



Scripts.com

The Adventures of Priscilla, Queen of the Desert: The Bus from Blooperville

By Unknown

Hey lady
You lady
Cursing at your life
You're a discontented mother
and a regimented wife
I've no doubt you dream about
the things you'll never do
But, I wish someone had a talked to me
like I wanna talk to you...
I've been to Georgia and California
and, anywhere I could run
I took the hand of a preacher man
and we made love in the sun
But I ran out of places
and friendly faces
because I had to be free
I've been to paradise
but I've never been to me
Please lady, please lady,
don't just walk away
'Cause I have this need to tell you
you why I'm all alone today
I can see so much of me
still living in your eyes
won't you share a part
of a weary heart
that has lived million lies...
I've been to Nice
and the Isle of Greece
while I've sipped champagne on a yacht
I moved like Harlow
in Monte Carlo
and showed 'em what I've got
I've been undressed by kings
and I've seen some things
that a woman ain't supposed to see...
Are you okay?
Oh well that was fucking charming
you gutless pack of dickheads!
- Oh fuck off you talentless dog!
- What was that?
- Show us your pink bits.
- No, I don't think I will.
Now do you know why this

microphone has such a long cord?
So it's easily retrieved after
I've shoved it up your arse!
Christ almighty!
What the fuck's going on
out there tonight?
Are you hurt?
Alright, which one of you
bitches shat on my dress?
Tick darling, it's for you.
- Hello?
- Ding dong!
Avon calling.
Howdy sunshine.
Long time no hear.
- Where?
- Emergency Ward A
Mr. Belrose?
So how about it?
Bernadette, it's Tick.
Sorry to call you so late, but I...
Hey are you okay?
No, I'm not.
What's the matter?
Trumpet just died.
The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down
in green pastures:
he leadeth me beside
the still waters.
He restoreth my soul:
he leadeth me in the paths of
righteousness for his name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through
the valley of the shadow of death;
I will fear no evil:
for thou art with me;
thy rod and thy staff
they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me
in the presence of mine enemies:
thou anointest my head with oil;
my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall
follow me all the days of my life;
and I will dwell in the
house of the Lord for ever.
It's not fair.
I've spent half my life
and all my life savings
trying to snag a
sympathetic husband
and the selfish little shit
goes and dies on me.
Twenty five years old
and he goes and
slips over in a bathroom.
He didn't slip.
He was peroxidizing his hair at home again
and he asphyxiated on the fume.
I've got to get some space.
I've been offered to do
a show out of town...
- That's nice.
- Why don't you come with me?
I need some help and I think
we could both use the break.
You're not wrong. Where is it?
Alice Springs.
You've got to be fucking joking.
Wo-man is a
unique range of
specialty facial products
designed for the more...
heavy duty woman in us all.
Now this week... excuse me.
Hello.
How long is the run?
Four weeks.
Equity Minimum, two shows a
night, accomodation included.
I can't just sit around here
crying all the time.
Jesus. My mascara keeps running,
I look like a raccoon.
Good girl. That's the spirit.
Here's hoping the desert is

big enough for the two of us...
Three of us.
A desert Holiday
Let's pack the drag away.
You take the lunch and tea
I'll take the ecstasy.
Fuck off you silly queer
I'm getting outta here.
A desert Holiday
Hip hip hip hip hooray!
Why?
Why not? Look, he's turned into
a bloody good little performer.
That's right.
A bloody good little performer.
Twenty four hours a day,
seven days a week.
I thought we were getting
away from all this shit!
Two's company three's a party
Bernadette my sweet.
We're unplugging our curling
wands and going bush, Felicia.
Why would you possibly want to leave all this
glamour for a hike into the middle of nowhere?
- Do you really want to know?
- Desperately.
Well, ever since I was a lad,
I've had this dream.
A dream that I now, finally,
have a chance to fulfil.
- And that is?
- To travel to the centre of Australia
climb King's Canyon,
as a queen,
in a full length Gautier sequin,
heels and a tiara.
Great, that's just what
this country needs.
A cock in a frock on a rock.
Oh get back in your kennels,
both of you.
Now the first thing
we have to work out

is how the hell
we're going to get there.
What do you think?
When do we have to
return it to the school?
- We don't. We own it.
- What?
I met some nice swedish tourists
called Lars, Lars and Lars,
and coaxed it out of them
for ten thousand bucks.
- But we can't afford it.
- Well, that's right.
Mummy, maybe a trip
to the outback
would help me get over this
little phase I'm going through.
And you never know, I may meet
some lovely country girl.
I hereby christen this
budget Barbie camper
"Priscilla, Queen of the desert."
That's got to be the
understatement of the century.
Together
We will go our way
We will leave someday
- Mum!
Your hand in my hands
We will make our plans
We are here today to see
a very bright woman
who will attempt to
cross the continent alone.
On behalf of all our sponsors...
This is what we'll do
Go West
Life is peaceful there
In the open air
Where the skies are blue
Ladies...
start your engines.
Sun in wintertime
We will do just fine

Where the skies are blue
this is what we're gonna do
We will love the beach
We will learn and teach
Change our pace of life
We will work and strive
Four fat trannies
working on the wall.
And if one fat tranny
should accidentally fall.
Oh, my darling, Clementine.
How long have we been on the road?
Four and a half hours,
Christ. I've got a splitting
headache already
Happy hour!
- Mother's Ruin pour moi!
- Long Island tea.
And a Stoli and tonic for me.
- Stupid cow.
- You have to listen to this one.
After we did the Abba show,
Kevin had one of those
- liposuction penis enlargements.
- He didn't?
You know what they do?
They siphon all the fat
out of your love handles
and actually inject it
into your wing wang.
I suppose it gives a whole new meaning
to "cracking a fat" though doesn't it?
Oh, listen to yourselves.
You sound like two fat slags
at a pie bake off.
Your contribution to the conversation
hasn't exactly made headlines, Bernice.
Gee, poor Kevin's dick.
There can't be much room down there with
his brain taking up so much space already.
No. I'll join this conversation
on the provision
that we stop bitching
about people,

talking about wigs,
dresses, bust sizes,
penises, drugs, night clubs,
and bloody Abba.

Doesn't give us much to talk
about then does it?

Can you confirm a rumor for me?

Is it true that her
real name is Ralph?

How do you like your
little boys, girls?

You don't have to answer
that if you don't want to.

Oh My God.

What is this? Outback
with benny Hill?

Just leave mine outside
the door at about 8 am
along with orange juice
and toast please.

Why certainly Madame. And would
you like vegemite or Jam with that?

Knock knock.

Room Service.

Can't you read the sign? Do Not Disturb!
Please come back in the morning.

Oh ha ha girls.

Open the door.

- Goodnight Bernice.

- Goodnight Mitzi.

Open the fucking door!

Okay, if you don't open
the door I'm going to sing.

Fine, you asked for it.

I don't care if the sun don't shine
I get my lovin' in the evenin' time,

When I'm with my baby

It's no fun with the sun aroun',

But I get goin'

when the sun goes down

And I meet my baby

That's when we kiss

and kiss and kiss

And then we kiss some more

Don't ask how many times we kiss...

- Night John boy.

I'm seriously falling asleep.

No, it's your shift and
you're going to stick to it.

Serves you right for
staying out all night. Slut.

Well, I'm not going to make it.

- Oh, fuck off grandma.

- Are you alright?

Me? Yeah. I'm fine.

I'm just thinking.

Sorry. SHIT!

What is it?

Perhaps we should have flown.

Bzzz! Wrong, but thanks for playing.

Anyone else?

No. Witchety grub. Your turn.

I spy with my little eye
something beginning with "R".

Rectum?

Ring pirate?

Road?

Alright. What's the matter with you?

- Nothing darling.

- Don't darling me, darling.

Look at you. You've got
a face like a cat's arse.

- Come on. Fess up.

- I'm just worried about the show, that's all.

- Like, we haven't done any rehearsals yet and...

- We've got two weeks for Christ's sake.

That's plenty of time to rehearse.

Now what is your problem?

It's not a problem. I just want this show
to be good. That's all. It's got to be good.

How the fuck did you get
this job Mitzi my darling?

I mean, who is this fish who runs this bloody
hotel in the middle of nowhere anyway?

- Your mother?

- No, my wife.

What? Don't tell me you've got an ex-boyfriend
tucked away out here somewhere.

No. My wife. I'm married.
And when the joint bank account
ran dry after a couple of years
I guess I preferred her
wedding ring to mine.
So no drama.
We swapped and
called it a day.
This is getting too weird.
You and a woman?
What did she used to do for kicks?
Put a bucket over your head
and swing off the handle?
You know there are two things I don't like
about you Felicia... Your face.
So how about shutting both of them.
Well at least this explains
your abysmal batting average Mitz.
I often wondered why your
dance card was so empty.
I take it you never
got a divorce then?
Well girls, what can I say?
Here's to a secret very well kept.
Shame it's not going to
stay that way. Isn't it?
Got any more surprises
you'd like to share with us?
Haven't got any kids stashed away
out there as well have you?
Look. I haven't lied about anything.
After six years I get a phone call
out of nowhere screaming for help.
And Christ knows I owe her a couple of favours.
I'm sorry that I never told you.
I'm not sorry that you're here.
Don't worry about it dolls.
I'm as jealous as hell.
What?
So was it a big wedding?
Get lots of pressies did we?
I just wish I was
old enough to be there.
I would have bought you a lovely matching set

of hers and hers bath mats.

- Give it a rest.

- Not on your life.

Mitzi the magnificent
and her blushing bride.

Mowing those lawns must have been
murder on those heels though.

All right Felicia, that's enough.

Let's put some money in that
seething cesspool mouth of yours.

If I win this game, you will
never mention my wife,
ever, in my presence again. OK?

- And if I win?

- Name your price.

Well now, what would I like more than
anything in the world?

Snap, better be quick.

What the fuck am I doing?

Take that bloody frock off Felicia.

Don't make it worse than it is.

Think I'll let you get all the attention?

No chance.

Come on girls,
lets go shopping.

For Christ's sake...

I love these hats.

You have got to be kidding.

Welcome to Mario's Palace.

Come in.

What can I do for you?

Would you like a room Madame?

Subtle.

Oh tackorama!

Who the hell does all the
painting around here?

Someone with no arms or right foot
by the look of it.

For goodness sake,
get down off that crucifix.

Someone needs the wood.

What have we here?

What fun.

Baby bottles of booze.

Gather round girls,
I'll show you a trick.
You drink the gin...
Fill the bottle up with water
and put it back in the fridge.
Va t'em vous.
What about the scotch?
That's where the complimentary tea bags
come in handy.
- Very clever.
- Cheers girls.
And congratualtions Mitzi darling.
You did it.
One lap of the Broken Hill
main drag in drag!
That'll teach you to take on the
Fairmont Boys School snap champion.
Here's to getting
off the fucking bus.
Chookers!
So, all dolled up
and nowhere to go.
Well I sure as shit have no intention
of sitting here all evening.
I'm in.
Oh alright.
Here's hoping they have
a decent Cocktail Bar.
Hello.
Could I please have a Stoli and tonic,
a bloody Mary
and a lime Daiquiri please?
Well, look what the cat dragged in!
What do we've got here?
A couple of show girls eh?
Where did you ladies
come in from?
Uranus?
Could I please have a...?
No! You can't have nothing!
We got nothing here
for people like you. Nothing!
Now listen here you mullet.
Why don't you just light your tampon

and blow your box apart,
because it's the only bang
you're ever going to get sweetheart.
Now what could be more soothing
than coming home after
a hard day down the mine
to the woman in us all.
Now don't send any money...
Shit,
all I can see are
female impersonators.
This has got to be a first.
Nobody has ever out drunk old Shirl before.
Where did you learn to
throw them back like that?
That's our girl Bernadette.
I just knew that stumbling around the pub circuit
with Les Girls for 200 years
must have taught her something.
- You're a bloody marvel Bernie.
- Bernadette please.
- What was that?
- My name isn't Bernie.
She said her name isn't Bernie...
It's Ralph.
Come on.
What did you call me?
What did you call me what?
What did you call me
back there, in the bar?
Sorry. Ralph.
You fucking idiot!
Oh, the fuck!
Don't touch me!
You fucking...
Only my fucking head.
The lump on your head
is bigger than your prick.
Why don't you fuck off
you stupid old bitch?
Oh, stop it little faggot.
- ???
- If your mouth were as big as your dick
you wouldn't have any problem.

Good morning.
It's funny, you know?
No matter how... though
I think I'm getting...
it still hurts.
Hope it still works.
Don't have much call
for it out here.
- Where you blokes from?
- Uranus.
Oh, good.
There.
- Left.
- I hope you know what you're doing.
If we stick to the sealed road,
we'll be at it for at least two days.
Take the short cut.
One more push,
I'm gonna smack his face so hard
he'll have to stick a toothbrush
up his arse to clean his teeth.
Just lay off.
I told you not to use the R word
and what did you go and do?
I was only having fun.
Fun? What else do you do for amusement?
Slam your fingers in car doors?
- What's the point?
- I like seeing people get hot headed ok?
- It gives me a kick.
- Is it true that when you were born...
the doctor turned around
and slapped your mother?
What sort of bent childhood
did you have, Adam Whitely?
Come here boy.
Come and sit over here.
Would you like to have some fun
with uncle Barry?
We're gonna play a special game,
But you can't tell anybody.
Never, ever ever.
Now what I want you to do
is put your hand down here

and pull very gently
Very gently.
That's good.
Jesus Christ Adam!
Get help!
Adam, Uncle Barry's ping pongs
are caught in the drain.
Get Mummy.
What do you mean "no"?
Never, ever ever.
You know the best part?
Mum was out playing golf
and the dirty old fuck
was stuck there for seven hours.
And I thought they were small and wrinkled
before they got in the water.
Hey, I got a joke.
Who wants to hear a joke?
Come on Bernie. It's so funny,
you'll laugh so hard
your lashes will curl up by themselves.
Do tell us your hilarious joke.
Well, many moons ago there was
this very famous bunch of indians
called the Fuckawei Tribe.
And one day the son of the great
indian Chief says to his father,
"Dad, why is my friend
Little Hawk called Little Hawk?"
And his father says...
"Why do you ask, Two Dogs Fucking?"
That's not the end of the joke.
So anyway,
Back to me.
- Jesus!
- What's happening?
I don't know.
Oh My god...
Oh Felicia... Where the Fuckawei?
Shit shit shit!
Well, I've had a look around
and I think we can safely assume
that I now know less about motors
than I did when I first lifted

that... bonnety thing.

Now what?

Let's just not think
about it for the moment
and eat breakfast shall we?

That's a novel idea.

Let's stuff ourselves to death.

Imagine the headlines...

"Whales beach themselves in the outback."

- "Mystrey Broomsticks Dead in Drag..."

- There's no point in walking back.

The only life I saw for the last million miles
were the hypnotised bunnies

- and most of them are now wedged in the tires.

- Somebody's has to drive past for sure.

We'll keep the fire burning.

Yes, and toast marshmallows and cool

Champagne for when they arrive.

What if they don't drive past?

Look, you're not helping here.

Just eat your hormones.

- Hell. Why didn't we stick to the main road?

- What difference does it make now?

You got us into this

Antony Belrose,

And I suggest you start thinking

about how to get us back

or I don't fancy your chances of
ever trying to be a husband again.

Jesus, what are

we going to do?

We are going to start off with a facelift.

Nothing like a new frock

to brighten up your day.

Purple?

It's not purple.

It's lavender.

- What do you think?

- It's nice...

in a hideous sort of a way.

Where are you going?

If you think I'm going to sit around

watching Picasso

take on the the

public transport system,
you've got another think coming.
I'll be back with the cavalry
in a couple of hours.
There goes a transexual,
last seen heading south.
We call her Bernie
but her real name was...
I was petrified
Kept thinking
I could never live
Without you by my side
But then I spent
so many nights
Thinking how you did me wrong
I grew strong
I learned how to get along
And so now you're back
From outer space
I just walked in
to find you here
Help! Help!
- What's that Pa?
- What?
Up there you nong.
Looks like a woman.
Help!
Oh thank God.
Thank you.
I can't tell you
how grateful I am.
With that sad look upon your face
I should have...
You fucking beauty!
Shit.
Bernie, I never thought
I'd be so glad to see you.
I can't say the same.
I was just drawing up the will.
Come and meet our saviours.
Tony, Adam, this is
Mr. and Mrs. Spencer.
Hello.
No! Wait!

Oh shit.
Oh, for goodness sake
look at yourself Mitzi.
How many times I have to tell you
green is not your color?
Do you think about Trumpet much?
No. Trumpet was just a nice kid
who had a thing about transsexuals.
Lots of people do.
Sort of a bent status symbol.
"Did you know my girlfriend
used to be a boyfriend?"
That sort of thing.
Always good for a supper invite.
Still, it was better than nothing.
Nothing, nothing for miles.
Can you hear the drums Fernando?
I've said it once
and I won't say it again...
No more fucking Abba!
Okay, if we have the time,
we may as well put it to good use.
Come on girls. Off ya snatches.
Rehearsal time.
OK? Two steps on the right.
Boring.
Ready?
No, I did this shit years ago.
You did it so beautifully and,
Darling, you do so well.
Come on.
From the top.
One, two.
Go on now, go
walk out the door
Just turn around now
You're not welcome anymore
Weren't you the one
who tried to break me with goodbye?
Did you think I'd crumble?
Hello.
Hello, nice night for it.
I think we just crashed a party.
No, come on. You'll be alright.

Here welcome to my office.
Have a seat.
Bernice, I don't know what could have
possibly possessed you to wear that to a corroboree
Shut your face.
Bravo!
Fabulous!
Well girls,
I guess it's our turn.
First I was afraid
I was petrified!
Kept thinkin'
I could never live
Without you by my side
But then I spent
so many nights
Thinking how you did me wrong
And I grew strong
And I learned how to get along
And so now you're back
From outer space
I just walked in
to find you here
With that sad look
upon your face
I should have changed
that stupid look
I should have made you
leave your key
If I had known for just one second
you'd be back to bother me
Go on now go
Walk out the door
Just turn around now
'cause you're not welcome anymore
Weren't you the one who tried
to hurt me with goodbye?
Did you think I'd crumble?
Did you think I'd lay down and die?
Oh no, not I!
I will survive!
For as long as I know how to love
I know I'll stay alive
I've got all my life to live

And I've got all my love to give
And I'll survive
Hey take a look at that.
I have got one idea...
It took all the strength I had
not to fall apart
Kept tryin' hard to mend the pieces
of my broken heart
And I spent oh so many nights
just feelin' sorry for myself
I used to cry
but now I hold my head up high
And you see me
Somebody new
I'm not that chained up little person
still in love with you
And so you felt like dropping in
and just expect me to be free
Well, now I'm saving all my lovin'
for someone who's lovin' me
So you actually make money
by dressing up like a woman?
Oh sure. You can make a fine living
in a pair of heels.
Why Alan? Do you want a job?
Oh, if only this dress could talk.
You know, sometimes I wonder
where I got my taste from.
Definitely not my mother. Oh well.
Serves me right for letting her buy me
all these awful clothes.
What's this?
That is my most treasured possession
in the whole wide world.
But what is it?
Well, a few years ago,
I went on a pilgrimage backstage
to an Abba concert
hoping to grab an audience
with Her Royal Highness Agnetha.
Well, when I saw her ducking into the ladies loo,
naturally I followed her in.
And after she'd finished her business
I ducked into the cubicle

only to find she'd left me a little gift,
sitting in the toilet bowl.

What are you telling me?

This is an Abba turd?

I know what we can do with this...

- Are you right?

- Hang on!

OK! Go!

There!

Afternoon,

what seems to be the problem?

What a nice dog.

What's his name?

Herpes.

If she's good,

she'll heal.

Things get pretty quiet around here.

We're a bit starved for entertainment.

Glad we could oblige.

How does it look?

Well, your gas tank's

chock-a-block full of crud.

Travelling on a rough road

on a low tank

chucked it all up

into the motor.

- Your fuel line's blocked and your injectors are stuffed.

- So does that mean you can fix it?

In the short term.

What you blokes need

is a new gas tank.

I don't suppose you have one

lying around.

No. Sorry.

I could pick one up in Coober Pedy in about

a week. When do you have to be in Alice?

Six days.

Well, we can clean it out

and hope for the best.

It might make it. We won't know

unless you give it a try.

Refreshment!

Lemonade here I make.

That's very nice darling.

But please go back inside.
Lemonade for guests.
No darling please.
I make chocolate crackles.
Thank you.
We put cream on?
No no, it's face cream.
For face.
Bob, Cynthia, thank you.
- I love lamb with meringue.
- Thank you for the company.
Like I said. New faces are
rather hard to come by out here.
- What are you doing off the highway?
- Now that's a bloody good question.
Glad you bothered.
We don't get your type
out here very often.
- Me like to sing too. Me like...
- Yeah pretty damn quiet.
Thought of opening a video business, but I suppose
we've got to wait to get television first.
Me perform for you.
Me dance too.
My wife used to be in the
entertainment business.
- Yeah. You perform here?
- Are you thinking of performing here?
I mean you've got to be here
at least another night.
The thought hadn't
really crossed my mind.
Well why not? I could have
a word to Wally in the pub.
Everybody would love it.
I'm not sure our show would
go down too well out here.
What kind of cabaret do you do?
We dress up in women's clothes
and parade around mouthing
the words to other peoples songs.
You mean sort of like those...
What do you call them? 'Les Girls'
I've seen them. Way back in Sydney

when I was a young bloke. Fantastic. Just terrific.
Bob, you're looking
at probably the most famous
'Les Girls' ever produced.
You're kidding me?
Oh give me a break.
I was never that famous.
- I'm not joking.
- What?
I wouldn't really have seen you.
That must have been 30 years back.
- Oh you'd be surprised.
- Me perform for you.
- Me sing.
- No Cynthia. You no perform.
They perform not you.
A real live 'Les Girls' show?
Right, this calls for a celebration.
- Maybe this isn't such a good idea.
- Oh, shut ya twat.
Our frocks were the sensation
of broken Hill remember?
There was a K-Mart in Broken Hill.
At least they knew what a frock was.
Christ, you should see what this woman is wearing.
It's not a frock. It's a piece of corrugated iron.
- Can I come in?
- Only if you're single.
- Oh you look incredible.
- Where did we find this guy?
Just keep dishing out the compliments Bob.
Flattery will get you everywhere.
- Now where's that lovely wife of yours?
- She's at home.
- She's not allowed in the pub any more.
- Really? Why?
She's got a problem with alcohol.
Every time she gets in the pub she makes
a complete fool of herself.
Oh I know how she feels.
Well, we're all waiting.
Are you ready?
Bob, we're having second thoughts.
You can't back out now.

Every man and his dog are out there.
They're not chained up
by any chance?
Oh you blokes...
sorry. You girls.
Look, you'll be fine.
Take my word for it.
What the hell's going on?
She's not, is she?
Oh you can't do that
with a ping pong ball.
You want to bet?
- I'm going!
- Darling, there's nothing we can't work out.
- You no good man.
- Don't be silly.
You want good wife,
you be good husband.
Darling don't go.
I not like you anyway.
You got little dingaling.
Some days you just
shouldn't get out of bed.
In my opinion, you should wait here
until I get back with a new gas tank.
But then again, you listened
to my last opinion.
Forget it Bob.
It's time we made a move.
I'm just a gifted amateur around here.
There's no way
a nice frock and a catchy tune
can compete with three ping pong balls,
two cigarettes and a pint of beer.
If we break down we break down.
I'll play it safe and stick to the main drag.
Pardon the pun.
Well, good bye Bob.
Thanks for the very educational stay.
Yes I'd do anything to be able
to open a bottle like that.
Bernadette, it has certainly been an honor
meeting a member of Les Girls.
And may I say it has been an honour

to have met a gentleman.
Believe me Bob, these days gentleman
are an endangered species.
Unlike bloody drag queens
who just keep breeding like rabbits.
Sayonara
Bob? Fancy a free ride to Coober Pedy?
Now listen Bob.
Let's get one thing straight.
We may wear the frocks around here,
but that doesn't mean you wear the pants.
Where do I sleep?
Oh anywhere that takes your fancy.
The roof will do me fine.
Thank you Bob,
I don't know what to say.
That's alright. I may as well
get there a few days earlier.
A bit of R&R.
God knows I need it.
May I ask you a personal question?
I mean if you don't mind.
Sure.
Why? Why do you...
You know...
You mean the \$64.000 question?
That's the girl. Now,
don't tear the wrapping paper.
Just slide the ribbon off and
we can see what santa's brought you!
Here it comes now.
What is it?
It's a... it's a...
cement mixer.
Have you been changing
the cards around again Ralph?
So I guess I had
no choice in the matter
Oh for fucks sake! Watch where
you're driving you stupid bitch!
- Fucking kill me or something?
- My fault!
Sorry Bob.
I thought it was Bernadette.

One, two, three.

Two, two, three. Three, two, three.

Now you are getting it.

- Who taught you to waltz?

- My wife.

Oh how sweet. You and the Mrs.

down at Arthur Murray's

every Tuesday night practising

your little hearts out.

- Makes me want to sick up.

- Married?

Yes, married.

We have only recently discovered

that young Anthony here bats for both teams.

I do not.

So we're straight.

Are we not? So we're

a donut puncher after all?

- Then what the Hell are we?

- I don't fucking know.

What the fuck's that?

Good evening.

Nice night for it.

Oh, ok. Goodnight then.

What a rude woman.

And that's the power steering pump,

and that's the radiator fan.

- How interesting.

- Simple.

Who wants the first bath?

I won!

Can I help you madame?

Okay turn it over.

I don't care if the sun don't shine.

I get my lovin' in the evenin' time,

When I'm with my baby

It's no fun with the sun aroun',

But I get goin' when the sun goes down

And I meet

My baby

That's when we kiss and kiss and kiss

And then we kiss some more

Don't ask how many times we kiss

At a time like this who keeps score

That's it over there.

It's an okay room with a shower.

- Bags first!

- Is hot water all you can think about?

No. A shower, a comfortable bed
and a nice meal will do me fine.

If you think I'm going to crawl
into the sack and watch television
you've got another think coming.

Now you blokes watch your back.

This is a pretty tough little town.

They get up in the morning, they go down a hole,
they blow things up and then they come up again.

- That just about sums it up.

- Oh fabulous.

You're welcome to hang out with us
if you've got nothing better to do.

I'm meeting some of the boys down at
the old drive in for a booze up like the old days.

I want to go with Bob. I want to go to the boys club.

You'll come and have supper with us, or you'll
stay in your room by yourself and watch TV.

He's a good man our Bob.

Yeah, not my type though.

Oh don't come the
raw prawn with me.

I can spot the fluttering
of a beaded lash from 300 paces.

Get out.

He's far too old.

Mind you, so am I.

Did you catch that mail order bride?

Why did he marry her?

I'm dying to ask.

Oops! Sorry.

Don't worry about it.

You're the world's best husband
and given the chance you'd probably be
a perfectly good father too.

Do you really think so?

Why? Are you thinking
about children?

Yes, as a matter of fact.

Do you have The Texas Chainsaw Mascara?

Ever wanted kids?
Sure, but I've learned
not to think about it.
Do you think an old Queen's
capable of raising a child?
Well, Elizabeth did
a pretty good job.
Prince Charles is a wonderful boy.
Edward's still a bit of a worry.
And what happens
if they turn out like Adam?
You stuff them back in
and ask for a refund.
Stupid little shit.
I dread to think
what he's up to.
Hello,
I'm new in town.
No kidding.
Could I have a bloody Mary please.
It's beer or nothing sweetheart.
Well, I'd better have a beer then.
Cheers.
What are you all looking at?
I'm sorry.
Didn't mean to stare.
We don't usually
get women down here.
Oh, so what do women do around here
besides watching videos?
Well! Look who we have here...
You know that bloke do you?
So, who's going to
show me the sights?
It would be my pleasure.
So how about it?
I suppose a fuck's
now out of the question...
Get her, Frank!
Come on boys. Who wants
to see my map of Tasmania?
So I never had a chance to tell my parents
what a wonderful childhood I'd had.
They never spoke to me again

after I'd had... the chop.
I have something to tell you.
Oh shit!
Get her!
Okay fellas, let's not forget
how to treat a lady.
You fucking freak!
Hold him down.
- Spread his legs.
- No, please!
Frank, Stop!
- What the fuck do you think you're doing?
- You mean you do know this cocksucker?
Get off him you mongrel!
He was joking, OK?
Now you leave the bugger alone.
Get out of there Bob!
Cut it out Frank.
Put that faggot down and get the fuck
out of the way, Bob, or you'll be next.
- Frank.
- Get out of there!
Stop flexing your muscles
you big pile of budgie turd!
I'm sure your mates would be much more
impressed if you just go back to the pub...
and fucked a couple of pigs on the bar.
Bernadette, please.
I'll be darned!
The whole circus is in town.
I suppose you want a fuck too?
Come on Bernadette.
Come on and fuck me.
That's it.
Come on.
There, now you're fucked.
You stupid bloody idiot.
Drugs for Christ's sake.
Well three cheers for you.
I hope you're bloody well happy now.
Stupid bloody fuckwit!
It's funny.
We all sit around
mindlessly slagging off...

that vile stink-hole
of a city.

But in some strange way
it takes care of us.

I don't know if that ugly wall
of suburbia has been put up to
stop them getting in
or us getting out.

Come on.

Don't let it drag you down.

Let it toughen you up.

I can only fight
because I've learnt to.

Being a man one day and a woman the next
is not an easy thing to do.

- Sorry, I can't help you.

- Don't worry about it.

Are we bunny hopping
all the way to Alice?

No good, but he says the man to help us
is a fair way out of town.

- Like how fair?

- A couple of hundred clicks fair.

No matter. I haven't got
anything else to do today.

Lets get out of here.

Come on Adam.

We are out of here.

Some things are said
in the heat of the moment.

I'm sorry I got angry
at you last night,
although I dare say,
you deserved it.

Anyway, that's enough of that.

You know this is quite an experience
sitting here with you now.

I can quite safely say...

that I think your taste in
clothing is absolutely terrible,
because you can't
say a word can you?

This is great fun.

We're going to have a problem finding

this guy with a tank aren't we?

- Why do you say that?

- Because he's not out here.

Oh he's out here.

He's in Alice.

Well, I can't go back

to Coober Pedy for a while.

Not the most popular bloke

in the world back there any more.

Hello.

- Who are you?

- I your wife.

- Best I be going home then.

- No, you not going. I coming too.

I your wife. See, I your wife.

Silly girl.

Should have done her

homework better.

She thought I was from Sydney.

Why in God's name

did you bring her home?

- She was my wife.

- Couldn't you sell her off?

Oh, the party's over

everyone. It talks.

You can't keep a good bitch down.

What time do you think

we'll be in Alice Springs?

Late tomorrow arvo?

And how long do you think

you'll be staying?

I don't know.

A couple of days maybe.

Hey a big day for you tomorrow.

We all get to meet the Mrs.

I saw that smile Felicia.

One word,...

one derogatory word and I'm

taking you back to your mate...

in Coober Pedy.

Look, please everyone.

Tomorrows going to be a little tough.

- Please don't make it any harder than it has to be.

- We're only teasing.

We won't open our mouths until you give the word. Then it's open season.

Oh well, time for bed.

Got to look good for the wife in the morning. Come along Adam.

Time for your beauty sleep.

Come on.

Will you two be joining us?

I just thought I'd have one for the road. How about you Bob?

Sounds good to me.

All right then.

See you in the morning.

Night.

Another piece of cake Bob?

So, tell me about you.

Can't complain.

Life's a lot simpler now.

I spent thirty years wandering around the world...

only to find I'm better off where I started.

Not much, But it's my turf.

Oh, shit!

- What?

- Guess who didn't come home last night?

I've waited all my life for this!

Bernice has left her cake out in the rain.

My fucking back is killing me.

I need a crap.

- Do you want me to go in?

- No, I'll go.

Excuse me sir,

you can't park your bus here.

Are you planning on staying at the hotel?

Could you direct me to Marion Barber please?

- We're the Cabaret act from Sydney.

- Oh right, yeah.

- Well, just go in through to reception.

- Thanks.

It's alright.

Lenny, these are the drag queens.

Come on Bob. Let's go
try on your new frock.

G'day.

??? at the back bar.

Thanks.

No, those three kegs
didn't arrive.

I need them today.

Not tomorrow, but today.

You're a doll.

What an arsehole.

My god, husband!

- It's so good to see you.

- Hiya wife.

- You are a day late,
where are the others?

- Oh they're outside.

- You've lost weight
you rotten old queer.

- It's about fucking time.

I can finally get into that old one piece
of yours. You know, the one with the sun flowers.

- What the hell do you do with it?

- "The poisoned Adventure" routine.

You know, Shelley Winters.

Where is he?

Benj, do you remember Tick?

Hello Tick.

Where is the bloody bar?

Mr. Belrose?

Congratulations. It's a boy.

Shit!

- You OK?

- What's the matter?

- Help!

- Oh my god.

For Christ's sake, Mitzi,
why didn't you tell us?

Why the hell did you have
to shock me like that?

This lump on my head
is getting bigger by the second.

I'm about to make my

Northern Territory debut looking like
a fucking Warner Brothers cartoon character
has hit me over the head with an iron.

- I think you look more like a Disney witch myself.

- Oh shut your face Felicia.

At least I don't look like somebody
has tried to open a can of beans with my make up.

I'm sorry girls. I couldn't stand the thoughts
of you two bagging me in the bus for two weeks.

- Anyway what difference does it make now?

- About two inches to my head for one.

Did you get a good look at him?

He's got my profile that's for sure.

- I think I'm going to be sick.

- I hate to be practical here...

but does he know who you are?

I mean, does he know what you do for a living?

Well, he knows he has a father in the
showbusiness/cosmetics industry.

- Oh Lord, I don't understand.

- No you don't understand.

- So stop trying to. It will be fine.

- It had better be.

Oh, stop wearing out that mirror.

- You always knock before you enter?

- Always! Why?

You haven't got anything
to hide in there have you?

Alright girls,

you're on in ten minutes.

Sweetheart, you've been on
ever since you were born.

- The word's out, we've got a big crowd.

- Like how big?

- A full house.

- Where's Benj?

Safe and sound asleep in bed.

Don't you worry about a thing.

Okay my little powder puff?

- Can I come in?

- Now there's a gentleman.

Of course you can Bob.

My aunt Minnie in here?

Don't mean to barge in.

Just want to wish you all good luck.

- Thank you Bob.

- Thanks

To make up for

what happened last time.

Thank you. That's so thoughtful.

Alright girls. Let's get

this show on the road.

You, out. That's a ten minute

curtain call. Good luck.

That's quite a wife you've got there Mitzi.

What does she do in her spare time?

Sand back the hulls of

oil tankers with her tongue?

She sure is something.

- Chookers girls!

- Watch my Jaw.

- Be careful of my head.

- Aren't we Fabulous?

Ladies and gentlemen...

Lasseter's Casino

in Alice Springs presents...

Miss Mitzi Del Bra,

Miss Felicia Jollygoodfellow

and Miss Bernadette Bassinger...

The sisters of the Simpson Desert!

Meeting Mr. Right,

the man of my dreams

The one who shows me true love

(or at least it seems)

With brown cocoa skin

and curly black hair

It's just the way he looks at me

that gentle loving stare

Finally you come along

The way I feel about you

it just can't be wrong

If you only knew the way

I feel about you

I just can't describe it

Finally it has happened to me

Right in front of my face

My feelin's can't describe it

And I just cannot hide it

It seemed so many times
he seemed to be the one
But all he ever wanted
was to have a little fun
But now you've come along
and brightened up my world
In my heart I feel it
I'm that special kind of girl
Finally you come along
- Come on. Snap out of it.
- Come on mate.
You'll be fine.
Come on love.
That's it mate.
You scared us all
for a minute.
You just had to have that extra little bit
of attention didn't you? Nice one lovey.
Oh shit.
What are you doing, Marion? You liar.
You told me he'd be in bed.
- Drink your daiquiri.
- I hate bloody daiquiri.
No you don't.
You love bloody daiquiris.
Least now I know why drag queens
drink from such big glasses.
To make their hands look smaller.
What am I meant
to say to the boy?
- I've never been so embarrassed.
- I think you're over reacting.
- Really?
- Yes. You're just being a drama queen.
You're going to have to drop all that shit
if you're going to be a good father.
Don't pretend to be surprised.
I've kept my end of the bargain.
Now it's your turn...
- Not forever. Maybe just for a couple of months.
- Why now?
Because I haven't had
a holiday in eight years.
I need a rest Tick.

I need some space.

- Reminds me of something I said not so long ago.

- Well I do.

And besides it's time he knew
what his father was anyway.

That's the problem. I mean,
I don't know what to tell him.

What do you assume I do? Lie?

Assumption, my dear Mitzi,
is the mother of all fuck ups.

- Don't bitch to me. Bitch to him.

- Thanks for the free advice.

Who is it?

It's me Bob.

Your flowers were being mangled.

I thought I'd rescue
them for you.

Good idea. Thanks.

What's the matter?

Nothing.

Do you know what your father
does for a living?

So I suppose you know
he doesn't really like girls.

Does he have a boyfriend at the moment?

Neither does Mum.

She used to have a girlfriend
but she got over her.

Do you want to come and play
in my room? I've got Lego.

Sure.

Come on butch. Get a move on.

We can't brand the cattle all by ourselves.

Great show last night.

Do you always end a number like that?

Always.

- How would you like to
pick her up every night, sundance?

- Be a pleasure.

I think that might include taking the lady home
every evening and tucking her into bed Jeff.

What's the pay like Marion?

Oh that one's going to
get himself into trouble one day,

and if you play your cards right
you might just be the lucky fellow.
Come on, all aboard.
Just watch it with the innuendos Marion.
At least give me
a clear shot at this.
You call dressing up as a Xanadu
production number a clear shot?
Come on Tick.
Who's kidding who around here?
He sure as shit isn't.
- What are you doing?
- Swimming.
Murray.
Rock.
Murray Rock.
Oh, Rock Hudson.
Oh silly!
My turn!
Give it a go.
Come on then.
It's... a sexy woman. Famous woman.
- Baby.
- Rocking.
I know this one.
- Racing horse.
- Cat. Scary cat.
Scary moose.
- Scary dog.
- I know.
Lindy Chamberlain.
That was appauling Benji.
Who told you that?
- Mom did.
- Lies! All lies.
Sure.
Come on Adam.
Let's get frocked.
Time is against us...
and we have things to do.
- Come on you butch thing, you.
- Oh no, come on.
- All for one.
- Come on Tick.

Come on, Adam.
Let's get frocks.
So, whats it like...
to finally have a father?
It's okay.
Sorry about last night.
I don't always dress up
in women's cloths.
I mean don't get the wrong idea...
I do lots of different stuff...
You know, like Elvis...
and Garry Glitter and...
Abba?
I'm not supposed to know
about the Abba show...
but I'd really like to see it.
Would you do Abba for me?
Sure.
You know what I am don't you?
Mum says you're
the best in the business.
Well, your mother was always
prone to exaggeration.
Will you have a boyfriend
when we get back to Sydney?
Maybe.
That's good.
- Come on!
- Where are we going?
We're going to unleash
the best in the business.
I had a dream.
Well, we did it.
It never ends does it?
All that space.
So what now?
I think I want to go home.
Me too.
Well then. Let's finish
the shows and go home.
Don't go without leaving me
your number Sunshine.
Already taken care of Jeff.
It's at the far end

of the men's cubicle.

"For a good time, phone Felicia."

- Hey, can we stop at McDonalds?

- Now that's a good idea.

- I've had just about enough of this shitty food.

- I don't know. Where the Hell do you start?

Lay it on the line husband.

Don't conceal a thing. That's the key.

And if he doesn't like it, stiff bikkies.

He can always buy his own ticket back.

And what happens when the word gets out
that Mitzi's got a minor?

That's your problem, not his.

He knows when and where to listen.

Morals are a choice and he'll decide his own
when he's good and bloody well ready.

That's it. You're all packed.

You've got to be joking. We haven't got
Bernadette's shoes on board yet.

I wish I was going with you.

Your gas tank will be fine.

Your axle may be another matter.

I'm sure the road home will be
filled with bored mechanics
waiting for a bus full of drag queens
to spirit them away to a better life.

I wish. We're not even going to
spirit gum at this rate.

- Where the hell is Bernadette?

- Here.

Come on Cabanossi tits.

Where are your bags?

In my room.

I'm not going. I've decided
to stay here for a while.

Oh really.

And you're choosing
to tell us about this now?

She told me a few weeks back.

Just when I was looking for somebody
to handle the guest entertainment while I'm away.

Oh I get it.

Who's been playing
hide the sausage then?

Let's get out of here
before I throw up.
Come on Benj.
Hope you can drive.
Not without a hug.
Are you sure?
No, I'm not sure.
But I'll never know
unless I give it a shot.
I'm as jealous as all hell.
Shit.
Raccoon time again.
Bye.
- Don't forget to write.
- Wish you were staying!
- Bye.
- Bye mom! Bye Ralph!
Yeah, see you Ralph!
I've been cheated by you
since I don't know when
So I made up my mind,
it must come to an end
Look at me now,
will I ever learn?
I don't know how
but I suddenly lose control
There's a fire
within my soul
Just one look
and I can hear a bell ring
One more look
and I forget everything
Mamma mia, here I go again
My my, how can I resist you?
Mamma mia, does it show again?
My my, just how much I've missed you
Yes, I've been brokenhearted
Blue since the day we parted
Why, why did I ever let you go?
Mamma mia, now I really know,
My my, I could never let you go.
I've been angry and sad
about things that you do
I can't count all the times

that I've told you we're through
And when you go,
when you slam the door
I think you know
that you won't be away too long
You know that I'm not that strong.
That's enough.
Oh, my tits are falling down.
Jesus!
Thank you!
It's good to be home.
Sometimes the snow comes down in June
Sometimes the sun goes round the moon
I see the passion in your eyes
Sometimes it's all a big surprise
Cause there was a time when all I did was wish
You'd tell me this was love
It's not the way I hoped
or how I planned
But somehow it's enough
And now we're standing face-to-face
Isn't this world a crazy place
Just when I thought our chance had passed
You go and save the best for last
All of the nights you came to me
When some silly girl had set you free
I wondered how you'd make it through
I wondered what was wrong with you
Cause how could you give your love
to someone else
And share your dreams with me
Sometimes the very thing you're looking for
Is the one thing you can't see
But now we're standing face-to-face