

Frank Zappa, Briefcase Boogie

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: (to THING-FISH)
Anything you say, master! Take me, I'm yours!

RHONDA: (Broadway-style fake singing)
Jingle bells, Jingle bells,
Jingle all the way!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
To Chicago every day, oh...

THING-FISH:
Oooh, lawd! Lookit you, boy! Chain thoo de nipples 'n evvy goddam thing! You a sick white muthaf

RHONDA:
Bells on bob-tail ring,
Making spirits bright!
Oh, what fun it is to ride
To Chicago every night, oh...

HARRY:
For Chrissake, RHONDA! Have you no SHAME?

THING-FISH:
Y'all make up y'mind yet, 'bouts de MAMMY o' yo' dreams?

HARRY:
You bet! I've waited ALL MY LIFE for this moment! My heart is fluttering! If only I could submit mys

THING-FISH:
SISTER OB'DEWLLA 'X'? De mys'try SISTER? Y'all wants t'party hearty with de min'yature rubber

RHONDA:
HARRY...HARRY...hey! HARRY! Fucking wor-r-r-mmmmmmmmm! I want a DIVORCE, HARRY!

HARRY:
Not now, dearest, PLEASE! This is serious! Little MAMMY, what'll it be? Hips or lips?

HARRY snatches SISTER OB'DEWLLA 'X' away from THING-FISH, bashing himself with it in an ir

RHONDA un-zips the Santa Claus costume, revealing the rubber body suit, hoping for some sign o
She squeezes her rubber tits, as if to squirt them at him. Still no interest.

RHONDA:
You're a wor-r-r-r-mmmmmmm! A fucking WOR-R-R-R-M-M-M-M-MMMMMMMMMMMMM! These are

HARRY:
Not now, RHONDA! Ow! Oof! Oh, I love this! Hurt me! Hurt me! Oh, pull my chain, you tiny potato-l

RHONDA:

They're almost squirting, HARRY! Look! Look! Whoooooo! Whooooo! Whoooo! You fucking worm!

THING-FISH:

OB'DEWLLA! Is y'awright? Don't be pullin' de boy's chain too hard dere! He gots 'nuthuh show t'do

RHONDA: (pinching her nipples, jiggling her tits)

Jingle bells, jingle bells...

HARRY:

Oh! This is divine!

RHONDA:

This is my PUSSY, HARRY! Look! See it? You know what I'm gonna do with it, you worm? I'm gonna

A tan and brown briefcase, seven feet tall, is lowered in. FRANCESCO watches it land near his wire

RHONDA reaches inside the briefcase and locates her 'SPECIAL ATOMIC GLASSES' (with tiny do

She reaches in again and finds an artificial hamburger with a red ribbon on it. She mounts it on top

RHONDA: (contd.)

I'm gonna put my GLASSES ON, HARRY! I'm gonna put my hair up in a BUN! Then, I'm going FUC

HARRY:

RHONDA...have you no SHAME! Keep the briefcase closed, for chrissake! All your documents are

RHONDA: (as over-sized file folders emerge)

Unngh! I'm GOOD! Oh God I'm good! Harder! Faster! Unngh! Unngh! This is TERRIFIC! Boy, I need

HARRY:

Those are the Warner Brothers files, aren't they dear? Don't you think there'll be some questions a

THING-FISH:

Girl! Bes' be careful wit de latch!

RHONDA: (with the handle in her mouth, semi-intelligible)

I'm sucking the handle now, HARRY! Look! Mmmmmm! It tastes GOOD! Mmmmmm! Mmmmmm!

HARRY:

Hurt me, OB'DEWLLA! Make me whimper and beg for your tiny rubber love!

After nibbling on it as if it were a giant piece of corn-on-the-cob, THING-FISH hands RHONDA an o

RHONDA:

I've got a fountain pen, HARRY! I've got a fountain pen with MY INITIALS on it! I'm putting it in my r