

Pink Flamingos Script - Dialogue Transcript

Voila! Finally, the **Pink Flamingos script** is here for all you quotes spouting fans of the John Waters movie starring Divine. This script is a transcript that was painstakingly transcribed using the screenplay and/or viewings of Pink Flamingos. I know, I know, I still need to get the cast names in there and I'll be eternally tweaking it, so if you have any corrections, feel free to [drop me a line](#). You won't hurt my feelings. Honest.

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Pink Flamingos Script

Hello, moviegoers.

This is Mr. Jag...

speaking to you

for Dreamland Studios.

This beautiful mobile home

you see before you...

is the current hideout of

the notorious beauty Divine...

the filthiest person alive.

Because of this cover story...

in one of your sleazier

national tabloids...

she has been forced

to go underground...

disguising her appearance...

and adopting the alias
of Babs Johnson.

With her live her trusted
traveling companion Cotton...

her delinquent son Crackers...

and her mentally ill mother
Miss Edie.

Let's take a peek inside.

It's : .

Babs, Babs.
Why isn't the eggman here?

I'm starving to death
for some eggs.

Please, Babs,

come in and give me some eggs.

I'm coming, Mama. I'm coming.

You can hold on.

Cotton, Cotton.

Babs won't give me my eggs.

Cotton, please come in here
and give me my eggs.

Be in in a minute, Edie.
Don't you worry.

I'll fry you up some, honey.

Eggs!

Good morning, Mama.

I bet you're hungry.

Oh, Babs, I'm starving to death.

Hasn't that eggman come yet?

I love that eggman so much.

No, he hasn't come yet, Mama,
but we still have some eggs.

I'll put some on for you.

Did you sleep well?

Oh, Babs, I slept so well.

Where did you get this train?

Did you sleep
in the caboose last night?

How did you know I love trains?

It's not a train, Mama.

It's our new mobile home,
and I sleep in the other room.

We all have our own rooms
this time...

me, you, and Cotton.

And Crackers has that nice
little shed right out back...

so he can have his friends in
whenever he likes...

without waking us up.

Isn't it wonderful?

Now, you just sit tight...

and I'll fry you up

Over light today, Mama?

Oh, no, Babs, no.

It's sunny out today.

I want them sunny-side up.

You know how I like them, Babs.

I know how
you like them, Mama.

I'll be right back.

Across town, located in
the teeming metropolis...

known as downtown Baltimore...

live Connie and Raymond Marble,
two jealous perverts...

that hate Divine's
fame and notoriety...

more than anything
in the whole world.

For Connie and Raymond Marble,
it was the beginning of the end.

Well, Miss Sandstone...

after looking over
your qualifications...

my husband and I have decided
that you're not exactly...

what we had in mind
for the job.

Not only have you
never heard of Divine...

which is one
of the key elements...

for this particular job...

but you also seem to show
a lack of general experience.

And to be honest, we feel
you are sort of a dullard.

Why do you say that?
I did everything you asked.

I even found out
who this Divine was.

Too late, too late...

and, naturally, you did
everything I asked, my dear.

You would never have
gotten to this plateau...

of the job placement test.

I mean, surely,
you can see our point.

We're not in a position
to just take anyone.

This is a high-security job,
as you can well imagine...

and we personally just don't
feel that you meet our...

oh, how should I say...

our admittedly sometimes
stringent screening process.

Well, why did you
hold me up for so long?

Why did you keep
asking me to come back?

I had another job
I could've taken.

How could I have gotten
information...

about this Divine you talk of?

I don't know her.

You could've given me
some lead as to how...

I could've gathered this data
you wanted about her.

You led me to believe
I had this job.

Well, Miss Sandstone...

Miss, uh, Sandy Sandstone...

you just must've been wrong in
your assumptions, weren't you?

I mean, surely,
you've heard the expression...

"Don't count your chickens."

Well, apply it.

I never gave you a final answer

on this whole thing...

and, as far as you believing
that you had the job...

well, I've never even
considered...

that you would be the applicant
that we would choose.

You don't know enough.

I mean, I wish everyone
was like you...

and had never heard of Divine...

but, unfortunately,
it just isn't like that.

Now, if you wouldn't mind...

I do have a busy day
ahead of me.

There's really nothing
left to discuss.

Well, what am I
supposed to do now?

That's what I'd like to know.

You can eat shit for all
I care, Miss Sandstone...

or eat anything that you like
or do anything that you like.

Just don't assume that I want
to know your troubles.

Now, if you wouldn't mind,
I'm a busy woman...

with a full day's work
ahead of me.

Please remove yourself
from my office.

You're a real cunt,
do you know that?

A real fucking cunt!

How can you be
so shitty to people?

How can you stand yourself?

I guess there's just two kinds
of people, Miss Sandstone...

my kind of people and assholes.

It's rather obvious
which category you fit into.

Have a nice day.

Eat the bird, bitch!

You ready, Ma?

You ready yet?

I'm ready, darling.

Just let me say good-bye
to Mama and Cotton.

I'll be out in a minute, honey.

OK, Ma, but get the lead
out of your ass...

or I'll be late for my date.

All right.

Yes, won't I be late
for my date?

You are gonna love my date.

You'll like her as much as I do.

I'm going to bring her
back real soon...

for you all to enjoy.

What do you mean,
Humpty Dumpty was an egg?

How could a person
be an egg, Cotton?

How could a person
be an egg?

Well, he had little legs
and little arms...

and he could walk
and talk and all...

just like a person.

Only he was an egg--

a little egg, all dressed up.

Tell it to me again, Cotton.

You should be learning it
by now, Edie.

Now, listen carefully.

Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall.

Humpty Dumpty had a great fall.

All the king's horses
and all the king's men...

couldn't put Humpty
together again.

Do you get it, Edie?
Do you understand?

Tell me some more
egg stories, Cotton.

Please tell me
some more stories.

I'm on my way.

You sure are dressed up, Babs.

You look real pretty.

Oh, thank you, Cotton.

Why, a girl can never tell...

who she might run into
when she's downtown.

Why, I'm all dressed up
and ready to fall in love.

I kind of wish
I was going out, too...

but I think Crackers...

is bringing
his lady friend out here...

and I don't want to miss that.

It's usually a pretty good show.

Oh, I know.

You can go into town
the next time I go.

It's just those errands
I have to run.

Besides,
you and Crackers will have...

a pretty good time right here.

That little shed's just perfect.

I know it, Babs.

It'll be the first time
we've had anyone out here...

and I can't wait to see
how it works.

I hope she doesn't
give us any trouble.

Oh, I wouldn't worry about that.

Crackers has a pretty good eye
for what he likes.

Just say a little prayer
that I find a little something.

Why, I haven't fallen in love
for three whole days.

I'm just itching
to find somebody...

with a little imagination.

Eye-bye, Babs.

Mother, you do not have
to raise your voice...

and you don't have to yell.

We're all right here.

We can all hear you.

I do have to yell.

I'm starving to death...

and that eggman

ain't going to come...

and I know it.

You know he never comes

until later, Mother.

She'll be all right.

Go on, Babs.

She'll be all right.

Won't you, Mama?

You want some hard-boiled
eggs to nibble on...

while you're waiting?

Yes, I bet you do.

Bye, Babs.

Don't forget the party food.

Crackers, I'm ready!

Let's go, Mama.

I'm late for my date.

But, honey, how will you ever
get back out here from downtown?

We'll hitch probably, Ma.

It ain't hard.

Just let me off
at the Edda Gown Shop.

That's where I'm supposed
to meet the little lady.

We'll get back somehow.

I just hope she's ready
for a little action.

Oh, honey, I know what you mean.

Why, I wouldn't mind
finding a little action myself.

But then, you shouldn't
have too much trouble...

with your date--

that is, if she has
anything on the ball.

Just hope she likes
to experiment...

you know what I mean?

A little sweet talking

goes a long, long way.

Give me your hand, honey.

Channing!

Jesus Christ.

Are they here yet?

Yes, they've been waiting.

Well, show them in.

Mrs. Marble will see you now.

Come on, Merle,
she's ready to see us.

I'm coming, I'm coming.

Hi, Miss Marble.

We've been so excited
about this all week...

me and Merle.

We can hardly sleep at night...

just waiting to see
little Noodle's face.

And, shit, we usually
sleep pretty good.

Me and Annette is really gonna
have to settle down...

once we get Noodles home.

It's going to be a lot different
with a baby around.

Yes, well, as I said...

Mr. Marble and I

that you will get Noodles...

but, first, have a seat...

so I can just briefly
recheck your application.

Don't say anything, all right?

Just don't say a word.

When are you going
to get her out of here?

Come on, little Noodles,
you just found a new home.

That's real nice!

Poor fucking Alice
dies giving birth...

you can't even bother
to move the body...

and now the bitch
has sold the kid!

Poor baby!

And you, you little suckling...

can't even get me
my tranquilizers!

You shithead,
where are my pills?

That bitch can afford it.

She's got another couple grand
coming for this one.

Can't she at least
give me my fucking pills?

I said don't talk to me
when I come down here.

I don't give a fuck
what you said, you fucking pig!

Get this body out of here!

It's making me sick!

When are they gonna

get another one?

What poor girl

will they get next?

I know they're gonna

get another one.

Just like when I came here,

I replaced somebody, didn't I?

You fucking little dingleberry!

That's what you're like,

you fucking ball of shit!

I said shut up!

Just shut up and don't talk

to me when I come down here!

Oh, look how pretty she is.

Wait a minute, wait a minute.

Connie, do they get this?

Yes, they do, Chan.

Look how pretty she is.

Oh, Merle, I'm so happy.

And, baby,
if you're happy, I'm happy...

'cause that's what
I'm living for--

you, me, and now,
little Noodles.

Thank you, Miss Marble.

Without you, we never
would've been this happy.

You are a wonderful,
wonderful person.

Thank you.

Well, thank you, ladies.

If it wasn't for you, I wouldn't
be in this business...

and that's all I care about
is satisfying my customers...

and making sure
that the babies...

are placed in good homes.

Thank you.

Bye-bye, now.

We'll see who's
the filthiest person alive.

We'll just see!

And where is that Raymond?

Where is he?

How could he leave me alone...

when there's so much
to be taken care of?

Please come home, Raymond.

I need you so badly.

Can you hurry, driver?
I'll be late for my appointment.

I'm going as fast as I can,
lady, without breaking the law.

Greymeadow, right?

That's what I said, wasn't it?

. . .

You can shove . . . hack!

Why, hello, Cookie.

I do hope you're hungry.

I could go for a sandwich.

Bologna.

Well...

I'll get right to the point.

I can get you information
about Divine.

Lots of information, I think,
if things go well today.

I have a date
with her son Crackers.

Well, this is, of course,
an encouraging development.

This is an important
assignment, Cookie.

We could all benefit--

you, financially...

and, Raymond and I...

well, our social standing
is involved to a great degree.

I may have to degrade myself
in front of Divine's son.

He's into a very strange
sex scene.

I'm going to have to put up

with unheard of atrocities...

in order to pump the information
you need out of him.

But, first, I have to know
exactly what you want to know...

because my so-called date
is this afternoon.

Well, Cookie, as you know...

Divine has achieved
a sort of fame lately...

both locally
and on the national level.

You may have heard the term,
"the filthiest person alive."

I have heard the term, yes.

The papers call her that...

and she is known as that
to a limited extent...

in your more crime-conscious
sections of the city.

Well, we feel this to be
an untrue statement.

We feel that Raymond
and I far surpass her...

in every aspect
of the term "filth."

As you know, we run a baby ring.

Oh, it's really
a very simple process.

We keep two girls
at all times...

who are impregnated
by Channing...

our rather fertile servant.

We sell the babies
to lesbian couples...

and then we invest the money...

in various businesses
around town.

We own a few
pornography shops...

plus, we front money
to a chain of heroin pushers...

in the inner city
elementary schools.

We feel that the attention...

that's been focused
on Divine lately...

is most unfair.

She is merely a common thief
and murderer.

Unfortunately, for us,
our line of work...

limits our chances
for publicity and travel...

but this does not mean
that we wish to go unnoticed.

After all, we've not
worked all these years...

in order to be upstaged
by this fat hog...

that calls herself Divine.

So we must catch her
off guard, you see...

before she realizes
she is being attacked.

We need information
as to how they live...

where they live,
how many people, their names...

their daily schedules
for the week.

In other words...

we want to know how
we can plague her the most...

how we can make her life
as miserable as possible...

how we can prove to her...

that she is shit
compared to us--

shit compared to the filth
that we have in our minds...

shit compared to what we know
to be the filthiest delight.

Well, does Crackers know
that his so-called date...

is actually a spy
sent by the Marbles?

This is my grandma Edie.

What's the matter with her?

What's the matter with her?

There ain't nothing
the matter with her.

She's just my grandma,
that's all.

Why are those eggs
all over her face?

I guess she was just hungry,
that's all.

You see, she sort of
has some problems.

Nothing serious, but, you know--

I mean, she just loves eggs...

always has.

Sit tight. I'll go see
if Miss Cotton's up yet.

She's here, Miss Cotton,
she's here.

It shouldn't be long now
before I get it going.

That is, if she cooperates,
and she will.

Oh, Crackers, I'm so excited.

I've just been
sitting right here...

ever since you left.

What's she like?

Does she have a nice body?

What are you going to do
for me today, honey?

It's something
I haven't seen, I hope.

Miss Cotton, I got
something in mind today...

I never, ever tried before,
something very exciting for me.

My little chicken's going to be
in the show today, Cotton--

me and some nice
juicy plump chickens.

I need this so bad, Crackers.

Make it better

than you did last time.

What was the matter with that?

You said you liked that show.

Oh, I did, I did.

It's just that you were so
fucking beautiful in that one...

that now I want more.

I got to see more, Crackers--

more than what I've
already seen.

Can we have some blood
in this one?

Just a little bit?

And take your clothes off
slower, slower...

and don't let her ruin it!

Miss Cotton,
you're gonna dig this one.

It's going to be better
than anything I ever did before.

I can feel my blood,
all through my body.

You know I only do it for you.

It's only you watching
that gets me off, you know that.

I'll make it special today,
I promise.

Please be careful
not to touch me.

-Please be careful.
-I ain't touching you!

Oh, hi, pretty little face.

Pretty little face
you got there.

Hello, I'm Cookie.

I understand you're Edie...

Crackers' grandmother.

Edie, sweetie Edie.

Is Babs back from shopping
for the birthday party?

I'm gonna go.

I got a party dress, you know.

When is the party?

Oh, Babs' birthday.

Are you the eggman?

Well, no.

No, I'm not.

Where's Crackers' mother?

Oh, she's calling
all the people...

to invite them to the party...

and I'm gonna go.

Well, I see you're up, Granny.

Miss Cookie,
this is Miss Cotton.

She's one of my roommates here.

Charmed, I'm sure.

Hello, Cookie.

You sure are
a fine-looking young woman.

Crackers has told me about you.

Why don't you show her the shed?

You'll like it out there.
It's so private.

Oh, I'd love to see it.

Do you sleep in here, Cotton?

Of course I do, next to Babs.

I couldn't sleep anywhere else.

Come on, Cookie,
I'll go show you my chickens.

Oh, you have chickens?

I love little chickies.

Hold it!

Chicken.

Hold it! Right there!

Hold it!

Hold these
goddamn chickens!

Chickens! God!

Don't!

Chickens!
All these chickens!

Fuckin' chickens!

These fuckin' things hurt!

These--

Oh, God! You're crazy.

Eggman! Eggman!

Anybody home?

Cotton! Cotton! I'm in here!

I hear the eggman!

In here! In here, Mr. Eggman!

Eggs! Eggs!

Oh, help! God! God!

In here! In here!

In here, Mr. Eggman!

Here I am !

Come on!

The eggman! The eggman!

Hello, Edie.

How's my little princess today?

Mr. Eggman!

Mr. Eggman, we're havin'
a party for Babs on Thursday.

We'd like you to come
as Edie's date.

Well, I would be
honored to attend...

especially with such
a beautiful date.

And now, Edie,
what will it be today?

I have grade "A" extra large.

I have grade "A" large.

I have medium. I have small.

I have brown, and I have white.

Why, look. Just look at these.

So fresh,
you could hardly believe it.

Why, they're just beggin'
to be scrambled or fried...

or poached or hard-boiled...

or all around ready to be thrown
into a big, fat, juicy omelet.

How 'bout it, Edie?

What'll it be for the lady
that the eggs like the most?

I want them all!

I'll have the brown ones...

and those
great big white ones...

and I'll have those over there.

And I want some for frying
and for scrambling...

and for hard-boiled for snacks.

Oh, God, and I'll have
those over there.

All right, Edie,
we'll buy 'em all for you.

How's that? We'll buy 'em all.

Oh, Cotton,
you make me so happy...

you and the eggman.

Please, Mr. Eggman...

please don't ever quit your job.

I'll always need--want eggs,
always and always and always.

Miss Edie, as long
as there are chicken layin'...

and truck drivin',
and my feet walkin'...

you can be sure...

that I will bring you
the finest of the fine...

the largest of the large,
and the whitest of the white.

In other words...

that thin-shelled ovum
of the domestic fowl...

will never be safe...

as long as there
are chicken layin'...

and I'm alive
because I am your eggman...

and there ain't
a better one in town.

Oh, Mr. Eggman.

Nothing but these fucking
jerk-off hippies...

on the road today.

Where are their
little pig girlfriends?

God, I get so tired
of just driving around...

driving around.

Here's one up ahead.

Pull over!

She looks real good.

She'll do just fine.

Thanks.

Have a seat.

Thank you.

Hi. Wow, where'd you
get this beautiful car?

At a car dealer.

Where did you think?

Where you going?

Just downtown.

Anywhere near Howard Street.

Oh, meeting someone?

Who?!

My boyfriend and
a couple other guys. Why?

Going to a gang-bang
or something?

What?
Hey, what's with you two?

We just wondered
where you were planning...

to spread your V.D. today,
that's all, hussy.

Hey, I don't think

that's necessary.

You don't?

Well, how would you like
to fuck my chauffeur?

He's got a real
horse dick on him.

Hey, Connie!

Hey, come on!
Just let me out here!

This is fine right up here!

Why do you want to get out here?
This isn't downtown.

We're nowhere near downtown.

What's the matter, you afraid
it ain't big enough for ya?

Cut it out!

Just let me out here, please!

You'd better sit back.

Give me the rag.

Get the fuck off of me!

Please!

There. She's out now.

I have a new friend for you.

Already?

You got one already?

Why is she asleep?

Or is she dead?

Did you just kill her?

Where did they get her?

Where'd they get this one?

Hitchhiking, just like you were.

Doesn't pay to hitchhike
these days, does it?

And I guess you're gonna
fuck her now, is that it?

Right in front of me!

The poor girl.

The poor girl has to fuck you.

Thank God I don't remember it!

Thank God you spared me
at least that!

I have a surprise
for you this time.

I don't even have to touch her.

How'd you get out of
that part of the job?

Did your boss finally decide
someone else would do it?

Who? Her slimy boyfriend?

Is she going to let that fag
do it in front of me?

That whore.

Oh, no. This is a surprise
for Connie and Raymond, too.

I have it all figured out
this time.

I don't even have to touch her.

Why'd you have to touch me?

How could I have a child by you?

What a repulsive thought!

You pig, you animal!

How could you keep doing this?

Oh, my God! What are you doing?!

Why are you doing that
in front of me?

Stop it, you asshole!

Oh, how vile can you be?!

Shut up! Shut up!

You'll see. Just shut up.

I swear I'm gonna
throw up on you, Chan.

I swear I'm gonna puke
if you don't stop doing that!

Turn your head
if it makes you sick!

Don't watch!

Think of how sick
it made me to touch you!

And now...this one...

You repulsive pig!

You hate her so much
you get her pregnant this way?

Oh, my God! Stop it!

Stop it, you filthy animal!

Stop it!

Shit. I'll get it.

Just let me finish you off.

It may be Cookie.

Come on, you're almost there!

But it's probably Cookie
with the information.

Answer it, then.

Answer it!

Marbles' residence.

Mr. Marble? This is Cookie.

No, no. I'm all right.

I'm back at my mother's.

I was afraid to come
directly there.

I thought maybe
they'd be following me.

Look, I have to have

my money immediately.

Of course you'll get
your stool-pigeon money.

Why on earth
are you so suspicious?

Well, naturally I'm going
to question you about the money.

You've no idea of what I
went through today...

to get you that information.

And you did call yourselves
""the filthiest people alive.""

Well, what kind of credit rating
do you think that is?

We need that information
immediately...

so that we can prepare...

our little surprise
for that slut.

Hold on a minute, Cookie.

She's afraid we won't pay her
if she tells us now.

Why? Isn't she coming here
like she said she would?

Let me talk to her.

Cookie, this is Mrs. Marble.

What is this nonsense
about the money?

Of course we will pay you.

Look, I'll tell you
everything...

but you have to meet me
right away with the money...

all of it in \$ bills.

We'll meet you at Harry's
Little Sub Shop on th Street.

You name the time.

All right, Cookie now give us
the information immediately.

How do we even know
you were there?

Oh, I was there
all right, Mr. Marble.

Divine is living under the name
of Babs Johnson.

Babs Johnson.

Babs Johnson.
Oh, what a stupid, fucking name.

She sounds like a chimpanzee
on a tire swing.

She's living in a trailer
in Phoenix, Maryland.

Who does she live with?

Her mother.

She lives with her mother...

and her mother
sleeps in a playpen.

Like a baby?
Oh, God, how heartwarming.

And her son
and her traveling companion.

Birthday? A party? When?

Oh, how perfect.

Oh, that pig will never
get away with it.

Never, never, never!

It'll be her most
embarrassing birthday.

Mr. Marble, I should be there
in about twenty minutes.

You'd better be there...

or I'm gonna tell Crackers
everything about you two.

Thank you, Cookie.

At last our plan can begin.

Are you ready
for phase one, Raymond?

Oh, God.

At last we can show her.

At last we can put our plan into
effect.

I only wish
I could see her face--

her fat little face--
when she realizes...

that there is indeed
someone filthier than her.

She can eat
the cover of "Midnight."

She can eat all her publicity...

in front of her rotten
little party guests.

Is her present ready?

Yes. I've had it
for several months now, Connie.

Look. Here it is.

I've had it for almost
a year now, all ready.

Special delivery.

Phase one--the filthiest gesture
in the world.

Her little surprise package.

Do you think she'll like
our little gesture, Connie?

Do you think she'll appreciate
our little gift?

For over a year now
this has been only a dream...

only a prayer...

but we have her address now.

It is a reality.

She will realize soon.

She will know soon.

Connie...at last!

The battle of filth shall begin!

I love you, Raymond!

I love you more than anything
in this whole world.

I love you even more
than my own filthiness...

more than my hair color.

Oh, God.

I love you more than the sound
of bones breaking...

the sounds of death rattle!

Even...even more
than my own shit...

do I love you, Raymond!

And...and I, Connie,
also love you...

more than anything that
I could ever imagine.

More than my hair color!

More than the sound
of babies crying...

of dogs dying.

Even more than the thought
of original sin itself.

Oh, I am yours, Connie,
eternally united to you...

through an invisible cord

of finely woven filth...

that even God himself
could never, ever break.

That old black magic
got me in its spell

Old black magic
that you weave so well

icy fingers
up and down my spine

Theme of witchcraft
that once was mine

Way to thaw

Round, round, round I go

Down, down, down I go

In that spin,
that fabulous spin that I'm in

Under that old black magic
called love

Cotton, dinner's on!

Crackers, dinner's ready!

Well! You're looking
pretty chipper, Mama.

How was that eggman today?

Oh, Babs, he's gonna come
to the party as my date.

And Cotton bought me
so many eggs today.

Look at these.

So many little eggies.
And I'm still starving.

And I'm going to eat them all
before I go to sleepy.

Good.

Smells delicious, Babs!

Thank you, Cotton. It should.

I warmed it up
when I was downtown today...

in my own little oven.

Babs, where do eggs come from?

From little chickens, Mama.

They lay them, and we eat them.

But suppose someday
there weren't any chickens.

Would that mean
there wouldn't be any eggs?

Oh, I don't think you have
to worry about that, Mama.

But...but is it true, Babs?

If there weren't any chickens,
there wouldn't be any eggs?

Is that true?

I suppose so, Mama...

but there will
always be chickens.

You can be sure of that.

But suppose someday it happens.

Suppose someday
there weren't any chickens.

Oh, Babs,
what could I possibly do?

And then the eggman
wouldn't have--

he wouldn't have a job.

It might happen, Babs.

What could I do?

Now, Mama,
that's just egg paranoia.

I think you're being very silly.

There will always be chickens.

Why, there are
so many chickens now...

that we can eat some
and let some of them live...

in order
to supply us with eggs.

Chickens are plentiful, Mama.

The world will never
be without chickens.

You can be sure of that.

Afternoon, Ma.

Hi, honey.

Aren't they good?

Who could that be?

I'll be right behind you, Ma.

Answer it.

It might not be nothin'.

It's a fucking mailman.

A mailman?

What kind of shit is that?

There ain't no address here.

I'll take care of it.

Mother, shut up.

Crackers, cover me.

Cotton, take that gun.

You know how to use it
if you have to.

Right between the eyes.

Miss Babs Johnson?

Yes, I'm Babs Johnson.

Special delivery package, ma'am.

Sign here, please.

What do you mean,

special delivery package?

There's no address here.

Says right here...

"Babs Johnson, a trailer,
Phoenix, Maryland."

And you are Babs Johnson,
aren't you?

Of course I'm Babs Johnson.
I just told you that.

But there is no address here.

This is not on any road,
route, or street...

and I don't want
people on my property...

so don't ever
bring mail here again.

Do you understand?

And the next package
you bring me...

is gettin' shoved right
up your little ass.

Can you comprehend that?

I understand.

I comprehend. I understand.

Now you've received
some new training...

as you call it...

and you'd better remember it.

So you have exactly
fifteen seconds...

to get off of my property,
motherfucker...

before I break
your goddamn neck.

-- ...

-- ...

-- ...

-- .

Run, you bastard, run!

Good work, Babs.

He ran just like a jackrabbit.

That was a person, Ma,
I'm sure of that.

Least it wasn't no porker.

I thought for sure
it was the cops.

Who could've sent me
this package?

Who would dare send me
a package like this?

The return address is
'"The Filthiest People Alive.'"

Who would dare use that title?
Who would dare?!

Wrapped all fancy.

It's just a birthday present,
Babs.

No, it's no birthday present,
Cotton.

I smell deep, dark trouble.

Oh, my God Almighty!

Someone has sent me
a bowel movement!

Oh, Babs!

A turd, Mama, a turd!

Who could've sent this?

A turd?

Oh, a turd! Oh, Babs!

This is a direct attack
on my divinity...

a direct attack
on the peace and harmony...

of our last few weeks here...

an outrageous attempt...

to humiliate and disgrace
my private life!

Someone will pay for this.

Someone will pay with their life
for this grossly offensive act!

Mama, nobody sends you a turd
and expects to live. Nobody!

Why would anybody
do this to us? Why?

Look. Look, here's a card.

Read it, Cotton.

It's a birthday card,
a fucking birthday card!

Well, what does it say?!

Oh, God, Babs.

"Happy birthday, fatso."

"You are no longer
the filthiest person alive.

"We are."

Signed, "The Filthiest
People Alive."

Just as I thought--

a deliberate attempt
to seize my title!

Eggman didn't do it, Babs.

I know the eggman didn't do it.

I don't think he did,
either, Mother.

Now, shut up
and let me think, will you?

That Cookie was asking
questions, Crackers.

I heard her.

She's right, Ma. She's right.

But why would she
send us a turd?

Who knows? Who knows?

These are obviously
jealous people--

jealous of our careers,
of all of our press.

Why else would they sign that
""The Filthiest People Alive""?

Everyone knows that that title
has become my trademark.

Why, to use it in this way...

is only to insinuate that
they are filthier than I.

How could anyone
seriously believe that?

How could anyone
be filthier than Divine?

I'm afraid
our little vacation...

must come to an end.

This must be nipped in the bud.

It's already out of hand.

Now we must outfilth...

the asshole or assholes
that sent this.

And then they must die!

Connie and Raymond Marble...

while you are away,
the servants will play.

Well, Miss Sandstone...

after going over
your qualifications...

Mr. Marble and I feel
that you are not exactly...

what we had in mind
for the job.

Not only have you never
heard of Divine...

which is one
of the key elements...

for this particular job...

but you also seem to show
a lack of general experience.

And to be perfectly honest...

we feel that you are
sort of a dullard.

Why isn't Channing here
to take off my coat?

He's getting lazier and lazier
as each day ends, Raymond.

I'll speak to him.

We must remember that Channing
isn't as intelligent as us.

This is a high security job,
as you can well imagine...

and we personally
just don't feel...

that you meet our--
oh, how should I say--

our admittedly sometimes
stringent screening process.

Who on earth is that?

Sounds like Channing.

Well, doing what,
I'd like to know.

I love you, Raymond.

I love you more than
anything in this world.

I love you
more than my own filthiness...

even more
than my own hair color.

More than the sound
of bones breaking...

the sound of the death rattle.

Oh, my.

And I, Connie...

I, Connie, also love you...

more than anything
I could ever imagine...

more than
my own hair color...

more than the sound
of babies screaming...

the sound of dogs dying.

What do you think
you're doing?!

What is the meaning
of this outrage?!

Let me at him !

I've been waiting
to do this for a lifetime!

No, Connie, no!

How do you dare to be
dressed as you are?

How do you dare to be saying
the things we heard you say?

No! Please, listen!

I didn't mean any harm !
Let me go, Connie!

You little asshole.
You'd better start explaining.

How dare you go into
my personal clothes closet...

and get my suit!

And that's my makeup
you have on, isn't it?!

You sneaky little drag queen!

You've been spying on us,
haven't you?

Haven't you, aerial-ears?!

Mimicking my wife's hard work
and her beautiful appearance.

And having the gall
to repeat words...

that Connie and I
spoke confidentially...

words that are guarded
by the holy seal of matrimony!

I can't help it!

I didn't mean any harm !

It was just playing!

"Playing"?

Is that what you
call it, Channing?

Or should I start
calling you "Connie" now?

Is that what you'd like?!

No, Connie! Stop hitting me!

I didn't do anything to you!

I was just here by myself...

and I get feeling funny
when I'm alone!

Those girls are down there,
don't forget!

And I can't stand being
in the same house with them !

If I sit downstairs,
I can hear them screaming...

screaming and crying,
and then I get all nervous.

Then I get these spells!
I don't plan it!

It just happens.

Then I think about my position,
my social standing...

just like you two do,
and I just play!

I just make believe
that I am you!

I know it isn't reality!
I know that I'm really me!

Haven't I been a faithful
servant for two years now?

Haven't I given you
my all in this job?

Oh, you've been faithful,
all right...

faithful in your stupidity,
faithful in your laziness...

faithful in your incompetent
lame-brained attitude!

And now this shockingly
flagrant breach of contract!

We can no longer employ you
here at Channing.

That is obvious.

There will be
a complete inspection...

of all your bags, Channing...

so do not attempt...

to take any of
my clothing with you.

I will also take
a complete inventory...

of all my belongings,
from makeup--

Oh, God!
Right on down to panties!

And, of course,
have everything...

sent to the cleaners
immediately.

God knows what you could've
gotten on my clothes.

Now, go to your room,
Channing...

and stay there
until we summon you!

Please change your minds!

It was only playing!

I won't ever--

Stop that yammering and move.

And don't try anything funny...

or you'll be right down there
with Suzie and Linda.

How would you like that?

Had we known...

we would've given you
a maid's uniform to wear...

instead of a butler's!

Just playing.

I know I'm not you, Connie.

It was just playing.

I didn't mean any harm.

Raymond, I wasn't really spying.

It was just playing.

What will they do with me?

Oh, God,

please make them let me stay.

I'm afraid.

Oh, God, have mercy on me.

Now what are you saying?!

Nothing, Raymond!

Oh, God, nothing!

I wasn't saying anything!

Connie and I

have to go out for a while.

We want to be sure

you stay in your room...

so we're going to lock you in.

Lock me in?

I won't go anywhere, Raymond.

Please.

You shouldn't mind staying

in here, Channing.

It's rather obvious

that you are...

to use vulgar slang...

a closet queen, as they call it.

Raymond, please!

Don't lock me in!

Please! I won't go anywhere!

I'll just stay here
and be me when you're gone!

I won't even think about
being you! Please!

With the shock
of the obscene parcel...

still fresh in their minds...

the trailer residents
bravely go ahead...

with their
birthday celebration...

and the eggman
lets his true feelings...

be known to Edie.

Oh, happy day!

Edie has accepted the eggman's
offer of marriage.

And you mean you'll bring me
fifty eggs a day?

And I can come and visit Babs
and Cotton and Crackers?

And you'll buy me
a new girdle and bra...

and pretty underthings?

I'll make you
the happiest egg-lady ever.

Don't you worry about that.

I love you.

I love you more than anything
in this whole world.

And right after
the party's over...

you and I are gonna take
our first little trip together.

I'm gonna take you to
the largest poultry factory...

on the East Coast.

And then you can eat
and eat and eat...

all the eggs you ever want.

A hundred eggs a day?

You mean I can eat

a hundred eggs?

A thousand if you want 'em.

Oh, I do love you, Mr. Eggman...

even though I do love
my little eggies...

just a little bit better.

But I do love you, Mr. Eggman...

more than any man
I have ever known.

And I, Edie, love you
more than any woman...

I have ever laid eyes on.

And if you love me...

just half as much
as you love them eggs...

then our marriage...

will be just as good
as sealed in heaven.

Operator, give me
the police office, please.

County headquarters.

Phase Three, Raymond.

Phase Three.

Hello. I'd like to report
a lewd and disorderly party.

No. I'm a neighbor,
and it's making me sick.

The sight of such perverts...

guzzling wine and taking dope
right out in the open.

Tell them where it is.

It's on Fillpot Road,
first driveway on the left.

Walk up into the woods...

and it's taking place
in a trailer.

Yes, I believe a woman
does live there...

if you can call her a woman.

She is a whore, Officer.

Well, I feel, when I see
these things going on...

that it's my duty
to report them.

Even with the hectic events
of the day...

Raymond Marble still finds time
to satisfy his perverted urges.

Watch as he
not only commits another act...

of indecent exposure...

but adds
to this social horror...

by making his wife
wait in the car.

Is there no shame?!

That is not the only shock...

you have before you,
Raymond Marble...

because at this exact moment...

Divine has learned
of your jealous scheme...

from the local town gossip.

She also has your address,
asshole!

Connie! Raymond!

They're probably
hiding their asses.

It'd be a prudent move
on their part if they were...

but I could smell them
if they were here.

Come on, let's go upstairs.

Connie, you have company.

We got something here for you.

Their bedroom.

Their fuck chamber itself.

This is where
they mate, Crackers...

right here on this very bed.

This is where they touch...

their uninspired
little organs together...

vainly trying to recharge...

their worn-out battery
of filthiness...

thrashing and moaning
in the still of the night.

What kind of shit
turns them on, Mama?

What do they do in here?

All sorts of
disgusting positions...

I would imagine, Crackers.

Connie probably takes Raymond's
little peanut of a cock...

between her brittle,
chapped lips...

and then scrapes
her ugly, decayed teeth...

up and down on it...

while asshole Raymond
thinks he's getting...

the best head
on the East Coast.

Then they probably sit here...

and stare at each other's
blue and red hair...

while they goose each other
and say dirty words.

Get everything real good, honey.

Get this couch real good.

They probably sit here
and say all sorts...

of banal things to one another.

Why, they may have
even decided...

to send us that turd
on this very sofa.

I'm getting it on, Mama.
Don't you worry.

They think they're filthy.

We'll just see what

the furniture thinks.

Right, Mama? Am I right?

Yes, Crackers, yes.

Don't miss anything.

Should I shit
on the floor, Mama?

Right here in the living room?

No, Crackers, no.

Don't do anything yet.

Just get your saliva glands
going.

Real good.

Juicy.

But is it enough, Mama?

Will it be enough?

Shouldn't we do something
a little filthier...

a little heavier?

Just to be sure.

Oh, we still have
other rooms to go.

The dining room !

This is where they eat,
Crackers.

This is where they shove dirty
little portions of bacteria...

down their weasely
little throats.

This is where they spread
germs, disease, and infection...

gobbling obscene fruits
and vegetables...

all in the name of health.

How disgusting!

Get this table soaking wet.

Oh, Mama, Mama,
this is gonna work.

Our divinity will show through.

It'll show through
all the bullshit...

crammed in this little dwelling.

The house will react, Mama.
It's gonna react real good.

Oh, Crackers.

Oh, Crackers, my baby Crackers.

No house can stand
the two of our venom.

My saliva--

Oh, Crackers, it will work.

Without you,
it wouldn't have been enough.

Oh, my only son, Crackers.

Oh, Mama, Mama.

I just thank God above...

I was lucky enough
to be the soul...

that was placed in my body...

the body of Divine's son...

the body and blood...

of another generation
of divinity.

Oh, Crackers!
My only baby, Crackers...

my own flesh and blood...

my own heritage, my own genes.

Oh, Crackers, let Mama
receive you like communion.

Let Mama make a gift to you...

a gift that only
a mother can make...

a gift so special...

it will curse this house

for years after we're gone.

Oh, Crackers, a gift
of supreme motherhood...

a gift of divinity!

Oh, Mama,
I want to accept your gift.

Oh, Mama, accept it
as a loving son should, Mama.

Oh, Mama,
a son that would kill for you...

steal for you...

even die for you, Mama.

I accept your gift.

I accept it as a loving son
should, Mama.

Yes, Mama, I'm yours,
completely yours.

Oh, Crackers,
prepare to receive...

the most divine gift
a mother can give.

This will clinch it.

This will ruin
this house forever.

That's it. That's it.

Do my balls, Mama!

That's it!

Farther, farther down!

You're the best, the best ever!

I should have known

you'd be better than anyone.

Oh, Crackers!

Somebody else is in here.

But, Mama! Mama!

-Oh, quit that!

-God damn it, Mama!

Zip your pants up!

Somebody else is in the house!

God damn it!

This place ought to

go up like a tinderbox.

Let's spread it everywhere.

God, I love the smell

of gasoline, Raymond.

We are the filthiest

people alive.

As we have always been, Connie.

Oh, revenge, sweet revenge.

I wonder how that
fat cow likes prison.

Probably couldn't fit the sow
into a cell with anybody else.

I wonder how her
party guests like her now.

I wonder how--
if she had a happy birthday.

Let's hurry up
and get out of here.

You know how fire
makes me nervous.

Nonsense, Raymond.
Fire is beautiful...

licking and scorching

everything it touches.

Get some more on here.

Get their bedrooms good.

Who else is in this house?

Where is everyone else hiding?

Just the girls.

Please don't hurt me.

I won't call the police.

You're goddamn right you won't.

Now where are Connie
and Raymond Marble?

They're out.

I swear they went out.

Just the girls are here.

Just the girls in the cellar.

What girls?

The girls they keep
locked up in the cellar.

Please let me go.
Just let me out of this house.

You can do anything you like.

Just please let me out
of this house.

When will the Marbles be back?
Tell us!

I don't know.
I swear I don't know.

They locked me in here
this morning.

They fired me.

Just let me out of this house.

Please, just let me
out of this house.

Come on. We'll go see
about these girls...

you keep talking about.

Oh, please help us.

Oh, please.

What is this?

Oh, please, please help us.

Call the police.

Contact my parents.

Please take this note.
The address is on the back.

What's happened?

Please, tell us what's happened.

Where are Connie

and Raymond Marble?

What is this shit?

How could I know?

I've been locked up here.

I never saw them except

for the day they kidnapped me.

We never see them,

only Channing.

Please help us to escape.

I'll repay you, whoever you are.

I beg of you to free

Linda and I from here.

Please, so I can
have an abortion...

before it's too late.

If you free us,
we will do anything.

Did the Marbles
lock you down here?

Did they do this to you?

Yes. I've been
down here for months...

endless, horror-filled
months in this damn pit...

chained like
a starving animal...

only hoping
that I would be killed...

rather than continue
living like this.

You never see the Marbles?
Never?

No. Only Chan...

this repulsive pervert
you have tied up.

Please, he raped us both
so we'd become pregnant.

The Marbles just sit up there...

waiting for us
to die in childbirth...

and then they sell
the poor babies.

It's been a nightmare.

If you don't free us,
we will die and rot in this pit.

They have no mercy.

Free them, Crackers.

I'll hold him.

Chan's got the key
in his pocket.

No! Let me go!
I didn't do anything.

Shut up, you filthy bastard.

Miss Lady, whoever you are,
don't let him go. Please.

He is our keeper.

He has beaten me many times
and caused me untold misery.

He's one of them !
Don't let him go!

He works for the Marbles.

No. I was only doing my job.

I have no malice
toward either of you.

There you go, honey.

Oh, thank you. Thank you.

Oh, God, I can go home again.

Keep him tied.

There you go, missy,
free as a bird.

Thank you so very much.

Could we chain him?

Do whatever you like.

You can even kill him
if you want to.

Either you do it, or we will,
whichever you prefer.

Oh, let us!

Well, Chan,
the tables turn, don't they?

No, please, Suzie,
I couldn't free you.

I was only doing my job.
Have mercy on me!

Bullshit, Chan!

You could've freed us.

Why didn't you help us escape...

if you felt

no malice towards us?

Bullshit!

You kept us locked up
like slaves, bastard...

and you're gonna pay for it.

I'm gonna cut that big
fat worm right off you.

God, not that!

Hey, jerk off
just one more time, stud...

just one more time.

Hold him.

There. I've got it.

Cut it!

Light it, my darling.

We are the filthiest people
alive.

Fire, fire, burn it down.

Fire, fire, to the ground.

Burn, you fucker!

Burn!

Let's hurry up
and get out of here...

before someone sees the smoke.

The smoke, Connie. It's done.

The battle of filth
has been won.

We are the filthiest people
alive!

Run, Connie, run!

The filthiest!

Those goddamn Marbles.

We'll take care of 'em, Mama.

We'll get those assholes later.

Mama, look, there's smoke!

Oh, my God!

Oh, the trailer!

Oh, no!

My gorgeous hideaway!

Oh, my God!

And Franklin's
theatrical wardrobe!

They did it.
Them fucking Marbles did it.

Bag the Marbles!

A press conference!

Back to the Marbles
and seize those fuckers.

I'll kill them !

At last it is over, Raymond.

The battle of filth
has been won.

This calls for a celebration.

It certainly does,

a victory celebration.

Oh, Jesus!

God, I love you, Raymond.

Are you happy with
our filthiness, my darling?

Are you glad that your wife
is here beside you...

sharing with you
this bond of filth?

This has been the most important
day of my life, Connie.

Filthiness is a reality.

After all these years
of nagging uncertainty...

I know now that we are indeed
the filthiest couple alive.

Come to me, my darling.

Come receive
what was promised you...

in the holy vows of matrimony.

I am yours, Raymond, all yours,
my beautiful darling.

Connie, are you all right?

What happened, Raymond?
What happened?

The couch, it rejected you.

Something's wrong, Raymond.
Something's terribly wrong.

Well, it's just out of order.

You're all right, honey.
Get up.

I'm afraid to, honey.

How can a couch be out of order?

Something just went wrong
with it, honey.

You're all right.
See, this chair is OK.

It's all right.

But that couch threw me,
Raymond.

Nothing can be the matter
with that couch.

We just got it.

I'm all right, honey.
I'm not hurt.

Something is the matter
with this house.

Channing must have

done something.

He ought to know something.

We'll beat it out of him.

He's gone, honey.

Channing has escaped.

How could he have escaped?

Raymond, check the pit.

He may have let the girls go.

They'll call the police,

Connie! The police!

Oh, my God! The police!

He's been castrated!

His penis is gone!

The girls have escaped!

The girls have escaped!

They'll call the police!

Hurry. Let's get out of here.

Raymond, I'm afraid!

Hurry, Connie. Hurry.

Connie and Raymond Marble.

Stop it!

You're gonna get it good, bitch!

Well, well, well.

Connie and Raymond Marble.

I've been looking forward
to meeting you.

It's a real pleasure.

And you're even bigger assholes
than I imagined.

You burned my house down.

No, please. Who are you?
We don't know you.

You know who I am, bitch!

I'm the filthiest person alive.
That's who I am.

No, please,
you must be mistaken.

Our name is Waldo,
Harry and Jean Waldo.

Shut up! Just shut up!

Gag him before I kill him !

Wait for the newsmen, Ma.

Wait for the newsmen.

Wait till they get here.

That ought to shut him up.

Hey, Raymond, you must think
we're awful fucking stupid, huh?

Well, here's a little
something for you.

Burn down our house, will you?

Who are you?

You have the wrong people.

Shut up, Connie. Shut up!

You know who we are.

Cut the hogwash.

Save it for the papers.

You're Connie Marble...

and you're gonna pay
for being Connie Marble.

And you're going
to pay royally, bitch.

Let this be a lesson to you...

just in case
there is reincarnation.

It's virtually impossible
to be filthier than Divine.

I didn't get my reputation
for nothing, you know.

But you found out too late,
Connie.

Yeah, it's too late.

'Cause you and shithead here...

aren't going to be
around tomorrow.

No, you're not
going to be around...

to put your newfound knowledge
to use.

'Cause you're going
to be dead, Connie.

Dead! Dead! Dead!

That's tight, Crackers...

it's so tight
it makes their blood hurt.

Just make sure
they don't make another sound...

because I don't think
I'd be able...

to control myself
if they made any more noise.

I'd just have to
kill them right now!

I just won't be able to wait!

I know what you mean, Babs.

I feel like ripping them apart
myself.

They ain't gonna be doing
much talking, are you?

Come on, children...

we can't keep
the photographers waiting.

And we're going

to give them a story...

that will knock the ""Newsday""...

right off its fucking
boring little ass!

Come on, Connie and Raymond.

You have a personal appearance
to make.

John Vader
of the ""Midnight"" here...

looking for Divine
somewhere in Phoenix, Maryland.

Divine,
you're looking fantastic.

Why, thank you, Mr. Vader.
I'm so glad you could come.

Nat Curzan here
from ""The Tattler.""

Well, good afternoon,
Mr. Curzan.

Gentlemen, get ready...

'cause you're about
to witness the trial...

of these two unfortunates...

commonly known as Connie
and Raymond Marble.

Their trial will take place
in front of your very eyes...

and their execution will follow.

We're going to witness
an actual murder?

A live homicide?

That is right, gentlemen.

Goldstein, Larry Goldstein.

Very tempting.

I have a question for you,
Miss...Cotton.

Is that correct, Cotton?

Yes, it is.

Are you a willing accomplice...

to these murders
that are about to take place?

This is not exactly a murder,
Mr. Goldstein.

This is a court,
a kangaroo court...

as the headlines could scream.

Not a mere murder
as you would call it.

If we were involved
in merely another murder...

it could hardly be headlines.

It's not just the publicity.

My mama couldn't go on
with her everyday life...

with this kind of shit going on.

My mama was not the aggressor
in this little war we had.

She only did
what had to be done.

It was suicide on their part.

And, Cotton...

I notice a smile on your lips.

Does murder make you happy?

Murder merely relieves tension,
Mr. Curzan.

For murder to bring happiness,
one must already be happy...

and I am completely
at peace with myself...

totally happy.

Give me more questions.

Divine, are you a lesbian?

Yes. I have done everything.

Does blood turn you on?

It does more than turn me on,

Mr. Vader.

It makes me come.

And more than the sight of it,
I love the taste of it.

The taste of hot,
freshly killed blood.

Could you give us some
of your political beliefs?

Kill everyone now.

Condone first-degree murder.

Advocate cannibalism, eat shit.

Filth are my politics.

Filth is my life.

Take whatever you like.

How's this for a center spread?

-Jesus.

-Christ Almighty!

OK, Divine,

where will you go now?

I'm sure you're aware

that after the execution...

you will be the subject

of an extensive search.

To another city...

to set up headquarters

once again.

Of course...

I cannot reveal to you

the exact location.

Patience, Mr. Vader, patience.

Another time, another story.

And now for the trial.

You sit here.

Back here?

Sit down.

No pictures during the trial,
please.

This is a court of law.

I call to the stand
Miss Cotton.

Do you solemnly swear
to tell the truth...

the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth?

I do.

Who burned down our trailer?

Connie and Raymond Marble.

Can you point them out
in this court?

There they are right there.
The ones that are tied up.

Who sent me a turd in the mail?

Connie and Raymond Marble.

That is all.

Is there any cross-examination?

No cross-examination?

Very well.

You may step down.

I call to the stand Crackers.

Do you solemnly swear
to tell the truth...

the whole truth,
and nothing but the truth?

Sure, Mama. I wouldn't shit you.

How did Connie and Raymond
find out where we live?

They hired a spy.

How did this spy
get her information?

By nosing around,
asking a lot of questions...

and by fucking me.
That's how she got it.

That dirty little scag.

Thank you.

Is there any cross-examination?

No? A very strange defense,
I must say.

You may step down.

Gentlemen,
the verdict is guilty...

on all ten counts
of first-degree stupidity.

The penalty phase
will now begin.

I call Cotton to the stand.

Your oath still remains.

I presume you understand this?

Naturally.

In your opinion...

what should the penalty
in this case be?

Death.

That is all.

You may step down.

I call Crackers to the stand.

You realize
you are still under oath?

Of course.

In your opinion...

should these people
be allowed to live?

No.

Thank you.

Gentlemen of the press,
the verdict is death.

But first, due to the magnitude
of these capital crimes...

these two people
must be humiliated...

in front of the media.

Use these pictures, gentlemen,
and use them wisely.

We have an example to set.

Let the good people
of this country know...

that they cannot fuck with
Divine and get away with it.

Let them know that we are indeed
the filthiest people alive.

Mr. Vader.

Yes, Divine, do you think...

that there are other
filthy people in the world?

I mean, is it now a cult?

It is a very minor cult
right now, Mr. Vader...

but one that is
growing and growing.

Growing faster
than you could imagine.

I will be queen one day...

and my coronation...

will be celebrated
all over the world.

Do not forget--I am Divine.

What a day for an execution.

Off the record, Mama,
do we stab them or shoot them?

Shoot, Crackers, shoot.

No mess for the "Midnight."

Don't forget "The Tattler."

And "The Tattler," honey.

And "The Confidential."

How could I ever forget

""The Confidential""?

Come on, gentlemen.

Come this way.

Come on.

Help me with this tar.

OK, Miss Cotton.

Here, hold this.

Burn my mama's house down,
will you?

You goddamn worm.

Fucking piece of lousy shit!

And now for the feathers.

Only we're not going
to run you out of town.

We're going to kill you.

Kill, kill, kill.

Shoot, shoot, shoot.

Questions and answers!

Do you believe in God?

I am God.

You are God.

You are God.

Is there no wrong?

There is right,
and there is wrong.

I have never been wrong,

Mr. Goldstein.

Do you expect to get new
followers with this publicity?

I certainly hope so, Mr. Curzan.

I didn't invite you here
to jerk off, you know.

Get this all down.
Don't miss one single word.

Suppose we decide...

not to print this story,
Miss Divine. What then?

Mr. Vader, see them?

Does that answer your question?

I have your address, and I know
you have a wife and child.

Is that correct?

Well, if nothing is printed...

we might be in the mood
for a barbecue.

Get what I mean?
A human barbecue.

End of
question-and-answer period.

Proceed with the execution.

They are finished,
and a lovely couple they are.

Aren't they?

Gentlemen of the press,
get ready...

'cause you are
about to witness...

the biggest news event
of the year.

Live homicide.

Connie and Raymond Marble...

you have breathed
your last breath.

You have sighed your last sigh.

You are no longer alive.

Connie Marble...

you stand convicted
of asshole-ism.

The proper punishment
will now take place.

Look pretty for the picture,
Connie.

That's it.

No further questions.

No further pictures.

I have spoken.

Thanks for the scoop, Divine.

Next month's sales
should be booming.

Thank you for coming.

Do keep in touch.

I will, Mr. Vader.

Always know where I am.

Thank you for coming.

Always count on her for a story,
I'll tell you that.

She always was
a news-conscious woman.

The only problem is,
I don't know...

we've been trying to get
"Midnight" in supermarkets...

and it is a hot story,
all right, but it's so squalid.

Well, "The Tattler"
will be in the supermarkets.

You can bet on that.

The time has come
for flight, my children.

Where to, Mama? Where to?

Let's move to Boise.

I always wanted to go there.

Boise, Cotton?

Why, that might not
be a bad place.

Were you ever there, Cotton?

Only once.

We robbed a transit bus there.
Remember?

I remember. The number .

Let's sleep in gas station
lavatories this time, Mama.

Fuck permanent residences.

It'll strengthen our filthiness.

Oh, Crackers,
that's a wonderful idea.

Gas station lavatories.

What do you say, Babs?

Let's move to Boise.

If that's what you want,
my children...

then that's what you'll get.

Boise, Idaho, here we come.

I hope Boise's ready
for some star residents.

Why, I'll have to change
my appearance.

I think I'll dye my hair
another color...

and start dressing like a dyke.

Me, too. I'll get a crewcut.

Maybe it's about time
I started dying my hair, too.

What color do you want, honey?

I'm going to make mine
hot pink...

with a D.A.
with Elvis Presley sideburns.

Maybe blond, Mama.

Do you think
I'd look good as a blond?

Do you think
it would enhance my filthiness?

Oh, Crackers,
you should dye your hair.

It would make you look
much filthier.

Won't it be fun?

I'll have a crewcut,
you'll have a pink D.A...

and Crackers
will have blond hair...

all in Boise, Idaho.

Then it's settled.

Boise, Idaho, get ready.

You are about to receive
some migrants...

of a very special nature...

a nature
that defies description.

You are about to receive
into your community...

the filthiest people alive.

The filthiest people alive?

Well, you think
you know somebody filthier?

Watch as Divine proves
that not only is she...

the filthiest person
in the world...

she is also the filthiest
actress in the world.

What you are about to see
is a real thing.

Hello. I'm John Waters.

I hope you enjoyed my film,
"Pink Flamingos."

I'd like to show you
some scenes...

that were cut from the movie...

footage I recently
discovered in my attic.

Good morning, Cotton.

Good morning, Babs.

Did you sleep well?

It was chilly last night.

Oh, Cotton,
I slept unbelievably well.

This country air really does
something to you, doesn't it?

Why, I had dreams last night
that made me feel young again.

In the original script...

Divine was supposed to be
writing her memoirs...

as she hid out in her trailer.

""Being Divine.""

Chapter three, June, .

It was about this time
in my career...

that I realized I was
capable of being perfect...

perfect in every aspect
of human development.

Of course, Connie Marble
was also hard at work...

and in the first cut
of the film...

life was even worse
for poor Channing the butler.

You know I hate fucking them.

I have to deliver the babies,
bury the bodies...

help kidnap them.

Why do I have to
get them pregnant, too?

Why? You said
you'd get somebody else...

to do it this time.

I changed my mind.

So just go get ready.

Give Susan some pills...

get the body
out of the basement...

and mentally prepare yourself
for this evening.

What's a little fuck, Chan?

If it doesn't turn you on...

just jerk off
and then stick it in her.

That way, you only have to be
connected for a few seconds.

I don't really care
if either of you...

get any pleasure out of it.

Just get her pregnant, Chan.

That's all that matters.

A little baby
beginning to grow...

from one little fuck
to \$ in nine months.

Maybe it was Connie's
marital problems...

that made her so irritable.

Where's Raymond? Where is he?

How could he leave me alone
with these servants...

these stupid asshole servants?

Animal rights activists
always say to me...

""How could you kill
a chicken for a movie?""

Well, I eat chicken...

and I know the chicken
didn't land on my plate...

from a heart attack.

We bought the chicken...

from a farmer who advertised
freshly killed chicken.

I think we made
the chicken's life better.

Got to be in a movie,
got fucked.

And then right after filming
the next take...

the cast ate the chicken.

Oh, good morning, honey.

Isn't it a beauty today?

Shit, yeah.

You cooking eggs for Edie?

I want to fry me up this chicken
when you're through.

Sure, honey.
It'll only take me a minute.

Why don't you sit down there
and keep mother company?

Did you have a good time
last night?

Yeah. It's weird
being back in Baltimore.

Went down Broadway last night
and saw a lot of old friends.

You remember Patty Hitler?
I saw her.

She almost shit
when she heard you were in town.

She gave me this to show you.

What is it, honey?

The ""Midnight,"" Mama.

You made the cover
of the ""Midnight.""

'"Filthiest Person Alive,""
they call you.

Ain't that a gas?

My original ad copy
for ""Pink Flamingos"" read...

'"The filthiest people alive--
their loves, their hates...

'"and their unquenchable
thirst for notoriety."'

Oh, Crackers,
this copy's hysterical.

It's mostly from
the press releases...

I sent the wire services.

More fame, Mama, more fame.

Once the film was released,
some people in the audience...

actually believed Divine
was wanted for murder.

Oh, my God!
What a horrible photograph.

My first "Wanted" poster,
and I have to look just awful.

I can't imagine I had Divine
say his real name...

in the following take.

Luckily, my hair isn't this
harsh black color anymore.

And look at some of my aliases

they have down there.

Glen Milstead?

Why, I only used that one
on one day of hanging paper.

And look. They've even got
The Hog Princess down here.

Edith Massey
sometimes had trouble...

remembering long monologues...

but she had a screen presence
all her own.

Freddy, I want you
to meet Joanne.

Joanne, this is Freddy.

I know you'll like each other.

And I don't care
what people say.

And, Joanne,
I know you're hard-boiled...

but Freddy doesn't think
you're tough or cheap.

He respects you.
Don't you, Freddy?

We didn't have any money
in the budget for catering...

so Edie was quite happy
to get to eat...

in the following take.

Be careful.
I'm going to eat you.

Edie's getting mighty hungry.

Oh, don't worry, Freddy.
I have some more for you.

I have Rhonda, Donna,
Sherry, and Little Yeller.

In the original script,
Raymond and Connie Marble...

also raided Divine's trailer
much earlier in the story.

Does Divine really
live like this...

out here in the country
like a hillbilly?

God, with all these
disgusting trees...

and shrubbery and wildlife...

I'd be scared
to sleep at night...

knowing possums
and raccoon and deer...

and God knows
what other creatures...

would be lurking outside...

fucking and shitting
right out in the open.

I do love their nature dialog.

Ooh, God! Did you hear that?

Horrid little bird.

Just asking for it, I guess.

Humans never realize
the dirty little lives...

these animals lead
out in the country.

Makes me sick, that's all.

It was freezing cold...

the day we filmed
poor Edie's egg humiliation.

Look at her!

Well, Miss Egg Baby...

we've got some eggs
here for you.

How do you like them this way?

Oh, and I've got another
little surprise for you.

There. Little baby doll.
All grown up.

Charles Baker would shit.

Shut up!

The real way Divine discovered
the Marbles did it?

A character cut from the film--
vicious gossip Patty Hitler.

Remember Big Jimmy
from down Pratt Street?

Big asshole
finally turned queer.

And that wife of his, all she
does is sit around, drink...

neglect those awful kids.

Terrible.

One of them's retarded.
Such a shame.

And you remember Karen
what's-her-name from the bar?

She's dead, honey.

Life-affirming characters,
that's my specialty.

I saw her once.
She's an ugly bitch.

Wears glasses.

And him--what a lulu!
Blue hair.

You can see the bad continuity
coming up in this scene.

We forgot to put Edie's
baby bonnet back on her head.

What's the matter?
What's the matter?

What's happened to Edie?

I'm afraid
we've had more trouble.

Some people broke in
while we were gone...

and did this to Mama.

Broke raw eggs all over her
and dressed her mockingly...

but I know who did it.

Patty Hitler gave me
all the information we need...

to solve this case.

Two would-be filth balls named
Connie and Raymond Marble...

are responsible for this deed.

And now for the strangest nudity
I ever filmed.

I've got to take
a little rest myself.

What's the matter, Cotton?

What's the matter?

They must have done it.

There's boll weevils in my bed.

A big subplot

that was cut from the film...

was the revenge murder

of Cookie the spy.

Sharpen your blades, Cotton.

We got some cutting to do.

I'm using a gun on this one.

I'm not breaking my nails

this time.

I might need them

for scratching.

Upstairs. That's her room.

She better be awake.

It's so dull
when they're sleeping.

Where's Cookie?

Cookie? Who are you?

We know she's here.

Where is she?

She's not here. What is it?

Die, bitch!

Rivers of gore!

Oh, God,
you're beautiful, Crackers.

It's not just Babs
I love anymore.

It used to be,
but now it's you, too.

Both of you I love so much.

It's your mind,
your imagination...

that filthy mind
with rotten ideas.

And your face--
that beautiful, beautiful face.

You like it, baby?

My face is yours
to look at...

as long
as you keep looking back.

A lot of people like cunt,
you know.

Men, women.

But your eyes are like
a cunt to me, honey.

You can look and look
and look...

and still I wake up
wishing you were there...

watching me twenty-four hours
a day.

Them cunt eyes.

Cunt eyes?
What was I thinking about?

Was your cutting and hacking
successful, my children?

Oh, Babs, it was a ball
and a half doing it again...

a real feeling
of true liberation.

Why, Cookie won't be doing
any more spying on anybody else.

You can be sure of that.

She looked like
a piece of raw ham...

when we got through with her.

And, Babs, here's her ear.

I got the left one.
I hope that's all right.

Either one would have been
quite satisfactory, darling.

Thank you.

The original curse
on the Marbles...

by Divine and Crackers
was even more complicated.

What's this pitiful room
supposed to be?

Looks like some kind
of fucking office.

Look. That must be
a picture of her.

That dog has an office.
What the fuck for?

So she can sit in here
with that ugly red hair...

and asshole off all day?

Touch everything, Crackers.

Let our divinity and fame
be felt on everything...

in this middle-class dump.

Look how pissy
these turds must be.

Central heating! How repellent!

I'm not even sure
I understand this part.

Leave your fingerprints
on everything, darling.

Touch and feel.
Rub, touch, and feel.

Take your shoes off!

Let the rugs know
we're here, too.

Let the rugs know.

Touch and feel.

But Connie didn't have a clue.

She was still
ranting and raving...

about catching her butler
in drag.

Oh, God, the thought
of his hairy body...

in some of my fine dresses
and gowns...

will never leave me, Raymond.

To think of the value
of my wardrobe...

and then to think
of his person...

actually defiling all those fine
silks and hand-woven garments.

And my underwear!

His nipples
have actually touched...

where I have rested mine.

But that ain't nothing,
Connie...

not compared to what
you got coming.

Oh, Connie.

Connie, Connie,
with hair, oh, so red.

How do these scissors feel
so near your head?

Watch one of
my favorite scenes...

that ended up
on the cutting room floor.

Divine, Crackers,
and Cotton sing...

""We Are the Filthiest
People Alive"" in pig Latin.

E-way are-ay e-they
ilthiest-fay

Eople-pay in-ay e-they
ole-hay ide-way orld-way

I'd like to close
with the original trailer...

New Line Cinema used
to sell ""Pink Flamingos.""

Notice no footage from
the actual movie is ever shown.

How did you happen
to hear about it?

From some friends who saw it...

and thought it was
absolutely marvelous.

I'll be very insulted.

Rex Reed told us
that it's fabulous.

Why'd you come out
at midnight to see it?

Why go home at midnight?

What are you going to see there?

I guess there are just two kinds
of people, Miss Sandstone...

my kind of people and assholes.

Fantastic.
Third time I've been to it.

It's an incredible
head thing for people.

Oh, it's marvelous. Absolutely.

The most disgusting thing
I've ever seen in my whole life.

Not to be believed.

Absolutely outrageous.

It was divine. It was fabulous.

Oh, my God!
What are you doing?

It's absolutely better
than "Cries and Whispers."

I think it's the future
of city living.

-Out...
-...rageous.

Fantastic. It was really fun.

Excellent. Loved it.
Really good.

Really good, right?

It was great.

Piece of garbage.

The only part I didn't like
was the snakes.

I have an aversion to snakes.

It was divine.

I love religious movies.

It was a little gross,
but I liked it.

It was really the grossest film
I've seen.

I think John Waters
has got his finger...

on the pulse of America.

I think he's got his thumb
securely up America's ass.

I enjoy dirty things as much
as everyone else does...

but this isn't even dirty.

It's just disgusting.

Special help by [SergeiK](#)