

# The Romantics

Up until this morning, your love life has comprised more than a decade of broken half-hearted relationships, romantic disillusionment and lost opportunity. Not exactly a conquering Casanova, your attempts to get dates on a Friday night practically require an act of Congress. As long as you remember, from the time your first dinner date went home with the waiter to the 0% score you received as one of three bachelors on the Love Connection, you were the guy who lost his girlfriends to the muscleheads kicking sand in your face. You were the guy who had to take his little sister to the prom, and even she refused to dance with you. And you were the guy who lost his virginity at the age of 25, and still had to pay for it. Finally, just last night, your fiancée Jane, a bespectacled librarian with a hairlip, left you for a toothless 60 year old biker named Louie.

It's no big wonder why. A quick look in the mirror hardly shows you to be the world's most eligible bachelor. Face it, you're thirtysomething, sport a paunch that could pass for impending childbirth, and are apparently suffering from a terminal case of male pattern baldness. You still insist on wearing your early seventies wardrobe, on driving that drab Chevy Nova, and on picking that Karl Malden nose of yours in public.

On a positive note, your predicament is less a result of physical limitations than it is the outcome of an ego that has suffered the pangs of cruel humiliation since adolescence. Your romantic disillusionment has nonetheless cast in your mind the image of the ideal woman; your Venus is a sultry brunette, sensual but classy, intelligent but simple, embodying a tanned and shapely figure, whose beauty is accentuated by emerald eyes and a mane of jet black hair cascading down her shoulders. Sadly, you know this is an impossible dream, for inasmuch as you like to wear your heart on your sleeve, you invariably end up losing your shirt in the process.

Between the dream and the reality lies the shadow, and for you it starts and ends at Hennesy's tavern in the Village, a local and preferred watering hole where you regularly drown your sorrows in one form of alcohol or another. Today is no exception, and you head there to secure your favorite barstool, just in time for the opening act of a new local band called "Veronica and the Vipers".

When you turn around to see the curtain go up, you realize your life will never be the same again.

1. As you quaff from your favorite stein,  
Underneath a suitable sign,

Friendless now, from this goblet you sip,  
Tho' it's not as sweet as a woman's lip,  
But at the mike starting a song,  
You see the one for whom you long,  
A black-haired siren with emerald eyes,  
In a voluptuous figure of perfect size,  
She's the splitting image of your ideal,  
Desire, romance and passion you feel,  
For in the image of her sequined gown,  
It's true love that you have found,  
And not just the workings of a single mind,  
For vibes here are returned in kind,  
From ten feet far up on the stage,  
'Tis your heart she does engage,  
For her sweet singing you loudly clap,  
Then you notice something right above your lap,  
Both pairs of eyes are locked in lust,  
In sotto voce she whispers a gust,  
Don't just stand there all agape,  
You've no choice but to replay the tape.

2. You've heard her voice, it's you she loves,  
But you must handle this with kid gloves,  
A secret message she does entrust,  
That says a story of things unjust,  
For as the daughter of a wealthy man,  
She was kidnapped by this band,  
Now the guitar players in the wings,  
Start following the tunes that she sings,  
They stop the show and take her by force,  
Down PCH on a southerly course,  
But not too late for her to relay,  
The hiding place where they do stay,  
If indeed this is love at first sight,  
You need to pay the tab to follow her flight,  
Her song has told you where to go,  
Find her now at the gazebo,  
The plants and flowers are very scenic,  
Risk it all if you're not too anemic,  
And don't forget her words of advice,  
A tour brochure would be very nice.

3. She wasn't there, but she's not remote,  
She found time to smuggle a secret note,  
Your wildest dreams are coming true!  
She feels the same way about you,  
No more debasing yourself in bars,  
Now it's champagne and caviar,  
But you'll still have to wander far and near,

To find the one that she holds dear,  
She wants to reciprocate your love,  
By declaring it to the One above,  
St. Peter's help you will need,  
If you're to get there with all speed,  
Her instructions here aren't very clear,  
East on One highway you now should veer,  
They say all's fair in love and war,  
And Normandy was fought on the shore,  
Use these riddles to take you to the coast,  
Then a left on sixth for your hitching post,  
In a seaport village where people walk,  
There your true love you shall stalk.  
Lest you think her words have no worth,  
She'll be waiting in a '70s berth.

4. Once again you're all alone,  
This behavior you can't condone,  
If indeed she is in danger,  
You can't afford to be a stranger,  
You must Bridge the gap that makes you shy,  
Vincent's advice will take you sky high,  
Cross the harbor, where the water does flow,  
Further south you must now go,  
It might seem Long, but a Beach is near,  
Stay on Ocean and do not fear,  
A Village by the Shore you do now seek,  
Follow the line to get a peek.

5. A kidnapping is what you most feared,  
But the truth is far more weird,  
She assumed a secret identity,  
To escape from one she left recently,  
Now her ex-husband has tracked her down,  
To see her back in her wedding gown,  
Your courtship now must begin in earnest,  
She wants you to meet for a watery tryst,  
Where boats are moored you will find her,  
And she has left you a reminder,  
Just in case you've lost the scent,

Down the coast her taxi went,  
Chase your love to an Italian port,  
Or your mission he shall abort,  
You must follow this slippery trail,  
Lest your Courtship now set sail.

1   2   2   3   1   4   5   1   7

6.           The ex still has her, I'm afraid,  
          Intent on playing his charade,  
          He thinks he'll convince her to re-wed,  
          Which fills her tender heart with dread,  
          She needs to be rescued, and you're the man,  
          To save her from his evil plan,  
          She left behind another clue,  
          So now you know what you must do,  
          Hunt south now without delay,  
          Love will show you the One true way,  
          Up her street you must proceed,  
          If your love is to be freed,  
          A British influence this Town does feel,  
          Only one direction can you go with zeal.

7.           At last you can meet your dainty duchess,  
          For she's escaped his evil clutches,  
          Free at last to pursue your dream,  
          For a lover's tryst, you still must scheme,  
          For tho' she's survived this escapade,  
          An open encounter leaves her afraid,  
          A quiet rendezvous would hit the spot,  
          To erase the memory of this juggernaut,  
          Lounging by the ocean seems romantic,  
          Getting there shouldn't leave you frantic.

8. Not again! What rotten luck!  
All your plans seem to run amuck,  
Yet even though this is taking longer,  
These trials make your love grow stronger,  
In her Daddy's grasp she will not stay,  
You can easily lead the guards astray,  
You need some slick trick to slide by those men,  
You can't afford to lose her again,  
You're travelling the coast, southward bound,  
In NB, a shop can be found,  
There Wes or David will give the secret substance,  
If you can provide the correct utterance.

9. The guards have told you of her flight,  
To this drinking place you should alight,  
And you should clearly quicken your pace,  
Lest her whereabouts her father should trace,  
Once again you may be stood up,  
And you'll feel you've been set up,  
If so, you'll need a shoulder on which to cry,  
The bartender there will be glad to comply,  
His name is Mike if you're there before five,  
But it's Tommy if you later arrive,  
Tell them your sad story of dashed hope,  
Your greeting you have in an envelope,  
And then order from them your favorite cocktail,  
The spare in your bag has long been stale,  
And the barman will help mend your broken heart,  
With important information to impart.

## The Romantics - Little clues

9. Greeting to bartender

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Oh barman I need a drink to ease my brain,  
Of another romance that will soon wane,  
I'll need my usual to drown my hurt,  
And nevermore shall I ever flirt,  
With ladies beautiful or plain,  
Why be betrayed and feel this pain?  
I'll soon become with all this sorrow,  
A celibate monk tomorrow,  
For who would want a man like me,  
Poor and bald and pushing forty,  
Love has jaded me beyond belief,  
I feel nothing but this grief.

Instructions: 2 to 3 people will show up at Malarky's between 4:00 and 7:00 p.m. on Saturday in this road rally. They are the "Romantics" and down on their luck in search of the ideal woman. In order to get their clue, they will have to sing the above lines (like they mean it!) and order a screwdriver. (it has to be a screwdriver). Then, in turn, you should serve them this drink with our plastic "party" animal inside (with the ice) that we've enclosed and serve the drink on the coaster under which we've written the clue. You should only do this if they comply with the above. Also, please feel free to interact with them to your own amusement, etc.. **Much Thanks for your help!!**

2. Tape from waiter leads to botanical garden

(at Botanical gardens - leads to Wedding Chapel at Ports O Call)

3. Darling, I knew when I saw your eyes  
That you were the ultimate prize  
I wanted to meet and share my bliss  
With something more intimate than a kiss  
But there's a complication I can't explain  
For you to know would cause more pain  
To Ports O' Call I must now whisk  
To follow me puts you at risk  
While I write, I plot my getaway  
So when we meet, with you I'll stay  
For it's with you I want to share my bed  
But for that, we must be wed  
In the midst of the quaint shops  
Is the place to tie the knot  
I will vow to be forever yours  
Before you can get into my drawers

( at chapel - leads to Shoreline carousel)

4. You haven't been stood up, my dove  
I'm quite sincere about my love  
That I'm not here is quite evident  
But saying more isn't prudent  
I'm begging you now to follow me  
Though farther east you must flee  
You must travel quite a **Long** way  
But at the **Beach**, you can stop and play  
Do you remember your self-guided tour?  
Do you still have your garden brochure?  
At the **Shore**, there is a place  
Where you can explore face to face  
Where my favorite rose got its name  
You must stand in **Line**, you must play the game  
In the foothold of a winged dragon  
Watch the horses tails a' waggin'!

**Romantics Little Clues (cont.)**

5

*Personal*  
*Look in the L.A. Times!*  
*Personal*

In the LA Times:

**DESPERATELY SEEKING ROMANTICS**

My husband has put on the heat  
So I must be more discreet  
These letters are all I can give  
Or I fear I will not live  
A (1) P (2) N (4) Y (7)  
If it looks like you're alone  
I promise that I'll telephone  
And if Courtship escaped our heaven  
Gangway for romance #37!

(in telephone booth at marina - leads to Sea Cliff Bakery)  
Leave with Lisa's Golden West Bus. card

6. He's watching me, so I must write fast  
You won't believe how I've been harassed  
He thinks I will remarry him  
And he's now acting out this whim  
He's shopping now for our reception  
But does not know of this deception  
You can watch and marvel from outside  
To see the cakes for groom and bride  
Now I must disguise my words  
These wedding plans are for the birds!

(crossword goes here w/ 6)

(at Sea Cliff Bakery - leads to Waterfront Hilton, piano)  
IN MATCHBOOK

7. When you met me, I did sing  
Where there's music, I'll be waiting



(found at Hilton - leads to Ski & Sport Shop)

8. I'm sorry I can't meet you here  
Daddy's bodyguards were near!  
He wants me to marry this ultra-rich jerk  
But I love you; his plan won't work  
My father's orders I'll disobey  
If you love me, come straightaway  
An old friend of mine works near my prison  
If you give him the password, he will listen  
Good ol' Wes isn't much for words  
He may be sitting with his birds  
He likes to **Ski**, and likes his **Sport**  
To 6310 you should report  
But for his help, there is a price  
A Nazi beer would be very nice  
He wants 16 ounces of ice cold brew  
If you sing for him, he'll tell you true

*To the tune of the Beatles' "Money"*

*The best things in life are free  
Now we're talking 'bout the birds and bees  
I want poon-tang...  
That's what I want (That's what I want)  
I want poo-oo-on tang, that's what I want  
Money won't buy everything that's true  
But with this beer, I might buy a clue  
I want poon-tang  
That's what I want (That's what I want)  
I want poo-oo-on tang, that's what I want!*

9. In wax at Sea Ski Sport

My dear knight in shining armor!  
What heartfelt devotion! What a charmer!  
My father's henchman have shown remorse,  
By clueing you in on my flight's course,  
This "prearranged marriage" I hereby repeal,  
'Twas my father's idea of a business deal,  
Such a wedding cannot transpire,  
For it is you that I desire.  
I'm now scheduled to do a show,  
At an Irish bar I played years ago,  
Down PCH to N.B. Blvd. you should now coast,  
A right there will soon allow us to toast  
To all our passion and love, my dear,  
But beware, Daddy's on my heels I fear,  
Oh, this godforsaken patriarchy,

Is nothing more than a lot of malarky!

**FINAL:** I had intended to sing at this show  
I even travelled incognito  
But father dispatched more paid goons  
And left my structured plans in ruins  
No more will I trust these bodyguards  
Their trickery left me in shards  
But now I've found the safest place  
Where nobody knows my face  
The Ocean's a Front, I'm hiding near  
So take Balboa past the pier  
After 18 hours, 10 minutes seems short  
I'll **C** you soon at this resort!

Crossword for Little Clue 6)

**Across**

2. How you make babies
3. Supped
4. What must be big on a man
6. Do it to an ice cream cone  
or breasts
7. One from the U.K.
8. White picket \_\_\_\_\_

**Down**

1. What the IRS does
2. Where I am! Help!
5. It's flown in parks
7. Used in baseball