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The Birdcage

By Elaine May

We are family
I got all my sisters with me
We are family
Get up, everybody, and sing
We are family
I got all my sisters with me
Agador, where is Starina?
She goes on in 5 minutes.
Get up, everybody, and sing
Everyone can see we're together
As we walk on by
And we fly just like birds of a feather
I won't tell no lie
All of the people around us they say
Can they be that close
Let me state for the record
We're giving love in a family dose
Armand.
The Kennedys are
here again for supper.
Third time this week.
Do we pick up their tab?
Ted?
No, just the younger ones.
Wish we'd get Ted.
Give them free coffee.
Leave room for coffee.
Where's Starina?
Agador said she'd be down in five.
We are family
Get up, everybody, and sing
We are family
Starina won't go on.
She's still in her robe.
Damn!
I don't know what happened.
Go upstairs. Try to get her ready.
I'll be right up. Go!
She won't.
Merde! Have Carmen get ready to do
Starina's number, just in case.
Honey, please. You got to
get dressed for me. Please!
No, Agador.

Victoria Page will not dance
the Dance of the Red Shoes tonight.
Or any other night.
How about just your stockings?
Okay?
Victoria Page is dead.
Watch how nice
I'm gonna put it for you.
You know how she died?
Alone...
weeping for her lover.
Darling, have you eaten?
You look haggard.
Please!
You got to help me a little.
-What is this?
-Supplements.
I bought them for Armand, but...
that's all over now.
Okay.
Albert!
Where are you?
Albert, come on!
-Open up, baby.
-Get out!
-Open it, Albert!
-Go away!
I don't want him to see me.
I'm hideous!
Fuck!
I'm calling 911!
Abre la puerta!
-Open the door!
-I'm trying, but he's crazy.
Albert!
Are you trying to ruin me?
Don't look at me.
I'm hideous!
Hideous!
Fat and hideous.
Agador, I'm in such pain.
I know, honey.
It's gonna pass.
No! It will never pass.

I hate my life.
Are you crazy?
There is a packed house
out there.
That's all I am to you--
a meal ticket.
-I can't stand this.
-Forget about my feelings.
Never mind about my suffering.
It's just about your show.
Not even our show.
Your show.
I want a palimony agreement.
Now!
I don't have one on me now.
Is tomorrow all right?
-Don't use that tone to me.
-What tone?
That sarcastic, contemptuous tone
that means...
you know everything
because you're a man...
and I know nothing
because I'm a woman.
-You're not a woman.
-Oh, you bastard!
Everybody, take it easy.
Whatever I am, he made me.
I was adorable once--
young and full of hope.
Now, look at me.
I'm this short...
fat, insecure,
middle-aged thing!
I made you short?
What do I do?
The number is nearly over.
Do I send Carmen on?
We have no choice.
-Yes.
-No! Not Carmen!
How dare you?
-Do it!
-No! No!

-Cyril, go.

-Please.

I will go on.

The people have come to see Starina.

Starina will not disappoint them,
even in this state.

Put on the mambo number.

Tell Beatrice and Dante to get
the staircase ready. Go!

-My hands are shaking.

-That's okay.

Agador, I need some Pirin tablets.

Quickly!

-What are you taking?

-Nothing.

Just one, okay?

One before the show...

and one after.

No more, so don't ask.

Thank you, my darling Agador.

I'm gonna put

this here for you.

Breathe.

Ignore the bad things.

This room is so crowded. Can I have
a moment to myself to prepare?

Let's leave her.

Come on.

-What are you doing?

-What?

Why are you giving him drugs?

What the hell are Pirin tablets?

It's aspirin

with the 'a' and 's' scraped off.

-What a brilliant idea.

-I know.

I don't believe it.

You're shaving your chest now?

I didn't have time to wax.

Indifference is the most awful thing
in the world.

I've done everything I could
to make myself attractive for you.

I've lost and gained

over a hundred pounds in the last year.
I've yo-yoed from a 16
to a 10 to a 16...
and you've never said a word.
Not one hint of encouragement.
Not one scrap of validation.
If not for the Pirin tablets,
I don't think I could go on.
If you don't finish making up,
I'm going to kill myself.
You don't love me anymore.
Oh, shit.
-There's a man in your life.
-What?
I sense it.
And I saw
a bottle of white wine...
chilling in the refrigerator.
I only drink red.
And so do you.
There's no man.
I'm switching to white
because red has tannins.
Now there are 150 people out there,
half of them Kennedys, waiting for you.
Waiting to applaud you.
To applaud the great Starina.
Tannins!
-What do you do while I'm onstage?
-Nothing. I lie here.
Where do you go while I'm killing
myself onstage? I know that look.
Go ahead, hit me.
Go on.
That's what you want to do.
Do it. Hit me.
Go on, hit me.
Ladies and gentlemen...
the one, the only...
the incomparable Starina.
Thank you
and welcome to The Birdcage.
As you see, I've just gotten back
from safari. I picked up a new muff.

Look, it comes with accessories.
Don't look at me like that.
I didn't kill him.
He died and left me everything.
Where are the adorable couple
celebrating their anniversary?
Mon congrats, you sweeties.
I may have something
to celebrate myself very soon.
I think I have found the one.
Yes.
You know I hate to brag, but...
I know this grocery clerk
Unprepossessing
Some think the boy's a jerk
Excuse me.
Hello.
What do you think?
You look like Lucy's stunt double.
I'm a combination
of Lucy and Ricky.
And it's terrifying. Get out
the white wine and an ice bucket...
chill two glasses
and take the night off.
Why do you talk to me
like I'm your servant?
Because you're
our faithful houseman. Go!
My father was the shaman
of his tribe. Okay?
My mother was
the high priestess.
Then why the hell did
they move to New Jersey?
I don't know. They were stupid.
They want me to have a career.
Hello? A career? When will you
let me audition for you again?
When you have talent. Take that wig off,
or I'll tell Albert you wore it.
You do that, I'll tell him you're
seeing someone while he's onstage.
I have two words for you:

green card.
Now go! And leave
the front door unlocked.
You're such a beast to everybody.
Come on, Gloria.
You keep getting better looking.
Thank you.
So do you.
Oh, no. Really?
I feel bloated.
-You think I look good?
-You look great.
That's very sweet.
I'm glad you cut your hair.
-Did you eat?
-Yes.
Something to drink?
-Beer, if you have it.
-I do not. Talk about bloat.
White wine.
Swell.
-How long has Albert been on?
-He just went on.
I gave Agador the night off.
So we're all alone.
As requested.
Since when do you like beer?
I have something to tell you.
But I don't want you to get
how you get.
Oh, God.
I'm getting married.
I didn't want to tell you
over the phone.
It's a girl.
I met her at school.
It's wonderful...
Are you upset?
Let me tell you why.
First, you're only twenty.
Pop, I know, I'm young.
But you've always said I was
a very levelheaded guy. And I am.
I have job offers. I know what I want.

And I have an incredible role model.

-Oh, please.

-It's true.

I'm the only guy I know
who isn't from a broken home.

Stop flattering me.

It's cheap.

Is it all right, Dad?

Does it matter?

Of course it does.

Say it's okay, before Albert arrives
and starts screaming.

I can't.

And I won't.

This is too crazy.

You do this, you're on your own.

Got that, sport?

Don't come back.

Don't ask me for anything.

-I want nothing to do with it.

-Okay.

-If that's how you feel.

-I do.

-Fine. Good-bye, Pop.

-Good-bye, Son.

You called my bluff.

It was good.

-Really?

-Not bad.

I backed off a little bit.

Tell me it's all right.

It's all right. I always dreamed
you would. Just not so soon.

Come on. Drop your bags.

Stay a while.

Let's drink a toast
to this catastrophe.

I'm kidding.

It's all right.

What's the young lady's name?

Barbara.

Are you crazy?

It's out of the question.

Married?

You're not even 18!
Who is this boy, Barbie?
When did you last see him?
Please, don't call me Barbie.
This afternoon at 2:00. We've been
sleeping together for a year.
Oh, God!
Has he been tested?
Oh, Kevin!
Yes, and so have I.
This has to wait until after
the election. I can't deal with this.
Where does the young man come from,
Barbie...ra? Who is his father?
His father is in the arts.
He's on the Council of Cultural Arts.
Really?
Did they fund
the Mapplethorpe exhibit?
No! Goodness, no.
He's a cultural attaché to Greece.
Really?
What the hell is that?
That's kind of a diplomatic post.
It's sort of an ambassador.
What does the mother do?
She's a housewife.
That's really refreshing.
Isn't it, Kevin?
I can't talk about this now.
-Hello?
-You okay?
Yes.
I just told them.
Me too.
And my father is...
very excited. He's raising
his glass to toast us right now.
I'm going to put him on.
Yes. Take it.
-You said his parents were in Greece.
-Dad, get off the phone!
Take it.
Hello, Barbara.

To your future.
Shit! No, dear,
that was not my toast.
I just broke my glass.
I'm sorry.
That's okay.
It was nice talking to you.
We'll talk again soon.
How dare you eavesdrop!
You said his parents were
in Greece.
You saw this boy at 2:00 today,
and now he's in Greece with his parents?
No.
Greece?
They're back for the winter.
They're at their home
in South Beach.
Is that like Palm Beach?
It's close. It's about two minutes
from where Jeb Bush lives.
Really?
Aha!
-Wait.
-Who is he?
Who?
Where's your little chippie?
Will you stop screaming?
It's Val.
Val?
He's asleep in his room
if you don't believe me.
Why didn't you tell me?
Surprise.
Good morning!
What beautiful flowers.
Good morning, Albert.
We have nice, fresh lobster
this morning, Albert.
No, thank you, Mr. Lopez.
Not today. The piglet is home.
You want the cake delivered?
Yes, please. And remember to write
'To my Piglet, from his Auntie' on it.

You got it.
Thank you, Mr. Boynton.
I want to get back before he wakes up.
I'll just try this sample.
Chocolate schnecken.
A triumph.
Well, bye-bye.
Perhaps one more schnecken
for the road. Do you mind?
When the schnecken beckons...
-Good morning.
-Not yet.
What is this, sludge?
Yes. I thought it would make
a nice change from coffee.
Why didn't you say Val was coming,
you bad man?
I would not have been
so sassy to you.
Will you put some clothes on?
Why don't you let me
be in the show?
Are you afraid
of my Guatemalanness?
Your what?
My Guatemalanness.
My natural heat.
You're afraid I'm too primitive, right?
To be on the stage...
with your little,
estrogen Rockettes.
You're right.
I'm afraid of your heat.
Here I am.
The bag lady.
Good morning, Agador.
Wash those, will you?
They're delivering the rest at noon.
Good morning.
My God, that beard!
-Here you go.
-Thank you, dear.
Turkish coffee.
Delicious.

See?
Is Val still asleep?
He must be exhausted, poor baby.
You should have told me he was coming.
I'm so ashamed of how I acted.
But how could I know?
The truth is, you can't stand
sharing your son with me.
You're always pushing me away.
Oh, will you look at this shirt?
It's a rag!
No matter how many shirts I send him,
he only wears this one.
You look awful.
What's wrong?
Val's getting married.
Don't be silly.
I got pork roast for dinner.
I wanted to get filet mignon,
but it's so expensive.
What do you mean, married?
You know what I mean.
-I don't understand.
-Yes, you do.
To some girl he met at school.
Oh, no!
Oh, but...
he's just a baby.
He'll ruin his life!
We've been through all that, okay?
Bottom line is he's getting married,
no matter what we say.
So the less said, the better.
Oh, my God.
I woke up feeling so good.
Now, all of a sudden, I feel...
so funny.
Let it go.
Breathe.
Oh, you've heard.
Oh, Vallie! Oh, my God,
this is such a shock.
I'm not saying anything.
I promised your father.

But at 20, if you throw yourself away
on some dormitory slut...
you'll be sorry the rest
of your life. There!
That's all. No more.
Subject closed.
Well, don't just stand there.
Give me a kiss!
Or are you
too grown-up for that now?
Hello, Albie.
Our baby is going to leave us.
And we won't have any others.
Not without a miracle.
When I and Senator Keeley founded
the Coalition for Moral Order...
it was to express moral,
rather than political, views.
What Senator Jackson is trying
to say is that...
morality is political.
Abortion, same-sex marriage...
It's a wonderful show.
It's the most intelligent show
on television.
...pornography would not exist...
if politicians didn't make laws
to protect them.
That's why both houses
are now Republican.
Bravo.
It's the perfect platform.
Yes, I'm so glad I got on
Jackson's bandwagon instead of Dole.
Dole is just too...
Dark.
I was going to say liberal,
but he's dark too.
I have to fire this woman.
This young man
Barbie wants to marry...
Miss Porter, page two...
paragraph two.
It's 'porno,' not 'pronto.'

...I wonder if he's old money.
I mean, a cultural attach.
Your campaign manager is calling.
He says he has to talk to you.
Thank you, Bridget.
Hello, Ben.
Ready for what?
What?
What's wrong, Kevin?
Jackson's dead.
Oh, my God.
He died in bed?
Whose bed?
A prostitute?
A minor?
And black?
I don't believe this. I don't fucking
believe this! I'm ruined!
You cannot be held responsible
for Senator Jackson's private life.
I'm the vice president
of the Coalition for Moral Order.
My co-founder just died in the bed
of an underage black whore!
Wait until the media finds out!
Bridget!
I could really use some candy!
You want one of these?
Oh, this.
My baby.
Why does it seem...
so real to me...
Albert, you're driving me crazy.
I know, but...
Track-and-field award.
There's the bar mitzvah.
Time passes so quickly.
Well, he looked kind of funny,
but he was smiling, so I didn't worry.
How do they get them on so quickly?
They pay.
They're not mentioning you much.
It's early.
Senator Jackson's last words.

Tonight, on 'Inside Edition.'
Can you get a shot of the house?
We may not make the live shot.
If we must, I'll do a stand-up.
'He looked kind of funny...
but he was smiling,
so I didn't worry.'
Yeah, we got a good spot.
I don't know if he's going to--
Why don't you set up there?
Figure you'll get part
of the house in the--
I don't know if he'll come out.
Where's Dad?
He snuck out to meet with his advisors.
They refused to come here.
I never should have let him go.
How will he get back in?
Mom, I have something to tell you
about Val's parents.
They can't blame us for this.
Eli Jackson was a common redneck.
We never saw him socially.
They can understand that, can't they?
Thank goodness they're not snobs.
What are you doing here?
I came through the orchard,
over the barn.
It's so dangerous.
You could have fallen.
I did! I'm a wreck.
This thing is all anyone can talk about.
Kevin?
There may be a solution.
What, death?
It didn't work for Jackson.
What about a wedding?
A big, white wedding.
What wedding?
Who's getting married?
No, no!
Why not?
It would restore your image.
A wedding is hope.

And a white wedding is
family and morality and tradition.
And it would be
such a special marriage.
The son of a cultural attach,
a sort of diplomat, really...
who doesn't look down on us
because of Senator Jackson.
Who's willing to join our family.
There's the cover of 'People'
and 'Time' and 'Newsweek.'
Love and optimism versus
cynicism and sex!
It would be an affirmation!
If necessary, we'll get
the Pope's blessing. It's not hard.
No, he's too controversial.
What about Billy Graham?
He's too liberal.
-Where's the candy?
-You've had enough candy.
This boy--
What's his father's name?
Armand...
Coleman.
I wonder if they're related
to Tish and Bobo Coleman.
-Are they from Boston?
-I don't think so.
I think we should go
to South Beach immediately.
We should have dinner--
We'll have dinner with them
and stay with the Bushes.
Mr. and Mrs. Armand Coleman
of Greece and South Beach.
What is this dream I see
Why does it seem so real
To me
What if this dream turns out to be
More than a dream
Fairy dust, fairy dust, fairy dust.
Come, little dream, and play
Don't be afraid

Don't fade away
Quick, little dream
Before you're gone
Let's get it on
I saw that.
Well, this is impossible.
Either I'm an artist...
or I'm just some cheap drag queen
trying to get laughs.
Let's just get through it.
I have to understand
every nuance of a song.
I have to give my all.
Everyone else can just 'get through it.'
He's chewing gum.
Chewing gum helps me think.
You're wasting your gum.
Let's keep going.
And no more talking. From anyone.
-I need to talk to you.
-Sit.
-It's important.
-Quiet. He's rehearsing.
Each night anew
Tell me, my dream
Are you a dreamer too
What is it?
-Can you come upstairs with me?
-No, not right now.
Did you see what he just did?
Hello, Vallie, darling.
He blew a bubble while I was singing.
He can't do that while I'm singing!
This may be a drag show...
but it should be a good drag show.
If possible, a great one.
Just because you're 22 and hung--
I'll do this, Albert.
-You're the director.
-Thank you.
This is a complex number,
full of mythic themes.
The woman who is singing
invented you.

You are her fantasy.
Suddenly, you...
the fantasy, see her, your inventor,
and she becomes your fantasy.
-I don't get it.
-Try more gum.
-Albert.
-I hear you.
Thank you.
I know you do.
Celsius,
let's start with the premise...
that when you see this stunning,
smoldering creature...
she transcends your desire to chew.
She electrifies you!
Something starts in your pelvis
and goes to your heart...
where it becomes
heart-slash-pelvis.
Yes?
Coming!
What do I do?
Stand here like an object?
You do an eclectic celebration
of the dance!
You do Fosse, Fosse, Fosse! Or Martha
Graham, Martha Graham, Martha Graham!
Or Twyla, Twyla, Twyla! Or Michael
Kidd, Michael Kidd, Michael Kidd!
Or Madonna, Madonna, Madonna!
But you keep it all inside.
Work on that. I'll be right back.
It's looking wonderful.
Barbara's coming with her parents.
-When?
-Tomorrow.
That's plenty of time.
No, there's more.
There's a lot more.
Wine?
No. Let's hear it.
I have to get back to rehearsal.
Barbara's father is a senator,

a conservative senator.
He's running for reelection.
And she told him...
you're the cultural attach
to Greece, and Albert is a housewife.
What?
She had to. He founded
the Coalition for Moral Order.
I don't care.
I don't want to be someone else.
Do you want me to be?
No, no. Of course not.
And neither does she. But...
Dad, he's Kevin Keeley.
Who's Kevin Keeley?
Do you read the newspaper?
Of course. 'Variety,' the Arts
and Leisure section of the 'Times'...
What don't I know?
Are you marrying some Nazi?
No. He's conservative,
like half of America is conservative.
And I'm marrying her, not him.
-I need your help.
-Not for this.
You've done it before.
Lied about who I am?
Never.
When I started Edison Park,
remember what you said?
You said if Miss Donovan asked,
I should say you were a businessman.
You were a baby,
and she was a small-minded idiot.
I didn't want you to get hurt.
It's different now.
You're a man.
I can still get hurt.
It would mean everything to me
if you would help us.
It's just for one night.
This is insane.
What do I do, close the club...
so I can pretend to be

a cultural attach? Whatever that is.
And what about Albert? How do you
make Albert into a housewife?
Well, you'd have to send him away.
You try sending Albert away.
We'd never get him past the Keeleys.
Dad, we have to get rid of a few things.
What things?
Well, that, for example.
Neptune?
That's a classic.
And this.
The Kirby?
That's art!
And how about that?
That better?
Look, it's not just one
or two things, okay? It's everything.
We're going to have
to tone this down a little.
Just make it a bit more
like other people's homes.
I see.
So we need a total redecoration...
so we can be
more like other people.
And you're going to
have to try to...
...you know--
change your mannerisms a little.
-What are you saying?
-Just be a little less obvious.
I'm obvious.
I just had the walls
sponge painted, Val.
You better come downstairs.
She's trying to take his gum away.
I'll be right down.
Yes, I wear foundation.
Yes, I live with a man.
Yes, I'm a middle-aged fag.
But I know who I am, Val.
It took me 20 years to get here.
I won't let some idiot senator

destroy that.
Fuck the senator.
I don't give a damn what he thinks.
Still outside the home of
Senator Kevin Keeley...
Still outside the home of
Senator Kevin Keeley...
the co-founder of
the Coalition for Moral Order...
...waiting for Senator Jackson's
colleague, Senator Kevin Keeley.
At this point, we don't know
if the senator is at home...
Earlier reports placed him
at the home of Senator Robert Dole.
We're here at what
they're calling Camp Keeley...
waiting for the senator
to put in an appearance.
The senator was co-founder
of the Coalition for Moral Order...
with Senator Eli Jackson.
The senator has been besieged here,
outside his palatial estate...
by a virtual army of media,
waiting for...
some comment
on the unfortunate events of late.
Where you driving him?
South Beach, Florida.
Folks, there have been a lot
of tasteless jokes going around...
about the death of Senator Jackson.
And here's another one.
Join Jay on 'The Tonight Show'
with guests Yasser Arafat and Kate Moss.
This is unbearable.
Kevin, no!
I'm going down the ladder.
I can't face the press.
Have the chauffeur
pick me up by the orchard.
No! I don't want to go
out there alone!

Barbara will be with you.
It's not you they're after.
Daddy!
I'm going down the back way.
What about your announcing
Barbara's wedding to the Coleman boy?
Not before we meet them.
What if they change their mind?
Let go of me.
I'll meet you in the car.
-He's leaving his home.
-Senator Keeley!
Senator, will this cost you votes?
What's the future
of the Coalition?
What about the rumors
Senator Jackson was on lithium?
Uh, gentlemen...and ladies...
I am, as are all my colleagues...
Republican and Democrat,
liberal and conservative alike...
stunned and saddened
by the circumstances surrounding...
the death of Senator Jackson,
as well as the death itself.
My family and I...
are leaving town for a few days, uh,
for reasons that I cannot, uh...
To, um, plan an event.
An event which...
I cannot, uh...
Which may perhaps heal some of the...
bad, uh, things, that...
Senator Jackson's demise
has made us all...
feel.
Where are you going, Senator?
Where? To our farm. That's all
I'm going to say at this time.
-Did you know the girl?
-Where is the farm?
Agador?
Goddamn it.
What did I do?

We're redoing the apartment
for tomorrow night. Goddamn it.
This is for the in-laws, right?
Right. We have to get rid
of everything that's over the top.
That's a lot.
You'll have to get a uniform
and dress like a butler.
No.
I'll look like a fag.
But you'll look like
a fag in a uniform.
'Don't ask, don't tell.'
Start tomorrow morning.
I'll get Albert out early.
Where will I get a uniform?
I'll say, 'Albert, you must go
for a few days.'
Ay, Dio.
It'll be hard.
I got so much to do.
Pop.
Thank you.
Do me a favor, Val.
Don't talk to me for a while.
Kevin, please,
let's charter a plane.
No!
We can't get out of the car.
The second we get out of the car,
we'll be spotted.
How I love the sun.
Yes, it's glorious, isn't it?
You know, you could use some more sun.
Take a few days off. You look tired.
What do you mean?
Nothing.
Don't kill yourselves
with this thing.
Who put 'Playboy'
in the bathroom?
Leave it.
It's what they read.
Don't add.

Just subtract.

Please hurry. This place has
to look respectable by six.

Cyril, that's too short.

I want that nice Armani break
in the front.

But don't just pull it. Do it
down there. I got high-waters here.

That's it.

-But you must have meant something.

-I meant you looked tired.

Tired means old. 'You look tired'
means you look old.

'You look rested'

means you had collagen.

You look wonderful.

Let's go shopping.

No, I want to go home.

On a day like this?

I'll buy you anything you want.

Anything?

I'll have to change my shoes.

-I'll buy you some.

-I need peds.

-I'll buy you sandals.

-What's going on? Why can't we go home?

Nothing.

Nothing.

Then I'll see you upstairs.

What?

-I hurt my thing.

-Your what?

My ankle. I don't think

I can make it upstairs.

Wait here.

I'll bring down some ice.

No, no!

Why not?

Oh, my arm!

My arm.

I hate it when you get hysterical.

Don't leave me!

What is that?

I got it from the antique store

next door. Too butch?
Don't add.
You're blocking my way.
Put the moose on the patio.
Don't be such a baby.
Be careful!
I can't move any faster.
Lean on me.
I need a doctor.
Don't be silly.
It isn't even swollen.
We should go to the emergency room.
You're overreacting. Don't be
such a baby. Just sit down on...
We've been robbed.
Albie, no.
I've just taken a few things out.
They'll be returned
by the time you're back.
Back?
Where am I going?
You didn't tell him.
What?
Tell me what?
Val's fiance is coming tonight
with her parents.
We thought it would...
be better if you weren't here.
I see.
I see.
It's just for tonight.
I understand.
Just while people are here.
It's all right, my darling.
It's nothing.
It's painful...
but it's not important.
I'm leaving.
It's just one night, Albert.
The monster...
the freak is leaving.
You're safe.
That went well.
Albert!

Will you listen?
Go away. I hate you!
I never want to see you again.
My heart is breaking.
Please, don't cry.
It's okay. You can stay.
I won't stay
where I'm not wanted.
Where I can be thrown out
on a whim without legal rights.
I have the palimony papers.
You're lying again.
This is too much for me.
Too much ugliness.
Too much pain.
Feel my pulse.
Am I all right?
My goodness, it's very fast.
Let's get you out of the sun.
-Waiter! Water.
-Right away.
It's the end.
I know it is.
No, it isn't.
Just breathe.
Thank you, Rodrigo.
And the usual.
Right away, Seor Goldman.
There you go.
Thank you.
That's better.
This is not about you.
The girl's parents are assholes.
Val is crazy about you.
Is he?
Oh, that helps.
Oh, you're so sweet.
That water is so cool.
Maybe it is a bit much to introduce me
as his mother on the first visit.
Could you say
I was a visiting relative?
Val's uncle?
Uncle Al?

What's the point?
To be Val's gay uncle?
I could play it straight.
Oh, please.
Look at you, at how you hold your glass.
Look at your pinky, your posture.
What about you? You're obviously
not a cultural... whatever it is.
You've never been to a museum,
and you eat like a pig.
These conservatives don't care
if you're a pig, just if you're a fag.
Oh, fuck them.
Of course you can pass as an uncle.
You're a great performer.
I'm a great director.
Together we can do anything.
Oh, Armand.
Really?
Absolutely.
We've got five hours.
First, get your pinky down.
It's up again.
And your posture.
My God! Are you crazy?
What are you doing?
Stop screaming!
I'm teaching you to act like a man.
All right, all right.
It's a dinner party.
Let's work with food.
Spread some mustard on the toast.
Don't use the spoon.
And don't dribble dots of mustard.
You take your knife...
and you smear.
Men smear.
Smear. Yeah.
Get the goddamn pinky down! Make your
fingers like iron. Stop trembling!
Hold the knife boldly, with strength.
Oh, God!
I pierced the toast!
So what? Just remember not

to go to pieces when that happens.
React like a man, calmly.
You say to yourself, 'Albert, you
pierced the toast. So what?'
It's not the end of your life.
'Albert, you pierced the toast.
So what?'
Of course.
There's no need to get hysterical.
All I have to remember is,
I can always get more toast.
That's the spirit.
Let's try walking.
-Holding the sandwich?
-It doesn't matter. Just walk.
Down!
Too swishy?
Let me give you an image.
It's a cliché, but it's an image:
John Wayne.
Couldn't we start
with someone easier?
Come on.
You're a big fan.
He has a very distinctive walk.
Very easy to imitate.
And if anyone was a man... Now try it.
Now just get off your horse
and head into the saloon.
Nice touch.
Howdy, ma'am.
No good?
Actually, it's perfect. I never
realized John Wayne walked like that.
Hang on.
This guy's a fucking maniac.
What's in South Beach?
Armand Goldman,
you old so-and-so.
How about those Dolphins?
Screaming queen?
Stick your hand out sideways,
not palm down.
-I'm going to shake it, not kiss it.

-Right.
And tighten your wrist.
No, straighten it,
then tighten it.
Al, you old so-and-so.
-I just said that.
-Now I'm saying it.
Okay.
Straighten, tighten.
Al, you old son of a bitch!
How do you feel about that call today?
The Dolphins, in the fourth on their
How do you think I feel?
Betrayed. Bewildered.
Wrong response?
I'm not sure.
Take it from the top.
This is very exciting.
-It is, fella.
-Right on, amigo!
-Damn straight.
-Damn straight!
-Fuckin' a!
-Fuckin' a, right!
Swing that by me again,
little buddy.
I'm terribly sorry.
Take it easy.
You take it easy, pilgrim.
-He bumped into me.
-Tough gazongas.
Why are you being a prick?
Why are you being an asshole?
Are you calling me an asshole?
Actually, I'm talking
to the asshole behind you.
See, the swelling's already gone down.
It's nothing.
You were magnificent, marvelous,
very masculine.
I'm so proud of you.
That big gorilla looked ridiculous
when he sat on you...
and banged your head on the ground.

He didn't even know how to box.
Thank you, Vallie.
You're a dear.
I'll get you some more ice.
Be right back, love.
Dad, could we hire a straight maid
for tonight?
There are no straight maids
in South Beach.
And I have more bad news for you.
I told Albert he could stay.
You did what?
Why?
Why? Because he told me
his heart was breaking...
and he's my friend and companion.
Who will we say he is?
Your uncle.
My uncle?
Let's just forget the whole thing.
Don't be so negative!
Have a little hope!
About what? Once they see you
and Albert together...
Oh, my God. Oh, my God.
I was feeling so good, and now...
God, what a mess.
What we really need is a woman.
We could get away with Albert as
an uncle if we had a woman as a mother.
Ironic, isn't it?
When you need a woman...
Why don't I ask your mother?
My mother wouldn't do it.
Would she?
How do we know?
Because she hasn't seen me in 20 years.
That's a good indication.
No, 20 years ago she was a young girl--
scared, broke, but now...
You can't be serious!
It's very unfair of you
to try to talk Val into this. He--
She'd do it?

My mother?

Oh, my God.

Armand?

I don't believe it. It's been
a hundred years. Where are you?

I'll be there in 5 minutes.

I can hardly wait.

Me too.

Bye-bye.

She's going to see me.

Why don't I drop you off
at a caf?

No, I'll come up with you.

I'm sure there's a waiting room.

Katharine Archer, please.

It's Armand Goldman.

Go right in.

Just sit down.

Excuse us.

Army Goldman.

Katie Archer.

Or is it Mrs. something?

No. I'm between husbands.

Sit down.

I've thought about you
so many times.

Whenever I saw an ad for The Birdcage.

Are you still with Albert?

Yes, we're still together.

And you...

you've done well.

Because of you. The money
you gave me started this place.

You should have
gotten stock for it.

I got Val for it.

It was a fair trade.

Is he...?

How is he?

He's fine.

He wants to get married.

Married?

How old is he?

Twenty.

My God, twenty years.
And today, for the first time,
he really needs you.
Shiny.
Imelda, cancel my appointments
for tonight.
I normally drink vegetable juice
during business hours, but for this...
let's drink to Senator Keeley's daughter
and our Val.
I haven't done much for him
in the last 20 years.
Don't worry about that.
I'm not exactly maternal.
I am.
I'm very maternal.
And Albert's practically a breast.
Do you remember
the show where we met?
Very well.
Love is in the air
Different kinds
Quite clearly
People everywhere
Out of their minds
Act queerly
Wait, wait.
Wives are at
their husbands' service
Virgins are distinctly nervous
Virgins are distinctly nervous
Love is going around
Ah, for the gypsy.
How handsome you were.
How unavailable,
and what a body.
You're embarrassing me.
You were so terrified.
It was so sweet.
I nearly died. I walk into my room,
and there's a woman in my bed!
I paid the doorman twenty dollars.
Twenty dollars in those days.
Oh, God.

I thought, 'What the hell?'
'I'll try it once and see what
those straight guys are raving about.'
How long did we last?
I know exactly.

From 2:

Love is in the air
Round and about
This morning
Bachelors beware
-Maidens watch out
-Fair warning
If you stop to feel a tingle
And you like remaining single
That's your part.
Stay home
Don't take a breath
You could catch your death
'Cause love is around
Sorry.
You're in incredible shape.
And you can still dance.
So can you, Armand.
Thank you.
That's so cool.
Where did all this hair come from?
Wasn't your chest smooth?
I shaved it for the show.
I wanted to look young.
It's much nicer this way--
much more masculine.
So much hair.
Let me touch it.
What a beautiful chain.
Look how it glitters
in that thick, black nest of hair.
Unbutton your shirt.
-Careful, it's silk.
-Let me touch that chest.
-Don't snag it.
-Your beautiful, hairy chest.
I'm sorry.
I couldn't stop him.

Albert?

Is Albert here?

No.

Great. Then he's driving back
from Miami at 20 miles an hour...
with the parking brake on.

I had to take the fucking bus.

Are we crucifying someone tonight?

You like it?

I traded that stupid moose for it.

And they threw in books.

It all goes back tomorrow.

Is my mother coming?

Yes, she's coming.

Yes.

Thank you.

There. You see?

It all worked out.

I'm only here to get my toothbrush.

Agador...

Will you?

It's in the usual place.

I would have loved

to see your children.

Why don't you hold the crucifix?

It's the prop for martyrs.

Oh, yes. Another gibe,

another joke at my expense.

You and Katharine were

probably laughing at me too.

Well, why not?

I'm not young, I'm not new...

and everyone laughs at me.

I'm quite aware

of how ridiculous I am.

The only solution is to go

where nobody is ridiculous.

Where everyone is equal.

Good-bye, Armand.

Wait, Miss Albert!

Don't forget this.

Listen, I don't want you to go.

My poor, devoted Agador.

I'm leaving you my stereo...

-my red boots...
-I don't want them.
-and my wigs.
-Which wigs?
My best wigs.
I won't need them where I'm going.
Okay, I'll bite.
Where are you going?
To Los Copa.
There isn't anything
in Los Copa but a cemetery.
I know.
That's why I'm packing light.
I see.
You're going to the cemetery
with your toothbrush. How Egyptian.
Good-bye, Armand.
Miss Albert, wait!
Don't!
Shit!
It'll be better without an uncle.
What did you do to him?
He goes to a cemetery!
-Calm down!
-Why?
Because you have to
start cooking dinner.
I'm going after fucking Albert.
Can you...
You can cook, right?
Your father seems to think so.
My cemetery is in Key Biscayne.
It's one of the prettiest
in the world.
There are lovely trees,
the sky is blue, there are birds.
The one in Los Copa
is really shit.
What a pain in the ass you are.
It's true. You're not young,
and you're not new...
and you do make people laugh.
I'm still with you
because you make me laugh.

So now I have to sell my plot
in Key Biscayne...
so I can be next to you
in that shithole Los Copa...
so I never miss a laugh.
What's this?
Read it.
I don't understand.
It's the palimony agreement.
I told you I had it.
It says I have the right to give you
half of everything I own.
It's safer,
if something happens to one of us.
But who owns it now?
You do.
I don't want it.
Then give me half.
Quick, give me a pen.
I don't want all of this, Armand.
Sign it.
There. We're partners.
You own half my life,
and I own half of yours.
Half the club?
What does it matter?
Take it all.
I'm 50 years old.
There's only one place I call home,
and it's because you're there.
What difference does it make if I say
you can stay, or you say I can stay?
It's ours.
She's gone, Mr. Goldman.
But she always checks in.
Sure, I'll take a message.
Go ahead.
Don't come...
The Reverend Al Sharpton
said today that...
Jackson's last words, 'Your money's
on the dresser, Chocolate.' were racist.
The prostitute's given name
was Natumbundra.

That idiot Jackson!
Now the blacks will start.
Barbara's wedding will
disassociate us from all this.
The Colemans are a perfect family.
They've never been divorced, have they?
See?
We're on our way to salvation.
And it was a question of Albert
or your mother.
So I had to choose.
And I chose Albert.
You understand that, don't you?
I knew you would.
I can't get this damn tie even.
Well, the jacket will cover it.
I look like my grandfather
in this suit.
He always dressed like this.
He killed himself at 30.
Any last instructions?
Just don't walk unless you have to.
And don't gesture.
That all?
Don't talk...
too much.
Who cares?
This won't work.
Come on! Don't be so negative.
I think we can pull this off.
What?
No good?
Why?
I'm dressed just the way you are.
I took off all my rings.
I'm not wearing any makeup.
I'm just...
a 'guy.'
What about those?
Those?
Well, one does want a hint of color.
You're thinking
that dressed this way...
I'm even more obvious,

aren't you?
You're right.
I just wanted so much to help you.
And you hate me.
You both hate me.
We don't hate you.
...better treat me right
She works hard for the money
So hard for it, honey
I work hard for the money
So you better treat me right
That's right
Better put your shoes on.
It's late.
There's no point
in my putting shoes on, sir.
I never wear shoes
because they make me fall down.
Just put your shoes on!
And talk in your normal voice.
Give me a break.
Okay.
Armand?
It's Katharine.
I'm in the car, and I got...
a message telling me not to come.
No, that was a mistake.
He said not to come late. I was there.
I thought my secretary got it wrong.
I should be there in half an hour.
Is this Val?
Val, I want you to know how...
happy I am that
I can do this for you.
I know it's a little late.
No, it's fine.
Thanks for this.
So, um, see you in half an hour...
Mom.
Did you just say,
'See you in half an hour, Mom'?
-Was that?
-Yes.
You can't call her back.

She's in the car.
Are you crazy?
Albert is hysterical now. You know
what he'll do if Katharine comes?
Nothing.
He won't embarrass me.
It was my mother.
I couldn't tell her not to come.
Pop, without her I'm screwed.
You know that.
So this is hell.
And there's a crucifix in it.
This is less like Palm Beach
than I imagined.
It was all sand
when they bought here.
This grew up around them
while they were in Greece.
He's locked himself in. If we're lucky,
he won't come out at all.
I'm not religious, and I'm Jewish. But
if things go well, I'd appreciate it.
Speaking of Jewish, Barbara told
her parents our last name is Coleman.
Thanks.
Coming.
Perfect.
It's the shoes.
Good evening.
I am Spartacus, the Goldmans' butler.
Please, come--
Come in.
Is that Goldman?
Coldman, Coldman.
Spartacus is, uh...
-Guatemalan.
-new.
Val, this is my father
and my mother.
This is Val Coleman.
Coleman or Coldman?
Coleman.
The 'd' is silent.
My father.

My daughter, Barbara.
Delighted.
My husband.
Extremely honored.
You have a very forceful handshake.
You have to in Greece.
My mother won't be here
for another 15 minutes.
She's with my grandparents
in Palm Beach.
Oh, isn't that nice?
Having contact
between the generations.
Yes.
Won't you come in?
How's the leg?
My father has an old football injury.
A fellow sufferer.
Where did you play?
-Greece.
-Miami U.
What an interesting room.
Don't you think this room is nice?
Well, yes.
A very, very...
pleasant vacation house.
I like it's, uh, severity.
Dad uses this place more for work and...
reflection than anything else.
So it's not so much
a vacation house as a--
Monastery.
Well, it's just charming.
And look at these lovely old books.
Look at this.
'Nancy Drew and the Case
of the Burning Candle.'
You have the whole series.
Uh, they're my mother's.
Sit down!
Please.
Shall we have champagne to celebrate?
Oh, how nice.
-Agador!

-Spartacus!
Agador Spartacus! He insists
on being called by his full name.
We'd like the champagne now.
Over there?
Okay, thanks.
God bless you.
They went in around the corner.
That's the side entrance
to this building. The club?
Let's check it out.
You have such a responsibility,
two houses.
When did you buy this one?
About 15 years ago.
The area was mostly Jewish then.
Really? Barbara told us
it was mostly sand.
Yes. Well, you know the old saying,
'Where there's sand...'
Here we go.
Champagne for everyone.
And a scotch, if you have it.
Is someone else home?
Just our dog, Piranha. We always lock
her in when there's company.
I'll finish pouring.
Go finish dinner.
He's a brilliant chef. He just has
a lot to learn about serving.
Where could the wife be?
He was so weird.
No, I really was.
I was like,
'Will you marry me?'
She was like,
'Didn't you say no way before thirty?'
It was so funny.
Yes, it does sound funny.
How was your trip, Senator?
A nice trip.
Very nice.
We decided to drive down
to see the seasons change.

It was a long trip, though:
Virginia, Kentucky...
Tennessee...
Georgia.
It was just so magical to come
from the North, where it's cold...
to the South,
where it's warm...
and see the tremendous differences
from region to region...
in this incredible country
of ours.
My wife and I
used to go to Virginia...
every autumn
to see the foliage turn.
Virginia has amazing foliage...
although I do think that
the foliage in Ohio is underrated.
It's just dazzling along I-75.
Just dazzling.
We would go down to Virginia,
to get away for a while.
To see the wonderful farms,
the countryside.
I'm stuck in traffic.
Start dinner without me.
The hills, the mountains.
Talk about
'purple mountains' majesty.'
Just fantastic.
Red leaves, purple mountains...
green fields.
And the roads.
Black...
cutting through the green.
All the colors.
The trees.
Pennsylvania's nice too.
Was that my wife?
Just now on the phone?
I think it was.
I was just so caught up.
Val, was that Mom?

Yeah. She's stuck.
We're to start dinner without her.
I would have picked up, but I was
so interested in the senator's...
story.
Oh, it wasn't that good.
It was wonderful.
Will you excuse me? I should tell
Agador Spartacus this news.
Would you excuse us?
I've never had so much
go so wrong so quickly.
This is like a curse!
Dad, what do we do?
Do we wait for her or do we--
You're soaking!
I'm sweating
like some farm animal.
-I can't do this.
-We can do this! Work with me.
Something very odd is going on.
It's this thing with Jackson.
The wife doesn't want to see us,
and the father's a wreck.
I'm sure that's not it.
No, it's something else. Something
about the father and the butler.
-It's nothing!
-It is something.
It's not!
You always think the worst.
-I don't!
-You always do!
-Val's mother is just late.
-Listen, young lady!
She's late!
-Watch yourself, young lady!
-Here they come.
Excuse me.
Well, we'll...
give her a half hour,
and if she isn't--
Here I am!
Oh, please...

forgive me for being so late,
but traffic was unbelievable!
Senator Keeley, Mrs. Keeley...
I'm so happy
to meet you at last.
You must be Barbara.
What a pretty child.
Come give me a hug.
Don't be afraid.
Oh, how adorable.
She's shy.
How nice to meet you,
Mrs. Coleman.
Goldman.
Isn't the 'd' silent?
It is pronounced Coleman, isn't it?
We've had some confusion.
Oh, yes.
Coleman.
The 'd' is silent in America.
It's Cole d'isle au Man,
or Cole of the Isle of Man in France...
where Armand's chateau is...
Cole d'man in Greece
where Armand's work is...
and finally, the vulgar Coleman
in Florida, where Armand's home is.
So, we never know where we are
until we hear our last name pronounced.
That explains it.
At last.
I would like to hug you,
Mrs. Coleman.
Oh, my dear child!
Welcome.
Look at this.
This is our footage for the show
on Jackson. Pump up the sound.
We're here at what
they're calling Camp Keeley...
Where you driving him?
South Beach, Florida.
Where is this?
Keeley's house last night.

The fat guy...
is with the 'National Inquirer.'
Harry Radman.
Oh, yeah. My God, he's put on so much
weight since the Simpson case.
This should go to the network.
It's so wonderful
what you've done here.
Everything is
so simple and uncluttered.
Our house is a sea of papers.
You men.
You're the biggest babies.
They can run the world...
but can't pick out a tie.
I know. I can't get
this big lug to buy a new suit.
Armand, they're picking on us.
Oh, well...
bless them.
That's the way nature made them.
Maybe I'm just
an old-fashioned girl...
but I pity the woman who's too busy
to take care of her man.
Hear, hear! It's so nice
to meet people like you.
Our kind of people.
C-o-l-e-m-a-n.
There's no first name on the bell.
Sure?
They can't find them.
What about the name in front
of the club? Goldman? That's close.
You're right.
Wouldn't that be something?
Try Goldman.
What was it?
Armand Goldman.
It's so odd to me,
this fuss over school prayer.
As if anyone--
Jews, Muslims, whatever...
would mind if their children

prayed in the classroom.
It's insane.
Thank you, Agador Spartacus!
You may go.
He's very nice, but such a problem.
We never know what makes him laugh.
At least he speaks English.
We have been through more chauffeurs
in the last six months.
And the maids we've been through
in the last six years!
Rodney, Bruno, Chuck--
Look!
You all need more ice.
I have a good feeling
about you people.
Not a lot of clever books on
the shelves, no fancy art on the walls.
Just the crucifix and a lot
of good, warm, family feeling.
This is what Clinton
didn't understand...
when he started in on school prayer
and gays in the military.
More ice for you.
There's an idiotic issue.
Gays in the military!
I mean, those haircuts,
those uniforms. Who cares?
Mom, don't talk about things
you don't know about.
Don't patronize your mother.
She's amazingly intelligent.
I think homosexuality--
A lot more ice for you!
More for me, Dad.
is weakening this country.
That's what I thought until I found out
Alexander the Great was a fag.
Talk about gays in the military!
How about those Dolphins?
I'll get it.
I think we're skirting
an issue here...

that has Mr. Coleman
very nervous.
And I don't blame him.
You must have heard
about how Senator Jackson died.
Oh, that.
Yes, what an ugly story.
Of course, we don't believe
a word of it.
What do you mean?
He was obviously framed.
I, for one,
would like an autopsy.
Uh, Mom...
That's just what
Rush Limbaugh said.
Excuse me.
The tension. It's like riding a
psychotic horse toward a burning stable.
Dinner is going to be late, okay?
'Cause you give me
so little time to shop.
The girl is nice.
I owe it to Val. Growing up the way
he did, it can't have been easy.
I'm sorry to laugh at Miss Albert,
but what is that hairdo?
Fuck it! It's one night.
I can live through it.
Of course, it's wrong to kill
an abortion doctor.
-Many pro-lifers...
-Dad?
I don't agree with them,
but many sincerely feel...
I'm here, son.
stop the doctors,
you stop the abortions.
That's ridiculous.
The doctors are only doing their jobs.
Better to kill the mothers.
That will stop them.
May I see you a moment, dear?
I know, I know. If you kill

the mother, the fetus dies too.
But the fetus is going to be aborted,
so let it go down with the ship.
I really must see you now.
Excuse me.
I assure you...
Mother is just following a train
of thought to a logical...
yet absurd, conclusion.
Very much the way
Jonathan Swift did...
when he suggested that Irish peasants
feed their babies to the rich.
Well, I know one thing
about your mother.
She's a passionate woman who follows
her heart. And I love her.
So Goldman owns the club...
lives above it,
owns the building, and he's gay.
We are in 'Inquirer' heaven.
I could have danced all night
I could have danced all night
And still have begged for more
You have a beautiful voice.
I could have spread my wings
And done a thousand things
I've never done before
Your mother should know
I want a career and marriage.
Barbara, Albert isn't my mother.
He's a drag queen.
That's right.
I keep forgetting.
He just sounds
so much like a mother.
I only know when he
Began to dance with me
I could have danced, danced, danced
All night
Bravo!
What a lovely voice you have,
Agador Spartacus.
Thank you. Thank you, all.

Dinner is served.
Wonderful. This way, Senator.
You know, I played Eliza in high school.
I'll bet you were lovely.
Go inside. I'll tape a note
to Katharine to the door.
Mrs. Keeley over there,
and the senator on my right.
Val over here.
And Barbara, dear, please sit.
You are the most gracious hostess.
Oh, thank you so much.
I'm having such a wonderful time.
This is what
I've always dreamed of...
a big, loving family gathered
around the table...
the way it was
when I was a girl.
That's the way we grew up too.
It was a wonderful world then,
wasn't it? Happy families and...
everyone speaking English
and no drugs and no AIDS.
Easy on the wine, Mom.
What interesting china!
It looks like young men
playing leapfrog.
Is it Greek?
I-- I...
I have no idea.
I've never seen these bowls before.
Really?
Barbara, get me my glasses, dear.
They're in my purse by the chair.
Where are my glasses?
It is Greek.
Greek boys, actually.
Uh, naked Greek boys.
And girls!
Doesn't your bowl have girls?
-I have one.
-So do I! Oh, look!
There.

I think that's a girl.
Then you haven't seen one
in a long time. That's a boy.
I may need glasses,
but I can see that.
I couldn't find your glasses.
Maybe they're in the car.
I have mine.
Here.
Hurry, you idiot!
They're looking at the bowls.
What kind of moron puts out bowls
without looking at them!
Stop ladling!
Give me the pot!
-You can't serve out of that!
-Move!
Wait!
There's shrimps.
Let's see what they're doing.
Here we go.
Agador's superb soup. We're in luck.
He doesn't make this for everyone.
This is his specialty,
seafood chowder.
Isn't that an egg?
Why, yes, it is.
It is a huevo.
This is so Guatemala.
They put eggs in everything
down there...
because chicken is
so important to them.
It's their only real currency.
A woman is said to be
worth her weight in hens.
A man's wealth is measured
by the size of his cock.
Will you excuse me?
What the hell is this?
Sweet-and-sour peasant soup.
Why'd you say it was seafood chowder?
-What the hell is that?
-I don't know. I made it up!

God, this is a nightmare.
Where are you staying in Florida?
With the Jeb Bushes,
on Fisher Island.
Fisher Island.
Such a lovely spot.
My parents lived on Fisher Island
until they died.
I thought you were visiting
your parents in Palm Beach.
What?
Yes, uh... now...
that they're dead.
They moved...
were moved... because...
well...
my mother always said,
'Live on Fisher Island...
get buried in Palm Beach...
that way you'll
have the best of Florida.'
Dad, get in there.
Everything is going to hell.
He didn't make an entree.
What?
You mean we just have soup?
Peasant soup is an entree.
It's like stew!
Why do you think I put
so much in it?
Shut up!
Put Katharine's note
on the downstairs door.
I have to go back before
they get to the bottom of the bowls.
I had so much to do.
You give me no time to shop!
Shut up!
It's okay!
We're all right!
Shut up, goddamn you!
Stop crying! Goddamn you!
Don't just stand there!
She'll be here any minute! Go!

Goddamn it!
Fuck the shrimp!
Oh, my God.
That's it. That's it.
That's the Lincoln.
Park here.
The street's jammed.
This is an intersection.
So? We're the press.
'Katharine, do not go upstairs.
I'll call you tomorrow. Armand.'
This is going to be great.
From that day on, they looked
for a cemetery they really loved...
instead of eating tofu.
Daddy favored Key Biscayne, but--
Time for dessert.
You get everything done?
Shall we have our coffee
in the living room?
No, it's his town car.
I am looking at it.
We're in the middle of a bunch
of drag clubs. I don't know.
We got authorization.
So, three?
So, where are they?
They went around the corner, there.
So what do you think
of these kids getting married?
Well, she's only eighteen,
and he's only twenty, so I--
Good God. That sounds like
it's coming from downstairs.
It must be coming
from that nightclub around the corner.
This must be the same building.
You're joking! I always thought
that was someone's television set.
Now, Mother, you know
we live above a nightclub.
She's traveled around the world,
but deep down...
she's still a girl

from Grover's Corners.
I'm afraid I am a bit naive.
Don't be ashamed
of Grover's Corners.
It's not a chateau,
but it's a darn good place to call home.
Thank you.
I will remember that.
Of course, Armand is
much more sophisticated than I am.
But then,
he comes from such good stock.
Just like
these two adorable youngsters.
Don't you agree?
-Where's the bathroom?
-I'll show you.
-No, I want Mother Coleman to show me.
-My dear child!
One kiss, darling.
-I'm only going to the bathroom.
-We'll all go.
I think you're all crazy.
My men!
Isn't this wonderful?
All of us together.
This is so moving.
I think I'm going to cry!
Something very strange
is going on.
I know.
I mean, that dinner.
I know there was something
on those bowls.
And the son disappearing
while we were eating.
-I know just what's going on.
-You do?
It's the oldest story
in the world.
What is it?
She's a small town girl...
and he's a pretentious European--
the worst kind.

Him and his Cole d' whatever.
And his decadent china.
I've seen it all before.
Aristotle Onassis was like this.
And all of the French,
especially Mitterand.
And the English.
Not Margaret Thatcher, of course.
But I bet John Major has something on
the side. And she can't handle it.
-Who?
-Mrs. Coleman.
Why should she care
about John Major?
No.
Mrs. Coleman can't handle him.
Coleman and his nasty little
European traditions.
And his snobbery.
And that dig about Grover's Corners.
Kevin, you're rambling.
Well, it makes me furious.
The contempt he has for her.
Did you see him when she talked?
He looked almost frightened.
He won't let her run the house.
He's in the kitchen. He serves.
He tells that beige savage
what to do.
What?
I'm so sorry.
I've ruined everything!
Don't be silly. No one noticed the wig.
Where's the spirit gum?
They took everything away.
I have a barrette. If you don't
move your head, it might work.
Thank you.
You're a very sweet girl.
I'm so sorry, Val.
You didn't have this kind
of sympathy for poor Bessie Jackson!
Bessie Jackson is
an insensitive cow.

This woman is a lady.
You know, she'll be your in-law too.
If he's so terrible, maybe your daughter
shouldn't marry his son!
He's not terrible in that way.
He won't get mixed up in some scandal.
I've never really seen
you before.
I don't even know who you are!
You're not worried about Barbara.
You only think of your career.
And poor little Mrs. Coleman!
You're as worried about my career
as I am. You pushed for the marriage.
Barbara can handle that boy.
She's modern, tough as nails.
Poor Mrs. Coleman cries if you call
her 'Mother.' She's that vulnerable.
It breaks my heart.
They don't make women like that anymore.
Hello!
I'm home!
I forgot my key.
Who is it?
Val's mother, Mrs. Goldman.
Is Armand there?
Val's mother?
Mrs. Goldman?
So this is the whole story.
The bastard has a live-in mistress.
I'll get the door.
No, you're in the wrong house!
Good evening. May I take your purse,
as usual? Or...
for the first time.
You must be Senator and Mrs. Keeley.
Katharine Goldman. Delighted to
meet you. I'm sorry I'm so late--
Sorry to take so long, but Barbara--
What is she doing here?
Let me explain.
Please do.
Explain to all of us.
I don't want to embarrass

this lovely lady...
but how many mothers
does Val have?
This woman introduced herself...
as Val's mother.
How many mothers does he have?
Just one.
This is my mother.
My father owns the club downstairs.
My mother is the star.
What?
We lied to you, Barbara and I.
And everyone lied for us.
These are my parents.
This is my wife.
This is the lady who had Val.
Nice to meet you, Katharine.
Very nice, Val.
You've done a good job.
Thank you.
We're very proud of him.
I don't understand.
Barbara, the nightclub downstairs,
he owns it?
He's not a cultural attaché?
No. And he isn't married
to a housewife.
And their name is Goldman,
not Coleman.
They're Jewish.
I don't understand.
He's a man.
They're both men.
No. You can't be Jewish.
No, Kevin, Kevin, Kevin.
Kevin, this is a man.
What?
Don't you see?
They're gay.
They own the drag club downstairs.
They're two men.
Senator Keeley...
this may not help, but I want you
to know I meant every word I said...

about a return to family values
and a stricter moral code.
I feel like I'm insane.
It's really very simple.
She called you Mother Coleman.
Kevin, nothing has changed.
It's still me.
With one tiny difference.
Well, not tiny.
I don't understand.
I'll explain in the car.
Come on, Barbara. Let's go.
I'm not coming.
Barbara, please don't do this to me.
I may not be as vulnerable
as Mrs. Coleman...
but I still have feelings.
Somebody has to like me best.
Take it easy, Louise.
Barbara, we're leaving now.
-You're coming with us.
-Daddy, please.
I've made your mother cry.
I'm up for reelection.
We're in the middle
of a scandal.
I'm in the home of a gay couple
who own a drag club.
You want to get married, but how many
lives must you ruin to do it?
I...
I would have liked to have
had you as my family.
I just want to say,
Mr. and Mrs., uh, Mr....
whatever your name is,
I hope this doesn't influence your vote.
Senator Keeley!
Oh, no.
Did you get him?
No, I would have
if you hadn't said his name.
I wanted to make him turn.
Those vultures.

Another television van just arrived.
And a car. It says 'Florida Eagle.'
Oh, that's just print news.
It'll have a great headline:
'Senator Jackson and His Women;
Senator Keeley and His Men'
It's perfectly innocent.
You came to meet the parents
of the boy Barbara wants to marry.
Louise, people in this country
don't care about details.
All they trust are headlines.
But what do they have? It's their word
against yours that you're even here.
Yes, but at some point,
I'll have to leave.
People will notice
if I'm never seen again.
Another television crew.
And they're going into the club!
Wouldn't you know it?
The one night I don't perform.
Can I get anyone some soup?
No.
Daddy, I'm sorry.
I know.
Senator?
Another shot for you?
I don't really drink.
Yeah, but...
now is the time to pretend.
Give me some candy, Louise.
Couldn't the Keeleys slip out
at the end of the show?
No, they're waiting for that.
They'd be recognized.
Not necessarily.
A big hand for our girls.
As we come to the end of our show,
you are family, too, so sing along.
We are family
I got all my sisters with me
We are family
Get up, everybody, and sing

Will they keep waiting?
They have to. There's no story
if they don't get him coming out.
Get up, everybody, and sing
We are family
I got all my sisters with me
We are family
Get up, everybody, and sing
We are family
Work it. Sell it.
Own it. Go, girlfriend.
Come on.
We are family
We are family
I've never danced with a man before.
There's always a first time.
Perdname.
No one will dance with me.
It's this dress.
I knew white would make me look fat.
What about me?
I'm as pretty as these other guys.
Dance?
Not you.
Barbara.
Don't go. I don't want to be
the only girl not dancing.
Just head for the door.
We'll be out of here soon.
Care to dance, baby?
Meet me in 20 minutes
at the corner of El Dorado and Palm.
Lady, not for a million dollars.
Bob Dole is gorgeous!
Which one is the mother?
I just don't know.
Mazel tov.
As a sign of your union,
you may kiss the bride.
I'm sorry.