

Birdcage

Armand: Albert! Will you listen?

Albert: Go away. I hate you! I never want to see you again. My heart is breaking.

Armand: Please, don't cry, it's ok. You can stay.

Albert: I won't stay where I'm not wanted, where I can be thrown out on a whim without legal rights.

Armand: I have the palimony papers.

Albert: You're lying again. This is too much for me, too much ugliness, too much pain. Feel my pulse, am I all right?

Armand: My goodness, it's very fast. Let's get you out of the sun. Waiter! Water!

Waiter: Right away.

Albert: It's the end, I know it is.

Armand: No, it isn't, just breathe.

(The waiter comes and pour water)

Armand: Thank you, Rodrigo, and the usual.

Waiter: Right away, Senor Goldman.

Armand: (putting a cold towel on Al's neck) There you go.

Albert: Thank you, that's better.

Armand: This is not about you. The girl's parents are assholes, Val is crazy about you.

Albert: Is he? Oh, that helps. (Armand puts cold towel on AL's neck again) Oh, you are so sweet, that water is so cool. Maybe it is a bit too much to introduce me as his mother on the first visit. Can you say I was a visiting relative? Val's uncle? Uncle Al?

Armand: What's the point? To be Val's gay uncle?

Albert: I could play is straight.

Armand: Oh, please, look at you, at how you hold your glass, look at your pinky, your posture.

Albert: 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.

Armand: These conservatives don't care if you're a pig, just if you're a fag.

(Waiter brings in salad and sandwich.)

Armand: 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.

Albert: Oh, Armand, really?

Armand: Absolutely, We've got five hours.

(Albert picks up his glass to drink, his pinky up.)

Armand: First, get your pinky down. It's up again. And your posture!

Albert: My god! Are you crazy? What are you doing?

Armand: Stop screaming. I'm teaching you to act like a man.

Albert: All right, all right.

Armand: It's a diner party, let's work with food. Spread some mustard on the toast (Albert does so with a small spoon). Don't use the spoon. And don't dribble dots of mustard. You take you knife, and you smear (He demonstrates this to Al). Men SMEAR.

Albert: Smear, Yeah.

Armand: Get the goddam pinky down! Make your finger like iron. Stop trembling. Hold the knife boldly, with strength.

Albert: Oh, God! I pierced the toast!

Armand: 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. (He throws a piece of toast away)

Albert: "Albert, you pierced the toast, so what" (he throw a piece of toast away). Of course, there 's no need to get hysterical. All I have to remember is, I can always get more toast.

Armand: That's the spirit. Let's try walking.

Albert: Holding the sandwich?

Armand: It doesn't matter, just walk.

(Albert drinks water from glass, his pinky up.)

Armand: Down!!!

(Albert gets up to walk.)

Albert: Too swishy?

Armand: Let me give you an image. It's a cliché, but it's an image: John Wayne.

Albert: Couldn't we start with someone easier?

Armand: Come on, you're a big fan. He had very distinct walk, very easy to imitate. And if anyone was a man... Now try it. Now just get off your horse and head into the salon.
(Albert picks up his straw hat and put it on his head). Nice Touch.

(Albert walks.)

Albert: Howdy, Ma'am. No good?

Armand: Actually, it's perfect. I never realized John Wayne walked like that.