

Don Interrupts

Frank Zappa

Donnie!

Bunk: Hey, put that down!

Art: What are you doin', man?

Bunk: We're tryin' to do some serious . . .

(FZ: They're tellin' it's bullshit and stop it)

Art: What the f*ck is this!

Ian: Don, why are you interrupting our beautiful piece?

Don: Silence, you fools . . .

(FZ: Ha ha ha! No, Donnie, more conviction!)

Don: SILENCE, you fools! Don't you believe in PROGRESS?

Bunk: Take that progress and stick it under a ROCK. We have to

Don: We must overthrow the diatonic system

(FZ: Yes.)

Art: Bullshit

Don: We're coming to the beginning of a NEW ERA wherein the development of the inner self will be the most important factor

Ian: Donnie, your music is full of shit, and besides that it ain't disciplined

Don: Listen . . .

Bunk: Give me four-four

Art: Togetherness

Bunk: Yeah

Ian: Some old melodies

Don: Look, playing . . .

Art: Put on a tie!

Don: Playing that kind of music and eating meat . . . will never, you'll never be able to see my aura then

Art: I've seen your aura a lot, and it really stinks

Bunk: You've been drinking, Don

Ian: I can hear your aura and it's bad, man. Play any more

Bunk: Discipline, you need discipline

Don: No . . .

Bunk: Four-four

Don: It's got to be new, it's got to progress, it's got to evolve. THERE MUST BE GROWTH!

Bunk: Ah, man. My goodness . . .

Don: You've got to eat macrobiotic food

(FZ: We're doing a play.)

Don: And study astrology. Delve into the occult world

Ian: Well you can delve all you want but we're formin' a new group . . . go, go and do you some yoga exercises

Don: Look

Ian: Take care of business there

Don: Mark my words . . . If you continue playing this music something strange may happen

Bunk: Don't threaten me . . .

(FZ: By the end of the first show . . .)

Don: By the end of the first show . . . No, the second show

FZ: So, at this point in the development of our plot the three talented members of the Mothers of Invention have quit the group to form their own band with a lot of discipline

(Art: Yeah.)

FZ: This is what we need, is a nice disciplined combo!

FZ: And so that they would be completely packaged and fit in with the rest of

f the disciplined combo, the former members of the Mothers of Invention receive their initiation into the robot musical world

Don: This makes me nervous. I'm gonna go do some yoga

Bunk: Yeah, you better

FZ: This is Euclid Motorhead Sherwood

Motorhead: What's he doin', Ian?

Ian: He's nervous 'cause he couldn't play with our new group

Motorhead: Oh, that's nice, look at those suits

FZ: Motorhead covets the uniforms of the other band. And also shows some interest in the bum of Underwood

Ian: Ayyyy

Motorhead: Hey, ten years ago I knew a lot of guys that had suits like this. They're really nice. Hey can I play in your band and get a suit like that too?

Ian: No!

Motorhead: But I like the suits and I can play good. I can play . . . I can play anything

Ensemble: BOO! BOO! BOO!

FZ: Motorhead is lying. He can't play good, he can't play anything. He's trying to con his way into the other band. He knows they don't want him

Bunk: I heard you play before

Motorhead: But I got practicing and play good

Ian: No discipline

FZ: He's lying. He hasn't been practicing, he doesn't do shit

Bunk: Last week he couldn't even count to four

Art: Come on, beat it, man

Motorhead: You can't do that to me, I'll fix you

Art: Go ahead

Motorhead: I'll get into your band. I'll get into your band

Bunk: Okay Motorhead, just get out of the way

Motorhead: You can't stop me, I'll get in there somehow

Ian: Take a walk, you fruit

Motorhead: There's no way you can stop me. I'll get ya!

FZ: Motorhead explains to the members of the Robot Combo that nothing can stop him. He will join their group whether they like it or not