You better get married soon.
You're starting to look old.
My dad has been saying that to me
since I was 15...
because nice Greek girls are supposed
to do three things in life.
Marry Greek boys, make Greek babies,
and feed everyone...
until the day we die.
When I was growing up,
I knew I was different.
The other girls were blond and delicate.
And I was a swarthy 6-year-old
with sideburns.
I so badly wanted to be
like the popular girls...
all sitting together, talking...
eating their Wonder Bread sandwiches.
What's that?
It's moussaka.
Moose ka-ka?
And while the pretty girls
got to go to Brownies...
I had to go to Greek school.
At Greek school,
I learned valuable lessons like.
"If Nick has one goat and Maria has nine,
how soon will they marry?"
My mom was always cooking foods
filled with warmth and wisdom...
and never forgetting that side dish
of steaming-hot guilt.
Niko, don't play with the food.
When I was your age, we didn't have food.
-Ma?
-What?
Why do I have to go to Greek school?
When you get married, don't you want to be
able to write your mother-in-law a letter?
Niko, come on, eat!
We lived in a normal, middle-class Chicago
neighborhood of tasteful, modest homes.
Our house, however,
was modeled after the Parthenon...
complete with Corinthian columns,
and guarded by statues of the gods.
In case the neighbors had
any doubts about our heritage...
they could just check out
our subtle tribute to the Greek flag.
My dad believed in only two things...
that Greeks should educate non-Greeks
about being Greek...
and that any ailment, from psoriasis
to poison ivy, could be cured with Windex.
Six years later, I was 12.
Athena, my older, perfect sister, was 15.
And my brother, Nick, was 11.
Every morning, my dad would lecture us
on the "history of our people...
"the great civilization, the Greeks."
Now, name three things the Greeks did first.
Astronomy, philosophy, and democracy.
Bravo! Very good.
Now, give me a word...
any word...
and I show you, how the root of that word...
is Greek.
Sweet Lord, again.
How about "arachnophobia"?
"Arachna," that comes from
the Greek word for spider...
and "phobia" is a phobia, it means "fear."
So, "fear of spiders." There you go.
Okay, Mr. Portokalos,
how about the word "kimono"?
"Kimono."
-Good one.
Kimono, kimono.
Of course, "kimono" comes from the Greek word...
"cheimonas," which means "winter."
So, what do you wear in the wintertime...
to stay warm? A robe.
You see, "robe," "kimono." There you go.
-Bye-bye.
-Goodbye, Mr. Portokalos.
Toula!
You should be proud to be Greek.
A couple more years went by...
and my dad brought his mother
from Greece to live with us...
because we weren't weird enough.
-Where is she going?
-Mama, please!
The Greeks and the Turks friends now.
We told my grandma the war was over...
but she still slept
with a knife under her pillow.
Stop hitting me!
Niko, be careful.
She has a very mean punch.
Nice Greek girls who don't find a husband
work in the family restaurant.
So, here I am, day after day, year after year.
Thirty, and way past my expiration date.
My God. It's freezing.
Fotoula! You closed last night,
you're opening this morning?
I have no life.
Fotoula, you talk to me sometime.
Ma, you're gonna make me
swallow my tongue.
Toula! Is Nikki here?
What's up?
No, my Nikki. She was supposed
to come over to curl my hairs.
Nick, did you check the meat
before you signed for it?
-Dad checked it.
-It better be fresh.
My brother has two jobs,
to cook and to marry a Greek virgin.
Voula, have something to eat
before you go to work.
If nagging was an Olympic sport,
my Aunt Voula would have a gold medal.
Taki, you couldn't wait for me?
Sorry.
Sorry, sorry. Don't "sorry" me.
Look at this. Rash.
Somebody gave me the mati.
-Put some Windex on it.
-Oh, Gus, please.
Voula! This works.
Last night, my toe was as big as my face.
Why you not wait for me?
Gus. He wants to talk.
Anyway, I tell her...
-I will send her to Greece to find somebody.
-She's not too old.
She's okay.
In Greece...
don't tell anyone how old she is.
-She won't go.
-She won't go?
It's like she don't want to get married.
Come on, boys. Go in there.
My sister married young and became
a Greek baby-breeding machine.
Hey, guys. Come on, get out.
Just a quick coffee.
I have to drop the boys off at hockey
and then I got to get to the Jewel.
-Bread?
-Pantyhose are on for 99 cents.
Then the priest is coming to bless
the new house, so I have to make diples.
Can you believe it? I'm out of honey.
Put that back for me.
You dropped my tzatziki.
-Angelo!
-Nikki, shut up.
My cousins have two volumes,
loud and louder.
...your big-ass girlfriend. Thanks, Toula.
Hey, Toula.
We're not that late.
Hi, everybody.
Nikki, how come you didn't come
to curl my hair this morning?
Ma, I had to drop Dimo at work.
Now I got to go open the travel agency,
because some jack-off...
and his big-ass girlfriend are too busy.
Tell her I open up the cleaners every day.
It's time she does something for a change.
You know who's there this morning?
-You're always at the beauty parlor.
-My husband.
-Your nails, hair, everything.
-Don't talk about my hair.
You're lazy.
You and your big-ass girlfriend do nothing.
Did somebody sit on your hair?
It looks a little flat.
Angelo, bite me.
Disgusting, be a lady.
Ma.
Angelo.
Ande. Come on, boys. Let's go.
-Athena, when did you come?
- Hi, Ma. Bye, Ma.
You're going?
I'm going to the Jewel.
I'll get you some pantyhose.
No queen size. They make me look fat.
No more fun and games.
I didn't do it!
Who put the menus there?
Toula, what's this?
Toula, what is this?
-I don't know.
-Mama.
Now don't forget, I need the plates and--
And the pizza for the buffet.
You told me at dinner. Go. My God.
All right, we're gonna go.
-I wanna drive.
-You're driving me crazy, let's go.
Just watch. Don't run.
-To me, she looks okay.
She's not okay. Look.
Athena is married with three children.
And I'll get married, Pops, I promise.
You have plenty of time, Niko.
And you'll always have Toula
to run the restaurant.
It's true. Toula will never leave you.
I wish I had a different life.
I wish I was braver and prettier...
or just happy.
But it's useless to dream,
because nothing ever changes.
- Hey, what's going on?
- Hi. How are you?
- Good. You?
- Oh, good.
- Cool place.
- Yeah, it's adorable.
You missed a hell of a party the other night.
Look at that.
That could have been you
with that arm around her.
You set me up with her already.
- Nancy?
- Hanson's picnic.
No, that was Pamela. This is Nancy.
They look the same.
Well, maybe.
So, you want me to set you up?
They're all the same, Mike.
- Hi.
- Hi.
Sorry, my brain stopped.
You ever have one of those days,
when it's going along and then stops?
Here I am, standing here,
your own private Greek statue.
- Could I get some more coffee, please?
- Sure.
Thank you.
All right, let's go.
- What do you mean? I just got here.
- I got a class.
I love the spice on these potatoes.
What is that?
Like I care. Come on.
Giving a pop quiz,
and I can't wait to hear the groans.
Man, you're tough.
I'm giving a test on Hamlet,
but I give fair warning.
Hi.
Keep the change.
You like this, Pops? For the new menu?
-Where did you get that?
-I drew it, Dad.
Dad, I've been going through
our inventory...
and I've noticed that we've been doing
a lot of unnecessary ordering.
I've been thinking that
maybe we should update our system.
We could get a computer.
I don't know if you remember,
but I got all A's in Computers.
But there's a lot of new stuff to learn now...
so, if you want, I could go to college
and take a few courses.
Why?
Why you want to leave me?
I'm not leaving you.
Don't you want me
to do something with my life?
Yes! Get married! Make babies!
You look so old!
Hey, Toula. Come on.
I know what you want.
You have, how you say, a spirit.
You want to see things. You want to learn.
I know, you're from my side.
Come on. Don't you worry.
I'm gonna talk to him.
Dad is so stubborn. What he says goes.
"The man is the head of the house."
Let me tell you something, Toula.
The man is the head,
but the woman is the neck.
And she can turn the head
any way she wants.
My baby.
Don't cry. Come on.
And what is wrong with Toula
going to school downtown?
They use drugs downtown.
What are you saying? Are you saying
that Toula will get involved with drugs?
No, but somebody will say to her:
"Take this bag down to the bus depot,"
and she'll do it.
She's not stupid. She's smart.
I know she's smart,
so what for she needs more school?
She's smart enough for a girl.
You think you're smarter than me?
No, I mean, you know--
What? What do you mean?
I run the restaurant, I cook, I clean...
I wash for you, and I raised three kids...
and I teach Sunday school.
You know, it's lucky for me
I have you to tie my shoes.
Maria....
-Is this seat taken?
-Sure.
Hi.
That's what I want to talk to you about.
-Look at you. What are you talking about?
-What?
I don't like my butt. Taki likes it.
I won't pretend the travel industry
is something I've always wanted to do.
I'm not gonna pretend that,
but I'm saying that it's different.
You know I've been learning
about computers?
There's this course, a seminar.
It's all about computers and tourism.
There are all the latest applications
and programs.
I could apply it here, Thia.
And your business would double or triple.
You could be with Thio more,
and you could take a vacation.
I could book it for you.
But, Thia, would you hire me?
Of course.
My God!
We must let Kosta think this was his idea,
that he came up with it.
-Ma, he'll figure it out.
-Don't worry.
-I know what to do.
-You don't know what to do, you talk.
Do you want my help? Tell me what to say,
but don't tell me what to say.
-Perfect.
-That's good.
So, Voula. How is business?
Woe to me. Business is bad.
What's the matter? What happened?
Do you need money?
No, what she means is that,
with the two businesses, she suffers.
She suffers. She has to be
at the travel agency alone, all day...
because everybody else needs to be
working at the big dry-cleaning store.
That's right.
I make Taki go to the dry-cleaner store...
and now I have no time with him.
So, send Angelo or Nikki...
to the travel agency,
you be with Taki at the dry cleaner.
-That would be good.
-That would be no good.
Because...
neither Angelo nor Nikki
know how to use the computer.
That's why that no work.
Computer?
I have your answer.
Toula will go to the travel agency...
and you send Nikki here to work for us.
I can't believe this.
Wonderful.
You see, a man....
You're just so smart, I love you.
Bravo!
Bravo!
Hello, Mrs. Christakis. Thanks for holding.
Okay, your request pulled up "confirmed,"
so it is now PNR'd.
Hold again, please. Hi, British Airways.
I'm gonna need a hard tick on that one.
Reading, Alpha, Bravo, Foxtrot, Charlie.
Roger, copy that.
Hi, Mrs. Christakis,
your tickets are now in the mail...
under "Doreen Christakis."
Okay, thank you, bye-bye.
Come on down!
You're the next contestant
on The Price is Right!
I got it.
Did you lose this?
Oh, Mrs. White. You find my mama again.
You know, she come from Greece,
the country I come from, too.
For God's sake, I know.
Listen, keep your mother off my lawn...
out of my basement and away from my roof.
Mrs. White, come on.
Give me a word, any word...
and I'll show you
that the root of that word...
is Greek.
Look, everybody. Look who's back again.
Sit down, Yiayia. Very good.
Toula, there are two kinds of people...
Greeks, and everybody else
who wish they were Greek.
Okay. Yes, we know.
What's the matter with her?
Hi, Mount Olympus Travel Agency.
May I help you?
Sure. That's what we do.
What are you doing? Wait!
Absolutely. Right.
Sorry, lady.
Sure.
You can book it now.
I could reserve the seat for you.
Be with you in a second.
That would be no problem.
Call me back when you're ready. Bye-bye.
Hi.
Hi.
Did you wanna see some brochures? 
Found them. 
Look at this. 
And then, whoosh, you were gone. 
I thought you'd fainted. 
Okay. 
Yeah. 
I was swept off of my feet by 
your very cool opening line of "hi." 
So, Toula? 
Ian. 
Ian Miller. 
Toula Porkipakos? 
Portokalos. 
-Okay, Toula. 
-All right, then. 
Was that a biker fight or a nose job? 
Yeah. 
No, really. 
You don't wanna know. 
I don't know about that. If I'd survived 
an old-lady ass-kicking, I'd brag about it. 
Hey, Jesus! Ouch! 
-You want to have dinner with me? 
-Yeah. 
Actually, I wasn't in education first, 
I was prelaw. 
My dad's a lawyer and 
my grandfather is a lawyer and... 
it just wasn't for me, 
so I picked a new major. 
The parents weren't too pleased, you know? 
Yeah. 
I think it.... 
I think it takes 
a pretty strong person to do that. 
Well, you know everything about me, then... 
I'm a pretty strong, vegetarian teacher... 
over at Lincoln Park. 
I don't know anything about you, 
extcept you're Greek. 
Hey... 
would you like to go have Greek food? 
No, that's okay.
No, listen. I know this really great place, you probably know it, Zorba's something. Anyway, I'd like to take you there, if you'd like to go.
-I don't wanna go there.
-What do you mean? Why not?
That place...
Dancing Zorba's.
Dancing Zorba's.
My family owns that restaurant.
Really?
I remember you.
You're that waitress.
Seating hostess, actually.
I remember you.
I was kind of going through a phase...
up until now.
And...
I was Frump Girl.
I don't remember Frump Girl, but I remember you.
Okay, no Greek. Italian? Tomorrow night?
Okay.
Where are you going?
I'm taking a pottery class.
The Greeks invented pottery.
So, it was just me, all alone...
up in the mountains in this cottage, with my parents, all summer.
Well, don't all your cousins go up, too?
No!
I only have two cousins.
They live in Wisconsin.
-You only have two cousins?
-Yeah.
-How many do you have?
-More than two.
Well, who else?
Didn't you have brothers and sisters?
What are your parents like?
What?
Well....
Okay, Christmas.
What do you do for Christmas
with your family?
My mom makes roast lamb.
-With mint jelly?
-No.
And?
And....
-I'm Greek, right?
-Right.
So what happens is my dad and my uncles...
fight over who gets to eat the lamb brain.
And them my Aunt Voula forks the eyeball,
and chases me around...
trying to make me eat it,
because it'll make me smart.
You have two cousins.
I have 27 first cousins.
Just 27 first cousins, alone.
And my whole family is big and loud...
and everybody's always
in each other's lives and business.
You never have a minute alone to just think,
because we're always together eating.
The only other people we know are Greeks...
because Greeks marry Greeks,
to breed more Greeks...
to be loud, breeding, Greek eaters.
-Wow.
-I'm serious.
No one in my family has ever
gone out with a non-Greek before. No one.
And you're....
You're....
God, you're just, you know, wonderful.
But I just don't see
how this is going to work out.
So....
Work out? What's to work out?
We're not a different species.
Yes, we come from different backgrounds...
and, hey, here's some news
about my life, to this point.
It's boring.
Then I met you...
and you're interesting,
and you're beautiful and fun.
You've got a weird family. Who doesn't?
I just want to spend some time with you.
I just want to spend a little time with you.
Did you say I'm beautiful?
Yes.
Which house is yours?
This is good, actually.
-Can you stop?
-Sure.
Right here is good. Just stop.
Thanks.
Good night.
Good night.
-Okay, good night.
-What?
No, don't go.
Good night.
Don't go.
And I can make a man out of you
'Cause I'm a woman
W-O-M-A-N
Happy again today, Toula?
Yeah.
Now every time I see you,
you have a great big smile.
-Hi, Ma.
-Hey, Niko.
-Where'd you go?
-Nowhere.
-What did you do?
-Nothing.
-Who did you see?
-No one.
Wait a minute, Niko,
I put them in your room.
Toula, how was your class?
My pottery class?
-It's great.
-Good.
-You've got to get out of here.
-Just one more kiss, then I'll go.
No.
What is going on?
Mr. Pottery Class, nice to meet you.
Ian, this is my cousin, Nikki.
Hello!
It's nice to finally meet a member of Toula's family.
Yeah, well....
I'm the least of your worries.
Listen, the family knows.
Last night, Vicki Pavalopolis saw you sucking the lips... off his head, in the Denny's parking lot. She told her ma, who told my ma, who told your ma.... Let me put it this way. You're busted. You sneak around, all over Chicago... but you never come here to ask me, can you date my daughter.
I'm sorry, but to ask you if I can date your daughter.... Sir, she's 30 years old. I am the head of this house! Okay, may I please date your daughter?
No!
-I'll see you tomorrow.
-See you tomorrow.
Excuse me.
Didn't I say it's a mistake... to educate women? But nobody listened to me. Now we have a boyfriend in the house. Is he a nice Greek boy? No, no Greek.
No Greek! A xeno! A xeno with a big long hairs... on top of his head! -Kosta.
I'm sorry I lied to you.
Okay, Toula...
maybe you are having a little romance. But end it now. I love him.
Toula, eat something... please.
Your father has a friend for dinner.
What's this? Where are we?
My apartment.
You wanna go up?
This is it.
Don't worry, they're gonna love you.
"Toula." Now that's not a name
you hear every day.
Does it mean anything in your language?
Well, my Greek name, Fotoula,
means "Light of God."
Who would like a coffee?
So, you're Greek then?
What's your last name?
Portokalos.
In Greek, it means "orange."
Like an orange that you eat,
the one with the peel, not the color.
Yeah, it's really Greek.
Rodney, didn't you once have
a Greek receptionist?
No, Harriet, she was....
-Just a minute.
-No, she was Armenian.
-Is Armenia close to Greece?
-Not exactly.
-What was she?
-Who?
My secretary, for heaven's sake.
Everyone like cheesecake?
-Guatemalan.
-That's right, dear. She was Guatemalan.
I love you.
I love you.
I don't....
I don't really know how to say this.
What?
Will you marry me?
Yes!
I guess, now you can have this.
Come here.
Enough.
What? Don't you walk away from me.
Sit down.
Kosta...
they love each other. It's done.
How?
How can she do this to me?
She didn't do this to you or to me.
They fell in love. It happens.
Is he a good boy? I don't know.
Is he from a good family? I don't know.
Is he respectful? I don't know...
because nobody talks to me
about nothing no more.
A respectful boy would come here
and ask for my permission.
My daughter engaged to a xeno.
I always think she's going to be married
in the Greek Orthodox Church.
Why is she doing this to me?
...and leave space.
Sometimes their space is so big...
that the roof can't support itself,
so it collapses.
Excuse me.
Try not to be too loud.
Hi.
- Hi.
- Hi.
What's going on?
- Are you okay?
- Can we go to Vegas?
What?
Can we go to Niagara Falls or Fiji....
You want to go to Fiji?
Sure.
Okay, let's go. Come on.
Come here.
What's the matter?
I just feel like we can't get married,
not like this.
It's like...
when I'm with you...
I am so happy...
but my family is so unhappy.
And our wedding should be
this joyous thing.
But it won't be for them,
because it can't be in our church.
So, let's just go somewhere.
Please, let's just go.
Hey, I love you.
Why?
Why do you love me?
Because I came alive when I met you.
But my family....
You're a part of your family...
and I'll do anything...
whatever it takes, to get them to accept me.
Because you're my whole life now.
We're not going to skulk off
and get married...
as if we're ashamed of ourselves.
Okay?
Okay.
Did you say "skulk"?
- Shut up.
- Let's just skulk off somewhere....
Come on, talk to him.
Toula loves him.
Do it for Toula, come on.
Come on.
He wants to get married in the church.
- Go!
- All right.
So, you're going to be baptized tomorrow?
It's your lucky day...
to be baptized
in the Greek Orthodox Church.
Nikki's going to be your godmother.
You know...
the word "baptism"...
comes from the Greek word "baftisia."
That's where we dip the baby...
in a beautiful, little silver basin.
It's not so bad?
Are you kidding? Any minute now,
he's going to look at me and go:
"Right, you're so not worth this."
Yes, you are.
You're all oily.
I'm Greek, now.
Thank you so much.
So, for "Happy Easter,"
we say "Khristos Anesti."
Then the other person says back,
"Alithos Anesti."
So if you want to say "Happy Easter,"
you go, "Khristos Anesti." So try it.
That's good.
Hey, Dad.
Mr. Portokalos, Khristos Anesti.
-He likes you.
-Yes?
I told you to watch the boys.
They'll be fine with the video games.
-You turn their brains to mush.
-I can't do anything right.
Ian, if you're going to be in this family,
I'll get you some earplugs...
because the Portokalos women,
if they're not nagging somebody, they die!
-You're in trouble when I tell my sister.
-Tell me what?
Where is he?
Khristos Anesti.
Alithos Anesti, Thia.
Toula, you're engaged!
We never think it would happen for you.
Never.
-Taki, didn't we say that?
-We never think this day will come.
-And it came!
-Is this him?
Yes, sorry. Everyone, this is Ian.
Ian!
Hello, Ian.
I want to see the rock.
-Hey, Ian.
-Hey.
-You like that dance?
-Yeah.
Okay, Jennie has something
she wants to ask you.
-No, she doesn't.
-Go on.
Jennie, just ask me.
Does he have any brothers?
No, he's an only child.
I've got to tell you,
I've never seen my sister so happy.
If you hurt her, I'll kill you
and make it look like an accident.
Jesus, look at your face. It's just a joke.
Good one.
No, the good one is, "I've got a gun."
Yeah, I've got a gun...
and I swear, I'll jam it up your....
Ian, I got you again!
-Here, eat some rice.
-I don't want any rice, I'm good.
No, "I'm good."
I could snap you like a chicken!
Come on, lighten up.
I'll lighten you when I take out your kidneys.
One more time, Ian.
-Hey, Angelo.
-Hey, Ian, we're going to kill you!
Ian, Aunt Voula.
Let me touch your hair.
-Okay, Thia Voula?
-No.
-Thia Voula?
-Yes?
When you come to my house
and I cook for you?
-Okay.
-Thia, that might be a problem.
Problem? I'm the best cook
in the family. Tell him.
-I did, didn't l?
-Twice.
Okay, then.
It's just....
Yeah?
Ian is a vegetarian.
He doesn't eat meat.
He don't eat no meat?
No, he doesn't eat meat.
What do you mean, "He don't eat no meat"?
That's okay, I'll make lamb.
Come.
Come and dance.
Silence.
It's delicious.
We took a look at my calendar,
our calendar...
to set a day for the big day...
some time at the end of October,
mid-November?
-Sometime in there, yeah.
-Wonderful.
I'll call the Club and see what's open.
The Club?
The North Shore Country Club,
for the wedding, of course.
We're going to get married
in Toula's church...
because we're not very religious,
and her family is.
Really is. Show them the brochure.
Oh, that. Yeah.
My cousin Nikki made me this.
She tends to save things.
This is from her prom.
She makes lamps and....
Tell them about, we got this great big hall....
-What's it called, for the reception?
-Aphrodite's Palace.
It's not really a palace.
This is a brochure.
That Parthenon backdrop is optional.
Yes, smarty, if we invite Makopouloses...
we have to invite Adamopouloses!
They're cousins!
Dad, the thing is
that we just want to keep it small.
It's like you'd rather go bankrupt
than insult anyone from the church.
Toula...
I come to this country
with $8 in my pocket...
to make all this for you.
And...
who knows how long I'm going to be alive?
Let me see the list.
Okay, come on. Time out!
No more punching Thio Niko's nads, okay?
Foti, stop hitting Thio Niko.
Look at you, how big you are!
Boys, come on, soccer practice. Let's go.
-Did she spit on him?
-Now go on, go outside with your father.
Yeah, for good luck. Keeps the devil away.
Bye. Wait for me.
Dad.
Where did you get that?
I drew it, Dad, for the new menu.
Remember?
Ma, I'm hungry.
Okay, Niko.
Ian, are you hungry?
-No, I already ate.
-Okay, I'll make you something.
Okay.
Now, Toula,
we have to have Tommy Kasimatis.
Hey, let me help you with those.
-What is wrong with Tommy Kasimatis?
-I don't know them.
-Who cares? They're related to me.
-Why are you being so weird?
-I'm not being weird.
-You're weird when you're pregnant.
Ian, eat.
How do you say "thank you" in Greek?
That's it. You got it.
-Hey, Toula!
-Yeah?
Listen, I got the greatest connection
for your invitations.
No, we're gonna order
our own invitations, okay?
I don't want something
your cash-only connection gets...
that falls off of a truck.
-Yeah, but they come through, right?
-For God's sake, let the man talk.
-Why are you always so stubborn?
-I'm not stubborn--

Girls, I ordered the invitations
two weeks ago.
-I never saw a wedding invitation.
-I'll go get them.
Wait till you see them.

My parents' names are Rodney and Harriet.  
"Rodney and Harry"?
I didn't notice, so I bet they won't.
Yia sas, everybody.
Wait. I have got the biggest scoop.
Look at the earrings I have found
that match the bridesmaids' dresses.
I remembered.
We have a customer at the dry cleaner's...
who is a custom jewelry designer.
So, I showed her the fabric.
Wait, what do these match?
Not that fabric you showed me last week.
-You said you liked it.
-I said I'd think about it.
That's just because...
you couldn't visualize it.
-You're so beautiful!
-Don't worry, you don't have to do a thing.
That's classy.
I went by the college and picked this up.
Look.

I'm gonna start slowly, you know.
Do a couple of night courses.
I just wanted to learn more about painting
and art and stuff, so....
This is so great.
Yeah, you started it.
You wanted to do something else...
and you did it.
Hey, Toula...
don't let your past dictate who you are...
but let it be part of who you will become.
Nick, that is so beautiful.
Yeah.
That Dear Abby,
she really knows what she's talking about.
-Hello?
-Hi, Mom, it's me.
All right, Ian is going to pick me up...
and then we'll get his parents,
and then we're gonna be there in one hour.
-Good.
-Okay.
-Is everything okay? What are you doing?
-I peel the potatoes.
Why are you peeling potatoes?
I peeled some this morning.
I know, but we need more.
How much are you cooking?
It's a lot of people.
-There's three of them.
-And us.
-Then that makes seven.
-And the family.
The family? You invited the whole family?
Of course.
Ma, I said, "Come for a quiet dinner,
and meet my parents."
They might as well meet
the whole family, right?
-Maria.
-I got to go, Taki's here. Bye.
I'm coming.
Look at this. Bravo!
Okay, hurry, put it on the spit.
They are here!
Excuse me.
Welcome to my home.
Over here is my brother, Ted...
and his wife, Melissa, and their children,
Anita, Diane, and Nick.
Over here, my brother, Tommy,
his wife, Angie...
and their children, Anita, Diane, and Nick.
And here, my brother, George,
that's his wife, Frieda...
and their children, Anita, Diane, and Nick.
Taki, Sophie, Carrie, Nick, Nick, Nick...
Nikki...
and I am Gus.
They are here? Where? Excuse me.
Hello.
I am Maria Portokalos...
and welcome to our home.
Thank you. What is it?
It's a bundt.
-A "bundt"?
-Bundt.
It's a cake! I know!
Thank you. Thank you very much.
There's a hole in this cake.
These are some of my cousins.
Hey, Ian, good to see you, man.
Listen, I really think you should say,
"Eho tria arhidia."
It means, "Everyone, come in the house."
Everybody will really like it.
That's good, you've got it.
-I'm not falling for that again.
-Why?
Yeah, why?
Angelo, how do you say,
"Everyone, let's go in the house"?
Everyone...
You're in so much trouble!
This is from Mykonos, beautiful island.
See that? That's where we're from.
You like them? I make them.
Go, sit down. Sit. Come.
Go. Go now.
-Sit down.
-Thank you.
Now you are family.
Okay. All my life...
I had a lump at the back of my neck.
Right here. Always a lump.
Then I started menopause,
and the lump got bigger.
From the hormones, it started to grow.
So, I go to the doctor, and he did the...
the bios... The....
The bubopsy.
Inside the lump, he found teeth...
and a spinal cord.
Yes, inside the lump...
was my twin.
Spanakopita! You hungry?
-I love it when you speak in Greek.
-Really?
It's sexy. Having a good time?
All right! Come on.
Rodney, Harry, ouzo?
Thank you.
It's licorice.
It's delicious.
Another. You're Greeks now. Don't be shy.
Don't worry, I'll be back.
The meat is here, everybody.
You like some meat?
Some Greek meat, very good.
Red meat, everybody.
-Thank you for food, Gus.
-Real fine.
Coming through.
Bravo, Maria.
And now, the bundt cake.
You fixed it.
I tried. You tried.
We all nice to them, you see it.
And they look at us like we're from the zoo.
This no work, Maria.
They different people.
So dry. That family is like a piece of toast.
No honey, no jam, just dry.
My daughter...
gonna marry Ian Miller.
A xeno with a toast family.
I never think this can happen to us.
I try to put little marmalade....
Oh, no, they don't like.
They like themselves, all dry and cracking.
And in Toula's church...
the best man is actually
part of the ceremony.
He's got to be Greek Orthodox, so...
I can't ask you to be my best man,
although, technically, you are.
You were gonna ask me
to be your best man?
Yeah.
I am touched.
I had no idea you had so few friends.
That's okay. Just get me a little badge
that says "best man" or something like that.
No offence, but this girl's family's
got you by the short ones.
They say "jump,"
and you pull out the trampoline.
Yeah.
Okay.
My life is shit.
Toula's got a lot of cousins. Fix you up.
Yeah, that's gonna happen.
What is wrong?
All right.
Is my marriage killing Dad?
Toula, your father is your father.
He just wants you to be happy.
But I am happy.
Listen to me.
My village saw many wars...
Turkish, German...
they all made a mess.
And my mother, she said:
"We're lucky to be alive."
And I thought, "We're not lucky to be alive.
"We're not lucky, when they are telling us...
"where we should live, what we should eat."
Nobody has that right.
And then, I see you.
And I see Athena and Niko.
We came here for you.
So you could live.
I gave you life, so that you could live it.
Ma, the band needs to be picked up
at the airport.
Surprise!
Wait, what is that?
No.
My God!
Where did everybody go?
It is a mosquito bite.
-It's a zit.
-I have cover-up.
Hello, ladies, fresh baklava.
-Get out of here.
-Give me the camera.
Give me the camera.
Toula. Help me.
No boys allowed!
-Nice moustache, Nikki.
-Thank you.
Niko, let's go.
-Dad, is that my tux?
-No, this one.
Nick, go to the airport and pick up the band.
Okay.
Hey, what's that thing?
It's a mosquito bite.
Put some Windex.
I've got the cover-up.
Bravo!
You're all nuts.
We've got another one.
You are supposed to get changed
at my house. Get out.
Let me pop it!
There she is.
Toula, I want to talk to you.
Now?
This is a very special night for you.
You have your duties.
One more, one big one, hold on.
Listen, Toula.
On my wedding night...
my mother, she said to me:
"Greek women,
we may be lambs in the kitchen...
"but we are tigers in the bedroom."
Please, let that be the end of your speech.
What is going on here? Why isn't anyone
ready? The photographer's here.
-You need sponging?
-I'm all right.
More. More on the top. That's it.
More hairspray.
Oh, Maria!
So beautiful.
She's ready!
I'm a snow beast.
You not a snow beast.
My God!
How are we supposed to know
what's going on?
It's all Greek to me.
Rodney!
This is it.
What?
We take our first steps...
as husband and wife.
Are you ready?
I'm ready.
-Where are you? Are you in there?
-Yes!
Don't dab. Wipe, wipe off.
-Is that better?
-Yes.
Who did your makeup? Your aunts?
Drag queens could get a few tips
from those aunts.
Oh, my God. Look at me. I'm just covered!
-Like a big, frosted cupcake.
-I know, it's like...
Come on, help me with the veil.
-Hey.
-Yeah, you got it.
Do we have to go in?
Too late to elope now.
Let's go in.
Okay.
Check this out.
It's going down. Thank God.
What?
I woke up with this huge zit this morning.
-Where?
-There.
-I had a huge zit this morning.
-You did?
-Yeah.
Where is it?
Well, it was right here. But it's gone.
Why?
I put some Windex on it.
Hello.
Welcome to the Portokalos family.
And welcome...
the Miller family.
I was thinking, last night...
the night before...
my daughter was going to marry Ian Miller...
that the root of the word "miller"...
is a Greek word.
And "miller" come from...
the Greek word milo...
which is mean "apple. "
There you go.
As many of you know...
our name Portokalos...
is come from the Greek word portokali...
which means "orange. "
So, okay...
here tonight...
we have apple and orange.
We all different...
but, in the end, we all fruit.
Yes, we are all fruit.
My wife and me, we have a gift.
That's what we do. The parents give a gift.
Here.
My God!
They bought us a house.
Thank you.
I love you.
I love you, too.
I don't believe it.
A house!
This Voula, we're going to dance.
-I know, dear. Let me get Taki.
-Okay.
Athena, I'm going to be a painter.
Good. You can start with our fence.
This is just a really nice wedding.
Good. We're going to dance now. Come on.
No.
I'll need a little more ouzo before I do that.
What do you say?
Bottoms up.
-All right.
-Let's go, Harry.
Come on, Kosta.
All right.
Oh, Taki.
He looks Greek.
Yia sou, Ian.
Sometimes, I'm afraid that it didn't happen.
I'm scared I'll wake up
and still be buttering garlic bread...
waiting for my life to start.
But it did happen. It did!
And I figured out some stuff.
My family is big and loud...
but they're my family.
We fight and we laugh.
And yes, we roast lamb on a spit
in the front yard.
And wherever I go, whatever I do...
they will always be there.
So, Ian and I moved into the house
my parents bought us.
A minute later, I was pregnant.
And six years later, it was our
daughter's turn to go to Greek school.
Mom, I want to go to Brownies.
I know, but I promise you this.
You can marry anybody you want.
Thanks, baby.
Greek school, pame.
What's that mean?
"Let's go."
-Let's go.
-That's pretty good.
-Looking good, Gus.
-Hi, Dad.
-Where you going?
-Greek school.
Baklava!