

Zappa Frank

"Briefcase Boogie"

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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 muthafucker,
ain'tcha?

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 myself on approval, for a limited time only...to ...to that nasty little rubber MAMMY on your knee...

THING-FISH:

SISTER OB'DEWLLA 'X'? De mys'try SISTER? Y'all wants t'party hearty with de min'yature rubber MAMMY wit de string out de back? Yow! Dintcha get 'nuff 'buse fum de other bitch when y'was livin' in de card-bo'd hut?

RHONDA:

HARRY...HARRY...hey! HARRY! Fucking wor-r-r-mmmmmmmmmmm! 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 irrational manner.

RHONDA un-zips the Santa Claus costume, revealing the rubber body suit, hoping for some sign of interest from her deranged husband. There isn't any...he's beating the fuck out of himself and loving every minute of it.

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-MMMMMMMMMMM! These are my TITS, HARRY! I have TITS! Look! LOOK AT ME! LOOK AT MY WONDERFUL TITS, YOU FUCKING WOR-R-R-R-MMMMMMM! I'm going to pretend I'm SQUIRTING THEM ON YOU! Whoo! Wheeeee! ALMOST GOTCHA!

HARRY:

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

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 t'morrow! Don't put dat in yo' MOUF, girl! I knows y'cain hep y'seff wit dat crazy muthafucker 'busin' you like dat, but jes' hang on a lil' longuh...he be droppin' de wad putty soon now!

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 make it FUCK SOMETHING! That's right! You won't get any of it...because you're DISGUSTING! An' I don't need you, MR. FIRST-NIGHTER! My wonderful, wonderful pussy doesn't need you! I have my BRIEFCASE, HARRY! I'm going to FUCK MY BRIEFCASE! I'm going to...look! Look at this! I got it right over here! There! See it? My BIG, BROWN, BRIEFCASE! MY BRIEFCASE! It's BIG, HARRY! It's full of BUSINESS PAPERS...from MY CAREER!

A tan and brown briefcase, seven feet tall, is lowered in. FRANCESCO watches it land near his window. He exits the bungalow with a can of Crisco and a violin case. n pantomime, he cautiously interrupts RHONDA'S monologue, suggesting that she examine the contents of the case. It contains a strap-on dildo of such ridiculous proportions that a chain leading from just behind the head of it must be hooked to a leather dog collar around RHONDA'S neck, in order to hold it up. FRANCESCO recommends the Crisco as a lubricant, daubs on a bit with a miniature doll's foot, finally indicating that she conceal her pubic hair with a cardboard box, in the manner preferred by famous singing Christians.

RHONDA reaches inside the briefcase and locates her 'SPECIAL ATOMIC GLASSES' (with tiny doll arms reaching out through tiny cardboard boxes), and puts them on.

She reaches in again and finds an artificial hamburger with a red ribbon on it. She mounts it on top of her head, tying the ribbon in a neat bow below her chin.

Ready at last, she humps the briefcase vigorously.

RHONDA: (contd.)

I'm gonna put my GLASSES ON, HARRY! I'm gonna put my hair up in a BUN! Then, I'm going FUCK FUCK FUCK! Ha-ha-ha-hahhhhh! Look! See me? See how I got my hair up? Whooo! I'm REALLY DOING IT! Unngh! Unngh!

HARRY:

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

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 it so bad...

HARRY:

Those are the Warner Brothers files, aren't they dear? Don't you think there'll be some questions about the condition of the blue paper?

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! The handle! The handle!

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 oversized pink fountain pen with her name on the clip.

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 mouth, HARRY! I'm gonna get it wet! I'm gonna stuff it up my asshole and ride the briefcase again, you disgusting perverted bastard worm! I'm gonna do it! Look, HARRY! Whooo! Unngh! Unngh! God-damit, HARRY! Watch me! This is for your own good!

