



# Beach Bunnies in Chains





# Beach Bunnies in Chains

Written by David Hines & Jeff Hause  
Story by Marvin Jones & Hugh Harrison

Second Draft: Hines & Hause, Bartel  
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**EDWARD R.  
PRESSMAN**  
PRODUCTIONS

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Edward R. Pressman Productions, Inc.  
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Burbank, CA 91522

"BEACH BUNNIES IN CHAINS"

EXT. BEACH - MORNING

A couple (MOTHER and FATHER) in their mid-twenties lay on the beach, tanning themselves in the warm August sun. Their LITTLE BOY plays in the sand beside them. The Little Boy puts down his toy shovel and looks up at his mother.

LITTLE BOY

Mom?

His Mother answers without looking up.

MOTHER

Yes?

LITTLE BOY

I have to go to the bathroom.

MOTHER

So? Go in the water.

LITTLE BOY

In the water?

MOTHER

(nods head 'yes')

Uh-huh...

The Little Boy stands slowly and starts uncertainly toward the water. He walks to the water's edge.

EXT. BEACH - ANGLE ON THE PARENTS

They lay, eyes closed, on their towels.

MOTHER

He's getting to be a big boy now.

FATHER

Yes, a big boy.

Father looks down toward the water.

EXT. BEACH - FATHER'S POV

We see the Little Boy from behind as he stands in the water, his swim trunks down around his ankles.

EXT. BEACH - ANGLE ON THE PARENTS

as the Father lets out a yell, jumps up and runs toward the water. Mother looks up, surprised.

EXT. BEACH - WIDE ANGLE

The Father runs up to his son.  
He quickly pulls the Little Boy's trunks back on, all the while glancing around with an embarrassed look on his face. The father then leads the son back to the beach.

Just then, a man with a huge cassette-radio plugged into a battery pack on his belt runs into the water -- where he is electrocuted with a loud 'ZAP' by the radio.

The haunting 'Love Theme from Beach Bunnies in Chains' starts on the soundtrack.

The TITLES ROLL.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK

We see a group of colorfully dressed roller-skaters boogie on down the boardwalk.  
Followed by a brightly-dressed couple swinging around in wheelchairs.

CUT TO:

EXT. VOLLEYBALL COURT

A volleyball game is starting up.  
On one side of the net stand a group of tall musclemen-types.  
On the other side of the net stand a group of weak, sickbed-types.  
The sickbed team serves the ball.  
The Musclemen set it up to their tallest teammate, who spikes it hard over the net.  
It isn't returned.  
The Musclemen jump around happily, slapping each other ever-so-athletically on the rear.  
We PULL BACK to reveal a small man on the sickbed team laying in the sand, the volleyball embedded in his stomach.  
His teammates cower over to one side, in obvious fear of the opposing team.

CUT TO:

EXT. PIER

A line of old men sit fishing off the side of the pier.  
 A group of teenage boys run up.  
 The first boy dives from the edge of the pier into the water.  
 The second boy jumps from the pier.  
 The third boy dives.  
 A beat.  
 Suddenly the old men's fishing poles all flex downward.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH

A group of kids toss around a large inflatable beach ball.  
 A few yards away a woman wearing a pointy-breasted bikini  
 sunbathes.  
 The ball gets away from the kids and arcs toward the woman.  
 It hits her squarely on the chest --  
 and pops.

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE CREAM STAND

A couple of girls in scanty bikinis stand in front of the ice  
 cream stand.  
 The VENDER scoops out a cone for SUSIE MARTIN, a pretty  
 blonde, and her friend, JANET PIERCE.  
 He holds the cone out to her.

VENDER

That O.K.?

SUSIE

Could you put a little more sand on  
 it?

The Vender reaches back, scoops some sand out of a container  
 and sprinkles it on the cone.  
 Hands it to Susie.

VENDER

There ya go.

SUSIE

Thanks.

The two girls move off toward the beach.

CUT TO:

"BEACH BUNNIES IN CHAINS"

\*

FADE IN --

EXT. ON THE SAND - DAY

Midday. Hot. The heat shimmers off the sand in waves, distorting the mind of anyone foolish enough to travel this wasteland. Two men, parched and burned for days, possibly weeks, under the killer sun stumble into view. They are soldiers. American. Dressed in the gear of World War II infantrymen on duty in North Africa. They travel in silence, sweat forming rivers on their bodies, slowly draining away their lives.

After a moment they stop, slumping to the sand in mute exhaustion. One of the soldiers, a CAPTAIN, takes his canteen in hand. Hesitating a moment, he finally tilts back his head, emptying the last mouthful of blood warm water into his rapidly dehydrating body. Precious drops run down his chin, mingling with his sweat. He grimaces. Flings the canteen away in frustration.

CAPTAIN  
(angrily)  
We're dead men.

The other soldier, a SERGEANT, looks up wearily. Though drained by the ordeal his voice is remarkably firm.

SERGEANT  
No.

The Captain looks up, hatred flashing in his eyes. There is an ugly, sarcastic tone to his voice.

CAPTAIN  
What do you mean 'no'? We've been stumbling around this god forsaken hellhole for --  
(squints up at the sun)  
-- who knows how long. We're dying. We're out of food, out of water...out of time.

SERGEANT  
You can't think like that. We gotta keep moving. Our salvation could be waiting just over the next hill.

The Captain stares at the Sergeant a long moment. There is a softening in his expression. He looks to the next rise in the sand. Speaks quietly, almost to himself. Wanting to believe. \*

CAPTAIN

Over the next hill...

The Sergeant seizes the opportunity. He stands. Moves to the Captain, helping the officer to his shaky feet.

SERGEANT

Yes, over that hill. Over the next hill waits our salvation!

The two fatigued soldiers stumble in the direction of the closest sand dune. They grasp onto each other for support as they move faster and faster to the top of the dune. The only thing keeping them up being the dim hope of some obscure 'salvation' waiting for them on the other side.

Finally, matted with sand and choked by dust, the troopers reach the top of the dune. They sink to their knees, all energy spent by the climb up the sandy slope. The Sergeant scans the horizon for any sign of life.

CUT TO:

EXT. SERGEANT'S POV

Through the waves of heat radiating off the sand we see what appears to be a large group of people in the distance. Even more peculiar, they seem to be -- dancing.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SERGEANT

looks out across the sand. He seems confused.

SERGEANT

What the hell --

A voice cuts sharply through the air. It is harsh and angry.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Cut!

We PULL BACK to show a small man with a cheesy toupee and equally cheesy personality move toward the 'soldiers'.

Behind him, a small group of technicians stand around a 35mm movie camera, the Pacific Ocean can be seen breaking against the shoreline in the b.g. The two actors brush themselves off as the DIRECTOR approaches. The atmosphere is tense. \*

DIRECTOR (CONT'D)

What is it now, Lyle? I'd like to get this shot before Judgement Day, y'know.

The Sergeant points accusingly in the direction of the group of people dancing on the sand. He speaks in the voice of a spoiled child, not at all the gruff, manly soldier.

SERGEANT

(whining)

Who are those people? They're not supposed to be here!

The director turns, peering out over the glare in the sand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DIRECTOR'S POV

Through heat distortion we see a group of people, still dancing, in the distance.

DIRECTOR (O.S.)

Who are those guys?

CUT TO:

EXT. CLOSE-UP

on a woman's chest. Her breasts jiggle madly as she dances, concealed by the thinnest of t-shirts bearing the silk-screened inscription, 'THE GANG'.

The girl moves away to reveal 'The Gang' -- a group of teenagers who have given up their nice, middle-class lifestyles (but not their nice, middle-class allowances) to literally live on the beach. The kids all run and jump around, throwing frisbees and footballs, eating and drinking to excess, and playing loud rock music over portable radios. They dance with an energy and intensity reserved almost exclusively for the very young and mentally ill.

CUT TO:



EXT. VARIOUS ANGLES - MONTAGE

\*

As The Gang frolic we are treated to a quick montage of their activities. We see:

A. Five or six kids sit in a grounded rubber raft, playfully paddling in the sand and laughing like loons.

B. A dachshund sits on a blanket wearing a 'Gang' t-shirt.

C. A young man (HOPPITY JONES) does a series of backflips into the water.

D. A kid tosses a frisbee to his girlfriend, who runs and catches it with her teeth.

E. A young man with a guitar (BIFF SASWAY) leads a line of kids skipping and singing along the beach.

F. A tanned, beautiful couple sit on a beach towel spreading suntan lotion on one another. On the towel next to them sits a pale, acne-ridden couple smearing Clearasil on one another.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE DIRECTOR AND SOLDIERS

on the sand dune. The Director peers at The Gang through a pair of binoculars. He lowers them.

DIRECTOR

Looks like someone's shooting a soft drink commercial...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GANG

continue their frisky antics. with trusty guitar in hand, Biff calls out to his friends.

BIFF

Alright -- everyone in their places for the big dance number!

With a loud, glass-shattering squeal, the kids in the dance number jump up. They run, giggling and screeching, to their places. Biff turns to the CAMERA. Smiles.

BIFF (CONT'D)

Isn't youthful enthusiasm  
disgusting?

\*

CUT TO:

EXT. A YOUNG MAN

wearing flashy, flammable western clothing moves uncomfortably along the beach. He is GREGORY ASHBROOK, the richest kid in this movie. The youngest and snottiest member of an oil-rich Texan family, Ashbrook has decided to make an attempt, however feeble, to mingle with The Gang. Spotting a busty girl with great mingling potential, Ashbrook sidles up to her. Uses his smoothest line.

ASHBROOK

Hey babe, how'd you like to take a  
trip to the moon on gossamer wings?

The BUSTY GIRL looks him over.

BUSTY GIRL

Anything'd be better than being  
with you.

Ashbrook's face drops a mile.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWO GIRLS

sit on beach towels, talking and enjoying the day. They are oblivious to anything going on around them as they concentrate on painting their toenails, cotton balls stuck between their toes to prevent smearing. One of the girls, SUSIE MARTIN, is an attractive blonde who looks as though she was created specifically to sit on the beach and give pubescent boys enough fantasies and complexes to get them comfortably through middle-age.

Her friend is JANET PIERCE, a brunette with skin the consistency of rawhide from a summer of falling asleep while sunbathing. Though not unattractive, Janet is clearly not the queen-of-the-beach that Susie is. But don't tell her that.

JANET

So how'd your date with Trent go?

SUSIE

Okay, I guess. He took me to a  
real nice restaurant.

JANET

Oh yeah?

SUSIE

Yeah, it was pretty good. They had  
actual silverware and everything.  
The waiter wasn't even wearing a  
paper hat.

JANET

Sounds great.

SUSIE

Woulda been if he hadn't made me  
pay.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDE ANGLE

The Gang rehearse their song and dance number in preparation  
for the Teentown Talent Contest. A chorus line of gyrating  
teens dance wildly behind Biff as he and his band play a  
fast, rockin' tune featuring 'Wipe Out' inspired drum-work.

BIFF

(sings)

Hi! We're The Gang -  
We live on the beach -  
We play and we swim -  
And we sing and we screech -

We're carefree and happy -  
And all of those things -  
We all have nice tans -  
And everyone sings -

Not a pimple in sight -  
We have regular sex -  
We live on the beach -  
While our folks send us checks -

We are living what you long to be -  
Happy and horny and highly  
carefree!

CUT TO:

EXT. GREGORY ASHBROOK

\*

slinks up to a girl with corn-rowed hair who is obviously trying her best to look like Bo Derek. Not too successfully. The girl bops up and down in time to the music.

ASHBROOK

Nice corn row.

BO CLONE

Next year I'm planting beans.

ASHBROOK

Would you like to dance with me.

BO CLONE

Not for a hundred dollars.

Ashbrook reaches into his pocket. Produces an impressive wad of cash.

ASHBROOK

Two hundred?

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET AND SUSIE

still sitting on their beach towels. But now they sit underneath large, beauty-parlor-type hair dryers. Susie casually files her nails while Janet flips through a copy of 'Bulge' magazine (featuring a cover story on the 'Boys of the Olympic Swim Team'). They shout to one another over the roar of the hair dryers.

JANET

I'm getting tired of the guys around here. They're all so...  
(opens the centerfold - it unfolds an extra time)  
...immature.

SUSIE

What I need is a real man. Someone big, cute and cuddly that I can dominate completely.

Janet nods her head in agreement.

CUT TO:



EXT. THE GANG

\*

continue their dance number -- a bizarre mixture of the Twist, Calypso and quaaludes.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDE ANGLE

from the ocean as The Gang dance on the beach. The music blares in the distance. In the foreground we see two dolphins standing up out of the water, swaying back and forth in time to the music.

CUT TO:

EXT. BOARDWALK

Next to the usual assortment of hot dog and ice cream stands, a line of women hang around in front of a 'RENT-A-TROLLOP' booth. The women have all seen better days -- most looking like they were turned down for parts in a John Waters film because of their odd appearance. We see a woman dressed like Carmen Miranda, a Las Vegas chorus girl (the feathers on her costume molting), a pantomime horse, a nun, an old woman with a walker, and a little dancing dog in a tutu.

Gregory Ashbrook approaches the girls. Pauses in front of the booth. Before he can say anything the women all shout out in unison:

RENTAL GIRLS

No!

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET AND SUSIE

Their nail polish dry, the girls nonchalantly remove the cotton balls from between their toes and stuff them into their bikini tops as they talk.

JANET

We've gotta find some new boys.

SUSIE

Maybe we should branch out.

JANET

You mean leave The Gang?

Susie glances toward the wildly dancing teens.

\*

SUSIE

Yeah. Their choreography sucks.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE GANG

flail around dangerously. Biff calls out:

BIFF

Hey everybody -- do the Beach  
Bunny!

The Gang immediately start to 'do the Beach Bunny' -- a dance in which the participants make bunny ears behind their head with their fingers, use the other hand for a tail and hop around like fools.

WIPE TO:

EXT. ANOTHER SECTION OF THE BEACH - LATER

Janet and Susie stroll along the beach, on the prowl for muscular, gullible-looking men. They move past a line of people buried in the sand. Most are middle-aged men, doing their best to humor their bored children. No one is visible in the last hump, where a surfboard has been partially buried in the sand, resembling a tombstone.

JANET

I like to make 'em think it's my  
first time. Like they're  
deflowering me or something.

SUSIE

I know. Makes them feel dominant.

The girls giggle nastily. Suddenly Janet stops dead in her tracks, her eyes wide. Or vice-versa. She points to the water.

JANET

Oh my God, will you look at that...

Susie follows her gaze.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDE ANGLE

A tall, handsome man rides a Jet-Ski through the waves. He is a dashing figure astride the powerful machine.

CUT TO:

EXT. ANGLE ON SUSIE AND JANET

They continue to watch the man ride the wild surf.

JANET

Now that's a man.

SUSIE

I guess...

JANET

You guess? What's wrong with him?

SUSIE

I don't know. I just don't feel that motherly instinct over him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WIDE ANGLE

as the man on the Jet-Ski heads toward the beach. He comes in too fast, hitting the sand with a tremendous impact -- causing him to be propelled over the handlebars. He flies through the air, landing with a splat against a...

CUT TO:

EXT. LIFEGUARD STATION

The lifeguard on duty is HUNK O'NEAL, an amiable, blonde-haired Adonis of a man. Hunk looks down at the crumpled Jet Skier a few feet below him, calling out through a red bullhorn.

HUNK

Hey, no roughhousing on the beach!

Having done his duty he returns to his reading: a paperback titled 'Abandon That Hum-Drum Job',

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET AND SUSIE

The two girls look in the direction of the lifeguard station.

JANET

That lifeguard's pretty good-looking.

SUSIE

Yeah. We'd make a cute couple.

JANET

Then why don't you go up and introduce yourself?

SUSIE

No, that's not complicated enough. I have a harder idea...

WIPE TO:

EXT. BEACH - A LITTLE LATER

Susie runs down the sand to the water, where she dives in and starts swimming away from the beach. Miraculously without getting her hair wet.

Janet stands on the shore, shielding her eyes with one hand as she watches her friend swim out past the breakers.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN

Having reached deep water, Susie stops swimming. She treads water for a moment, getting her bearings. Then, taking a deep breath, she begins thrashing around, giving a bad imitation of a drowning swimmer. Miraculously without getting her hair wet.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH

Seeing Susie's signal, Janet calmly saunters on over to the lifeguard tower where Hunk is stationed, clears her throat, and begins to scream at the top of her lungs.

JANET

Help! Somebody help! My friend is drowning! Sinking like a stone!  
(MORE)



JANET (CONT'D)

Oh heavens above, is there no one  
to save her?

Hunk looks up from his book. Glances down to the pseudo-hysterical girl.

HUNK

You there, something wrong?

JANET

Yes! My best friend is drowning!

Hunk looks somewhat uncomfortable.

HUNK

Drowning? You mean in the water?

JANET

(pointing to the ocean)

Yes!

Setting aside his book, Hunk stands, grabbing a pair of binoculars. He raises them.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNK'S POV

through the binoculars as he scans the horizon. We see the dorsal fin of a huge shark cut through the water toward an unsuspecting man.

...scanning...

A woman fights off the tentacled arms of an octopus.

...scanning...

We finally focus on Susie, still splashing around in the water. We hear Janet's voice.

JANET (O.S.)

Do you see her?

HUNK (O.S.)

She looks alright to me --  
splashing around and having a good  
time...

Susie disappears under the water.

HUNK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...oops, there she goes...

Susie surfaces again. Her hair miraculously dry.

CUT TO:

EXT. HUNK

continues to peer through the binoculars, giving a running commentary on Susie's position.

HUNK

...wait, she's up again...she'll  
make it...oh, there she's gone  
under again...no, there she is,  
she's okay...hold on, there she  
goes...no, wait --

Adjusting her make-up in a hand mirror, Janet calls up to Hunk.

JANET

Are you gonna save her or what?

Realizing that duty is calling at the top of its lungs, Hunk reluctantly sets aside the binoculars and pulls on a pair of swim flippers. Jumping down from the tower he grabs a Donald Duck life preserver hanging on a hook. Quickly puts it around his own waist.

His jaw firmly set, determination on his face, Hunk snaps on his faithful nose plug and heads toward the water. He dives awkwardly into the surf and begins dog-paddling slowly out to the 'drowning' girl.

CUT TO:

EXT. JANET

leans against the lifeguard station watching Hunk lurch through the water toward her friend. Suddenly and shockingly a hand looms up behind her, clamping down hard over her mouth before she can scream. She is yanked quickly out of frame.

CUT TO:

EXT. OCEAN

Susie continues to splash around in the water. Growing tired, she begins to wonder where her Prince Charming could be. She stops thrashing long enough to see...

...Hunk dog-paddling slowly and painfully to the rescue, kept afloat only by the grace of God and his Donald Duck swim toy. It truly is a pitiful sight.

Overcome by feelings of mercy, pity, monotony and fatigue, Susie begins swimming to Hunk's aid.

She reaches him just as his last bit of strength peters out. He is breathing heavily as Susie pulls him toward shore.

SUSIE  
C'mon, killer.

HUNK  
Just relax and everything will be okay. We'll be on shore in a minute. You know you really shouldn't swim out this far -- it's dangerous.

SUSIE  
For who?

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH

Her hair miraculously dry, Susie drags a thoroughly waterlogged Hunk unceremoniously onto the beach. Looking like the original drowned rat, Hunk continues to run through his lifeguard spiel.

HUNK  
...water sports can be dangerous...watch out for riptides...don't feed the sharks...

Susie dumps him onto the sand.

SUSIE  
There ya' go, Aquaman.

Hunk looks up, flashing his most charming smile.

HUNK  
Hiya.

Susie stares at him coldly.

SUSIE  
You've got a piece of kelp on your tooth.

HUNK  
Oh great...

Embarrassed, Hunk scrambles to his feet, wiping the smudge of seaweed from his front tooth. Susie stands watching him, her hands on her hips.

SUSIE  
(accusingly)  
A lifeguard who can't swim.

Hunk looks down, embarrassed, shuffling his flippers in the sand.

HUNK  
(mumbles)  
Well, you know...um...

SUSIE  
How'd you ever get hired?

Really embarrassed now, Hunk trips and falls over his words.

HUNK  
I, uh, they thought I looked good  
sitting in the, uh...the...um...

A beat. Hunk can't quite find the word he's looking for. Finally, he gives up and points to the lifeguard station. Susie attempts to fill in the blank.

SUSIE  
...the tower?

Hunk puts his finger on the tip of his nose.

HUNK  
Bingo.

Susie softens. Smiles.

SUSIE  
Well, they were right about that.  
I'm Susie Martin. My friends call  
me Susie.

She offers her hand in greeting. They shake.

HUNK  
Hunk O'Neal. My friends call me a  
variety of things.

SUSIE  
I guess you already met my friend  
Janet.

HUNK  
The girl with the great pair of  
lungs, yeah.



Susie glances around, looking for Janet. Can't seem to locate her.

SUSIE

I wonder where she went?

HUNK

Last I saw her she was over by the  
whatcha'-ma-call... lifeguard  
station.

A tumbleweed blows past them, across the sand. Susie starts toward where she and Janet left their beach towels and beauty aids.

SUSIE

She's not there now.

Hunk follows. As they walk along the beach they pass a group of adventurers, all wearing khaki hunting clothes with pith helmets, sunk waist-deep in what an old crooked sign identifies as 'Quicksand'. The men are currently trying to fling a lasso over a well-endowed sunbather's breasts to pull themselves out.

Susie speaks worriedly.

SUSIE (CONT'D)

She said she'd wait for me.

HUNK

She probably just went for a swim.

SUSIE

No, she hates the water.

HUNK

Maybe she went for a walk on the  
beach.

SUSIE

No, she hates the sand.

They reach the blankets. Janet's towel and cosmetic case are still there, but their owner is nowhere to be seen. Susie begins rummaging through Janet's belongings.

HUNK

Sounds like a fun girl. What does  
she come to the beach for?

SUSIE

The boys.

HUNK

Then she probably went off with  
some guy.

Susie finds what she's been looking for. Takes it out of the  
cosmetic case.

SUSIE

No, she left without her diaphragm.

She takes the diaphragm out of its 'Happy Face' container and  
holds it up, a Chris Evert signature model showing her  
slapping a serve back with a powerful backhand.

HUNK

I'm sure she's around somewhere.  
Girls don't just disappear off the  
beach, y'know.

Suddenly a newspaper blows up against Hunk's chest. He peels  
it off. Reads the headline.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER

The newspaper masthead identifies it as a 'CONVENIENT PLOT  
DEVICE'. The headline reads, 'GIRLS DISAPPEAR OFF BEACH'.  
Then, in smaller print: 'PLOTLINE DEVELOPS'.

EXT. HUNK AND SUSIE

# Beach Bunnies in Chains

THE ILLUSTRATED VERSION

SOME SKETCHES  
TO SHOW YOU  
WHAT WE WERE  
TALKING ABOUT.



A COMPANION TO THE SCREENPLAY  
BY JEFF HAUSE



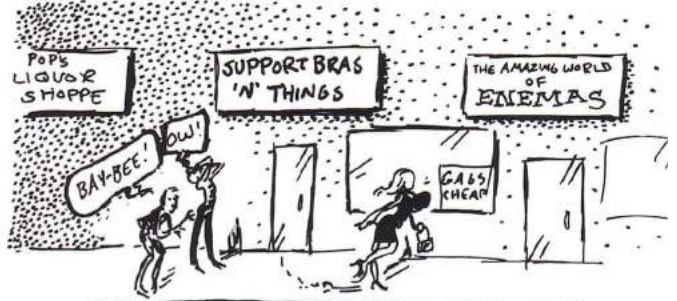
# MAP

OF THE CITY.

WATER

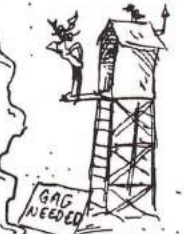


TEEN TOWN



ADULT TOWN

WATER



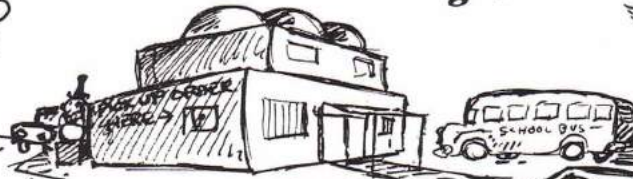
HUNK'S LIFEGUARD STATION



HARRY'S OFFICE



SHADGHAN'S YAHT



TERRORIST CLUB



WATER



THE GANG



ASHBROOK ESTATE

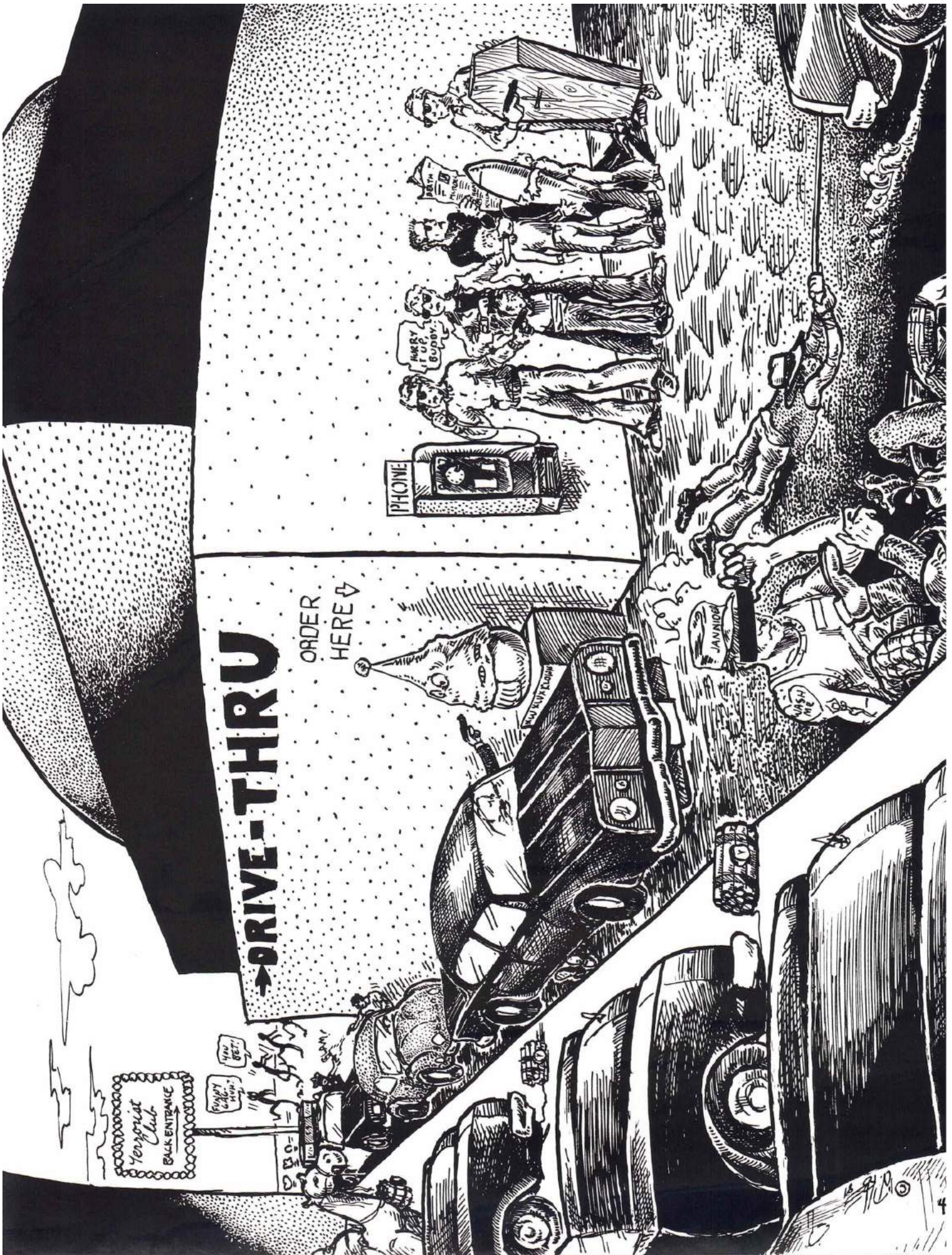
WATER

ALL DRAWINGS ©1981 BY JEFF HAUSE.









**DRIVE-THRU**

ORDER  
HERE ↓

Terrorist Club  
BACK ENTRANCE

PHONE

MERRY TO GO, BOBBY.

YOU KISS BOBBY

JANNIKER

WISH ME LUCK

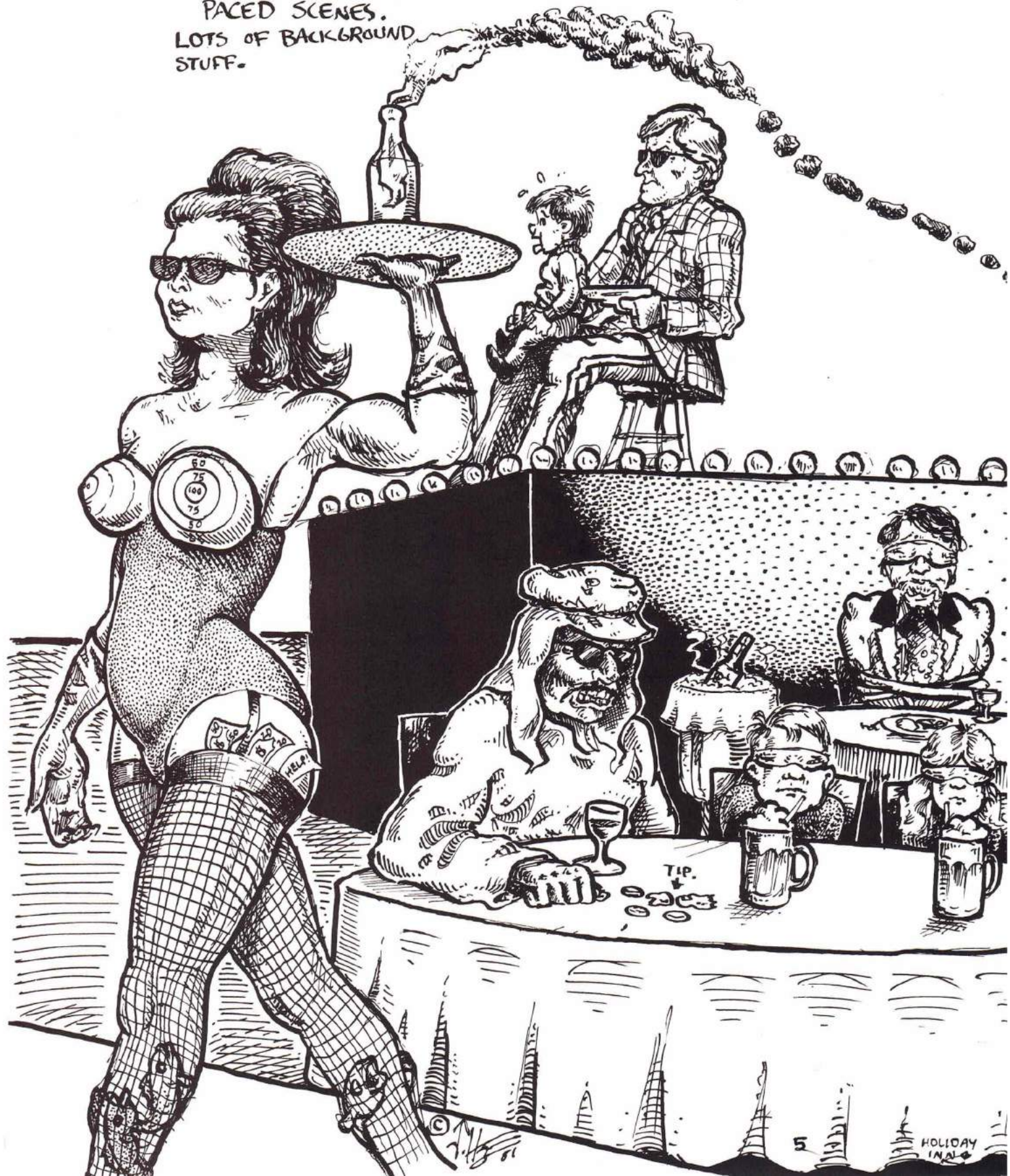


BASIC SETTING :

LOOSE, FAST-  
PACED SCENES.  
LOTS OF BACKGROUND  
STUFF.

TERRORIST  
CLUB

USE PLENTY OF SIGHT-  
GAGS .





# BASIC CHARACTERS IN THE FILM:

THE DIFFERENCES  
ARE PURELY PHYSICAL.

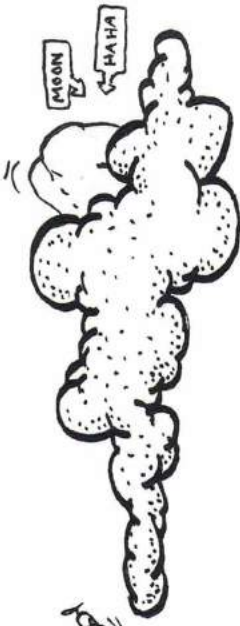


BASIC GIRL

BASIC BOY

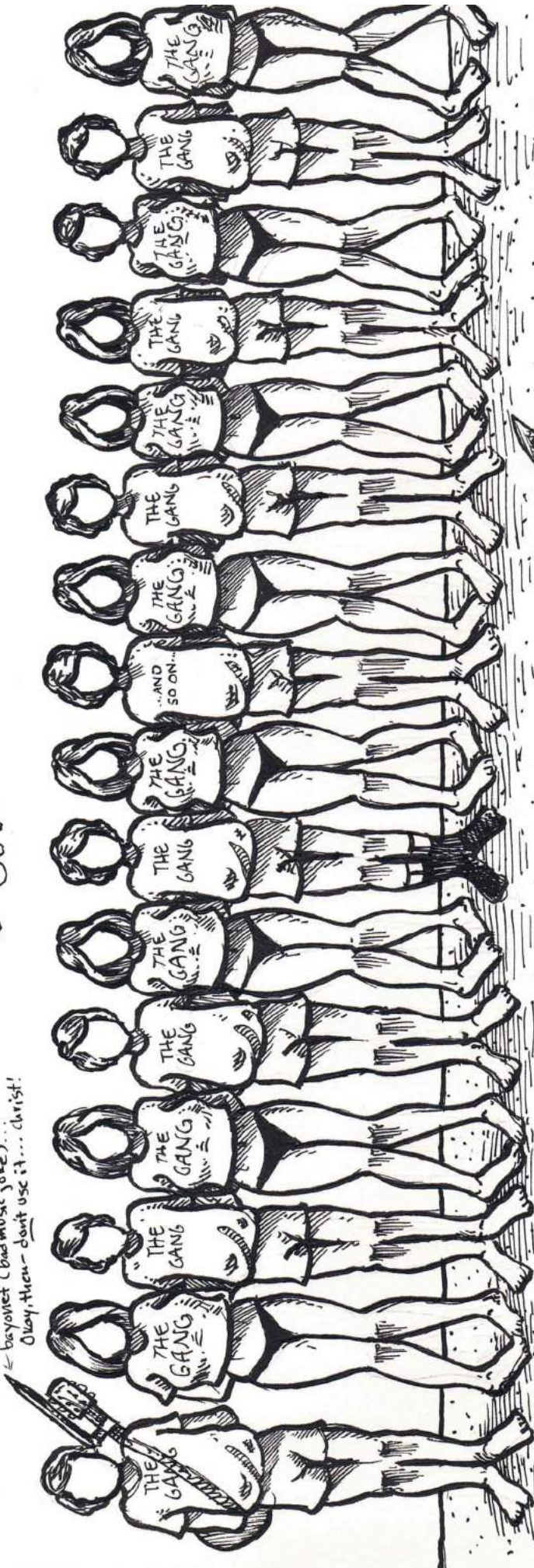
*Handwritten signature and date: A.B. 81*





@ J. HARRIS

← boynnet (bad must joke)  
Okay, then - daut use it... christ!



'The Gang'



# Kidnapped Girls #1





# Kidnapped Girls #2



HOSTAGE Cake  
RAFFLE Today

lots of  
writing &  
stuff on  
walls

always use  
tortures that  
appear menacing  
at first, but  
turn out to be  
somewhat  
silly

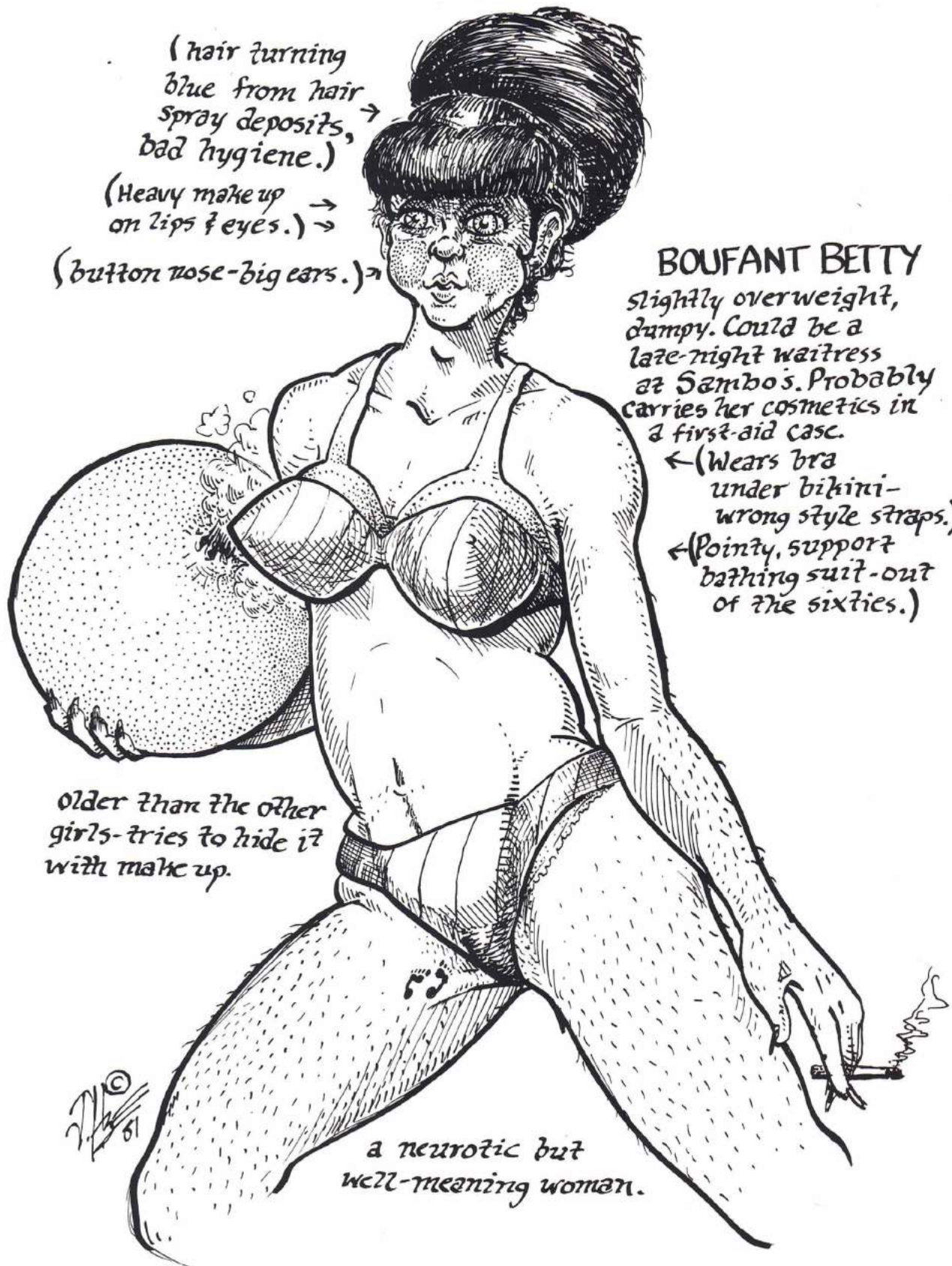
Mr.  
ARABIC  
STEREO

Yummy! Mum!  
Mums!  
Mrs. M  
Hot Sm  
Happy 12th Week in  
Captivity Cell 27

- METAL FILE OR...
- FINGERNAIL FILE OR...
- RECIPE CARD FILE.



# CHARACTER SHEET



(hair turning  
blue from hair  
spray deposits,  
bad hygiene.)

(Heavy make up  
on lips & eyes.)

(button nose-big ears.)

## BOUFANT BETTY

Slightly overweight,  
dumpy. Could be a  
late-night waitress  
at Sambo's. Probably  
carries her cosmetics in  
a first-aid case.

← (Wears bra  
under bikini-  
wrong style straps.)

← (Pointy, support  
bathing suit-out  
of the sixties.)

older than the other  
girls- tries to hide it  
with make up.

a neurotic but  
well-meaning woman.

7/2/61



Built like  
The Michelin  
Man

NOT  
TOO  
OBVIOUS...

Mrs.  
Ashbrook -  
Typical Western  
housewife - drinks  
Coors in a  
champagne  
glass.

Tallest when  
Lying on her side.



# SHADCHAN

THE TOP OF THE CAP  
IS LIKE THE BOTTOM  
OF A MCDONALDS  
BAG.

3 DAY GROWTH  
OF BEARD/DIRT  
ON FACE →

UMBRELLA(?)  
- LIKE TEETH →

GREASE  
ON CHIN →

CONSTANT  
SWEAT  
STAINS ON  
BACK, ARMPITS,  
ELBOWS.

ALL OTHER  
ARABS ARE  
NORMAL  
LOOKING.

©  
JB 81





CHIPPY  
CHIPMUNK



I WOULD LIKE TO THANK THE FOLLOWING PEOPLE FOR TAKING ME SERIOUSLY WHEN I MENTIONED THIS PROJECT. ALSO FOR THEIR HELP, ADVISE, AND ENCOURAGEMENT THROUGHOUT ITS MAKING. THEY ARE:

EVERETT PECK - PROFESSIONAL ILLUSTRATOR AND TEACHER.

G. D. DURRANT - FINE ARTIST & TEACHER.

DICK PEACOCK - AUTHOR & TEACHER.

DAVE HINES - PARTNER & LOUSY DRESSER.

JOHN ASARO - PAINTER, ILLUSTRATOR, TEACHER, AND A LOT OF THINGS.

DEDICATED TO JENNIFER HEWITSON FOR LAUGHING AT ALL OF THE RIGHT THINGS, AND TO WISH HER GOOD LUCK AT LONG BEACH STATE.

ALSO TO MOMMY AND DADDY FOR NOT GETTING MAD OVER THE DIRTY JOKES AND FOR MAKING ME BORN. IT'S GREAT TO BE ALIVE AGAIN. I PROMISE. NOBODY'S READING THIS, ARE THEY?

BROUGHT TO YOU BY:

JEFF HAUSE %  
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FADE-OUT.

THE END.