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The Princess and the Pirate

By Don Hartman

That's not me, folks.
I come on later. I play a coward.
Lower away. Steady, easy as she goes.
Fill her in and there she rests.
Three years of plunder on the high seas.
Enough gold and treasure
to buy a continent.
And no one will ever know
where it is but you, Captain.

- This map is the only key.
- Very good, Mr. Pelly.
- An excellent job of mapmaking.
- Thank you, sir.
- But just one thing, Mr. Pelly.
- Yes, sir?

What if, by some ill chance,
I should lose this map?
Would you be able to draw me
another one from memory?
With my eyes closed, sir.

- Are you sure?
- Positive.

Thank you, Mr. Pelly.
His eyes are closed,
but I do not see him making another map...
and the same fate will befall
any other man Jack among you...
whose memory is too good.
Back to the ship now, my lads.
We have business to attend.

- Hurry now.
- Where to now, Captain?

There is a packet called the Mary Ann
out of Liverpool for Jamaica.

- We shall pay her a visit, Pedro, my lad.
- I know the Mary Ann well.
- She carries no gold.
- Right you are, Pedro.

But I am informed she has on board a jewel
far more precious than gold.

- A jewel with blue eyes and silken hair.
- You speak in riddles, Captain.

Perhaps, but I tell you, my lad,
there lives a king...

who'll pay a million doubloons
to the one who returns this jewel to him.
But I know of no such jewel.
Good. When you know too much,
you will follow Mr. Pelly.
Make haste, you blasted sons
of unholy mothers.

We're off for the Mary Ann.
Anything on the horizon, Captain?
A ship flying friendly colors,
but I can't make out her name.

- Hold your course.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Your pardon, Captain. Miss Warbrook says
Sylvester the Great is at it again.

She can stand it no longer.

She desires you to speak to him.

Very good. I'll attend to it at once.

Keep a weather eye on that ship.

- I'll be back shortly.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Yes? Come in.

Have you spoken to that imbecile
in the next cabin?

Yes, but he's rather difficult to control.

I don't believe you'll be troubled
any longer, Your Highness.

Captain, I must admonish you.

It's Miss Warbrook on this voyage.

It slips out, Princess. Miss Warbrook.

I'm worried, my lady.

Should the King discover
that I assisted you in your flight...

You have been well-paid,
and I assure you no harm will come to you.

- But, Your Highness...

- All I want is rest and privacy.

- Please see that I get it.

- As you wish.

No, do not kill him!

Do you not know he is your own father?

Father or no father, this cur shall die.

Perhaps my sword shall put an end
to your vain boasting, Rodney Faversham.

Have it, you!
That this should happen to me.
I'm done for, I tell you.
Don't be frightened. I am rehearsing.
This sword doesn't really go through me.
I couldn't stand that five shows a day.
I'm ticklish. Pardon me.
I'm dying. Dying.
Death's rattle. I'm dead.
- I don't mean to intrude on your rehearsal.
- No, not at all.
Sit down and take a load off my eyes.
I always work better with an audience...
especially when they don't outnumber me.
Wait, I'll take off this putty nose.
Fools everybody.
Look, I want to speak to you
about all this noise...
It'll keep. Say, don't go away.
Here comes the high spot of my act.
There's no limit to what I can do.
That's not me. That's a cat.
It keeps coming here all the time.
Stage-struck, trying to get in the act.
Come on.
I've already got seven faces.
I don't need another puss. Ham.
Mr. Sylvester the Great, you've quite an act.
I'm sure you've worked hard at it, but...
I'm glad you appreciate it.
My act is known all over Europe.
That's why I'm going to America.
I am sure you'll get
the reception you deserve.
Naturally. Say, here's a laugh for you.
You'll find this hard to believe...
but there's a weasel next door
that objects to my rehearsing.
Sends the Captain, telling me to pipe
down. Hasn't got nerve to tell me himself.
The Captain doesn't seem
to have much success, Sylvester.
- I see you haven't piped.
- No, I'm not going to. You know what I did.

I walked into the cabin,
and busted him right in the snoot...
- and him with shoulders like that.
- Sylvester, I have news for you.
- I'm the weasel next door.
- Yeah. I told...
Please try the act in pantomime.
No, do not kill him!
Do you not know that he is your own father?
- What did you say?
- Nothing. I just said "um."
Guess I can say "um."
What do you know?
- What's that?
- Nothing. I just said, "What do you know."
Look at what they said about me
in the Timbuktu Bugle.
Boy, what a write-up,
even mentions my name.
- "Sylvester the Great attracts attention."
- That's enough.
"Of all the actors who ever
played Timbuktu...
"Sylvester the Great
is probably the worst..."
Here's another one
from the Leningrad Tattler.
In Russian that's a great compliment.
It means that I'm a schlemiel.
Very few of us left.
You seem to have done
quite a lot of traveling.
With an act like mine, it's safer. I've been
to many places, the Indies, Europe, Africa.
Should've seen the show I did
on the Road to Morocco.
- Were you good?
- I would have been sensational...
only some overage crooner with laryngitis
kept crabbing my act. I had to brush him.
You know, I've never met an actor before.
You stay away from them.
Most of them go right on the make for a girl.
You know, I got a proposition.

A dame with your wardrobe...

I might be able to use you in my act.

Sylvester, that's very generous of you,
but I can't act.

That never stopped me. Besides,
with your figure, you don't have to act.
You have to stand there in tights, holding
a tray with the stuff for my different faces.
In fact, if we get the right tights,
I might not have to use so many faces.

Sail ho!

Ship closing in off the starboard bow!

All hands on deck!

- What is it, lunch hour?

- Man the gun stations!

- I don't like the looks of this.

- What?

I hear there are pirates in these waters.

Let them stay in the water.

They're dangerous on ships.

Do you know how to use these?

Do I know how to use these?

This is my racket.

What do you think

I wear them for, ornaments?

- The bullet comes out this end.

- Yeah. It must be an old model. Now watch.

Wrong pistol. That's for the silent pictures.

Wait a minute.

You see that seagull up there
on the deckhouse?

Watch me shoot out its left eye.

Imagine what I could have done
if this gun were loaded.

Out of the way, you leather-mugged ape!

Are we fighting or dancing the fandango?

See that flag?

You know what that skull and crossbones
stands for, don't you?

Yeah, iodine, and we're going to need it.

- That's the Avenger, The Hook's ship.

- The Hook?

Yes. For 15 years he's sailed the seas,
thirsting for blood.

He ain't gonna get a drink here.
Don't stand there. Get me a lifeboat.
He'll make me walk the plank.
I'll get my notices wet. Come on.
Fire!
Sylvester, I'm ashamed of you hiding
behind me. Haven't you any backbone?
- Yeah, but it's nothing like yours.
- Get up. We must help fight them off.
- What are you, a man or a mouse?
- A man or a mouse. Why, I'm a...
Where's mama?
We'll run alongside. Lie flat
until our bowsprit tangles her rigging...
- then board.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Get going, man.
What are you doing in this fight?
- I'm foreman.
- Here, take your stand by the mainmast.
You heard the Captain.
Take your stand at the mainmast.
Mainmast? I wouldn't know the mainmast
if it fell on me.
I had to open my big mouth.
Fellas, excuse me.
All along the gangway!
Move lively. Lively now!
I'll bash your head in. Come on.
Pardon me. So hard to get coat hangers
these days, I thought I'd use the hook.
The Hook!
Out of my way. I'll slit his gizzard.
Captain, the ship is ours.
The last gun has been spiked.
What further orders, sir?
Find the jewel that we seek
and see that no harm comes to her.
- Spare all the women, but kill all the men!
- Aye, aye, sir.
Put 'em up, I tell you.
One false move and I'll let you have it.
You got it.
Curse you! I'll cut out your gizzard.

You'll dance to the devil's hornpipe
at the end of the main yard!
I'll slit his gizzard! I'll cut him to ribbons!
Open that door, you sniveling idiot!
Plague and perish your ugly bones!
Where did he go, that mangy hound?
I'll see the color of his liver!
Where is he? Tell me where is he?
You addle-brained old idiot,
what tongue do you speak?
It is the language of the gypsies. I learned it
from my grandmother, Gypsy Rose Lee.
Enough, old pig. Tell me where he went
or I'll slit your gullet.
If you mean my son, he was so fearful
of you. He dove through yon window.
Over yon.
- Through yon window?
- Over yon. To a watery grave like this.
- Of course, he was much thinner than I am.
- So you're his scurvy cow of a mother.
- I have a mind to carve you to ribbons.
- Well, I'm not really his mother.
- You know how gypsies are.
- No, but I can rip you open and find out.
Why, the blundering swabs,
they're blowing her up and me still aboard.
I'll have those devils
swinging from the yardarm for this.
Blowing up the ship. He better hurry.
He'll be blown to bits. What about me?
Wait.
Stop! Don't! Don't you recognize me?
I'm trying to tell you, I stole these clothes.
I'm your shipmate, Charley.
Why, of course, it's Charley.
Hi, what have we here? Who are you?
Me? I'm Charley's aunt.
The pretty Mary Ann will sail
the seas no more, Captain.
Blown to Davy Jones' Locker, she is.
Right well done, my lads. Broach another
cask of rum on the main deck.
This day's work will be heard of

far and wide.

- And the crew that did it shall not go thirsty.

- Aye, Captain.

But the jewel of which you spoke, Captain,
where is she?

Come, you shall see.

The Hook is looking at you. Maybe it's me.

Sylvester, you should be
ashamed of yourself in that disguise.

- Why don't you die like a man?

- Because I'd rather live like a woman.

Now I'm not so sure.

You see, Pedro, did I exaggerate?

Fetch her to my cabin.

Here come, me jewel.

No harm will come to you, fair lady.

You are the honored guest of The Hook.

Tell this filthy cutthroat
to take his hands off me!

- You hear, Pedro? Our fair jewel has spirit.

- Aye.

- Handle her gently, but be off with her.

- Wait a minute!

- I've got something to say about this.

- Yes, what have you got to say?

Goodbye, Margaret.

Who brought this old hag on board?

She wouldn't bring a farthing
in the slave market.

- Slit her gullet and throw her to the sharks.

- Aye!

Please, Captain, let me
have this wench for myself.

Everybody on board always gets something,
but I never get nothing.

What am I laughing at?

She ain't much to look at,
but she's good enough for old Featherhead.

- Now wait a minute.

- What say ye, my lads?

Shall we give the old hag
to the toothless one?

Yes!

Never let it be said, lads,

that The Hook isn't generous.
Take her, toothless one, but when you
sober up, I'll warrant you'll regret it.
- Did he hurt you, honey?
- I'm black and blue.
But don't worry, dear.
You're in my hands now.
- That's what I'm worried about.
- Come, sweets.
Where are you taking me?
To my quarters where we can be alone,
just the two of us.
But couldn't we be engaged for a while?
I want you to respect me.
Remember, I saved your life.
From now on, you're mine.
You'll do anything I ask you to.
But if we wait, we can have
a rose-covered cottage in the country.
I can see you now, coming home
after a hard day at the asylum...
me laying out your pipe and slippers
and straitjacket.
- Lovely.
- Wait!
Let's be fair.
Now, my little gypsy sweetheart.
You come near me,
and I'll scratch your eyes out!
Just as I thought.
You are not a woman. You're a man.
Don't be silly. I just had my hair cut.
I couldn't get any bobby pins.
Anyway, it's much cooler these hot nights.
You're a man. I knew it all along.
You didn't fool me. Nobody ever fools me.
Of course not. How can anybody fool you?
You're too smart.
Smart. They think I'm an idiot.
But little do they know
how smart I really am.
Let's keep it a secret.
If you don't tell anybody I'm not a gypsy...
I won't tell anybody you're not an idiot.

You see these pictures on the wall?
I'm the ship's tattooer.
They think that's all I'm good for.
For 10 years, they've beat me
and kicked me, but I'll get my revenge.
They've treated me like a dirty dog,
but now I've got you for a partner.
Yeah, toss me a bone
and let's get out of here.
No one must know our secret.
I'm going to help you to escape.
- Escape? Tell me more, Tyrone.
- You're going to repay me for my help.
Listen to everything I say.
I've stocked the dinghy. There are enough
provisions in it for 10 days at sea...
and if you follow the course
I have charted for you...
you will arrive at the island of Casarouge.
Casarouge? What will I do there?
You will go to the Boar's Head Inn
and ask for my cousin, Pierre Lamonte.
This is him.
He forgot to shave this morning.
You will give him this.
It contains the blood of 1,000 men.
The blood of 1,000 men?
Pretty anemic, weren't they?
- Hey, what are you doing?
- It's all right.
This is a map to a treasure
worth 15 million gold crowns.
I stole it from The Hook.
But once you escape, he'll think you stole it.
- You think he'll be mad?
- Mad!
Why, if he ever catches you,
he'll cut off your legs...
and your arms and your ears
and your nose.
- You mean, he'll streamline me?
- And then he'll slit your gullet.
I knew he wouldn't forget that.
Stop waving that knife at me.

But this knife is to close our deal.
- We'll both sign a pact in blood.
- In blood. Couldn't we use ketchup?
No, blood. It's my knife.
So it'll have to be your blood.
But I've got a knife of my...
Blood. Now, we're partners forever.
Come, I'll show you to the dinghy.
Runs his own blood bank.
You stay here, Featherhead.
I've got business.
What do you want?
Fortunes told. No charge today.
Have your palm read.
Very interesting. I see you have no trouble
opening beer cans.
Out of my cabin, old hag,
or I'll slit your gizzard.
Gizzard? What happened to my gullet?
It's a trick. You'll pay for this, both of you.
Curse you for a lily-livered witch!
You'll dance the devil's hornpipe
at the end of the main yard.
I'll cut out your gizzard this night.
Come on, let's get out of here.
I've got a boat.
Are you all right?
You look like you're gonna faint.
No, I'm all right.
Hurry. We must get to the boat
before it's too late.
Wait a minute. How do you get
to this burg, this Casarouge?
With a ship's compass and a chart
in the dinghy, a fool could follow it.
Are you coming along with us?
Sylvester, please forgive me for thinking
you were a coward. You're a real hero.
Hurry.
- Goodbye, Featherhead.
- Goodbye.
Don't forget to give that envelope
to my cousin at the Boar's Head Inn.
He'll pay you well for your trouble.

You can't miss him. He looks just like me.

He's twice as smart as I am.

A half-wit?

Does the compass say we're on our course?

I don't know.

How do you wind this thing up?

It's a compass. It always points north.

Yeah? It's no good. We're going South.

Why did you do that?

Now how are we going to get there?

Don't worry, I'll work it out. I'm part Indian.

Sylvester, tell me, why did you
risk your life to save mine?

I figured I could use you in my act.

That's the only reason,

so don't keep asking me about it.

Come here. Sit by me.

Now tell me the truth. Why did you expose
yourself to such danger to rescue me?

I don't know. I guess I was so excited,
I forgot I was a coward.

I don't believe you.

I suppose you think I did it

because I'm falling in love with you.

- Are you?

- Don't be silly. Why should I fall for you?

You're talking to Sylvester the Great,
the man of seven faces.

I've got a girl for every face.

Whatever the reason, I owe you a lot more
than I can ever repay.

It was a very brave and noble thing
you did for me.

Yeah, I know.

I must have been out of my mind.

I guess the real reason I did it
is because you're such a nice kid.

Hey, don't do that.

I might get to like that kind of thing.

First thing you know, you'll be wanting
to put your arms around me...

and hug me and kiss me, don't you?

No, it wouldn't be fair to those seven girls
who are in love with you.

- I know how they feel.

- You do?

Because of love, I disobeyed my father...
and ran out on a marriage into
one of the noblest royal families of Europe.

Sure. Next thing you'll be telling me
you're a princess or something.

Maybe you're right, Sylvester. Maybe
it is the next thing I'll be telling you.
Maybe it is.

I'd better get you in out of this cold air.
You're breaking up, kid.

Sylvester, we're here.

It's Casarouge. We've made it.

We did? I told you if you'd relax
and leave it to me, I'd get you here.

How do you feel? Have you still
got those butterflies in your stomach?

- Yeah, but now they're wearing roller skates.

- You'll be all right now.

Let's get up on the dock. I need some rest.

- This town looks like a nice, quiet place.

- Help!

So you're still alive?

Hey, stop him!

Stop them, those two men.

Didn't you see that?

They murdered a man
and tossed the body into the water.

- Why don't you do something?

- It's all right. They have a permit.

They have a... My mistake.

For a moment,

I thought they did something illegal.

It's all right. They have a permit.

Nice characters here.

Everybody in town

must be Featherhead's cousin.

We'll find out soon enough. We should be
at the Boar's Head Inn any moment.

Put 'em up.

- Nice morning, isn't it, citizen?

- Yes, it is.

Hey, look, isn't there something

we can do about that?

I wonder what they do around here
for excitement?

- Sylvester, look.

- I can't stand any more.

Look, the Boar's Head Inn.

Featherhead couldn't have been
entirely insane. There is such a place.

Then he must have a cousin.

Featherhead said he'd pay us.

Let's give him this thing, get the money,
and run out of town while we still got legs.

Good morning.

This is the Boar's Head Inn, isn't it?

Spit it out. What's your business?

We're looking for a gentleman
named Pierre Lamonte.

- We've got something for him.

- You're too late.

He left here yesterday,
said he won't be back for a fortnight.

- We can wait till tomorrow.

- Sylvester, a fortnight is two weeks.

Two weeks? How are we going to live?

What are we going to eat?

We're not satisfied with just anything.

You'll have to put us up
in one of your best suites.

We're very particular about our meals.

And I'm very particular
of getting paid for them in advance.

Monsieur Lamonte is supposed
to have money for us.

- Now, perhaps if we could locate him...

- That ain't likely.

Nobody knows where he goes off to.

But he always comes back
with gold and jewels and money.

Sometimes, I think he ain't honest.

Money. Sometimes, I think we'll wait here
till he gets back.

- Now, if you'll please show us to our rooms.

- Follow me.

Find out where she gets her permanents.

Here you are.

This is the finest room in the inn.

I call it the Peach Bloom suite.

Peach Bloom? When do they
sweep up the pits?

- Is this intended for me?

- Yeah.

- Where's my room?

- This is for both of you.

I think there's been a mistake.

We're not married.

- She's still courting me.

- This is the only room in the inn.

- You can take it or leave it.

- We can always go to another hotel.

- But there is no other hotel.

- But in a place this size, there must be.

Well, there was another hotel...

and it gave me

quite a bit of competition, too...

but only last week,

it burned down mysteriously.

Remind me to wear

my asbestos pajamas tonight.

I see you haven't got much baggage.

In that closet there,

you'll find some clothes.

You can have them if you want them.

They belonged to the last tenant. He died.

- What did he die of?

- Nonpayment of rent.

Natural causes. I hope it's not contagious.

I can't stay here. I've got to get to Jamaica.

Somebody here might recognize me.

What's all this 10, 20, 30 stuff about you?

What's the mystery?

- Who's going to recognize you?

- Why, anyone in Casarouge might.

Sylvester, I must tell you the truth.

I am of royal blood.

I've run away,

and there's a price on my head.

- Take it off and we'll pay the room rent.

- But I tell you, I am the Princess Margaret.

You're a princess?

You better stop smoking that corn silk.

- You're snapping your cap. Princess.

- All right, believe anything you want.

But you've helped me this much.

For heaven's sake, help me get to Jamaica.

I'll reward you handsomely, Sylvester.

I'll pay you 5,000 doubloons.

Sure. You're carrying it in your bustle.

You've had it all the time.

I've got to pick up

a few pennies for us to eat on...

till Featherhead's cousin comes back.

Say, maybe the guy that had this room

left a little silver lying around here.

Hey, case this handbill.

"Ye Bucket of Blood."

Bucket of Blood,

that's what I've been looking for.

- I'll wade in there and get a job.

- You sure they'll hire you?

They've probably heard of me.

If they haven't, it'll be easier.

I bet they haven't had

high-class entertainment here in years.

- Maybe it'll work.

- Sure.

- What salary are you going to ask for?

- My usual salary.

But, Sylvester, we've got to eat.

I'm sorry. This dance is taken.

- Nice shooting, seor.

- Good shot.

Hey, this body, it's dead.

- Heart failure.

- Heart failure. Look at that.

He's not cleaning a pipe. He killed this guy.

Why don't you tell him?

- Why don't you?

- He probably knows it by now.

He's Don Jos Ramon Sebastian Alvarez.

This unfortunate dog

has done a very bad thing.

- He's cast his shadow upon him.

- Bad casting.
- What happens to the body?
- They leave it out in front.
The collectors come by once a day.
Twice on Saturday.
That's all right.
I was afraid they'd accumulate.
You sound like a stranger.
You haven't lived in this town very long.
- Does anybody?
- What do you want here?
I came to talk to you on business.
I'm buying bodies for a medical school.
- No. That's just a gag. I'm looking for a job.
- Come with me. Let us sit down.
- Hey, your shadow!
- Send for the collector.
Please, Don Jos! He's a stranger in town.
He doesn't know the rules.
You will teach him or I will.
I'll go to night school. I'll work it out.
Wait till you pay the tax.
Sit down. What is your business, stranger?
I'm Sylvester the Great.
You know, the Great Sylvester.
The name has no meaning.
You're buried here in the sticks.
They know me everywhere else in the world.
I can top any act
you've ever had here in Casarouge.
- You wish to entertain?
- That's right.
What do you do?
I walk on the stage,
and I open with a smash.
And then I build. I've got one of the...
- What happened?
- He didn't finish his drink.
It's an insult here,
when you're drinking with someone...
- not to drain the last drop.
- Really? The last drop?
- What'll you have?
- A very short beer.

Two short beers!

Now about that act of yours.

My customers, they like to watch
beautiful women.

It's kind of a hobby with them.

Sounds like something that might catch on.

- Now, if your act had a pretty girl in it...

- That's amazing that you should say that.

The other half of my act
is over at the Boar's Head Inn.

But the name of your act,
I thought you worked by yourself.

No. We just call the act "Sylvester the Great"
because she insists on it.

- This dame of mine has so much oomph...

- "Oomph." What's that?

Oomph? You know, that's with a...

Oomph, it's a sort...

Have you got a sweater around here?

Never mind, you'll hear about it
sooner or later.

- What do you say? Do we get the job?

- Perhaps I give you a trial tonight.

- That's great. What about the money?

- Money?

Money, that stuff. It looks like...

That's funny.

I've forgotten what it looks like.

If my customers like your act,
they throw gold on the stage.

What do they throw
if they don't like the act?

- Lead.

- I had to ask.

Two short beers.

I'm not going in there. That's over my head.

Come, we'll seal our contract with a drink.

Come, drink up. You do not want the job?

Come, no man who refuses to drink with me
walks out of here alive.

- No, thanks, I've had enough.

- Drink!

It's funny how quick
you can develop a thirst.

Pardon me. I think I'd better be burping along.

Well done, stranger.

I like a man who can drink like that.

And now, you're going to drink with me.

Hugo, bring it over here.

Are you over the effects of that beer?

Yeah. That was a good idea, hanging me up by my feet for three hours.

Listen, I'm going out first and get them in the mood.

When I give you the cue, you come on.

If you're not doing so good, I'll come again and save the act.

- But what do I do?

- You gotta sing or dance.

You can't just stand there. After all, these... You can just stand there.

But, Sylvester, when you're on, who'll be looking at me?

I will. Boy, are you well stacked.

I wanna tell you something.

This stuff you been spreading around that I'm falling for you?

- Yes?

- Some of it's true.

But don't let it go to your head.

This act's gotta be a real partnership.

If everything works out well, you get 10% of the take.

Thank you.

I knew I could count on your generosity.

There's no use hogging it.

We want the actor!

Hey, you hear that?

They really want me there. In another minute, they'll be coming up the stage.

I hope they haven't got ropes.

Don't kid around about things like that.

Come on.

Shut up!

Gentlemen, tonight we have a special treat.

An act unparalleled in theatrical history... fresh from a triumphant tour of Europe.

Now, let me present
the world's greatest quick-change artist...
- Sylvester the Great.
- That's me.
The man of seven faces.
Let's see the other six.
Who said that?
I did, you sniveling wooden-headed baboon.
What about it?
Gentlemen, please. Give him a chance.
We just finished cleaning
the blood off the stage from the last act.
- Yes, we...
- Go ahead, Sylvester.
Gentlemen, my first quick-change is so fast,
I do it right in front of the audience.
I'm an old man.
I'm a very old man,
and I have seen much of life.
You ain't seen nothing yet.
Now, wait a minute, fellas.
This is going too far.
I don't mind people throwing vegetables,
but you...
Told you, I don't mind. No mayonnaise?
Now, my next impersonation...
We don't like actors
what do impersonations.
Let me introduce Sylvester the Great,
world's greatest soft-shoe dancer.
- We don't like actors who dance!
- What kind of actors do you like?
Dead actors!
That's your cue.
I always get a big hand like that
when I go off.
Pardon me, we're killing them.
How would you like
to kiss me in the moonlight?
How would you like
to hold me in your arms?
When your arms are so inviting
How can you keep from
turning on your charms?

Wouldn't you like my head
upon your shoulder?
Isn't that where you feel it ought to be?
While the night is so exciting
Wouldn't you like to fall in love with me?
I've got what you want
Darling, what's more
You've got what I want
So what are we waiting for?
Nothing is so romantic as a June night
Specially when the devil's in your eyes
How would you like
to kiss me in the moonlight?
You wouldn't like it half as much as I
'Cause I've got what you want
Darling, what's more
You've got what I want
So what are we waiting for?
Nothing is so romantic as a June night
Specially when the devil's in your eye
How would you like
to kiss me in the moonlight?
You wouldn't like it half as much as I
Say, not bad. You stick with me, and before
you know it, I'll be wearing diamonds.
Have we enough to get out of Casarouge?
That's all I wanna know.
What for? We've stumbled onto a hot racket.
This is something the act never had
before, money. A couple of weeks of this...
plus what we get
from Featherhead's cousin, and we'll be set.
- Did I do all right?
- Yeah, okay for a beginner.
It'll take time, but after a while...
you'll be able to kill an audience
the way I do.
- Or vice versa.
- Yeah.
Very funny, save it for the act.
Sylvester, did you notice
that man in the front row?
- I didn't like the way he looked at me.
- That's something else.

I could tell you about that.
Or didn't your mother ever?
But get this. I know you did all right,
but don't let it go to your head.
I don't want you to become a ham.
The first thing you know
you'll be carried away.
Now, here we are. I figured it all out...
and your share of the take
is a nice, tidy sum.
What do you say?
Do you want me to keep it for you?
Margaret, where are you?
Giddap!
Hurry. Stop them.
Those men, my girl,
they're putting her in a wagon. With horses.
They've kidnapped my act. I'll starve.
I mean, I love her.
- Too bad. She was good for the act.
- That's what I mean. Do something.
Guys can't just see a pretty girl,
grab and carry her off like that.
- Why not?
- Why not? What kind of town is this?
I wanna have those men arrested.
Isn't there any law around here?
- Who can I go to?
- Let's see. There's the governor.
That's right. Where does he hang out?
He has a palace at the end of town
but he's difficult to see.
Is that right? I'll see him.
There's only one thing on my mind,
to rescue the woman I love.
Citizen to see the Governor
on a matter of civil complaint.
I've always wanted to play the Palace.
- Your name, citizen?
- Sylvester.
- What's your last name?
- Crosby.
I can't help it. That's the name they gave me.
Of course, I'm a little thin for it.

Yes, what is it?
Citizen to see you
with a complaint about law and order.
Approach, citizen.
Speak up. What's your complaint?
I wanna ask you what kind of town
you're running here?
You may not believe this.
A big, fat, greasy slob...
comes into the Bucket of Blood
and runs off with my dame.
He's a big, dirty rat, and I want justice.
I'm just as good as he is.
Are you?
Well, practically...
but he's a nice fellow
when you get to know him.
No hard feelings.
So you took a fancy to a girl.
Everybody likes a pretty face.
- I like a pretty face myself.
- How interesting.
It is unfortunate that you do not have one.
Everybody's a comedian.
Furthermore, the young lady you are
concerned about happens to be my guest.
And will remain so,
until I'm ready to dispose of her.
Have you any further complaints, citizen?
Yes, but they're just little ones.
I don't wanna take up your time with them.
Well, I'll be going.
- I'll be staying.
- That's very kind of you.
Now, just precisely,
what is your interest in this lady?
You got to be careful with her. She's no
ordinary girl. You don't know who she is.
- Who is she?
- Well, she's a...
She's a princess. That's what she is.
A princess.
Of course, you'd never think of it
to look at her.

On the contrary, you would.
She's the Princess Margaret...
who has run out on her royal marriage
to the Duke of Rochefort...
- to marry a commoner.
- She was?
I mean, she did? I mean, she is?
I'm asking a ransom of
one million doubloons for her return.
Then she was telling the truth.
- Hey, that's a lot of money.
- So you're the commoner she loves.
Can I help it if a princess
loses her head over me?
Oh, no.
You're quite likely to lose yours over her.
You wouldn't do that. I'm so young.
My head, why, I've hardly ever used it.
When the ransom is paid,
I shall return you both to the king.
He will throw his arms around her neck,
and a rope around yours.
He wouldn't be interested in me. I...
I believe otherwise. I'm asking
But that's kidnapping.
You can't do that to me...
or do you have a permit?
Guard, show our guest here to his quarters
in the west wing.
- Quarters? I don't live here.
- Oh, but you do.
You may even do more than live here.
What do you mean?
What else can you do besides live?
Don't tell me. I got it.
You shall enjoy my hospitality
and have the freedom of the palace.
But I would not advise you
to attempt to escape.
You know what this is?
- I hope it's not what I know it is.
- It is.
The Jbaro tribes of South America...
have developed the art

of shrinking human heads down to this size.
After much painstaking research
and a great deal of practice...
I have learned their secret.
- It is now one of my hobbies.
- Hobbies!
You heard the Governor.
Show me to my quarters.
Somebody ought to get you interested
in collecting stamps.
No, flunky, tell the Queen
that King Sylvester cannot be disturbed.
I'm sleeping.
A beautiful handmaiden is approaching
the windows, parting the curtains...
for her royal master.
Another lovely tomato
pulls down the covers...
stroking my forehead.
Wake up. Wake up, Master.
Go away, will you,
I'm dreaming of beautiful girls.
They're real. And in Technicolor, too.
Your bath is prepared, Master.
His Excellency, the Governor,
awaits your presence at breakfast.
- Do you girls come in here every morning?
- Yes, Master.
Boy, what a union.
We go now, but any time you desire us...
you have but to reach over
and pull the bell cord.
- I have to reach all the way over there?
- Yes, Master.
Ring the bell once for Suzanne,
twice for Nanette...
and three times for Yvonne.
When you hear that thing, all of you come.
Never mind for whom the bell tolls.
Oh, well, I can wait. What a racket.
Margaret.
Margaret!
Good morning.
Sylvester, are you all right?

What are you doing here?

And in these clothes?

In these clothes? I came to get you out.

This isn't Halloween.

Oh, Sylvester, I'm so glad you're here.

I'm frightened of La Roche,
the way he looks at me.

- Yeah, we got a lot in common.

- I must get out of here at once.

I've gone on a hunger strike
to try to hold La Roche off...

- but I don't know how long I can go on.

- You just keep that up.

I'll try to sneak some food to you somehow
until we figure a way to escape.

- I would like to see you, me lady.

- La Roche.

He thinks I'm your boyfriend.

If he catches me here in this slipcover, he'll
shrink my head into an umbrella handle.

Don't worry, I'll see you later.

- A bed with fender pants.

- Open up.

Quick, under here.

You try my patience, Your Highness.

I'm not in the habit
of pounding on milady's door...
like an impetuous schoolboy.

And I'm not in the habit
of receiving uninvited visitors.

My dear, you will get used to it in time.

Come, let us sit down.

I've spent a restless night
thinking of your beauty...
and the proximity of your quarters.

- Does that please you?

- No.

- I demand that you release me at once.

- I tire of your silly dramatics.

- I've come to ask you to breakfast with me.

- I must refuse.

Very well. As I've told you before...

I abhor using force on a beautiful woman.

I'm willing to wait an hour, a day,

even a week.
I have infinite patience.
I assure you it will be of no avail,
no matter how long you wait.
You will come around
when you get hungry enough.
You will find me of strong will, La Roche.
You must know
I am not one to be frightened...
by the threats of such as you.
You will discover I am a man...
who does not hesitate
to carry out his threats, my dear princess.
I can be most ruthless
when the occasion demands.
I will starve to death
before I will accede to your wishes.
Come, let's be practical.
It will be many weeks
before your ransom is forthcoming.
We will both grow lonely.
And if you think you can bribe
any of my servants to bring you food...
I must tell you that I have given orders...
to chop off the hands
of anyone attempting to do so.
Oh, yes, I have news for you.
Your lover is here in the palace.
He is my prisoner.
My lover?
Frankly, I can't understand
your taste in men.
You resist me...
but for this little anemic,
pot-bellied worm...
Of course he has a quick and pleasant wit...
but as a figure of a man...
I've thrown the carcasses
of better than he into my trash cans.
Surely he is not worthy of your attentions.
I must ask you to leave now,
Your Excellency.
That's no way for a guest to treat her host.
Come. A generous good morning kiss

before I go.

No, let me go.

For the luxurious accommodations
I've provided you, Your Highness...

- I deserve some reward.

- You shall have your reward on the gallows.

An excellent reply,

but it doesn't alter my intentions.

There now. That wasn't so bad, was it?

I am leaving now for a sumptuous breakfast.

Should you change your mind,

you may join me anytime.

I wish you a hearty appetite.

- Are you all right?

- All right? This used to be my left eye.

I've been waiting for you.

Well, food, too.

Have I missed much of the floorshow?

Why, you look beautiful.

I hope the boys in the poolroom

don't see me.

- I see you have all the accoutrements.

- I have?

- Sit down.

- What a drive-in.

Will you have one of these chickens?

No thanks,

I got three of my own in my room.

You mean the kind that don't fight back?

- I'm sorry.

- You may leave.

- Now be serious, Sylvester.

- Try later, girls.

I have asked you to breakfast with me

because I believe you can help me.

The King's ship is due here before long

with the ransom for the Princess.

In the meantime, I should like to enjoy

my fair guest's company.

If you can assist me in this endeavor...

you'll find great favor with me.

If you don't...

Quite so. The Princess is very stubborn.

This morning, she refused

to breakfast with me.

I know. I mean, I knew she would.

Now, if you could persuade her
to abandon this foolish hunger strike.

Don't worry.

The way things are working out...

I doubt she'll be able to hold out
more than two, three months.

- Two or three months?

- Those new short months.

There are times, Sylvester,
when I begin to doubt.

Out of my way, swine!

No one stands in the way of The Hook.

Capt. Barat, always the dramatic entrance.

- I had expected you sooner.

- I must talk to you, La Roche, at once.

- And alone.

- It's all right. He's a guest of mine.

How much are you asking for him?

- Come, join us for breakfast.

- There's no time.

Stand guard

and see that we're not disturbed.

- Where are you going?

- I'll stand guard at the other side.

No, I want you two to know each other.

Sylvester, this is my great friend,

Capt. Barat, better known as "The Hook."

- Thank you.

- Sylvester, don't leave.

Sit down. You haven't eaten a thing.

Capt. Barat.

La Roche, I bear ill tidings

concerning our treasure.

You've safely concealed it

as I've instructed you, haven't you?

Aye, but it cannot be recovered

without a map I had made.

- And the map?

- Blast me for a blundering fool...

- it was stolen from my ship.

- Stolen!

A curse upon you, Barat.

I've strung men to the gallows for less.

- How did this happen?

- It was stolen by an old hag of a gypsy...
that I captured from the Mary Ann.

How did you manage to let an old gypsy...
steal a parchment
worth the ransom of 10 kings?

She escaped.

She took a dinghy and escaped.

Fool!

Plague and perish her ugly bones,
I shall have her.

We found the dinghy here,
in the harbor of Casarouge.

- In Casarouge?

- Yes, that only means one thing.

The gypsy is here
right under our very noses.

When I get my hook on that old gypsy...
I'll take her innards out, piece by piece.
I'll twist her arms out of her sockets.

The town shall be ransacked
from top to bottom.

Anyone found in possession of the map
will be tortured and hung.

We'll have a public hanging
right here in the palace ground.

No, leave that old gypsy to me.

Hanging is too good.

She shall be boiled in hot lead.

What's wrong with hanging?

- Haven't we met someplace before?

- I don't think so, I've never been there.

- But your face...

- Oh, never mind about that face.

What about the Princess Margaret?

Wasn't she aboard the Mary Ann?

- Did she slip through your fingers, too?

- Oh, the Princess Margaret.

You were misinformed.

She was not aboard the Mary Ann.

That's too bad.

If you had her in your possession,
you would divide the ransom with me?

Why, of course.
Naturally, if I had her in my possession,
I'd divide the ransom with you.
And if I had her in my possession,
I'd divide the ransom with both of you.
Sylvester likes to make jokes.
I'm sure your face is familiar.
No, it's just the jokes.
- I tell you, I'm sure I've seen you...
- And I'll be seeing you sometime, too.
I got to go now. Toodle-oo.
Don't take any wooden doubloons.
Well, how about that. How do you...
I thought I might get a little hungry
before lunch.
I tell you, the two of them
are working together.
The Hook kept staring at me.
He's suspicious.
You gotta keep out of sight
or he'll figure the whole thing out.
Look in the lining of your coat,
see if there's a grape or something.
I know you're hungry,
but so is The Hook, and it's for my blood.
He thinks that I stole a map or something.
Even if it's just the pits of a grape,
I'll eat them.
You don't hear me talking about food.
Listen to what I'm saying.
- Lf he finds out who stole his map...
- Map? What map?
How should I know?
Some treasure map. It was stolen.
Treasure map?
That's what must be in the envelope
Featherhead gave you to give to his cousin.
You mean I've got it?
But I'm not allowed to have it.
Do you know what they're gonna do
to whoever has that map?
Come here. Look out this window.
Look at them
building that gallows out there.

They're not going to use that noose
to rope a moose.

- That's slumber lumber.

- What are you going to do?

Do? That map is in my room.

I'm gonna get rid of it. They're not
gonna put me on the swing shift.

What are you gonna do with that?

- Oh, it's you, is it?

- Yes, surprised?

I'm gonna ram this thing down your throat.

What's the idea of giving me
a thing like this?

- Know what they do to you for having it?

- Isn't it wonderful?

Wonderful! Are you crazy,
or am I crazy for asking?

All things of value involve a risk.

This being the world's most valuable thing,
involves the greatest risk.

Not for me. I'm getting rid of it right now.

- I'm burning it, see...

- You won't burn it.

- Oh, I won't, won't I?

- No, you won't, my gypsy friend.

Because I trust you.

We are partners in this forever.

Together, we will be rich.

We'll be rich if I have to cut out your heart
to make you rich.

You can't scare me.

Anything that happens to me,
happens to you.

How would you like The Hook to find out
you gave me this map?

- But The Hook won't find out.

- Yeah? I'm going to make sure he doesn't.

And this man who is now
the Governor's prisoner...

you say he performed here?

- With a beautiful girl?

- Yes.

- What kind of an act did he do?

- He did impersonations.

Impersonations? What sort?
Well, to hear him tell it,
he could do anything.
An old hunchback, a young nobleman,
a buccaneer...
an old gypsy.
Gypsy? He imitated a gypsy, did he?
That's the foul dog, all right!
I knew he looked familiar.
Let us make haste.
I will cut out that rogue's tongue
and watch him eat it.
Wait, do not rush into a trap.
You are going hoodman blind
into this venture.
Steady, my young cockerel.
What is this you say?
I say La Roche will have you dance
the devil's tattoo on the air with your heels.
He has the Princess and he has the gypsy.
And so I say, he has the map, too.
By the Great Horn Spoon, you may be right.
Round up the men
and prepare to sail at midnight.
I will go to La Roche
and have this out with him...
and while I am there,
I will lay my hook a fathom deep...
in the liver of a certain slant-nosed gypsy.
But, La Roche, you cannot trust him.
But I have no proof that La Roche knows
that his guest and the gypsy are one.
But I tell you this,
if I'm not out of that palace in an hour...
you and the men are to storm the walls
and get me out.
- Good. And what of the map?
- Have no fear, I will have it.
And if La Roche is innocent,
you may be assured of one thing:
The gypsy still has the map on him.
But, honey,
I was only trying to teach you how to swim.
Oh, it's you.

What's the idea, mashing my potato?
Forgive me, my dear partner,
I didn't mean to hit you so hard...
but you shouldn't make me angry.
When my blood boils, I become insane.
You must have been percolating
the day you were born.
That thing, the map!
I told you we've got to get rid of it,
you creep.
This is practically a signed death warrant.
You're right. Whoever is found
with it on him will be hung.
They're not gonna find the map on me.
I'm gonna tear it up.
Even if you tear it, it will not disappear.
That's right. They might find the pieces.
I better burn it.
Burn it? You can't burn it now.
Yeah, they might smell smoke
and then find the ashes.
I know what I'll do.
Proclamation from the Governor!
Hear ye. Hear ye!
Death to the holder of the map!
- Did you hear that?
- Yes, it seems to have gotten around.
I'll get rid of this map if I have to eat it.
- Say, that's a good idea. We'll eat it.
- It can do no harm and I'm hungry.
Wait a minute. Why are you
in such a sweat to get rid of it now?
'Cause I'm smarter than you are,
and I'm only an idiot.
You wearing woolen underwear?
Here's a drumstick.
Hey, say...
have you tried any of the colored parts?
Tastes pretty good.
I'm still on the white meat.
Give me another piece. I like it.
Was your mother ever frightened by a goat?
We're doing it the hard way,
but I'm glad of one thing.

- I'm getting this map off my chest.
- Getting the map off your chest.
Come on, lay that egg
and get it over with, will you?
- Sylvester, are you in there?
- Just a minute.
Quick, come on.
Hurry, get in the closet.
Sylvester, open.
Here, in case you get hungry.
Sylvester, open up.
Come, Sylvester...
I want you to take a walk with me.
I have something to discuss.
Sylvester, will you help me
with a little problem of mine?
You won't be afraid
to answer my questions honestly, will you?
What was your impression of Capt. Barat?
You know, The Hook.
My impression exactly.
But suppose his story is true...
and the culprit who stole the map
is within my grasp.
Whatever gave you that idea?
What's the matter, man?
What have you got on your chest?
I think I'm breaking out.
I ate something that didn't agree with me.
- I better go on a diet.
- No, it is our climate.
I was often troubled myself
until I built a sulfur bath.
I take such a bath every night.
Tonight you will join me.
- You and I are gonna take a bath together?
- Why not?
I'll scrub your back
and you may scrub mine.
I don't like the odds.
- Quite a tasty layout you have here.
- Yes, I like to live well.
My need for money is great.
That's why it is important

that we find the map soon.
Didn't you know? Come along.
Convertible top.
You monster.
- Come, Sylvester.
- Here.
Come, man, the water is just right.
Remove your undergarments.
I'm bashful.
Oh, come, come.
Stop acting like a coy young maiden.
Take it off.
No, I like to keep it on.
It's the only way I can get my laundry done.
Stand back. Here I come!
Come on.
- Sylvester, where are you?
- Here.
- Sylvester.
- Here.
Sylvester, listen to me.
Here!
- Stop it, man. What are you doing?
- I was just looking for the soap.
Here it is. I'll soap your back first.
What's the matter with you?
What are you doing? What is it?
Curse you for a lubberly oaf!
This is the last time
you shall make sport of me.
What do you mean,
bursting in on us like this?
- What's the idea? Wanna get in trouble?
- Trouble, is it?
- Careful, Barat, he's my guest.
- Guest?
- He is the gypsy.
- Gypsy? Have you lost your wits, man?
I can prove what I say.
Wait a minute, I'm coming out. Wait.
This dog will talk or I'll slit his gullet.
Come gypsy, the map...
or I'll carve your hide to ribbons.
The map!

- He had it tattooed on his chest!
- No.
- You see, La Roche?
- By heaven, it is! I've been hoodwinked.
- Luckily the gallows are ready.
- I can explain everything.
- Go ahead.
- I...
Come to think of it, I can't.
Hold it!
Stop him! Don't let him get away, Barat.
Slit his gullet.
Stop him.
What's the meaning of this?
Quick, my chest.
That idiot Featherhead. Look what he did.
- What is it?
- It's the map, I've got to get it off.
I'll tell them it was a mirage.
- What are you trying to do?
- I'm gonna make a clean breast of it.
- Who's that at the door?
- It ain't opportunity. I'm getting out of here.
Wait a minute, Hooky, old boy,
I can explain everything, wait.
There, Mr. Hook. That squares our account.
I have your map and your life.
Now we must get out of here.
- Stop reading my mind.
- Quite a job I did.
I'm an artist
and so are you, Sylvester the Great...
- and I have a plan for our escape.
- Yeah, I know your plans.
- I bet this time we chew each other up.
- This is a clever plan, though risky.
- Now wait a minute, I got a plan, too.
- Not as good as mine.
I hate arguments, don't you?
If I didn't know who you was,
I wouldn't know who you was.
Say, maybe this is the eighth face
I've been looking for. Come on.
Where are we going?

We've got no time for the Princess.
I've got to get you and the map out.
You take the map and I'll get the girl.
No, we can't do that, can we?
- Halt.
- Out of my way, you lubberly oaf...
or I'll slit your gullet
and shove it down your gizzard.
Begging your pardon.
I have orders to let no one in...
Quiet! You mangy hound, a pox on you!
I'll flay thy bones.
- I'll carve thy filthy hide into ribbons.
- Yes, Capt. Barat.
Come, my proud beauty! A pox on you.
Avast, ahoy, you'll come with me
before I slit thy gullet.
Sylvester, what's the matter with you?
Where did you pick up
that kind of language?
- You didn't fool her.
- Somebody tipped her off.
Now I understand.
You were supposed to be The Hook.
Yeah, that's the general idea.
Not bad, boot hook.
I've got brains. We better get out of here,
before they scatter all over the joint.
Halt! Stop those men.
Where you going?
And you, get back to your room.
You dare speak to The Hook that way?
He'll cut you to shreds.
- The whole scurvy lot of you.
- He will, will he?
Away, La Roche, a pox on thee.
The gypsy is slain.
You can have the blasted map
and the blasted treasure.
All I want is the blasted gal.
I'll see you around sometime.
You're not leaving, my good friend.
By the bait or spoon,
shiver my timbers, avast, ye lubbers.

Ye dare stand in my way
and I take this hook...
and I'll rip out your innards.
So you're frightened.
You see, I have the upper hand, I...
No wonder. "Made in Japan."
Enough of this masquerade.
- To the dungeons with them.
- Yeah? You think you can take me alive?
How did you know?
Wait till I get you outside.
Have no fear, Captain.
- We'll wipe out these curs and set sail.
- Go to, my lad, go to.
- Aye.
- I'm going, too.
Carry Capt. Barat to the ship at once.
This wench, take her along, too,
Captain's orders.
- Capt. Barat, and wounded.
- A present from the Governor.
That fat pig must think me dead.
But I shall return and teach him differently.
Give me that cloak.
Remove your shoes.
Capt. Barat, you've been hurt.
Aye, I'll flay their bones, a pox on them all.
La Roche shall pay for this treachery.
I'll chop off his liver.
Say, that might be pretty good,
chopped liver.
- Stand guard till we cast off.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Better make haste,
or La Roche and his troops will be upon us.
La Roche, a pox on him, I'll flay his bones.
I'll slit his gullet,
I'll bury my hook in his gizzard.
I'll carve him to ribbons, I'll slay his gullet.
I'll rip open his gizzard.
I'll hoist him from the yardarm...
and let the crows pick out his eyes.
I'll return with 1,000 men...
and hang La Roche from his own gallows.

- Stand guard till we cast off.

- Aye, aye.

Stand by yon main topsail halyards!

Hang sheets and places.

Captain, we stand ready to sail.

- What orders?

- Oh, yeah. I mean, aye, aye.

Avast the mainsail, hoist the rudder...

scuttle the portholes, unfurl the anchor,
and shiver my timbers.

Any questions? I mean, aye!

Methinks, Captain, the blow on thy head
has cluttered thy mind for the moment.

Methinks a little rest.

Methinks so, too.

Get this ship out of the harbor...

- and head north for Jamaica.

- North to Jamaica!

But, Captain, the treasure lies south.

To the north lies danger.

To the south is safety.

We're always certain of friends in the south.

Oh, a Democrat?

Fetch me the Princess Margaret.

Bring her to my cabin.

- I've got the Parcheesi board all set up.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Let go of your forward lines. Down helm.

Well done, Pedro.

We're under sail

before La Roche can gather his wits.

Head due south.

But Captain,

did you not want us to head north?

You're not here to question, but to obey.

- South, I say.

- Aye, aye, sir.

- Head due south.

- South it is, sir.

- Captain, here is Princess Margaret.

- Take her below and put her in irons.

I'll settle with her later.

- But, Captain I thought you told...

- What?

Does everybody aboard
question my orders?
Take her below!
Why do you stare?
Anybody would think
there's something peculiar about me.
I will dress. Perhaps then
you will not find me so amusing.
Where's the Princess?
- I put her in irons as you ordered.
- That's fine.
Irons? I told you to bring her to my cabin.
- Hurry or I'll slit your gullet.
- Aye, aye, sir.
Give me that bottle.
Aye, hatch the poop deck.
Don't push me around.
- What's going on here?
- Here's the Princess, Captain.
What? You stupid pig!
- Put her in irons!
- But Captain, you told me...
- Put her in irons.
- Give me back my bottle.
Hear this, you men,
I don't want to see the Princess...
until I give the order. Understand?
Where's the Princess?
- Well, where is she?
- Marshal took her away as you ordered.
- Have him bring her back. Immediately!
- Yes, sir.
Begging your pardon, Captain...
but didn't you just have your underwear on?
I still got it on. What am I, a nudist?
Here she is, Captain.
What, again? Take her away.
Take her away, you bumbling baboon.
Are you all mad as well as deaf?
Where's the Princess?
Who do you think you're monkeying
around with? I'm The Hook.
H-O-O-K-E. Fetch me the Princess.
I grow impatient.

For a minute, I thought it was busted.

- So, gypsy, we meet again.

- Wait a minute, you're dead.

- Am I?

- No, I guess it's me.

You know, Sylvester...

I feel that all these terrible things that have happened to you have been my fault.

Isn't that funny, I feel the same way.

I'm going to do something to make it up to you.

It better be good.

These ain't charm bracelets we're wearing.

You got a nail file?

Sylvester, I was saving this for myself.

- It contains only one bullet.

- Yeah, I know how you feel, Princess.

Make it fast. I don't want to watch you die.

Oh, no, Sylvester.

At least I know

what The Hook has in store for me.

But you, I shudder to think

what he'll do to you.

- Here.

- No, I must be brave and face it like a man.

- Close your eyes and I'll shoot you.

- No, I can't let you.

- I'll shoot you.

- Now, wait a minute.

- Where are you going to do it?

- It'll be merciful, Sylvester.

- Right through the brain.

- Merciful?

Couldn't you just shoot me in the foot and let me bleed to death slowly?

Goodbye, my dear. This is fini.

The curtain rings down on the great Sylvester.

Not to cheering crowds, but in a filthy dungeon.

- But...

- Tell them I died nobly, bravely.

- But Sylvester, I didn't shoot you.

- What?

It must be La Roche, he's trailed us.
He'll have his revenge this night. Fire at will.
Blast them from the sea.
'Tis The Hook's ship.
Our search is ended.
Return fire!
Sylvester, the cannon have stopped.
It must be La Roche's ship.
- They're boarding us now.
- I can feel my head getting smaller already.
You're wanted on deck, my lady. You, too.
- Lf I wasn't chained...
- Sylvester, they want us on deck.
Yeah, La Roche.
Okay, hand me my harp and let's get going.
Well, what do you know,
they've hooked The Hook.
Now that I've got the chance...
I want to tell you, all the time you
were chasing me I was putting on an act.
I bet you thought I was scared,
a coward, and shaking in my boots.
- Boo!
- I bet you were right.
Well, Featherhead.
- Don't worry about a thing. I'll get you out.
- Oh, no. I like it.
Father!
Thank heaven you're unharmed, my child.
How do you like that? The King.
Hi, Your Honor.
How's the Queen and all the little Jacks?
I'm a card.
I just...
- Father, how did you ever find me?
- And we thought you were La Roche.
La Roche is my prisoner.
He turned blubbering coward
when placed in the rack.
He told all and gave me the course...
The Hook must sail
to retrieve his buried treasure.
And now, my child,
you're safe with me once again.

You mean, you're taking me back?
I've learned the futility
of trying to impose my will on yours.
Marry whom you wish.
You have my blessings.
Oh, Father. You'll not regret this.
I love him, though he's but a commoner,
a humble servant of Your Majesty.
- But he's so kind, so noble, and so...
- Handsome?
And he's right here on this ship.
Of course, I'm not working steady,
but what does that mean to a king?
- A little dowry, you'll never miss it...
- Are you?
Darling!
My darling.
Stick around, son,
something older may show up for you.
How do you like that?
I knock my brains out for nine reels...
and a bit player from Paramount
comes over and gets the girl.
- This is the last picture I do for Goldwyn.
- Pardon me.
- Don't make a meal out of it.
- Go sell your rack, shellac.