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The Beautician and the Beast

By Todd Graff

Ah, an enchanted princess.
You're not a dwarf!
Fair maiden,
we shall be married at once.
Married! One kiss and I'm engaged?
I wasn't even awake to enjoy it.
Begone! Watch where you walk.
The bunnies eat a lot of fruit.
- You'll be my princess.
- That's no bargain.
Affairs, bulimia,
divorce. I read People.
- Here.
- Unhand me.
- I'm too young to get married.
- I like a sense of humour.
No! I've got goals,
I've got dreams, ambitions.
Wait. Come back! Miss Miller!
Miss Miller.
Miss Miller? Miss Miller!
Oh! I must've been having
a little nightmare.
- I'm sorry.
- It's time.
I'm sorry. I'm juggling three jobs and...
This audition is so important to me.
- We're on in 45 minutes.
- Thank you.
Hi. My name is Joy.
It is such a pleasure to meet you.
I'm such a big fan.
If I get this job, I guarantee
you'll never frizz or kink up.
On Fridays, I'll give you a set so stiff
you won't have to touch it till Monday.
- Just keep it simple.
- Sure. My motto's "Less is more".
- Thirty sec...
- Doesn't she look gorgeous?
Come on.
This is so exciting.
I swear, I never miss you on TV.
In five, four, three, two...

Good evening.

Welcome to New York State Lotto.

Tonight you could win or share
a jackpot of \$3 million.

And now for tonight's
winning lottery numbers.

They gave the job to a cool,
sophisticated European.

Call me a realist.

Is teaching night school so terrible?

One day you could own
your own beauty parlour.

- Maybe raise a family, God forbid?

- I don't wanna settle.

Sweetheart, I say this
because I love you.

Settle! Meanwhile, did you see
me take one or two Mylantas?

I'm still not good.

Don't listen to your mother.

She's not like us. We're dreamers.

But, Daddy, you settled
and opened a stationery store.

No. That was my dream. I love cards.

- But look...

- Ma.

I do want to settle down one day, but
with a guy with less jewellery than me.

- You always set your sights too high.

- When I meet the right guy, I'll know.

I dunno how.

I'll feel an utz in my stomach.

Hi, sweetie! Ma, he still biting himself?

The vet says it's stress. What do
you have to be stressful about?

I can't imagine...

Royal blue, rust, sapphire,
turquoise, violet and wine.

Excellent! The ultra-pearl shadows
are the hardest. Now, let's see...

- It's not right.

- Move the mole.

Class, the mole always goes over the
left lip. It balances the cigarette, see?

If it's on the same side,
you look like you'll fall over.
It's called Revlon, not Dutch Boy.
Class! What's our motto?
"Flashy, not..."
- "...trashy."
- Excellent.
Hector, no! The cigarette!
Hairspray is flammable.
- I ain't smoking no cigarette.
- Oh, my God! Fire!
Somebody get a spritzer bottle!
Go spritz it! Hurry!
A big fire! A big fire!
We'll get outta here. I'm the teacher.
- Get outta here, single file.
- I've got it!
Don't panic! Move slowly!
Single file! We'll get outta here!
People, don't worry about your stuff.
We're all gonna get out alive.
- We gotta save the animals.
- I ain't saving rats. Burn, baby, burn!
Don't breathe. Don't inhale.
It's the smoke that gets you.
Hold on, I'm coming.
I'm gonna save you.
I can't believe I'm doing this!
Relax, it's just embossed vinyl.
Bring it up! Come on! Keep it coming!
Two guys on the roof!
That's it. That's all of 'em.
You're a hero, Miss Miller.
- Do you need any oxygen?
- Huh?
Oh, no thanks, fireman.
I'm fine, thank you.
- I'm feeling a little short of breath.
- He was talking to me.
Hey, Miss Miller. Smile!
Oh, no!
Her.
"Confident is a good word."
"Unstoppable is a good word."

"Unbelievably blessed

are great words."

"Promise to be so strong that nothing
can disturb your peace of mind."

- "Speak peace with everyone."

- Excuse me.

I'll blind you with pepper spray.

Oh, it's Binaca.

- I'm not criminal. Look, I have suit.

- Are you from Visa?

You shouldn't tell people to pay
the minimum and then hound them.

- I'm not bill collector.

- Ho, there!

Please...

My card.

Slovetzia?

Is that your pimp-daddy name?

No, it's my country.

My name is Grushinsky.

My president, Boris Pochenko, feels
that with the onset of democracy,
his children should be exposed
to Western thoughts for six months.

So, he sent me to United States
to bring back finest teacher.

"Brave, selfless and willing to die."

His Excellency respects such qualities.

- Talk to the hand.

- Please, let me finish.

The job pays 40,000 American dollar.

- Do they take out FICA?

- Of course! What is it?

Please, it is a legitimate offer
to live in Eastern Europe.

- It's in Europe?

- Yes. It's very beautiful, like Paris...
...fifty years ago.

- Paris...

- Ah, Paris, mais oui.

Miss Miller, a woman of your calibre
should experience more than this.

- That's what I always thought.

- It's obvious. It's such big world.

Do you really want to disappear
in this little place?
Eastern Europe...
Are you out of your mind?
Ma! They say it's like Paris
fifty years ago.
There were Nazis
in Paris fifty years ago.
I know, we're late.
But it's better to be last on board.
- Then your bags come off first.
- It's private plane.
Ma, I love you,
but you're too attached to me.
- I'm not too attached to you.
- Really? Then, what's in here?
- What?
- You know.
- I don't.
- What's this?
Your umbilical cord.
Take me with you.
Ma, I'm sorry. I gotta try this. There's
something more out there for me.
- I love you, kiddo.
- I love you, Ma.
So, Miss Miller,
I need some information.
- Where were you schooled?
- I went to the Sassoon Academy
but graduated from
the Barbizon School.
I read that you're having
some internal problems.
Young people with too much spirit
and no patience.
Democracy takes time.
It's nothing to worry about.
Don't open the window!
So, whatever classroom supplies
you need, the castle will provide.
Well, just the usual. A couple
of heads, cotton balls, mousse...
- You'll need a moose?

- It's more like gel.
Hold that a minute.
Here we go. Here we go.
A little bit. This is the extra-hold kind.
You've got some nice hairline, mister.
Miss Miller,
what exactly do you teach?
Beauty culture.
- I'm dead. My life is over.
- What's the problem?
- I thought you taught science.
- Teach it? I didn't even pass it.
I must make list of things I've never
done and do them in the next hour.
Excuse me, I am the victim here.
This was supposed to be my big break.
I gave up my job, my family...
We're in a no-win situation.
Why not make the best of it?
- You teach beauty school!
- I know that, and you know that.
You Americans
and your positive thinking.
Some situations, the big-toothed
person cannot get you out of!
You're just palpitating a little.
Breathe deep. Breathe deep.
- There we go.
- Oh, Mama.
- I don't even know your first name.
- Iriyaski Ivanovich.
I'll call you Ira.
Ira, I used to give pedicures to women
who wore plastic shoes in summer.
- What's a tougher gig than that?
- That.
- Who's that?
- His Excellency, Boris Pochenko.
His Excellency? I thought you said
he was a president.
Semantics. Please, come.
Nobody seems very happy.
In Slovetzia, hard work today,
happiness tomorrow.

Oh, you startled me,
Prime Minister Kleist.
This is Miss Miller, the children's tutor.
I present our Prime Minister.
- Leonid Kleist.
- Welcome to my country.
I trust everything is to your liking.
- If you need something, ask...
- Well...
...him.
- Oh!
Nice meeting you!
- This will be your room.
- Oh.
Many great men have stayed here.
Castro, Khrushchev, Tito...
I'm sure I'll be very comfortable.
- Could I get a blanket without a head?
- Please, Miss Miller, of course.
Now, your audience
with His Excellency is in one hour.
- One hour?!
- Yes.
You want me to make
a good impression. Get out.
- Hurry.
- I gotta get refreshed.
Well, where is she?
Did we just go through all this
for nothing?
Where is the teacher?
Someone must know.
Please, Mr President.
She's still in her room.
But she'll be here very soon.
Oh, my God! Oh, Mr President.
I'm sorry I'm late.
Please don't judge me by this.
It's so dark here,
which is great for atmosphere,
but it's hell for putting on liquid liner,
which I can put on in a cross-town bus.
But that wouldn't interest you,
because I am an educator.

No one cares how an educator looks.

What's it like out, 'cause I was thinking...

- Make her be quiet!

- I heard.

Joy Miller, since this is
your first time in my country,
I will make allowances for you.

Once!

I do not take lightly your being here.

My children are growing up
in a different world than me.

I believe, despite contrary opinions,
that they must learn to live within it.

You must help them face a new century
and the Western dignitaries
who will now be coming into our home.

So, in future, I expect you to be prompt,
efficient and dressed.

Is that clear?

Oh, no.

Good day.

Huh? Oh, my God.

Rule number one, kids. Never surprise
a New Yorker. Comprene?

Oh, my God, you don't speak English?

- I am Katrina. This is my brother Karl.

- Karl Pochenko.

Eldest son of His Excellency,
the President.

How do you do, Karl? Nice posture.

I look forward to learning about
your decadent ways.

Honey, we just met.

- What's your name?

- Masha.

Come out from behind there so I can see
more than just your gorgeous hair.

You're not like the other teacher.

She was ugly with missing teeth.

Her breath smelled like something died.

- Farting in her mouth.

- Oy!

- We've never met an American before.

- Never?

We don't want to be raped
by your mindless cultural imperialism.
Karl, you only get one chance
to make a first impression.
Oh, sweetie, why do you look so sad?
Let me see what's the matter.
Oh, honey, you shouldn't bite your nails.
You wanna grow a hand
in your stomach?
Miss Miller,
will we see you at breakfast?
Sure. Most important meal of the day.
What is this, exactly?
Blood sausage in clotted cream.
A delicacy.
- It must be in your honour.
- Oh.
Well, it looks delicious.
- Good morning, children.
- Good morning, Father.
- Miss Miller.
- Good morning, Mr President.
Your New York Times
is completely biased against me.
Don't blame me.
I haven't owned it for years!
- Won't you be joining us for breakfast?
- I can't. I'm very busy.
Some of the best memories of my father
were sitting around the breakfast table.
He would eat until he was so full that
he'd roll his undershirt over his stomach
and make his belly button talk.
He was a simple man.
- You wanna try?
- No.
All right, I'm sorry. We won't take up
any more of your time.
I am not having my belly button talk.
Isn't this nice?
Mr President, I am just so excited to be
teaching your children, I can't tell you.
What? What did she say?
- I didn't hear that.

- No bother. We'll come to you.
Hurry up, kids. Your father wants to talk.
- What are they doing?
- Coming to talk.
Why?
- Joy Miller!
- Oh, sit.
It's just as easy to move five people
as it is one.
There we go.
It was so cute when I woke up
and all the kids were sitting on my bed.
What? Is this true?
Er, no. Uh-uh.
- You said they were on your bed.
- No.
I said "if" they were sitting on the bed,
it would've been cute,
but highly inappropriate.
What can you get for a place
like this in this neighbourhood?
Well, just for curiosity's sake,
how did it work with your last teacher?
We read aloud from our textbooks.
- What'd she do?
- She watched.
Sometimes she slept.
- And she still got paid?
- Of course.
If it ain't broken...
Let's see what we're gonna read today.
OK. World His...
...tory.
Here's your father! His Excellency,
President-for-life Pochenko.
- All right, Karl, you begin.
- In the winter of 1991,
President Pochenko led
Operation Desert Storm,
resulting in a glorious
victory for Slovetzia.
What? Lemme see that.
One minute, here.
Go figure.

OK, if the person that's in office
is called the president,
what do we call the person
that runs against him?

- Loser?

- Traitor?

- Missing?

- No. The challenger!

In a democracy you hold free election.

- Isn't this a free country?

- Lunch. Please. Now. Go. Thank you.

What are you doing?

Ira, I'm sorry. I cannot stand here and
teach these children lies. I can't do it.

Then, what are you going to teach them?

Things.

Therefore, if you've earned
18,640 frequent flyer miles,
but it takes 20,000 miles
to go from Miami to Scottsdale,
how many flights must you take
to make up the difference?

- Karl.

- One-way, New York to Boca Raton?

That's right.

Recess! Fifteen minutes. Put on your
sunblocks, because "rays today..."

- "...raisins tomorrow."

- Fab.

- Miss Miller?

- Yeah, honey?

- May I ask you something?

- Sure.

You are a woman of the Western world.

- Sophisticated, promiscuous...

- Hey!

My father won't let me date,
and I want to have sex.

Sex, sex and more sex.

Well, that might be the reason
he won't let you date.

English isn't your first language.

What do you mean by "sex"?

Oh, you know... sex!

Holding hands, eating ice cream...
You've described the before and after
events, but we'll talk about that later.

- Miss Miller, I'm in love.
- Oh, sweetie, that's wonderful.

But my marriage is already
prearranged to someone else.

- What?
- I hate him.

He's a stupid prince with stupid castles
and stupid boats.
Got a picture?
With all his money,
he could get that fixed.
I don't love him.
Please, you have to help me.
This is something to discuss
with your father.

- No, I... No.
- Tell him how you feel. Assert yourself.
Trust me. He'll respect you for it.

- Who is it?
- It's me, Katrina.

Joy Miller!
You are here to teach my children,
not give them ideas about boys.
Stick to your duties and let this be
the last time I see you in this office.

- Now, go.
- I'm sorry. It'll never happen again.
- Screw up your kids if you wanna.
- What?
- What did she say?
- She found screw.

From leg of table. Check table legs!
Stop!
Don't shout. There's a man under here.

- This the only job you could get?
- Next!

For your information, this boy Katrina
is mooning over is a known agitator.
Have you ever met
a teenager that wasn't?
He and his friends are fugitives.

She'll have an arranged marriage,
just like me, just like her children.
That's just ridiculous.
Do you know what happened to the
last person who called me ridiculous?
- No.
- Neither do I.
It's been so long
since anyone's seen him.
All right. I'm sorry.
- You can dish it out but can't take it.
- Out, out, out!
Everybody out!
Not you.
Joy Miller...
This... Me making a statement,
you making a mumbled comment after.
No good. Here, I talk last.
Fine. I understand.
- Who could get a word in edgeways?
- You do it again!
Just teach my children. That's all.
- And don't do that thing again.
- All right.
You want to do it, don't you?
Doesn't it bother you
that your children fear you?
It is not fear. It is respect.
Oh, excuse me...!
You instil fear, you earn respect.
- Oh, no. He punctured you.
- Oh, it's nothing.
Oh, I'm sorry. I'm so bad with blood.
Maybe you need some hydrogen...
Mr President, the planning committee
for the summit has arrived.
Good day, Miss Miller.
Good day.
- What are you doing here?
- Relax. I came to say hello.
Are you insane?
You look, er... quite fetching
this evening, Miss Miller.
Who are you?

What happened to the little Nazi kid?

There is one area of my education
that has been neglected.

- And you are my teacher.

- You don't even like me.

I pretend not to

because I'm afraid you don't like me.

- I don't like you.

- We can't have everything.

Oh, my God! It worked. Are you OK?

- Leave me alone!

- Boy, you blow hot and cold.

Come on, Karl. Don't be that way.

This isn't you.

I know, but everyone expects
me to be like my father.

Take what I want, no questions asked.

He says that's what makes a great
leader. No wonder I hate politics.

You're entitled to your opinion.

What are you interested in?

I'm an artist. I want to paint.

Well, that's wonderful.

Does your father know about all this?

No. I've never even said it aloud before.

Eventually, I will have to tell him.

He will explode.

Then he'd calm down

and learn to deal with it.

Honey, your father loves you.

He only wants you to be happy.

Thank you. This has been most helpful.

Now get out

because I wanna get dressed.

Tonight I'm gonna see the sights.

- In Slovetzia?

- Yeah.

- You'll be back in twenty minutes.

- Kvetch.

I think I overdressed.

Katrina!

- What are you doing here?

- I snuck here in the car.

You're gonna snuck back again.

I'm calling you a cab.

- Where's there a phone?

- What about over here?

- That old building? What's in there?

- I don't know.

It must be some sort
of underground club.

You think!

- Isn't it great?

- Finally, a little culture.

There's a bathroom.

I'll see if there's a phone. Don't move.

I've got eyes in the back of my head.

Ladies, I'm not cutting the line.

I just need a phone.

Dangerous times

call for dangerous action!

Things won't change until we get
the guts to do something out in the open.

You think Pochenko will wake up
tomorrow and say,

"Gee, I should give
the people some rights"?

I say firebomb
that puppet newspaper of his again.

We've done that!

Now the world knows us,
we've got to use the press.

Don't be so nave. Armed struggle
is the birth pain of revolution.

We may get blood on our hands,
but blood washes clean.

What will you tell your grandchildren?

That you fought like heroes
and brought down a Goliath.

Katrina!

Katrina!

I am gonna choose to believe
someone stole that toilet.

Oh.

Katrina! They tracked you down here.

They'll think I put you up to it.

Don't look. Hide your face.

Aleksander Gurko! Arrest him!

Honey, honey, honey.
Listen, you wanna nip this thing
you've got for bad boys right in the bud.
He's not a criminal. He's a patriot!
The insolence.
The audacity!
The nerve to...
...sneak my daughter out
and bring her to an...
...underground, decadent...
- Discotheque.
- Discotheque!
Mr President, it wasn't my idea
to go to a disco...
I wanted to go
to the reggae club down the street.
Reggae club? Address, please?
Er... It's a club that moves
from place to place. It's not for you.
Don't cover for her!
This is not the first time she does this,
but it will be the last.
What do you mean, "the last"?
Did you just talk back to me?
Mm?
No.
You may go to bed, young lady.
Very smooth. Now she'll cry her eyes
out for an hour and start dating bikers,
just to spite you.
You know who my friend Mr Kleist
arrested in that club?
- I know.
- He could put her in danger.
I know. I'm sorry. I... I was totally wrong.
- Wait.
- It's just...
Wait.
Go back.
You were...
Wrong.
So that would make me...
- Right.
- Right, right, right!

Yes!

Don't do the thing.

But I wouldn't have been able to sneak her out if you spent more time with her.

- This should not concern you.

- Incredible.

My Prime Minister tells me what concerns me.

- That is my job.

- Leave us.

Out!

- Don't hire friends. It never works out.

- He's right.

I do have more important things to do.

But you feel I should spend more time with my children.

Yes, I do.

So, here is my schedule.

- You tell me when.

- OK.

Let's see.

Oh. Nuclear disarmament meeting.

That you should go to.

NATO... NATO... NATO...

NATO... Well, I see your point.

But, my father was a busy man, too, and he always made time for us.

What does your father do for a living?

He owns a stationery store.

Here's one of my heroes.

Thurgood Marshall.

He was an

American Supreme Court justice who championed equality for all people.

Here's Mother Teresa. She spent her life helping poor people in Calcutta.

Not sure who that is. The kid from

Eight is Enough all grown up.

And that's his boyfriend.

Surprise!

Look who's here.

Come to watch the proper teaching.

Chemistry.

Won't you have a seat?

Anywhere is good.

- What subject is this?

- Um, well, we call that "shop".

- What about literature?

- Yeah?

Flaubert, Turgenev, Shakespeare.

- You do know your Shakespeare?

- From covereth to covereth.

Let me just get to the blackboard, mister.

Don't move, I'm fine!

One of my favourites.

But we didn't have an assignment
on Romeo and Juliet.

West Side Story. I brought the tape.

It's much more accessible

for the kids, don't you agree?

- Karl.

- I was confused by the film.

I've read of the gang problems in the US
but wasn't aware

they were so good at ballet.

I'll tell you, I couldn't get beyond

Natalie Wood's Puerto Rican accent.

That's if you lived there.

If their narrow-minded families

had not kept them apart,

they would have experienced

a long life of true love.

- Why don't we do a fire drill?

- No, this is interesting.

The tragedy in the story was because
children took matters into their hands.

This is good. We're having

a dialogue. We're debating.

- We were going to learn cornrows.

- Next week.

It was the parents' fault.

They were so cut off and dead inside.

They had to trample everyone else's
dreams to prove they were still alive.

No, this will never be, Katrina. Never!

Put this out of your mind.

Do you understand?

We are ready, Mr President.

That boy's future is already decided.
It is?
Pochenko! Pochenko!
Four weeks ago, a known traitor,
Aleksander Gurko,
plotting to overthrow our government,
was arrested!
He is being held here,
in the dungeons of this castle.
The same dungeons where centuries
of traitors have eaten their last meals
and drawn their last breaths.
Let this serve as a warning...
...that we will not tolerate any assault...
...on the peace-loving...
...democratic government...
...of Slovetzia!
I always wanted to do that.
- What are you doing up?
- I couldn't sleep.
- You?
- I don't sleep.
Oh, well... You want a sandwich?
- What kind?
- That depends.
Is this tuna fresh?
I noticed your country's landlocked.
I call someone.
Wait a minute.
They work hard enough all day.
- We can make our own sandwich.
- I don't know where anything is.
I can find food at Gandhi's house.
What, are you kidding me?
Here. Cut.
Oh, thanks.
Wanna talk about it?
My country is broke.
We plan summit meeting
for Western heads of state
to show we are stable enough for aid.
But, now, since this arrest,
your press makes me out
to be worse barbarian than ever.

They don't understand.

I have to show strength.

To show strength, the man that rules
with his heart rules the world.

- Unfortunately, Joy, life is not so simple.

- It can be, if you don't complicate it.

- Turkey?

- White meat.

They always give me dark. I don't like.

You should try running a country.

It's not all making war
and smashing dissidents.

- It's hard work.

- I'm sure it is.

- Where is some...

- What?

...mayonnaise?

- We finished it.

- You're lying.

- All gone.

- Where is it?

- I had to scrape for this.

- Give it me.

- Oh, all right, I'll give it you.

Here you go.

Just hope you realise you're entering
the heart-attack years.

Must you always go one step too far?

You could be such a pleasant person,
if you just had a tiny edit button.

- Now I can't enjoy.

- It's better with mustard.

Here, taste mine. Come on.

Don't be such a big baby!

Choo-choo. Choo-choo.

Good. Sure.

- Why haven't you been married?

- I've been asked.

Your parents allowed you to refuse?

In our country, we decide
who we're gonna marry.

I decided on John Kennedy, Jr.

While he's in denial, I'm gonna travel.

- Your laugh reminds me of my wife.

- You're kidding.

No. She laughed with her whole heart.

- Just like you.

- Ah...

- You must really miss her, huh?

- You know, I...

I never appreciated her.

And she was gone and...

...and I realised too late.

The kids showed me her picture.

She was very beautiful.

Every time I look into their faces,

I see her.

Well, you should look a little closer.

There's a lot of you in there.

Joy Miller, I...

Yes?

I have someplace special

I would really like to show you tomorrow.

It would mean a lot to me.

- I'll have to clear it with my boss.

- Good.

- Till tomorrow, then.

- OK.

Tomorrow.

- Goodnight.

- 'Night.

This is a special place.

Was it special for someone else, too?

- It's where I slaughtered my first cow.

- Huh?

I was 10. My father told me

I could eat only what I killed myself.

All I had were two sticks

and a butter knife.

- But I learned to be a man that day.

- What a sweet story...

- Hi, Vaclav!

- Good morning, Miss Miller.

- How's your cold?

- Much better, thank you.

- That echinacea is a miracle worker.

- All right.

- You know him?

- Sure, that's Vaclav.
- He must be new.
- New? He's worked here 50 years.
- Oh, Vaclav.
- Yeah.

He's changed his hat.

These folks are friendly,
if you just get to know them.

People do not warm up to me.

- Have you ever tried talking to them?
- No.
- Oh, Svetlana!
- No, don't.
- Svetlana, wait up!
- Wait.

Hi! Svetlana, I want you
to meet the President.

How do you do?

I killed a cow right over there.

- Nice meeting you. Carry on.
- You'll get better at it.

Now you know, when I'm not around,
you can just walk up...

- Who's that over there?
- Oh?

What is he doing?

- It looks like he's saying hello.
- Don't be ridiculous.

He's saying hello. We follow them.

What a nice man that hermit was.

- I didn't even know I had a hermit.
- All right, enough for today.

You wanna save some peasants
for tomorrow, don't ya?

Where are we?

I don't think we're on your land any more.

I am President. Is all my land.

- We're lost, aren't we?
- We're not lost.
- We're going in circles.
- We're not.

Either these are my heel marks,
or that hermit's got a life
we know nothing about.

- I know where we are.
- Well, where are we?
- We're in the woods.
- I knew it.

Why can't you just ask
one of them for directions?

No.

Please. Asking directions
won't lead to a two-party system.

- Look, I know where we going!
- "Where we going"?
- There.
- Right, like you knew that was there.
- I did. That's where I want to take you.
- That factory?
- What do they make there?
- I don't want to give it away.

It's a surprise?

It's a factory. What do you care
what they make?

- There'll be lots more people to meet.
- OK.
- What is he doing now?
- He's taking her to our factory.

No, he's doing something more
dangerous. He's being spontaneous.

Hurry!

Pretty exciting.

This doesn't happen every day.

Now we'll have to work late.

I'll miss supper.

- At least you'll get some good overtime.
- What is "overtime"?
- You kidding? Who's your union rep?
- What is "union"?

It's none of your business!

And who is this... Norma Rae?

I might have said the word "strike".

I say a lot of things.

- Who listens?
- Meddler!

Let me tell you three things.

One, that place is a sweatshop.

Two, all that phoney hero-worship.

How could that be satisfying?
Three, well... One and two
should be enough!

- Miss Miller.
- Don't scare me.
- I need your help. I must see Alek.
- Talk to the hand...
- The jailer's asleep. You keep watch.
- There are jailers involved? Forget it.

Remember what it felt like
when you were young?
You're not scoring any points.
What do you know about love?
You're twice my age and not married.

- I've operated within a limited pool.
- Maybe you're afraid to fall in love.

You used to be a nice girl.
Who've you been hanging out with?
Miss Miller, please.
If you believe in love...
...help me.

For your information,
I'm not afraid to fall in love.
I'm waiting for the utz in my stomach.
Meanwhile, you didn't mention
this dungeon was such a schlepp.

- Alek!
- Katrina!

It's so good to see you.
Hey, keep it down.
You've only got five minutes.

- You all right?
- Oh, yes. I miss you so much.

She got them to strike. Before she come,
they don't even know the word.
This teacher's a loose cannon,
aimed straight at your presidency.

- You're overreacting.
- No. Here, you see?

Where it says "AP".
It's seen by one billion people.
Overreaction is not possible.

- No way!
- Left foot, green. This is too hard.

Joy Miller!

- Hi!

- Hello, Father.

- What are you doing?

- We're playing Twister.

Now, I'm not overreacting when I read...

- What's Masha wearing?

- Honey, let's go show him.

We designed it ourselves from the Ralph
Lauren sheets I brought from the house.

Look at me. I'm a big, beautiful woman.

It's control-top pantyhose.

Holds you in like a stuffed sausage.

You look lovely, Masha.

Now, this business at the factory.

Don't apologise. You were cranky

'cause you didn't have lunch.

You could be hyperglycaemic.

Carry some cheese with you.

- What is this?

- To keep him from biting his nails.

- Look how happy he is.

- He's the President's son, not a dog!

I know he's not a dog.

Here you go, sweetie.

Do I not intimidate you at all?

Is one of your sideburns
shorter than the other?

You said sideburns. They're done now.

All right, no pressure.

A lot of great men had moustaches.

- Hitler, Franco...

- Einstein.

That's who you want to look like?

What are you afraid of?

- Do you have a harelip under there?

- Who can even remember?

- It catches crumbs.

- It does not.

- It does.

- It doesn't.

- When you eat Danish.

- Really?

- Who cares? It is my image.

- Exactly. Beast.
You've got all those important diplomats coming, you wanna sell 'em.
Look, that says groomed. Civilised.
Sonny Bono shaved off his moustache.
Now he's a congressman.
But I've had this moustache for... 20 years?
That's exactly how many years I'm gonna knock off you, baby.
Would you just trust me?
My aunt Marilyn never looked better.
Attaboy.
See, this isn't gonna hurt one bit.
That summit thing's another huge mistake.

- What do you mean?
- It'd be better if you threw a party.
I mean, you catch more flies with honey than vinegar.
It's not wise to plead poverty to foreign leaders, then spend a fortune on their dignitaries.
You don't have to spend a fortune.
Forget sit-down. Do the whole thing buffet out in the courtyard. Alfresco.
You can skip the open bar, too.
They're all on expense accounts.
I'd say use a DJ, but live music can really make an event.
Done.
Now your only problem is convincing them you're old enough to run a country.

- Is not bad, huh?
- I'll say.
- Who am I kidding?
- What?
Shaving and throwing a party will not convince anyone I am a civilised man.
That's why, after dessert, you announce you're letting Aleksander Gurko go free.

- What?
- Yeah.
- In front of everybody. Big surprise.

- Never!

What do you care about
some 18-year-old pisher?

He's got the world against you,
and he can't shave yet.

If you let him go,
if you are the bigger man,
you won't just be a president any more.
You'll be a statesman.

It's interesting. But will it work?
Sure. It's the extra "oomph"
that every party needs.

- Or the first step towards anarchy.

- No.

The first step to realising you don't have
to be a tyrant for people to follow you.

Look at you. You're smart,
you're charming, you're sexy.

- I'll do it. And you will plan it!

- Me?

I want it done exactly like in America.
You will not rest until it is finished.

- You will work day and night.

- But I'm not a professional.

- I don't cater.

- You can do this.

You're smart, you're charming,
you're sexy.

You're on.

Is all right. It's the moustache.

Changes my whole look.

I meet people now. Hello!

Oh, excellent. Beautiful.

If you want to get creative,
get a hard-boiled egg,
a couple of pieces of olive,
a little radish for the mouth,
and a carrot curl. Look what you got.

Lucille Ball.

Good.

No, no. It's way too boxy.

Shoulder pads are pass.

Oh, this is all you.

I'm sorry, I cannot make

from head or tail this recipe.

What's the problem?

It's only chicken cutlet.

Come on, I'll show you.

But tomorrow night, I'm not gonna...

- What's that?

- The chicken.

- It's alive.

- Of course it is. You want it fresh, no?

Not that fresh.

You want for party? Then you

must show me how to prepare.

Here, chick, chick, chick, chick...

Everybody has to clear outta here.

I cannot work with a million people
looking over my shoulder.

You know, I could do this, mister.

I eat chicken all the time.

I'd be hypocritical not to do this.

Hi.

What's that over there?

You know what? I can't do this.

Happy now? I'll just tell them that...

- Miss Miller?

- Oh, what?

- What are you doing?

- I was, um...

I was trying to scare
the chicken to death.

But he obviously

doesn't want to die for his country.

Just being selfish.

- Hello?

- Hello, sweetheart.

Ma, it's the middle of the night.

I got a hundred people coming tomorrow.

We've got good news.

Remember that European

they hired at Lotto to class it up?

- Yeah.

- They fired her.

They don't want class, they want you.

- Me?

- So, pack your things...

- Wait, I can't go now.
- What are you talking about?
This is your big opportunity.
Lotto. Big Spin! Live at Five!
Sweetheart, just what
are you giving this job up for?
What is this?
- I said, "What is this?"
- Pot-pourri.
Our country's destitute.
At least we go down smelling like...
...apple and cinnamon.
You like?
Yves St. Laurent.
Makes me more approachable.
Mr President, we must do something
about this factory.
You get one strike, you get two.
Like bugs.
We must crush them.
Your signature, please.
This decree will authorise troops to go in.
- Give them what they want.
- Please?
Overtime.
Unions.
I have a decree of my own.
Already signed?
Joy Miller swears
that a happy worker works harder.
Interesting thought.
Make some banners.
"Happy workers work harder".
Mr President, I must speak.
This is a recipe for disaster.
Mr Kleist...
Talk to the hand.
Isn't that cute? I love that.
Talk to the hand.
Talk to the hand!
You told 'em about letting the kid go?
- Those go in the lanai.
- I had to. He's very intimidating.
- What did he say?

- You should back off
before something unfortunate happens.

- He threatened me?

- If you want to take it like that.
I'm tense enough. I'm like my mother
when they took her off Fen-Phen.
Why not order Ivan for a massage?
When you-know-who finds I stopped
doing this to use his masseur...
I'll have to make sure you-know-who
does not find out about it.

- Ira, is that bravery peeping through?

- It's just experiment. Don't get used to it.
Good. Good. Yellow flowers! Very good.
Is this asparagus?
I love asparagus. This way.

- You are letting him go?

- Is the right thing to do.

- I'll be a statesman.

- You'll be a corpse.

The masses are not famous
for nice treatment of ex-leaders.

- Is one prisoner.

- It only takes one.

I trust Mr Grushinsky.
But if anyone should find out?
No one's gonna find out.
Let me get undressed.
You find some music to play.
John Tesh puts me to sleep.

- Is that you, Ivan?

- Yeah.

Good. Let's get started.
Come on! You can do better than that.
Harder.
Harder.
Harder.
Now take off the towel.
Here, I'll do it.
Now keep going.
It hurts all the way down.

- What are you doing?

- Er, shiatsu.

- I think my back is done.

- No, still too tense.
It's... it's that woman.
You know who I mean?
Joy Miller?
Ja.
I've never met anyone quite like her.
She just has to walk into the room
and I spasm.
I think it's that voice.
I mean, who has a voice like that?
"So what if those windows
are 12th century?
"Can't we put screens on them?"
- Ow!
- Sorry.
- I like her.
- Me, too.
Still, there's something about her
I don't know how to describe.
She gives me...
...a feeling...
...in my stomach.
Not bad, exactly.
More like, um...
... utz.
It's crazy, I know.
It's probably just heartburn.
And yet, it's more.
You ever felt like this, Ivan?
Ivan?
Come in.
- What did I tell you? Magic fingers.
- Not now, Ira.
The President's got the utz
and I'm turning down Live at Five.
That's wonderful!
I don't know what you're talking about.
But look what I have brought you
from His Excellency.
- A present?
- For you to wear at the ball.
And you can't wear formal without
borrowing a bit of crown jewel...
You don't like?

Ira, I love it. It's the most beautiful,
sweet, thoughtful gift.

Then, what's wrong?

- I have to tell him.

- No. Bad idea.

I can't look myself
in the mirror any more.

Wait.

All fixed!

No.

It's time.

Not bad, eh?

Hello.

My God.

Be careful. A girl could get used to this.
You should. I'll just keep having parties.
Something's wrong?

Yeah. Before I get into it, let me say
that I feel my work here is done.

The kids are doing great.

I finally got you into a pair of loafers.

Tonight's party
is gonna be a gorgeous affair.

What are you talking about?

I've not been totally honest with you.

I'm not a real teacher.

I just have a beauty licence.

Beauty licence?

I teach make-up and hair.

It's all I know.

First, it was easy to pretend.

Then I started to fall in love with...

...your kids.

I got to know you much better and...

...now it just seems wrong.

What kind of man do you take me for?

I hope one that sees the bigger picture.

You have the nerve to come here
and tell me you're not a teacher,
when you are the best teacher

I have ever known.

- I am?

- Yes.

The children blossomed before my eyes.

They're happy, confident.
If that's from learning hair,
tomorrow I make new law.
All teachers must have beauty licence.
Mr President, I...
I dunno what to say.
Oh, my God. Call an ambulance!
She doesn't know what to say.
Perhaps I should take advantage
of this silence and...
...ask for the evening's first dance.
A slow dance? I've never been good
at the Arthur Murray thing.
- This is nice.
- Is simple.
Just follow me. And...
One, two, three. One, two, three...
I feel kinda silly without any... music.
There, you see.
You are a wonderful dancer.
I guess all I needed was a great leader.
Hey, Yuri. Look how handsome you look.
No, sweetie. Quit tugging on your suit.
You can take it off later, I promise.
Sweetie, what's the matter?
Why are you moping in the corner?
You should be conning an adult
into giving you a whiskey sour.
How can I enjoy a party?
I'll tell you three things. One, you can't
tell when things will start looking up.
Two, if you could, you'd know
it was going to be right after dessert.
Three, you don't want Mr Rightsky to
see you with runny mascara, do you?
- Miss Miller!
- I love you.
- Yuri!
- Oh, no.
Yuri! Yuri!
Guess he thought the invite said casual.
I'll get him.
- Miss Miller.
- Oh!

- You dance lovely.
- Thank you.
- The party's even made you smile.
- Oh, yes.
I've never been in such good mood.
In fact, you throw such good party,
from now on this is what you stick to.
From now on, you take orders from me.
When I say "jump",
you say "how high?"
Or I go to His Excellency
and tell him your dirty little secret.
You think you're so smart.
Well, I got a surprise for you, mister.
I already told him and he don't care.
Take your threats and attitude
and shove it up your...
He knows you sneaked Katrina
to see Alek Gurko?
No. That he don't know.
- How'd you find out?
- Oh, please. That's what I do.
- If you think you can blackmail me...
- I know I can.
Oh, not for lying about teaching.
But for treason...
Life sentence in my country.
So, no more politics.
Do we have an understanding?
Do we have an understanding?
- Yes.
- Good.
Your first order.
Smile, please. Party.
No, no, no. This is not... natural.
Smile.
Ladies and gentlemen.
Now we have all had our desserts,
let me thank you all for coming.
And for allowing me to put right
misconceptions you all had about me...
...and my country.
I read your papers.
I know what you call me.

"Boris the Beast".
"Egoslavia".
"Stalin without the charm".
But perhaps now you see that I am...
...just a man...
...trying to be a leader for my people.
Like all of you.
Extra oomph.
And the true test of a leader...
...is knowing when
to demonstrate what I call...
...that little extra oomph!
To show you mean business.
And when not to.
So...
...let us all build on tonight...
...and create
a prosperous new future...
...for us all.
Welcome to my home.
The evening is a complete success,
thanks to you.
You left out the extra oomph.
That was the whole point.
But look around.
People are getting to see the real me,
and they like it.
For the first time, they pay me respect.
Not because I free some dissident,
but because of who I am.
You can't believe them.
They're politicians.
- Miss Miller!
- They'll walk outta here
and say the man's an animal.
If you want their aid, free the kid.
- Miss Miller.
- I don't care any more.
If you won't do it for your country,
do it for her.
- You should see them together...
- You've seen them together?
Well, actually, I've been sneaking her
down to see him.

- In the dungeons?
- That's where you threw him.
- They are so much in love...
- Did you think this is a game?
You move us around like chess pieces
because you know better.
Papa, he's not a criminal. You are.
What are you doing?
- You do not understand.
- Oh, no?
You have an eight-year-old's temper.
Your children are scared of you.
You hit girls. Tell me when I'm wrong.
This whole thing
is none of your business.
You're right.
'Cause if you can't see that doing the
right thing, even with nothing to gain,
is what makes you a mensch
and decent and civilised...
...I can't have anything to do with you.
The boy will remain in prison.
This is not a game.
It is the way things are
and the way things will always be.
Everyone is right about you.
You are a beast.
Oh, Karl. I'll miss you.
- I made a painting for you.
- Oh, how sweet.
I'll hang it right in my...
...attic.
- It's the way I will always think of you.
- I'm so flattered, really.
Oh, sweetie.
Remember what I told you?
Big is beautiful.
Boys will like me for what I am.
A princess with a great big dowry.
Oh, sweetie. Give it some time.
Why? You think my father someday
will just let me see Alek?
No.
Give it time. In two years you'll be

18 and can do whatever you want.

What did he say?

He doesn't remember our mother,
but he hopes she was just like you.

Come here.

- I love you, kids.

- Excuse me.

Oh, Ira. I'm sorry.

For you.

- How sweet.

- Also...

The President insisted you are paid
the remainder of your tenure.

Tell him to take that and...

Wait a minute, what am I saying?

He's rich and I'm fired. Gimme that.

Oh, Ira. Thank you for everything.

- What happened? Are you all right?

- You're here!

- What's this?

- A chicken?

- It's a long story.

- Are you all right?

- Vaclav.

- Good morning, Mr President.

- How's your cold?

- All better. Thank you.

I don't think the President mentioned
wanting to destroy the strike.

Of course, I could've been
out of the room.

He's been like zombie for weeks now.

Must the government cease to operate?

Besides, I can't imagine
how he could find out.

- Can you?

- He'd have to be incredibly intuitive.

Or else, walk in the door
at exactly the right moment.

That would be another way.

Grushinsky. I underestimate you.

So, I'm sending troops
into the factory,

despite a 30% rise in productivity.

- How unlike me.
- I was stunned.
And these orders... Export our grain.
Export our wheat.
Some must starve
so that others can eat.
Ah, no wonder they call me dictator.
Apparently, that's what I am.
Tell me, Grushinsky, how long
have I been such a monster?
- For weeks now, Your Excellency.
- Weeks?
You don't say?
After all these years, Leonid.
- Do you finally think me stupid?
- No.
I think you worse.
You turn your back on your people
for a pretty face.
Watch your tongue,
or I'll really show you a monster.
It would be time!
It's like...
It's like she has put a spell on you!
Turtlenecks and Twister!
All the time the country
is without a leader.
You forged my name.
This woman would have you
destroy the country.
You must act,
Mr President. An iron fist.
You're responsible for the people.
Not to them!
That's where you're wrong.
You instil fear, but you earn respect.
- Very good, Mr President.
- Now, you want to see me act?
Guards!
I am placing Mr Kleist under arrest.
The charge is treason.
- How was that for action?
- I was riveted.
- Take him away.

- Mr President, please.
I have known your family all my life.
Your grandfather's rule survived
the Second World War.
Your father's rule
survived communism.
Are you now to be brought
down by... a beautician?
Ma! I'm home!
- How was work?
- Oh, you kidding?
What I did with
Mrs D'Amato's six hairs,
Siegfried and Roy couldn't do
on their best day.
- Happy birthday.
- How come you got all dressed up...?
You're not planning a party, because
I just cried through one at work.
- We're not having a party.
- Happy birthday.
Not having a party?
We wanted to get you
something you'd really use.
This is...
...a membership to Blockbuster Video.
A new one next to Eat-a-Pita.
This is the single most depressing
moment of my entire life.
Wait.
Lou!
- Look, Joy!
- Hi, Uncle Lou.
- Happy birthday, honey.
- Thank you.
- Oh, you got some tan on your trip.
- No, actually, I was in Eastern Europe.
Here, Jerry.
Remember, a hard seat for me.
I hope you didn't do what I think you did!
I don't know what you're talking about.
- Hi!
- Everybody, it's cousin Doris!
- Happy birthday, gorgeous.

- Thank you.
- Tell me about your vacation.
- I wasn't on vacation, I...
- Did you bring back wooden shoes?
- No.

She didn't even bring wooden shoes.

- Happy birthday.
- Thank you. How sweet.

Thank you so much.

Great to see you.

- Who is that?
- I've no idea.
- Ma?
- I met him yesterday at Carvel.
- We don't even know him?
- He's a body.

You want an empty party?

Oh! Don't leave the door open.

You want the chicken to get out?

Happy birthday, Joy!

White meat or dark meat?

Where's my chicken?

He's fine, you see? I just fed him.

- Ma, what's he eating?
- Same as us.
- You fed the chicken chicken?
- Make two dinners? I've enough to do.
- How could you?
- He don't know any better.
- Anyway, it's delicious.
- It's Silence of the Chickens.

He's here.

Who's here?

He made us promise not to tell you.

He's come so far just to see you.

He wants you back.

He told me that letting you go was the biggest mistake of his life.

Oh, my God.

- Joy Miller.
- Remember Denny Kupperman?

We used to go steady in Junior High.

I remember that senior show you

wrote. A Rosemary's Baby musical.
Ooh, I hummed and I screamed.
I love you, Ro
Don't keep me waitin'
This embryo belongs to Satan
That was great!
- Er, sweetheart.
- It was a little flat.
- We're low on ice.
- Thank you, Daddy. I love you.
I gotta get some ice.
Oh, thank you.
I couldn't stay away. Before you make
me leave, let me tell you three things.
One, I've released the boy and
I'm having free elections in the spring.
Two...
...I love you.
I can't live another day without you.
And, three...
...one and two is plenty.