

Frank Zappa, Drop Dead

Frank Zappa (guitar, synclavier)
Steve Vai (guitar)
Ray White (guitar, vocals)
Tommy Mars (keyboards)
Chuck Wild (piano)
Arthur Barrow (bass)
Scott Thunes (bass)
Jay Anderson (string bass)
Ed Mann (percussion)
Chad Wackerman (drums)
Ike Willis (vocals)
Terry Bozzio (vocals)
Dale Bozzio (vocals)
Napoleon Murphy Brock (vocals)
Bob Harris (vocals)
Johnny "Guitar" Watson (vocals)

HARRY:

JESUS, that was terrific! I've never experienced anything quite like that in a theater before! How 'bo

RHONDA:

You're a worm, HARRY. Drop dead. God, you're disgusting! Don't touch me! YUCK! What is this so

THING-FISH: (alarmed)

OB'DEWLLA! You lil' vagrant! What you been up to wit de chump over deahh? Lemme see yo' dra

The EVIL PRINCE tap-dances over to THING-FISH, HARRY & RHONDA.

EVIL PRINCE: (fake Broadway singing)

Pers'nally, dahlin', I found de pre-formnence Wit de brief-case To be un-creedably stim-u-lat-nin'!

RHONDA:

Eat shit, you overbearing male chauvinist member of the scientific community!

THING-FISH:

What a sweet lil' hunk o' heaven she growed up t'be! When she were deflateable, she dint say noth

Girl! Dis cocksucker might be EVIL, but he AM a PRINCE! Now he be talkin' de vernak-luh, I's find

EVIL PRINCE:

Sho' nuff! Um-hmm! Yeah! You a WISE ol' MAMMY! Where you fum, 'rijnlyy?

THING-FISH:

Why...uh...SAINT LOOMIS!

EVIL PRINCE:

Goddam! I knew it! I knew it! I could jes' make it out from yo' renunciation! Sho' get hot down deahh

THING-FISH:

DAT no lie...people be croakin' all over de fuckin' place! I sees y'all like dat sort o' thang...jedgin' fu

EVIL PRINCE:

Oh yeah! Oh yeah! Heh-heh! Saint Loomis! Damn! Some de ZOMBY-FOLK up de lab-mo-tory got

THING-FISH:

Naw! Really? Cain't be!

EVIL PRINCE:

Oh hell yeah! De ugly dead muthafucker on de string deahh...he related to a buncha other ugly dea

THING-FISH:

How you know so much 'bouts what gwine on down deahh, you EVIL COCKSUCKER! Y'all been s

EVIL PRINCE:

Jes' might distress yo ass to loin dat on de way home fum de SAN QUENTIM 'tater mashin' 'speri-

THING-FISH:

You lyin', boy! Dey givin' degrees in 'TATER HUSBANDRY' back de ol' alma-motta!

EVIL PRINCE:

Dat ALL dey givin' any mo'! Muthafuckin' 'TATER HUSBANDRY' be de wave o' de futchum in Saint

THING-FISH: (looking down at OB'DEWLLA)

What? Huh? You wanna what? OB'DEWLLA, de PRINCE jes' be shootin' de home-town shit heah!

THING-FISH puts the CRAB-GRASS BABY on the floor and positions OB'DEWLLA over it. He plac

THING-FISH: (contd.)

Twist 'n shout! Work it on out ('n in)! Hmmm! Get down! Go on! Give him a little shoe! Dat's what D

HARRY:

It's-it's fascinating the way things are resolving themselves around here! I-I never would have sus-

RHONDA:

Where are your real clothes, HARRY? Are you going back to Long Island like that?

HARRY:

I have nothing to be ashamed of! I have a LOVELY body. Everyone will understand! I've-I've ACCO

RHONDA: (naked, re-stuffing the briefcase)

You've accomplished NOTHING! NOTHING AT ALL! You're a MERE WORM...less than that...you'

MAN-KIND is SHIT, HARRY! OUR KIND will get rid of YOUR KIND, just like wiping off this fountain

THIS IS SYMBOLISM, HARRY! Really DEEP, INTENSE, THOUGHT-PROVOKING BROADWAY S

While YOU became LAWYERS and ACCOUNTANTS, and read PLAYBOY and bought a pipe, WE

We had SPECIAL ATOMIC GLASSES made...by WOMEN OPTOMETRISTS who promised NEVE

We learned how to hide SECRET STUFF, wrapped up in the middle of those severe terminal BUN

I simply can't respect you, HARRY! You are NO GOOD. Go ahead! Smell the pen! Go on...I'm wip-