

Fembot in a Wet T-Shirt

Frank Zappa

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
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 defrocked for not meeting his quota, and has grown his hair out and bought a groovy sport coot 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 tonite 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:
EEEEK!

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