra prints of this? Xqwzts is pretty good, ain't he?

PEGGY Are you kiddin'? I'm sour enough without lime juice!

LARRY Which locker is Xqwzts in?

PEGGY Who am I? Rand f**in' Mac-Nally?! Find your own way, Columbus! But you can bet it opens from the bottom, 'cause he's a such a tiny little p**k.

LARRY I know I'll regret this, but could you be a little more specific?

PEGGY S**t. D'jur mother have any children that lived? Second locker, bottom row. Now beat it! And I don't mean your little weed whacker either!

Peggy is the ship's surly foul-mouthed deckhand. Heavily affected by a childhood spent watching too many pirate movies, she thinks she's a swashbuckler. She even had her peg leg rigged to accept multiple interchangeable janitorial attachments.

PEGGY What'ju put on this? (treated hanky)

PEGGY Don't read. Won't read. (BEAT) Can't read.

PEGGY Say... where'd you get that? Is that what I think it is? You're not supposed to have that.
(key')

PEGGY S**t. I got better mold than this growing around me stump!

PEGGY You can keep your f***ing money! I'll be damned if I sell out to the likes of you!

PEGGY I'm already sticky enough without this!

PEGGY I gave up this f***ing stuff when I realized I was snorting about a quart a day! (orgasmic powder)

PEGGY That's nice. Why are you showing me, you dumb ass?! (passport)

LARRY So how did you lose your leg, Peg?

PEGGY Freak f***ing accident, that's how! One day, I inadvertently combined KZ Jelly with deodorant spray, forming a powerful contact explosive.

LARRY Sexual lubricant? Deodorant spray? And you lost your leg?

PEGGY Let's just say I wasn't sprayin' me f***ing arm pits, okay, a**hole?

LARRY Ooooh. Okay. No more details, please!

PEGGY That looks like you. On a bad night. After you were sexually frustrated. (photo ID)

LARRY NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOooooooo!!!

PEGGY Are you the asshole that cut that hole in the sail? Wait'll I tell Captain Thygh! She'll kick your nuts across the deck, once she cuts 'em off!

PEGGY You might as well steal everything from the kitchen. Those lazy assholes don't do s**t down there. Everything they serve comes in a can. Kinda like me.(pot)

LARRY Miss Peggy, I need some help with Peter the purser.

PEGGY Help? Ya, you'll need help awright, if he gets ahold o' your tallywhacker! Suck the chrome off a Peterbilt, that one would! Keep your skinny ass away from him, if ya know what's good fer you.

PEGGY Ain't hungry. (quiche)

PEGGY You ain't got a clue, do ya? (remote)

PEGGY Very impressive. Just about what I'd expect from a limp d**k like you! (TMT)

PEGGY That ain't my screwdriver, is it? I lost one a couple of days ago!

LARRY Oh no, Miss Peggy. I found that on top of the sculptor's scaffold.

PEGGY Yeah, it's too bad about that guy, ain't it? Found him floating behind the ship last night. Suicide note in his cabin said his whole life had turned to s**t. Seems like some a*shole f***ed up his life's work!

PEGGY Hey, squirt a little of that under me armpits, will ya? I'm having trouble with friction building up heat today! (silicone lubricant)

PEGGY Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. That's so sticky. I love it! (sticky photos)

LARRY Is it just me, or do you seem to swear a lot?

PEGGY Swear? Hell no, motherf***er! I suffer from Cloret's!

LARRY Clorets. Don't you mean, Tourette's?

PEGGY No, ya dumb t**t! I mean I gotta FOUL mouth! HA, ha, ha, ha, ha!

LARRY Miss Peggy, tell me everything about the ship's mysterious Captain, would you?

PEGGY Captain C***sucker, ya mean? That's what I call her. That f***ing wh*re. She just lays on her ass all day long. She has no morals at all. God, I envy her!

PEGGY Hey! What are you trying to say? I look like an asshole? (TP)

LARRY What's Xqwzts' hobby?

PEGGY Aye, that Xqwzts is perverse little motherf***er! Always sneakin' around the f***in' ship's secret passageways, spyin' on the f***in' payin' customers. That little b**tard.

LARRY Is that legal?

PEGGY You mean, is HE legal? Hell, no! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha. But that don't stop the little pr**k from doing it, does it now? I'd like to know what he does with all the film he shoots. Blackmail would be MY guess! Or maybe the alt-dot-pervert newsgroup!

LARRY Is there anything Xqwzts needs? Something I could give him to gain his favor?

PEGGY Arrrrrgh! I dunno if he NEEDS anything. But I know what he wants... and it sure ain't a whiff of my crabby p***y!

LARRY So, Miss Peggy, would you tell me about Xqwzts?

PEGGY Cheap f***ing foreign b****rd. All his kinds wants to do is take jobs away from us real Americans!

LARRY Miss Peggy, when was the last time you even saw America?

PEGGY Nineteen seventy-f***in'-three! And what's it to ya, ya little d***head?

LARRY Ever regret asking a question?

PEGGY 'Course, the j***-off's got one sneaky f***ing hobby!

LARRY Is there anything Xqwzts wants?

PEGGY Simple-minded little piece of s**t! Cain't ya figure anything out? He wants to get into the U. S. of A., all right? But he ain't got no f***ing chance, schmuck! 'Cause he ain't got no f***ing passport.

LARRY (CLEAR THROAT IN DISAPPROVAL OF HER LANGUAGE) Passport, eh?

Well, that shouldn't so hard to find on a cruise ship.

PEGGY You ARE one dumb son of a b***h, ain'cha? Don't you remember what happened to all the passports when you came aboard? Aw, no. Probably you were too busy sniffing them fine young officers, wasn't ya?

LARRY I can see why they call you Peggy, Peggy.

PEGGY Oh, can you, lame ass? It's because my f***ing mother named me Margaret, you stupid c***sucker!

Proud Li'l Seaman Lounge

Look! From here you can see the Juggs didn't even bother to plug in their guitar amps. Everything was pre-recorded.

LARRY I feel SO... used.

Guitar Amplifiers

Quite a theme they've got going here, isn't it?

They're fake. Just like the drinks.

LARRY The Juggs must have lost the electric chase lights from their clothing in the frenzy of our passionate love-making.

Either that or their battery's run down.

What are you going to do with those?

Well. What's this? The sound man left his earplugs lying under the mixer.

You haven't seen a mixer like this since you ran sound for that rock band back in high school.

No. Leave well enough alone.

The Juggs spare no expense bringing the utmost in musical realism to their act.

Fortunately for everyone, there is no tape in Mr. Karaoke Box.

There's Dildo!

LARRY (WITH CHEAP ECHO) Hey, cutie! We'll be back to pick you up real soon!

No, you can't log on!

That's the remote control the sound engineer uses to turn on and off the Juggs' electric clothing.

There's a "remote" possibility you could use that.

These clever doors close to protect the PA system's loudspeakers from ill-thrown bottles that miss

the entertainers.

This stage is a veritable Vaudevillian's Graveyard, where talentless acts go to die!

You'd love to go on stage, but you forgot your climbing gear.

LARRY Hey, yeah! Why didn't I bring my climbing gear?

(EXASPERATED) Because you don't have climbing gear!

LARRY Oh. Well, yeah.

These stairs lead up to the stage.

You heard this place was filled with big chests, but...

Only you would think to sit down and watch a non-existent stage show!

There's not much left to THAT leisure suit. Or those country western outfits.

PETER ...there's a few chairs there in the back. Oh, never mind. If you're not seated by now, just stand!

PETER (SPEECH FORMALLY BEGINS; KEEP IT MOVING) I'm sure Captain Thygh will be pleased to see such a good turnout this week. As you know, each week she runs a little competition for her male (SOFTLY) (or male-like) (NORMAL) passengers, which she calls "The Thygh's Man Trophy" contest. Of course, there's no actual trophy involved. No, what you win is better than hardware: one of you will spend next week "Cruising on the Captain." (CLEAR THROAT) That is, she'll treat you to a one-week cruise in her cabin where your (A LITTLE DISGUST) every need will be met. (BUSINESS-LIKE AGAIN) By now, each of you has received your personal scorecard, listing a random set of events the computer assigned you. Don't worry; no one has to enter every event -- there are too many. Just find the ones listed on your scorecard, enter and win. The "man" with the highest total score wins. (BEAT) Are there any questions?

CROWD Are there any answers?

PETER You may begin.

LARRY Hey. I've got a question.

PETER Yes? There. In the... interesting clothes.

LARRY What's this item listed here on my scorecard: "Chast-titty?"

PETER It's a joke, sweetheart! Say what's wrong with you, anyway? You're not some sort of "government infiltrator," are you?

LARRY That's ridiculous!

PETER Oh, yes? I'm gonna keep my eye on you, sweetheart!

LARRY It's not my fault you can't MAKE a joke!

PETER Yeah? You'll find out when we're finally in charge. Then you'll be the one singing a "chast-titty" tune!

LARRY hat's it. I'm leaving now. Everyone else has already gone.

PETER So they have. Very well. Dismissed!

LARRY (CONFUSED) He's a strange one!

JUGGS (BOTH SINGING HARMONY) ...so jes' stop yur talkin' and put that tongue where it'll do some good!

CROWD Applause. Cheers. Whistles. Sounds of stomping boots. Yee-haws.

nailmi Thank ya'll.

WYDONCHA Thank ya so much.

WYDONCHA (DOWN A LITTLE) And now we need a volunteer for the "Unplugged" part of our set. Who wants to play with our jugs?

LARRY Wow!

WYDONCHA Why, lookee here, Mama: a volunteer!

nailmi (SLAP DOWN LARRY'S HANDS ON BUCK) Howdy, BUCK-aroo!

WYDONCHA Pardon us, while we whip these out...
CROWD (GASP) Gasp!
CROWD (EXHALES) Whew!
nailmi Hey, Johnson? How 'bout some special lighting?
nailmi Whew! Wydoncha, honey, is it hot in here?
WYDONCHA Oh, Mama. I'm ah gettin' that feelin' again!
JUGGS (BOTH JUGSS TOGETHER) Grab him!
LARRY (HIT THE FLOOR) Owwf!
LARRY (BOTH WOMEN JUMP YOU) Heavy breathing, panting, cartoon sex.
CROWD (MULTIPLE) Yee-haw.
CROWD (ALTERNATING, AS AT JULY 4TH FIREWORDS SHOW) Ooooh!
CROWD (ALTERNATING, AS AT JULY 4TH FIREWORDS SHOW) Ahhhh!

Back of the lounge

JOHNSON Hey, loser! You want this drink you ordered?
JOHNSON I'll charge it to your room.
LARRY Thanks. Hey, my banana's all soft and flaccid... with little brown spots!
JOHNSON Sorry, bud. I only do drinks!
They're fake. Just like the drinks.
JOHNSON Nah. I don't need anything from you. Your credit's good here.
LARRY Give me, uh...
JOHNSON Oh, just point to the menu.
LARRY ...one of THOSE.
JOHNSON No problem. Comin' right up!
JOHNSON Here ya go.
LARRY (DOWNING DRINK IN ONE BIG CHUG) Gulp, gulp, gulp.
LARRY Boy, are these drinks watered down!
JOHNSON I love to settle down in front of the TV with a big wheel of Venezuelan Beaver Cheese and a box of Wheat Thins. So where'd you get this?
LARRY Oh, I knocked it out myself.
JOHNSON Really. Well, I'd like to share it with you, but I got no TV and no Wheat Thins. Better go it alone.
JOHNSON I used to make a drink with this, but the Center for Shipboard Disease Control made me stop. (beaver milk)
JOHNSON Oh, I don't need that. I got me a removable knothole back there in the wall to the Juggs' dressing room! (hercules book)
LARRY How about a bourbon and soda? On the rocks. With a twist. And an umbrella. And some fruit. And maybe a bendy straw, if you got 'em.
JOHNSON You 'bout done?
LARRY Uh...yeah.
JOHNSON (1 SECOND FLASH OF MOTION) Here. We ain't got no bendy straws, so I gave you a "Cap'n Happy's Barrel O' Fun" straw.
LARRY I guess it'll have to do. What do I owe you?
JOHNSON Nuttin. I'll put it on yur room. Gotta keycard?
LARRY Right here.
JOHNSON Okay. Now drink it!
JOHNSON Nah, I already got me a lime-cuttin' knife right here.
JOHNSON Damn, them lights look familiar. (chase lights)
JOHNSON Hey, that's the same brand the Juggs use. I know... 'cause BBQ's my favorite!
LARRY Oh, Johnson! I want a "Gigantic Erection!"

JOHNSON Talk to the Captain, not me!

LARRY No, I mean a drink. A cocktail.

JOHNSON Oh. Well, that'll take a while. Are you sure?

LARRY Oh, I'll wait. No problem.

JOHNSON Here ya go. I'll just charge it to your room. That your keycard? Okay.

LARRY Thanks.

LARRY Doesn't seem to work!

LARRY See ya later, Johnson.

JOHNSON Yeah. Whatever.

JOHNSON Don't that belong down in the restaurant? I hear them suckers is mighty powerful, if'n you use 'em with the right lens and reflector. (heat bulb)

JOHNSON Waddayou think I am, an encyclopedia salesman? I don't know nuttin' 'bout that!

JOHNSON I dunno.

JOHNSON Nope. Don't ever ask me 'bout that no more!

JOHNSON What? No. Don't know. Ask someone else. No, don't.

JOHNSON Okay, you stumped me!

LARRY Howdy, barkeep. Whadaya got?

JOHNSON My name's Johnson. And anything you want, we got. Whadaya want?

LARRY If it isn't my old friend, the mixologist.

JOHNSON Yeah, right. You wanna drink or doncha?

LARRY Hey, Johnson. It's me, Larry.

JOHNSON Hey, man. Nice threads!

LARRY Hey, uh, Johnson. How's it hangin', Johnson? It's me, Larry.

JOHNSON Hey, fella. What's your name again?

LARRY Oh, well, you can call me Lar, or you can call me Larry, or you can call me Larry (heh-heh) Larry Laffer, or you can call me Laffer. But don't call me schmuck!

JOHNSON Don't go puttin' that on no slot machines 'round here, boy. Crap like that'll getchur ass thrown in the brig, ya hear?

JOHNSON Yeah. I already got your number. Zero. Like in "big zero!"

JOHNSON I ain't fixin' no drinks with no fruit what's starts with "kum!"

JOHNSON I don't use no sissy stuff like that! What kinda feller you think I am? (KZ)

JOHNSON You comin' on to me, boy? I ain't that way. And I don't want to see you naked. And you don't forget it! (photo)

JOHNSON You ain't gotta rub it in. I know ya tricked me. Now just take your damn lime juice and get the hell outta here.

LARRY (JACK NICHOLSON'S FIVE EASY PIECES BIT; START AS LARRY) Excuse me, Johnson. I want a glass of lime juice.

JOHNSON No.

LARRY Why not?

JOHNSON We don't serve JUST lime juice.

LARRY And... why not?

JOHNSON 'Cause it ain't on the menu.

LARRY (AS JACK) Oh, it ain't, ain't it?

JOHNSON Nope. And if it ain't on the menu, I ain't servin' it!

LARRY (TIGHTER) Well, then, how about you make me a Lime Rickey, Johnson? Is that on your menu?

JOHNSON Yeah. Okay. One lime rickey, coming up.

LARRY (TOUGHER STILL) But leave out the gin, okay?

JOHNSON Okay. Virgin.

LARRY (MEAN) And leave out the soda water, okay?

JOHNSON (HESITANTLY) Okay.

LARRY (MEANER) And leave out the sugar, okay?

JOHNSON (DAWNING) Okay.

LARRY (THROUGH CLENCHED TEETH) And leave out the friggin' ice, okay?

JOHNSON (REALIZING YOU'VE BEEN BESTED) Why, you...

LARRY (TRIUMPHANT! AS LARRY) And make it snappy!

JOHNSON Here! Pucker up!

Johnson the bartender fits the old cliché: "Surly to bed, surly to rise."

JOHNSON That's really disgusting. Thanks for sharing. (treated hanky)

JOHNSON You ain't supposed to have that! Give me that!

LARRY No way. I just "borrowed" it.

JOHNSON Oh, well then. If you only borrowed it... (key)

JOHNSON Thanks, but unlike the carnivorous hooker, I don't keep tips! (money)

JOHNSON Larry, you're lookin' at the original orgasmic POWER standin' right before you!

LARRY That label says "powder."

JOHNSON Oh. (BEAT) That too.

JOHNSON Nice likeness. (photo ID)

JOHNSON My stage don't need no new curtains. (polyester)

JOHNSON No, thanks. I can't eat on the job. (quiche)

JOHNSON I recognize that! That's the little gizmo what the sound man uses to make the Juggs' costumes light up. It's pretty powerful. Sometimes he'd just pipe the show's audio to his room, lie in bed, and use that little sucker from there. (remote)

JOHNSON Want me to put a little around your rim? (salt)

JOHNSON You're not even close, are you? (TMT)

JOHNSON Nah, I keep a roll right here under the counter. Case I have ta blow ma nose during working hours. (TP)

LARRY You must get a lot of guys in here, telling you their troubles, don't you? Is it hard, Johnson?

JOHNSON Yeah. Makes me sick! I us'llly punch their lights out! Why?

LARRY Oh...no reason.

LARRY I bet you see a lot of beautiful women working here, eh, Johnson?

JOHNSON Yeah, so what?

LARRY I'm just making conversation.

JOHNSON And I'm just making drinks. Why doncha stop yappin' 'n' order one?

LARRY Now I can sneak right in!

JOHNSON Hey! Hold it! What do you think you're doing? You can't go in there. That's private.

Why, them women could be naked in there! Their breasts a'swingin' back and forth. And the nipple thing... They could be hanging upside down again! You jest don't know!

LARRY Oh, sorry. I was just looking for the head.

JOHNSON Don't you talk that "nautical" talk to me, bub. I'm just a plain ol' country boy!

A large spotlight mounted on a movable platform is high up this mast.

No, you can't log on!

Don't you think you should remove the old bulb first?

That's a sneaky idea. The bulb fits. It's the right voltage. But won't it make the stage uncomfortably warm?

This is the follow spot used for stage shows.

You'd better be sure you're not on stage when this baby fires up!

How many Sierra software engineers does it take to screw in a light bulb?

LARRY Oh, I've heard this one. Two, right? But how could they fit inside?

Nope. None. It's a hardware problem.

LARRY Hey. I'm not sticking Little Larry in THERE!

LARRY (SLOWLY, STRULLING) Lemme... just... ease this...

LARRY (SOUND OF SMASHING GLASS; THEN SOFTLY) Whoops.

Stop fussing! It's fine.

Take what, exactly? It's an empty socket!

The rear gallery is reserved for "Standing Room Only" crowds. To date, it is unused.
This ladder leads to the back gallery of the Lounge.
Now that's carrying a theme a little too far, don't you think?
Only you would think to sit down to watch a non-existent stage show!

Dressing Room

NAILMI Come on in, Honey.

WYDONCHA Oh, Mama! Not agin!

LARRY (3-SECOND SHRIEK!) Yee-haw!

The Juggs don't need bales of hay in their dressing room, it's just been a provision of Nailmi's contract ever since she had that Shetland pony in the act, way back in '74.

LARRY Hey. I've HEARD of that! (BEAT) But I always thought the guys were kiddin' me.

This barrel is filled with fire water.

LARRY (INJUN STYLE) Ugh. Me likkum fire water!

No, Larry: real water -- in case a hairdo bursts into flames!

The Juggs have many styles of shoes, all of them boots.

This button is unmarked. You'd better not push it. You have no idea what would happen.

What a surprise. You pushed an unmarked button. You hope nothing bad happens.

LARRY Whew. Got away with another one!

Obviously the Juggs have more clothes than YOU've seen them wear.

The Juggs left a can of spray deodorant on their dressing table.

The counter has a large gaping hole where someone removed the Juggs' can of deodorant.

Empty Counter

Sneaky idea. The Juggs will never notice. The two cans look almost identical!

The silicone lubricant looks exactly like the can of deodorant you took earlier! They'll never know the difference.

That's a good idea. You could swap things by using one on the other. But what?

You could take the deodorant, but shouldn't you leave something in its place so they don't notice?

There's nothing left to take. You already have their deodorant.

This gun rack is a perfect opportunity for me to tell you Al Lowe's favorite sell line for this game:

"It's even more like Myst than Doom." Yeah. Pretty good, huh?

Yes. Marketing thought it sucked, too!

LARRY (EVIL MANIACAL VICIOUS) I've had it! I can't take any more! I'm goin' postal!!

Wow. Acting, I presume! (take guns)

Now THAT's a can of hairspray!

LARRY Wouldn't that be a fire hazard? (use hairspray)

Can't you just picture the Juggs, their heads hovering above that hair trough?

Okay.

LARRY Ahhh. Hey! Where's the flusher?!

Each of their songs is on a separate disc. One disc is titled:

"Big Hair An' Tangled Limbs"

"Just A Cheap Pickup In A Cheap Pickup"

"Thinking With My Panties Again"

"You Got Into My Bra (But Not Into My Heart)"

"Get Along, Long John"

"White Trash Or No Trash"

"I've Got Panties `Round My Ankles (And Pain Around My Heart)"

"Felt Up And Feelin' Blue"

"Hair Spray Cain't Hold My Love For You"

"Even Your Old Dog Blew"

"Support Hose and Child Support"

"(Stop Yore Talkin' And) Put That Tongue Where It'll Do Some Good"

"Glove Compartment Panties"

"It Takes More Than Cognitive Reasoning"

"Thinking Ain't Your Strong Suit"

"He's Got His Daddy's Eyes (And His Other Daddy's Smile)"

LARRY You know, I haven't listened to country that much lately. That's not so bad.

This is the silicone lubricant that you cleverly substituted for the Juggs' deodorant. You sly devil. After all the trouble you went through to put this here, now you want to take it?

LARRY Yeah. I guess that wasn't so bright, eh?

That's not a mirror, just a shadowy reflection of one.

Tread On Me!

The Juggs have a karaoke stereo system with a collection of all their hit records' backup tracks.

They use it for practice, as well as for some of these small-time gigs. That way, they needn't be bothered with hiring live musicians.

LARRY Boy, does THAT suck!

Kitchen

You set the cute little kitchen timer for exactly 55 minutes, mix the kumquat into your pot of beaver cheese, throw in a few more things you find lying under the kitchen counter, then place the entire mess in a clean baking dish, and slam it in the oven. (BEAT) Well, okay, "a" baking dish.

LARRY Say. That doesn't smell half bad.

No. It smells ALL bad!

Not even you would eat that.

The CaviarMaster 2000\05 is for those who like their eggs fishy, yet fresh!

LARRY (SQUEEZING CAVIER FROM A DEAD FISH) Unnnngh.

LARRY Peeeow!

LARRY (DISGUSTED) Yuck. No way.

LARRY Let's see... some beaver milk, this mold scraped from my shower wall, a pinch of salt and this lime juice....

And voila! Venezuelan Beaver Cheese!

LARRY Phew. That stuff stinks!

Once again, Larry, you're missing something.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

No, you're missing an ingredient essential to the cheese-making process.

LARRY Oh.

The CyberCheese 2000\05. Just add ingredients and step waaaaaay back.

Mold IS an integral part of cheese, right?

Unfortunately this isn't the portable CyberCheese 2000\05 with active matrix screen. Darn the luck.

No. Save it for later.

Oops. You should have eaten it earlier!

LARRY Mmmm. That's not bad.

Considering it's been sitting out, unrefrigerated, for days.

LARRY Doh!

(PUSS IS SHORT FOR PUSSY CAT) Mmmm. Cookie Puss.

These drawers haven't been opened since the Truman administration.

You'll never get into these drawers.

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

It's a tub of entrails and even worse stuff. Our artists drew a close-up of it, but it made our programmers ill!

You really want to gross yourself out, don't you?

So that's why dinner was so late last night!

Whenever you go fishing, all you catch is a cold!

These fish must not be very good.

LARRY Oh? (BEAT) Why?

They're working with a net!

Rim shot!

(FAUX BOGART) Something about this whole deal smells fishy. Leave 'em alone.

Apparently these fish were on the wrong side in the seafood revolution.

When you think of some earthly use for a bunch of fishheads, this is where you should come.

It's a fish, wrapped in an old issue of Professional Hash Slinger Magazine.

LARRY Oh, good. My subscription just ran out.

That fish has gone bad.

LARRY How can you tell?

Little things; the earring, the tattoo, the surly expression.

LARRY How about if I toss the fish, but keep the magazine it's wrapped in?

That's good.

The garbage can is the only thing in this kitchen that's scrupulously clean. (THOUGHTFULLY) It's like they never throw anything away...

There's nothing hidden in the garbage can, okay? You can see all the way to the bottom.

LARRY But Al Lowe ALWAYS hides something in the garbage!

Not this game. Munsil wouldn't let him!

Some chefs aren't comfortable cooking without the traditional French tools.

What are you, a demented revolutionary? Besides, it's attached to the table.

And you should never watch laws being made, either.

No. No! NO!! (take)

You've always found the concept of sticking insects to curly paper appealing.

LARRY Why did a pig in a python show up now?

Artistic license.

No! Not Fifi!!

What happened to that poodle that was hanging there?!

Nice pot.

LARRY Reminds me of my college days. The judge gave me six months probation.

The refrigerator doesn't seem to be operational. The smell of rotten fish seeps out through the cracks in the door's rubber seal. (BEAT) At least you hope that's what that smell is!

For the love of God, no!

To save money, someone sewed the beginning of this towel to its end, making one long circle.

While that may save money, it certainly doesn't encourage confidence in the chef's cleanliness. The label on the side says "last serviced: June 1954."

A small label on the side of the roller towel says, "Next service: October, 1954."

This shaker contains only genuine sea salt (scraped from the hull of the ship before its annual hosing down).

Pass the salt.

LARRY That's not funny.

Okay, YOU try making the jokes all the time!

Ah. Baked beaver cheese. Rather like baked brie?
To prepare a dish, combine your ingredients first.
Do you know the three principal parts of the common wood stove? The lifter, leg and poker.
drum fill
Adds a new dimension to last night's swordfish dinner, eh, Larry?
LARRY (TRYING TO KEEP HIS DINNER DOWN) Ummm...yeah.
Taking that would exceed your leisure suit's load limit!
Mmmm... just chock full of tentacle-y goodness.
You don't need those; you're already a sucker!

Blind Dessert Taste Test

LARRY Hey! I don't want to be left out of this!
LARRY Okay, girls! Who wants me first?
CROWD (GASP) Gasp!
LARRY Don't all come at once (heh, heh, heh).
MAN (GRUFFLY, THREATENING) What the hell did you say?
MAN Turn on the light!
CROWD (GASP) Gasp!
LARRY Blind Dessert Taste Test? Whew! That was close.
LARRY It's nice to see the sight-challenged having a good time!
CROWD Get him! Grab him! After him!
MAN Idiot!
MAN Fool!
MAN Miniaturist!
LARRY (AS YOU HIT THE PAVEMENT) Ouf!
MAN Yes.
MAN Oh.
MAN Oh, God!
MAN Um, that is beautiful!
MAN More. More!
MAN Um. Perfect-o!
MAN Hey, baby; take a bite of this!
MAN I don't think I can take another!
MAN (MOAN) Ohhh.
MAN It's all creamy inside!
WOMAN Oh, God!
WOMAN Oooh, let me lick that!
WOMAN Oh, that's great!
WOMAN More. More!
WOMAN Perfect!
WOMAN You'll like this; it's covered with whipped cream!
WOMAN I'm not sure I can resist; oh, what the hell!
WOMAN More. I want more!
WOMAN (MOAN) Ohhh.
WOMAN I want it all!
WOMAN Hey, watch where you're grabbing!
WOMAN Is there a dog in here?

MAN Whoa!
MAN All right! Who the hell just licked me?
MAN Hey!
You miscalculate and end up licking air.
WOMAN I hope that's you, George.
You end up with a mouthful of whipped cream.
LARRY Wow, this is a great party!
It feels like a big bunch of whipped cream.
LARRY Oooh, kinky! Ka-chunk, ka-chunk.
It is, in fact, whipped cream.
LARRY Oooh, kinky!
It's some kind of sticky substance.
LARRY Boy, these guys sure know how to party!
Are you sure you want to lick that, Larry?
On second thought, don't answer.
LARRY Tastes a little like chicken.
It might be a table.

There's nothing on the table but crumbs, flecks of whipped cream, and little plastic surfers.

LARRY You mean...

Yes. The dessert tasting is deserted.

LARRY (Groan.)

This entire area smells of chocolate.

It's amazing what can be done with injection molding.

It smells faintly of gardenias, with hints of rosewater and intrigue.

The remains of the chocolate moose form a small sticky pile in the center of the table.

This entire room smells of chocolate.

You'd better watch out, Larry. Eat too much chocolate and you'll have to work out in your next game, like you did in "Leisure Suit Larry 3: Passionate Patti in Pursuit of the Pulsating Pectorals," available wherever software walks and money talks.

The CyberPalm 2000\05 is not a real palm tree, merely an incredible simulation.

The sneeze guard is an indispensable feature of the modern buffet's serviceless service.

LARRY (REALLY SNEEZE) Ah-choo!

You've always wanted to do that, haven't you?

This table won a design competition in the category: "Best Furniture in the Shape of a Tropical Island."

You have no need to return to Xqwzts's chamber THAT way.

You vividly remember crawling through that vent when you entered this room in the dark.

This is the very chair your perfumed friend occupied when you made your foolish... uh, when you were last here.

Oh, please. Even Al Lowe has SOME standards!

There's a sheaf of folded papers here.

(ADD POLICY TO INVEN AND RETURN TO LONG SHOT)

Heavin' Ho

LARRY (SLURPING MUNCHING SOUNDS) Mmmm. (CHEW) I love bean dip! (SMACK LIPS)
Just because it's "all you can eat" doesn't mean you're obligated to make yourself sick!

LARRY Why not?

You know, Larry, they only put 239 beans in that bowl of dip.

LARRY (TELEGRAPH THERE'S A GROANER COMING) Oh, really? (BEAT) Why? Because any more and it would be "too farty!"

LARRY (TO SELF) That sounds like a Mark Seibert joke!

A large container of bean dip graces the buffet table.

LARRY Mmmm. Bean dip!

And it's "all you can eat!"

Cute decor, eh?

Look! It's all you can drink! And free, too!

LARRY You're just saying that so I'll drink and drink and drink and then I'll have to go pee a lot, aren't you?

Yeah. Isn't that why you spend so long alone in the bathroom?

LARRY Uh... no.

Wow.

LARRY This ship has everything!

Not a sound comes from the Dessert Tasting now.

There are some signs near that door and more signs on it.

Now you know: that door hid the Blind Dessert Tasting. And now it's wide open.

This door doesn't have a key hole!

This door is locked.

There are several small signs on the door: "Closed to the public!" "Do Not Enter" "Members Only!" "18 and older only!"

There are some large posters are either side of that door.

Impressive promotional announcements the size of movie posters are hung on both sides of the door. They read:

"Totally decadent! I was stunned!"

"I found myself in a sensuous frenzy!"

"an erotic ecstasy..."

"...even better than Cats!"

Green has always been your least favorite color of meat loaf.

LARRY Oh my gawd!

No, Larry! It's not what you think. Those are slender mushrooms, imported directly from the Klahanie mushroom cellars of Issaquah, Washington.

LARRY Oh, good! I was afraid they were turnips!

Ah, lima bean uh, curd, ah, sauce, ...paste.

The PMS Bouncy is pleased to offer fresh salad every day, even when they're at sea.

LARRY How do they do that?

Simple. They get the greens by snipping the sheep topiary on the top deck.

LARRY Oh. Greek salad!

You've never tasted a cranberry-banana squash cous cous you didn't like.

LARRY I've never tasted any!

And that's the way it's going to stay!

Ummmm. Just what you've been waiting for: broccoli yogurt with "tripe on the bottom!" From the people who brought you "s'Pork!"

LARRY I'll keep waiting!

LARRY (SLURPING SOUNDS, THEN HOLD TONGUE WITH FINGERS) Hey. My tongue's stuck! Help! Help!! (RELEASE TONGUE) Ah. (BEAT) That wasn't worth it.

This ice sculpture of Captain Thygh as a mermaid is incredibly detailed... right down to her drippings.

LARRY (MOAN) Ouuuuhhh.

You can't take that!

LARRY Why not?

'Cause that's "nacho" cheese!

LARRY (GROAN) Ooooh.

Hey, look! Mexican Cheese Dip!

Sorry. You prefer to take all your meals in your room.

LARRY I do not!

You do compared to some burly seaman busting your chops for swiping food from this buffet!

LARRY Ulp. You gotta point.

A wide variety of delicious foods has been prepared for all but the lowest-class passengers.

LARRY Which means me, right?

You're not as dumb as you used to be.

LARRY Thanks. Uh, hey?

Many of the upperclass passengers are enjoying a delicious buffet meal right now.

Burly sailors from throughout the ship are just waiting for a chance to enforce this dining room's new "No Dweebs" policy!

Once your uvula was red and inflamed, but then you had it whacked off.

LARRY Yeah, but at least I don't snore anymore!

Yes, but you don't snore any less, either!

R That's a special table serving hot meat.

The hot meat serving station is presently unattended.

That's a special table serving hot meat.

Hot Meat Serving Station

Sharp! Slimy, but sharp!

This carving knife is extremely sharp, but it won't be sharp for long if Wang keeps using it to cut open his s'Pork cans!

LARRY Since Wang's not looking, I may as well steal his knife.

Now that's logic!

WANG (CHINESE) What?! Whoaa! Keep hands away. Knife sharp. My knife! Use knife make living, Joe! You no take knife.

LARRY Ouch! Hot. Hot, hot, hot, hot, hot.

This powerful heat lamp slowly blackens the outside of the s'Pork, generating a pungent acrid stench, distracting diners from the s'Pork's normal pungent acrid stench.

Okay, but first you'd better let it cool. (HUM, WHISTLE, KILL 5 SECONDS) Okay, now.

LARRY (IT'S STILL HOT AS HELL!) Ow! Oh! Uch! Ouch! Ulp! Ahnt! Hot hot hot hot hot!

In a masochistic, self-abusive sort of way you rather enjoyed that.

WANG (CHINESE) Oh, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Keep hands off. You burn self, okay?

The heat lamp's turn offs are bad hair days, and men who take too long.

LARRY Oh, baby. In this light, you look SO good....

The lamp is already "turned on!"

This glass is called a sneezeguard, although you can't imagine why.

LARRY (SNEEZE) Ah-choo!

LARRY Oh, now I get it!

It's beneath the sneezeguard, and contempt.

You've had just about all the s'Pork you can take!

LARRY You mean, I'm full?

No, you've eaten all the s'Pork there is!

LARRY Oh. (Burp.) Good.

LARRY I think I'll have a hunk of your s'Pork. (SMACKING, MUNCHING, CRUNCHING SOUNDS)

LARRY This stuff is great! It's kinda like Spam, only not so expensive!

WANG (CHINESE) Don't give nothing Wang. Wang here for s'Pork joke only.

WANG No need give Wang nothing. Leave your Wang alone!

WANG No, no, no, no, no, no. Give me nothing. Not deserving. Find big bust girl. Give her. She plenty good.

WANG (IRISH) Well, now THAT'S an attractive preparation. Me Mother used to make that, bless her soul and garters. (beaver cheese)

WANG (IRISH) You ARE quite the connoisseur, aren't you? (beaver milk)

LARRY No, I'd better not. Why take a chance on losing my knife?

LARRY He may have noticed this was missing. Better not take any chances....

WANG Oh, I.D. not necessary, boss. Everybody can eat s'Pork free!

WANG Good. Fruity. You like? (kumquat)

WANG Put the jelly on the bread station. (KZ)

WANG Lime juice not good on s'Pork!

Wang is the PMS Bouncy's chief serving boy.

WANG (CHINESE) Wang had penicillin shot just before boarding ship! (mold)

WANG No tip Wang. (cash)

LARRY You mean you wouldn't accept my money, even if I insist?

WANG (IRISH) No. Wang was refering to an old hunting injury!

WANG Oh. My. Could improve flavor of s'Pork, though. (orgasmic powder)

WANG Wang legal. No need passport. (Not like SOME people 'round here!) (passport)

WANG Got plenty pots in kitchen. Say... that pot from kitchen?

WANG Food go over there. Not here. Hot dishes here. (quiche)

WANG No salt necessary. s'Pork salty already! (salt)

WANG You big loser, eh? (TMT)

LARRY Hello, Wang.

WANG Hello. Custom made suit? Very fine. New?

LARRY Dang, Wang. That s'Pork IS tasty. How 'bout some more?

WANG (CHINESE) Mmmmmm. s'Pork good, huh? (SERVES S'PORK) (MUMBLING TO SELF) (Dang Wang?)

WANG (IRISH) Now be sure not to exceed the maximum daily allowance. Those warnings are on the can for a reason, y'know.

WANG (CHINESE) Oh, no! Not enough s'Pork! Must get more. (TO LARRY) No touchy!

LARRY What are you serving?

WANG (CHINESE) (BRUSQUE) We got s'Pork. Very best. You like. OK?

LARRY Pork? Yeah, that sounds good.

WANG (IRISH) Jesus Mary and Joseph in a tiny canoe, are you deaf? It's S'PORK.

LARRY I heard you the first time. (SLOWLY) I'll take one serving, please.

WANG (CHINESE) You got it, boss. No complain later, okee-dokee? (SERVES S'PORK)

LARRY My God, what IS that?

WANG (IRISH) Like I've been tryin' ta tell you, it's S'PORK!

LARRY Ooohhh, the processed potted meat food product that tastes "as fresh as home-slaughtered." Just like Mom used to butcher.

WANG (CHINESE) Very good, boss. Now, you go.

LARRY Hey, what's with the accent?

WANG (IRISH) (SIGH) Ah... I knew I coul'na keep it up. I'm Chinese, ya see, but me parents were Buddhist missionaries, so I grew up in Ireland. People stare when I speak normally like this. So I've found it simpler just to sound like some bad Charlie Chan impersonator: (CHINESE) Too much talk. More people need s'Pork. (IRISH) Ya see?

Good idea. They're quite hot! (blow)

No one would eat those, if they knew how they were made.

LARRY So, please. Don't tell me!

No. You're still not going to get any!

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

LARRY Is it safe to let your meat hang that way?

Yours is... oh, never mind.

LARRY Yeah. Too easy, huh?

You ARE sick! (suck)

Das Grande Atriumo

Strange. But these columns remind you of something.

This button is clearly labeled, "Do not touch!" So naturally your curiosity is piqued.

Are you sure? Okay...

Isn't that just about the worst thing you've ever seen?!

This is the entrance to the ship's library.

Those decks are reserved for "Leisure Suit Larry 8: Lust in Space!" Don't try going there THIS game.

The white courtesy telephone is here for the convenience of the passengers.

LARRY Think what they must have paid to get a left-handed piano custom-built for their left-handed piano player!

When Lefty plays piano, it sounds like a jazz combo!

(IT'S A PIANO-PLAYING CHICKEN) When Lefty takes a break, his pecker entertains the crowds. Isn't a reflecting pool filled with chilled Champagne in the middle of a cruise ship one of the signs of the apocalypse?

Sure, you'd like to. But you can't from here.

LARRY Aw, man. And with that color, nobody'd ever know! (whiz)

The Purser's Desk has a beautiful aquarium built into it; but what's that scuba diver doing in there?!

How you love the aroma of old fish tanks.

Peter, the ship's purser, resides behind this counter, ever eager for another opportunity to do whatever he can to help his passengers.

Now that's one great looking bush!

Strange, but now you have to go.

LARRY You mean, leave this area?

No.

LARRY Oh.

Purser's Desk

ANNOUNCER Bowling balls may not be removed from the bowling competition area.

ANNOUNCER Dice may not be removed from the craps table area.

ANNOUNCER Horseshoes may not be removed from the horseshoe competition area.

ANNOUNCER Please deposit one dollar and 75 cents for each additional minute.

ANNOUNCER The white courtesy zones are for loading and unloading only.

The woman behind the Purser's Desk seems rather bored, except when she uses her airport PA announcer's voice.

PETER Purser's Desk. What do you want?

LARRY Yes. May I please have the Boning cabin?

PETER (BORED) Connecting...

BONING (CLICK) Hello.

LARRY Hello. Are you Boning?

BONING We were... `til this damn phone rang!

PETER Purser's Desk. Now what?

LARRY May I please have the Boning cabin?

PETER (BORED) Connecting...

BONING (CLICK) Hello.

LARRY Hello. May I speak with the lady of the cabin?

BONING Look, sonny: you either stop calling or I'll have your ass thrown overboard!

There is no dial on this telephone. As soon as you pick it up, it rings the Purser's Desk.

Perhaps you should ask the purser that... in person.

This telephone will connect you to anywhere on the ship... as long as you go through the Purser first.

PETER Purser's Desk. Is this really important?

LARRY (BAD VOICE CHANGE) This is Agent Fritzlin with the SBI. Are you in charge?

PETER Course I'm in charge. What the hell is the SBI?

LARRY Shipboard Bureau of Investigation. We're looking for the passport of one...

(PRETEND TO CHECK NOTES) Laffer. Larry Laffer. Now listen carefully. Are you listening?

PETER What?

LARRY Dammit man, pay attention! Laffer. Larry Laffer. Retrieve his passport from the ship's safe, place it in a plain brown manila envelope, seal it carefully, place a small pencil mark across the seal and leave it on the corner of your desk. Then leave your station and wait out of sight. One of my men will walk by in exactly 11 minutes. Synchronize watches on my mark: 5, 4,

PETER Oh, just... right. I know who you are, okay? And I never, ever give up.

LARRY (TRIES AGAIN) 3, 2,

PETER Nothing, do you understand!? You people lurk everywhere!

LARRY (REGULAR VOICE) 2, 1. (BEAT) Zero.

PETER Purser's Desk. Now what?

LARRY Is there anywhere aboard ship where I could have a photo ID made?

PETER Nice try, sweetie.

PETER Purser's Desk. It's your quarter.

LARRY Could you page someone for me?

PETER If I must. The name?

LARRY Mr. Maweeney.

PETER I'm sorry, we have no one aboard by that name.

LARRY First name of Adolf. (REALIZING) Oh. Humph. Ruined a good joke.

PETER Purser's Desk.

LARRY Hello. Could you page someone for me?

PETER Oh all right. The party?

LARRY Miss Huginkiss.

PETER We have no one aboard by that name.

LARRY First name, Amanda. (REALIZE) Oh. I hate that.

PETER Purser's Desk.

LARRY Hi. Is there a bowling alley aboard ship?

PETER Course, there is. This is a luxury liner!

LARRY Oh. Do you have luxurious, 10-pound balls?

PETER Of course and I also have an upright pin!

LARRY Yeah, well then how can you walk straight... oh.

PETER Purser's Desk, where we have absolutely nothing to do and do it religiously.

LARRY Hello. Yes. Do you have Prince Albert in a can?

PETER No, we don't.

LARRY Well, let him out! (REALIZE JOKE DIDN'T WORK) Oh.

PETER Purser's Desk.

LARRY Is your refrigerator running?

PETER No. The ship cools everything with iceberg chips.

LARRY Well, why don't you... Oh.

PETER Purser's Desk.

LARRY Hello. Could you page someone for me?

PETER If I must. The party?

LARRY Mr. Butts.

PETER Nice try, sweetie.

LARRY His first name is Seymour. (REALIZES) Oh.

PETER Here's your keycard, Mr. Laffer. There's been a slight problem with your room.

LARRY I kinda expected that.

PETER Oh, not to worry. I took the liberty of substituting our largest cabin. You'll have plenty of room.

LARRY Wow. That's super! Thanks. Now where would my room be?

PETER Oh, just check the map. You're in Room Zero.

PETER Are you trying to trick me? Did you think I'd fall for THAT?! Hah! I'm on to you!

LARRY Say, do you know where I could find a recipe using beaver cheese?

PETER You are so sick. You think I don't know what you're up to? Well, you just go back and tell your buddies we know all about it!

LARRY Do you know how to turn beaver milk into beaver cheese?

PETER You are one sick puppy, do you know that? Your CIA mind control tricks will not work on me! I'm on to you, like white on rice.

LARRY I'm interested in Boning?

PETER I'm your boy!

LARRY No, no. I mean, I want to find out about a passenger NAMED Boning.

PETER (DISAPPOINTED) Damn. I never give out information to the public. Even Boning ones.

PETER Oh! Not me! (Hercules book)

LARRY Where could I find a cabin boy?

PETER I don't know where the cabin boys go. Maybe one of the other employees knows. Stop bugging me with your personal problems. I'm only here to serve our passengers.

LARRY But I AM a passenger.

PETER See! There you go again!

PETER Oh, don't you threaten me! You hear me? I have friends. And they know where you sleep at night, honey.

PETER How gauche! (chase lights)

PETER Eiuuu! Bar-be-que? Not moi. (deodorant)

PETER You take that right back where you got it before I call security, little man. And I don't want to ever hear of you stealing ship's possessions again! (hose)

LARRY Okay. See you around.

PETER And just what do you mean by that?!

PETER Nice. Silky. But I shan't accept gifts from you. (hanky)

PETER Wouldn't be easier just to lie out in the sun by the nude pool? (heat bulb)

PETER My job has nothing to do with that. (SUSPICIOUSLY) Say... what are you driving at?

PETER It would not be prudent of me to talk about that.

PETER I have no idea what you are talking about.

PETER I don't think you're supposed to know about that.

PETER If you have to ask, then you don't need to know!

PETER Would you like to me place this in our "Lost and Found?"

LARRY Uh, no thanks. I'll just keep looking for its owner.

PETER As you wish. But you'll never get her room number out of me!

PETER Yes, this IS the card I gave you. Use it to unlock your cabin door... but don't use it on ME!

LARRY Could I use this as an ID?

PETER Does it have your photo on it?

LARRY Um... no.

PETER Then it's not a photo ID, Einstein.

PETER Don't you just love the name? Come. Quat. It's what I named my Pekinese.

LARRY Kumquat?

PETER No, silly. That would be redundant. Just "Quat."

LARRY Let me guess...

PETER ...when I call him, I feel fruity all over!

LARRY Do you know where I could get a kumquat?

PETER (INTRIGUED) What did you say?

LARRY (SLOWLY, DISTINCTLY) Kum-quat.

PETER (DISAPPOINTED) Oh. I dunno.

LARRY Once again, thanks for your (lack of) help.

PETER (UNDER BREATH) Slut.

PETER Is that my tube? No, too little. (KZ)

LARRY I'm a little worried about the charges on my account. Could you check my balance for me?

PETER Of course. Wait here, I'll be right back.

PETER Your account is almost nothing, unless you count the \$381 from the bar.

PETER Your account is miniscule; only \$5,002 dollars.

PETER Your account is next to nothing; only \$19,123 dollars.

PETER Oh, it's nothing so far; slightly under \$50,000.

PETER I wouldn't worry; it seems Captain Thygh has flagged your account.

LARRY Hey, thanks, Butch.

PETER Oh, I like it. May I keep a copy? Or, better yet, let me scan it and upload it into my Web Page!

LARRY (DISGUSTED) Eoow! Gag me with a spoon.

PETER Don't think I'm not onto you. I heard about your lime juice alteration experiments when I visited Roswell.

The Ship's Purser is a paranoid, ultra-suspicious, conspiracy theory expounding, over-the-top, gay bureaucrat, stationed here off the main lobby.

PETER Oh, I've got a drawer full of these! (treated handkerchief)

LARRY I'm looking for the LoveMaster.

PETER Here I am, stud puppy!

LARRY Ugh. Get me a flea bath!

PETER No, thanks. I'll stick to GQ. (use magazine)

LARRY I'd better not. What if he takes it away from me? (custodial key)

PETER No. I'll never take money from the likes of you! Do you hear me?! NEVER!!

LARRY Exactly where IS my cabin?

PETER Look at the complimentary map we gave you. Just pull down the Game menu (located near the upper left corner of your game window) or click your mouse's right button. I think you'll find it a delightful way to move around.

LARRY Could you tell me who that old man is, in the wheelchair, I've seen around the ship?

PETER You seem to ask too many questions. Did you notice that? What are you up to?

LARRY What? Why, nothing. To tell the truth, I was really interested in his nurse, the woman who is with him.

PETER I'm not sure you can be trusted. You're one of THEM, aren't you?

LARRY Them?

PETER I'm on to you now!

PETER I gave this up a few years back. (orgasmic powder)

PETER Would you like me to lock that up for you in our vault?

LARRY No. In fact, hell no! (passport)

LARRY I'd like my passport, please. I'm Larry; Larry Laffer.

PETER Impossible. Absolutely impossible. Nope. Not allowed.

LARRY What do you mean, "not allowed?" Why not? It's MY passport. I should be able to get back my passport at any time!

PETER (SQUEALS) Uuuuuoooh. Mr. Big Tough Guy! Don't beat me! Please. (SOTTO VOCE) Well, on second thought, you can go ahead and beat me! (NORMAL) Okay. I don't care. You can have it back. Just show me your identification.

LARRY My passport IS my identification!

PETER (NOW SNITTY) I must see some form of photographic identification or no passport. Those are my rules.

LARRY You're making this up as you go along, right?

PETER Sorry. No photo ID. No passport.

LARRY Let me see if I understand this: to get back my photo ID I have to show you my photo ID.

PETER Don't bother me with details.

LARRY I'd like to talk to you about one of your employees.

PETER Yes, sir? I have nothing to do of importance. Why don't you just waste my time berating the innocent help?

LARRY You see, it's that "Peggy" woman, that deckhand upstairs.

PETER (SUDDENLY CONCERNED) Oh? Oh, HER! Oh, I'm so sorry, sir. I'll talk to her. We've had quite a few complaints...

LARRY I was only wondering if she was really a pirate.

PETER Never you mind, sir. I'll give her a severe tongue-lashing. Right away.

LARRY Now that's an ugly picture!

LARRY I'd like my passport, please.

PETER What for? You have no need for it here aboard ship.

LARRY Look, here's my photo ID. That's what you said you needed, right? Now be a nice little puckered pandering purser and procure my passport. PRONTO!

PETER (BEATEN) Yes, sir! (UNDER BREATH) Bitch!

PETER Here you are. Do not lose it! There are many nafarius types roaming this ship, all of them mooching ill-gotten booty such as this from our unsuspecting guileless guests.

LARRY I doubt that. You're just paranoid.

PETER Oh, thank you, sir. We ranking officers can never get enough insults from (FADE AWAY) lowly passenger scum.

LARRY Is there anywhere aboard ship where I could get a photo ID made?

PETER Right. Like I'm going to HELP you steal poor Mr. Laffer's passport.

LARRY (FRUSTRATED AS ALL GET OUT) But I AM Mr. Laffer!

PETER That's yet to be proven, hunkie.

LARRY Oooooooh.

PETER Oh, my. That's so... so... 70's! (polyester cloth)

LARRY Is there a fabric store aboard ship?

PETER No, but if you come to my cabin, I'll let you rub some filmy underthings!

LARRY Ah... tempting, but ah, no thanks.

PETER Real men may not eat that, but I sure wouldn't mind taking a nibble! (kumquat quiche)

PETER There's not even a "remote" possibility I could help you out with that thing. What is it?

LARRY I'd like to complain about my room.

PETER You and everyone else. You're lucky you have a room. It's weirdo's like you that spoil everything for the rest of us normal folks.

LARRY Hey. Back off, Buck-o.

PETER Yes, that IS my favorite position. And while you think you're big stuff now, you just wait until we're in charge. Then you'll be singing a different tune. Then you'll be glad to even HAVE a room!

LARRY What in the hell is wrong with you?

Oh, I think you know well enough: The CIA put mind-control drugs in puce house paint, and now all the interior decorators are under their control. I can't stand it!

PETER May I hurt you?

LARRY What did you say?

PETER (EXACTLY SAME TONE AS EARLIER) May I help you? What did you think I said?

LARRY Oh, it doesn't matter.

PETER You've got THAT right. So, you gonna ask your stupid question, or shall we continue exchanging banalities?

LARRY Peter... (And may I call you Pete?), you've got an attitude problem, don't you?

PETER Peter will be fine. And that's totally uncalled for. In fact, you are uncalled for!

LARRY What?

PETER I said, you have no phone messages. What did you think?

LARRY Hmm. Look: I just want to know one thing.

PETER (UNDER BREATH) Yeah, THIS time.

LARRY Did you say something?

PETER Who, moi? No. Please continue. This is SO fascinating.

LARRY I forgot what I was asking about.

PETER There's a blessing.

LARRY Oh, now I remember.

PETER Great. I can't wait.

LARRY Yeah, uh, Pete, you know that scorecard you gave us at the meeting?

PETER Peter. Yes.

LARRY What do I do with that?

PETER (UNDER BREATH) Holy Merde. (NORMAL) That's how you trigger the various contests, sweetheart. Give it to the judge, or insert it into the machine (slowly), or scan it with the scanner. (UNDER) As if it'll make any difference!

LARRY What?

PETER Good luck. And please let me know when you'd like to interrupt my busy day again.

Oh, you bought the wrong game. You're looking for "Leisure Suit Bruce!" ("hump")

PETER This photograph is all sticky. Do you want me to throw it away?

LARRY Oh, no. I'll keep it.

LARRY May I use your telephone?

PETER (SNITTY) No. This telephone is for official Purser's Desk business only. You must use the telephone on that pole, over there.

LARRY I'm really looking forward to meeting Captain Thygh. Will she be holding some sort of formal dinner or banquet?

PETER You must be joking. It's all I can do to make room service keep her cabin in oysters!

PETER Complaining to me about the quality of this will do you no good. In fact, I rather like its coarse nature, its rough-hewn naturalism, its...(INTERRUPTED)

LARRY (INTERRUPTING) Never mind!

LARRY I'm looking for that cabin boy, X-lax, or whatever his name is.

PETER Oh, sure. I'll leave him a note. He'll get to it...never!

This button displays the Last Number Dialed on the telephone's liquid crystal display.

You'd better not let the Purser catch you messing with his telephone.

You don't really want to use this phone to make a call. You could get caught.

The purser's telephone is a standard office model, complete with L-C-D and L-N-D.

LARRY What does that mean?

A "liquid crystal display" and a "last number dialed" button. You aren't good with T-L-As!

LARRY (I'm better with T and A!) T-L-A's?

Three Letter Abbreviations.

Good idea. That will tell you the last number the Purser dialed.

LARRY Hell? Wow. He must be calling my Internet provider!

That's 1134, Larry! You're reading it upside-down!

LARRY Oh. Yeah. I knew that.

Good idea.

LARRY GO OIL? Yeah, that's real helpful. What in the hell good does THAT do me?

Larry, the phone's upside-down!

LARRY And your point is...

That's 71009. The Boning's phone number is 7, 1, oh, oh, 9.

LARRY I knew that.

The 7 indicates a guest room on this ship. 1009 is their room number.

LARRY Oh. Yeah. Okay. Yeah, that COULD be helpful.

You already did that. They're in room 1009!

LARRY Geez. Grouch!

Purser Peter places 'portant people's pertinent phone calls and patches perturbed passengers' phone problems via this phone.

Library

It's the thrilling tale of shipwreck and rescue on the high seas, "Leisure Suit Larry Fills His Rubber Dinghy with Seamen!"

It's the thrilling tale of exploration on the high seas, "Leisure Suit Larry Lands A Ho!"

It's the thrilling tale of adventure on the high seas, "Leisure Suit Larry Spends A Night Hoisting the Old Yardarm."

It's the thrilling tale of whaling and wailing, "Leisure Suit Larry in Thar She Blows!"

It's the thrilling tale of daily life at sea, Leisure Suit Larry's "Ship Happens!"

It's the thrilling tale of the world's largest cruise ship, "Leisure Suit Larry Takes An Enormous Ship."

It's the thrilling tale of sailing seamen: "Leisure Suit Larry in Blow The Man Down."

It's the thrilling tale of rebellion at sea: Leisure Suit Larry in "Mutant He On The Bounty."

It's the thrilling tale of interpersonal relationships at sea: "Yo! Ho! Blow the Man Down!"

LARRY Hmm. What's this? A book on that great aircraft manufacturer. "Fokker: More Than Just An Airplane!"

LARRY By someone named Drew Baringmore, whoever HE is.

LARRY (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) AND it's by Drew Baringmore!

LARRY I think I'll scan a little of this first to see if it's something I want to read in depth...

(IN YOUR MOST BORING VOICE) Anton Herman Gerard Fokker was born in 1890 in Java. At an early age he began an airplane manufacturing business in Germany. During

World War One his factories produced triplanes and biplanes. He revolutionized aerial warfare in 1915 by mounting a machine gun on the front of a airplane, then synchronized the gun so it would fire through the blades of the plane's propeller instead of shooting them off. After the war he turned to developing commercial aircraft. In 1922 he moved to the United States, where he died in 1939.

LARRY (LITERALLY YAWN) (Yawn.) I don't think so.

LARRY No woman, even a totally naked one, is worth reading THAT!

LARRY Hmm, what's this. A children's science book entitled "Fun With Electromagnetism."

LARRY I think I'll scan a little of this first to see if it's something I want to read in depth...

(BORING VOICE) In 1823, English physicist William Sturgeon, at age 40, devised the first electromagnet. He insulated an iron bar by painting it with thick varnish, wrapped copper wire around the bar, then connected the wire to a "voltaic pile"...

LARRY I think I once had voltaic piles!

(BORING VOICE, CONTINUING WHERE RUDELY INTERRUPTED) ...connected it to a voltaic pile, and created a crude electromagnet that could lift pounds of iron.

(BORING) You too can have fun with electromagnets. Wrap any iron bar with wire and apply electricity and WHEE! You're having Fun...with Electromagnetism!

LARRY I think I'll pass on this one. Geez. Don't they have anything with steamy, raw, yet sensitive and meaningful, sex?

Why do you think all the other shelves are bare?!

LARRY Hey! That's what I did... to the horseshoe stake!

A clock with a pendulum is not a good idea on a ship.

There's a desk over there behind the bookcase.

While we all know how much you love to go down, Larry, you won't be doing any diving on THIS journey.

You COULD file that book on the shelf, but you don't know the Dewey Decimal Code for "smut!"

The library is nearly bare.

Empty Shelf

You reach over to the empty shelf and grab a lovely handful of air.

You've heard guys in the locker room talk about going "around the world."

Tiffany Lamp... wasn't she the star of that Super-8 porn movie you used to have?

He doesn't need your jacket...he's wearing a fur coat! (book jacket)

That reminds you of the dirtiest line in 1950's television.(eat'

LARRY You mean what June Cleaver said to Ward?

Yes. "Dear, weren't you a little hard on the beaver last night?"

You love the feel of a good beaver, don't you, Larry?

You don't know where that beaver has been! (lick)

(PROUD CORPORATE SPOKESMAN) We asked our loyal Leisure Suit Larry fans what they most wanted to see in the next Larry game. And here it is!

Stuffed or not, you're a man with a mission! (screw)

You never change, Larry. You always would take any beaver you could get.

Someone must have pushed hard to get his big submarine into that tiny hole!

LARRY Nah. I already have something long and hard and filled with sea men.

Well. Up periscope!

Victorian Principles

VICKI Excuse me, Mr. Laffer, but that book is checked out...to me!

LARRY Why, where did that come from?

VICKI (DISGUSTED) My desk.

LARRY Oh. (BEAT) Here.

VICKI Thanks.

LARRY Toodle-loo.

Not now, Larry. She'll see you!

Nice going, Larry. That ought to stimulate her "inner woman!"

VICKI Thank you. Is there anything else you'd like to check out?

LARRY Hmm, I think I'd better slip this back into its dust jacket so she doesn't notice!

Every book here is prudish and boring. Just what you'd expect a librarian to read... but not a swinger like you, Larry.

You've already taken one of her books; you don't need any more!

VICKI Just a moment. Let me look that up for you.

VICKI No, we don't seem to have anything on that!

VICKI No, that book is checked out.

VICKI I'm sorry, but everything we have on that topic is gone.

VICKI No. I find nothing on THAT in our computer.

VICKI Our Intranet contains nothing on that topic.

VICKI We have one book on that, but the Captain is reading it.

Her creamy thighs lurking deep within a conservative dress, Victorian Principles is a textbook case of repressed sexuality.

LARRY Wouldn't I love to roam through those stacks!

Her ample bosoms securely pinned beneath her stout corset, Victorian Principles is a smoldering cauldron of pent-up sexuality.

Isn't that sweet? A little girl and her pussy.

(RHYMES WITH "SAUCE TWO POINT ONE") Victorian's computer is as conservative as she. DOS 2.1 indeed!

These curtains match Victorian precisely: conservative, stable, dull and boring -- and yet, well-made, trim, and nicely hung, too.

Talk about anal retentive...

LARRY Were we?

(DISGUSTED) It's just a figure of speech, Larry.

LARRY Oh.

Forget it; let's just say Victorian keeps a tidy counter!

Counter Things

This book is entitled, "Intensity Through Dullness."

This book is entitled, "Prosaic and Uninspired: My Way of Life Can Now Be Yours Too"

This book is entitled, "Stodgy Is As Stodgy Does."

This book is entitled, "Monotonous and Tedious: How to Meet Boring People."

Her enticing eyes suppressed behind scholarly horn-rimmed glasses, Victorian Principles is an bubbling cauldron of sexuality.

Her classic bone structure uncolored by make-up or other artificial enhancements, Victorian Principles is a steamy teakettle of repressed sexuality.

An attractive dried flower arrangement graces Victorian's wall.

Her long luxurious auburn hair trapped in a stifling bun, Victorian Principles is a simmering sauce pot who never "lets down her hair."

You can't wait until she reads your "special" book. (Perhaps she's just waiting for you to leave?)

Didn't you place that book on her "to be read" pile?

You don't want to take it... you want Victorian to read it!

LARRY What did you think of THIS book, Victorian?

VICKI Oh, my goodness! I never read literature like that! That's shocking. At least, I know I'm shocked.

LARRY Looks like she didn't even open it.

Victorian has a petite incandescent lamp here, for her late night work sessions.

Not enough people refer to paste as mucilage any more.

VICKI You aren't thinking of fingering my mucilage, are you?

LARRY Who, me? (LYING) Oh, no.

You never know when something should be more sticky!

Even Victorian's pen is in perfect alignment.

Isn't that sweet? Victorian keeps photos of her family on her computer table.

"Prudish and Proud" Yes, this gal brings new meaning to the word "up tight!"

LARRY Hey! (Up. Tight. Yeah.) Isn't that two words?

Look: she's a tight ass, okay?!

LARRY While she's looking the other way, let's just see what she's reading. (PAGE THROUGH BOOK) Borrrrr-ing!

VICKI I'm sorry, sir. I'm reading that particular book.

LARRY Oh. Is it good?

VICKI Oh, well of course, sir. If it weren't, I wouldn't read it.

LARRY Maybe I can just slip this out of here while she's not looking...

Congratulations, Fagin. Now what?

You've been known to pound a few in your day... but not rubber stamps!

Yes, Victorian has quite a set.

VICKI Oh, I don't know anything at all about that. But I'm willing to learn.

VICKI Oh, my goodness! I never read literature like that! That's shocking. At least, I know I'm shocked. (Hercules book)

VICKI How did you get that? Did it fall off the counter? Thanks for picking it up for me. I'll just leave it here. (Prudish book)

LARRY How's your book?

VICKI Oh, quite uplifting. I so enjoy books affirming sound moral principles, don't you?

LARRY (OBVIOUSLY LYING) Oh, uh...yes! Yes, I do. But don't you ever read anything... spicier?

VICKI Oh, no. Those books don't appeal to me. All that panting and groping (GETS A LITTLE EXCITED) that... raw animal passion (MORE SO) that... (SHE REGAINS CONTROL)... well, it just encourages the wrong sort of thoughts. No, I only expose myself to great literature.

LARRY (WISTFULLY) I wish I was some great literature...

LARRY Yeah, great literature... yeah.

VICKI That looks dangerous. Are you allowed sharp objects?

VICKI Our library doesn't have any books on lights like that, but you may find something of interest in our electricity section.

LARRY What about these?

LARRY 945.3 (PAUSE) 471.24 (PAUSE) 198.33

VICKI What are you doing?

LARRY Whaddaya think? Whispering Dewey decimal numbers to you! (BEAT) Turn you on?

VICKI Hardly. (BEAT) I've filed them all!

VICKI Books on gambling cheats? All checked out. (shaved dice)

VICKI Snappy souvenir. (souvenir dice)

LARRY Do you know anything about a "Drew Baringmore?"

VICKI The famous author? But, of course. I'm sure we have at least one of her books here in the library. But it may be checked out.

LARRY But what do you do for entertainment?

VICKI Oh, I start at one end of the bookcase and read my way through to the other.

Unfortunately, I'm now on my third pass through most of them.

VICKI I don't usually wear hose.

LARRY Nice talking to you, Victorian. Perhaps I'll stop by later.

VICKI All righty, then. Good day.

LARRY So? Ya got any good books?

VICKI Oh, many kinds. Unfortunately, you're a little late. All the really good ones are already gone.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

VICKI You didn't blow your nose in that, did you? (hanky)

VICKI My cabin already has a nice reading lamp. (heat bulb)

trigger existing seq. where she looks up something in the computer

LARRY Excuse me, Miss?

VICKI That's Mizz... Victorian Principles.

LARRY Nice to meet you. My name is Larry; Larry Laffer.

VICKI Oh, I so love dual first names. One cruise I met Boutros Boutros Ghali!

LARRY Hi ya, Vicki!

VICKI Yes? Oh, it's you again.

LARRY Would you like to know what I plan to do... tonight... in bed?

VICKI (CHECKING HIM OUT) I'll vote: "sleep?"

LARRY Are you the ship's librarian?

VICKI Yes, I am. Do you see something you'd like to... "check out?"

LARRY (GULP) Oh, I'm sure you have "something" I could explore... "in depth."

VICKI All righty. What is your cabin number?

LARRY (SURPRISED) Whoa, babe. Slow down. (SOTTE VOCE) And women say I'M fast!

VICKI (SHE HEARD HIM) Fast? Sir, we check out books by cabin number here.

LARRY Oh. (PAUSE) Zero.

VICKI Zero? (CHUCKLES) Tight budget?

LARRY No, you see... aw, you don't want to know!

VICKI Correct.

VICKI Your room? Hardly. I've seen the engine room. It's not great. In fact, it's a long way from great!

VICKI Oh, my! I had no idea such products even existed. How embarrassing! (KZ)

VICKI (SHOCKED) Oh! (SPUTTER) That's horrible! Was that you? Maybe I'd better take another... no, never mind! Just keep it. (dirty photo)

Victorian Principles looks like she's spent her whole life reading. But, all librarians are closet nymphomaniacs. It's a well-known fact!

LARRY It is? They are?!

It is in your dreams!

VICKI Ick. What's on this? (treated hanky)

VICKI I certainly hope this wasn't one of our library's magazines! Someone just tore this page right out. Poor magazine.

VICKI Are you supposed to have that key? That looks like a ship key.

VICKI I have no need for cash. All my expenses are covered by the cruise line.

LARRY I'd better not. It doesn't make sense to give back something I "borrowed" fair and square. (musilage)

VICKI I have no idea what that could be used for. What does it say (BEAT) (SHOCKED) Oh! (orgasmic powder)

VICKI Yes, I have one of those too... somewhere. And my picture isn't very good either. (passport)

VICKI That's you, isn't it? But what's wrong with the lighting... the composition... and... is that another person's body? Naked? No, it couldn't be. Not in the same frame as you. (photo ID)

LARRY How about me whispering a few Dewey decimal numbers in your ear, Victorian?

VICKI As if I haven't heard THAT line before! Men. You're all alike.

LARRY How about the books in this pile on your counter?

VICKI Oh, those? Those are already checked out... to me!

LARRY That's a lot of reading for one cruise.

VICKI Not for me. I'll finish those tonight... in bed.

VICKI If we ever paint the library and I need to cover up all my bookcases, I'll be sure to call you.
(polyester cloth)

VICKI No, thank you. I just ate.(quiche)

LARRY I've never been much of a reader, Vicki. I'm more of a lover.

VICKI I'm more of a lover of reading. (reading)

VICKI I'm not that good with technology. My computer and its high speed satellite T1 Internet connection is about all I can handle.

VICKI Let's see now. (READ CARD) We're not doing too well, are we?

LARRY Did I mention my name is Larry? Now would you like to have sex?

VICKI You're disgusting! You'll never get anywhere with me, you pathetic loser!

LARRY Cruise ship life looks like an endless vacation! Don't you just love it?

VICKI Sure, it's perfect... if perfect means knowing that every day you're going to have exactly the same food you had that day last week, it's perfect.

LARRY But, all the fun, the night life, the non-stop partying?

VICKI Oh, well, not for us crew members. For us, it's more like never being able to leave the office!

VICKI Sometimes I spray that on my drawers. (REALIZING) Oh, no. I didn't mean... Ah. I'm sorry. (sillicone lubricant)

VICKI This is strange. It's like someone spread mucilage on the back of this. (sticky photos)

VICKI Going somewhere? (suitcase)

LARRY What can you tell me about the ship's captain, that Ms. Thygh?

VICKI I know she's an excellent boss. I never see her. For some reason, she seems to spend an inordinate amount of time in her cabin. Paperwork, I presume.

LARRY Uh, yeah. Right.

VICKI Isn't this just the cheapest paper you've ever seen? I always buy mine in port, whenever we pull into Mexico. I find theirs to be quite consistent.

LARRY Tickle your ass with a feather?

VICKI (SHOCKED) What did you say?!

LARRY I said, "Particularly nasty weather!"

VICKI Oh. (BEAT) Really.

VICKI (FINALLY! SEXUALLY FILLED OVER-ACTING!) Larry, it's time to turn my literary research into action!

LARRY (STUTTER AROUND WHILE ANIMATION PLAYS; NEXT YELP WILL INTERRUPT THIS) Well, yes, I could see that, I'd certainly like to help out, I could offer my services...

LARRY (ONE SECOND YELP AS PULLED ACROSS DESK) Whooaaww!

LARRY (AS SHE TEARS YOUR CLOTHES OFF YOUR BODY) Oh!

LARRY Wow!

LARRY Yeow!

LARRY Yessss!

LARRY Yee-haw! Ride 'em, cowboy!

LARRY Yippee-I-yo-kay-eh!

LARRY Burp me like I'm Tupperware!

VICKI (RANDOM NOISES DURING SEX) Oh.

VICKI Oh, God. Yes! Oh, Larry! You're bringing out my inner woman!

VICKI Yes! Oh, yes! Such an animal! I didn't know you could have this much fun behind a desk!

VICKI Oh, Larry!

VICKI Oooooooh.

LARRY (REALIZATION SETS IN) Oh. Now what am I gonna do, Vicki?

VICKI (EXHAUSTED) What more is left TO do, Lar-Lar?

LARRY I mean my clothes! How can I get back to my room naked?!

VICKI (SHE MEANS A BOOK'S DUST JACKET) Oh, don't worry, Lar. I can loan you a "jacket."

Take it? Are you kidding? Most of this stuff scares the crap out of you!

You hate to think where THAT'S been!

You get a charge from the new improved Vicki without the need for external power!

A woman like this could MAKE you go blind!

VICKI You enjoy staring at my body, don't you?

LARRY Uh huh un huh un huh...

VICKI Well, then, go right ahead. It turns me on too.

LARRY Where have you been all my life?

LARRY Hmm. That reminds me. I wonder where I left my ear muffs?

She's even changed her calendar!

That candle isn't the only thing dripping around here.

Some guys like stuff like that, but you've always been more of a macho, domineering, studly type.

Or, that's what you'd like to think!

A rubber chicken is always good for a few laughs.

Oh, no! She's playing Leisure Suit Larry 6!

It could be curtains for you if Vicki ever gets ahold of Little Larry!

Vicki's taste has certainly changed since you first met her.

You don't know what to do with most of this stuff.

Her enticing eyes no longer suppressed behind her scholarly horn-rimmed glasses, the all-new

Revised Standard Vicki is a boiled-over cauldron of sexuality.

Her classic bone structure enhanced by make-up (and her other classic structures suitably unenhanced by anything), the new Vicki is bubbling over right before your very eyes!

Would you give up Cindy Crawford for a gerbil?

Thank God that rubber glove is inflated and otherwise unused!

Her long auburn hair cascading down her shoulders, hot Vicki has finally become a woman who knows how to let down her hair.

"Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (But Didn't Have The Balls To Find Out For Yourself Through Experience)"

This is that sailing masterpiece, "A Sail of Two Titties" by Charles Dickin'.

"A Field Guide to Pornography," by M. U. Schwantz.

"Bimbo Cheerleaders in Outer Space"

Mucilage? Isn't there enough sticky stuff on this counter?

Sure, why not take it? There's plenty of sticky stuff here!

The red light seems superfluous, wouldn't you think?

Once the only rubber Vicki was into was stamps!

You don't even want to know how Vicki uses that saddle.

You've always wanted to try one of those. Something tells you that this time you just might!

LARRY But what do you do for entertainment?

VICKI Oh, I start at one end of the male passengers and work my way through to the other.

Unfortunately, I'm now on my third pass through most of them.

LARRY Didn't you used to wear glasses, Victorian?

VICKI Yeah, but now they keep fogging up on me! (BEAT) But you know, Larry, without my glasses, you look pretty good.

LARRY I look even better in the dark!

VICKI I don't know about that, but I do know something else!

LARRY Excuse me, Miss. Didn't you used to be the ship's librarian?

VICKI I still am! So, is that a library book in your pocket or are you just glad to see me?

LARRY I'm back!

VICKI So you are.
Vicki looks like she's spent her whole life seducing innocent travelers. That book of yours really had some effect!
LARRY (REALIZING YOU CAN USE HER TO WIN) Let's see how you do on the old "LoveMaster 2000\05!"
VICKI Oh, good idea. But, it won't work. I'm an employee... and employees aren't allowed Thygh's Man Trophy scorecards.
LARRY But... I have a card. You could use mine!
VICKI (HESITATING) Well... I don't know...
LARRY (BAITING THE HOOK) No self-confidence, eh?
VICKI You're on!
LARRY Well, Vicki, you did it! You were amazing.
VICKI I was, wasn't I? The first perfect score in the history of the machine.
LARRY How about me whispering a few Dewey decimal numbers in your ear, Vicki?
VICKI As if I haven't heard THAT line before! Men. You're all alike. You don't need a pick-up line. Just ask me!
LARRY My god, Vicki, I didn't know books like that were legal!
VICKI Oh, those? Those are nothing... you should see what's in my cabin.
LARRY I promise not to refuse!
LARRY There must be SOME way to test your theory that you're the most sexually-competant person aboard ship.
VICKI Oh, really? (DOUBTINGLY) How?
LARRY I've never been much of a reader, Vicki. I'm more of a lover.
VICKI I'm more of a reading lover.
VICKI I'm an employee... and employees aren't allowed Thygh's Man Trophy scorecards.
LARRY Ya know, you are the greatest, baby! Ka-chunk, ka-chunk.
VICKI Yeah, right; nice line. No, really. Since you left, I've done nothing but read about sex and now I'm the most sexually-knowledgeable person on this ship.
LARRY (HEY. MAYBE I'LL GET LAID AFTER ALL.) Oh, really? I'd like to see you prove that!
VICKI Yeah, I bet you would. No, I'll not prove it with you. I know now: you just weren't that good.
LARRY My name is Larry. Want to have sex?
VICKI Sure!
LARRY Waddaya say you share your knowledge with me?
VICKI God knows you could use the help! But I'm not a teacher, just a librarian.
LARRY I bet life aboard a cruise ship is like an endless vacation! Don't you just love it?
VICKI Sure, it's perfect... if perfect means knowing that every day you're going to have exactly the same men you had every day last week.
LARRY But, all the fun, the night life, the non-stop partying?
VICKI Oh, not for me. It's more like working in an office.
LARRY Particularly nasty weather?
VICKI (TICKLE YOUR ASS WITH A FEATHER JOKE:) Of course, you may... and what's more, I'll help you!
Little Larry loves whipped cream!
It's better to be the whip-poor than the whip-pee!

El Replicant Sculpture Garden

David appears to be holding two jacks and a club.
The Pair o' Dice Casino is the proud possessor of the world's largest replica of Michaelangelo's
David made entirely from used playing cards.
Doors? In a casino? (PAUSE) Radical!
Clasping quite a "Pair o' Dice" her own self, Lady Luck stands ready to "shower" riches on all those
who pass beneath her.
This is all that remains of Bob Bitt's once-proud Venus.... I hope you're happy.
The scaffold may look rickety, but in fact, it's INCREDIBLY rickety! Is your life insurance paid up?
LARRY Ehhnh? (WHO CARES?) What's the point of life insurance when you're your own
beneficiary!?
Bob Bitt the sculptor wouldn't appreciate you climbing up his scaffold and disturbing him while he's
completing his masterpiece.
Taunt Sculptor Bob with the very weapon of his demise? Suddenly, Larry Laffer, your cruel side
begins to show! (use souvenir dice)
Sculptor Bob seems more than just a little distraught. He'd prefer to be alone... with his shattered
dreams.
Bob Bitt the sculptor is hard at work, putting the finishing touches on his masterpiece, the Venus o'
Dice.
Why would he want to talk to you, his nemesis?
LARRY Hello? Excuse me? Mr. Sculptor, sir? (TO SELF) Guess he's busy.
"Pardon our DICE!"
"Progress ROLLS on!"
"We're SHAKIN' things up 4 U!"
Yes, that iron spike is protruding through the casino lobby ceiling.
Yes, the Juggs' chase lights are still wrapped around the iron spike. You pretend to be proud of
yourself.
From way down here, it's difficult to be sure, but there may be a metal spike protruding through the
ceiling.
This is Han-Ja-Ub, the tiki god of war. Look at the rage and bloodlust in his eyes.
This is Bloh-Ja-Ub, the tiki god of love. Look at his warm, smiling expression.
The David o' Cards is no "house of cards." It's glued tightly together.
LARRY (SNEAKY) Nobody will ever miss a couple of these playing cards.
LARRY Darn. Glued tight!
This closer look reveals the Venus o' Dice hasn't been completely glued together yet.
LARRY (SNEAKY) Nobody will ever miss a couple of these dice.
LARRY (AS THE VENUS CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND; SOFTLY, HOPING NO ONE
NOTICES) Oooooops.
The world's largest Venus de Milo replica constructed entirely from used casino dice stands before
you, nearly complete.

On The Scaffold

(SCARED OF HEIGHTS) Uhhhh-wooooahhhh! I don't think I've ever been THIS high before!
Oh, yeah? What about that time in college?
LARRY Well. Yeah. But... I didn't inhale!
LARRY (CHOKING VIA MEDALLION CHAIN) Arrgggh! Cough, sputter, gag.
The scaffold looks even more rickety from up here! A little nameplate on one rail reads: "Humpty
Dumpty Erection."
LARRY So, you really gonna just leave that line hanging there?

Shooting fish in a barrel. No challenge.

A flathead screwdriver lies on top of the sculptor's toolbox.

LARRY I think I can just barely reach it from here....

The only reason you want to feel that is because you expect to hear something about "long and hard," right?

Sorry.

The chase light-wrapped steel spike would look sorta Christmas-y if it were green and cone-shaped and sticking up through the floor, but instead, it's steel and pointy and sticking down through the ceiling.

From up here it's easy to see a large steel spike has been driven right through the ship's deck from above.

This toolbox is filled with all the tools your modern dice sculptor needs. There once was a screwdriver right on top.

This toolbox is filled with all the tools your modern dice sculptor needs. There's a screwdriver right on top.

Sorry, Larry, but all you need is the screwdriver.

LARRY Ah, remember back at La Costa Lotta?

You mean, in "Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out!", Sierra's first SVGA adventure game that they've just recently included in your "Greatest Hits...and Misses!" collection?

LARRY Yeah, there!

So?

LARRY There I needed to take TWO tools!

Well, you don't here.

LARRY Oh, yeah? How do you know?

(PROUDLY) I peeked ahead in the script.

LARRY Oh.... (HE GOT YOU THERE!) (BEAT) So tell me: do I get laid?

Not that much!

Pair O' Dice Casino

WAITRESS Drinks, anyone?

DAPPER MEN (IN UNISON) Martini. Shaken, not stirred.

MAN Can I get some bean dip here?

CROWD Mutter. Ugh. Moan. No!

Yes, these blackjack tables do look inviting, but you played enough blackjack when you were in Lost Wages, as documented in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of The Lounge Lizards," available at sleazier software stores everywhere in the great Sierra collectors edition: "Leisure Suit Larry's Greatest Hits...and Misses!".

Just the thought of going near a blackjack table is more than you can stand ever since you played too much in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards," available now at a very reasonable price as part of the "SierraOriginals" line of bargain-priced software, at sexier software stores wherever the stock boys haven't swiped it yet.

For some reason, the craps table now stands strangely empty, just waiting for you to step up and lose your money.

You've wanted to play craps ever since you visited Lost Wages, way back in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards," just one of the many great games available in Sierra's handsome collectors' edition, "Leisure Suit Larry's Greatest Hits...and Misses!" available wherever fine software is re-shrink-wrapped in the back room, even though they never admit that's what they do!

LARRY Yeah. Too bad the table's full.

You have plenty of money already, Larry. Besides, this isn't about the money.

LARRY But I could always use more.

No. You'll just fritter it away. This game's about women, Lawrence. You're a lover, not a plutocrat.

LARRY Yeah, I guess so. I don't even like dogs.

You have no need for money, Larry.

LARRY Maybe not, but with these dice, I could be a rich man!

Yes, but wouldn't that spoil the irony of all this?

LARRY What irony?

Oh, come now. Surely you noticed you were immediately cheated out of the money you cheated to get.

LARRY Damn. I get it now. Man, I love stuff like that!

Yeah. Pretty cool, huh? "Crime does not pay!" At least, at these levels!

LARRY Whoa. Heavy, dude.

The croupier stands there, listless and bored. Perhaps you could cheer him up by losing a big wad of dough.

Even with a full table, the croupier looks dissatisfied with life.

LARRY Excuse me.

JACQUES No talking, monsieur. Game in progress.

The craps table is filled with men in tuxedos. There's something familiar about them, but you just can't put your finger on what it is.

LARRY (THE NEXT EIGHT MESSAGES ARE THE SAME, BUT USED RANDOMLY; LARRY TRIES TO CLEAR A PLACE AT THE CRAPS TABLE) Um, do you suppose you guys could make room for me? (BEAT) Please? (BEAT) Pretty please? (GROWL IN FRUSTRATION)

LARRY Look! Matlock! (NO REACTION) Darn.

LARRY Hey, didn't your mother teach you to share? (BEAT, THEN UNDER BREATH) Guess not.

LARRY Hey, ah, I hear there's free drinks at the blackjack tables! (BEAT, THEN DISCOURAGED) Of course, there's free drinks here, too...

LARRY What's a guy gotta do to play some craps around here? (BEAT) (TO SELF) Well, whatever it is, I'm not doing it.

LARRY Don't you guys have a home? (BEAT) Guess not.

LARRY I hear the baccarat here is excellent. (BEAT) No? Guess not.

LARRY I'm gonna hold my breath until you let me play craps. (NOISILY HOLD BREATH FOR ABOUT 3 SECONDS, THEN LET IT OUT) ...or until I feel like I'm gonna die.

LARRY Disco will never die!

If there's a God, it will!

This escalator leads to the lower casino and a hallway stretching back into the distance.

There's nothing at the top of the palm tree. (BEAT) But isn't typing fun? (climb)

That palm looks a little hairy.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

Those slots just remind you of the slots back in Lost Wages, as chronicled in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards," available everywhere that stores wrap your purchase in plain brown paper.

You have no desire to play the slots now; you had your fill of slot machines in "Leisure Suit Larry in the Land of the Lounge Lizards," available by mail order directly from Sierra, if you borrow your parents' credit card!

You doubt seriously if those umbrellas are real grass.

(SNOW JOB & REAM JOB) It's Sno-Ja-Ub and Reem-Ja-Ub, those lovable, crazy, happy-go-lucky alcoholic tiki brothers. They had their own series on Fox one week.

They're not THAT lovable, crazy and happy-go-lucky! (hump)

It tastes kinda lava-y. Linda Lava-y. (lick)

The Pair o' Dice casino has chosen a unique way to display the grand prize in the progressive slot machine challenge: Carcano!

There's something going on here that would make Freud urp! (hump)

Perhaps you can do that tonight, after you've fallen asleep. (grope waitress)

Only in your dreams, Larry. (lick waitress)

My, oh my. Five tons of voluptuousness packed into a five-pound outfit.

Larry! Do we have a tiny problem with impulse control? (hump)

WAITRESS Oh, TAKE me, Larry. TAKE me now!

(YEAH, RIGHT, GOOFBALL) And then... you wake up.

LARRY Oh, miss?

WAITRESS I'm sorry, sir. I only take drink orders from the craps table.

Craps

JACQUES You can't leave with the dice, sir. Either roll them or give them back to me and cancel your bet. House rules, you know.

JACQUES What? Save your game? Are you trying to cheat?

LARRY (LIKE THE LYING GUY IN THE BUD LIGHT COMMERCIAL) Uh, no, I'm not.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

LARRY On second thought, I don't think I'll bet after all.

JACQUES Certainly, sir. I'll cancel the charge to your room.

LARRY How 'bout if I just cash in these chips instead?

JACQUES I'm so sorry, sir. I can only pay your winnings in cash. House rules, you know.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

LARRY Mind if I use my own dice?

JACQUES I'm sorry, sir. Your dice appear to be acceptable, but you must use the dice we provide. House rules, you know.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

LARRY May I use these dice?

JACQUES I'm sorry, sir. You may only use the dice I give you. House rules, you know.

JACQUES (Yankee asshole.)

The croupier's name tag may say "Jacques," but his look says, "I get paid whether you play or not... asshole."

LARRY So, Jacques... what's your name?

JACQUES Jacques.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

LARRY Come on! Baby needs a new pair of platform shoes!

LARRY (LOSES) Oh!

LARRY I can feel Lady Luck comin' on!

LARRY (LOSES) Guess she went right past me.

LARRY Oooh, these dice are hot, hot, hot!

LARRY (LOSES) But I'm cold, cold, cold.

LARRY I GOTTA win sometime!

LARRY (LOSES) And that time isn't now.

LARRY I'm a dice-rolling machine!

LARRY (LOSES) Guess I need a tune-up.

LARRY Here it comes. Here it comes!

LARRY (LOSES) There it goes! There it goes.

LARRY My luck has gotta change this time!

LARRY (LOSES) Yeah, it changed. It got worse!

LARRY C'mon, lil' dogies! (Ruff, ruff!) Don't lemme down!

LARRY (WINS) Yeeeeeeip-pee! Let 'em ride, fella!

LARRY (MORE ENTHUSIASTIC) I'm rollin' now!

LARRY (WINS) Yes! Let 'em build!

LARRY (YOU'RE HOT NOW!) Finally, I'm gettin' lucky!!

LARRY (WINS; NOT TOO BIG) Look at those stacks!

LARRY (DEWMI MOORE ENTERS FRAME) Oh, my gawd! Look at THOSE stacks!

DEWMI Hello, handsome. I'm Dewmi Moore.

LARRY (TAKEN ABACK) Ulp! Who me? Oh, I'm Larry; Larry Laffer.

DEWMI I couldn't help but notice how lucky you are tonight.

LARRY (PROUDLY) Well... tonight, yeah!

DEWMI Would you like to go to my cabin... for a "more intimate" dice game?

LARRY Hubba, hubba. (Hope I have a rubba!)

LARRY Sure. What is it?

DEWMI Strip liar's dice. You do know how to play strip liar's dice, don't you, Larry?

LARRY Sure!

LARRY No, but I'm willin' to learn!

LARRY Where's your cabin?

DEWMI It's 510. I'll go get the dice and the cups!

LARRY (BEWILDERED) You mean, I gotta wear a cup?!

DEWMI Hurry, Larry! I just can't wait to... "up your ante!"

LARRY (MOAN SOFTLY) Oooh.

LARRY (Whimpers) Ooooooh.

LARRY Come on, my little ivory imps! Let's do it again!

LARRY Yes!

LARRY Once more!

LARRY Yes, yes, yes!

JACQUES And merci! Thank you for playing craps with Jacques, sir. Au revoir.

LARRY What? Hey! Gimme the dice. I'm not quitting. I want to bet again!

JACQUES Oh, no. There's a limit of three winning rolls per customer. House rules, you know. Here's your winnings. Bonne nuit. Good night. Good luck.

LARRY But... but... I've never heard of such a thing!

JACQUES Well, you see... it's all part of our policy to share the table with those less fortunate unlucky souls. But... feel free to come back again... later.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

JACQUES Hold it... right there! You cannot use those dice. They have glue on them. What are you trying to pull?

LARRY Oh, well, um, pull? Nothing. No, see these are my lucky dice, yeah. I always carry 'em with me. I was just rubbing them for good luck.

JACQUES Uh, huh. Oui, oui.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

The craps table is a confusing mess of different betting areas. You have no idea what they represent.

LARRY I guess I'll just put it all on "Come!" Heh, heh.

JACQUES Craps Table

LARRY Let's go again. Another hundred on "come." Well, I mean, the "come line." You know, the line with... yeah.

JACQUES No problem.

JACQUES (Yankee asshole.)

LARRY Here's my Thygh's Man Trophy scorecard. Charge a hundred smackers worth of chips to my room, will ya, bub? I feel lucky!

JACQUES Of course, sir.

LARRY Put it all on "come." With a name like that, how can I lose?

JACQUES Yes sir. Right away. Here are your dice.

JACQUES (American asshole.)

LARRY What's wrong with me? I already have chips. It's time to roll them bones, babe!
Even though you've "cleared" the table, you can't enter the Thygh's Man Trophy craps-playing competition without a Thygh's Man Trophy scorecard. You'd better get up to the lounge pronto, Tonto! The meeting's starting right now!

Employees Only Hallway

LARRY Geez, if guys like that can win this contest, how hard can it be?

In your case, not that hard!

LARRY What a pair of cannons!

Don't do that. That would mean instant death.

Swipe your keycard through this card scanner and it will be compared by the ship's central computer to a database for acceptability. You better hope yours matches!

This door has no keyhole. Locks? Yes. Keyhole? No.

There's no way your massive tool will fit in that little slot.

LARRY I wish I had a... (REALIZE) Oh. I don't think I've ever heard that before!

Somehow this small port captures a specimen of your DNA which is then analyzed and processed by the ship's central computer and compared to a database of acceptable DNA matches. So, the question is: "Do you feel lucky today, O.J.?"

Don't do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, look where that port is located. You'd have to unzip first!

You wonder where that door leads.

Intense security is this door's hallmark. To its left is a keycard scanner, a retinal scanner, a fingerprint scanner, a voiceprint scanner, a tongueprint scanner, and an auto-DNA sampler. Something tells you it would be better for you to pass all those tests than to fail any one!

What? You think you can just ignore all these defense mechanisms and waltz right in just by PUSHing the door open?

LARRY Hey, look! The door doesn't quite latch. I can just walk right in!

(YOU GIVE UP. HE'S HOPELESS!) Okay. It's your ass!

Place your finger on this miniature scanner and your fingerprint will be recorded, analyzed and processed by the ship's central computer and compared to an international database of acceptable fingerprint matches via a satellite Internet link with the Interpol web site. You better hope yours matches!

Don't do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, you don't know where that finger's been!

Place your eye before this miniature scanner and your retina will be recorded, analyzed and processed by the ship's central computer and compared to an international database of retinal scans via a cellular link with the CIA web site. You better hope yours matches!

Don't do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, you could "put an eye out!"

Evidently someone doesn't want you to get into THAT door.

Play the game right and you just might get to do that... and not to just her photograph! (lick)

Captain Thygh has thoughtfully provided photographs of herself throughout the ship as motivation to Thygh's Man Trophy contestants.

Lick this scanner and your tongueprint will be recorded, analyzed and processed by the ship's central computer and compared to a database of acceptable matches. You better hope yours does!

Don't do that. That would mean instant death. Besides, you don't know where that tongue has been!

Speak into this microphone and your voiceprint will be recorded, analyzed and processed by the ship's central computer and compared to a database of acceptable voice matches. How much can you sound like Jan Rabson?

Don't do that. That would mean instant death.
It looks like somebody means business!

Employees Only

There are several notices posted on the employees' bulletin board, along with photographs of gamblers no longer permitted in the casino.

Attention: Dealers

Special seminar: dealing from the bottom of the deck made easy, Saturday, 3AM, ship's lounge!

Pit Bosses: If they can't take a joke, BAR 'em!

My kid can beat your kid at craps.

Fall Lecture Series:

Fleeing the chump!

Sign up now.

Dealers: hear a lecture next layover by our visiting gambling specialist, Willy the Goon entitled: "Widows? Orphans? Fools!"

Attention Croupiers: It has come to the attention of management that cheaters have been using shaved dice. These dice look completely innocent, except one face has been shaved with sandpaper, making them win every time. This is bad for business! Even worse: these dice are undetectable to the naked eye. (EMPHASISE IRONY:) So as soon as you see them, confiscate them. Deposit them in the bowl below.

Peggy:

Your prints are ready.

Signed,

X

There's nothing in the cabinets.

Wow! Nice pair of doors!

Captain Thygh has filled the ship with photographs of herself, scantily clad. She considers it "motivation."

LARRY Hey! This photo of Captain Thygh has been securely nailed.

Just like the Captain!

You'd rather drink rancid bog scum!

A small puddle of sludge graces the bottom of the coffee pot.

A sign on the bulletin board mentions that all illegal dice should be placed in this bowl.

Unfortunately for you, the shaved dice bowl contains nothing but air.

In your salad days, you enjoyed a good game of foosball.

You don't have the balls!

LARRY Hey! That was harsh!

I'm not referring to cojones, clown. The foosball is missing.

LARRY Oh. I see.

A jumper wire with alligator clips at each end is tacked to the bulletin board. A sign beside it reads, "Attention Pit Bosses: Attach this wire to slot machines to prevent jackpots."

Sure you can take the jumper wire, but why would you ever want to PREVENT a jackpot?

This tube of "KZ Brand Sexual Lubricant and Roulette Wheel Polish" has barely been used.

You never know when you might find a...

LARRY ...beautiful babe in need of...

(CONTINUING) ...a roulette wheel that needs polishing.

LARRY Doh!

This locker is protected by a standard combination lock.

A Locker

Enter combination (like this 69-69-69):

That combination doesn't seem to open that locker.

You can pick your friends, you can pick your nose...

LARRY ...but I'm not gonna pick this lock, am I?

Nope.

"For a bad time, call Peggy! She talk too much."

LARRY (LOCKER BAY SWINGS UP AND HITS YOU UNDER CHIN) Oof!

LARRY (SHAKE OUT YOUR HEAD TO GET IT BACK TO SHAPE) Flubbity, blubbity.

The ship's employees are fortunate to have a microwave in their break room for those odd-hour snacks.

Yuch! Doesn't anybody ever clean that thing?

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that!

A refrigerator might contain some things you need.

Wheew! Get of whiff of that!

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every time I've heard that! (open)

But this refrigerator contains nothing you need!

The sink is filled with old coffee grounds and food scraps.

LARRY I wish I had a dollar for every (REALIZE SETUP DIDN'T WORK) ...oh. Never mind.

You'd take everything but the kitchen sink.

LARRY Does that mean I don't get it?

Larry, you NEVER get it!

A snack vending machine is a good thing.

An empty snack vending machine is a BAD thing.

It's nice to have a soda vending machine in your break area.

It's NOT nice to have an EMPTY soda vending machine in your break area.

Yes. You can hear something through the speaker now. So what?

Try as you might, you can't hear anything through the speaker because it's silent right now.

This is just one of the speakers through which you hear the many shipboard announcements.

Lightweight plastic chairs and cheap tables are a part of every employee break room.

You're not an employee. You don't GET a break!

You don't get to "take" a break. Or, "take" your seat, either!

Perhaps you should "Look" first!

What low-life spit in the water bottle!?

Xqwzts's Lair

It's either a miniature version of those Easter Island heads or a bust of Al Lowe.

That must be one of Xqwzts's ancestors.

Like Xqwzts, this has gone out.

Sometimes Xqwzts burns this at both ends.

You got your fill of these on your old Enoch Light "Provocative Percussion" albums.

This drum is like good sex... you just can't beat it!

What the hell is in that jar?

You haven't seen one of these since you went to India with the Beatles to visit the maharishi.

LARRY Funny. I don't remember that.

Hardly surprising!

Don't mess with Xqwzts's credit card imprinter. You've got enough charges on your room already!
How professional. Xqwzts has his very own credit card imprinter.

Now that Xqwzts has gone out, so has the incense.

This is what Xqwzts burns to cover the other smells in here.

Looks like Xqwzts has left his custodian's master key hanging here. Of course, he won't need it
where's he's going.

There is a hook on the wall where Xqwzts hangs his custodian's key. Right now, it's empty.

That's the hook where Xqwzts once hung his custodian's master key. Right now, it's empty. Because
YOU took it!

These lamps reflect Xqwzts's new life philosophy: hang around long enough and you may finally
get to go out!

These lamps reflect Xqwzts's life philosophy: hang around long enough and you may become
enlightened.

This key gets the cabin boy into all the secret fun custodial closets and storage holds on the ship.

Good idea. You may as well get something in trade for your passport.

XQWZTS Hey. Hands off. That MY key. I use all the time. Whenever I working.

LARRY Which is not often.

Actually, it's more comfortable than it looks.

LARRY That wouldn't be difficult.

Xqwzts hiding place now reminds you of a casbah stall, closed for the holidays.

Xqwzts hiding place reminds you of a casbah stall, open and ready for negotiations.

That's a relic from a rare African tribe of warrior brothers.

LARRY Looks more like the "Warnor Brothers."

Hmmm. You could be right!

Pictures of Captain Thygh are sprinkled around the ship to inspire the contestants.

LARRY (LUSTFULLY) I know I'm inspired.

That large air vent formerly helped Xqwzts keep his cool.

That large air vent must help Xqwzts keep his cool.

The dessert tasting room is no longer locked. There's no need to climb through the air vent.

74 tiny screws hold this vent tightly in place.

XQWZTS Hey! What you doing? Mess with stuff right in front of me? What wrong you?!

LARRY (GRUNTING AND GROANING NOISES AS YOU CLIMB INTO AIR VENT, A LA
TOM CRUISE MISSION IMPOSSIBLE) Uhhg. Grunt.

You want to put the screws back in? It's unscrewed. Just open it on up.

That's a refreshing change for you, Larry. Usually you want to do just the opposite! In any case, it'll
take more than just your fingernail to loosen these screws.

XQWZTS Hey! Leave alone. Beat it. Talk me. Hey, hello. Right here!

XQWZTS Well... I want something, but not that. What is problem? No imagination?

XQWZTS Old family tradition. No beaver cheese allowed! Ha!

XQWZTS Old family saying: Never drink crap like this! (beaver milk)

XQWZTS Thanks. Got it. Read it. Hated it. Sold it. (Hercules book)

XQWZTS No, thanks. Don't want it. And even if did, wouldn't take it. (Pride book)

LARRY Well, I suppose I SHOULD buy some pictures from you. (SLYLY) Can you charge it to my
room?

XQWZTS Okay the dokay. Whatever you are saying.

LARRY ARE you a cabin boy on this ship or aren't you?

XQWZTS Yes. No. Perhaps. Hmm. Not clear.

LARRY Hmm. It seems as if you might be unsure.

XQWZTS Well, since I saw movie "Cabin Boy" I branch out into new work. Stink-o!

LARRY So, Xqwzts, how about cleaning my cabin? It's a mess!

XQWZTS I could do that. Forget it.

LARRY What? Aren't you a cabin boy?

XQWZTS Actually, from now on you will please refer to me as "Individual Accoutrement Maintenance Young Person." Or, I. M. Yip, for short! See, boss. No more manual labor.

LARRY Why?

XQWZTS Why? Who gonna fire guy with filthy pictures?

LARRY You mean: blackmail?

XQWZTS No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. Wash out your mouth. Everyone buy for personal portfolio. Keepsake. Memorabilia. Good stuff. Use good film, good camera, good angles. Hasselblad, medium format, 90mm lens. Blows up real nice. Good for over sofa. (Even better for over bed.)

XQWZTS Threaten me? Look behind you! Locker bay may swing down. Hit head. You gone. Dig me, daddy-o? (knife)

XQWZTS Swap? Might. No. Never mind. These have no remote to work them. Um, garbage. Take them! (chase lights)

XQWZTS No. Old family tradition. Stinking. (deodorant)

XQWZTS Sneaky. But don't show everywhere. Use. Don't lose. (shaved dice)

XQWZTS Gambling is for losers. (souvenir dice)

XQWZTS Him all over ship. Keep eye out!

LARRY So, Xqwzts, do you take care of Drew Baringmore's cabin?

XQWZTS Yes. No. Maybe. Not help you anyway. How 'bout some fine silver? Heavy plated?

LARRY Thanks, but, um, I'm trying to find her clothes. I think you know where her suitcase is.

XQWZTS I know. But too busy to help you. Bye, Joe.

XQWZTS No need. Already possess.(hose)

LARRY Bye bye, X-ie.

XQWZTS Hasta la vista, Putzula.

XQWZTS Fine silk. Top quality. Big dollar item. Rich girl. (hanky)

XQWZTS No suntan booth this. You keep. (heat bulb)

LARRY Say! How did you get photographs of me like this?

XQWZTS Oh, is no problem, really. Fast film. Very fast.

XQWZTS Hmm. Nope. Sorry. Know nothing 'bout that.

XQWZTS No. Not me. Nope. Huh, uh.

XQWZTS Really? You don't say?

XQWZTS Nah. No, ignorant. Know nothing about that.

XQWZTS Thanks for sharing that. Now, goodbye!

XQWZTS Hello. Who dares to enter my private chambers? (BEAT) Ah. You here for dirty pictures?

LARRY Huh? Uh, excuse me. I'm Larry; Larry Laffer.

XQWZTS Oh. Yeah. You make me laugh! You big Zero.

LARRY Big zero? (THINKS) Ah, yes, that is my cabin. (STRAINS TO READ NAMETAG) I can't quite read your nametag. Is that "Ex-qwats?"

XQWZTS Maybe. You here for dirty pictures?

LARRY Um, noooo... at least I don't think so...

XQWZTS Okay. Whatever. You 'da boss. Hunky-donkey-doory-woory.

LARRY Hey there, "Zorkwitz!"

XQWZTS Same at ya, Mr. Loaf in the pants!

XQWZTS What? You pilfer my wire and then give back to me? Hah! (jumper wire)

XQWZTS Well. Very impressive. Who care? (keycard)

XQWZTS Who do you think hangs those on the tree? (kumquat)

XQWZTS No, no, no need. Nothing to lube! (KZ)

LARRY (HESITANTLY) Do you know where I could obtain some "photographs." You know, the, uh, "good kind." (Wink, wink.)

XQWZTS (SLYLY) Ah. Meester Leaf-blower wants to buy some feelthy peektures?

LARRY (LYING) Oh, no! I have no interest in pornography. I'm an artist.

XQWZTS Oh, yes, artist. Me, too. And these are very special....

LARRY Oh? How's that?

XQWZTS Why, they're pictures... of you!

LARRY Wha... what!?

LARRY Zixwurst, you said something about pictures earlier?

XQWZTS Feelthy peek-tures? Sure, I gottum! You wantum?

LARRY They're of people on the ship?

XQWZTS Oh, ho! You are sharp as a tack!

LARRY Well, ah... would you happen to have any of me?

XQWZTS Ha, ha. Of you? (Don't make me laugh!) No! You not had sex! Better get busy if you want mementos of big vacation. Art Leather binders; 10 wallets free with order. Get reprints for friends!

LARRY (I just want to get laid!) I'll keep that in mind, thanks.

Either Xqwzts is an eclectic collector or his family heritage is a multi-cultural jumble. His little hiding place is awash with cultural references.

XQWZTS Fine silk. Top quality. Big dollar item. Rich girl. But very sloppy! (treated handkerchief)

XQWZTS Already read this issue. (magazine)

XQWZTS Good quality. Could use this. But not now. (mold)

XQWZTS No money necessary. Blackmail very lucrative.

XQWZTS Where do you think Dewmi got that? (orgasmic powder)

LARRY I know how much you want to travel, Xqwzts. I'm kind of a world traveller myself. In fact, I have my passport with me right now.

XQWZTS What? You have passport? Never see American passport. Show me passport. Let me see it!

XQWZTS Thanks.

LARRY Damn! Where'd he go?

XQWZTS Bye! Ha, ha, ha, ha...

LARRY Miss Peggy tells me you have an interest in travel.

XQWZTS Ah, yes she speaks truth. Need to see passport so can make copy. Any country. U.S. berry berry good. Where yours?

LARRY Oh, it's... around.

LARRY Xqwzts, do you know Miss Peggy, that deckhand?

XQWZTS Who, hoo hoo hoo. Peggy? Sure. Know Peggy very well. Know her since she was just Peg! Good customer. Very good. Goes through plenty dirty pix. Ask her, go ahead, ask. She say I one straight guy.

XQWZTS No, no. No good. Can't get past Border Patrol. Got passport, though? Could use that! (photo ID)

LARRY So, Xqwzts, you interested in good pot?

XQWZTS Got plenty. Marrakesh connection. Good stuff, man.

LARRY Not THAT kind. A cooking pot.

XQWZTS Why bother? Got key to kitchen!

LARRY That purser is so, so...

XQWZTS Yeah, he something else. No help to me, you bet. Barely gives me my messages!

XQWZTS Not hungry. (quiche)

XQWZTS Um, no. Not remote enough for me.

XQWZTS Loser. (TMT scorecard)

XQWZTS What you do with that? (screwdriver)

XQWZTS Take better care of my work, Skippy. (sticky photos)

LARRY What about Captain Thygh, Hershey-squirt?

XQWZTS Oh, Captain one excellent subject, let me tell you. Many good photos. Tough

lighting, though.

XQWZTS Already got some. In fact, I'm wearing it right now! (TP)

LARRY So, do you enjoy traveling, X-squats?

XQWZTS Yes. Very much. Love travel. But want to settle down.

LARRY Oh, really? Where?

XQWZTS Where? U. S. of A., where else? Love Fresno suburbs. Want big Volvo. Crab grass. Satellite dish!

LARRY So exactly what's the deal with your name? How SHOULD I pronounce it?

XQWZTS Richard. Richard Head.

LARRY You mean...

XQWZTS (IN PERFECT ENGLISH) Yep. A guy can only get teased so many times before he finally just... gives up, and has to change his name.

Horseshoe Competition

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) Horseshoes may not be removed from the horseshoe area.

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) Do not exit the horseshoe area without removing your scorecard from the horse's ass (UNDER BREATH) you horse's ass.

This bush cleverly conceals the massive air conditioner the PMS Bouncy uses to cool these open decks.

You've always thought a bush in the hand is worth... wait a minute.

Your keycard is used to unlock your cabin, but it does nothing here.

Insert your "Thygh's Man Trophy" scorecard into this slot whenever you're ready to compete.

LARRY Yuck.

LARRY (SHOVING YOUR ARM UP THE HORSE'S ASS) Yuck! I hope that's my card.

This fiberglass centaur hides the "Thygh's Man Trophy" cardreader. Simply insert your scorecard in his slot to begin. The system verifies your eligibility with the ship's central competition computer, then automatically scores and tabulates your efforts.

LARRY Pretty doggone impressive.

Especially considering it's still running on a Commodore 64!

Be careful not to walk there when someone is throwing horseshoes.

First, insert your "Thygh's Man Trophy" scorecard in the cardreader.

cut to 251. We see L toss it, miss, hear it splash when it goes overboard, then return back to pic 250

ANNOUNCER (THESE NEXT FEW ARE ALL FROM INSIDE THE PLASTIC HORSE; MUFFLED) That was mediocre.

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) That wasn't very good.

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) That sucked.

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) That was typical.

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) Why not just quit. You suck.

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) Another unlucky loser!

ANNOUNCER (MUFFLED) Congratulations! Another ringer!

(THE WORD MEANS "FAKE MAHOGONY") That's the target for anyone playing horseshoes

here. But isn't it strange? It looks like someone drove the steel stake right through the ship's expensive pseudo-mahoganite deck.

(handle exactly like USE Horseshoe)

On a clear day, you can see down into the lobby from here.

Poop deck

Pretty clever of the ship's designers: disguising the engines' air intakes as a giant Champagne bucket, complete with bottle.

You'd do anything to hear another bush joke, wouldn't you?

Once champagne imported all the way from the San Joaquin Valley trickled its way up, over and down enough glasses to sink a Lexus. Now, budget cutbacks demand barely enough water to fill the spa.

(SLOW DOWN AS YOU REALIZE) Pretty clever of the ship's designers: disguising the engines' exhaust pipes to look like a monster truck's... exhaust... pipes. Well. Not TOO clever.

You quietly contemplate drinking that entire tub of water... but decide against it.

That's where the Juggs used to soak themselves. Think of the stories those jets could tell.

The Juggs

Lucky bubbles!

Man, are you horny! You can't turn off those bubbles. Those women might be naked from the waist down!

Yeah, this IS a turn on, isn't it?

You would love a drink, but those glasses are bone dry.

LARRY How about their bath water then?

(Disgusted moan.)

Aboard the PMS Bouncy, the Champagne flows like water. But not in these glasses!

NAILMI Oh, we don't want that. Do we, Wydoncha?

WYDONCHA Oh, we don't want that. Do we, Mama?

WYDONCHA Mama has plenty of that downstairs in our dressing room.

NAILMI Wydoncha honey, this man doesn't want to hear about our dirty laundry!

You hope that was a figure of speech! (beaver cheese)

NAILMI Does that come in a can or a box?

No, Larry. Don't go there. (beaver milk)

NAILMI (PAST TENSE) Read it.

WYDONCHA (PAST TENSE) Read it, hell! You're IN it! (hercules book)

WYDONCHA Mama don' read much. 'Specially books like that! (prudish book)

LARRY Uh, I was wonderin', ya know, how, ah, did you get them so big?

WYDONCHA They are sump'tin, ain' they?

NAILMI Aw, now, Wydoncha. Modesty, hon' chil'.

LARRY Modesty? I don't see why! Those are the biggest, the best...

NAILMI Now, Larry... lots of women in our work have 'em this big. In fact, some are even larger!

LARRY Is that possible? How do they stand up?

NAILMI Why, hair spray, darlin'.

LARRY Wha?

WYDONCHA Yeah. Mama & me is real proud of our boo-fants!

LARRY Yeah, yeah. Your hair IS great.

LARRY Too!

NAILMI Don'chu threaten me, boy. I had an ol' man who used to pull that sh... (INTERRUPTED)

WYDONCHA MAMA! He's locked up, safe and sound. Please, Larry. Put that away!

LARRY So... why are a couple of famous singers like you taking a cruise?

NAILMI Well, to be honest, Larry, fame can be a curse as well as a blessin'. All that tourin' was just a wearin' us out.

WYDONCHA Not to mention the fact we cain't show our faces in public again until the heat's off.

NAILMI Wydoncha, hush yor mouth!

LARRY (OBVIOUSLY PHONY COME ON) Now let's see; I've forgotten. Which of you is the mother and which is the daughter?

NAILMI Aw shucks, Larry! Ain' chu the little flatterer. I'm Wydoncha's mama, don'cha know. (BEAT) Of course, we are dang near the same age. (I had her on my first ovulation!)

WYDONCHA Heck, yeah! I'm 19, and Mama's been 29 for at least five years.

NAILMI Wydoncha, you are NOT funny.

WYDONCHA Hey, that's OUR brand, too.

NAILMI Ain't that stuff potent? I love it!

NAILMI My fourth husband loved to play craps. Damn shame that's also HOW he played!

WYDONCHA Wow! Whacha got in mind, honey? (hose)

LARRY It's been nice chatting with you.

NAILMI Be sure you catch our show in the lounge tonight!

WYDONCHA Ya'll come back now, hear!

LARRY I notice you both have really large, uh, ...hairstyles.

WYDONCHA Yeah! You like 'em?

LARRY They're sure ...big. How do you get them that way?

NAILMI Now, Larry, that's a lil' ol' show biz secret.

WYDONCHA Yeah, but it ain't fer nothin' our tour is sponsored by Aqua Net.

NAILMI Wydoncha, hush...

WYDONCHA To get it really big, I like to hang upside down!

NAILMI Wydoncha stop...

WYDONCHA And to keep the hairspray from stickin' to your outfit ya jes about gotta be buck-nekkid!

NAILMI That's about enough, Wydoncha.

LARRY That's actually TOO much, but thanks for sharing!

WYDONCHA (THROW AWAY) Any time!

NAILMI This is nice. But what do you expect me to do with it? (handkerchief)

NAILMI Hey, it's already hot enough here.

WYDONCHA Yeah, this warm tropical sun is heat enough for me.

NAILMI Good thing we soaking in this chilled Champagne.

LARRY What do you mean, "'til the heat's off?"

NAILMI Oh, there was an unpleasant little incident about a month ago. We was doin' a benefit at a maximum security women's correctional facility.

WYDONCHA We was tryin' to give our poor sisters a chance to forget their troubles.

NAILMI It's always for the fans, don'cha know?

WYDONCHA That, an' our manager said it'd be a cheap way to shoot our new cable special, "Caged Heat: Jugs Behind Bars."

NAILMI Wydoncha, who's telling this story, anyway? Welp, it turns out that day we had a little trouble a'fittin' into our Spandex costumes.

WYDONCHA See, Mama'd been hittin' them tour bus donuts agin!

NAILMI Wydoncha, shush! Anyhow, you know the show must go on, so I jes' had one of our roadies spray us down with silly-cone lubricant.

WYDONCHA An' we just slid right in!

LARRY Now there's an interesting image.

NAILMI Well, we had no idea the hot stage lights'd trigger a chemical reaction between the Spandex and that silly-cone lubricant.

WYDONCHA WHooooooooooooeEEEEEE, that was SOMETHING.

NAILMI It did cause a commotion.

WYDONCHA (WISTFULLY) Oh, yeah.

LARRY So what happened?

WYDONCHA It's all kinda jes' a blur now!

NAILMI Let's just say that after that, everywhere we went we was accosted by tabloid photographers.

WYDONCHA We was mobbed!

NAILMI And once they aired that videotape on "A Nashville Affair," well, we jes' had ta lay low fer a while.

WYDONCHA So here we are. Just'a soaking up some rays and kicking back.

LARRY I can't help but notice: you two seem to log a lot of hours in that hot tub.

NAILMI Oh, yeah. Wydoncha and me just love these jacuzzis, don't we, hon'?

WYDONCHA Oooh, yeah. And they're kinda necessary, doncha know? In our line of work, that is.

LARRY Necessary?

WYDONCHA Well, yeah. You can't remove this much make-up without steamin' it fer a couple hours.

NAILMI Wydoncha!

WYDONCHA Once we stayed at this cheap hotel with Tammi Faye. Ya shoulda seen her! She went to their little coin op' sauna with a big bag of change and told the attendant, "Jes keep on feedin' them quarters 'til ya see mascara run out under the door!"

NAILMI Wydoncha, hush! (GRITTING TEETH) I'm sure Mr. Laffer isn't interested in our grooming tips.

WYDONCHA Yeah, yeah, yeah. (SIGH)

NAILMI Aw, honey. I don't like to talk about that.

WYDONCHA Mama. What's he tryin' to say?

NAILMI You know, we've got a show to get ready for. We don't have time to talk about that.

WYDONCHA I don't know what you're trying to say. But then, I'm not sure you do either!

NAILMI Huh?

LARRY Hi ya, girls! My name's Larry; Larry Laffer.

NAILMI "Laffer?" That's a funny lil' ol' name.

WYDONCHA And I bet you're a funny lil' ol' fella, too!

LARRY Well, gee, I guess so. Say, don't I know you?

NAILMI Oh, prob'ly.

LARRY Yeah. You're famous, aren't you?

WYDONCHA We're the Juggs!

NAILMI Ma name's Nailmi, and this here's my daughter, Wydoncha.

WYDONCHA So, you ever heard our records, Larry?

LARRY Howdy!

WYDONCHA Well, it's our lil' ol' Lafferin' friend. What can we do ya for?

NAILMI God, this is just like bein' on the road.

WYDONCHA Oh, Mama. I think he's kinda cute.

NAILMI How long you been out in this sun, Wydoncha? You okay?

NAILMI Looks kinda fruity.

WYDONCHA I wish I had a dollar for every time you've told me that!

LARRY Hey! That's MY line.

WYDONCHA That looks like fun. But do we have to use a roulette wheel?

WYDONCHA Oh, I recognize that photographer. He works here on the ship.

WYDONCHA See: Mama don' read much.

NAILMI Yeah. 'specially magazines. Hate 'em. Ever since they turned on us.

WYDONCHA Oh, Mama. You're so paranoid. (use magazine page)

NAILMI Paranoid, hell. I KNOW they're out to get us!

NAILMI Oh, honey, put that away. We don't need your money.

WYDONCHA Yeah. We're richer'n shit.

NAILMI Wydoncha! Watchur mouth.

WYDONCHA Sorry, Mama. We got a shitload o' money!

LARRY So, what kind of music do you sing?

NAILMI Both kinds: country AND western!

WYDONCHA ASS-kickin' country western!

NAILMI Wydoncha, honey, we don't use that kinda language no more.

WYDONCHA Sorry, Mama. BUTT-kickin'.

NAILMI Now, see? Was that so hard? (TO LARRY) You prob'ly know our big hit, "Big Hair and Tangled Limbs."

LARRY It doesn't ring a bell.

WYDONCHA What about "I Got My Panties 'Round My Ankles (and Pain 'Round My Heart?)" Ya know that one, doncha?

LARRY It sure sounds like a Grammy winner.

NAILMI Oh, hon, it is, it IS. When we finish that'un, there ain't a dry eye in the house!

WYDONCHA So jes' what kinda music DO you listen to, anyway?

LARRY Disco (ka-chunk, ka-chunk). You know, some folks say it's coming back.

WYDONCHA (TO SELF) I don't.

LARRY (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) But see, I say it never left!

NAILMI You ARE a funny lil' feller!

NAILMI I used to use that. But only for medicinal purposes, of course.

WYDONCHA Ain' much of a picture, is it, Larry?

LARRY So was that article in Persons magazine accurate?

NAILMI It mighta been accurate, but it shore weren't flatterin'.

WYDONCHA Yeah, we took a lotta heat over that lil' incident.

NAILMI Well, that proves it.

WYDONCHA Yep. You must be Larry Laffer!

LARRY Hi! My name's Bill Gates!

WYDONCHA Nah, couldn't be. You're too geeky!

Slam! Dunk!! Score!!!

WYDONCHA I ain' much into synthetics.

NAILMI (UNDER BREATH) Unless you count your figger.

WYDONCHA Mama! You're a fine one to talk! Them ones o' yours is 'bout ready for their 50,000 bounce check-up, ain't they?

WYDONCHA Oh, we're on that new high protein diet!

NAILMI New? Hell, I 'member that from the 60's. (REALIZING THIS COULD REVEAL AGE) Well... I 'member people tellin' me 'bout it. (kumquat quiche)

LARRY Do you have any recordings I could listen to?

NAILMI Ya know, I'd love to give you an autographed copy of our latest CD, "This Jugg's Fer You," but we left for this cruise in such a hurry we only had time to grab a few lacy nothin's off'n the bus.

LARRY Oh, that's okay. I far prefer the superior fidelity of 8-track.

WYDONCHA Say, you ARE a funny lil' feller!

WYDONCHA I was thinkin' 'bout enterin' that contest. That Captain is dang near edible!

NAILMI Wydoncha! Remember? We voted. And bisexuality lost!

LARRY Have you girls ever, uh, considered, well... how do I say this...?

WYDONCHA You go on ahead, Lar. You ain' gonna shock us.

LARRY Well, have you ever thought about, uh, a threesome?

NAILMI Oh, we've considered it. We thought it might spice things up a little, ya know?

LARRY Really? Wow!

WYDONCHA Yeah, the road gets lonely with jes Mama and me.

LARRY Yeah, I'll bet!

NAILMI But we finally decided another band member wouldn't really work out.

LARRY (SOFTLY) Doh!

LARRY You two must be performing here on the cruise.

NAILMI We weren't gonna at first.

WYDONCHA We're on vacation, don'cha know?

NAILMI Yeah, we was jes' wantin' a break.

WYDONCHA From the pressures of fame!

NAILMI But our manager insists we keep our act tight, so we decided to do one special show.

WYDONCHA For the fans, don'cha know?

NAILMI God love 'em.

LARRY Did you mention silicon lubricant?

NAILMI Whoa, boy! Git that away from me!

WYDONCHA Mama still has nightmares over that stuff.

NAILMI Never again. You combine that stuff with our costumes and Gawd only knows whad'll happen!

LARRY So why do you wear Spandex outfits if it caused you so much grief?

NAILMI For the fans, doncha know?

WYDONCHA Yeah, it's always fer the fans.... And because its mild corseting action keeps Mama outta them "full-figured" sizes!

NAILMI Wydoncha that'll be enuf!

LARRY So, do you think the hot spotlights had anything to do with your little "problem," you know, at the prison show?

WYDONCHA (NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE) Hey, that's a thought.

NAILMI You know, that might have been. Stage lights can get awfully warm sometimes.

WYDONCHA I guess there's just no way o' knowin'.

NAILMI I don' play the market no more since my fourth husband "business managed" away all my investments on that "sure thing" in Manhattan real estate!

WYDONCHA Oh. Was that "Uncle" Jeff?

NAILMI No. "Uncle" Bernie, that bastard! Remember him?

WYDONCHA Is he the one in Leavenworth now?

NAILMI No, that's Uncle Ernie.

WYDONCHA Well, then, no. I don' remember him.

NAILMI You're really lost, aren't you, Larry?! (TP)

Nailmi Jugg is one of the great country singers.

LARRY Isn't that an oxymoron?

Now there's a body that's paid its dues in haystacks.

The Juggs are every bit as natural as their hair.

They look so much alike they could be mother and daughter!

You pray that 'doo isn't flammable!

There's a pair of lips that have been wrapped around more than just a beer bottle!

Wydoncha Jugg is typical of the problem in country music today. Too much substance... not enough flash!

This Jugg's for you!

Better coiffures through chemistry!

Bowling Competition

ANNOUNCER Bowling balls may not be removed from the bowling area.

He seems to be better than you.

There's no way he can hear you from this distance.

He can't hear you. And even if he could, he wouldn't talk to you.
You carefully wipe off all traces of walrus from your ball.
You carefully wipe the dust off your ball.
You can't do that here in plain view of all the other bowlers. Try to be more subtle, Larry.

LARRY What was that last word before Larry?
Never mind. (use KZ)

You know, the other contestants wiped their balls first.

At least one ball is well lubricated.

Now things ought to happen!

LARRY (SMALL HEAVY OBJECT) Umm.

LARRY This has got to do it!

LARRY Woof woof woof.

LARRY (BOWLING SOUNDS) Ugh. Ah.

The ship's movements cause your balls to careen madly.

LARRY Yeah, I know; but I didn't think anyone else could see!

ANNOUNCER That sucked.

ANNOUNCER Mediocre.

ANNOUNCER What a wuss.

ANNOUNCER That was weak.

ANNOUNCER Nice throw, wimp.

How bizarre. The ship's bowling lanes lead right off the stern. You bet they go through a lot of balls.

Why would they decorate the bowling alley with a fiberglass walrus?

At least you now know where the bowling balls come from.

do ani of L inserting card, and getting ball

Captain Queeg's Hallway

These doors lead to the ship's main ballroom.

The ballroom is locked. But there's a note hanging on the door.

The ballroom is locked.

JAMIE Cher Larry:

After changing the course of world fashion, I'm off to do the late-night talk show circuit! I'm sure you'll derive great satisfaction from knowing you played a tiny part in moi's greatness. If you are ever in Manhattan or Paris (BEAT) feel free to buy some of my clothes.

Yours truly,

Jamie

LARRY Gee.

JAMIE Larry:

Meet me backstage!

Jamie

LARRY All right! Finally.

(SHOCK DISMAY AND DISGUST) Oh, my God!

Granite would be too heavy at sea. It feels like styrofoam!

LARRY Oops. You think anybody'll notice that thumb-shaped dent?

A large sculpture of King Neptune guards the entrance to Captain Queeg's Ballroom. These doors lead backstage and are off-limits to the public. Never the bashful one, eh, Larry?

LARRY Hmm. They're locked.

LARRY She left these unlocked. Here I come, baby!

Captain Queeg's Ballroom

A gorgeous woman sits before a drafting table, the floor around her littered with the discards of hours of work. She looks troubled, anguished, distraught.

LARRY I'd say she needs a good man!

Maybe you should talk to her first.

You've never seen a glass-bottomed swimming pool before. Especially one with nude swimmers!

Glass Bottomed Pool

Cute. The chandeliers look like underwater bubbles.

There could be a kitschier room someplace, somewhere, somehow... but it seems doubtful.

While it may look impressive, that pediment is just painted foamcore and PVC pipe.

Sometime soon this runway will be covered with beautiful women, wearing beautiful clothes and no underwear.

LARRY And that's beautiful, in its own way!

She's just a sculpture, but you could learn to love her just the same.

Jamie Lee Coitus

Jamie's body reminds you of your high school art teacher.

LARRY Yeah. She was something else. But her class was a real disappointment.

Yes, whoever heard of a drawing class without nude models?!

Jamie's breasts reminds you of your high school art teacher.

LARRY Oh, I remember her! She was that young first-year teacher with the great body!

Bingo!

Jamie's drawing table reminds you of your high school art teacher.

LARRY Yeah. But she was never into polyester! Or me, for that matter.

Jamie's face reminds you of your high school art teacher.

LARRY Yeah. She couldn't be more desirable if I drew her myself! If I could draw.

Jamie's hair reminds you of your high school art teacher.

LARRY Yeah. When she started teaching art appreciation, every guy in school signed up!

JAMIE Oh, yeah. Like I would be interested in THAT!

JAMIE Oh, mon petit sweet. When you have been in the business as long as moi, you know not to touch stuff like that! (beaver cheese)

LARRY Hey! I bet YOU could help me with this competition. One of my categories is "Best Dressed Man." Got any suggestions?

JAMIE Suggestions? Dress? Vous?

LARRY Yeah. The leisure suit! It is a kinda awesome look, isn't it?

JAMIE Mon cher, authors WRITE books like that about moi. I don't read them. (Hercules book)

JAMIE I have scissors backstage. (knife)

JAMIE Oh! Now THERE'S a look. (chase lights)

LARRY The collection Calvin Klone ripped off -- what was it like?

JAMIE Oh, it was feminine and sexy, kicky, the perfect look for the office then out on the town. It matches the way a woman lives today. I was so totally inspired.

In other words, exactly like every other designer's line.

JAMIE Models don't sweat. (deodorant)

LARRY Aw. You look distraught. What are you working on?

JAMIE Distraught? I'm buggin'! I was gonna use this friggin' cruise to show off my new spring line to the world fashion press. I even paid their way along with us. But now I just learned my arch rival, that bastard Calvin Klone, scooped me! He pirated my entire spring line, waited 'til we sailed, then showed it to the press as HIS spring line!

LARRY He can't do that!

JAMIE Hah! Tell him that! But what in the hell am I'm supposed ta do? My whole line will be laughed at. I gave it my all and now it'll be called derivative! I gotta show somethin' before we dock, but I'm beat and all out of "in-spa-ra-she-own!"

LARRY Oh. I wish there were something I could do to help you.

LARRY What's your favorite fabric this season?

JAMIE Natural, dyed, and patterned cotton. Soft, flowing, kinky. How about vous?

LARRY "Felt!" Get it?

JAMIE (GROAN) I shoulda guessed.

LARRY Why do designers keep changing clothes every year? Why not stick with what looks really good... like leisure suits!?

JAMIE Think, Larry. If fashion changed slowly, people wouldn't need clothes as often. They'd stop spending money. Economies would die. Millions of sweatshops, err, factories would go out of business! Unemployment would be rampant. So don't you see, the world really NEEDS haute couture.

LARRY Oh.

JAMIE Andy Warhol and I once used one of those. (hose)

LARRY Well, I'm off, Jamie Lee.

JAMIE Tell me something I didn't know!

JAMIE Eeeugh. That's a disgrace! That fabric is so gauche. (hanky)

JAMIE Hey. I've got enough pressure; I don't need heat too.

LARRY Where you from?

JAMIE I'm from Joisey.

LARRY So I suppose you spell your name C-u-r-t-i-s?

JAMIE No, why?

LARRY Ulp!

JAMIE Oh, that's "miss-steer-ee-oh-so" to moi, buddy.

JAMIE Say magna-feet.

JAMIE Buggin'.

JAMIE Huh?

JAMIE Let's not talk about that, okay?

LARRY But, if I helped you out, say, with an idea, you know, you would be grateful, right?

JAMIE Grateful, yeah. Gracious, doubtful. It would be so "non cou-ture."

JAMIE Do you have anything in product liability coverage? (life insurance)

LARRY Hello there, beautiful. What's a mermaid like you doing here in this Atlantis city?

JAMIE Get out! This is a private area. I've rented this ballroom for the entire cruise. And I certainly don't want anyone to see me near anyone dressed like you!

LARRY Oh, French, eh? I so enjoy the French way...

JAMIE Yeah, I betchu do. (TO SELF) Still, I'm having no luck here. Maybe a few minutes of inane distraction with this imbecile will start my creative juices flowing again. (TO

LARRY) I'm Jamie Lee, the famous houte couture fashion designer.

LARRY (IMPRESSED) Not Jamie Lee Coitus, former leggy super-model?!

JAMIE Oui. I was, and still am, quite leggy. And who are vous?

LARRY Larry; Larry Laffer. You've probably heard of me, too.

JAMIE Non.

LARRY Hi, Jamie Lee. I'm back again.

JAMIE Oh, bonjour Larry.

LARRY Anything come up while I was gone?

JAMIE Nothing, unfortunately.

JAMIE Your room, I presume. Sure. I'll just drop everything right here and rush off to nirvana with vous.

LARRY What's the deal with this Calvin clown?

JAMIE That's Calvin Klone. (Zee bastard.) Never had an original idea. Not a designer. He's a hack!

JAMIE (LIKE 'SWEETS FOR THE SWEET') Fruits from the fruit?

JAMIE Bubby, for your sake, I hope you think I have a roulette wheel that needs shining.

LARRY You know, I used to have a lamp like that hanging over my computer desk.

JAMIE And your point is?

LARRY Oh, uh, nothing, I guess.

JAMIE I am so lame!

LARRY Jamie, honey, I got it! The solution to your problem is right before your eyes: all white but not too bright; light-weight but durable; artificial and wrinkle-free!

JAMIE Vous?

LARRY What? No, not me: POLYESTER! The leisure suit! It works for me. It's a classic look. (COMMERCIAL PITCH VOICE) "It's stood the test; it's still the best!"

JAMIE What? Oh, oui. Great. (WEIGHING OPTIONS) Although, retro IS in. And fashion has done crazier things. And, really, when you come right down to it, ain't fashion just convincing people old ideas are new? Making people desire the crap they just threw away? "Sac-cre bleu, Lar-ree," it just might work! (SOLD) And best thing is: I'll make that asshole Calvin Klone look like "ze" fool!

LARRY Say, uh huh. Happ'nin'!

JAMIE Oh, but wait. It's impossible! We're in the middle of the ocean here. The press is already aboard! And I have no polyester fabric. (BEAT) Well, I could fax an order to chopper it aboard. No, there's no way. But, I do have my best seamstresses here. No, they're just for last-minute alterations. There's no way they could stitch up a whole new line, overnight, without fabric... (FINALLY DEFEATED) Maybe next year. If I even have a next year.

JAMIE You can buy better than that on the streets of Par-ee. (photo)

Legy, slender Jamie Lee Coitus is a former Bayonne prom queen beautiful enough to become a successful Paris super-model. After retiring from the runway a few years ago, she became a leading haute couture designer. She's held up well. You still find her gorgeous and desirable. That is, you did until you heard her speak!

JAMIE Ick. That's a disgrace! The fabric, I mean. (treated hanky)

JAMIE Vogue? I think not. (magazine)

JAMIE Yeah, like that will unlock my cold cold heart. (key)

LARRY I bet modeling is just about the best career!

JAMIE Ha! It is to laugh. It sucks, Larry. That's why I'm a designer and not a model. Dig?

LARRY So, if there's going to be a fashion show, there's gonna have to be models here, right?

JAMIE Oui! But what good will they do moi? They have nothing to wear!

LARRY Say! That WOULD be a show!

JAMIE Tres disgusting. (mold)

JAMIE Oh, that's sweet of you, honey, but I'm not THAT far down on my luck. (cash)

JAMIE Very sticky. So what?

JAMIE I gave that up a couple years ago. (orgasmic powder)

LARRY You've gone through a lot of paper.

JAMIE Ain't it the truth?! Waddam I gonna do? I gotta get an idea from somewhere.

JAMIE Clever. (photo ID)

LARRY What's a nice girl like you doing in a dive like this?

JAMIE Hey, I'm earning a nice living, Larry! And what does this look like to vous? A singles bar?

LARRY Here, Jamie Lee, I just "dropped in" from the midnight fabric store!

JAMIE Gid outta here! That's phat, yo! Now, quickly! Take off your clothes!

LARRY Hey! This is working out better than I planned!

LARRY Well, okay! But you WILL respect me in the morning, won't you?

JAMIE Move your ass, yo! I got no time for chattin'. I need that leisure suit for a pattern!

LARRY Oh. I thought... well...

JAMIE And gimme that underwear, too!

LARRY What? Why?

JAMIE No time to explain!

LARRY Oh, no. Here we go again!

JAMIE Home cooking? Tsk.

JAMIE You know, I don't have the remotest clue what to do with that. Evidently, neither does vous!

JAMIE You're never gonna win unless you cheat. (TMT)

LARRY Jamie Lee, I've got a great idea.

JAMIE Really? Let's hear it.

LARRY It concerns you... and me... and no clothing.

JAMIE Yeah. Like that's ever gonna happen!

JAMIE Oh. What have you been doing to get that so sticky?

JAMIE I'm more into global bonds. (stock certificate)

JAMIE Oh, tres nice. Gucci? (suitcase)

LARRY You don't really have your clothes made in sweatshops, do you?

JAMIE Oh, of course not. Oh contraire. No, honey, I carefully inspect every floor of every manufacturing facility in every country every day for non-politically correct conditions.

Yeah, and I change the needles on all their sewing machines, too. What are you, naive?

Haute couture really provides a service to third world countries. We keep people inside, out of the sun. Sometimes it's even cooler inside. Well, usually not, but it could be!

LARRY Oh. (sweatshops)

LARRY So, would there be any chance of finagling a ticket to this fashion show of yours?

JAMIE Oh, no. It's strictly for zee industry press. We would never allow in zee "public d'ordinaire!"

JAMIE You are really lost, aren't vous, Larry? (toilet paper)

LARRY My God, Jamie! You have great legs!

JAMIE Oui. Oui, I do.

And an ego to match!

How could lips that look so good produce a voice that sounds so bad?

Fashion Show

LARRY (WHISPER) Jamie? Jamie Lee?

LARRY Uh, oh!

CROWD The crowd goes wild! Cheers, stomps, hoots!

LARRY Hey!

Clothing Optional Pool

DICK Hey! Sorry, dude. Ya gotta stop here.

LARRY Why? What's wrong?

DICK You. You can't enter the pool like that.

LARRY Like what?

DICK Like that. Ya know, dressed.

LARRY Why not... dude?

DICK Safety reasons... dude.

LARRY Fer sure. Safety reasons?

DICK Way. Fer sure. Purser's orders. That polyester fabric could ignite in this tropical sun. So... drop 'em!

DICK Whoa! Sorry, dude. Ya gotta stop here.

LARRY Like duh. What, again? Now what?

DICK You. You can not enter the pool like that.

LARRY Like what?

DICK Like that. Ya know, carryin' a suitcase.

LARRY Really? And why not?

DICK Purser's orders. Ya might change into your clothes or sumptin.

LARRY Oh, all right. Can I leave it here? Will you keep an eye on it for me?

DICK Dude! Do I look like a check room? Oh, all right. Since it's you. Go on. Leave it.

BEAT) Ya want your "lil' buddy" again?

LARRY I guess. I'm kinda gettin' used to it.

DICK Just so long as you don't let it "grow attached!"

(CARTOON CHARACTERS) Evidently, there's a strange collection of "characters" lying about at the nude pool.

Get your hands off those clothes! They belong to famous Hollywood movie stars!

DICK I don't want that. I want nothing. I have nothing. I'm content just to stand here in the fresh air and sunlight, passing out swimsuits.

LARRY In other words: an executive position, huh?

DICK Pretty much!

DICK I really don't have anything to say about that. Or anything else.

DICK If you're looking for clues, you'll have to go elsewhere. 'Cause I don't have one. A clue, that is.

DICK Whoa, Dude! I ain't that kinda guy! (keycard)

DICK You ain't supposed to be swiping the fruit, are you?

DICK I used that stuff once, but I found it was easier just to like, switch girl friends! (KZ)

DICK Nice shot. (photo)

DICK Too bitter. Makes me pucker. (lime juice)

The cabana steward's name tag reads "Dick." How does he pin that on?

DICK That's truly disgust-a-mundo. (dirty hanky)

DICK That looks like a key to the hold.

DICK Hey, whoa! Thanks, man! Big tipper!!

LARRY Wait a minute! I didn't mean to give you ALL my money.

DICK Sorry, dude. No refunds!

LARRY Just like the government! Oh, never mind. I know where I can get more.

DICK Oh, no. I had some of that stuff in Dewmi Moore's room one night... and I just barely lived to regret it!

DICK You don't have much clothing on in that picture either.

DICK Are you the guy that cut the hole in the sail? Captain's gonna kick your butt.

DICK No, thanks. I ate yesterday. (quiche)

DICK Whoa. I don't want that. That's YOUR contest, not mine. I won a few years ago, right before

she hired me for this gig. (TMT scorecard)

LARRY Hi ya, Dick. Waddaya got in the way of "trunks?"

DICK Yeah. Like I haven't heard THAT one before!

LARRY Hi ya, Dick. Where's "ol Jumbo?"

DICK He ain't gonna be in this suit!

LARRY Waddaya got that's long and hard, Dick?

DICK Isn't that like, uh... redundant?

LARRY (TOO FRIENDLY) How's my little Dickie today?

DICK There's another joke that I am like, soooo sick of.

LARRY All right. Lemme have it.

DICK I am getting very close!

LARRY Hi, Dick.

DICK Whoa, man. I like never realized what a totally bitchin' dresser you were!

LARRY Well, I don't think I should enter naked. Everyone would, uh, stare at my, um, physical attributes!

DICK Yeah, fer sure.

LARRY You know, uh, (READS NAMETAG) Dick, once I went into a restaurant that required a tie and, because of my personal aversion to owning anything other than leisure wear I've never had a tie, I...

DICK (INTERRUPTING) Sure, I got "courtesy loaners."

LARRY Whew.

DICK This little dude right HERE is exactly what you need.

LARRY Oh, great. Of course I couldn't get a "normal" swimsuit.

LARRY Can I at least have a towel to cover it up?

DICK Fer sure. No problem, dude. Now don't get it wet... it might shrink! (CHUCKLES)

DICK Whoa, dude. Jus' 'cause ma name's Dick.... (tp)

You'd hardly think modesty would be necessary at a clothing-optional pool, but many of these people don't want to be seen undressing. Naked? Sure. But removing their clothing? Really!

MAN Hey, Larry! Get outta the way!!

LARRY Huh? Who's yelling at me?

The pool is filled with frolicking naked young bodies. Unfortunately, this balcony is too high up to get a good view and the stairs down are nowhere to be seen.

LARRY Why is that?

LARRY Oh, there's a good reason. You see, the plot doesn't require nude scenes from all those characters and Al Lowe would never include dozens of naked bodies merely for prurient interest.

LARRY Oh. (BEAT) Say... is that the real reason?

No. Our budget was too low to animate all of it!

There are few superlatives that could do justice to the innocent beauty of Drew Baringmore's naked form.

LARRY How about: "She's all that and a side of fries?"

Well, yes. Maybe that one.

Oh, yeah, Larry. Climb aboard. She won't mind. (UNDER BREATH) Shmuck. (hump)

LARRY What was that?

(SWEETNESS AND LIGHT) G' luck!

LARRY Hmm... yeah... maybe.

Quite the technique, Larry. A little conversation, and then BAM -- go for the gold. Tsk. (fondle)

Maybe not here in public. If you could get her someplace more private, though... (kiss)

LARRY (LARGE INHALE AT SEEING TOTALLY NUDE BEAUTY) Oh.

LARRY (DROP TOWEL AND IT HANGS THERE) Oops.

DREW (TO SELF) Oh, I got sunscreen in my eyes. (CALLING FOR TOWEL ATTENDANT) Boy! Oh, towel boy! I need a towel here, please. Quick.

LARRY Uh, boy.

DREW (FEELS LARRY'S TOWEL) Oh, thank you! (WIPES EYES)

DREW (FINALLY SEES ELEPHANT FACE CODPIECE STARING HER IN THE FACE) Well, well. What have we here? (CHUCKLES) Is that your trunk or are you just glad to see me? (GOOD-NATUREDLY, TO LARRY) And what's YOUR name, little Babar?

LARRY (EMBARRASSED) Larry; Larry Laffer. And you?

DREW Drew Baringmore. (CHUCKLES) You know, I haven't seen a codpiece since I took Professor Lipkin's "Minor Playrights of the Late Elizabethan Period" during my sophomore year at Barnard. And I've never seen one with such a cute African influence! You know, I'm quite interested in history, but I'm essentially ignorant of anything past the tertiary-level African tribes. Could you share a little of its immediate history? Its regional influences? Its acquisition history?

LARRY Uh, the cabana boy gave it to me 'cause I forgot my swimsuit.

DREW Oh.

LARRY Hi, Drew. It's me, Larry.

DREW Oh, hi Larry. So, what's up? Other than the obvious!

LARRY Hello, Drew. Working hard?

DREW That's funny, coming from a guy with an elephant codpiece!

LARRY Hello again, Drew.

DREW Oh, hi Larry. So, how's it trumpeting?

LARRY Hey, Drew. I'm back again.

DREW Geez, Larry. I'm running out of elephant references!

It's a copy of "Persons" magazine, with a big cover story on that hot mother-daughter country-western singing duo, the Juggs.

LARRY Let's check this out right now...

Here's an article about the country-western singing duo, the Juggs. It seems there was a little incident at a recent benefit concert where they were arrested and charged with public lewdness and solicitation. Their publicist blamed it all on a "rare chemical sensitivity problem." The article concludes by saying the girls are going to take a little time off, staying out of the limelight until the scandal dies down.

LARRY Celebrity magazines are so boring. I'll just leave it here.

It's so difficult to read, lying there on the table, closed. Of course, if you "took" it....

It's "The Erotic Adventures of Hercules." The guy on the cover makes Fabio look like a 98-pound weakling.

Well, Mr. Grabby, not much on manners, are we? Shouldn't we ask the lady's permission to borrow her reading matter, instead of just swiping it?

Just because Drew's not here, do you think you can just steal her property?

LARRY Yes. See, my motto is: "If it's not nailed down, take it!" And it's served me well for years.

Okay. You got it!

It's so difficult to read, lying there on the table, closed. Of course, if you "took" it....

Just what you like to see: clothes not on people.

This is all that's left of Drew's Gigantic Erection.

LARRY Me too.

Drew's Drink

Drew Baringmore

DREW Excuse me, Larry. Here comes a waiter. This'll just take a second. (OFF MIKE &

LOUDER) Waiter. Oh, waiter!

WAITER Hello, beautiful! What can I do for you?

DREW I want a "gigantic erection."

WAITER Looks like your little buddy there has got ya covered!

DREW What? I said, "bring me a gigantic erection!"

WAITER (COMING ON STRONGER) Well, okay, baby. I'm your man!

DREW Well, where is it?

WAITER I'm working on it. You mind moving that computer?

DREW Look. I want a mixed drink. A cocktail. You know, lime juice, 151-proof rum, vodka, triple sec, mayonnaise, with a hollowed-out frozen banana to suck through. You know: a "gigantic erection."

WAITER Oh. Okay, but it'll take a while, you know.

(PANT, PANT) What? Oh, not now, Larry!

Looks like Drew is reading "The Erotic Adventures of Hercules." That guy on the cover makes Fabio look like a 98-pound weakling.

It's so difficult to read, lying there on the table, closed. Of course, if you "took" it...

Well, Mr. Grabby, not much on manners, are we? Shouldn't we ask the lady's permission to borrow her reading matter, instead of just stealing it?

This is your favorite part of the game, isn't it?

DREW Excuse me! Could you look me in the eyes?

LARRY (CAUGHT IN THE ACT) Sorry.

DREW This tropical sun is brutal. I hope you don't mind, but I need to spend a few minutes rubbing this sunscreen all over my naked body.

LARRY Need help?

DREW No, but nice try.

DREW I really like the way it makes my skin glisten. The way it brings out the soft little hairs on the back of my neck, my arms, my...

LARRY (INTERRUPTING) STOP! I can't take it!

DREW Aw. I didn't realize I was being "hard on" you.

LARRY (WHIMPER) Ohhh.

DREW Why would you think I'd be interested in THAT?

DREW Oh, I have no need for that. All I want to do is lie here, naked in the sunlight, waiting for inspiration to strike. (beaver milk)

DREW Oh, you can keep it. It wasn't that good. I found the plot development weak, the characters shallow, the overall structure entirely predictable. (BEAT) And besides, there's not enough dirty parts!

LARRY Drew, would you mind if I borrowed your book?

DREW Not at all. I've finished it.

LARRY Drew, would you mind if I borrowed your book?

DREW Yes, I would. I'm only about halfway through and I just can't put it down. Hercules is about to reveal himself to the Sultan's harem.

LARRY But you're working on your computer.

DREW Nope. Try me again later. When I've finished it.

DREW No, I intensely dislike boredom and pretension. (Pride book)

DREW (AUSTRALIAN) That's not a knife. THIS is a knife! (BEAT) Just kidding. Actually, this is my laptop!

DREW Sure. So? (chase lights)

LARRY You don't have any clothing at all, do you, Drew?

DREW Of course not! I love nudism so much that just as soon as I board ship, I get rid of every single piece of pesky clothing.

LARRY Good idea.

DREW And I force my cabin boy to lock up my suitcase someplace where I can't possibly

find it so I can spend the entire week here by the pool, naked. I eat, sleep, sun, and swim here, never leaving the comfort of this chaise. It may not be an ideal vacation for everyone, but for me -- well, it's what I love most!

LARRY So, you recognized this as a codpiece?

DREW Of course. It's been a few years, but I believe my college text defined it as "a pouch at the crotch of the tight-fitting breeches worn by men in the 15th and 16th centuries." It's from the Middle English word, "codpece," a cod, a bag, a scrotum (which came from the Old English word "codd," meaning bag plus pece, meaning piece. Is that your understanding, Larry?

LARRY Yeah. Thanks.

DREW Has my deodorant failed?

DREW I don't gamble.

LARRY I think I'll have a drink myself. (TO OFF-SCREEN WAITER) Oh, waiter. I want the same thing the lady ordered.

WAITER (SARCASTICALLY) Nice suit.

LARRY (THINKS HE DIDN'T HEAR) No, please bring me a "gigantic erection."

WAITER Oh, that'll take a while for the bartender to fix. Wait right here.

DREW My, Larry. What a long hose you have!

LARRY So you really know a lot about this guy, huh?

DREW Yes. (QUOTING FROM MEMORY) "Fokker, Anton Herman Gerard, 1890-1939, Dutch-born German-American aircraft designer and aircraft manufacturer; born Java. His factories in Germany produced triplanes and biplanes used in World War I. He revolutionized aerial warfare by synchronizing a front-mounted machine gun to fire through the propeller of a plane without intercepting the blades (1915). He later turned to developing commercial aircraft and came to the U.S. in 1922."

LARRY Wow. You really know a lot about those Fokkers!

LARRY I've always been very fond of that wonderful German inventor, Anton Fokker. Have you ever heard of him?

DREW Anton Fokker? But, of course. I wrote the book on him.

LARRY So you HAVE heard of him.

DREW No, I mean I literally wrote the book on him. I'm the author of his best-selling biography. It's recognized everywhere as the classic treatise on the subject. I called it, "Fokker: More Than Just An Airplane!"

LARRY (LYING THROUGH TEETH) Uh, yeah. I just love discussing historical aircraft designers.

DREW Me, too! You know, it's funny, Larry. It seems like these cruise ships are filled with phonies who just want to "bore me!"

LARRY I could see that.

DREW But it's wonderful to find a kindred spirit like you, someone interested in aviation history, particularly the airplanes of my dear sweet Anton.

LARRY I've never heard of a "Gigantic Erection."

DREW Oh, it's my favorite drink, Larry. Usually I suck it all down, then nibble for hours on its hard frozen banana.

LARRY (SOFTLY, TO SELF) Ohhhhh, lordie lordie. Help me, lordie!

LARRY Drew, I'm gonna go now.

DREW Okay. Maybe we'll be seeing more of each other soon.

LARRY Like THAT's possible!

DREW Okay.

DREW Thank you. May I use this to wipe off my screen? (BEAT) There. Thanks.

DREW It's hot enough out here without that.

DREW No. That doesn't ring a bell.

DREW What? I'm afraid I can't help you on that, Larry.

DREW Huh? I don't know.

DREW Don't ask me about that, Larry. I just don't know what to say.

DREW Really? I suppose anything is possible.

DREW You're not selling insurance policies door to door, are you? Next, it'll be Amway!

LARRY Say, Drew: do you have a joystick for your laptop?

DREW Why, no, Larry. (BEAT) No, I don't.

LARRY Well, I've got a "Thrust-master!"

DREW Your room? Can't. I'm all naked, and shipboard regulations strictly prohibit the passage of unsuitably clothed passengers through public areas of the ship. But then, you probably knew that.

DREW Thanks. Let me just crack open its skin and suck the juices out from the firm flesh waiting inside. (MAKE SLURPY SOUNDS) Ahh. That was refreshing. Thanks, Larry.

DREW Oh, sweetie, I never need that. When you're as young and nubile as I, lubrication comes quickly.

LARRY As do I!

DREW Well, I like the nudity... but who's that woman you're with?

DREW No, thanks. I've got a drink right here. (lime juice)

LARRY I guess I don't have to tell you. I'm kind of a lonely guy.

DREW You look like the kind of guy who would be lonely.

Now there's something you don't see every day.

LARRY A beautiful woman dressed only in sunscreen?

No, a laptop computer that you can read in bright sunlight!

DREW Ick.

DREW I already have something to read.

DREW Should I know what that opens?

DREW Oh, I have no need for money. I just charge everything to my room. That's one of the reasons I like this cruise line. I never have to mess around with money or those stupid little pop beads like some resorts I choose not to mention. Say, haven't you figured that out yet? How to charge everything to your room?

LARRY (LYING THROUGH YOUR TEETH, AGAIN) I've always felt Anton never received the recognition he so sorely deserved.

DREW Oh, you are knowledgeable, aren't you, Larry? Yes, Anton was a wonderful inventor, a genius really, but he wasn't a brilliant businessman. It was his mother who really ran the company, you know. Yes, she was a tyrant who ruled with an iron fist!

LARRY (HERE IT COMES) You mean...

DREW Yes. She was one mean Mother Fokker!

(INHALE THROUGH TEETH) I think we could ALL see that one coming!

DREW Sticky. (mucilage)

LARRY I would really enjoy having a more "in-depth" discussion with you, Drew.

DREW Really? Me too. In fact, I could Fokker all night long!

LARRY That's pretty much what I was thinking! (BEAT) So, you wanna go back to my room to see my aircraft etchings? (WHICH I DON'T HAVE)

DREW I'd love to.

DREW But I can't!

DREW Oh, no thanks. I don't do drugs. I prefer to live naturally.

LARRY Aren't you worried about over-exposure?

DREW Oh, no, not any more. Sure, once upon a time I had to limit my exposure, especially on a tropical cruise like this. But ever since I discovered this SPF-300, I have no problems at all. Every few minutes I carefully, slowly, thoroughly rub it over every single inch of my naked body.

LARRY (SOFT MOAN) Ohhh.

DREW And, of course, my laptop computer here does offers some protection, although I do

get a peculiar tan line.

LARRY (MOAN!) Oooohhh.

DREW Larry, is my nudity making you uncomfortable? Is this hard for you?

LARRY No, it's been like this ever since I got here!

DREW Leaving? (passport)

DREW Nice likeness.

LARRY Did I ever tell you I know Al Lowe personally?

DREW Who? Oh, I remember him! He came through here last November. Unimpressive.

LARRY Yeah, maybe.

DREW Not him, Larry. You!

DREW I don't want anything to cover me. I prefer to let this fresh salt air blow right through the tiny soft little hairs all over my naked flesh.

LARRY (MOAN) Ohhhh. (polyester)

DREW You're not doing so well, eh? (TMT)

DREW Oh, I never use that for screen cleaner. (silicone)

DREW No, I don't want to touch that. It would get my keyboard all sticky. But, you know... that is a flattering pose. (sticky photo)

LARRY Drew! I've got your suitcase.

DREW Really? I don't see it.

LARRY The attendant made me leave it in the changing cabana. Come on!

DREW But, Larry. This means I'll have to parade completely across the deck, totally, utterly nude, showing everyone here my tanned, fit, naked body! (BEAT) I like that!

LARRY (WHIMPER) Ohhhh.

LARRY Do you have an old suitcase I could borrow?

DREW Why?

LARRY Uh, I dunno. I don't know what the hell I was thinking!

LARRY So you want me to bring you your suitcase?

Damn, Larry. Buy yourself a ticket on the clue train!

DREW That is SO you! (try for photo ID)

DREW Ouch. That's as rough as a cob! (tp)

LARRY Do you enjoy writing, Drew?

DREW Of course. It beats work!

LARRY What do you mean, "you can't?"

DREW I can't, because, remember? I ordered the cabin boy to lock up my clothing for the duration of the cruise. And you know I just can't violate the ship's rules and walk brazenly, boldly naked through the clothing-required parts of the ship like some sort of exhibitionist. That would never do. No, I'll just have to stay here, lying here naked all night, the cool tropical breezes gently wafting across my bare skin....

LARRY (WHIMPER) Ouuuhh.

LARRY I can't believe I've got to get a totally naked woman INTO her clothing!

This is all that's left of Drew's Gigantic Erection.

LARRY Me too.

Drew's face is every bit the match for her body!

She could be a true blond, but with that computer there, who can tell?

Drew's laptop has a problem with overheating.

LARRY It needs one of those new, low-voltage chips.

Who said the heat was coming from the COMPUTER?

LARRY Want me to recharge your lap top?

DREW Oh, no, that's not necessary. I can still feel the juices flowing.

LARRY (TO SELF) Ohhhhh. Me too. (move)

LARRY Mind if I borrow your laptop to check my E-mail?

DREW Oh, I'm working off-line. I didn't even bring my cellular modem. You might say I'm

"computing au natural."

LARRY No kidding! (take)

If you couldn't plainly see, you'd swear Drew's legs go all the way to her shoulders!

The palm branch is quite strong. You'll never break it. You can't even move it!

If you'd just move over a little, that branch wouldn't be in the way!

You'd love to move the branch, but your heart couldn't take it!

Drew never computes without her SPF-300.

LARRY Want me to rub some of that sunscreen on your back, Drew?

DREW No. I just applied some. Too bad you were late -- I had trouble getting it on the small of my back.

LARRY (TO SELF) Oooohhhh.

DREW What's wrong, Larry? Codpiece too tight?

LoveMaster 2000

(AD LIB 30" OF MERMAID PORN LOOPING) Oh, Oh. OH! Etc...

(AD LIB 30" OF INCREDIBLE HULK PORN LOOPING) Oh, Oh. OH! Etc...

(AD LIB 30" OF PINHEAD PORN LOOPING) Oh, Oh. OH! Etc...

This booth is occupied...and evidently, quite successfully, too.

This booth looks empty.

Looks like SOMEbody's sexually satisfied around here!

What the hell is going on in there?!

There are many governments that ban that sort of behavior!

That might work on your room, but it does nothing here.

This is where you stick it... that is, insert your Thygh's Man Trophy score card.

LARRY (LOTS OF FUNNY PORNO MOVIE SOUND FX) Oh. Yes. Ah! (YOU'RE DONE; QUIETLY) Oh.

LARRY Wow! I bet I was in there an hour!

ANNOUNCER (MECHANICAL SOUNDING) Your score, Larry Laffer: (BEAT) two.

Oh, sure. You'd like to THINK you could "perform" again so soon....

What? Enter again? And ruin Vicki's perfect score with your lousy performance? (BEAT) Really, Larry.

LARRY Okay, Vicki. There ya go!

VICKI This will prove who's the real "sex-pert!"

VICKI (MANY RANDOM PORNO SOUND FX) Oh. Ah. Pant. Heavy breathing. (END WITH TARZAN YELL) Ahh-e-ah-e-ah-e-ah-e-ah!

VICKI Well? Let's see you top THAT!

LARRY Oh, I couldn't. You win, I guess. (BEAT) Now, how about some "private lessons?"

VICKI Dream on. I'm heading for my cabin... and a nice stimulating book.

LARRY But, wait! I didn't even lose all my clothes yet! (Sigh.)

ANNOUNCER (MECHANICAL SOUNDING) Your score, Larry Laffer: (BEAT) 1000.

(LESS MECHANICAL) Wow. A perfect score. (SOFT & SEXY) Laffer. Come by the office, okay? I get off at midnight. Please.

Well, you didn't beat Vicki, but who cares; you got a record high score on the LoveMaster 2000\05!

This button is clearly labeled "Do not touch!" So naturally your curiosity is piqued.

Are you sure? Okay...

LARRY Sometimes I think I see something in that lava lamp's random patterns.

Wrong, Larry. It's just your dirty mind!

Looks like things are going pretty well in this booth!
This booth is unoccupied...and evidently, quite successfully, too.
This booth's occupant is doing well!
The score is not the only thing rising around this booth!

(SOFTLY, BUT AS FAST AS POSSIBLE; LIKE A CAR COMMERCIAL DISCLAIMER)

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Cook Off

JUDGE JULIA'S SCORE: 0; JUDGE GRAHAM'S SCORE: 0; JUDGE PAUL'S SCORE: 0

JUDGE JULIA'S SCORE: 100; JUDGE GRAHAM'S SCORE: 100; JUDGE PAUL'S SCORE: 100

They're not looking for raw materials, Larry, only prepared dishes.

The conveyer belt is the secret to your success here. Put good food on it and you may win. But it must be food you've prepared yourself.

Proudly, you present your concoction for evaluation by the panel of esteemed chefs.

JULIA Scorecard, please.

JULIA Thank you, Mr. (BEAT) Laffer.

JULIA Well, let's see now...

JULIA (DISGUSTING TASTE SOUNDS:) Ugh. Blah. Yech. Ptuuuiy!

JULIA Well. This has nothing to distinguish it from the hundreds of other Venezuelan Beaver Cheese Quiches we've endured... although the essence of kumquat does help slightly.

GRAHAM What? I don't even want to bother tasting it then.

PAUL Wait. I might want to try it... (DISAPPOINTED) aw, never mind.

LARRY (HIT IN STOMACH) Ouwfh!

Proudly, you present your special enhanced concoction for evaluation by the panel of esteemed chefs.

JULIA Scorecard, please.

JULIA Thank you, Mr. (BEAT) Laffer.

JULIA Well, what do we have here...

JULIA (TASTING GOOD FOOD) Umm. Yes... well, I...

JULIA (YOUR OWN PRIVATE 15" ORGASM SCENE, BUT FUNNY!) Ooooh!

GRAHAM (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) I'll have what she's having!

GRAHAM (TASTING GOOD FOOD) Umm. Yes... well, I...

GRAHAM (YOUR OWN PRIVATE 15" ORGASM SCENE, BUT FUNNY!) Ooooh!

PAUL (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Hey! Wait for me!!

PAUL (TASTING GOOD FOOD) Umm. Yes... well, I...

PAUL (YOUR OWN PRIVATE 15" ORGASM SCENE, BUT FUNNY!) Ooooh!

You may not know much about cooking, but you know what THEY like! Look at those scores! You just won the Cook-Off competition!

Judge Graham enters the results of his taste testing into this computer in numerical form. His score is only one-third of the total.

Judge Graham specializes in food for those who want to lower their intake of fat (and taste).

GRAHAM Oh, we never enter into idle conversation with ordinary people. We're brought here at great expense, you know, just to judge, never associate. No, goodness, no!

Judge Julia enters her scores into this computer. All the judges' scores are then combined to determine your final score.

Judge Julia has never met a dessert she didn't like, or a quiche, or a souffle, or a... whatever.

JULIA Yes, darling, I know you'd love to talk to me, but the judges here are forbidden from fraternizing with the prisoners, er, I mean, contestants.

Judge Paul's computer is covered with Tabasco stains.

Judge Paul is obviously fond of food, his own, his competitors', anyone's!

Just place your Cook-Off Entry directly on the food conveyor belt.

There's no use to try again, Larry. It's over. No more. Done. Finito.

PAUL There ain't nothing you're goin' to do that will make me change anything about my opinion of your cooking. I don't even care if I haven't tasted it. I still know my cookin's best. Go on! This is where those few vying for the Thygh's Man Trophy and unfortunate enough to be randomly selected for the Cook-Off competition must present their concoctions to a distinguished panel of judges.

Cute decor, eh?

LARRY A Poem

by Larry Laffer

"I've never seen an electric uvula

I never hope to see one.

I can tell you anyhow,

I'd rather see, than be one!"

Best-Dressed Competition

The zipper on that mannequin's fly appears to be operational.

LARRY Let's just see what this guy's got...

Whew! What a place to hide a card reader!

ANNOUNCER (MECHANICAL) Your score is: 100. (NO LONGER MECHANICAL; ACTUALLY, EXCITED, GUNG HO!) Whoa! 100?! A perfect score? Cool! (SOFT & SEXY) You hunk.

Ah, the irony. You haven't changed a whit, yet you now precisely match the latest fashion trend! But... give those designers a few months. Soon enough, you'll once again be unhip!

ANNOUNCER (MECHANICAL) Your score is: two.

This console contains the ship's CyberFashion 2000\05 computer which uses powerful state-of-the-art massively-parallel neural-net processing to determine a person's stylishness quotient. Its 3-D scanner synthesizes images from a circular scanning platform and displays them on a high-resolution, 2048x2048, 32-bit color monitor. The CPU compares the scanned image with terabytes of trendy fashion data stored on the giant tape drives in the background. After computing the stylishness quotient to within one one-thousandth of one percent, it transmits the resulting score to the ship's central competition computer and simultaneously reports it here in the Fashion Competition Chamber through a 88k, 64-bit, 128x-oversampled, THX-certified voice synthesis system. (Whew!)

Be careful touching this, Larry. You wouldn't want to start a nuclear war.

This is really why you bought this game, isn't it?

There must be some reason for that mannequin to be located where it is... and in that position.

LARRY Yeah, and for that considerable bulge inside his fly!

Images scanned by the circular scanning platform are displayed on this high-resolution monitor.

Hey, that's you!

This platform is directly below the giant, 3-D, holographic scanner.

This giant, 3-D, holographic scanner uses exotic lavender-light lasers to wrap completely around anything placed on the scanning platform.

LARRY Lavender?

(DEFENSIVE) Listen, it's a fashion thing, okay?

Each of these tape drives is capable of holding well over a terabyte of data. And yet, you know, someday soon, it'll take two of these just to hold Microsoft Office!

Bowling Pin Hold

You try, but your keycard does nothing on this door. Which makes sense, since it doesn't have a card reader, it's got a keyhole!

The door has a small plaque with the words, "Automatic Pinsetter Hold -- Crewmembers Only!" do it; and enter; set flag so we skip this scene from now on

You can't. It's locked.

Beneath the floor's open steel mesh run several pipes... kind of like your Uncle Ray.

The handle looks unlocked.

You turn the handle and find out that looks can be deceiving.

The ceiling has many exposed pipes... kind of like your Uncle Walter.

Holding your ear to the door's porthole, you hear the sounds of heavy machinery grinding away inside... kind of like your Uncle Jerry.

You can't see inside. The door's porthole is extremely dirty... kind of like your Uncle Bud.

This beaver hauls pins from the beaver hold below to the hopper's elevator ramp. In reward, he receives a few pellets of Beaver Chow.

The cart hauls bowling pins from other storage hoppers to the pin holder, which then raises them to the deck above.

This door provides access to the thousands of bowling pins the PMS Bouncy goes through every day.

It IS unlocked. But what would you do inside a hopper full of bowling pins?

The PMS Bouncy is filled with these plastic beaver trails.

This hopper contains loads of fresh green Beaver Chow... just like Mother used to gnaw!

Rube Goldberg would have been proud. (For that matter, so would Jeff Tunnell!) But doesn't it seem like a lot of trouble just to automatically set bowling pins?

You could pour the beaver milk on the pins... but why?

You want to carve the bowling pins into something? No.

Good idea. You slyly open the hopper door, and spray the entire can of deodorant all over the bowling pins.

Oh, once is more than enough.

That's close, but what good would it do to make them explode down here?

This hopper stores the bowling pins after they've been carved by the beavers in another hold, then sanded by... oh, never mind how they're made. Suffice it to say, these are the bowling pins!

Making them slippery should make them even harder to hit! (silicone lubricant)

Beaver Hold

You try, but your keycard does nothing on this door. Which makes sense, since it doesn't have a card

reader, it's got a keyhole!

The door has a small plaque with the words, "Beaver Hold -- Crewmembers Only!"

LARRY I don't want to show off, but isn't "Beaver Hold" a registered trademark of GLOW -- the Glamorous Ladies of Wrasslin'?

do it; and enter; set flag so we skip this scene from now on

You can't. It's locked.

Beneath the floor's open steel mesh run several pipes... kind of like your Uncle Willy.

Floor

The handle looks unlocked.

You turn the handle and find out that looks can be deceiving.

The ceiling has many exposed pipes... kind of like your Uncle Mike.

Holding your ear to the porthole, you think you hear the sounds of squealing and gnawing -- kind of like your Uncle Duane.

You can't see inside, because the porthole in the door is extremely dirty, kind of like your Uncle Art.

flash the CyberSniff 2000 "musk" smell, smell #3.

Now there's a toned and fit beaver! Isn't she the picture of good health?

Remember back in junior high school, that afternoon your English teacher stopped by the house to talk to your parents and your dog just wouldn't stop doing that?

The beavers don't require anything you have... but they might be willing to share something with you.

That's one good-looking beaver.

That's a nifty idea. What are you going to store the milk in?

LARRY Um... my pockets? I think.

Think again.

If you think you're man enough, go ahead!

LARRY Was it good for you?

The Next Morning

Surely you don't want to hit the beaver with the pot, do you? What is it you want to do?

What in the hell are those two doing!?

The cruise line goes to an amazing amount of trouble just to keep their bowling alleys in fresh pins!

(BEAT) Say, wasn't "Caged Beavers" that movie you saw on late-night cable last month?

Why would you want to open the beaver's cage?

You clang the pot on the beavers' cage... and attract their attention for a moment, but then, it's right back to work because: they're busy as little beavers!

Just can't get enough of that smell, can you, Larry?

This door is unlocked, so just as soon as you figure out what to do inside the cage you'll be all set.

For once, you've found a door that's NOT locked!

These tubes provide the ship's beaver with freedom and excellent exercise.

A few days ago, a mighty redwood. Now, a beaver hors d'oeuvre.

(TV INFORMERCIAL VOICE) CyberZONE 2000\05, the all new sports and exercise beverage that keeps your beaver tan, toned and healthy. (BEAT) As seen on TV!

LARRY (ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Next!

Luggage Hold

ou try, but your keycard does nothing on this door. Which makes sense, since it doesn't have a card reader, it's got a keyhole!

The door has a small plaque with the words, "Luggage Hold -- Crewmembers Only!"

do it; and enter; set flag so we skip this scene from now on

You can't. It's locked.

Beneath the floor's open steel mesh run several pipes... kind of like your Uncle Bob.

The handle looks unlocked.

You turn the handle and find out that looks can be deceiving.

The ceiling has many exposed pipes... kind of like your Uncle Harvey.

Holding your ear to the porthole, you think you hear the sounds of squealing and gnawing -- kind of like your Uncle Scott.

You can't see inside, because the porthole in the door is extremely dirty, kind of like your Uncle Pat.

LARRY (DISPAIR AT MOUNTAIN OF SUITCASES) Oh, no! How will I ever find Drew's suitcase among all these? It'd be like finding a needle in a haystack!

GORILLA (GORILLA NOISES) Gorilla noises.

LARRY Ouff! (OUCH) Ow!

LARRY What WAS that?

That was merely a figment of your imagination, Larry!

LARRY Yeah, well, my figment hurts!

Evidently the PMS Bouncy is larger on the inside than on the outside!

The luggage tag on the side of this suitcase reads, "Drew Baringmore."

LARRY Finally. Some good luck!

Room 1009 Hallway

Late that evening...

They're just out of reach.

LARRY Where's a stepladder when you need one? (feel)

And now the kinky side of your personality comes to the surface.

LARRY I have another side? (lick)

As fine an example of the sculptor's art as ever existed, don't you think?

LARRY Ohhhhhh, yeah.

A tasteful gold nameplate above the button says "Boning."

Looks like she's playing possum.

Remember, Larry: she said she'd leave the door unlocked...

Nothing happens. Guess no one's home.

This chandelier makes approximately the same decorating statement as a bunch of hundred dollar bills glued to a coat hanger.

If that's what you're looking for, Larry, you've bought the wrong game!

Checking out the old competition again?

LARRY What? Me? No, I was just... admiring the workmanship.

(RIGHT. SURE.) Um humph.

Yeah, great idea! And then you can break that solid steel inner door. (PAUSE) Not!

For heaven's sake, it's open! Just go on in.

The door is locked up tight. It looks like Annette isn't interested in any more "surprises."

It appears Annette has left her door unlocked... for you.

LARRY All right! Now we're gettin' somewhere!

This door is stronger than it looks.

It's locked.

Like the outer door, it's locked up tight.

The Bonings take their security seriously. Luckily for you, Annette left the door ajar.

Yeah, right.

Why not open the outer door first?

The maids are rather fetching, but those guys remind you of the bullies who used to kick sand in your face at the beach.

LARRY What do you mean, "used to?"

Oh. Sorry.

Room 1009

The Next Day...

LARRY Ow.

LARRY Ou.

LARRY Ouch.

LARRY Ouw.

LARRY Argh.

LARRY Argggh.

LARRY Ouuf.

LARRY Damn!

(WHISPER) It feels like a bed.

(WHISPER) There's not a lot of light in here, but there appears to be one absolutely luscious body lying there on the bed, in the darkness, waiting for you.

It smells faintly of gardenias, with hints of rosewater and intrigue.

(WHISPER) It feels like a big mechanic's toolbox or maybe an ammo case.

(WHISPER) Big and oblong and wooden? Hard to say. Could be a packing crate, could be a coffin.

LARRY Okay, baby; this is it!

LARRY (FOREPLAY SOUNDS) Oh, yeah.

LARRY (FOREPLAY SOUNDS) Oooh.

LARRY (FOREPLAY SOUNDS) Mnnnnmmm.

LARRY (FOREPLAY SOUNDS) Ahhhh.

BONING (HEAVY BREATHING AND WHEEZING) Ah. Ah. Uh. Oh.

BONING (95-YEAR-OLD HAVING HEART ATTACK) Arrrrgh!

ANNETTE (TURNING ON LIGHTS) (SIMULTANEOUSLY) What the...?

LARRY (SIMULTANEOUSLY) What the...?

LARRY Annette?! (SEES OLD MAN IN BED BESIDE HIM) ARRGGGH!! (LEAPS FROM BED)

ANNETTE Larry, what are you doing?!

ANNETTE You weren't supposed to kill him yet!

LARRY I... I thought you were...

ANNETTE (DAWNING REALIZATION)...safely asleep next door. Yes, it's all becoming clear to me now.

ANNETTE A heart attack. No evidence. Very neat; but now I'M the patsy.

LARRY Geez, the old guy's one sound sleeper.

LARRY (WHISPERS) Hey! Maybe we should go to your room and let this old geezer rest in peace, huh?

ANNETTE Oh, I think this is exactly where you want to be.

LARRY (HORRIFIED) Oh, no! She thinks I'm a homosexual!

LARRY No, no. It's not like that at all!
ANNETTE Drop the dumb act, pal. You had this planned all along.
ANNETTE But when does the other shoe drop? What's his game?
LARRY Annette, you don't think...
LARRY ...I'm a homosexual?!
ANNETTE Oh, yeah, I DO think.
ANNETTE You cold-hearted bastard! I guess we'll do it your way.
ANNETTE Let's get this stuff out of here. (GATHERS UP CLOTHES AND TOSSES OUT PORTHOLE)
LARRY Hey! My clothes!
ANNETTE Does he WANT evidence lying around?
ANNETTE I think you'd better leave now, before you "help" me even more.

Annette Boning

ANNETTE (DISTAIN) I don't think there's anything you could offer me that would interest me in the slightest.
LARRY Annette, I have a knife.
ANNETTE (Screams and leaves.)
LARRY Wait. Come back. I wasn't threatening you.
LARRY I was just wondering what I was supposed to do with this knife?
LARRY It's been nice talking to you, I guess.
ANNETTE Hmmmm.
LARRY I believe you dropped this. In my cabin.
LARRY Right after...
ANNETTE Oh, keep it. I only use them once anyway.
LARRY You know... about the other night... I just wanted to...
LARRY ...convince you I'm not gay. Personally.
ANNETTE Look, you did what you had to do. But I don't want to talk about it, okay?
LARRY But... I... Well... Oh, all right.
ANNETTE I don't know what you mean.
ANNETTE What? Should I understand that?
ANNETTE I don't know what you're talking about.
ANNETTE (NOT ANGRY) You don't need to talk to me like that.
ANNETTE Change the conversation, okay?
LARRY I have something I believe you want.
ANNETTE (GROAN) Oh! That damn insurance policy! Now it's gonna cost me big time.
ANNETTE (SWEETLY) Why, yes. I believe that IS mine. Thank you for returning it.
LARRY (HESITANTLY) Um, I was thinking, you know, ah, for something as, uh, special as this, don't you think, uh, a little extra thanks would be in order?
LARRY Like... sex?
ANNETTE Oh, I don't think I have anything you'd want.
LARRY Oh, I think you have PLENTY of what I want!
ANNETTE Think. Think! How am I gonna get rid of this schmuck?
ANNETTE I just don't know.
LARRY Waddaya say I come inside...
LARRY ...your vault!
ANNETTE All right, Larry. I know what you want. And if I give it to you, I don't want to see you again, you understand. No more. That's it. We're through, capisce?
LARRY She wants me to have sex right now, and she DOESN'T want me to call her later?
Oh! It's a dream come true!

LARRY You're reading my mind, sweetcakes!

ANNETTE Ugh. Okay, wait right here.

LARRY Man, a guy's got to jump through hoops just to get this chick in bed!

ANNETTE Okay, Larry. I don't keep much cash around, but this is worth a lot more than you deserve. Now amscray. Skeeadddle.

LARRY Huh? What's this? (LOOKS) Half a billion dollars worth of stock? (BEAT) But I wanted to get laid! (SIGH)

LARRY I wonder if you have adequate insurance?

ANNETTE Well, I think so. Why?

ANNETTE What is he driving at?

LARRY Oh, nothing. A woman can never have too much insurance, that's what I always say!

LARRY Gawd, am I a doofus or what? Where's my suave charm when I need it?

ANNETTE (EXPECTANTLY; OPENING DOOR) Yes? (NOT GLAD TO SEE LARRY) Oh. It's you.

ANNETTE Uh, oh!

ANNETTE It's... good to see you again.

LARRY (UNSURE HOW TO BEGIN) Um, well, I was just wondering...

LARRY ...if there's any way I could get you in bed?

LARRY ...if we could, uh, talk?

ANNETTE I'm not sure what we have to talk about.

ANNETTE Yes? Oh. You again.

ANNETTE Stop bugging me!

LARRY Yeah, I'm still around.

LARRY Yeah, I'm still horny!

ANNETTE I've already seen more than enough of THAT room!

Annette looks as mysterious and sultry as ever.

ANNETTE Yuck. What have you done to my handkerchief? No, no. You keep it. Please!

ANNETTE As if. (money)

LARRY I haven't seen your "old friend" around lately. Is everything okay?

ANNETTE (HESITANTLY) Yes. Everything's fine.

ANNETTE Here it comes.

LARRY I hope he's having a nice rest.

LARRY Gosh, does she have a great body, or what?

ANNETTE Oh, he's "resting comfortably."

ANNETTE So, it's blackmail...

ANNETTE Oh, I used to buy that stuff whenever I was in Tijuana... I mean, Paris.

LARRY So, baby: what's your sign?

ANNETTE Octagonal.

LARRY Huh?

ANNETTE As in, "Stop!"

ANNETTE Ueew. You entered that? How gauche.

ANNETTE Oh, that's it! You did it!! That's exactly what I've been wanting from you all this time. Let's have sex, now and repeatedly!

LARRY (ALL EXCITED) Really? With me?

ANNETTE Hell, no, you idiot! You are SUCH a jerk! (TP)

DEWMI How 'bout a drink, Larry?

LARRY You know, I'm not really that thirsty right now!

DEWMI Okay. Sit down.

Now that Dewmi's not here, the bed doesn't look quite so inviting.

Wait! Could it be? Does the bottom of the blotter have a secret coded message written in lemon juice? (BEAT) No.

How festive. The natives decorate their staterooms with boats!

Silly Larry! You're already "taking" a ship.

LARRY Watch that enunciation!

That's the chair SHE sat in.

The chest turns out to be nothing more than a block of Styrofoam, merely painted to resemble a chest. But as you are examining it, it tips forward and under it you find... nothing. However, hidden between the chest and the wall you find... nothing. But then you examine the back of the chest and you find... nothing.

LARRY Damn! That Al Lowe has no respect whatsoever for adventure game cliches!

Dewmi Moore looks like the kind of girl you'd bring home to Mother... assuming your Mother was Heidi Fleiss!

Now you see clearly: a glass-topped table is perfect for playing games involving "stripping."

It's no wonder you were freezing cold when you woke up here -- it's not a hot tub at all; it's a giant wine chiller.

How festive. The natives decorate their stateroom boats with lights!

While a light string may come in handy, this one is not remote controlled.

LARRY (LOOKING STRAIGHT AT THE MERMAID'S CHEST) I gotta get a couple of these.

A couple of statues?

LARRY Not exactly.

LARRY Know how that merman statue answers the phone?

Al Lowe? Statue?

Dewmi's bottle of Orgasmic Powder is either half empty or... no, it's definitely half empty.

The bottle's pungent aroma reminds you of that drink Dewmi gave you; the one you drank just before your little... experience.

LARRY I'd better be careful; this is the bottle that nearly Dewmi in!

Ouch! (take)

Now that's quite a pair!

LARRY Yeah, yeah, yeah!

Of PORTholes, Larry! Portholes!

You decide not to open the porthole since you no longer have to heave.

There's nothing on that side table that interests you.

Too cheap for vases, the cruise line bought plastic flowers with fish-shaped stems.

Yes, there's always enough time to stop... and smell the plastic roses.

Strip Liar's Dice

LARRY Oooh.

DEWMI Um.

LARRY I'll buy a die.

LARRY I'll buy some dice.

DEWMI I'll buy a die.

DEWMI I'll buy some dice.

LARRY I'll buy a dice.

DEWMI Die!

LARRY Pardon me. I didn't know you were that competitive. Maybe I should come back

later when you calm down.

DEWMI Larry! Darling. It's one DIE, two DICE. Dice is the plural of die.

LARRY Oh, well, I knew that. Never mind.

DEWMI Show `em.

DEWMI Let's see `em.

DEWMI I don't think so.

DEWMI Two words: Fat. Chance.

DEWMI In your dreams, Larry! Show `em.

DEWMI I've got a bad feeling about this, but oh, what the hell! Let's see em.

LARRY Let's see `em.

LARRY Show `em.

LARRY Let's see what ya got.

LARRY I think you're bluffing, sister.

LARRY Not a chance.

LARRY Waddaya think? I just fell off the turnip truck? Show `em, babe!

LARRY Yeah, and I'm the Queen of England. Let's see `em.

LARRY Ahhh...what the hell. Let's see whatchu got.

LARRY What?

DEWMI Huh?

DEWMI Let's get a move on, Larry.

DEWMI C'mon, Larry. I'm just aching to see that cute butt of yours!

DEWMI Go ahead and challenge, Larry. I'm lying my ass off.

DEWMI Y'know what women really like, Larry? Indecisive guys. Swear to God.

DEWMI Now what does this remind me of? Grass growing? Paint drying? No, that's more exciting...

LARRY Aw.

DEWMI Oh.

DEWMI Well, I guess it's the bra or the panties. I just don't know. I've...never gone this far before.

I'm so embarrassed. I'll flip a coin. Heads: panties. Tails: bra.

LARRY Shouldn't it be the other way around?

DEWMI Whatever you say, Larry. Tails! Panties it is.

LARRY Oooh, my cup runneth over!

LARRY Doh!

DEWMI Here you are, Larry. You earned them.

LARRY Perhaps I could... freshen your drink?

DEWMI No, thanks. I'll just suck...on the ice cubes.

LARRY Ooooooh.

DEWMI Well, well, Larry. I guess that's it. Goodnight.

LARRY Waddaya mean, goodnight? Why... I thought... I mean... you mean?...

DEWMI Do you mind returning the dice cups on your way?

DEWMI I suppose I'll... sell off my blouse.

LARRY Now we're getting somewhere! Hubba hubba! Whoo hooo!

DEWMI Larry. Control yourself.

DEWMI Darn...I need to lose another piece of clothing.

LARRY Oh! Pinch me, I'm dreaming.

DEWMI Silly me, I forgot about my earrings.

LARRY What?

DEWMI It's clothing! I'm wearing it, aren't I?

LARRY Yeah, but I don't wear earrings.

DEWMI Are you saying that you're not man enough to allow a poor, frail woman a little handicap?

LARRY No...I guess not.

DEWMI You're a prince, Larry.

LARRY That's not what I would call it!

DEWMI And here goes the other earring. Getting excited, Larry?

LARRY Ecstatic.

DEWMI I think I'll start with my shoe.

LARRY Hey, I kicked off my shoes before we started.

DEWMI Didn't we agree we'd play with what we had on?

LARRY Yeah...I suppose so.

DEWMI And now the other shoe.

LARRY I've been waiting for that one to drop.

DEWMI Looks like this skirt will have to go.

LARRY Never again will I doubt the power of prayer.

LARRY Yes!

DEWMI Oh, yes!

DEWMI Son of a...

DEWMI I guess it wasn't meant to be.

DEWMI C'est la vie.

DEWMI I thought I had ya.

DEWMI I'll get you next time.

LARRY Doh!

LARRY Aaaaarrgh!

LARRY Rrrrrrr.

LARRY It's just my luck.

LARRY I don't believe it.

LARRY Boy, I hate to lose this jacket. It's been wrinkle-free for over 15 years.

DEWMI I'll make sure it gets a good home. Preferably some landfill.

LARRY I can't believe I'm losing my medallion! You wouldn't believe how many quarters it took to get this out of that machine!

DEWMI I'm surprised they could get a quarter.

LARRY Take care of these pants. They're custom-made: perma-press, super-high-gloss, and fireproof.

DEWMI So incineration is out, I guess. Gee, I'm...impressed.

LARRY I'm losin' my shirt playin' this game. Literally!

DEWMI It's a tough world. You wanna play or ya wanna jaw?

LARRY Well, I guess my jockeys are all that's left. Prepare yourself.

DEWMI Larry, I don't think anything could prepare me for that!

LARRY Something else, isn't it?

DEWMI Something else is right!

DEWMI Ok, chew on this.

DEWMI The dice are calling. They say, "Higher! Higher!"

DEWMI And awaaaay we go.

DEWMI I just can't help myself. Your move.

DEWMI And it just keeps going higher. Pressure getting to you, Larry?

LARRY And over to you.

LARRY Okay, there's my bet. Challenge it; I dare ya.

LARRY I'm betting just a wee bit higher.

LARRY I think the truth is closer to this.

LARRY I'm going for the gusto.

+DEWMI You need to increase the bet, Larry. I thought you knew how to play this game? Either move higher on the bid line or increase the number on the die.

DEWMI You can't play with no dice. You have to buy at least one.

DEWMI You can't show all your dice...you need at least one to reroll.

DEWMI You have to show a die or it's not "show" and reroll.

DEWMI You don't have enough money to buy the clothes I'm selling. You can either give up or sell some of your clothes for extra money. I recommend you give up.

DEWMI You open.

DEWMI It's your bet.

DEWMI I don't have enough money to do that. I guess I'll have to sell some clothes.

LARRY I don't have enough money to do that. I guess I'd better sell some clothes.

DEWMI Make yourself comfortable, Larry.

LARRY Great! Mind if I kick off my shoes?

DEWMI Ummmm...sure. Do you know how to play strip Liar's Dice, Larry?

LARRY No...but I'm sure I'll pick it up. Let's go!

DEWMI We'll play with what we've got on right now, OK?

LARRY Sure!

DEWMI All right. Let's roll!

DEWMI Looks like I just squeaked through.

DEWMI Well, look at that. I win.

LARRY And look at that: you had the dice. I must be psychic.

LARRY Looks like they're all there.

LARRY I do believe I win. Imagine that.

LARRY C'mon, baby!

LARRY Rattle them bones!

LARRY Shake it like you mean it!

LARRY Come on! Baby needs a new pair of shoes!

DEWMI What the hell is that supposed to mean?

LARRY I dunno. I heard it once in a movie, I think.

LARRY That's my bet. I'll show these dice and reroll.

LARRY Okee dokee. In addition to raising, I'll give you this to think about.

DEWMI Here's my bet, and here's a few visual aids.

DEWMI The bet is high, but I think these will give you something to think about.

DEWMI Before you challenge me, you may want to feast your eyes on these.

LARRY They're beautiful, all right. But what about the game?

DEWMI The dice, Larry. I mean, feast your eyes on the dice.

DEWMI Larry! You couldn't bluff your way out of a cardboard box.

DEWMI And once again, I am victorious.

DEWMI You play with fire, you get burned, Larry.

DEWMI I win, you lose. Simple as that.

DEWMI And she's got the magic touch.

DEWMI Yes!

LARRY I guess I got the touch.

LARRY Oooohhh yeah.

LARRY I guess you're not the bluffer you think you are, sweet-cakes.

LARRY Ooo, touch me, I'm on fire!

LARRY When you've got it, you've got it.

LARRY I'm on a roll!

DEWMI I think the dice speak for themselves.

DEWMI And it looks like we HAVE A LOSER!

DEWMI Aw shucks, Larry. It's just too easy taking your money.

LARRY And to think you doubted me.

LARRY Psych!

LARRY When you're hot, you're hot.

DEWMI Read `em and weep.

DEWMI Joke's on you, Larry.

DEWMI Gotcha!

LARRY Ahhhh...victory is sweet.

LARRY Better luck next time, babe.

LARRY I'm a Laffer, not a bluffer!

Buy a Die

Continue

What would you like to do?

DEWMI Well, that does it, Larry. You're just too damned good for me.

LARRY (TO SELF) Heh heh heh.

DEWMI I guess this is the moment you've been waiting for. (BEAT) Make yourself comfortable, Larry.

LARRY Yeah...

DEWMI How 'bout a drink, Larry?

LARRY You know, I'm not really that thirsty right now!

DEWMI Oh, come on. Humor me. Besides, won't we have more fun if we're both a little "loose?"

LARRY I guess you're right.

LARRY Sure!

DEWMI This oughta fix him!

DEWMI Here you are, Larry.

Once again, Larry, you snatch defeat from the jaws of victory!

The anchor reminds you of the disastrous cruise you took in "Leisure Suit Larry Goes Looking for Love (In Several Wrong Places)," available at your local software store, in that special bin those pimple-faced, minimum-wage slave geeks keep under the counter.

Play your dice right and you just might get to spend some "quality time" in there.

This area is Dewmi's dice cup. Her dice are usually hidden, unless one of you challenges the bid.

This area is where Dewmi stores any dice she loses during the game.

DEWMI Threaten me? I think not! Can't you see I've got a pair of loaded 38's pointed right at you?

LARRY I wouldn't mind taking a bullet for the President!

LARRY I never see you down in the casino.

DEWMI Oh, I hang around. Waiting. Watching.

LARRY So, you must be a pretty good gambler?

DEWMI I'm better at a sure thing!

DEWMI Ya wanna play or ya wanna jaw?

DEWMI You are more than just a little strange...

LARRY So what do you think of the Internet?

DEWMI Oh, it's been hanging there ever since I got here.

DEWMI Larry. Control yourself. (use KZ)

Dewmi Moore is as luscious as... something really luscious.

Dewmi Moore looks like the kind of girl you'd bring home to Mother... assuming your Mother was Heidi Fleiss!

LARRY (YOU ARE IN HER CABIN ALREADY) Dewmi, baby, how about we go back to your cab... oh, uh, never mind!

DEWMI You are more than just a little strange....

LARRY What do you say we cut to the chase, Dewmi! I'm tired of playing this game.

DEWMI Certainly not, Larry. A deal's a deal. Of course, if you want to just leave all your money here....

LARRY What's the best strategy for winning this game, Dewmi?

DEWMI Easy. Never bet higher than you have. Never guess that I have something you need. Never assume I have any wild bulls-eyes.

LARRY You're lying, aren't you?

DEWMI That's the name of the game.

LARRY Hey? Is this a real game?

DEWMI It is to you, Larry, 'cause I expect to get everything you've got.

A disco ball is exactly the touch of class this room needs.

LARRY Now I know why Dewmi always has drinks with big umbrellas.

Dewmi drinks "Colossal Hump" exclusively.

Something about that look on Dewmi's face makes you believe she doesn't always tell the truth!

The ship must have bought these cheap plastic flowers at the same place La Costa Lotta bought the ones in "Leisure Suit Larry 6: Shape Up or Slip Out," available from the kind of software stores your mother warned you about.

Now you see clearly: a glass-topped table is perfect for playing games involving "stripping."

How you'd enjoy seeing that hair spread out across your lap!

LARRY I wonder if we'll go in there before, or after?

OBJECT OF GAME

Let's see... you're across the table from a beautiful woman and the name of the game contains the word "strip." This probably has nothing to do with an old maid!

THE BASIC IDEA

You are betting on how many dice of a specific number are under both cups (e.g. the total number of sixes). Since you only know what's under your cup, you have to guess (or infer from Dewmi's bets) how many there are in total.

THE BOARD (part 1)

In the upper-left corner are two circles. The left one is your dice cup, the other is Dewmi's dice cup. During the game, you can normally see only your dice and she can only see hers, unless someone challenges forcing both players to show. In between the dice cups are two l-shaped areas where players can show some of their dice (more on that later). Below each cup is an area to hold dice you've lost, and you and Dewmi's financial standings.

THE BOARD (part 2)

In the lower right is the betting area, and the buttons you use to bet or challenge. The betting track goes from left to right, with the lowest bet being 1 one, and the highest being 10 sixes. Note the bulls-eyes interspersed with the regular bets. They are special bets and don't follow the same sequence as the others. For example, 2 bulls-eyes is higher than 3 of anything, and 3 bulls-eyes is higher than 5 of anything.

THE BOARD (part 3)

Above the betting track is the pot. When you buy dice, you pay the pot. When you sell clothing, you collect from the pot. The player who runs out of money, clothes, and dice loses. The other player collects the pot.

Clear as mud? Keep reading, it gets better.

LET'S PLAY A-ROUND

The game is played with ten special dice, five to each player. Each die has a bulls-eye instead of a one-spot. The bulls-eye functions like a wild card.

There are four steps to each round.

STEP ONE

The dice are rolled automatically. Lie back and enjoy it.

STEP TWO

One player makes the opening bet. It's "ladies first" (but Dewmi goes first anyway). After the first round, the winner of the previous round bets first.

STEP THREE

The other player either challenges or raises. If you raise, you can also choose to show some dice.

STEP FOUR

Once a challenge is resolved, the losing player may buy back a lost die for \$100 (paid to the pot). If

the loser is broke and tries to buy a die, he'll automatically sell an article of clothing to raise money (clothing is worth \$100-300, depending on the item).

Then on to the next round. The winning player makes the opening bet, and play continues.

HOW TO BET

After the dice are rolled, carefully consider how many of each number and/or bulls-eyes you think are in play.

Place your bet using the betting bar in the lower right corner. Remember: bulls-eyes are wild and always count as the same die as the current bet. So if the bet is 5 sixes, all bulls-eyes count as sixes. If the bet is raised to 6 threes, all bulls-eyes then count as threes. You can also bet the bulls-eyes directly by clicking the bulls-eyes on the track.

HOW TO BET

To enter your bet, click the number of dice on the number bar and the value on the die faces at the right. If you click a bulls-eye on the bar, you bet only bulls-eye. All the other spaces can show 2, 3, 4, 5, or 6.

Once you've selected a valid bet, and optionally shown some dice (more later), click the BET button.

BETTING EXAMPLE

You think there are at least 3 sixes on the board. First, click the white square above the digit 3. Then click the six die on the right. Finally, click the BET button.

ANOTHER BETTING EXAMPLE

You think there are 3 bulls-eyes on the board. Click the 3 below the bulls-eye. There's no need to click a die.

After your bet, Dewmi will either raise or challenge. If she raises, it's your turn again. You may then raise or challenge her. Remember: bluff all you want, the name of the game IS Liar's Dice!

HOW TO RAISE

Increase the die value, or increase the number of dice and pick any die value (2 through 6). If Dewmi bets 2 fours you may raise her by betting 3 anything, 4 anything, 5 anything, etc. Or you could bet 2 fives or 2 sixes. You can't bet on a lower die number unless you go higher (further right) on the betting track.

Note the bulls-eyes bets are treated differently, and are interspersed along the betting track. Just remember that you need to go right. You can't go from 3 bulls-eyes to 4 sixes, for example, because 4 sixes is a lower (further left) bet.

HOW TO CHALLENGE

If Dewmi raises and you think she's wrong (or bluffing!), click the CHALLENGE button! If you're right, Dewmi loses a die. If you're not, you lose one.

SHOW AND RE-ROLL

"Show And Re-Roll" increases your chances of winning. When it's your turn to bet, you may show one or more dice, then re-roll the rest.

To show dice, click them to remove them from your cup. Make your bet the normal way, then click the BET button to bet and re-roll your remaining dice. Dice you show stay in play and count toward the challenged bid. Once you've shown them, you can't take them back until the next round.

TIPS

- Bluff.
- Lie.
- Fib.
- Prevaricate.

Have fun!

Strip Liar's Dice

You carefully consider spending the rest of your natural-born days between them.

LARRY Whoa! What a way to go!

(IT'S A COCKTAIL) Can't you just picture those lips wrapped around a "gigantic erection?"

LARRY Well, I was kinda hopin' she'd stay with me!

The drink, Larry! The reference was to that mixed drink down in the bar!!

You may not know much about art, but you know what you like.

LARRY Art, schmart; look at those gazongas!

Case closed.

Strangely enough, his name is Ethel.

This is where you and Dewmi show your dice when you want to dissuade the other from challenging your bid.

Shown Dice Area

This area is your dice cup. But don't worry, Dewmi can't see inside it.

This area is where you store any dice you lose during the game.

LARRY I'm tired of playing this game, Dewmi. Do you mind if I leave now?

DEWMI Well. How rude. But go ahead. Leave. Just remember the big rule.

LARRY Rule?

DEWMI He who leaves gets to keep his clothes...

LARRY (NOT QUITE CONVINCED YET) That's good....

DEWMI ...but forfeits all his money.

LARRY I knew there was a catch.

Great Moments With Mr Clinton

ANOUNCER And now: The Proud Lil' Seaman Lounge presents our version of Disney's Mr. Lincoln. Welcome to "Great Moments with Mr. Clinton," starring our little audio-animatronic answer to the deterioration of respect for the office of the President of the United States, WILLY!

WILLY Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. And let me just say this: Thank you. I'm your president!

CROWD (laughter)

WILLY Hey, wait a minute now. I haven't started the jokes yet!

Ya know, I'll tell any joke, any color, for just \$49.95. Ha ha ha ha. Not just my own, mind you, but yours too. I want to share the wealth. Just record 'em in the proper format and stick 'em in the game's sub-directory and you can hear me say 'em, right here, on stage! After all, I'm not a real President; just an incredibly life-like stimulation, I mean, simulation!

And now, without any further to do, here's the gags!

How do you recognize Al Gore when he's surrounded by Secret Service agents? Easy. He's the stiff one.

What do I say to Hillary right before sex? See you in an hour.

One day I was jogging along the beach when I found a lamp. I rubbed it and a real Genie appeared. I was amazed. "What's your wish?" he asked. "Obvious," I replied. "Peace in the Middle East. See this map? Make these countries stop fighting each other." The Genie looked at the map

and then looked at me. "Dammit, man! I'm good, but I'm not THAT good! These countries have fought for thousands of years. It can't be done. Make another wish." I knew exactly what I wanted. "You know my wife, Hillary? Make her the most beautiful woman in the world and make everybody like her." And do you know what that Genie said? "Lemme see that damn map!"

The other morning, I jogged down to MacDonald's with Hillary's new puppy. A guy yelled at me, "Cute puppy." I replied, "Yeah, ain't she? I got her for Hillary!" And he yelled back, "Good trade!"

Last summer, Al Gore and I were guests at a barbecue fund raiser, when I noticed an old dog lying by the podium licking himself. I leaned over to Al and said, "Boy, I sure wish I could do that." You know what Al said? "I dunno. He looks kinda mean to me!"

Here's a Bob Dole joke for ya: How's an old man like a bumper sticker? The older they get, the harder it is to get 'em off. Right, Elizabeth?

Now ladies and gentlemen, if there's one thing you know about me, it's that I am an expert on the fairer sex. Now follow me on this. From age 13-18, a woman is like Africa: virgin and unexplored. From age 18-30, she is like Asia: wild and exotic. From age 30-45, she is like the United States: fully developed and free with her resources. From age 45-60, she is like Europe: well-explored, nearly worn out, but still has points of interest. From age 60 on, she is like Australia: everybody knows it's down there, but, nobody really cares.

What do you get when you cross an onion and a donkey? Most of the time you get an onion with really long ears. But every once in a while, you get an ass that'll bring tears to your eyes!

An airliner went through some really violent turbulence. Rough enough that the flight attendants strapped themselves in and many of the passengers were air sick. When they finally got through it and the air calmed, the captain's voice came over the intercom, "Well, folks, that was quite some ride, wasn't it? But we came through it fine, and I'm glad to report it looks like the remainder of our trip will be calm. On behalf of myself and the flight crew, I'd like to thank you very much for your cooperation, and extend our best wishes for a pleasant stay in Boston." Then, wrongly believing he had switched off his microphone, said to his co-pilot, "What a friggin' ride! Man, could I use a strong cup of coffee and a blow job right about now!" As a stricken stewardess dashed up the aisle to inform him his mic was still on, a sweet little old lady called out to her, "Honey! Don't forget his coffee!"

Once when I was in college I ate a hash brownie... but I didn't swallow.

Know my definition of "safe sex?" Anytime Hillary is out of the White House! (PAUSE) Andrew Fairthorne told me that joke! Pretty good, huh?

That FBI file we got on Al Lowe? Honest mistake! I swear. And you know you can trust me....

The Pope dies and, naturally, he goes to heaven. He's met by St. Peter at the Pearly Gates and, after a whirlwind tour, is told that he can enjoy any of the myriad recreations available. He decides he's going to read all the ancient original texts of the Holy Scriptures. After an eon or so to learn the languages, he sits down in the library to pore over every version of The Bible. Suddenly there is a scream in the library. The angels come running, only to find the Pope huddled in a chair, crying to himself, muttering, "'R!' They left out the 'R!'" God takes him aside, offers him comfort and asks him about the problem. The Pope sobs again, "It's the letter 'R'... the word was 'CELEBRATE!'"

The convent is being remodeled and two nuns are assigned the task of painting the library. Mother Superior cautions them not get even a drop of paint on their habits. After discussing this for a while, the two nuns decide to lock the door of the room, strip off their habits, and paint in the nude. In the middle of the project, there comes a knock at the door. "Who is it?" calls one of the nuns. "Blind man," replies a voice from the other side of the door. The two nuns look at each other and shrug, and, deciding that no harm can come from letting a blind man into the room, they open the door. "Nice tits!" says the man. "Where do you want me to put these blinds?"

"Rush Limbaugh is a big fat idiot." Oh, I don't want to talk about the book, I just LOVE that title!

Don'cha just love those Republicans? Bob Woodward writes bad stuff about Nixon and he's a liar. Bob Woodward writes bad stuff about Reagan and he's a liar. Bob Woodward writes bad stuff about me and he's a thoroughly researched journalist!

So what if Hillary consults with the dead?!? What about Nancy?! I say: what about Nancy?!!

The other night, I dreamt I was the Ayatollah Khomeini. Then I woke up and realized Socks was sleepin' on my face.

Is it just me, or does Jimmy Carville sound like a hillbilly in a blender?

Vice President Al Gore had been working lots of late nights with me. Tipper decided to give him something to come home for. She bought a pair of crotchless panties and when Al came walking in, there she was: sprawled across the sofa, with her new purchase clearly displayed. "Don't you want a little of this, honey?" she purred. Al took one look and said, "Not after what it did to those panties!"

A guy dies and finds himself in hell. He's totally depressed. "Sure I may have led a wild life," he thinks, "but I can't believe I was THIS bad. I didn't know it would come to this!" The admissions counselor notices his heavy heart. "What's the matter, young man? You seem depressed." "Well, what do you think? I'm in hell, aren't I?" The counselor replies, "Well, yeah, but it's not so bad. We have a lot of fun here. Do you drink?" "Well, sure. I like to drink." "Well then, you're gonna love Mondays. On Mondays we drink up a storm. Nothing but the finest whiskey, rum, tequila, beer, anything you want and as much as you want. And no hangover 'cause you're already dead! Yeah, you're gonna love Mondays. Do you smoke?" "Well, sure. I like to smoke." "Well then, you're gonna love Tuesdays. On Tuesdays we smoke up a storm. Nothing but the finest cigars, the best cigarettes. And no worries about cancer 'cause you're already dead! Yeah, you're gonna love Tuesdays. Do you do drugs?" "Well, I mighta done a little in college." "Well then, you're gonna love Wednesdays. On Wednesdays we do drugs all day. You can have all you want of any drug you've ever heard of. And no worries about ODing or addiction 'cause you're already dead. Yeah, you're gonna love Wednesdays. Do you gamble?" "Well, sure. I like to gamble." "Well then, you're gonna love Thursdays. On Thursdays we gamble up a storm. All day, all night, Blackjack, craps, poker, slots, horse racing, everything! And you never have to pay your bookie 'cause you're already dead! Yeah, you're gonna love Thursdays. Are you gay?" "Uhh...no." "Oh. Well then, you're gonna hate Fridays...."

One of my secretaries stopped at a bar in Georgetown for a drink. As she waited at the bar, she was startled to hear a bowl of pretzels say, "Lady, you are beautiful!" She was questioning her own sanity when the bowl of peanuts said, "Lady, you not just beautiful, you are gorgeous!" As the bartender returned with her drink, she told him, "Your bowl of pretzels said I'm beautiful. And your peanuts said I'm gorgeous." And the bartender replied, "But, of course. They're complimentary."

I knew this guy (who shall remain nameless) back in Little Rock who called his wife one evening and said, "Honey, I've been invited to spend a week fishing with some of my best customers, but they're leaving right away. Could you pack my clothes, my fishing gear, oh, and don't forget my blue silk pajamas. I'll be home in a few minutes to pick them up." A hour later, he flew in the house, grabbed his stuff and raced off. A week later, he returned. His wife asked, "Have a good week, dear?" "Oh yes, honey. It was great! But you didn't pack my blue silk pajamas." His wife smiles and says, "Oh yes I did. They're in your tackle box!"

When I was in grade school, my teacher played a game. She said, "I'm holding something behind my back that's long and hard and has a pink tip." I quickly raised my hand. "Is it a pencil, teacher?" "No, lil' Billy," she said, "but I like the way you're thinking." So I put my hand in my pants and said, "Teacher, I'm holding something in my pocket that's round and hard and has a head on it." She cried, "That's it! You're going straight to the principal's office, Billy!" "Wow," I said, "it's only a quarter, but I like the way YOU'RE thinking!"

When I was young I wanted to become a priest until I found out what "none" meant!

Why do men have belly buttons? So co-eds have a place to park their gum on the way down.

What did the doctor say to the man who was nervous about being circumcised? Well, it won't be long now.

The room service waiter delivering breakfast was greeted by a beautiful young woman in a see-through nightie. As soon as he closed the door, she pounced on him, ripped off his clothes, and screwed his brains out. Afterwards, when they were dressed, she said, " Oh, here. I almost forgot," as she handed him a dollar. "What's this for?" he asks. "Oh, this morning when I asked my husband 'what should I tip the waiter?' he said, "Screw him. Give him a dollar!"

When we were both in college, Al Gore and I went to Fort Lauderdale for spring break. But when I finally found Al, he was very very sad. "Man, I'm just not gettin' any. What am I doing wrong?" So I told him, "Put a potato in your pants. It gets them every time." The next day, I saw him again. "Having any luck, Al?" "No," he says. "In fact, I'm doing even worse!" So I said, "Al, try putting the potato in the front!"

The young lady was obviously displeased with her new lover's performance. "You must be the world's worst lay," she scolded. "I think not," he replied. "That would be too great a coincidence!"

A young lady answered a personal ad in the paper and arranged a date with a nice-sounding man. At the appointed hour, the doorbell rang. But when she opened the door, she got a surprise: the nice-looking fellow standing there had no arms or legs! "I'm the guy from the ad in the paper." "Yes, but, but," she protested. "Oh, you've probably noticed my physical challenges. But look at it this way. Since I have no arms, I can't hit you. Since I have no legs, I can't run around on you." She considered all this. "Well, perhaps. And you are quite attractive. But. can you satisfy my needs?" she said. "I reached the door bell, didn't I!"

An attractive young mother was having the "birds and bees" lecture with her little girl. "To make a baby, the daddy puts his sperm in the mommy's tummy." "I don't understand," the little girl said. "If the daddy puts his sperm in the mommy's tummy, does that mean the mommy has to swallow the daddy's sperm?" "Well, only if the mommy wants jewelry."

What's the difference between beer nuts and deer nuts? Beer nuts are a dollar a bag but deer nuts are under a buck.

Once a penguin was driving his Cadillac through Arkansas. Cruising through this small town, his car began to knock. So, the penguin pulls his Cadillac into the local garage. The mechanic says, "it'll be a couple of hours before I can check it out." And the penguin replies, "I'll head across the street and check out that grocery store." He immediately heads into the frozen foods section, where he spends the next two hours munching on fish sticks and ice cream bars. After a couple of hours, the penguin heads back to the garage. The mechanic takes one look at him and says, "Looks like you blew a seal." To which the penguin blushes and replies, "Oh, no! That's just vanilla ice cream."

Why don't cannibals eat clowns? They taste funny.

Know how a French woman holds her liquor? By the ears.

What's the difference between Hillary with PMS and a pit bull? High-heels and lipstick.

A male and female whale are swimming off the coast of Japan when they passed under the very whaling ship that killed the male's father five years before. Excited at the chance to exact revenge for his father's death, the male says, "Let's swim right underneath the ship and expel air through our blow holes until we capsize their boat. That ought to make them think twice about killing innocent whales!" The female whale agrees and together they manage to sink the whaler. But their celebration is short-lived when they notice most of the sailors are swimming to shore. "Let's gobble them up!" cries the male. "No way," says the female: "I agreed to the blow job, but there's NO WAY I'm swallowing seamen!"

I had a buddy back in Arkansas who divorced his new wife when he found out she was a virgin! I asked him, "Why'd you do that, Virgil?" And he replied, "Hell, if she ain't good enough for her family, she ain't good enough for me!"

The florist delivered a dozen roses to Kate's office. "Damn," she said to her friend, "Now I'll have to spend the entire week-end with my legs up in the air!" Her friend replied, "What's the matter, honey? Ain' cha got a vase?"

I have such a good memory that I can remember events that occurred before I was born. In

fact, I distinctly remember going to the drive-in with my father and returning home with my mother.

Did you hear they hired a doorman down at the sperm bank? His job is to tell each guy, "Thanks for coming!"

Do you know the difference between light and hard? Personally, I can sleep with a light on.

Here's a hypothetical for you: if you came across Newt Gingrich drowning in the middle of a raging river and you had a choice between rescuing him or getting a Pulitzer Prize-winning photograph, what shutter speed would you use?

One night last week, I needed some inspiration, so I decided to take a long walk. Passing the Washington Monument, I prayed to the spirit of President Washington, "George, you were our country's first great leader. Everyone trusted you. How can I gain the people's trust?" And I swear I heard the voice of President Washington say, "Never tell a lie." I thought this over as I walked on. Passing the Jefferson Memorial, I prayed to the spirit of Thomas Jefferson, "Tom, you established the basis for our entire legal system. You were a very popular President. How can I improve my popularity?" And I swear I heard the voice of President Jefferson say, "Never raise taxes." I winced a little but I kept on walking. Passing the Lincoln Memorial, I was getting desperate, so I prayed to the spirit of President Lincoln, "Abe, you were a man of great integrity. You abolished slavery, and in so doing, helped free all Americans from an uncivilized institution. Abe, how can I set our people free today?" And you know what that danged Lincoln said? "Go see a play."

What does George Bush have in common with Jennifer Flowers? They were both upset when I finished first!

Hillary bounced into the Oval Office today. "Why are you so happy?" I asked her. "Oh, I just came back from Bethesda Naval Hospital and my annual physical," she replied. "The doctor said I had the breasts of a 25-year-old!" I asked her, "What did he say about your 50-year-old ass?" "Oh, your name didn't come up!"

Chelsea, my lovely daughter, was out walking with a couple of her girl friends when they spotted Newt Gingrich about to be run over by a car! They quickly pulled him out of the way onto the curb. "You saved my life, ladies," said Newt. "As Speaker of the House, I'm a very powerful man here in Washington. What could I do to repay you?" The first girl says, "I want to go to Georgetown." Newt replies, "I'll take care of it for you." The second girl says, "I want to go to West Point." Newt says, "No problem. I'll take care of it for you." He turned to Chelsea. "And what can I do for you, Chelsea Clinton?" She says, "I want to be buried in Arlington National Cemetery." Newt says, "That's an odd request for such a young woman!" "Maybe so, but when my Daddy finds out I saved your life, he's gonna kill me!"

One night, in the middle of nowhere, a traveling salesman's car breaks down, right by a farmer's house. The salesman knocks on the farmer's door, the farmer answers and says, "Sure you can spend the night here, but you have to sleep with my 19-year-old son. But only if you promise not to..." "Wait. Never mind," interrupts the salesman as he starts back to his car, "I'm in the wrong joke."

Newt Gingrich and I were discussing family values. Newt said, "I never slept with my wife before we were married. Did you?" And I replied, "I don't know, Newt. What was her maiden name?"

What do a hurricane and a marriage gone bad have in common? They both start off with a lot of sucking and blowing, but in the end, somebody loses a house.

Did you hear about the scientists that discovered the million year old bacteria inside that meteorite from Mars? It's great to know that SOMEwhere there's a life form older than Bob Dole.

Some of the women in Arkansas are so fast, I had to put a governor on them.

Two nuns were bicycling down a cobblestone street when the first one said, "Sister Catherine, I don't believe we've ever come this way before." And Sister Catherine replied, "Must be these cobblestones!"

Well, it seems a woman walked into the pro shop at a country club with tears streaming down her face. The Golf Pro said, "Oh, my God! Lady, what happened?!" She replied, "I got stung by a bee!" The Golf Pro said, "I'm so sorry. Where did it happen?" She replied, "Between the first

and second holes!" To which the Golf Pro answered, "Oh, that's your problem! Your stance is too wide."

You know, I've been in love with the same woman for over 20 years; and if Hillary ever finds out, she'll kill me!

You know the worst three words you can hear while making love? "Honey, I'm home!"

You know the difference between a liberal and a puppy? The puppy stops whining once it grows up.

Why was Ross Perot's wife glad he didn't get elected? Cause if he won, she'd have had to move to a smaller house in a bad neighborhood.

You know why Arkansas only holds driver's training classes three days a week? The other two days they use the cars for sex education.

You know Paula Jones' favorite game? Swallow the leader.

You know why we didn't stage a White House Christmas pageant last year? Couldn't find three wise men OR a virgin!

Hillary and I were at the opening game of baseball season. A Secret Service agent whispered something in my ear. I looked at him funny, but figured, "well, okay; he works for the Secret Service." So I grabbed Hillary by her belt and the scruff of her neck, and tossed her over the seats and out onto the playing field. The Secret Service agent looked shocked and whispered to me again. I looked at him sheepishly and said, "Oh. first PITCH!"

Other than me, you know the best thing that ever came out of Arkansas? Interstate 55.

The Senate held a spelling bee and the finalists were Dan Quayle, Ted Kennedy, and Bob Packwood. You know who won? Dan Quayle. Yep, he was the only one who knew that "harass" was one word.

What's the difference between a porcupine and a limosine filled with lawyers? On the porcupine, all the pricks are on the outside!

Rush Limbaugh and Janet Reno found themselves alone on an elevator. Janet grabbed the STOP button and pulled it out, stranding the pair between floors. She stripped off her clothes, threw them on the floor, and ordered, "Rush, make me feel like a real woman!" So Rush took off HIS clothes, threw them on the floor, and ordered, "Iron and fold these!"

You know why Al Gore abolished coffee breaks for civil servants? Took too long to retrain them!

The Secret Service got a real scare the other day when somebody threw a can of beer at me. Fortunately, it was a draft, so I dodged it!

I'd like to state categorically that there's absolutely no truth at all to the vicious rumor going around that at my inauguration I had the Marine Band play "Inhale To The Chief!"

Didja hear about the blind prostitute? Ya gotta hand it to her!

You know how Las Vegas is different from Washington, D.C.? In Vegas, the drunks gamble with their own money!

A man walks into a doctor's office. (DEEP VOICE) "Doc. Ya gotta help me. Do something about my voice." (NORMAL) "Why, certainly, sir. Take off all your clothes and hop up here on the examination table..." (BEAT) "Whoa! Never mind. I can see exactly what your problem is. You suffer from Penile Elongation." (DEEP VOICE) "Is it serious?" (NORMAL) "Oh, it's a simple operation. We'll just shorten you a foot or so. You'll still have plenty left to live a full, rewarding life." And so he did. About three months later the same guy returned. "Doc, remember that operation you did? I kinda miss... uh, the way I used to be. How about sewing part of that back on?" To which the doctor replied, (DEEP VOICE) "No way. A deal's a deal!"

What's the difference between a tribe of wily pigmies and a girls' track team? Well, one's a bunch of cunning runts....

These two explorers were on safari out in the jungle and they got captured by a tribe of natives, who dragged them back to their village and tied them up to a stake. The chief of the tribe came up to one of them, looked him in the eye, face to face and said, "I give you a choice: death or Ki-ki." The explorer looked around and said, "I'll take Ki-ki." And the chief said, "Okay. Ki-ki."

They untied him and threw him down on the ground. All the men in the tribe had sex with him, and they beat him to a bloody mess with spiked clubs. The chief went up to the other explorer, looked him in the eye and said, "I give you a choice: death or Ki-ki." And the other fellow said, "Well, are you kidding? I'll take death!" And the chief replied, "Okay. Death! ...But first: Ki-ki!"

Two brothers worked on a farm. Driving home from the big city, their truck broke down. They went to the nearby farmhouse and knocked on the front door. The farmer said, "What can I do for you?" The brothers said, "Our truck broke down and it's too dark to try to fix it. We were wondering if you had a place where we could spend the night." The farmer said, "The only room I have is my daughter's bedroom. I suppose you could sleep on the floor. But no hanky-panky or monkey business in there!" The two brothers agreed. "We're gentlemen. We just want to sleep. We'll be out of here when the sun rises." So, they're in the daughter's bedroom trying to go to sleep, when the daughter, who was in the full flower of her girlhood, taps one of the brothers on the shoulder and says, "Hey! Would you like to 'roll in the sack' with me?" The brother says, "Yeah, well, sure. Why not?" The daughter says, "Now, you wouldn't want to catch anything, and I wouldn't want to get pregnant, so I want you to wear this." She hands him a condom. He puts it on, jumps in the sack, and has a "roll in the hay" with the lovely daughter. When they're finished, the daughter taps the other brother on the shoulder and says, "Your turn, good looking. But you don't want to catch anything, and I don't want to get pregnant, so wear this." She hands him a condom, he puts it on, jumps in the sack, they "roll in the hay," he gets back down on the floor and goes to sleep. Early the next morning, they fix their truck and they're on their way. A couple weeks later, the one brother says, "Hey! You remember that farmer's daughter a couple weeks ago?" The other one says, "Boy, do I!" And the other one says, "Do you really care if she gets pregnant or not?" And the other one says, "Well, no, not really." "Well, then. Let's take these damn things off!"

He looks amazing life-like, if you can convince yourself latex and stainless steel are life-like. You're trying to talk to a robot?

If you need help, press F1.

Leisure Suit Larry in "Love For Sail!" is an "Up and Coming" Production.

Version

An error occurred while trying to restore a game. The game may have been saved with a different version of the interpreter or the game file may be corrupted on your disk. Please quit the game and try a different save game or start a new game.

Cleaner
Close
Continue
Default
Dirtier
Next
Oops
Previous
Yes
Cancel
Continue

Call Sierra's friendly customer service department.

USA
Voice: 206 644-4343
Fax: 206 644-7697

UK
Voice: 0118 920-9111
Fax: 0118 987-5603

France
Voice: 01 46-01-4650
Fax: 01 46-30-0065

Germany
Voice: +49 0-6103-99-4040
Fax: +49 0-6103-99-4035

You've placed a bitmap of yourself and/or recorded lines in the game directory. We're about to read them into memory to test them. If the game crashes, or you see any error messages, please re-read the BEASTAR file and make sure your files are in the proper format. 1.bmp should be a 256-color Windows RGB uncompressed bitmap, about 325x325 pixels. The wave files (1-12) should be PCM (uncompressed) format, and no greater than 16 bit, 22kHz, mono. Please press enter to continue.

An error occurred reading "%s". Please make sure it is a Windows RGB bitmap, uncompressed, 8-bit (256 color), about 325x325 pixels.

There were no errors found. Thank you for using CyberTest 2000. Enjoy the game!

There were errors found with the user-supplied files. The game will not be able to use them until the errors are corrected.

Now reading file "%s."

Skip

The wave file "%s" is missing. This will not cause a problem, but you won't hear your voice reading this line.

Default

Audio Mixer

Dialogue

Music

Sound Effects

Reset

LARRY (SOUND CHECK) Test. Test. Is this on? Hello. (TAP MIKE 3X)

Walking Speed

Yeah, Baby!

Congratulations! You've found %d of %d possible. Keep poking around!

Where's Dildo\05?

Current filth setting:

Filthy.

(Not yet implemented.)

Very

Extremely

Super

Extra

Ultra

Exceptionally

Mondo

Incredibly

Mighty

Fully

Quite

Entirely
Utterly
Without Reservation
Wholly
Completely
Thoroughly
Widely
Extensively
Universally
Globally

Confused? Lost? Wondering what to do? Wandering about? No purpose in life? Don't worry! Here's your short course in "Adventure Gaming 101."

Move your cursor near the upper-left corner of the screen. (If the game doesn't fill your screen, position it just inside the upper-left corner of the window.) We've hidden a menu bar there. It works just like your other software. Try everything, at least once.

Next, carefully maneuver your cursor all over the game. When the cursor unrolls, it's telling you it's over something important. Click the mouse. A menu will appear.

Select the action you want to take against that on-screen object. "Use..." lets you to use items from your Inventory on that on-screen object. "Other..." allows you to type in actions that aren't listed on the menu.

Click while the cursor is NOT "highlighted" and you'll walk to where you clicked, or as close to it as you can.

Click while your cursor looks like an arrow and you'll walk somewhere not presently visible.

Click while the cursor is a bent-over arrow and you'll return to the previous scene.

The cursor that looks like a ship takes you to the ship's Map. Once there, you can move nearly anywhere on the ship.

Click on everything, especially characters you meet. Listen carefully to what they say. Their topics change color when you hear them. You never have to listen to them again, unless you want to. They won't change, unless the topic reverts back to its original color.

Sometimes you will click on objects that offer you a chance to "Take" them. Doing so adds them to your "Inventory." You may use these Inventory items by clicking an on-screen object. When its menu appears, move your cursor down to "Use...", then slide it over and down the list of your Inventory objects.

The right mouse button hides a handy "Shortcut" menu, listing a variety of commonly-used game commands. All these commands are also available from the pull-down "Game" menu.

If you're having trouble with specific puzzles, you can always get a hint. Select "Hints" under the "Help" menu for more information.

Adventure Gaming 101

See the documentation that came with this game for a complete description of the many ways Hints are available for this game.

Of course, Al Lowe recommends you pick up a copy of the "Leisure Suit Larry 7: Love For Sail!" hint book, available at sleazier software stores everywhere.

It contains a complete list of every point possible, every hidden location, even tips on finding a few "last minute" secrets we slipped in without Sierra finding out about it!

Do this to view a map of the ship... if you ever get to the ship!

File
Game
Help
New|^N
Open|^O
Save|^S
Quit|^Q

Map|^M
Audio Mixer|^A
Walking Speed|+/-
Inventory|^I
Score|^P
Closed Captioning|^T
Increase Filth Level|^F
Decrease Filth Level|^D
Boss is Coming!|^B
Ship Stabilizer|^H
Title Bar
Help|F1
ToolTips
Hints
Customer Service
About...
The ship's stabilizers are now ON.
The ship's stabilizers are now OFF.
The wallpaper file "%s" has changed. Assuming you have your wallpaper set to that file, the wallpaper will change next time you restart your machine. The new BMP has also been saved as "%s," in the game directory.

Next
OK
Oops
The game is paused.
Previous
Quit
Do you really want to quit?
 LARRY Don't leave me like THIS!
Quit now? When you only have %d out of the 1,000 points available?
Do you really want to start all over again from the very beginning?
Yes
Inventory
Map
Save
The Boss!
Score
Shortcuts
Close Map
Close Inventory
Your score is only %d out of the 1,000 points available.
Score
Now leaving the Sixties...
You've found psychedelic mode.
 LARRY Whoa, man! It must be that cheap acid I tried back in the 60's!
There's already a Talk menu displayed. Use it instead.
Closed captioning is now OFF.
Closed captioning is now ON.
ToolTips are off.
ToolTips are on.
That's as many games as you can save in one directory. Delete a game before saving another.
 Besides, you can't "die" in this game, and we automatically save your position when you

quit, so you don't need so many games after all.

The next time you play the game, you will NOT see a Tip of the Day.

The next time you play the game, you will see a Tip of the Day.

What do you want to discuss with %s?

Type a topic:

Type a topic to discuss with "%s?"

Talk about

This character doesn't understand that topic. Since you're new to this game, here's some tips about typing topics.

Just type one- or two-word topics.

Characters have no outside knowledge. All they know is the game universe. So ask them about things in the game.

Think like a Larry. What would Larry want to talk about (other than the obvious).

Discuss things you've heard other characters mention. Ask about problems you're having.

But don't type extra words, such as "ask about" or "talk about." Try single words like "sex," "name," etc.

What do you want to do to "%s?"

Type a verb:

What do you want to do? Type a verb.

the "%s."

The game doesn't understand that verb. Since you're new to this game, here's some tips about typing in verbs.

If the game says it doesn't understand a verb, it means it. And it never will understand that verb, so you don't need to try it again. BUT, if it does understand the verb, that word may be needed somewhere else.

Try to type just one word, although we do recognize a few two-word combinations. Typing nouns does no good. You clicked on the noun first, remember?

Think like Larry. Larry can do everything he needs to do to finish the game. He can also do a few things, just because they're fun!

The game doesn't understand that verb.

Credits

Designer, Writer, Director

Al Lowe

Producer, Sound Effects

and Additional Music

Mark Seibert

Ass't. Designer and Writer,

Programmer

Don Munsil

Animation Director

Jason Zayas

Lead Programmer

Steve Conrad

Programmer

Mark Martino

Background Design

Jason Piel

Lead Background Artist

Layne Gifford

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Animator	Al Eufrazio
Art Technician	Bob Munsil
Art Technician	Bryan Wilkinson
Quality Assurance Lead	Jennifer Gibbs
Sound Effects and	Additional Music
	Ben Houge
Voice Director	Al Lowe
Voice Casting	Al Lowe, Don Munsil
Voice Auditions	The Voicecaster
Voice Recording	Hollywood Recording Services
Voice Recording Engineer	Mike Hanley
DREAMS Software Specialist	David Henry
Background Photographer	Al Lowe
Best Boy's Ass't. Hairdresser	Dale Christensen
Leisure Suit Larry	theme composed by Al Lowe
Music composed and	arranged by Frank Zottoli
Original music performed by	Frank Zottoli, Piano Kim Hutchcroft, Woodwinds Tom Warrington, Bass Claudio Slon, Drums Mark Seibert, Guitar, Synths, Perc. Al Lowe, Soprano Saxophone Steve Conrad, Trombone
Original music recorded at	Chick Corea's Mad Hatter studios
Music engineered and mixed by	Jeff Hall at Maximus Studios
Configuration Testing by	Michael Brosius and the entire Sierra Oakhurst Quality Assurance Team

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Eric Twelker
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Special Thanks To:

Scott Lynch
Jerry Bowerman
Mike Brochu
Bob Davidson
Ken Williams
Walter Forbes

Special Thanks To:

Zippy the Inflatable Wonder Llama
The World Famous Talking Bear
...and all the moms, dads,
husbands, wives, girl friends,
boy friends & significant others
without whom this game would
have been done months earlier.

Animation Credits, for Animotion

Supervising Animators
David Hicoock & Larry Royer

Key Animation

David Hicoock
Larry Royer
John Bloom
Bill Davis
Marcus R. Gregory
Fran Krause

Paint Coordinator

Jennifer Robin

Computer Ink & Paint

Jennifer Darsney
Marcus R. Gregory

	Fran Krause W. Aric Miller Jennifer Robin Peter Wynn
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Project Coordinator	Susan McGirr
Production Assistant	Danijel Tomicic
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Animators	Jurica Saravanja Damir Semenov Zvonimir Cuk Ivica Horvat Kristian Dulic Zeljko Bracic
Digital Ink & Paint,	Computer Artist Lead Peggy Skrlec
Digital Ink & Paint,	Computer Artists Sasa Zec Snjezana Lisica Peggy Skrlec Darko Dukaric Ivana Baric
Scanner	Snjezana Lisica
The Cast	Leisure Suit Larry - Jan Rabson Narrator - Neil Ross Dewmi Moore - Sheryl Bernstein

Drew Baringmore - Mary Kay Bergman
Annette Boning - Tasia Valenza
Victorian Principles - Jennifer Darling
Jamie Lee Coitus - Mary Kay Bergman
Nailmi Jugg - Kathy Levin
Wydoncha Jugg - Mary Kay Bergman
Peggy - Herself
Captain Thygh - Sheryl Bernstein
Shamara - Julie Amato
Peter - Scott Bullock
Johnson - Kevin Richardson
Dick - Scott Bullock
Jacques - Michael Golff
Wang - Scott Bullock
Willy - Michael Golff
Mr. Boning - Neil Ross
Xqwzts - Michael Golff
Judge Graham - Kevin Richardson
Judge Julia - Sheryl Bernstein
Judge Paul - Kevin Richardson
Rod - Neil Ross
Female Ship's Announcer - Tasia Valenza
Male Ship's Announcer - Neil Ross

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published by: Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp. - BMI;

Second Decade Music Co. - BMI; WB Music Corp. - ASCAP

"Get Down On It"

written by: Bell, Bell, Taylor, Brown, Smith, Mickens, and

Deodato

published by: Warner-Tamerlane Publishing Corp. - BMI;

Second Decade Music Co. - BMI; WB Music Corp. - ASCAP

"Inna Gadda Da Vidda"

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Vocabulary/Code

1	Look
3	Use
4	Talk Speak Converse
5	Feel Touch Stroke
7	Lick Taste
8	Take Steal Nab Grab
10	Screw Hump Fuck Pork Bone Nail Bed Copulate Mate Mount Make love
11	Fart Toot Cut one Drop a bomb Break wind Poot
12	Other... Other
60	Throw Toss
61	Open
62	Turn on
63	Unplug
64	Break Smash Shatter Bust Demolish Hit
67	Drink
68	Name
71	Smell Sniff Whiff Inhale
76	Burp Belch
77	Whiz Piss Urinate Wee Tinkle Piddle Micturate Pee
78	Stomp on
79	Play
80	Grope Fondle
81	Climb
82	Unlock
83	Undress Disrobe Strip Get naked
87	Blow
88	Suck
89	Tongue
90	Kiss Smooch Buss Osculate
91	Nibble Nibble on
92	Eat Slurp Chew Swallow
93	Shit Crap Dump Mount the throne Lay cable Poop Excrete Defecate Take a shit Take a crap Pinch a loaf Pinch one
94	Sit Sit Down
95	Lie Lie down Lay Lay down Sleep Rest
97	Read
117	Turn off
123	Climb in
135	Bend Twist
139	Masturbate Whack off Jack off Jerk off Beat off Diddle Slam the pony Slap the salami
143	Dream
144	Bowl
146	Operate Use
148	Heave Vomit Hurl Puke blow chunks Upchuck Barf Ralph Spew
152	Move
154	Stop
159	Pet
160	Push Shove

186 Dial
187 Redial
189 Unscrew
201 Remove jacket
206 Flush
207 Get up Rise Stand
208 Sneeze
214 Wipe
220 Turn
221 Listen
222 Knock
229 Close
230 Look over Look down
231 Unzip
232 Swap Trade Replace
234 Milk
249 Call
253 Pick Pick out Select

Conversation Topic Code:

2 Writing
15 Captain Thygh; Captain; Thygh; Thigh
66 Sex Fatigue; Fatigue
70 Huh?
75 The weather
84 LoveMaster 2000\05; LuvMaster; Love master; lovem
85 Sex; hump; fuck; bone; make love
86 Goodbye; farewell; so long; see you around; bye
96 Shipboard Competitions; Competition; TMT; Contest; trophy
99 Peter the Purser; Purser; Peter
102 Job
103 Glasses
104 Dewey Decimal System; Dewie Decimal System
105 Good books
106 Check out; checkout
107 Pile of books
108 Go to bed
109 Best Dressed; Dressed
110 Screw
111 Prove it
112 Other...; Another Topic...; Another Action...
113 Date
114 Al Lowe; Lowe; Al
115 Ken Williams; Williams; Ken
116 Modeling
118 Photographs; Photos; Pictures; Filthy pictures; Filthy photo; Dirty pictures; Dirty photo; Porn
119 Sierra
120 Bowling
121 Photo ID; ID
122 Passport

124 Suitcase
125 CodMaster 2000\05
126 Your book
127 Anton Fokker
128 Your book; book
129 Shipboard life
130 Reading
131 Entertainment
132 Peggy; deckhand
133 My cabin
134 Locker
136 Complain about room
140 Spotlights; Spotlight
141 How?
142 Where's Dildo?; Dildo; Where Dildo
145 Lime juice; Lime; Juice
147 Kumquats; cumquat; comequat; kumquat
149 Your accent
150 Your name; name
151 Where's my cabin?
153 Bolts of polyester; Polyester
156 Calvin Klone; Kalvin; Klone; Clone; Calvin
157 Hot Tub; Spa; Jacuzzi; Jacuzi
158 Insurance
162 Excited
163 Free ticket
164 Ennui; on wee
165 But I won!; I won
166 Life
167 Xqwzts; X
168 Xqwzts's hobby
169 Xqwzts's needs
170 Xqwzts's wants
171 Cabin boy
173 Combination; combo
174 Peg leg; Leg; Wooden Leg; Pegleg
176 Clothing; clothes
177 Fokker; foker; Focker; Anton
179 Drink
180 Anton's Fame
181 My place?
182 Annette Boning; Annette; Boning
184 My account
185 Telephone
188 Drew Baringmore; Drew Barrymore; Baringmore; Barrymore; Drew
190 Buy pictures
191 Leisure suits; Leisure; Liesure
192 Distressed
193 Music
194 Show
195 Heat
196 Daughter

197 Big 'Uns
198 Women; Babes; Girls; Chicks
199 Troubles
200 Bourbon
202 Records
203 Cruise
204 Old Mr. Boning
205 Homosexuality
209 Breasts; Jugs; Juggs; Hooters; Bazongas; tits; boobs; Melons; Gazongas
210 Old man
211 Prank
215 Codpieces; swimsuits; trunks; swim trunks; swimtrunks
217 Over exposure; Overexposure
218 Swearing
219 Travel
223 Paper wads
224 Models
225 Ticket
226 An Idea
227 Spandex
228 Persons Magazine; Persons; Magazine
233 Fashion
235 Joystick
236 Gigantic Erection; gigantic; erection; giant
237 A Cocktail; cocktail
238 Lamp
239 Sweatshops
240 Your collection; collection
241 Fabrics; cloth
242 Where's home?
243 The Internet
244 Gambling
245 Strip Dice
246 Strategy
247 Pick up line; Pick up; pickup
250 You can't?
251 Unless
252 Lonely
254 Break room; break; Employee

Use inventory item code:

13 use Vice Grips
14 use needle
16 use TMT scorecard
17 use keycard
18 use photograph
19 use mucilage
20 use sticky photos
21 use photo ID
22 use passport
23 use custodial key

24 use suitcase
25 use codmaster 2000
26 use Pride book
27 use book jacket
28 use Hercules book
29 use Hercules book in Pride jacket
30 use hose
31 use silicone lubricant
32 use deodorant
33 use heat lamp bulb
34 use chase lights
35 use remote control
36 use horseshoe
37 use toilet paper
38 use souvenir dice
39 use shaved dice
40 use legal dice
41 use pot
42 use salt
43 use beaver milk
44 use mold
45 use lime juice
46 use beaver cheese
47 use kumquats
48 use kumquat quiche
49 use orgasmic powder
50 use screwdriver
51 use jumper cable
52 use knife
53 use polyester cloth
54 use KZ
55 use handkerchief
56 use treated handkerchief
57 use bowling ball
58 use life insurance policy
59 use stock certificate
65 use bent needle

peakers:

1 Larry
2 Dewmi
3 Thygh
4 Shamara
5 Larry thinks
6 Jamie Lee
7 Wang
8 Vicky
9 Drew
10 Wydoncha
11 Nailme
12 Peggy
13 Boning

15 Xqwzts
16 Peter
17 Swedish Chief
18 gorilla, man who announces Willy, Johnson
19 last week's winner/you if you do that Be A Star thing
20 Jacques thinks
21 female announcer
22 male announcer
23 Annette Bening
24 nun / old woman / little girl
25 waitress
26 Dapper Men
27 Jacques the croupier
28 Julia
29 Graham
30 Paul
32 Annette thinks
33 a man
34 crowd
35 Robo Willy
36 Rod
37 Jamie thinks
39 Dewmi thinks

BONUS!

Congratulations! Your reward for making it all the way through is these lines I couldn't include elsewhere:

DEWMI Who is it?

LARRY (MUFFLED THROUGHOUT, AS THOUGH SPEAKING THROUGH A DOOR) It's me,
Dewmi.

DEWMI That can't be. I'M Dewmi!

LARRY (SHAKE HEAD) It is I, Larry Laffer.

DEWMI Oh. Why didn't you say so? Did you bring money?

LARRY No.

DEWMI Goodbye.

DEWMI Who is it?

LARRY (MUFFLED; THROUGH DOOR) It's me. Larry. Larry Laffer. Remember?

DEWMI Sure. You still broke?

LARRY No, baby. I'm loaded and ready for love.

DEWMI I'll fix that! Come on in.