

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 persons 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!