

# Harry & Rhonda

Frank Zappa

Rhonda:  
(stage whisper)

HARRY, this is not DREAM GIRLS!

Harry:  
(stage whisper)

They told me it had c-c-colored folk in it, RHONDA, and that's ALWAYS a sure sign of GOOD, SOLID, MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT! How was I supposed to know they 'd be this ugly?

Rhonda:

They pissed on us, HARRY! They fuckin' pissed on us! Look at my fox!

Harry:

I know, dear . . . but they pissed on me too . . . he did say they were INCONTINENT!

Rhonda:

Just smell this! I think we should get out of here before they do something else to us!

Harry:

Leave? Now? At these ticket prices? Just hold your horses . . . it probably wasn't REAL PISS . . . only 'theater piss' . . . they probably have a formula . . . some special stuff . . . comes right outta the fur with Woolite.

Rhonda:

What's happened to Broadway, HARRY? Used to be you could come to one of these things and the wind would be RUSHING DOWN THE PLAIN or a fairy on a string would go over the audience . . . but NOW! Harry, I ask you: is THIS entertainment?

Harry:

You're absolutely correct, dear! So far we haven't seen a single good-looking pair of legs . . . a single sequin-encrusted whatchamacallit . . . no firm, rounded breasts! This show is a DISASTER, RHONDA! A complete and utter DISASTER!

Thing-Fish:

Mmmmm! Say dere . . . hey! Umm-hmm! Thass right! HEY YOU! You two ugly white folks . . . over heahhh!

As you know, de presence of carboniferous hard-core unemployables has generally, in de historical past, GUARANTEED an evenin' of upliftin' FROLIC and CAVORTMENT . . . it'd be a shame fo' y'all t'miss out on dis here one! Got some nice chairs fo' ya, rights ovuh heahhh.

Harry:

Uhhh . . . beg pardon? What's going on here?

Rhonda:

Oh! They're touching me! HARRY! HARRY! HARRY! HARRY, do something! THEY'RE PUTTING CHAINS ON ME! I'LL BE STUCK TO THE CHAIR! Oh! What'll I do? I'LL MISS INTERMISSION!

Harry:

They're only 'theater chains', RHONDA! Just some sort of . . .

Rhonda:

THESE ARE REAL GODDAM CHAINS, HARRY, AND THEY'RE NOT GONNA COME OFF WITH WOOLITE!

Harry:

I don't mind the way they feel . . . they don't bother me, honey . . . relax! Go with the flow . . .

Rhonda:

HARRY, YOU ARE AN OVER-EDUCATED SHIT-HEAD!

Thing-Fish:

Look here, folks . . . dis only fo yo own protexium! Once we gets rollin' he ah, things be happnin' all over de place dat could prove dangerous to person s not previously acquainted wit de SAN QUENTIM MASH- POTATOES!

Rhonda:

I want the wind to come rushing down the plain! I want fairies on a string over the audience! I want REAL BROADWAY ENTERTAINMENT! Feathers! Spot-lights! Guilt! Hours upon hours of GUILT! About my mother! About my father! About brave women, suffering at the hands of infantile, insensitive, dominating men! And what do I get? A Potato-headed jig-a-boo with Catholic clothes on! Incomprehensible duck lips! Weak bladders draining through abnorminably large organs! Jesus, HARRY! What the FUCK is going on here?

Harry:

Simmer down! If you'll just roll with the punches . . . and don't rock the boat, I'm sure we'll have a lovely evening at the theater!

Thing-Fish:

Thass right! We got fairies on a string fo yo ass jes' a little later! Meanwhile, I b'lieves y'all requires some updatement on de CO-LOG-NUH situatium! Sister OB'DEWLLA 'X'! Express yo'seff!