

Frank Zappa, Harry & Rhonda

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)

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, music!

Rhonda:

They pissed on us, harry! they f**kin' 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:

Oolite.

Rhonda:

What's happened to broadway, harry? used to be you could come to one of these things and the w
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

Complete and utter disaster!

Thing-fish:

Mmmm! 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 gen'rally, in de historical
On dis here one! got some nice chairs fo' ya, rights ovuh heahhh.

Harry & rhonda rise, cross to thing-fish, and sit in the chairs he offers. they are immediately ch

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 b

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' heah, things be happnin' all over
- potatoes!

Rhonda:

I want the wind to come rushing down the plain! I want fairies on a string over the audience! I want
Her! about my father! about brave women, suffering at the hands of infantile, insensitive, dominating
Lips! weak bladders draining through abnorminably large organs! jesus, harry! what the f**k is going

Harry:

Simmer down! if you'll just roll with the punches...and don't rock the boat, I'm sure we'll have a love

Thing-fish:

Thass right! we got fairies on a string fo yo ass jes' a little later! meanwhile, I b'lieves y'all requires s