Frank Zappa, Fembot In A Wet T-Shirt

Act I

SCENE FIVE
THE WET T-SHIRT CONTEST

After a few weeks on the bus, being porked by
Toad-O's road crew, and being too exhausted to do
their laundry on a regular basis, MARY is dumped in Miami.
With no money (and no other famous rock groups due into
the area for at least three weeks), she tries to pick up a few bucks
by entering the Wet T-Shirt contest at The Brasserie...

IKE:
Looks to me like something funny
Is going on around here
People laughin' 'n' dancin' 'n' payin'
Entirely too much for their beer
And they all think they are
Clean outa-site
And they're ready to party
"Cause the sign outside says it's WET T-SHIRT NITE
'N' they all crave some Hot delight
Well the girls are excited
Because in a minute
They're gonna get wet
'N' the boys are delighted
Because all the titties
Will get 'em upset
'N' they all think they are Reety-awright
'N' they're ready to boogie
'Cause the sign outside says it's WET T-SHIRT NITE
'N' they all crave some Pink delight
When the water gets on'em
Their ninnies get rigid
'N' look pretty bold
It's a common reaction
That makes an attraction
Whenever it's cold
'N'all of the fellas
They wish they could bite
On the cute little nuggets
The local girls are showin' off tonite
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
You know I think it serves 'em right
And it's WET T-SHIRT TIME AGAIN
I know you want someone to show you some tit!
BIG ONES! WET ONES! BIG WET ONES!

At this point, FATHER RILEY (who had been recently de-frocked
for not meeting his quota, and has grown his hair out and
bought a groovy sport coat and moved to Miami and changed
his name to BUDDY JONES) steps onto the crowded bandstand
in his exciting new role as a WET T-SHIRT CONTEST EMCEE...

BUDDY JONES:
Ah, thanks, IKE...
Yes, it's WET T-SHIRT TIME AGAIN
Here at The Brasserie... Home of THE TITS... huh huh...
And it's the charming Mary from Canoga Park
Up next in her bid for the semi-finals...

Hi,Mary...howya doin?

Having been fucked senseless by the boys in the crew, MARY does not recognize the former religious personage from her nights in the rectory basement during which she acquired her basic manual skills confounded by his sport coat, she replies...

MARY: Hi!

Realizing that she no longer recognizes him... or even appreciates the patient religious training he had given her in the past, BUDDY JONES, like a true WET T-SHIRT EMCEE type person, proceeds to say various stupid things to waste time, making the contest itself take longer, thereby giving the mongoloids squatting on the dance floor an opportunity to buy more exciting beverages. . . liquid products that will expand their consciousnesses to the point whereby they might more fully enjoy the ambiance of Miami By Night...

BUDDY JONES:
Where ya from?

MARY:
Ah, the bus...

BUDDY JONES:
Which one?

MARY:
You know...the last tour...
You know...
Leather

BUDDY JONES:
Oh.. .you were the girl that was stuck to seat 38 on Phydeaux III...
why don't you get in position now and take a deep breath, because
this water is very, very cold, but it's goin' to be so stimulating. And
Mary's the kind of Red-Blooded American Girl who'll do anything...

MARY:
Anything...

BUDDY JONES:
I said anything... for fifty bucks
That's right!

MARY:
I really need the fifty bucks you know I gotta get home!

BUDDY JONES:
Yeh, I know, your father is waiting for you in the tool shed... that's right,you heard right... our big prize tonight is fifty American Dollars to the girl with the most exciting mammalian protruberances...

MARY: Here I am!

BUDDY JONES: ...
as viewed through a thoroughly soaked, stupid looking white sort of male person's conservative kind of middle-of-the-road COTTON UNDER-GARMENT!
Whoopee! And here comes THE WATER!

MARY:

EEEK!

BUDDY JONES:
No, you'd squeak more if the water got on you ...sounds like you just got an ice pick in the forehead... AND HERE COMES THE ICE PICK IN THE FOREHEAD... a million laughs, Mary! Anyway; good golly, what a mess...she's totally soaked.. totally committed to the fifty bucks.. .That's it just step into the spotlight.. let the guys get a good look at ya honey!

MARY:
Here I am!

BUDDY JONES:
Whaddya say, fellas?
Nice setta jugs?
Now Mary, how's about shakin' it around a little...

BUDDY JONES:
Oh my goodness, look at her go!

MARY:
Oooh! I'm dancing!
I'm dancing!

BUDDY JONES:
Ain't this what living is really all about!
Here's your fifty bucks, Mary...

MARY:
Oh great! Now I can go home!

BUDDY JONES:
Home is where the heart is.

MARY:
On the bus.