



Scripts.com

# Desperate Living

By John Waters

Let's go! Come on!  
Yeah!  
Let's go!  
Come on!  
You must realize, Bosley...  
your wife is one of  
the most neurotic women...  
I've ever examined.  
I still think a few more months  
in the sanitarium...  
would be helpful.  
It may be too early to trust her  
in her natural environment.  
Doc, be optimistic.  
Peggy's breakdown  
is part of the past now.  
I don't want her  
in another mental hospital.  
I want her home  
with me and the kids.  
Dr. Evans,  
the road to mental health...  
is just around the corner.  
Come on! Yeah!  
I knew they'd try it!  
Trying to kill me  
in my own home!  
It's like war.  
Don't tell me I don't know  
what Vietnam is like.  
Brats!  
Oh, Mom.  
Oh, I'm sorry, Mrs. Gravel.  
I'll pay for the window  
out of my allowance.  
How about my life?  
Do you get enough allowance  
to pay for that?  
I know you were trying  
to kill me!  
What's the matter  
with the courts?  
Do they allow this lawlessness  
and malicious destruction...

of property to run rampant?  
I hate the Supreme Court!  
Oh, God.  
Go home to your mother!  
Doesn't she ever watch you?  
Tell her this isn't some  
Communist day-care center!  
Tell your mother I hate her!  
Tell your mother I hate you!  
Oh, God!  
Hello?  
What number are you calling?  
You've dialed the wrong number!  
"Sorry"? What good is that?  
How can you ever repay...  
the 30 seconds  
you have stolen from my life?  
I hate you, your husband,  
your children...  
and your relatives!  
Oh, God!  
What have I done  
to deserve this?  
Miss Gravel, what's the matter?  
You having another fit?  
Can't my husband  
watch the children?  
Can't that lazy moron  
do one thing?  
The kids are just outside.  
They're OK.  
Let me get you  
some of your fit medicine.  
Grizelda, my life is in danger.  
Please, don't let anybody  
hurt me.  
Aw, there, there.  
You've got to keep calm, woman.  
- You're just imagining things.  
- That's what you think.  
One of the neighborhood children  
just tried to murder me.  
I was sitting in my room  
applying nail polish...

and one of them  
fired a rifle at me.  
- Miss Gravel.  
- It's true.  
I must get the children  
before they're kidnapped.  
Good God Almighty.  
Beth? Bosley Jr.?  
Breathe in. Do it again.  
Now let me do it.  
Breathe in. Again.  
Sodomites!  
Caught right in a sex orgy!  
Filthy. Dirty, filthy.  
Is that what you  
learned in private school?  
Mom, we were only playing!  
Nude! Nude! Nude!  
You could be pregnant, Beth!  
And as for you, I never thought  
you would rape your own sister!  
Oh, God!  
The children are having sex!  
Peggy?  
Thirsty, Grizelda?  
You'd better go see  
about your wife.  
She's having  
another mental fit.  
I thought you had been  
stealing my liquor.  
Ain't nobody stealing  
nothing from you, Mr. Gravel.  
We'll see about that.  
You didn't know  
I marked these, did you?  
Here. Look here.  
See this pencil line?  
That was marked  
just yesterday.  
You've had  
quite a few cocktails...  
haven't you, Grizelda?  
What else have you pilfered?

I think I'll have a look  
in that purse.  
You ain't looking  
in my purse.  
Why not?  
Got something to hide?  
Don't you know men  
aren't supposed to look...  
in a lady's handbag?  
Lady? You're fired, Grizelda.  
No wonder you people...  
are always in  
the unemployment line.  
Now give me that bag!  
I don't want no white man  
looking at my Tampax!  
I wouldn't worry about  
your Tampax if I were you.  
Well, look at this...  
my savings account book...  
with withdrawal slips,  
my lottery ticket...  
and two rolls of toilet paper.  
I'm placing you  
under citizen's arrest.  
I'm going to call  
the police and report you.  
Get off of me, milk head!  
Well, I see you're finally here.  
It's a little late, isn't it?  
The children are having sex.  
Beth is pregnant.  
I narrowly missed  
an assassination attempt...  
a few moments ago.  
Will you please do something?  
Honey, it's just  
your mind playing tricks.  
Get off me. My skin crawls  
when you touch it.  
I could rip your lips off.  
That miserable man.  
When I think of the abuse  
that I have taken...

Am I living in hell?  
Is that it?  
Have I gone straight to hell?  
Don't leave  
this kitchen, Grizelda.  
I'm going to give Peggy  
her medication...  
and then I'll be back  
to deal with you.  
Peg?  
Get out!  
Let's have a little medication,  
all right?  
You're just upset.  
Now what's the matter?  
Everything was going so well.  
Get out of here,  
you stinking piece of flesh.  
Don't say  
those things, Peggy.  
Come on. This will make you feel  
better. Give me your arm.  
Oh, you touched me!  
Now my flesh is rotting...  
The touch of scum!  
Stop it, Peggy.  
Don't make me use force.  
Let me give you your shot, or  
I'll have to call the hospital.  
Stay away!  
Oh, God! Peggy, I'm going  
to have to commit you again!  
Help!  
Grizelda,  
he's trying to kill me! Help!  
Help! Please help me!  
Back off, asshole!  
Are you all right, Mrs. Gravel?  
Did he hurt you?  
No, but he tried.  
Look! Look, he's attacking!  
Down, boy! Down!  
Oh, God!  
He... he's dead, isn't he?

We're in big trouble now,  
Mrs. Gravel!  
Oh, my God!  
He's dead! Oh, God!  
Hurry!  
Why did you tell me  
to come this way, Grizelda?  
You know I hate nature.  
Look at those disgusting trees,  
stealing my oxygen.  
I can't stand this scenery  
another minute.  
Natural forests should be turned  
into housing developments.  
I want cement covering every  
blade of grass in this nation.  
Don't we taxpayers  
have a voice anymore?  
Do you ever shut up?  
The police are out  
looking for us, you know.  
We're going to camp out  
here overnight.  
Camp out? Not me.  
Now you listen to me,  
Miss Peggy Gravel.  
You better calm yourself down...  
before I haul off and smack you  
upside your wide, wide head.  
We killed your husband...  
and I ain't your maid  
anymore, bitch.  
I'm your sister in crime.  
Please, don't sit on me.  
Here come the honkers already.  
OK, witches, up against the car.  
Arms up on the car.  
One false move...  
and your head will be flying  
through them trees.  
What is this?  
Are you kidding me?  
Does it looking like  
I'm kidding, Mau Mau?

Officer, I am an outpatient  
from the hospital...  
and I'm very prone  
to anxiety attacks...  
so please treat me  
with therapeutic courtesy.  
Ha! I know who you are.  
There's an all-points bulletin  
out for both of you.  
You're Peggy Gravel,  
and you killed your husband.  
Why, that's preposterous.  
We were about to have a picnic.  
Don't give me that shit.  
You were trying  
to escape to Mortville.  
I've never heard of  
no town called Mortville.  
Well, you should have.  
You belong there.  
It's a special town  
for people like you two...  
people who should be  
so embarrassed...  
by what they've done.  
I just might let you  
go there...  
that is, if you cooperate.  
What do we have to do for you,  
Sheriff Shit Face?  
Sit on that car hood.  
You'll see.  
I've got something  
to show you first.  
You like lingerie?  
How do you like  
these little numbers?  
I sent away to 'em  
from Frederick's.  
They was expensive.  
I love the feel of  
cold nylon on my big butt.  
Will you please stop it?  
I have never found



the antics of deviants...  
to be one bit amusing.  
What I like best  
is a French kiss...  
when I'm all dressed.  
Don't expect no kiss  
from me, Liver Lips.  
Take off your underpants.  
Hand 'em over.  
I knew cops was sick, but...  
These are big ones.  
A little plain for my taste.  
Now... I think I'll slip 'em on.  
How does that look?  
Pretty sexy, huh?  
Now how about that kiss?  
If I kiss you,  
will you let us go?  
You bet.  
I want a real wet one now.  
Goddamn gum.  
Now, that was a real soul kiss.  
OK, Buster, you've had your fun.  
Now, which way to Mortville?  
I ain't through yet.  
Mrs. Gravel...  
I'd like to examine  
your underpants.  
I will not!  
I thought you wanted  
to go to Mortville.  
They let killers  
live there scot-free.  
I have never been so mortified  
in my entire life.  
Here, Blossom.  
That's more like it.  
These are from Bloomingdales.  
You've got good taste.  
I think I'll try to fit  
my big business into them.  
They're tight,  
but they sure feel good.  
Now do I get

my little kiss kiss?  
No! Please, not a kiss!  
I swear I'll gag!  
Mouth me if you must,  
but not a kiss!  
Come on, now.  
I'm all dressed up  
in my pretty underthings...  
and I need a little lip suction.  
And now for that mouth.  
I'd like to stick my whole head  
in your mouth...  
and let you suck out  
my eyeballs.  
I bet you'd like that,  
wouldn't you?  
What are you hogs looking at?  
The show's over! Beat it!  
Mortville's up that way!  
Follow that dirt road.  
Go ahead before  
I haul your ass to jail!  
I'll take a slice, please.  
You want  
lemon meringue or chocolate?  
Chocolate, honey.  
That'll be 10 cents.  
Could you recommend  
a rooming house for the night?  
I don't think I like it here.  
It's filthy, and  
the people are repulsive.  
We have no choice, Peggy,  
and it's better than jail.  
I'll tell you, Grizelda,  
there is something wrong here.  
Look around you.  
It's a village of idiots.  
Somebody help me.  
Can't you act normal?  
Just act normal for a change.  
Please. There must be  
a Quality Court or something.  
I can't go in that hog pen.

Oh, shut up.  
Can I help you?  
We were raped.  
Please, give us shelter.  
You were raped?  
Look, don't pay  
no attention to her.  
- We need to rent a room.  
- You got money on you?  
- I'm a very wealthy woman.  
- Yeah, and I'm Cybill Shepherd.  
Come on in here.  
We might work something out...  
That is, if you got money.  
My name's Mole McHenry.  
I'm Peggy Gravel.  
It's nice to meet you.  
I'm Grizelda Brown.  
I'm Peggy's psychiatric nurse.  
Room's out back.  
Nothing fancy,  
but it's a roof over your head.  
Come on, I'll show you.  
Shh! My girlfriend's  
sleeping.  
Yeah, you're lucky it's empty.  
My last tenant shot himself  
in here last night.  
That dumb fuck  
left a mess everywhere.  
Damn, it stinks in here.  
Well, what do you think?  
Do you want it or not?  
Will he be removed?  
I'll get the stiff out of here,  
but don't think I got time...  
for all the chores  
in the world.  
And no linens until  
I soak these in cold water.  
And we ain't got  
no toilets in Mortville.  
How do we...  
I guess you'll just have

to use your imagination.  
I see.  
How much cash you got?  
Give me that!  
Six bucks.  
Hey, you are a rich one.  
A lottery ticket.  
I'll take that, and I'll win it.  
What's this? A bank book?  
A lot of good  
that'll do you here.  
There aren't any banks  
in Mortville?  
There ain't nothing  
here, lady.  
Nobody's got one red cent  
in Mortville...  
except for that Queen.  
The Queen? Can she help us?  
You got a lot to learn  
about living in Mortville.  
I think we'd like  
to take the room.  
It's all yours, Sweetheart.  
You hungry?  
Yeah.  
I think I'm going  
to eat myself some chow...  
and I got a little extra.  
Looks like you got  
a big appetite.  
I'd be happy to help  
with the preparation.  
This one takes the cake.  
You both sure are ugly bitches.  
Go on, sit down.  
Muffy, we got company.  
We really hadn't planned  
on coming here.  
We're from the Guilford  
neighborhood in Baltimore.  
I been to Baltimore a few times.  
Some burg. I hate it.  
All them hillbilly fucks

looking at you.  
Well, if you want  
to know the truth...  
we had no choice  
but to come to Mortville.  
We're in a lot of trouble.  
You see, I'm quite prominent...  
and we accidentally  
killed my husband.  
I don't care what you did.  
Nobody's in Mortville  
for a vacation.  
We all did something,  
or we wouldn't be here  
in the first place.  
Dinner's served.  
I'm really not that hungry.  
I invited you to dinner,  
and you accepted.  
Now you'll eat this if I  
have to jam it down your throat.  
Muffy, I called you to dinner.  
Do I have to come in there  
and smack you?  
You don't have  
to shout the house down.  
I heard you all right already.  
This is my girlfriend  
Muffy St. Jacques...  
the most beautiful woman  
in all of Mortville.  
Hi.  
This is Grizelda and...  
I forget your name.  
Peggy Gravel. It's a pleasure.  
We rent the room out back...  
so I guess  
we'll be neighbors.  
Really? I sleep in the room  
right next to you... naked.  
You're five minutes late  
for dinner, Muffy.  
Don't you remember our little  
talk about your laziness?

I was having an erotic dream.  
I warned you about  
thinking about men...  
before your afternoon nap.  
Dirty thoughts about dirty men  
bring on dirty dreams...  
and you're a dirty girl, Muffy.  
Mole, I can't help  
what I think about.  
It's not my fault Mr. Sandman  
is not a bulldozer like you.  
I'm warning you, Muffy.  
Mole, sometimes I need a man.  
I'm a man, Muffy... A man  
trapped in a woman's body.  
Yeah, Mole, but you don't  
have the same big deal.  
- Take it back!  
- Take it out! It hurts!  
- Take back what you said to me!  
- Mole, you're the only one.  
I love you. You're my man.  
I'm only queer for...  
That's better. Muffy knows  
how I feel about men.  
I'm not one  
to be pushed over my limit.  
That hurt!  
Go!  
Come on!  
There they are.  
Don't move, scags.  
You're both under arrest...  
by the order  
of Her Majesty, Queen Carlotta.  
Anything you say could put you  
in front of the firing squad.  
Take it easy!  
We ain't fighting you!  
Help us! Please help us!  
Don't worry.  
Standard procedure in Mortville.  
Officer, would you like  
a cup of gin or something?

Stay back, peasant woman!  
Stay right there.  
Hold it right there.  
Come on.  
Come on, you fatso.  
Get up in there.  
Oh, Grizelda, I can't.  
Let's go! Come on!  
Get out of there. Let's go.  
Come on.  
Come on, get up there.  
Let's go.  
Move it!  
Come on!  
Hey, boys,  
look what I brought you!  
We brought you  
some fresh meat!  
Fresh meat!  
Get down on your knees!  
We got something good for you  
this time, girl.  
Don't be crying, crybaby.  
Daddy's not going  
to leave you now.  
Asshole.  
Her Majesty, the Honorable  
Queen Carlotta of Mortville.  
Welcome to Mortville, ladies.  
I read in the big city papers...  
that you are wanted for murder!  
The murder of a certain  
Mr. Bosley Gravel.  
We only...  
You are interrupting  
my flow of power!  
Give these peasants a little  
dinner, Lieutenant Wilson.  
I bet they're hungry after  
a long day of breakin' laws.  
Here. Nice live roaches.  
Come on,  
eat these fuckin' things!  
Come on, eat 'em!

Eat 'em, goddamn it!  
Eat these things!  
Eat these roaches!  
Plenty of that  
for you, too, honey.  
Come on, eat 'em!  
Swallow those goddamn things.  
Eat 'em!  
Now listen to me, riffraff.  
Every word I ever utter...  
is to be taken as  
a direct royal proclamation...  
or face death  
by the firing squad.  
Yes, ma'am.  
Ma'am?!  
I'm Your Royal Highness...  
and I demand that you  
address me as such!  
Yes, Your Royal Highness.  
Let's show them  
we're not kidding.  
Bring in the prisoner,  
Lieutenant Wilson.  
Come on, you rotten  
son of a bitch.  
You bastard.  
Any last words, goon face?  
You can lick my royal  
hemorrhoids, you fat pig.  
Ready, aim, fire!  
I advise you to listen  
carefully, rubbish.  
Royal proclamation number one.  
As long as you live  
in Mortville...  
you must always  
consider me your God...  
and if you ever  
see me on the streets...  
fall to your knees and shout,  
"I honor you, Queen Carlotta!"  
Royal proclamation number two.  
You must live here



in constant mortification...  
solely existing to bring me  
and my tourists...  
moments of royal amusement.  
I'm not responsible  
for your income...  
your living conditions,  
or your personal happiness.  
Have I made myself  
perfectly clear?  
Yes, Your Royal Majesty.  
And you, Mrs. Gravel,  
murderess?  
You've made yourself  
quite clear.  
Your...  
Your Royal Majesty.  
So be it!  
Lieutenant Williams,  
take them to our ugly expert...  
and give them  
a complete overhaul...  
and when you walk down  
the streets of Mortville...  
make sure you're dressed  
like what you really are... trash!  
Remove them!  
Come on! We're not through here!  
- Get on your feet!  
- Come on! Out!  
Are my duties of discipline  
ever over, Lieutenant Wilson?  
Remove me from this contraption.  
- I honor you, Queen Carlotta.  
- Yes, I know.  
Get me into my royal cot  
and be quick.  
Come on, come on.  
I haven't got all day.  
Hurry. Come on. Yes.  
If it pleases the Queen,  
Royal Security has reported...  
that the Princess Coo-Coo  
has returned to the castle.

She's been out all night again  
with that garbage man.  
That child of mine'll  
be the death of me yet.  
- Take me to her chambers.  
- I honor you, Your Majesty.  
Be quick. Come on. Let's go.  
Get out of the way! Come on!  
Hurry! Come on! Out of the way!  
- I honor you, Queen Carlotta.  
- All right. Get out of the way.  
Come on. Hurry.  
I'll call you when I need you,  
Lieutenant Wilson.  
I honor you, Your Majesty.  
Coo-Coo, I must have  
a little talk with you.  
Leave me alone, Mummy.  
I've had a wonderful evening...  
and I don't want it spoiled  
with your nosy nagging.  
A wonderful evening  
with a garbage man?  
He's not a garbage man.  
He just helps pick up trash  
at the nudist colony.  
I hardly think  
that a nudist janitor...  
is a proper escort  
for a royal princess.  
I'm 38 years old,  
and I can date who I please.  
You have no right to order me  
around like a subject.  
You may not realize it,  
Coo-Coo, but you have...  
an awesome responsibility  
on your shoulders.  
One day, all Mortville  
will be yours...  
and you must learn  
to rule with dignity.  
I don't want to be  
queen of anywhere!

Mother, I want  
to marry Herbert!  
- Herbert? Is that his name?  
- It's a beautiful name.  
You would step down from your  
throne for the love of a mutant?  
- But, Mummy, I love him!  
- Well, I won't have it!  
I'm afraid I'm going to  
have to punish you, Coo-Coo.  
You're forbidden to leave your  
room until your 40th birthday!  
I won't stay in this castle!  
I love Herbert...  
and I'm gonna marry him,  
and you won't stop me!  
Now you've given me  
another nosebleed!  
I hate this stupid town!  
Get out of here!  
- Leave me be!  
- Excuse me, Your Highness.  
Take me to my bedroom and  
lock Coo-Coo up for the night.  
Come on. Hurry up.  
That daughter of mine  
is a delinquent.  
I'm going to have to take  
drastic steps with her.  
I honor you, Queen Carlotta.  
Can you make it, Your Highness?  
I suppose so.  
I believe it's your night...  
to service me,  
Lieutenant Wilson.  
I'm always eager, Your Highness.  
Oh, that love muscle.  
Whip it out and show it hard.  
Come on, Daddy. Fuck me.  
Glow, little inchworm.  
Look at those balls!  
Daddy! Come on.  
Look at that pout. Yeah.  
Come on, Lieutenant.

I haven't got all night.  
Don't bother with the head.  
The "V" of my crotch  
is what needs the attention.  
But I can fuck like a bandit,  
Your Highness.  
Rub my safety deposit box, then.  
Dig for gold!  
Oh, Your Highness!  
Go, Daddy! Go all night!  
Get it!  
Pretty outfits.  
Funny, is it?  
Well, let me tell you,  
I wouldn't wear  
this outfit to a dog fight.  
Maybe you two  
have resigned yourselves...  
to a subhuman life  
in this slum of a town...  
but I, Peggy Gravel, have not.  
You better hush up before Mole  
loses her temper and smacks you.  
Just shut up, Peggy.  
No, I won't shut up.  
You shut up!  
I'll tell you, my blue blood  
is about ready to boil.  
Hey! You listen to me, wacko.  
See this fist?  
I'm about ready to use...  
that hatchet-face  
of yours as a punching bag.  
Now sit down and shut up!  
Mole's right, Peggy.  
I am sick of listenin'  
to your bitchin'.  
The next time you feel a fit  
comin' on, go outside and bitch.  
Bitch at the air.  
Bitch at the trees.  
But don't bitch at us!  
But bitching isn't relief  
if there's no one to hear it.

Well, we can't all  
be your psychiatrist, honey.  
We've got problems of our own.  
Well, why are you in Mortville?  
It's a long ugly story.  
Go ahead, Muffy. Tell her.  
Maybe she'd stop  
feelin' sorry for herself.  
I wasn't always like this.  
I mean, of course I was always  
visually stunning...  
but I was married to a man  
and had a baby named Freddy.  
It was about two years ago...  
and my husband and I were just  
returning from a cocktail party.  
Let me drive!  
Get off! I can drive!  
Always trying to boss me around.  
You're drunk, as per usual.  
Every time we step out of  
the house, you get dead drunk.  
When you're married to a nag,  
a man's got to drink.  
First I have to be mortified  
in front of our friends.  
Now I have to be mortified  
in front of the baby-sitter.  
I suppose I'll  
have to drive her home.  
I'll take her.  
Yeah, you'll take her  
straight to the graveyard.  
- Let me drive!  
- Get off! I'll take her!  
Check it out.  
This motherfucker  
is having a little party!  
What are you doing here?  
What is this?  
Who are you?  
Get out of my house!  
Where's my baby?  
Freddy!

Get out of my liquor,  
you little punk!  
Oh, Freddy!  
Oh, my God! He's gone!  
Oh, my God!  
What have you done  
with my baby?  
- I don't know! I'm trippin'!  
- Trippin'? Where's Freddy?  
I think I put him  
in the kitchen.  
The kitchen? Oh, Freddy!  
Oh, Freddy! Little Freddy.  
Oh, baby.  
Hey, got any downers?  
My baby. You little tramp!  
My baby was in  
the refrigerator!  
So don't pay me!  
Don't pay me, then.  
Don't pay you? You little snip.  
That's all right.  
Come on, bitch.  
Eat some dog food!  
- No!  
- Eat it!  
Eat it, you bitch!  
Put my baby  
in the refrigerator.  
Eat it! Murderer!  
Oh, good Christ.  
Are you crazy?  
Are you trying to kill her?  
Get your stinkin' liquor  
breath out of my face...  
you drunken slob!  
You!  
You crazy woman!  
Open this window.  
You should be  
in a mental hospital.  
You pissy-ass drunk!  
Get away from me.  
Take your ass to A.A.!

Get out of here, you slob!  
Don't touch me.  
I'm sorry.  
I've never seen my baby again.  
The press still calls me  
the Dog Food Murderess.  
I can never go back.  
I couldn't bear the shame.  
And you, Mole,  
what happened to you?  
Well, I've been in Mortville  
for 10 long years...  
and it isn't very pretty  
what a town without pity can do.  
What brought me here was  
a championship wrestlin' match.  
It was back in 1966...  
and I was fightin' under  
the name of Rastlin' Rita.  
My challenger was Big Jimmy  
Dong, the Human Blockhead.  
Good evening,  
Ladies and gentlemen.  
Welcome to Ringside Arena.  
Tonight's main event...  
featuring Big Jimmy Dong,  
the Human Blockhead.  
And in the opposite corner,  
his opponent... Rastlin' Rita!  
Fuck you!  
That ended my professional  
rastlin' career...  
and I've been here  
ever since...  
sittin' in my own stink  
and tryin' to figure a way out.  
But our luck's gonna  
be changin'. Right, Muff?  
Right, Mole,  
we're gonna win that lottery.  
I believe that was  
our lottery ticket.  
It was yours, but you  
rented a room, asswipe.

That ticket's mine now.  
Well, you better  
give us our share.  
We need money.  
We're not trash like you.  
We're not used to  
this low-class life.  
I'll wipe the floor with you!  
- Break it up!  
- Rip her head right off!  
Those lottery tickets  
ain't no good no way.  
The odds are a million to one.  
Don't say that!  
You'll hex our good luck.  
I'm warnin' you both.  
You better stay out of my way...  
because when old Mole  
gets mean...  
there's no tellin'  
what she'll do.  
Peggy, I think  
it's time for bed.  
Now we both need  
a good night's sleep.  
Oh, I'll sleep, all right.  
Maybe in my dreams I can forget  
this rotten little town...  
and its disgusting population.  
As far as I'm concerned,  
you two belong in Mortville.  
Oh, those bosoms  
drive me berserk, baby.  
That was an unh-unh!  
Go, Peggy, go!  
Get it, Peggy. Oh, Peggy.  
Grizelda, it's so unnatural!  
Oh, get it!  
Just get it, Peggy!  
But I don't know how!  
Just eat it, Peggy.  
If it's good enough  
for Gertrude Stein...  
Eat it, Peggy!



Wake up! Wake up!  
Let's go!  
- Come on, let's go!  
- Get out of bed!  
What the fuck is that now?  
- Come on, wake up!  
- Royal proclamation!  
All residents must read  
the royal proclamation!  
Here, stupid.  
You won't believe this, Muffy.  
That cow has gone  
too far this time.  
Listen to this shit.  
"Royal proclamation.  
Queen Carlotta...  
"has proclaimed today  
as Backwards Day.  
"All residents must wear  
their clothes backwards...  
"and walk backwards  
at all times.  
"Anyone who fails to perform  
for the tourists...  
will be immediately executed."  
God! You mean we have to walk  
around backwards all day?  
Looks that way, Muffy.  
And on an empty stomach yet.  
Mole, I'm starving to death.  
Ditto, doll face.  
The cupboard's bare, Muffy!  
It ain't right to wake up...  
hearin' your own stomach  
growlin'.  
I guess we'll just have to  
wait for the food dump.  
Everywhere I look's a big  
nothing! I'd eat anything!  
I know, Mole. I'm so hungry  
I could eat cancer.  
Isn't this a godsend?  
Pussy brought daddy  
some breakfast!

I hope those other two...  
aren't expecting  
a continental breakfast...  
'cause old Mole's gonna chomp  
this down in one big bite.  
Marshmallow.  
Oh, that looks good.  
And Cheez-its  
for my little tummy.  
This is so... it's so good.  
Well, good morning,  
little birdy.  
You're a cute little fella.  
Want some pizza?  
I bet you're hungry.  
Yes, birdy.  
I bet you flew  
all the way to Mortville...  
just to see Backwards Day,  
didn't you?  
Well, you flew  
into the right window...  
because I'm your Queen.  
Excuse me, Your Highness...  
but Princess Coo-Coo has just  
escaped from her royal bedroom.  
She what? That little M.F.  
Come on and get me into my cot.  
- Be quick, too. Come on.  
- I honor you, Your Majesty.  
Come on, you goons.  
Get me into that cot.  
Come on. Let's hurry.  
Come on. Let's go.  
Come on, you big ape.  
Hurry up.  
Why, that ungrateful  
little whippersnapper!  
She escaped by shimmying  
down this rope of sheets.  
On Backwards Day yet?  
I want you morons to find her...  
and as for that garbage man,  
I want him shot on sight.

Damn that hellcat  
of a daughter of mine.  
That good-for-nothing,  
simpleminded scalawag! Damn it!  
Oh, Christ.

Pardon me.

- Watch it, clown!

- Sorry.

- Hi, Mr. Paul!

- Hi, doll face!

This Backwards Day's  
a lot of shit, ain't it?  
Sure is, Mr. Paul. It sure is.

- Can we come?

- Oh, fuck.

Wait, wait!

Wait for us!

Come on.

Sorry! Nudists only!

No tourists!

- Shina, it's me Muffy!

- Well, why didn't you say...

it was the most beautiful  
woman in Mortville?

Hi, darlin'. Hey, Mr. Mole.

This is Grizelda and Peggy.

They're new in Mortville.

It's nice to meet you.

Shina, you got

today's paper around?

We want to see if we won  
the Maryland lottery.

You know newspapers  
are contraband...

but I sure hope you do win.

This town could stand  
a little glamour.

- I tell you, I'm gettin' fed up.

- We're all fed up, Shina.

At least you don't have to  
participate in Backwards Day.

I know! I'm surprised  
the Queen didn't order me...  
to wear my vagina backwards.

Excuse me, but I must see  
Herbert, my love.  
I honor you, Princess Coo-Coo.  
You don't have to do that.  
I'm not like my mother.  
I'm a normal person.  
Come on, now. Get up. Please.  
Herbert's out there searchin'  
for garbage as usual...  
but I tell you, if you two  
are havin' an affair...  
be careful! That Queen  
will cut off your ears!  
Let her do it, then. Herbert  
doesn't care if I have ears.  
He only cares about my mind.  
Oh, Coo. I worship  
the ground you walk on.  
I couldn't keep my mind  
on my work all mornin'.  
Every piece of trash I had  
to pick up reminded me of you.  
An old candy wrapper made me  
think of how sweet you are.  
A snotty Kleenex made me  
realize how much I'd cry...  
if we ever had to part.  
An old rubber made me think  
of all the nights of Eros...  
we have before us.  
I love you, Coo-Coo.  
I masturbated 14 times  
last night thinkin' of you...  
and when I finally  
did fall asleep...  
my dreams were not exactly dry.  
Take me now, Herbert.  
Take me in front  
of the whole town!  
Oh, my God! Oh, no!  
Oh, Jesus.  
Oh, no! What hell lays  
in store for us now?  
I don't know, Peggy.

Just keep up with Mole!  
How do you like that?  
Get him, girl!  
What kind of a bar is this?  
Who asked you to sit  
with us, anyway?  
Well, I have to use  
the ladies room.  
- The piss hole's out back.  
- I'll save your seat for you.  
Over here, baby!  
Sit on my face!  
- Stop it! No! Oh, God!  
- Sit on my face over here!  
No! Stop! Leave me alone!  
Oh, lookin' for some action?  
- Oh, no!  
- Come on!  
- Leave me alone!  
- It won't hurt.  
- Just leave me alone!  
- Come on!  
No! Go away!  
- We'll have a good time.  
- Leave me alone! Stop!  
- I wanna...  
- Go away!  
- Leave me alone!  
- Freak.  
Please, just go away.  
Oh, God! Please just go away!  
Just leave me alone!  
Oh, God! No!  
- Flipper! Yeah!  
- Oh, God! Get off!  
I'm not trying  
to be rude, really...  
but I can't stay  
in here any longer.  
What's the matter?  
Don't you like fun?  
This is not my idea of fun.  
Grizelda, please walk me  
back to the house.

Loosen up a bit.  
I have no desire  
to be a loose person...  
and you should stop drinking  
before you get dead drunk.  
Oh, come on.  
I'll walk you back.  
I don't get you, Peggy.  
You leech onto us  
and then all you do is complain.  
Let the little  
babies go home.  
Boy, if you  
don't like this bar...  
there is really  
something wrong with you.  
Kill him, Flip!  
Get him, Flipper!  
Hit him! Come on, you guys!  
Bye-bye, sweetie.  
See you next Tuesday.  
Same time, same place.  
Bye!  
You lazy bitch! I'm out  
workin' my tail off all day...  
and you're in there  
fuckin' midgets.  
Isn't that the pits?  
Flipper,  
now don't start that shit.  
She's just an old  
friend of mine.  
Come on, now.  
Get in here.  
Friend, my ass.  
You've turned my apartment...  
into your own private  
passion pit, haven't you?  
You better cram it.  
Not in front of company.  
Sorry if we  
interrupted anything.  
You didn't interrupt  
anything, Mole.

Flipper's so jealous, she thinks  
the toilets I sit on...  
is her competition.  
Now what can I do for ya?  
Tryin' to find today's paper.  
You got one, Shotsie?  
I got one around here somewhere.  
Just wait a minute here.  
Hey, all right. Here you go.  
There it is.  
"Maryland lottery listings."  
Here they are.  
"0-8-5-5-5... 3-2-1!"  
We did it, Muffy!  
- We're rich!  
- I want my own chauffeur!  
- We won \$1,000.  
- Thank you, God!  
Shut up, Muffy.  
Look at all those dummies.  
Come on, you apes. Hurry up.  
Let's be quick.  
Look at those dummies.  
Attention! The Honorable  
Queen Carlotta of Mortville!  
- We honor you, Queen Carlotta.  
- Hail Queen Carlotta!  
- Out of my way! Come on!  
- We honor you, Queen Carlotta.  
Hey, morons, you got  
your clothes on backwards.  
Oh, gosh. This is fun.  
Hi, stupid! Hi, ugly!  
That senile old cunt.  
I wish I had a rifle  
with a telescopic lens in it.  
I'd help you  
pull the trigger, Mole.  
Squeaky Fromme, where are you  
when we need you?  
I can't resist.  
That hog face is too much  
of a moving target to ignore.  
God damn it!

Who threw that?  
Oh, Herbert. We're safe now.  
I'm sorry I had to  
drag you all that way...  
but those silly nudists  
wanted to bury you.  
I love you, too, my darling.  
Mother can't hurt us now.  
We'll get married tonight.  
Oh, you don't look so well.  
I hope you perk up  
for our honeymoon.  
What the hell is this?  
I'm sorry. I know it's rude  
to bring my lover here...  
especially since  
I don't even know you...  
but my mother's army's  
trying to kill my Herbert.  
Young woman,  
that man is already dead.  
No, he's not.  
He's just asleep.  
Aren't you, Herbert?  
Say hi to the nice ladies.  
You'd better get  
your lily-white ass...  
out of here  
before we all get shot.  
Please don't kick me out.  
They're looking for me...  
and my mother'll lock me up  
in the castle if she finds me.  
You obviously belong  
in a mental hospital.  
Look who's callin'  
the kettle black.  
She's just upset.  
Now be easy on her.  
I will not!  
I don't want some renegade  
necrophile princess...  
as my roommate.  
It's just for a few days.



Don't be so selfish.  
Selfish? I'll show you selfish.  
Get out of here, mongoloid!  
Take your stinking corpse  
of a boyfriend with you.  
Oh, Herbert, this  
lady's being so mean to me.  
Don't cry, Princess.  
I'll try and  
help you some way.  
There, there.  
Everything's gonna be all right.  
Go ahead. Feel her up,  
just like you did to me.  
Find 'em, feel 'em,  
fuck 'em, forget 'em!  
Is that your new motto?  
Zip that gaping hole  
of a mouth up, Peggy...  
before I plug it up  
with my fist.  
You're just like all the rest of  
the common dykes in this town.  
What the hell do you mean, dyke?  
A fat dyke!  
Help, police!  
The princess is in my house!  
You're under arrest  
by order of Her Highness...  
the Queen Carlotta.  
What's going on in here?  
What's happening in here?  
Come on, you little bitch.  
Get out of there. Get up.  
Your mother's  
waiting to see you.  
Come on!  
Those snotty bitches  
wrecked our guest house.  
I should've gotten a security  
deposit from those assholes.  
You let riffraff in...  
and they bring the neighborhood  
down every time.

Look, baby, I got to get  
my ass into Baltimore...  
to claim our money  
and do some shoppin'.  
Will you be all right  
while I'm gone?  
Oh, sure. I'll be fine,  
but you be careful.  
All right, then. Lock those  
doors and don't fuck any men.  
Oh, go! Go take it off!  
Let's see some ass!  
Strip faster!  
Let's see some private areas.  
Oh, I see London.  
Oh, I see France.  
Spread those legs, baby!  
Yes, sirree! A Hollywood love!  
Come on. That love muscle,  
I want to see it.  
Come on over here  
with that thing.  
You're a wicked little boy!  
Gettin' me all heated up,  
aren't you?  
I'm gonna have  
to give you a spankin'.  
I've been a bad little boy,  
haven't I, Your Highness?  
You certainly have, Grogan.  
Now, get up here  
with that behind.  
Come on, over my knee,  
you little bastard!  
This'll teach you  
to arouse royalty!  
Harder!  
- May I get up, Your Majesty?  
- Yes, get up, stupid.  
I hope you didn't leave  
no pecker tracks on my gown.  
May I get dressed, Your Majesty?  
Yes, please do. Your body  
has a certain odor about it...

that always annoys me!  
- An odor, Your Majesty?  
- Yes, a wretched stench.  
I wash daily, Your Majesty.  
Wash harder in the future.  
There is a noticeable odor zone  
somewhere on your body...  
and I'd appreciate it  
if you could locate it...  
and deodorize it.  
I'll try and correct it,  
Your Majesty.  
Oh, we can't all be perfect,  
Lieutenant Grogan.  
Come on over here  
and sit besides my feet.  
I honor you, Queen Carlotta.  
You honor me, but certain  
commoners in this town...  
obviously don't.  
Someone threw a mudball  
at me today.  
If only I had a little  
pink button to push...  
that could wipe out this town.  
Tell me, is it possible  
to get me a hydrogen bomb?  
- I doubt it, Your Majesty.  
- How about germ warfare?  
Do you know anything  
about that?  
You mean poisoning  
the population?  
Yes, that sounds like  
a fun project. How about rabies?  
Could we spread that  
disease inexpensively?  
I think so, Your Majesty.  
All we need is some rabid  
bat pus to make a serum.  
Fine! Let's try it.  
Rabid bat pus...  
and let's put in a little  
rat piss for good luck.

- You're a genius, Your Majesty.  
- I know. I know.  
You let me out of here, Mummy!  
You murderess! You rat!  
Stinking fascist slug!  
Swine.  
Your Majesty, Herbert  
the garbage man is dead...  
and thanks to this noble  
peasant woman...  
we have captured Coo-Coo  
and returned her to the castle.  
Release the prisoners!  
Oh, thank you,  
Your Wonderful Majesty!  
You bilious ball of blubber!  
You rotten, stinking...  
Come on, get back here!  
That's the last straw, Coo-Coo!  
I hereby proclaim...  
Oh, shut up.  
I hereby proclaim...  
that you are no longer  
the Princess of Mortville.  
You'll be gang-raped  
by my soldiers...  
injected with rabies...  
and exiled to the streets  
of Mortville where you belong!  
I consider that an honor,  
Your Royal Hogness...  
to once and for all be freed  
from this mockery of a monarchy.  
I will never live down the shame  
of my inherited name...  
but I will do my best...  
to see that you topple  
from the throne.  
Seize her and fuck her!  
That was a courageous decision,  
Your Majesty.  
You may stand, Mrs. Gravel.  
I appreciate your help  
in capturing my daughter.

Loyalty to the Queen  
sometimes results in rewards.  
Let me be the new princess,  
Your Majesty.  
I have seen  
the human trash of Mortville...  
and I share your contempt  
for this town.  
My subjects are beneath  
contempt, Mrs. Gravel.  
Dealing with the poor people  
is a waste of time.  
Only the rich should be  
allowed to live!  
I like your politics,  
Mrs. Gravel.  
And to tell the truth...  
I need a woman like yourself  
to follow in my footsteps.  
If you looked all over  
this land, Your Majesty...  
I doubt you'd find a woman  
as vicious as I.  
We'll give you a trial run.  
Your first duty will be  
to help my soldiers...  
spread rabies  
to everyone in town.  
Do you think  
you can handle that?  
Oh, yes, Your Majesty.  
And I know just the person  
I want to give it to first.  
- May I help you?  
- Yeah, I want a sex change.  
- Step over here, please.  
- Look, I'm in a rush...  
so I'd appreciate it if you took  
me before these other turkeys.  
- Do you have an appointment?  
- No, I don't.  
I'm sorry, but we don't  
see anyone here...  
without an appointment.

Well, you do now, Nurse Nancy.

Come on, bitch!

Cut these tits off!

I'm only the nurse!

The doctor is not in.

Like hell he isn't!

- Sorry, Dr. Freedman.

- Come on, quack.

I want the sex change,

and I want it now.

Madam, the sex change

is a long, complicated process.

We just can't...

Just give me the basics,

or I'll cut her head off.

Look, why don't you just

fill out the necessary forms...

and we'll see if...

Cut the sermon

and give me my wang!

I want a wang,

and I want it now!

I can only do so much

under the circumstances.

If you don't

give me a sex change...

I'll cut off your peter

and sew it on me myself!

I'll see what I can do, Madam.

Hi, big boys.

I'll bet you didn't know...

that Mommy won

the Maryland lottery. Yes!

I'm gonna be buying you

lots of new push-up bras...

so get ready

for your new home.

Things are gonna be

looking up for you two.

- Well, howdy, Miss Muffy!

- Oh, Mole, you made it!

I missed you.

I was worried about you.

You got the money?

I sure do, honey.  
Look at those greenbacks.  
Oh, thank God, Mole!  
Money at last!  
Good old germ-carrying  
American currency.  
What you got  
in the shopping bag?  
Presents, Muffy.  
Presents fit for a queen.  
Can I open them?  
You sure can,  
you big hunk of beauty.  
Come on, hurry up, honey.  
Oh, a new bra!  
It's beautiful!  
Try it on, honey.  
Let me help you.  
Quick, get  
them boys in there.  
Well, just a minute.  
- Hook it for me, Mole.  
- Got 'em in there?  
- Yeah, hook it.  
- Yum yum.  
- That support feels heavenly.  
- Hold still, now.  
- Hook it.  
- Hold still.  
Oh, tie a knot. Anything.  
- Oh, my God!  
- What else you got for me?  
Just a second.  
Oh, a mink coat!  
What else you got?  
- Try this one, gorgey!  
- Oh, what is it?  
You'll love it.  
I feel just like a little girl  
on Christmas Morning.  
A gown! It's stunning.  
Oh, it makes me glad  
I was born a woman.  
You'll have

to help me with this.  
Oh, I'm too nervous.  
Just a minute.  
There it goes.  
Take them goddamn panties  
off for a change.  
I'm beginning to feel  
like a queen already.  
You will be Queen, Muffy!  
I promise you.  
Look at these huggers.  
Oh, firearms!  
Goody, goody gumdrops!  
This one's mine, and this  
little.38 is all for you.  
Oh! You're so good to me, Mole.  
I don't know what  
I'd do without you.  
I got another surprise  
for you, Muffy.  
A real big surprise.  
Something you  
never even asked for.  
- A chihuahua?  
- No. You'll see.  
Close your eyes.  
No peeking, now.  
You won't believe this, Muffy.  
I can't wait.  
Well, hurry.  
The suspense is killing me.  
You can open 'em now.  
What have you done  
to yourself, Mole?  
Well, I got the sex change  
just for you, Muffy!  
Get away from me  
with that deformed worm!  
You're sick, Mole!  
You're a weirdo pervert!  
Just let me try it once.  
I gotta see if it works.  
It's a brand-new model.  
I got it at



Hopkins Hospital, Muffy.  
Cut it off, Mole!  
Rid your body of that  
disgusting transplant!  
It never goes soft, Muffy.  
Oh, cut it off, Mole!  
All right, then.  
If that's what you really want.  
- Cut it off!  
- All right.  
So much for science, Muffy!  
A lovely potion.  
But it needs something.  
A lovely bat.  
And a touch of rat.  
A little rat urine.  
Just what the doctor ordered.  
That ought to give it  
a little kick.  
Goons, bring in  
Princess Coo-Coo...  
and tell her  
her medicine's ready.  
Get off me with  
those semen-stained hands...  
you big ape!  
I can walk by myself.  
Well, if it isn't Commoner  
Coo-Coo, the grave robber.  
All ready for  
your little injection?  
You ass-kissing little snitch.  
One day I'll  
get my hands on you.  
I doubt you'll have the time...  
for you are now  
the proud owner of rabies!  
Come on, you little bitch.  
Get your ass out here.  
- On the streets, scumbag!  
- Don't bite anybody, dog face!  
Be brave, sugar. Be brave.  
I'll fix you all up.  
I thought you'd like it, Muffy.

I thought you wanted a man.  
I just said that  
to make you jealous.  
I liked your organs  
just the way they were.  
Now... now I won't  
have any organs.  
It'll be like having  
a Barbie-doll crotch.  
When I get through  
with these stitches...  
it'll be close enough  
in my book.  
Careful. This is gonna hurt.  
Will you ever be able  
to love my operation?  
Oh, I'll love it, Mole.  
I'll feel it. I'll love it.  
I'll eat it.  
Just like old times.  
Now, hold it.  
This is gonna hurt.  
Who the hell is that?  
Come in.  
Hi, Your Majesty.  
Holy shit, Mole.  
What happened to you?  
Muffy just gave me an abortion.  
You were pregnant, Mole?  
I wasn't gonna tell anybody,  
but I was raped...  
by those lottery officials  
when I picked up my money.  
Men are such cunts.  
Men, women, they're all OK  
with me as long as they're nude.  
All that sunshine must've  
rotted your brain, Shina.  
Yeah, there's nothing  
more disgusting than a nude man.  
How many times  
I gotta tell you...  
men are genetic rejects,  
and all that gristle...

they got hanging down  
between their legs...  
was God's first big mistake...  
and us woman have been  
paying for it ever since.  
What is she doing  
in my home, anyway?  
Be easy on her, Mole.  
She's been through hell.  
When we found her, she was  
regurgitating in the street.  
Her mother the hog  
had her gang-raped.  
The poor thing's  
had a terrible time.  
You know that Gravel woman  
you were hanging out with?  
She works for the Queen now.  
She shot Coo-Coo up  
with a rabies potion.  
I'm not surprised. That snotty  
little social climber.  
I knew I should've  
fractured her skull.  
Can I get you anything, Coo-Coo?  
Are you infectious, honey?  
I don't know.  
My saliva tastes funny,  
and I itch a lot.  
Under the circumstances, we'll  
have to ask you to refrain...  
from using our kitchen utensils.  
I won't breathe on anything.  
I promise.  
But please help me  
kill my mother!  
How's Project Rabies  
coming along, Peggy?  
I feel just like Jonas Salk.  
Tomorrow is the first day  
of mass immunization...  
or at least that's what  
the morons of Mortville think.  
Won't it be funny when they

start collapsing on the street?  
It'll be like walking  
through a human sewer.  
I hope I get a chance...  
to kick every one of 'em  
right in the head...  
just as they gasp  
for their last breath.  
It'll be beautiful.  
A symphony of death rattles.  
History will not forget  
this holiday of death.  
Come on, girls. Now, be quiet.  
Muffy? Come on.  
Hey, Officer Cutie Pie?  
There's someone  
down here to see you.  
What do you want, slut?  
Oh, I'm just looking  
for a little fun.  
Can I come up and see  
the inside of your bedroom?  
I've had a hard-on for  
this bitch for a long time.  
You know you horny pigs...  
aren't supposed to come  
cruising round the castle.  
But, Officer, you're so cute  
I just couldn't resist.  
You're a shapely little mama,  
aren't ya?  
One down, girls!  
Score, Muffy!  
Be quiet. Quietly, now.  
Shut up!  
Eat lead, motherfuckers!  
Have we got 'em, girls?  
What was that, Your Majesty?  
It's probably the dumb soldiers  
playing Russian Roulette.  
I'll go check it out,  
Your Highness.  
Who is it? Who's out here?  
Hold it right there,

you royal asshole!  
Get out of my chambers,  
lesbians!  
Hey, you are through  
giving orders, meatball!  
You've humiliated us  
for the last time, warthog!  
Let me bite her.  
Let me sink my fangs  
into her fat little legs.  
Go right ahead, honey.  
Give her the chomp of life.  
Get away, child. Listen to me.  
I'm your mother.  
I'm warning you!  
Oh, thank heavens.  
You've rescued me.  
I thought I'd never  
get out of here alive.  
Oh, come off it,  
pretty little Peggy.  
I hope you're ready for  
your debutante party in Hell...  
because  
that's where you're going!  
You wouldn't kill a sister!  
Yes, we would!  
How about it, girls?  
Should we give our "sister"  
a little rectal reminder...  
that we don't like  
social climbers in Mortville?  
- I'm gonna blow your bowels out!  
- Go ahead!  
A single gunshot can never  
destroy the beauty of fascism.  
You're so low...  
you make white trash  
look positively top drawer.  
Blow it out your ass!  
You filthy muff divers  
will pay for this!  
Shut your fucking mouth!  
No dyke gives me orders.

Oh, yeah, Queenie?  
Well, how does this grab you?  
Royal proclamation number one...  
kiss my ass!  
You heard the new Queen.  
Kiss it!  
That's more like it, peon!  
How about it, girls?  
I think this town deserves  
a little feast to celebrate...  
this great day of independence.  
We got ourselves the biggest  
turkey in the world!  
So, why not eat her?  
Cook her and eat her!  
Attention  
all Mortville residents!  
Queen Carlotta is dead!  
Your days of humiliation  
have come to an end.  
To celebrate  
this joyous occasion...  
I invite you to join me  
in a victory feast...  
in honor of our  
newly-found independence.  
Let the ring of freedom  
be heard all over this land!  
Mortville is at last  
a free city!  
The Queen is dead!