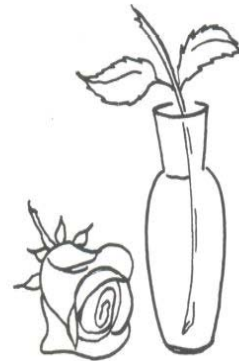


# Beauty and the Yeast

BY P.S. NIM

Dedicated with apologies  
to the cast of "Beauty and the Beast"



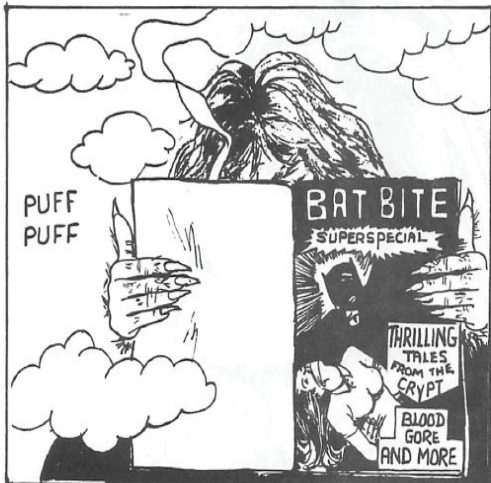
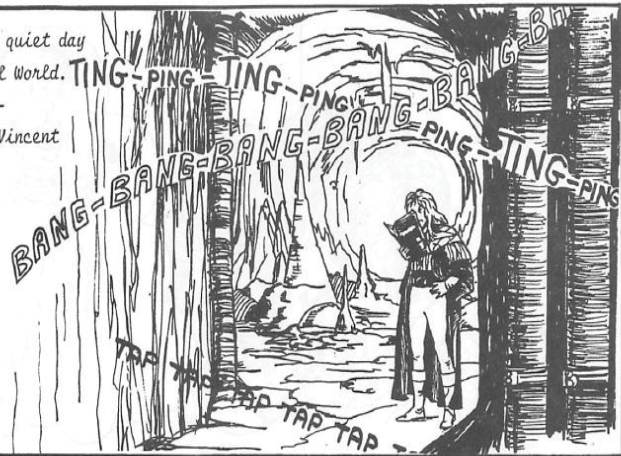
"Beauty and the Yeast" is a non-profit, amateur publication and as such does not intend to infringe upon the copyrights of Ron Koslow Films, Republic Pictures, CBS-TV, or any other holder of Beauty and the Beast copyrights.

artwork copyright © 1990 by P.S. Nim



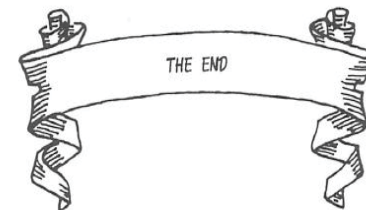
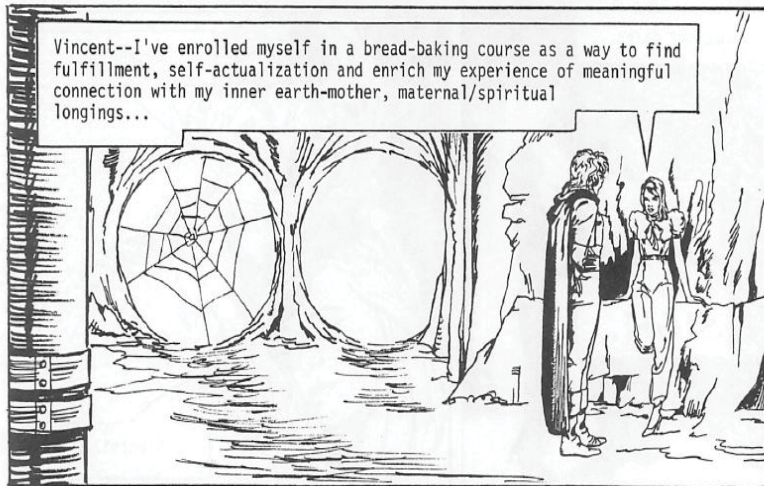
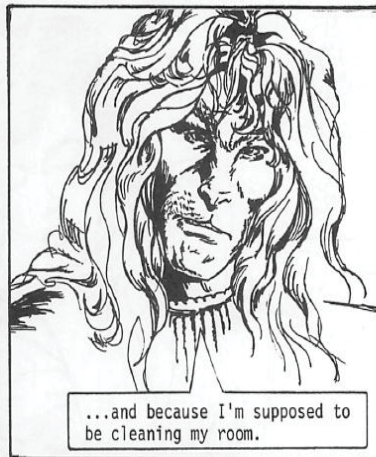
(apologies to Olivia De Berardinis)

It's another quiet day  
in the Tunnel World.  
All is well--  
except that Vincent  
has been  
missing  
for  
hours...



Alone in her apartment, Catherine is suffering from unfulfilled dreams...





Comments??? Write to P.S. Nim, P.O. Box 3999, Trenton, N.J. 08629  
Please enclose a S.A.S.E. if you would like a reply. Thanks!



I don't think I like it.

Uh oh-- Then I guess you'll have to un-kiss me...



How do I do that?

I'm sure the special effects department will think of something...

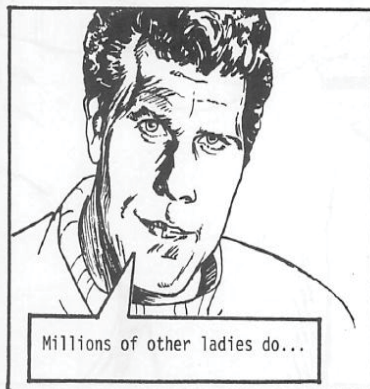


I hope you're not going to stay this way.

How about it I change into Vincent every Friday night after four hours of make-up?



Do I have to settle for that?



Millions of other ladies do...



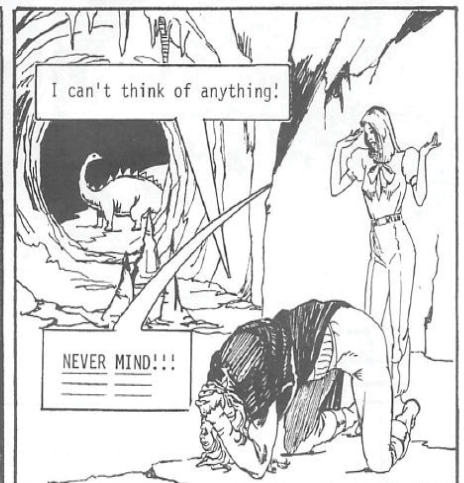
Vincent--what's wrong?



I'm trying to think of an appropriate quotation... or poem...



Well, don't strain yourself, Vincent--



I can't think of anything!

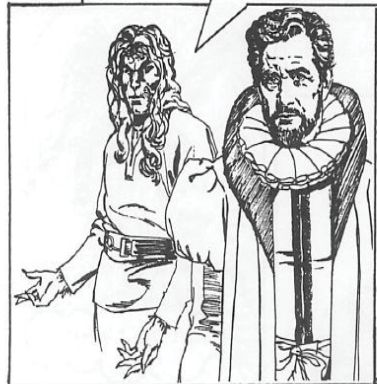
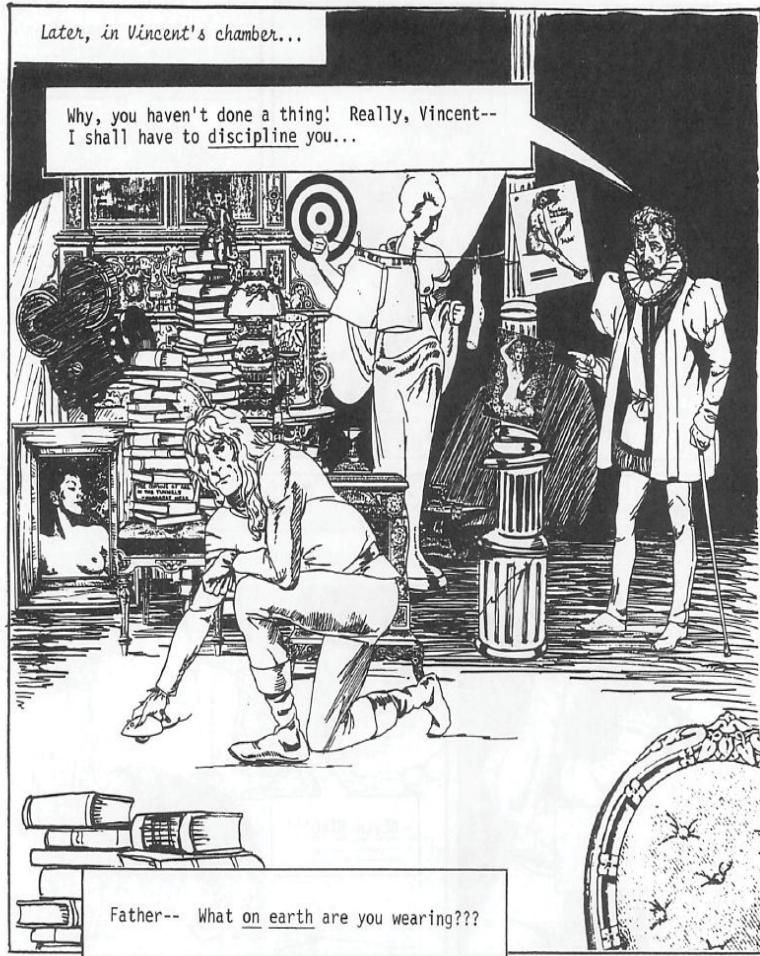
NEVER MIND!!!

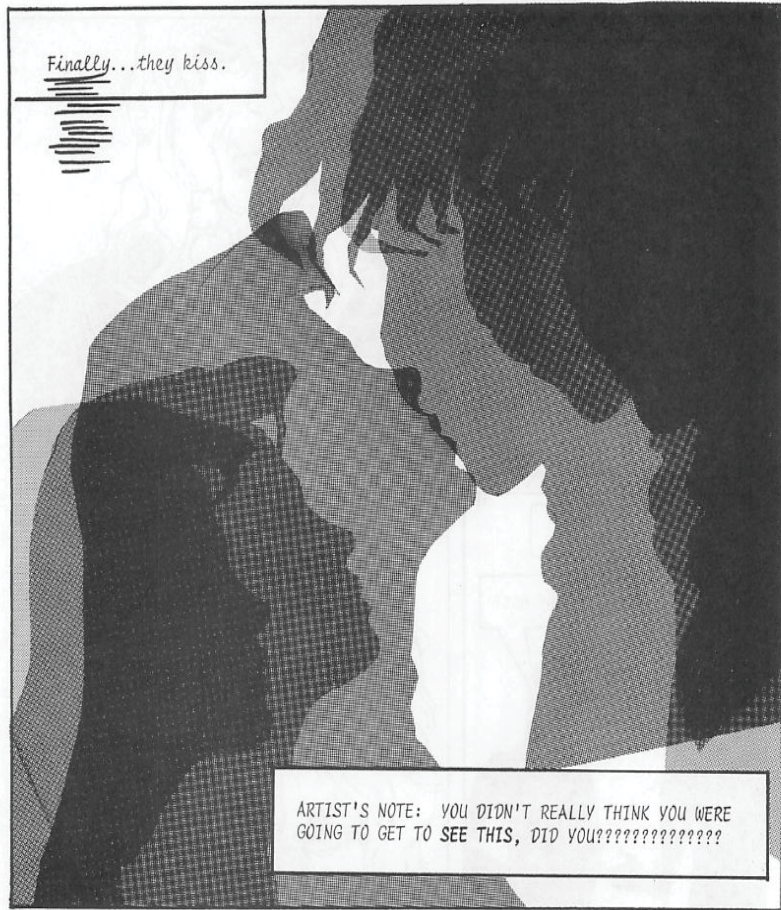


Why don't you just-- kiss me...



What did I say???





Finally...they kiss.

ARTIST'S NOTE: YOU DIDN'T REALLY THINK YOU WERE GOING TO GET TO SEE THIS, DID YOU??????????????



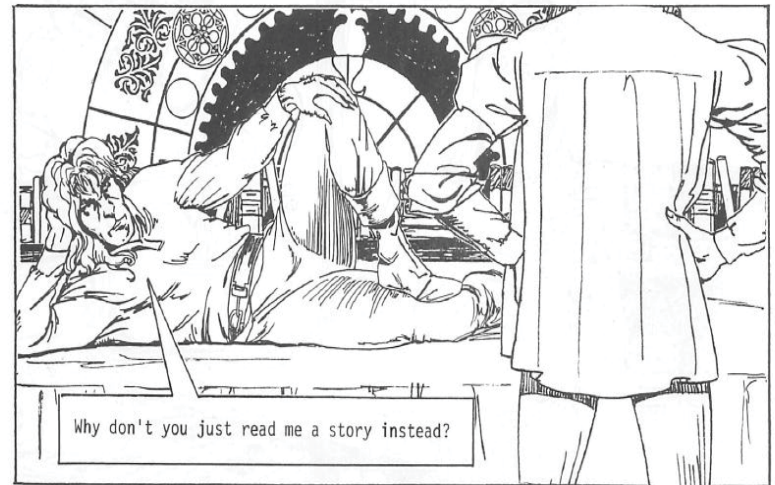
Then, suddenly--



Now then... Where was I?



Oh, yes... Turn around and bend over, Vincent.



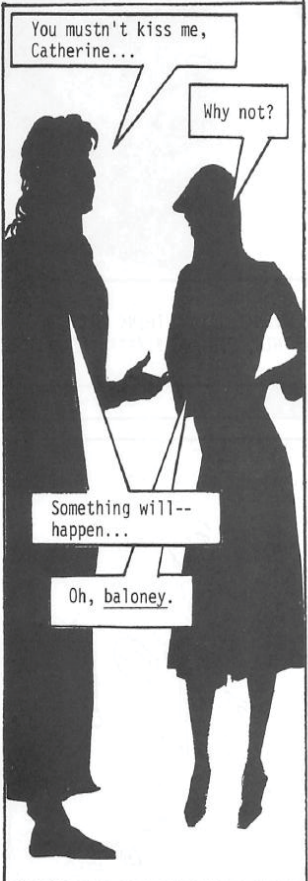
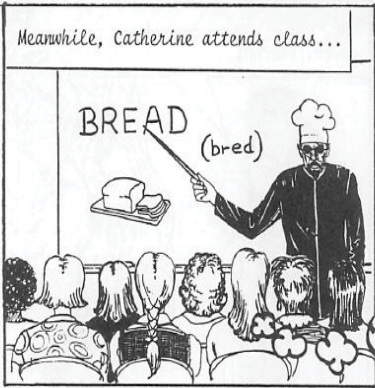
Why don't you just read me a story instead?



Why do I always fall for this?



Because I have you wound around my little pinkie-claw...





The city is saved and Catherine goes home. Three days later she returns to the Tunnel World...

LIGHT SOURCE



What's this?

It's a gift for Paracelsus...

A gift...? For Paracelsus...???



Yes. It's a loaf of homebaked bread, full of hairs carefully gleaned from every restroom in the Criminal Courts building.

She sets to work with true enthusiasm...



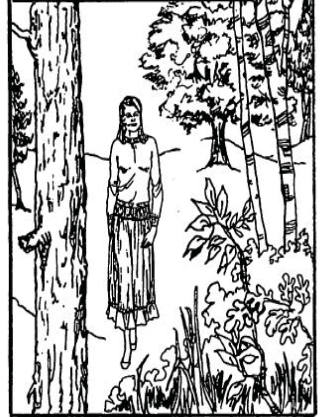
Won't Vincent be impressed. Who knows, maybe he'll even kiss me...

And if this doesn't work I suppose I could learn to knit, press wild flowers, render lard, build an oil derrick, make potash soap, do tinsmithing or skin rabbits or something...



There! I think I'll go call on Vincent while the dough rises...

Catherine starts across Central Park...



Ahead lies the tunnel entrance.

BEWARE OF THE... WHATEVER...

SPEAK IN WHISPERS ONLY

ENTRANCE TO TUNNELS

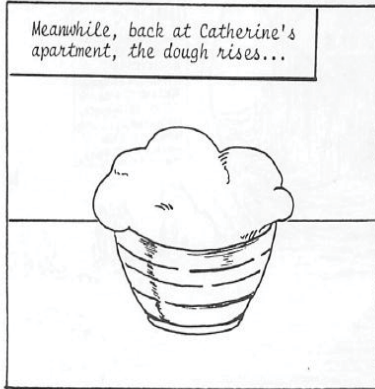
CAUTION  
MOUSE-TRAPS POTHOLES  
CLASSICAL MUSIC!  
POINTLESS DRIFTING HAZE

NO!  
TAX COLLECTORS  
CENSUS TAKERS  
SOLICITORS  
TOWN'S WITNESSES  
TRAFFIC OFFICERS  
C.O.D. DELIVERIES  
HOMELESS DERELICTS  
SPELUNKERS  
WAIFS OR STRAYS

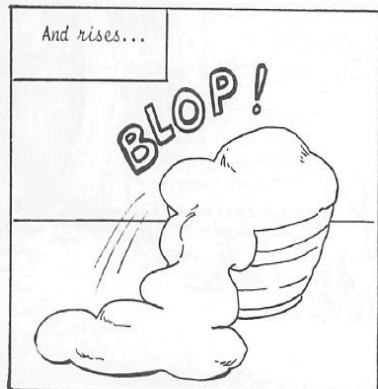


But before she can reach it she is mugged!!

Okay, little lady... Give us the purse.



Meanwhile, back at Catherine's apartment, the dough rises...



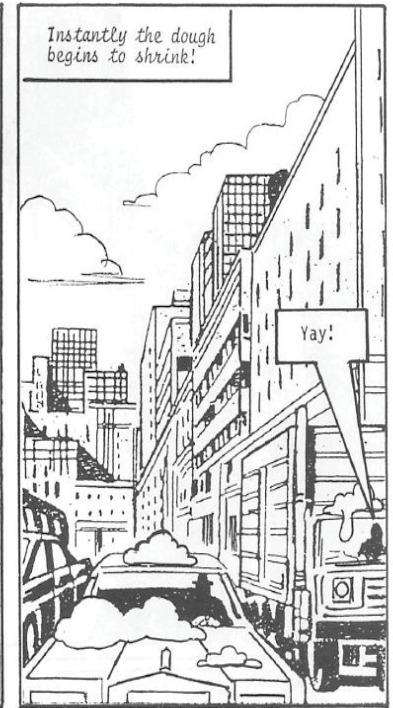
And rises...

**BLOP!**



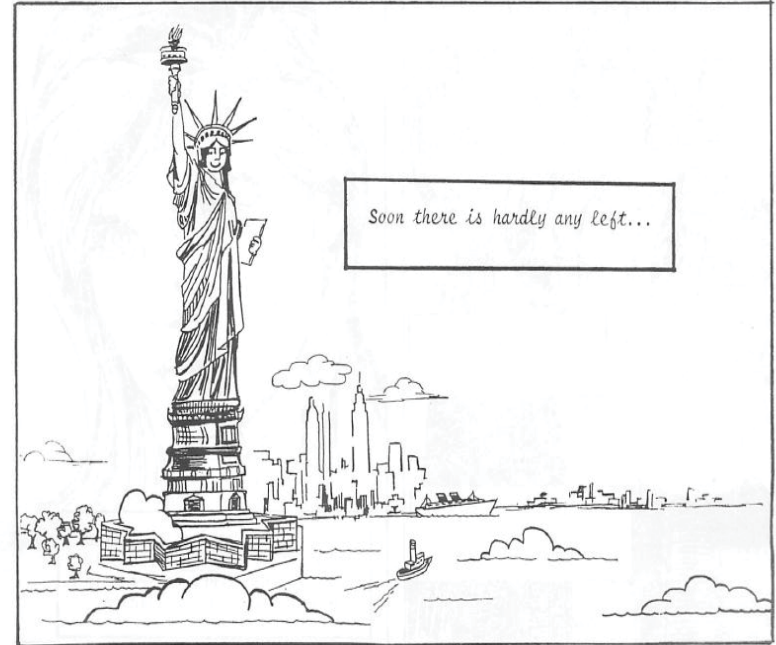
That was pretty good, Catherine...

I'm learning...

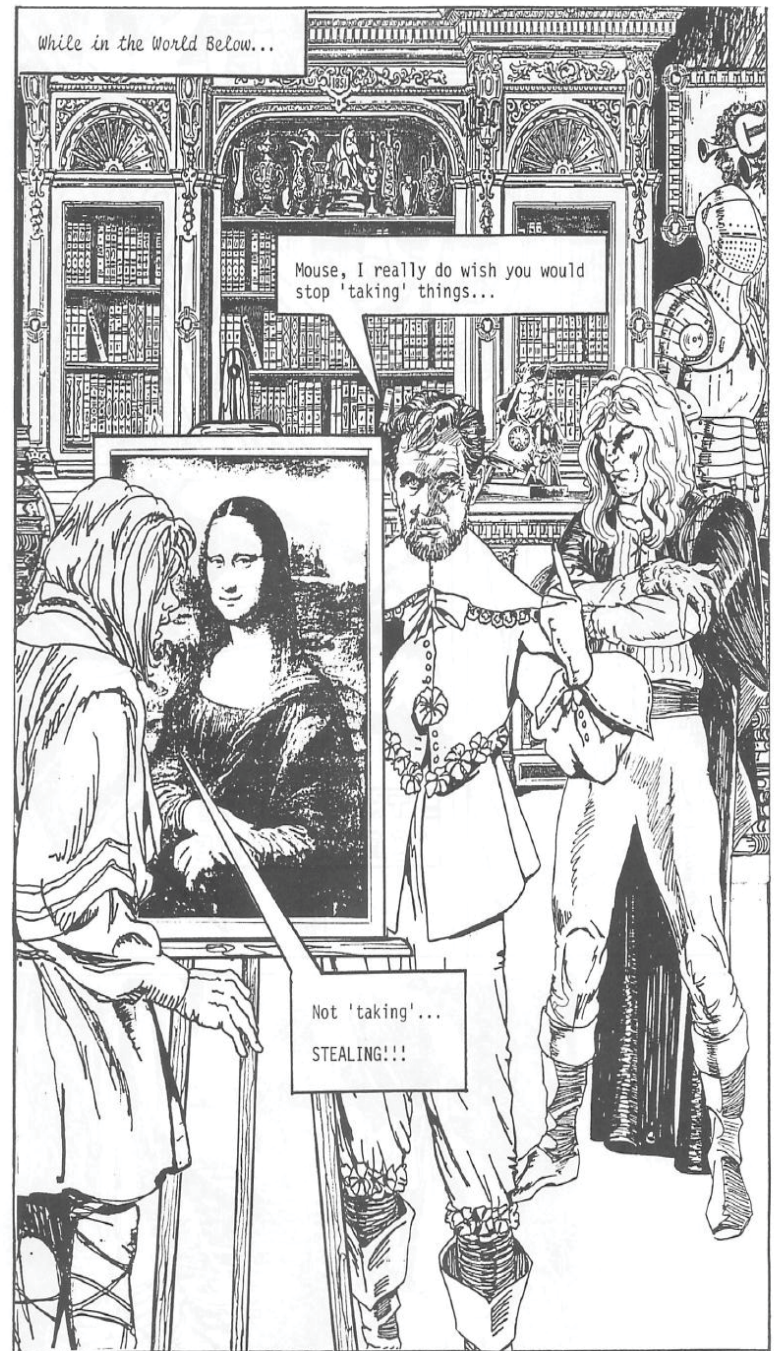
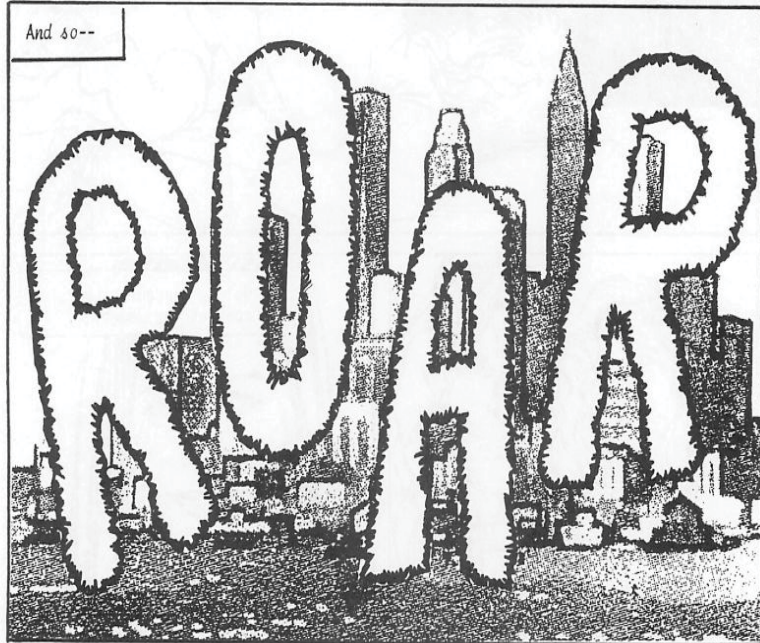


Instantly the dough begins to shrink!

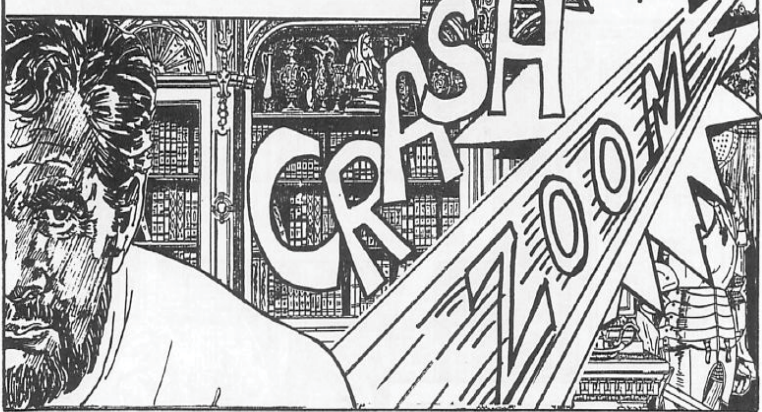
Yay!



Soon there is hardly any left...



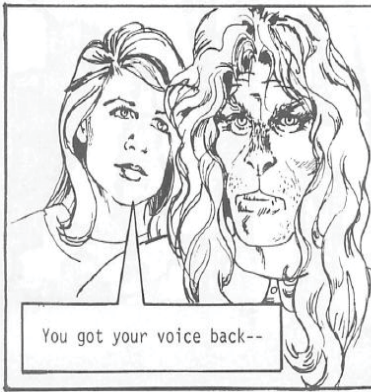
Suddenly Vincent senses Catherine's fear!!!



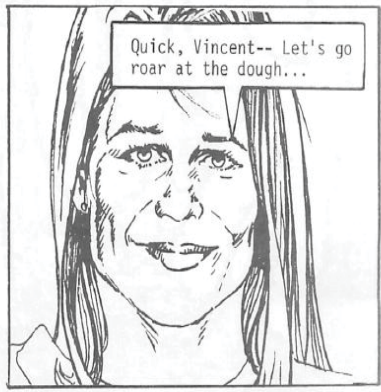
Hastening to Catherine's rescue, Vincent races through the bowels of the earth...



Wake up, Vincent... You're having a bad dream...



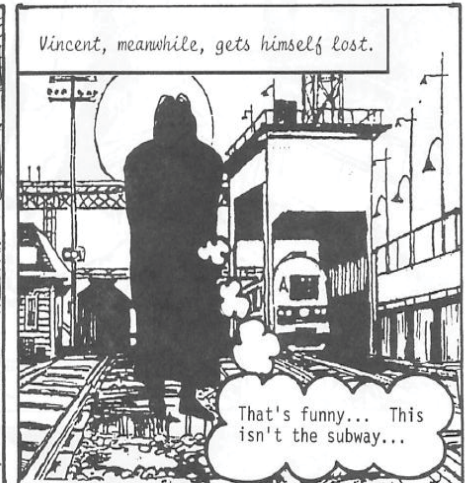
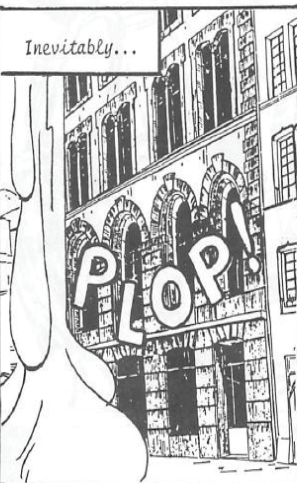
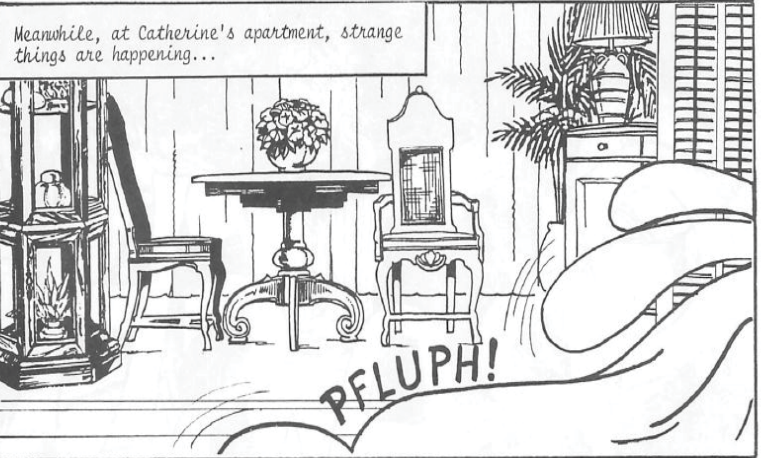
You got your voice back--

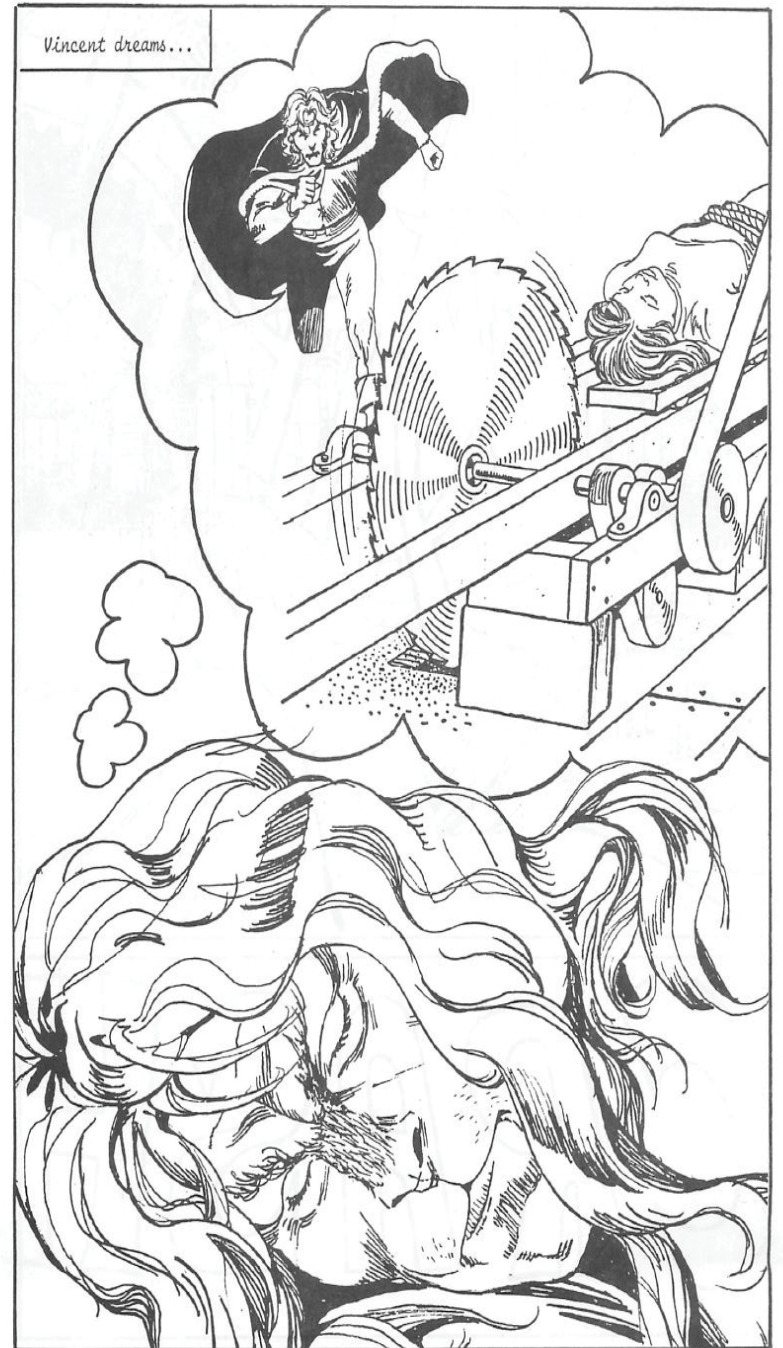
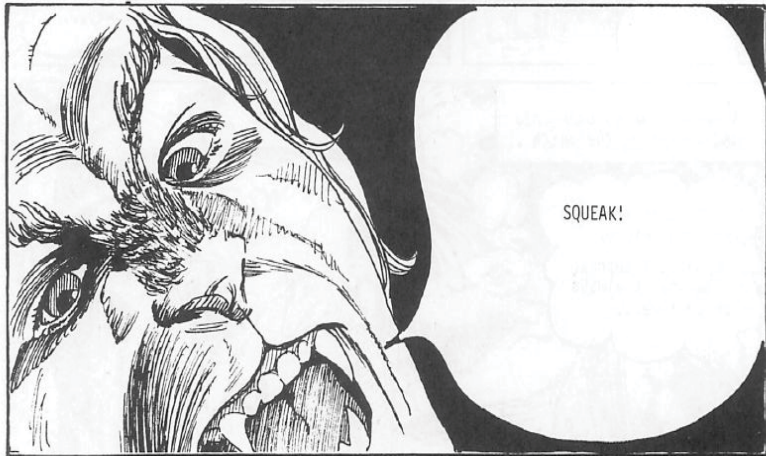


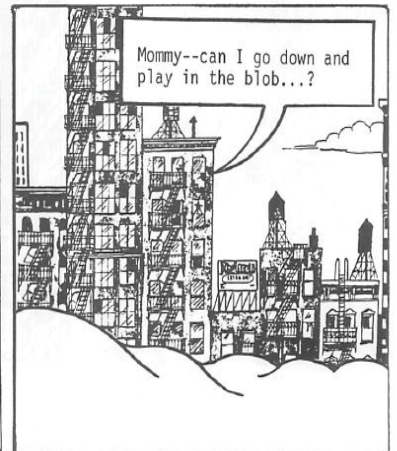
Quick, Vincent-- Let's go roar at the dough...

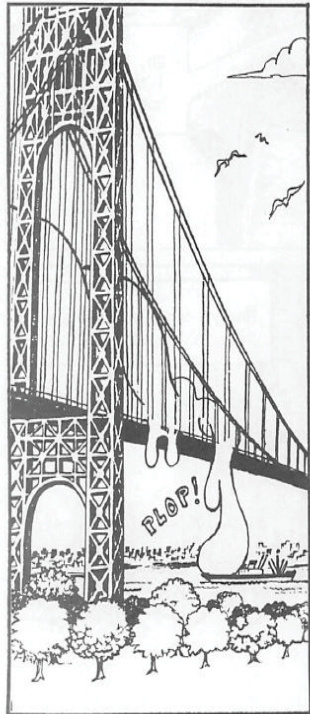
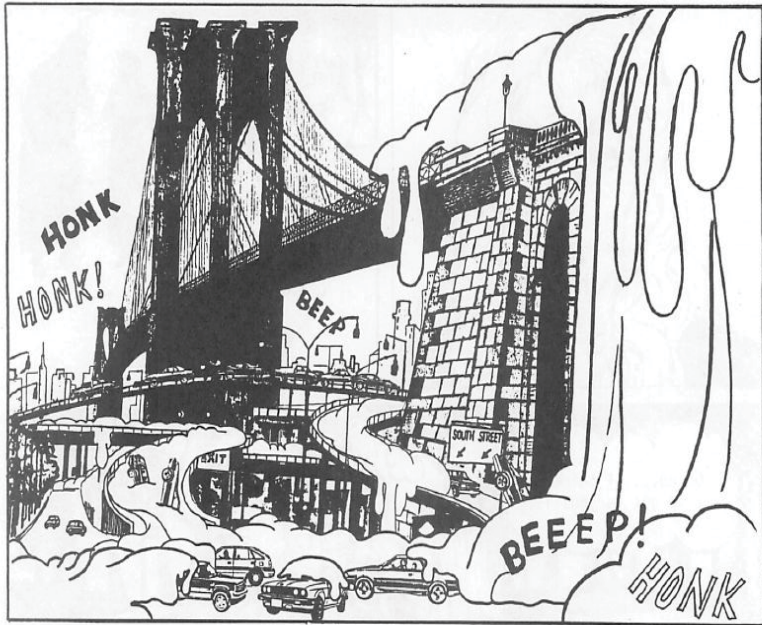


CRASH





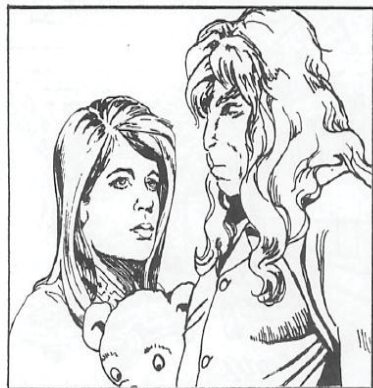




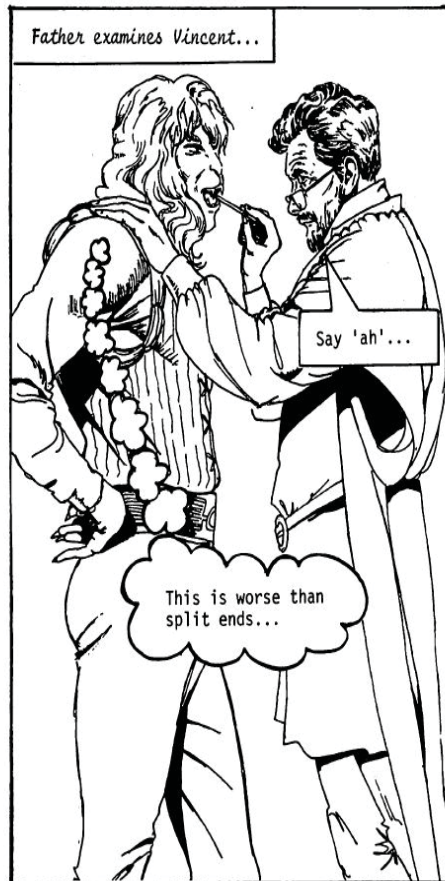




There now... Hop into bed.



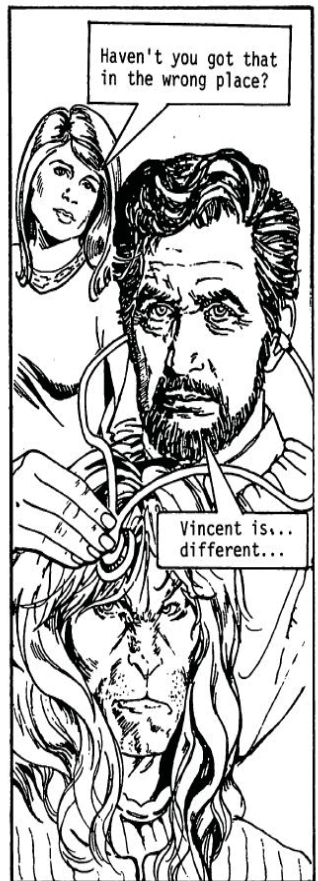
Oh, all right. I'll get in with you...



Father examines Vincent...

Say 'ah'...

This is worse than split ends...



Haven't you got that in the wrong place?

Vincent is... different...



Father reaches for his medical supplies...

It's definitely laryngitis, Vincent. But I'm sure I've got something that will cure it--





Just then--

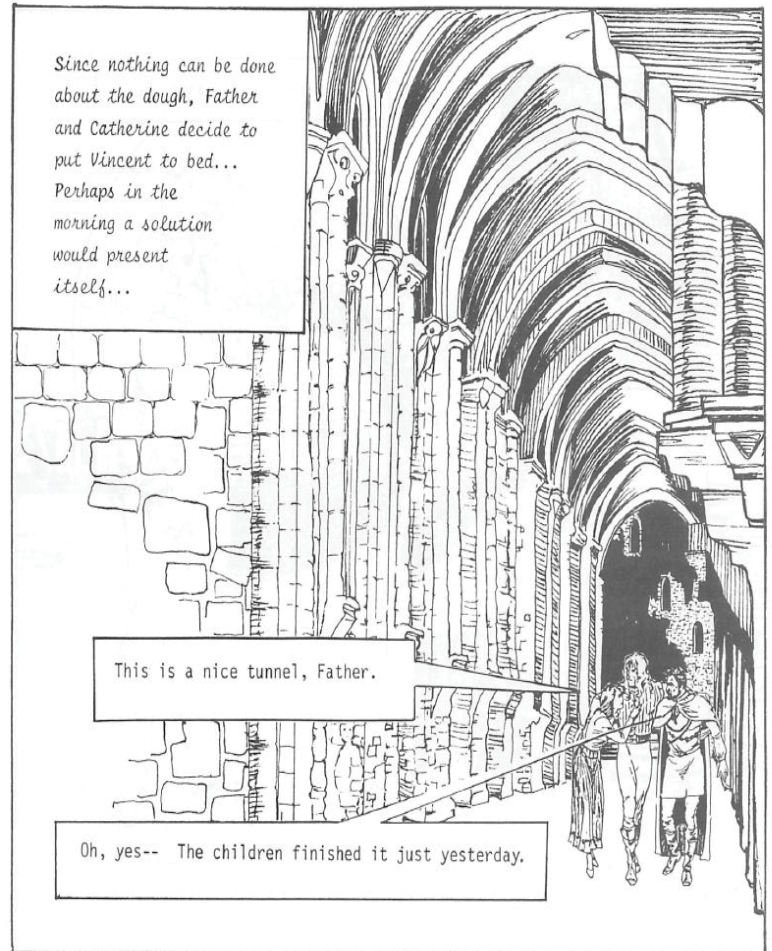
Oh, dear God... The pipes say that a huge mass of rising bread dough has taken over the entire city!!!

This is terrible! Our exits will become blocked and our air supply cut off! What an untimely disaster... If only Vincent still had his voice-- Then he could roar at it and perhaps terrify the yeasts into submission...



...impotence would be a better word.

My dough...



Since nothing can be done about the dough, Father and Catherine decide to put Vincent to bed... Perhaps in the morning a solution would present itself...

This is a nice tunnel, Father.

Oh, yes-- The children finished it just yesterday.



Meanwhile...



NEW YORK NEW YORK

HONK!

BE-E-E-E-P!!!