

Credits and Outtakes

Podman:

You dun forgot about:

Fingers
Haterine Karris (Hattie)
Molly
The Preacher
Woody Bobward
Bernie Carlstein
Mary Clerque
Reverend Sun Myung Moon
The Shites
The Turds
King Tut
Tommy S. Hunter

Wilber:

Dam, ah cain't keep all them names in mah haid at one time. Don't go confoozin me, ya hear?

Hmm, them folks you named probly got mo money than folks lahk bird, yah thank?

An ah dint fergit Miss Molly, nosirree. She there on mah web saht.

Bird:

And Billy da Kid, and Merrian Berri
Dat Mary Clerque a good lookin women Mayor. She be merried? Or spoke fer? I be lukin fer a nu womin preferable wit no hair on her lip and dunt fart so much!

Wilber:

Ah got the keeid on mah web saht too.

Only ah *know* he ain't got no money.

Bird:

Sourry dint see it cause it be spelt rong! Ain't no *e* in Keeid dummi!

Wilber:

Bah the way, Bird, congrats on you n' Miss Molly be expectin. Troy gone have itself a virgin birth this Christmus.

You doon the raht thang leavin her lahk thet. Now she gone git wailfar and food stamps. She be much better oft than if you wuz supportin her.

Podman:

I thank you dun need dat second brain agin Wilber.

Who da hell cud forgit Miss Molly? Dat Miss Molly, no matter how hard I tryd, i cudnt kilt her. I still want to tho. I jes don wantt here bout her no mo. When I do kill her, im a gonna bild a new barn jes so i kin burn it down wit her in it. heh heh heh heh

im so funny, i kill myself, but i'd rather be a killin Miss Molly. She got a big ass ya no? Yep, and its gettin bigger evry day, at least dats wut da preacher sez. Yep, dat's wat da preacher sez bout Miss Molly. After he sed dat bout her, I smackd him good. Not for sayin she had a big ass, but jes cuz he was talkin bout her agin.

Bird:

Wilber he be talkin bad bout Miss Molley! I dun't leaved her like you said causein she now kualifies fer govment ade and food stamps.

Wilber:

Hey, Mr. Fingers couldn't kill her, ah don't thank yew can neither.

Rummy:

Vaction Pix from Rummy and Little Milton

[Here is a shot of Little Milton looking "little"](#)

[Rums](#)



Big Milton:

Oooh, show me more, you devil you.

--Big Milton

Bird:

Dat one big cat fish!

Bird:

Dat Miss Molley before da sex chain operachion sittin doun at da bar near da barned dat burned doun agin fore dat Mayor dun't had it burnt doun agin cause Miss Molley were a virgin before she was maried to da preacher man da mayor had kilt. She coult squeeze dat bottle huh? I gon miss Miss Molley fer sur and dat dress!!!!



Podman:

Holy She-at! I never saw Miss Molly look like DAT. Holy smokes, you kin talk bout her all you want, jes be sendin me sum mor o dem pitchers.

Dat stupid preacher ain't dead any more dan miss molly is dead. Well, day ded, but not ded. I gots a pitcher o dem yesday: Dats Molly in front and dat stoopid preacher is dere in da center. Day walkin kinda funny, but day shur as hell still round!



Bird:

Sorry Mayor! Dats the onli one I gots wif her clothes on. The rest of dem she be skinni dippin in da nude or wit no clothes on. I wunt want to ruint the reptation of such a high esteemed politcul figgur suchin yur self buy displayin dem pornografic picturs of her an dem Dowsey twins in all dem positiums if ya no's whut I meen!!! Maybe Wilber wilt splay them on his web sait fur 5 bucks ya cheap old fart you!
Take care thar Mayor and dat bull dun't taste real good. Now thar I dun't said it!

Linda Podman:

You think you could fix the Mayor up with Miss Molley?

Ms Pod

THE END (Finally)