[FZ synclavier]

[Harry:]

RHONDA, that EVIL PRINCE . . . he certainly does have a way about him!

[Rhonda:]

At least HE didn't piss on my fox . . and HE has REAL BROADWA Y STARS for personal acquaintances!

[Harry:]

They're all dead, dear . . . Zombies, I believe . . . the 'walk ing dead' . . . Jack Palance did a show on them once.

[Rhonda:]

Oh my God! Look at what he's doing with that stuff from inside the pig! Yuck! That's disgusting! Are you sure this guy is a PR INCE?

[Harry:]

He's an EVIL PRINCE, dear . . . and part-time theater critic! T hey don't make a heck-of-a-lot of money, y'know! We should prob ably feel sorry for him. You have to admit, those ARE some of the least expensive cuts of pork.

[Thing-Fish:]

Don't you white folks know nothin'? Dat cock-sucker not only me an 'n dangerous, he ignint in regards to de prep'ratium o' food -stuffs! Even in SAN QUENTIM I never seen nobody eat a RAW CHIT LIN'! De muthafucker be CRAZY! An' when dat gobbige make it's w ay thoo de digestium process, you bes' be hopin' you on yo' way outa heahh! Next item de boy be inventin' come under de headin 'o' industrial pollutium!

[Harry:]

Just what are these . . . chitlin's?

[Thing-Fish:]

Dat dere id perhaps de questium most frequently posed by member s of yo' species! I'll jes' gets de MAMMYS t'hep me relucidate dis bafflin' concept wit another thrillin' numbuh!