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The Prince and the Pauper

By Gerrit Graham

For many years...
England was ruled by|a wise and good king...
and the people flourished|and were very happy...
but by-and-by.|the good king became ill...
and a darkness fell over|the countryside.
As the king grew weaker...
his captain of the guard.|a ruthless and greedy man...
saw his chance to terrorise|the people of England...
and worst of all.|in the king's name.
It seemed that no one could|save the kingdom of England...
from the thieving captain|and his ruthless henchmen...
until one day...
Kindling! Kindling!
Fresh kindling!
You can't cook dinner|without a fire, can you, sir?
I know, fella.|I'm hungry, too.
Snow cones!
All kinds, sir.|We got plain, mud, and twig.
Hiya, Goof. How's business?
Gawrsh, Mickey, if I don't get|a customer soon...
I'll have to eat them myself.
Don't feel bad, guys.
Come on, fellas,|secret handshake.
Ooba boola boola boola!
Swing it up!
One of these days,|we'll eat just like the king...
with lots of turkey and ham|and potatoes and con.
Yeah! And ice cream|and cookies and pie!
Fruit tarts and cobblers|piled this high.
Oh. Give me a suckling pig #
To make my belly big #
I'm just a little guy #
Give me a pizza pie #
I have a happy face #
Next to the fireplace #
I'd like a hat to wear #
And thermal underwear #
It would be appealing #
To have that royal feeling #
Doing everything #
A little bit like a king #
- Like a king!|- Like a king!
Just a little bit|like a king #
I

Just a little bit like #
Just a little bit, | little bit like #
I would love to live | just like a king #
Captain Pete, | Captain Pete #
Captain Pete, | Captain Pete #
He never met a man | he didn't cheat #
Cheat, cheat, cheat #
He's the vilest villain | that you'd ever want to meet #
Pluto! No!
Quite a cad, super bad #
No! Pluto!
Pluto? Pluto?
Who goes there. | and what do you want?
Gosh, I just want | to get my dog back.
He ran in before | I could catch him.
Your Majesty, do come inside.
Thanks.
What do you think this is, | open house?
Captain, | that was the prince.
Then who's that, numskull?
Now to review, sire.
All triangles | have three sides...
and the relations | between these sides...
are known as ratios.
Trigonometry is | the branch of mathematics...
Sire, if you could give me | your full attention.
Name the three secondary | trigonometric ratios.
You may begin.
Cotangent...
secant...
Who did that?
What is it?
Cosecant!
Sire. We've been through | this time and time again.
It's hypotenuse.
Hypotenuse!
Now, Donald, | I'll have you know...
that I don't find | your behaviour amusing at all.
If the prince is to assume | the royal duties...
No! He started it!
- Donald! | - Aw, fooey!
I'm always getting in trouble | for that stupid prince.
And as for you, | Your Highness...
you know | that your father is ill...

and requires rest and quiet. | Now, sire...
Beat it, you dumb mutt!
Get out of here! | Let go of my leg!
Captain! What's the meaning | of this outburst?
Just some | local riffraff, sire.
Even the lowliest subjects of | this kingdom deserve respect.
Have him brought to me at once.
The prince wishes to see you.
Allow me.
Put me down!
Wow!
Hiya!
I'm just a little guy #
Give me... #
What the devil's | going on out here?
Donald, if this is | your idea of humour, I'm...
You look just like... | I thought you were...
Wait, wait, wait. | Just a moment.
Now, who are you? | And who is your tailor?
The name's Mickey.
Mickey Mouse, | Your Royal Highness.
A beggar boy.
Mickey, I must thank you | for saving my life.
Saving your life?
I was about to die of boredom.
Do you know what | it's like to be the prince?
Boy, it must be fun.
Never a moment to myself. | Breakfast at 7.00.
Lessons till lunch...
fencing till tea time...
and every night, banquet | after feast after banquet.
Wow!
And then 9.00, bedtime.
Beddy-bye.
How I envy your freedom.
Games all day long...
no studying | dreary old books...
staying up late as you like, | eating junk food.
If I could take your place | for just one day...
Yes. What a grand idea.
Don't you see? | It'll be perfect.
I'll take your place | in the streets of London...
and you shall be the prince.
The prince? | I can't be the prince.

How do I act?|What do I say?
You needn't worry, lad.
To goven, you need to say|only one of two things...
"That's a splendid idea.|I'm glad I thought of it!"
and "Guards, seize him!"
But your father, the king...
I'll be back|in the wink of an eye.
And if there's any trouble,|all may know me by this.
Wow! I'm not sure|this is a good idea.
You'll do fine, Mickey.
Why, you're looking|more royal already.
Good-bye, Mickey.
You won't forget|to come back now, will ya?
Well... good-bye.
Hello, Captain.
Ah, my little peasant.
Embarrass me in front|of the prince, will ya?
Peasant?
Captain, I fooled you.|I am the prince.
Forgive me, my royal liege.
How thoughtfuI of you,|Captain.
I live to serve.
Sayonara, sucker!
I did it!
I'm free! I am good!
I fooled him.
For now, nothing's|going to spoil my fun.
Hey, Mickey!|There you are!
Ah, my first encounter|with the peasantry.
Where'd you go, Mickey?
Come here, you little nut.
Noogie, noogie, noogie!
Give me that|secret handshake, Mick.
Put your hand up here.|Swing it now.
Oh, yes. That is me...
Mickey Mouse,|peasant at large.
My good man,|you must forgive me.
I'm dreadfuI with names.
Could I have your name?
What's the matter|with the one you got?
I'm Goofy. Remember?
So I see.|And, my dear man...
if there's anything|I can do to help...
by all means,|let me know.

Oh, I get it!
It's a joke.
That's a great one.
Will you look at the time?|I really must be going.
Ta-ta!
Hey, come back here!
Come back!
Gosh, if my friends|could see me now.
Surely His Highness has|not forgotten his royal duties.
You'll pay for this!|Leave her alone right now!
- Get away from her!|- Help me!
Relax, lady.|It's for the king.
- Yeah, the king.|- But it's all we have.
Then it's all we'll take.
Halt!|As your royal prince...
I command you|to unhand that hen.
What's so amusing?
Forgive me.|I think you forgot your crown.
When I retun to the palace,|you'll pay for this!
I can't believe it.|Stealing in the king's name.
This happens all the time.
The king takes all our food.|We're hungry.
Outta the way, you slobs!
Make way for|the royal provisioner.
Out of the way.|Come on, move it.
What are yous. Deaf?
Halt! I am the prince...
and I command you to surrender|your entire inventory.
And I'm the queen mother.|Be off with ya.
Will this help?
- It's the prince!|- Your Highness!
Give me|a suckling pig... #
Now, where can he be?
For you, sir.
There he is.
Thank you, sire.
Gawrsh,|Mick's flipped his wig.
Alright! Clear out!|Out of the way!
He's the one what|showed me the ring, sir.
You there,|you're under arrest.
Run for it, boy!
Hang on, Mick! I'm comin'!
Oh, that's rich.
Now, I may be losing|my mind, Captain.

And I know that you've said|that time and time again...
but all I know is|he acted like a nobleman...
and he had the royal ring.
The ring?
So it was the prince|I booted out.
You threw out the prince?
You're gonna get it #
Not if he doesn't|come back alive.
Take that!|Take that! And that!
Enter!
Oops!
Nice shot, sire.
Your Highness, your father|is in his last hours...
and wishes to see you at once.
We better tell the prince.|He'd want to see him.
You are the prince, sire.
I've been meaning|to talk to you about that.
Sire, he is gravely ill.
I'll explain everything.|The king'll understand.
- My son...|- Huh?
- I'm not really the...|- Come closer.
My son, from the day|you were bon...
I have tried to prepare you|for this moment.
I shall be gone soon...
and you will be king.
You must promise...
promise me that you will rule|the land from your heart...
justly and wisely.
I promise.
I gotta find the prince.
Good day, my phoney prince.
- Unhand me!|- Shut up!
Now that our dearly departed|king is out of my way...
you're gonna do|every little thing I say.
'Cause if you don't...
- Pluto!|- Get the picture?
You there, what's happened?
The king is dead...
and the prince|is to be crowned at once!
Father.
Your soup's almost ready, Mick...
I mean, Your Majesty.
Now it's up to me to right|the wrongs I've seen...
children going hungry,|corruption everywhere.

Gawrsh, you really|are the prince, ain't ya?
Sire, your wish is my command.
Goofy, I owe you my life.
This will not be forgotten.
Come, friend. We must retun|to the palace at once...
For a visit to the dungeon,|my prince!
Get him, boys!
En garde!
Let me go, I say.|How dare you?
You'll pay for this, Captain!
I command you|to put me down right now!
After the pauper's crowned,|it will be adieu for you.
Let me out of here!
I'm the prince's valet!
Your Highness! We're saved!
Wait a minute.|You're in here, too.
We're doomed!
The coronation!
My lord.
This charade|has gone on long enough.
I demand that you open|this door immediately.
Shut up! Huh?
Looks like the boss|ain't wastin' any time.
Be my guest, pal.
What's the big idea?
Sorry.
You wouldn't happen|to have an axe I could borrow?
Thank you.
I've had a lovely evening.
- Gawrsh.|- Goofy!
Just sit tight, little buddy.
I'll have you|outta there in a jiffy.
Be seated, sire.
After you.
No, no.|Beauty before age, sire.
Oh, no. Age before beauty.
Your Highness,|you're such a sport.
- Sit down!|- Got it.
Let me see. Was it|the skinny one or the round?
Maybe it was this little...
Get 'em, boys!
Gawrsh, that thing's sharp.
Oops.
It is both|my duty and pleasure...

to crown you...
I say, |you're a rather wiry lad.
So slippery. |Would you hold still?
- Stop! | - What the...?
I'm the prince, right?
And whatever |I order must be done, right?
Uh... yes.
Well, then, the captain |is an insolent scoundrel.
Guards, seize him!
Seize him! |He's an impostor!
But I'm not, Captain!
Thank you, guardsman.
Oh, boy!
Wait a minute, Your Majesty.
I can explain everything.
Very well. |I await your explanation.
Your Majesty is too kind.
Look out, sire!
Geronimo!
Hold on, sire. I'll...
I got you now, you varlet!
Fooled again, Captain!
Out of my way!
Oh, boy, |am I glad to see...
I mean, what a time I've...
Ah, but, you see, I...
Good heavens, |which one is which?
Pluto!
I guess there's |no fooling you, boy.
Therefore, I crown you |Prince of England...
I mean, King. |King of England.
Everybody. Sing #
A toast to the king #
- To the king! | - To the king!
To His Majesty the King #
I #
Long live the king #
- Yeah! | - Gawrsh.
And so with |his loyal companions...
Mickey and Goofy. |at his side...
the young king |ruled his happy country...
as he'd sworn he would...
with justice |and compassion for all.
Old Icky. If you recall. |was the country schoolmaster...

dreamed up|by Washington Irving.
He had a way with a yarn|did Mr Irving.
If we could|but journey back...
to that remote period|in American history...
when the city of Manhattan|was but a market town...
we would discover in the bosom|of one of those spacious coves
which indent the shores|of the Hudson...
the little village|of Tarrytown...
and just beyond...
nestled deep|in the low rolling hills...
a sequestered glen.
It's a quiet. Peaceful place.|and yet somehow...
foreboding...
for it abounds|in haunted spots...
twilight tales.|and local superstitions.
The best-known story.|however...
concerns a certain|itinerant schoolmaster...
who once frequented|these parts.
Indeed. Some say|his melancholy spirit...
still haunts the vicinity.
The worthy pedagogue|was described...
as a most unusual man.
To see him striding along...
one might well mistake him|for some scarecrow...
eloped from a cornfield.
He was tall|and exceedingly lank.
His head was small|and flat on top...
with a long snipe nose...
so that it looked|like a weathercock...
perched|upon his spindle neck.
Altogether. Lhe was|such an apparition...
as is seldom to be seen|in broad daylight.
It was late one drowsy|autumn afternoon...
when this strange figure|first approached...
the tranquil little village|of Sleepy Hollow.
As usual.|there had foregathered...
at Ye Olde Schnooker|and Schnapps Shoppe...
a group of rustic lads known|as the Sleepy Hollow Boys.
Their self-appointed leader.|one Brom Bones...
was a burly.|roistering blade...
always ready for a fight|or a frolic.
And though Brom was much given|to madcap pranks...
and practical jokes...
still. There was no malice|in his mischief.

Indeed. With his waggish humour|and prodigious strength...
Brom Bones was quite the hero|of all the country 'round.
Odds bodkins! Gadzooks!
Look at that|old spook of spooks.
Who's that comin'|down the street? #
Are they shovels.|or are they feet? #
Lean and lanky #
Skin and bones #
With clothes a scarecrow|would hate to own #
Yet he has|a certain air #
Debonair|and devil may care #
It's the new|schoolmaster #
What's his name? #
Ichabod #
Ichabod Crane #
Ichabod #
What a name #
Kind of odd #
But nice just the same #
Funny pan. Funny frame #
Ichabod.|Ichabod Crane #
Ichabod may be quaint #
May be odd|and maybe he ain't #
Anyway.|there's no complaint #
From Ichabod.|Ichabod Crane #
And though the arrival|of the pedagogue...
gave rise|to mixed emotions...
the townspeople all agreed|they'd never seen anyone...
Like Ichabod.|Ichabod Crane #
The schoolroom|became Ichabod's empire...
over which|with lordly dignity...
he held absolute sway.
Truth to say. Ichabod|was a conscientious man...
and ever bore in mind|the golden maxim...
"Spare the rod|and spoil the child. "
Still. Lhe was carefuI|to administer justice...
with discrimination.
For it behooved him to keep on|good terms with his pupils...
especially if their mothers|happened to be good cooks.
Who's the town's|ladies' man? #
Gets around|like nobody can #
Has to be|none other than #
Ichabod.|Ichabod Crane #
Thus. As time went by.|it may be seen...

that the pedagogue got on|tolerably enough.
Moreover. Ichabod|found diverse ways...
to increase|his slender income...
and at the same time...
awaken the cultural interests|of the sleepy little village.
It was inevitable|that such a man as Ichabod...
would become|an object of ridicule...
to Brom Bones|and his gang.
And yet to Ichabod.|these were small matters.
Indeed. The schoolmaster|possessed...
a remarkable equanimity...
which remained|quite undisturbed...
until that fatefuI day...
when his path|was crossed by a woman...
a certain woman...
Katrina Van Tassel...
daughter and only child|of old Baltus Van Tassel...
the richest farmer|in the county.
She was a blooming lass...
plump as a partridge...
ripe. melting...
and rosy-cheeked.
Once you have met|that little coquette #
Katrina #
You won't forget|Katrina #
But nobody yet|has ever upset #
Katrina #
That cute coquette|Katrina #
You can do more #
With Margaret or Helena #
Or Ann or Angelina #
But Katrina|will kiss and run #
To her.|a romance is fun #
With always another one|to start #
And yet when you've met|that little coquette #
Katrina #
You've lost your heart #
Now. There was no doubt|the fair Katrina...
was the richest prize|in the countryside...
and the schoolmaster.|being an ambitious man...
at once began to fill his mind|with many sugared thoughts...
and hopefuI suppositions.
Ah, Katrina, my love...
who can resist your grace...

your charm...
and who can resist|your father's farm?
Boy, what a set-up.
There's gold in them acres,|and that ain't hay.
Not to mention|that lovely green stuff.
Katrina, my sweet,|my treasure.
Treasure...|That ban's a gold mine.
How I'd love to hit|the jackpot.
Dear Katrina...
Papa's only child.
Papa!
The old goat|can't take it with him...
and when he cuts out,|that's where I cut in.
Sweet Katrina.|Poor little rich girl.
Don't worry, Katie,|Ichabod will protect you.
Yes, Katrina, you've won me.|I surrender.
And yet when you've met|that little coquette #
Katrina #
You've lost your heart #
Truth to say. Every portal|to Katrina's heart...
was jealously guarded by|a host of rustic admirers.
Ah. But Ichabod|was confident...
he'd soon ride roughshod over|these simple country bumpkins.
The most formidable obstacle|of all. Lhowever...
the schoolmaster|failed to reckon with.
That was the redoubtable|Brom Bones himself.
Now. The ease with which Brom|cleared the field of rivals...
both piqued and provoked|the fair Katrina...
and she often wished that|some champion would appear...
and for once|take the field openly...
against the boisterous Brom.
And though a wiser man would've|shrunk from the competition...
Iove. They say. Is blind...
and Ichabod was aware|only that Dame Fortune...
was at last thundering|at his door.
It's true that Brom liked|a joke as well as the next...
but enough was too much.
It's time to carry the issue|to open warfare.
Why. Lhe'd double|that schoolmaster up...
and lay him on a shelf|in his own schoolhouse.
But this. It seemed.|was easier said than done.
No doubt of it.|this was Ichabod's lucky day.
It was evident|the schoolmaster...
was indeed a man|of hidden talents...

a rival to be reckoned with.
Still. Wars are|neither won nor lost...
with the first encounter.
The high-flying pedagogue|might be brought to earth...
for Brom Bones was never|a man to cry quits.
It was upon the occasion...
of her father's|annual Halloween frolic...
that Katrina again chose|to stir the embers...
of the smouldering rivalry.
Thus one invitation|in particular...
carried a most personal|and provocative summons.
The worthy schoolmaster|was in a transport of joy.
To him. This could mean|but one thing.
Icky, you sly old dog, you.
What is this strange power|you have over women?
Tonight's the night, boy.
Just tun on the old charm...
and fair Katrina|is yours for the asking.
So gaily bedecked and|nobly mounted upon a horse...
he had borrowed|for the occasion...
Ichabod issued forth|like a knight errant of old...
to keep a tryst|with his lady fair.
In all the countryside...
there was nothing|to equal a merrymaking...
at Mynheer Van Tassel's farm.
To Ichabod. Lhere was a perfect|field for his endeavours.
Now. Indeed. Would he put|his best foot forward...
for beyond|all his other talents...
the schoolmaster prided|himself upon his dancing.
The unhappy Brom.|already bested at every turn...
saw himself|once more outmatched.
For as he watched|the posturing pedagogue...
he was forced to admit|that here...
here was a flawless picture|of ease and grace.
There was no doubt that Ichabod|was the man of the hour.
Brom knew that|he must concede his rival...
still another victory.
And yet. There was still|a chance his time would come...
for when the hour grew late...
Van Tassel always|called upon his guests...
to tell him ghostly tales|of Halloween.
And Brom knew there was|no more firm believer...
in spooks and goblins|than Ichabod Crane.
Just gather 'round,|and I'll elucidate...

on what goes on outside|when it gets late.
'Long about midnight|the ghosts and banshees...
they get together for|their nightly jamborees.
There's things with horns|and saucer eyes...
and some with fangs|about this size.
- Some are fat.|- And some are thin.
And some don't even|wear their skin.
I'm telling you, brother.
It's a frightful sight...
to see what goes on|Halloween night.
When the spooks have|a midnight jamboree #
They break it up|with fiendish glee #
Ghosts are bad.|but the one that's cursed #
Is the Headless Horseman.|and he's the worst #
That's right #
He's a fright|on Halloween night #
When he goes a-joggin'|'cross the land #
Holdin' his noggin|in his hand #
Demons take one look|and groan #
And they hit the road|for parts unknown #
Beware. Take care.|he rides alone #
And there's no spook|like a spook that's spurned #
They don't like him.|and he's really burnt #
He swears to the longest day|he's dead #
He'll show them|that he can get a head #
They say he's tired|of his flamin' top #
He's got a yen|to make a swap #
So he rides|one night each year #
To find a head|in the Hollow here #
Now. Lhe likes 'em little.|he likes 'em big #
Parted in the middle|or a wig #
Black or white|or even red #
The Headless Horseman|needs a head #
With a hip hip|and a clippity clop #
He's out lookin'|for a top to chop #
So don't stop to figure|out a plan #
You can't reason|with a headless man #
Now, if you doubt|this tale is so...
I met that spook|just a year ago.
Now, I didn't stop|for a second look...
but made for the bridge|that spans the brook.
For once you cross|that bridge, my friends...
The ghost is through.|his power ends #
So when you're ridin'|home tonight

Make for the bridge|with all your might #
He'll be down|in the Hollow there #
He needs your head|Look out! Beware! #
With a hip hip|and a clippity clop #
He's out lookin'|for a head to swap #
So don't try to figure|out a plan #
You can't reason|with a headless man #
It was the very|witching hour of night...
when Ichabod pursued|his travel home.
The sky grew|darker and darker...
as one-by-one the stars|winked out their lights...
and driving clouds|obscured the moon from sight.
Never had the schoolmaster|felt so melancholy...
so utterly alone.
And the nearer|he approached the Hollow...
the more dismal he became.
Once inside the murky glen...
Ichabod's anxiety|increased one hundredfold.
For now the forest seemed|to close in behind him...
and every small detail|of Brom's awfuI story...
returned to haunt|his recollection.
Ichabod! Ichabod! Ichabod!
Headless Horseman.|Headless Horseman.
Here he comes!
Beware! Beware!
Once you cross that bridge.|my friends...
the ghost is through.|His power ends.
The next morning.|Ichabod's hat was found...
and close beside it...
a shattered pumpkin...
but there was no trace|of the schoolmaster.
It was shortly thereafter|that Brom Bones...
led the fair Katrina|to the altar.
Now. Rumours persisted|that Ichabod was still alive...
married to a wealthy widow|in a distant county.
But of course|the good Dutch settlers...
refuse to believe|such nonsense.
For they knew|the schoolmaster...
had been spirited away|by the Headless Horseman.
With a hip hip|and a clippity clop #
He's out lookin'|for a head to swap #
So don't try to figure|out a plan #
You can't reason|with a headless man #
Man. I'm getting outta here!