



**WELCOME TO
THE RELEASE PARTY FOR
JUNE FONDUE'S
NEW EXERCISE VIDEO
"WE CAN WORK IT OUT"**





COSTUME INSPIRATION

JUNE FONDUE'S PARTY IS A SWANKY EVENT:
80'S FORMAL WEAR
OR 80'S PROM WEAR IS FANTASTIC!

...*OR*...

IT'S A WORKOUT RELEASE PARTY:
GET YOUR SPANDEX ON!
NEONS AND RAINBOWS APPRECIATED.



SUSPECT NOTES



Stephanie Hamburg

PROFESSION: Hollywood Producer

MY FAVORITE PASTIME: Making champagne toasts

THE WORST THING: Sticky floors in movie theaters

Darling, if I hadn't become a producer, half the movies in existence would've been worms drowned in a rainstorm. I've produced a third of the people here: fitness guru June Fondue, the choreographer Mr. Rainbow, and the star singers Giovanna, Princess, and Bo E. Knife. I'm the woman everyone wants to meet. June is a darling, and I'm positively elated to celebrate the release of her new exercise video "We Can Work It Out," which, of course, I produced.

I've produced the best movies of the decade: *Busting Ghouls*, *The Brunch Club*, *Forward to the Past*, *The Sparkling*, and *That Little Guy From Space*. Darling, if I had to name all my successes, we'd be sitting here until the moon crashed into the Earth. I'm only being modest.

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Stephanie Hamburg

HOW I KNEW DR. G. BUSTER: Buster wanted me to turn his textbook into a movie

Buster bothered me ceaselessly about turning his textbook into a movie. It's called *Snap To It: A History of Spandex Through the Centuries*. I rejected his proposal, even though it would've been a blockbuster sensation. Even with the potential for all that money, I couldn't work with Buster. I told him, "Darling, you're just too awful of a human being." The author George Andwell has also submitted six screenplays to me, but I haven't produced any because they're all atrocious.

I'm a mad good producer, and I have a paperweight to prove it. It says, "World's Greatest Producer." I always have it with me to hold things down while simultaneously advertising my significance. I purchased it myself, but that doesn't diminish the fact that I'm a national treasure. Had I been on the Titanic, they'd have given me my own lifeboat.

I met the darling Illinois Jane last year while she was working on an ancient archeological dig. She'd uncovered a mummy wearing spandex, and brought in Buster to consult on the project. Just last week she found the Holy Grail. One of her dreams is to find the lost ark, but the project is stalling because of bureaucracy in Germany. I'm collaborating with her to film a documentary of her work, and it'll be smashing.

I absolutely adore Mr. Brie's cheese enterprise *Mr. Brie's Excellent Cheese*. I love his French *valençay*. Mr. Brie once called Buster a fool, so Buster set all his cheese on fire, and it melted into a fondue calamity. Buster was never charged because of the state's lax cheese arson laws.

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Stephanie Hamburg

Buster wanted his textbook published, and he wouldn't take no for an answer. One night, he followed me home and stood outside my second story window with a boombox playing, "She Blinded Me With Science." I dropped a flower pot on his head. Then I shouted, "Darling, go play in traffic!" and closed the blinds. Buster had a deadly allergy to basically anything with nuts in it: peanuts, walnuts, Nutter Butters, donuts, nutmeg, nutcrackers. I had half a mind to dissolve a peanut in his can of New Coke the next time I saw him.

My favorite author is George Andwell. The darling wears an heirloom locket with a walnut inside, passed down to him from his great-great-great-okay-great grandfather. It's so schmaltzy, I love it. George plagiarizes all of his books, but that doesn't stop me from loving them. Buster, an eternally wet blanket, was blackmailing George because he found out that his book *1985* was completely plagiarized. Darling, if Buster had been drowning in a pool, the lifeguard would've accidentally forgotten how to swim.

Bo is a favorite client of mine. His darling child Blade is here tonight because Bo couldn't find a babysitter, but he set Blade up in a corner with a Walkman and snacks: a bag of peanuts, Dunkaroos, and a Capri-Sun. I think Blade could be a child star, but the poor eleven-year-old is already losing his youthful charm. A few weeks ago, Buster babysat him, and the two of them watched *The Sparkling*. As the producer of *The Sparkling*, every time someone tells me they've seen it, I feel richer. However, now Blade refuses to ride elevators with twins, go in hedge mazes, or use a typewriter. Also, Buster didn't let him have ice cream.