

EXT. RESTAURANT

ARMAND tries to calm ALBERT down.

ARMAND

This is not because of you. It's because the girl's parents are assholes. Val's crazy about you.

ALBERT

Is he?

ARMAND

Yeah.

ALBERT

Oh, that helps. Oh... you're so sweet.

Armand holds a damp rag to Albert's neck.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

Oh, that water is so cool... maybe, maybe it is too much to introduce me as his mother on the first visit. Could you tell them I was a relative who dropped in? Val's uncle, Uncle Al!

ARMAND

What's the point? You'd be Val's gay uncle Al.

ALBERT

Oh, I could play it straight.

ARMAND

Oh, please.

(Albert takes a drink)

Look at you. Look at the way you're holding your glass. Look at your pinkie. Look at your posture.

ALBERT

What? 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

Albert, these people are right-wing conservatives, they don't care if you're a pig, they just care if you're a fag.

They sit silent for a moment (skip the waiter).

ARMAND (CONT'D)
Aw, fuck 'em! Of course you can pass as an uncle. You're a great performer, I'm a great director. Together we can do almost anything.

ALBERT
Oh, Armand, really?

ARMAND
Absolutely.

ALBERT
Ohhhhhh.

Albert picks up his glass and takes a drink.

ARMAND
We've got five hours. All right, first... get your pinkie down, it's up again. All right... and your posture.

Armand tries to straighten Albert's posture.

ALBERT
(like a little girl)
Oh! Oh my God!!! Are you crazy?
What are you doing?

Albert keeps whining.

ARMAND
I'm getting you to act like a man. All right, all right. Now this is a dinner party; let's work with food.

Armand opens up a tiny jar of mustard.

ARMAND (CONT'D)
Spread some mustard on the toast.

Albert tries.

ARMAND (CONT'D)
Don't use the spoon and don't dribble little dots of mustard.

ALBERT
No?

ARMAND
No. You take your knife... and you smear. Men smear.

Albert feigns a tough voice.

ALBERT
Smear.

ARMAND
That's it. Yeah.

ALBERT
Yeah.

Armand watches him smear.

ARMAND
Get the God damned pinkie down!

He slaps Albert's hand. Albert continues his girly vocal objections.

ARMAND (CONT'D)
Make your fingers like I am, all right? Stop trembling. Hold the knife boldly with strength.

Albert pokes all the way through the toast.

ALBERT
Oh! No... no, I pierced the toast!

ARMAND
So what? The important thing to remember is not to go to pieces when that happens. You have to react like a man. Calmly. You have to say to yourself "Albert, you pierced the toast." So what?

Armand tosses a piece of toast over his shoulder.

ARMAND (CONT'D)
It's not the end of your life. Try another one.

Albert tries, more successfully, to sound masculine.

ALBERT
Albert, you pierced the toast.
(tosses the toast)
So what?

A realization! He grabs Armand's hand.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

You're right! There's no need to get hysterical. All I have to remember is that I can always get more toast.

ARMAND

That's the spirit! All right... let's try walking.

ALBERT

Holding a sandwich?

ARMAND

It doesn't matter, just walk.

Albert gathers himself. He stands and walks. It's super gay. He returns to Armand.

ALBERT

Too swishy?

Armand ponders... the walk is going to be tough to fix.

ARMAND

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

ALBERT

Oh, God, couldn't we start with someone easier?

ARMAND

Come on, you're a big fan. He's got a very distinctive walk, very easy to imitate. And if anyone was a man... now try it. Just get off your horse, and head into the saloon.

Albert puts on a hat... a woman's gardening hat.

ARMAND (CONT'D)

Nice touch.

Albert does his best John Wayne walk... a very gay John Wayne. He stops to say hello to a woman.

ALBERT

Howdy ma'am.

He returns to Armand.

ALBERT (CONT'D)

No good?

ARMAND

Actually? It's perfect. I just
never realized John Wayne walked
like that.

END SCENE