The Adventures of Baron Munchausen

By Charles McKeown
Help me.
And so, as the sun rose...
over the island of Cheese...
casting long shadows
through the sausage bushes...
illuminating the tops
of the honey trees...
and warming the fields
of smoked salmon...
I, Baron Munchausen...
who am renowned first and foremost
for telling the truth...
the whole truth
and nothing but the truth.
For while it has been
my privilege--
- Tighter! Tighter!
- Hold steady!
How can you become
a great actress like me...
poor darling,
if you get blown to pieces?
- Come on!
- Native land.
Oh, yeah!
There to attempt the education...
of their provincial
and narrow-minded...
and stupidly incredulous
fellow countrymen...
we heaved anchor
and set sail.
We heaved anchor
and set sail!
The waves!
- Oh, bugger!
- We heaved anchor.
- We are actors!
- And set sail.
Where the devil
are the stagehands?
- Dead!
- They can't all have been killed!
Not killed, ducky.
Suicide!
Nothing to do
with your acting.
We heaved anchor--
But ill luck pursued me...
and I was blown towards
the waiting jaws...
of a whale of such prodigious size
and length...
that I could not,
even with a telescope...
see the end of him.
What will become
of the baron
Surely this time
there is no escape
What will become
of the baron
Surely this time there
Is no escape
I have learned
from experience...
that a modicum of snuff...
can be most efficacious.
Hells bells...
and buckets of blood!
Where were the waves?
The waves!
You've stabbed my vitals!
- You incompetent imbecile!
- It wasn't me!
It was her!
It wasn't me!
It was him! You big pintle!
We are supposed
to be professionals!
And we're trying
to stay alive!
- Sally!
- All right.
Now stay in here
or I shall lock you up.
- Where's my brother?
- What?
You haven't got a brother.
Then you just tell me why it says,
"Henry Salt and Son."
- I'm your daughter.
- I shouldn't have taught you to read.
"And Son" is traditional.
That's the way it's supposed to be.
No. The sultan's demands
are still not sufficiently rational.
The only lasting peace is one based
on reason and scientific principle.
I'm terribly sorry,
Mr. Jackson.
The first act didn't go
quite as we would have liked.
One or two little
technical problems.
Oh, please don't apologize, Mr. Salt.
I'm sure you're doing your best...
in very trying circumstances.
- Your attention.
- Hmm? Ah, excuse me.
The officer
who risked his life...
by single-handedly destroying
six enemy cannon...
and rescuing ten of our men
held captive by the Turk.
Yes, sir.
- The officer we've heard so much about.
- I suppose so, sir.
Always taking risks
far beyond the call of duty.
I only did my best, sir.
Have him executed at once.
- Yes, sir.
- Come along.
This sort of behavior is demoralizing
for ordinary soldiers and citizens...
who are trying to lead normal,
simple, unexceptional lives.
Things are difficult as it is without
emotional people rocking the boat.
Constantinople.
The court of the grand Turk.
What a surprise...
that a passing zephyr
should waft me here.
Perhaps fate wishes me...
to teach the sultan
a lesson or two.
His highness the sultan
loved a good wine...
and could never
resist a wager.
Characteristics
that were to cost him dear.
Lies!
Those scoundrels!
I won't put up with it!
It's intolerable!
Stop this travesty!
Stop it!
It's an insult!
An indignity!
I've never seen so much rubbish
in all my life!
You don't know
what you're talking about!
One day,
after a sumptuous dinner--
- Is this supposed to happen?
- The sultan bade me to accompany him..
to his private apartments.
Uh, please. No, don't.
Please.
This blackguard's an impostor!
I am the Baron Munchausen,
and I won't be made a fool of!
- Please! You cannot come up here!
- No, no!
- We are presenting a performance!
- You are presenting a mockery.
You present me as if I were
ridiculous fiction. A joke!
I won't have it!
What the devil's going on?
Curtains!
Boo!
Get him off!
Old fool!
You're ruining the show!
Quick! Jeremy, Bill,
do something!
I must talk with my audience.
Ladies and gentlemen, I must--
I must apologize
for this most dreadful occurrence.
I can assure you that--
- Hello.
- Hello.
Beautiful ladies.
Hello.
Beautiful ladies.
You have really
great taste, sir.
Otherwise,
it's all quite wrong!
Listen, cocky.
We've got a show to do.
Good lord! Berthold!
Who's Berthold?
How on earth?
It's marvelous to see you!
How are you?
Where've you been?
How are your legs?
Where are the others?
Albrecht!
Adolphus!
Gustavus!
I can't believe it!
This is miraculous!
- I'm Bill.
- He's Bill.
Is he still here? Will you get rid
of him, for goodness sake!
- What is the matter?
- I'm terribly sorry, sir.
- We were about to start the second act.
- Who is this?
I've no idea.
Some old lunatic.
He's Baron Munchausen.
Oh, I see.
The real Baron Munchausen.
Yes, indeed.
And who, sir, may I ask are you?
A public servant.
I am responsible for,
among other things...
the licensing of this theatre.
This, sir, is the Right Ordinary
Horatio Jackson who just happens...
to be winning the war
and saving the city.
Now please leave us!
- He's an ass. Only I can end this war.
- Explain yourself.
I can end it
because I began it.
I am the cause.
I'm afraid, sir, you have
rather a weak grasp of reality.
Your reality, sir,
is lies and balderdash...
and I'm delighted to say
that I have no grasp of it whatsoever!
This man obviously
needs a doctor.
A doctor?
We will continue
with the show.
Thank you very much,
Your Ordinaryness. Off!
Please be reasonable.
If we don't get on with it,
he'll throw us to the Turks
I'll get on with it!
Show them how it should be!
My lords...
ladies and gentlemen...
Baron Munchausen,
at your service.
Pruned any noses recently?
- Give us a song!
- No. Please.
Most of you won't remember me
or my adventures...
but I assure you...
they are true.
The truth is...
I am the cause of this siege.
- Don't be stupid!
- What about the Turks then?
You're the cause
of the border dispute, are you?
What? It's the sea routes
we're fighting for!
No, it isn't!
That was last time!
You poor deluded fools!
If you'll only
do me the courtesy...
of accepting the word
of a gentleman...
I will reveal the true cause...
of this war.
After my--
Oh, dear.
After my return from Egypt...
I was most warmly welcomed...
by the grand Turk...
his highness, the sultan...
who knew of my reputation...
and held me in high esteem.
In fact, so delighted
was he with my company...
that he offered me access
to his harem.
- One day...
- Go on!
the sultan brought me a bottle
of his favorite Tokay.
What do you think of that, eh?
Not bad.
Not bad?
My dear Munchausen...
it's impossible
to find better.
Humbug, Your Majesty.
What do you wager
that I won't procure...
within the hour, a bottle of Tokay
far superior to this...
from the imperial cellar
in Vienna...
a mere thousand odd miles away?
Accept my challenge.
If I don't succeed,
you may cut off my head.
These are my stakes.
What are yours?
I accept.
And if you succeed...
you may take as much treasure
as the strongest man can carry.
Agreed. Give me pen and ink, and I
will write to the empress immediately.
Berthold!
Coming!
Oh, blast!
Sorry, chaps.
I've got to go.
Take this to Vienna,
to the empress.
She will give you a bottle of wine.
Bring it straight to me.
Right-o.
Perhaps you would care for a little
light entertainment while you wait.
I have been composing
a short opera.
- Would you like to hear a song or two?
- No, thank you.
Oh, you'll love it.
It's a comedy.
It's called,
"The Torturer's Apprentice."
Here's the overture.
The curtain--
The curtain rises on a typical
everyday torture chamber.
Yosrick, the young apprentice,
sings of his joy in his job.
A torturer's apprentice
went his merry way to work one day
I bend and stretch and ply my trade
Making people all afraid
But things look black
Business is slack
There's no one on the rack but me
Act four
is set in an abattoir.
I see a lot of slapstick.
We begin with the arrival
of the eunuchs' chorus who sing...
"Cut Off in My Prime."
Cut off in my prime
Surrounded
By beautiful women
all the time
A eunuch's life is hard
And nothing else
Excuse me a moment.
Oh, you won't want
to miss this aria.
It reminds me
of my school days in England.
Life is rather like a game
It's important that you win
And though it seem
a terrible shame
If you lie and cheat
And sin
Lay up and win
The game
Steady.
Where the hell's Berthold?
- Don't know.
- I though he was with you.
Well, if he's not here
in three and a half minutes...
the sultan
will cut off my head!
- And?
- And?
Is that all?
I'm sorry,
I don't find that funny. Do you?
This isn't a joke!
It's a wager!
A wager!
He's asleep.
I can hear him snoring.
- About 900 miles away.
- Come on.
He's under a tree!
Near Belgrade.
- What?
- There's a bottle beside him.
- Hope he hasn't been at it.
- So do I.
What's the wind speed, Gus?
Three knots.
I'm a modern man
These days I find
you have to be
Awfully cruel to be kind
I'm a modern man
You will agree
It's either you or me
Well!
Time's nearly up, I think.
Ready.
Now!
- Not late, am I?
- No.
Not late,
thank you very much.
Thanks.
I needed a trim.
- Much obliged.
- From the empress.
Delicious!
You win.
Treasurer, allow my friend here
to take from the treasury...
as much as the strongest man
can carry.
Yes.
That's it.
Thanks, squire.
I must speak
with the sultan.
- What is it?
- Excellency! They've taken everything!
What?
Gustavus!
Stop them!
Bring them back!
Gustavus! Again!
Fire!
Don't shoot!
- Stand firm!
- Take cover, my friends.
Regroup!
Let me in!
And so...
as you can see,
the sultan is still after my head.
Hey, wait!
Stop! Don't go!
Come back!
There's more!
I haven't finished!
Don't leave now!
We're about to make off
with the sultan's treasure.
You can't just stop.
The name's Desmond, mate.
We're actors, not figments
of your imagination! Now get a grip!
Oh, come back!
What the devil is the sultan playing at?
It's Wednesday, isn't it?
I'm terribly sorry about the show.
One or two minor setbacks here, sir.
This theatre's closed. I want you
and your company out of the city.
Oh, no, sir! No!
No, sir. Please!
Give us a say! Sir, look at these
favorable endorsements from Europe.
"Mr. Salt's company holds a mirror
up to nature." "Vienna Clarion."
"Great value for money."
"Paris Echo."
"A good night out." "Glasgow Herald."
Just give us one second.
Here, boy.
Good boy. It's all right.
Here, boy!
Are you all right?
Am I dead?
No.
Blast!
Who are you really?
Baron Munchausen isn't real.
- He's only in stories.
- Go away! I'm trying to die.
Why?
Because I'm tired
of the world.
And the world
is evidently tired of me.
But why? Why?
Because it's all logic
and reason now.
Science. Progress.
Laws of hydraulics. Laws...
of social dynamics.
Laws of this, that...
and the other.
No place
for three-legged cyclops...
in the South Seas.
No place...
for cucumber trees...
and oceans of wine.
No place for me.
- What happened in the story?
- What?
In the sultan's palace.
Did you escape?
- Were you killed?
- I don't know.
It was all a long time ago.
Who cares?
I do.
I'm very tired. Good-bye!
- Please tell me.
- No.
- Go on.
- Buzz off!
Tell me!
Please.
You really want to know, don't you?
Stop it!
We'll all be killed!
And then I'll never know
the end of the story!
Wait! Where are you going?
Come back!
Stop it!
Wait! Come back!
Take cover!
Wretched child!
Get that powder under cover!
Yes, sir!
No!
Stop it!
Get away!
Stop it!
Head down!
- No!
- You'll get us both killed.
I thought you wanted to die.
Yes, but I'm old enough.
Gentlemen!
Don't you think it would be a good idea
to silence those enemy cannons?
- No, sir.
- No?
It's Wednesday.
Oh, my-- Wednesday!
Oh, no!
The Turks are about
to storm the walls.
You really are Baron Munchausen.
That's it. The end.
It's all over.
Generations of theatrical expertise
snuffed out...
in the twinkling of an eye.
Sally?
Get off!
Come here.
You cretinous, senile
old fart!
Thanks to you,
we're to be thrown to the Turks!
But he is Baron Munchausen!
The real one!
- You must believe me!
- Hurry!
No, honestly! He is!
- Shut up!
- But he is!
And he can save us!
Can't you?
He jumped onto a cannonball.
He really did!
And he flew miles up into the sky!
- Above the elephants and soldiers--
- God! Stop lying!
I'm not lying! Am I?
As a matter of fact, you are.
But he did.
And those soldiers saw him too!
They'll tell you!
Oh, they're dead.
- But he did!
- No, I didn't.
Now you're lying!
I never lie!
Stay here!
What's got into you?
I didn't fly miles.
It was more like
a mile and a half.
And I didn't precisely fly.
I merely held on to a mortar shell
in the first instance...
and then a cannonball
on the way back.
You maniac!
You've done for us!
Actually, it doesn't matter
whether you're thrown out or stay here.
The Turks
are about to take the town.
Quickly!
Bring those guns out!
I'm just coming
into my prime!
I'm just on the cusp
between Romeo and King Lear.
My public will kill me
for dying at a time like this.
- Save us!
- Yes.
Save us!
- Don't disappoint me!
- Please, Baron. Please.
- You are a baron, aren't you?
- You're our only hope!
You are my only hope.
Ladies! Please!
I swear that as long as I...
Heronomous Carl Frederick,
Baron von Munchausen live and breathe...
you shall come to no harm.
You so remind me
of Catherine the Great...
empress of all the Russia's...
whose hand in marriage
I once had the honor to decline.
They all remind you?
Yes, why not?
Some bits here, some bits there.
I have a plan!
I will set forth immediately...
find my extraordinary servants...
with their help,
raze the siege and save the town.
Oh, brilliant.
Oh, very good. Bravo!
- How?
- Ladies, I'll require your assistance.
Of course.
- Anything!
- Just tell us what to do.
Kindly be so good
as to remove your knickers.
Yes, well done there.
Look at all that underwear.
Isn't it beautiful?
It's like a dream come true.
It's the dawning of the age...
of lovely, intimate things.
But it's madness.
He'll kill himself.
- Yeah, but well worth it, eh?
- What are you doing?
Enough nattering.
Keep pumping!
Hey.
Better report this.
You're right.
We need a very simple plan.
These are far too complicated.
- Simplicity is of the essence.
- Sir.
Those actors
have made an air balloon.
They're trying to escape.
Arrest them at once.
Thrown them
out of the town.
We can't open the gates, sir.
Well, throw them
over the walls, then.
Yes, sir.
We can't start escaping
at a time like this.
What would future generations
think of us?
Right.
Follow me!
Just hold it!
Don't let it go!
Hold it, Adolphus!
Bring it down.
Yes.
Bring the ladder over here.
Take care!
Baron!
- Oi! Have you seen Sally?
- No!
- Oh, thank you, my dear.
- Stop!
- You're under arrest!
- Let go!
Quickly!
Quickly! Let go!
Take aim!
Fire!
Ladies and gentlemen...
I shall shortly return
with reinforcements.
Don't lose heart.
And for all those ladies...
to whom I am indebted
for half a ton...
of frilly silk
and lacey linen:
Don't catch cold!
Au revoir.
Stay, Argus!
I'll soon be back.
I will wait for you!
Come back soon!
He won't get far
on hot air and fantasy.
Blast!
Hang on!
Keep--
- Thanks.
- Now you've ruined everything!
I'll have to douse the fire
to let you down.
- I'll never get off again!
- I'm going with you.
I absolutely utterly refuse!
If we go down now,
we'll land on the Turks.
We've got to find
your servants...
and get back here quickly.
That is what I had in mind.
- Where are we going?
- To the moon.
What? That'll take ages!
- No, it won't.
- Of course it will.
- Why are we going there?
- That's where I last saw Berthold.
Have you ever been
to the moon?
- No.
- Ah! Interesting place.
The king and queen
are charming.
You know
about their detachable heads...
don't you?
No.
Their heads go off
for intellectual pursuits...
while their bodies engage
in more...
bodily activities.
The trouble is their heads and bodies
don't always see eye to eye.
You do believe me,
don't you?
I'm doing my best.
Are you scared?
Certainly not!
- You?
- Certainly not!
Grab the rope!
We're here!
You look different.
Younger.
I always feel rejuvenated
by a touch of adventure.
Heaven's sake. Don't you get any younger
or I'll have to find a wet nurse.
Look!
You'll find that I'm one
of the king's special favorites.
We shall receive
a right royal welcome.
Now what?
I got you at last.
Your Majesty, what a great pleasure
it is to see you again.
May I introduce
my friend Sally?
Sally, King of the Moon.
Well, his head at any rate.
I'm sorry, you must refer to me
by my complete title...
King of Everything...
Re di Tutto,
but you may call me "Ray."
The moon is a very insignificant
part of my domain now.
There is so much, much more.
My old friend, you seem to be
in some discomfort.
What ails you?
Nothing ails me. Can you not see
that I am at one with the cosmos?
I tell you that,
and all you can say is, "ah"?
What are you blind?
Baron, let me explain it to you.
Since you were last here, I, that is
my head, that which is left of me...
where the brilliant
and important parts are located...
is now ruling and governing
the known universe.
And that which I don't know,
I create.
I just created spring.
But seriously, without me,
there would be nothing. Not even you.
I think, therefore you is.
Your old friend's a lunatic.
So it would seem.
Certainly fallen prey
to delusions of grandeur.
Being in tune with every molecule
in the universe...
requires a great deal
of concentration.
That is why having you on the loose,
Baron, does not help.
You see, your little stories
are somewhat of a distraction to me.
You are like a mosquito
in the Taj Mahal.
I must inform you, My Liege, without
my adventures, you wouldn't be here.
Well, so I am now part
of your adventures.
Well, we shall see
about that, huh?
Now, Baron.
Who created who?
I hope you'll be
very comfortable. Ciao.
There goes my revolting body
with the queen.
Oh, stop it!
Oh, I'm tired!
- I'm exhausted!
- Go away! Damn it. He can't hear me.
Please, oh!
Oh, you stinking horrible man!
Oh, it's so embarrassing.
Please don't look.
Maybe he will go away.
It is hard to believe
my body and I were ever attached.
We are totally incompatible.
He is dangling from the food chain,
and I am in the stars.
It is so unmetaphysical.
No! No, go away!
I despise you!
Let me go!
I'm back!
I got lips again,
and I'm going to use them, baby!
It's me!
I'm your elephant of joy!
Give me bacio, baby!
Yes, but eat first, darling!
That's right.
You've got to mangia before bacio!
You can't do that when you don't got no mouth!
Baron!
I'm back in business.
Oh, yeah.
You don't go nowhere.
Baron.
Oh, most wondrous Majesty.
Hey, I know you.
You're the little guy tried to make off with my queen the last time.
Huh?
Moi?
We have no more of that, piccolo Casanova.
What are you looking at? There you go, lovebirds.
I'm sure you'll be very uncomfortable.
I am free again.
Free to concentrate on higher things.
Why don't you go back and amuse yourself with this slime?
Oh, you missed me!
I'm blind! Wait! My kingdom for a handkerchief! Wait!
Let me go! I've got tides to regulate!
Comets to direct!
I don't have time for flatulence and orgasms!
I hate that face you make me make. That--
Please. Please, no!
I don't want any more bodily functions!
Oh, no.
Please let me go!
I don't have time for this!
Farewell, Baron.
One of the king's favorites?
This cage isn't real.
It's just part
of the king's lunacy.
It seems solid enough to me.
I see we're not in a very helpful
frame of mind.
How are we supposed
to save the town from here?
The town is perfectly all right.
The peasant assault is over.
Everyone is quite safe.
How do you know?
I just know.
What the devil?
All right. I'm coming.
My hand!
Come out.
Come out of there.
- Come out of there!
- Ow! Stop that!
- What did you do that for?
- I thought you might be unfriendly.
Of course I'm unfriendly.
- You'd be unfriendly if I prodded you.
- Who are you?
I can't remember.
- I've been here so long.
- We'll be like that...
if we don't escape.
Why are you here?
Oh, I'm a very wicked criminal.
- What have you done?
- I can't remember.
How do you know you're wicked?
Well, for one thing...
I'm in here.
And for another...
I've got these shackles on.
- Berthold!
- Eh?
It's Berthold!
It's me! The baron!
I knew I'd find you
on the moon.
I'm going to take you back to Earth
to help us fight the sultan!
Get off me!
You're Berthold!
My old servant.
Those leg irons are to slow you down.
Stop you tearing off all over the place.
- You must be joking.
- You always wore them. Remember?
- You're crackers!
- I'm Baron Munchausen.
Hmm. That sounds nasty.
Is it contagious?
We're wasting time!
Darling Baron!
Ariadne.
I'm sorry I couldn't
speak with you before...
but Roger's so difficult.
Where exactly is Roger?
In bed with my body, of course.
Stop it!
If he discovers my head's with you--
Quickly!
Climb into my hair.
Why is she making those funny noises?
Her body is with the king...
and he is...
tickling her feet.
- Oh, no!
- Berthold.
- Come on!
- Let go of me!
- You're coming with us.
- No chance.
- Why not?
- I can't remember.
- Are you frightened?
- That's it!
- Come on. Help me.
- Stop it!
Quickly.
Climb aboard.
Give me your hand.
- Hold tight.
- I don't want to escape!
- Here we go!
- Gosh! I can't hold on!
I love these!
I tickle you till dawn, darling.
There we go!
There! I wipe everything away.
There! Tickley! Tickley!
Darling, you love this!
I know you do!
But you don't say anything!
Why you don't say anything?
You are a pillow biter!
Hey! Tickley! Tickley!
Baron, I must get back to Roger
before he notices I am headless!
I quite understand.
Darling. Take me with you.
- Back to Earth?
- Oh, yes!
Without your body?
I thought you loved me
for myself!
I did.
I mean, I do!
Of course, I do.
- It's just--
- We have to go!
I think you're right, aren't you?
It's impossible.
Oh! Take a lock of my hair.
Just a lock, cocky.
Not the whole carpet.
I'll treasure it.
The king! I must go!
Au revoir, my dear Baron.
Yes! I'm coming, Roger!
Darling, I'm going to drive you
to China!
Let it out!
Oh, my God! Where is your head?
No wonder you're so quiet.
I'm too rough. I knock it off?
It's around here.
I find it. We play "head and seek."
Hold on! Oh, you play a trick?
Darling, come out!
You're not here!
Where you--
You are with the baron.
You are with that little man.
You told me
size don't make a difference!
You puttana!
No head to hit!
I'll find you, Baron!
And then I kill you!
Fetch me my radish club!
Faster!
I make a baron brochette! Sybil!
Come on! Faster!
But he can't! Berthold can hardly move!
Take his weights off.
- I have!
- What?
- He's old! He can't run anymore.
- Nonsense!
He's just out of practice.
Come on, Berthold!
Look for him!
Nowhere to run to!
Nowhere to hide for you, Baron!
What are you looking at?
Look down there!
Come on!
There he is, Sybil.
Down there.
I got you now, Baron!
Wait, Sybil!
Whoa!
Wait! There they are!
Are you hungry, my darling?
All right. You take the baron.
You take the bald one.
And for you, my sweet...
the little girl
because you're my favorite.
All right! Dinner is served!
- Teamwork, Sybil!
- You go that way. I'll go this way.
- You're the last of your species!
- Go on!
Work with me! Stay together!
No, girls! Don't split up on me now!
Mayday!
We're going down! Mayday!
Sybil! Don't desert me now!
I love you!
I'm free!
I'm free at last!
The body is dead!
The body is dead! Long live the head!
It's finished!
Bye, body!
I shall prove a head
does not need a body to survive!
I am omnipotent!
Yes! Oh, no! I got an itch.
Well done, Sally!
Thanks!
How great to see you!
What are you doing here?
- Get off me!
- It's me!
Berthold, your old servant! Remember?
- Yes! We've been through all that.
- Where are we?
On the Moon.
Oh, yeah. Same old baron!
- Can we go now?
- Get weaving.
Hang on.
It's all coming back.
I've been stuck here
for over 20 years!
Ever since you were last here
on the moon!
You abandoned me here!
You swine!
You toddled off
with that old queen of tarts...
and left me to rot
in that parrot cage, didn't you?
And now you come back,
just because it suits you...
after wasting half my life...
and expect me to follow you
to the ends of the Earth!
Yes!
All right.
Do you know where
the rest of the gang are?
Not a clue.
This is precisely the sort of thing
that no one ever believes.
Right, Berthold.
You go first.
Then Sally.
Careful.
Off you go.
That's it!
There's no more rope.
- Mind now. I'm going back up.
- Wait a moment.
Here! Tie this to the end of it.
Where'd you get this?
I cut it from the top.
Naturally!
Where else would I get it?
- But--
- Yes, yes!
Splice it to the ends
so that we may continue our descent.
Very clever. Great.
Why didn't I think of that?
That's why he's a baron
and I'm a prole.
We'll never rescue them now!
- That's not enough!
- That's what I got to offer!
And a separate agreement for overtime!
Six percent!
Five percent or no increased production!
We want more!
I'm still in one piece!
- I think.
- I can't imagine why.
Our descent, in what I take to be
the volcano of Mount Etna...
should have been slowed
by a rising cushion of warm air.
Damn thing seems to have gone out.
Oh, no! Not more giants!
Can I help you tiny mortals?
I sincerely hope so.
I'm Baron Munchausen.
You may have heard of me.
My friends and I are looking

for three men:
One with exceptional eyesight.
One with superb hearing
and powerful lungs.
One who is extremely large and strong.
We're all extremely large
and strong here!
I am Vulcan, the god.
And these...
are my giant employees--
the cyclops--
who even now are going back to work!
Go slow!
I'm willing to supply arms and equipment
to anyone prepared to pay the price!
Greeks, Trojans, Romans, Huns.
It's not my fault if they're
crazy enough to slaughter each other!
You mankey crew!
You go-slowers don't impress me!
I'm God.
I've got all the time in the universe!
You hear that?
All the time! Me!
You know, in the old days...
the staff used to get paid on the dot
every thousand years.
This lot expect them every century.
That is outrageous!
What's this?
This is our prototype.
RX Intercontinental...
Radar Sneaky...
Multiwarheaded Nuclear Missile.
- What does it do?
- Do?
Kills the enemy.
- All the enemy?
- Aye. All of them.
All their wives,
children, sheep, cattle.
And all their cats and dogs.
All of them gone for good.
That's horrible!
Well, you see, the advantage is...
you don't have to see
one single one of them die.
You just sit comfortably...
thousands of miles away
from the battlefield...
and simply press the button.
Well, where's the fun in that?
We cater to all sorts here.
You'd be surprised.
Would you care for
a little fodder, perhaps?
- Delicious!
- It's not a bad drop of tea...
as far as nectar of the gods go.
You can stay as long as you like.
It's nice to have company for tea.
Thank you. It'll be a pleasure.
I'm sorry, but we have to go soon.
We're in a hurry.
Here comes my midget manservant...
with the petit fours.
Albrecht!
- Berthold! What are you doing here?
- Looking for you!
I haven't got the treasure anymore!
I spent it!
I mean, I gave it all to charity.
I don't want the treasure.
Albrecht, this is Sally.
Sally, Albrecht.
Hello.
I want you to help us
fight the Turk again.
No. I couldn't do that.
Not since I found myself.
I never really wanted to be
big and strong...
and lug heavy things about.
I now know I want to be dainty
and sensitive.
They call me their midget down here.
I love it. It's bliss.
He's gone funny.
Hello.
My darling.
My dearest.
Excuse me. May I introduce you
to Baron Munchausen...
and his little friend over there--
Sally.
And Berthold.
This is Venus.
The goddess.
My wife.
Madam.
I am overwhelmed.
Oh, my love!
My life.
The alpha and the omega
of my existence.
I've got something here for you.
A diamond.
For you, my precious.
You're so sweet.
Another diamond.
Madam...
I am, alas, unable to offer you
so splendid a gift.
But allow me to say
that you excel in beauty...
even the magnificent
Catherine the Great of Russia...
Here we go.
who's hand in marriage
I once had the honor of declining.
- Baron, you flatter me.
- Not one jot, madam.
Not one tittle.
What a handsome...
moustache.
Shall we dance?
Come and see the ballroom.
Nice, isn't it?
We've just had it done!
You know that?
I can dance.
Here. Watch this.
Sally, you can dance, can't you?
No.
Thanks a lot!
Stop!
Can we go now?
Hello!
Stop it! Come down!
We've got to get back!
We've got to get back
and save the town!
Please, Baron!
Please!
Don't fret!
The town is in no immediate danger.
The baron's kissing your wife.
What?
I mean-- What?
You're a harlot!
Whore! Did you hear? Whore!
That's enough of that!
You stop it!
Wait. Please!
- But darling!
- Don't you "darling" me!
Do something! Save him!
Darling, don't be jealous!
Jealous! I'm not jealous!
- Give him back to me!
- Excuse me.
You never let me have any friends!
I won't have you wiggling
at philanderers, you floozy!
- Sir, I must assure you--
- Floozy!
I am a goddess!
I can do what I like!
And I am the god, so shut up!
- Excuse me--
- Put him down, you brute!
- Ungrateful mortal!
- Please don't!
You'll pay for this!
- You hear me?
- I insist that the lady is blameless.
Please! Put the baron down!
- Let's not be too hasty!
- He's always like that!
- What have you done to them?
- You small-minded, petty, bourgeoise--
Shut up, you trollop!
- What have you done to the baron?
- You want the baron?
You can have the baron!
No, thanks. It's okay!
I don't need him!
Did you enjoy that?
Did I...
excite you?
I can't swim!
What's happening?
You've got old again.
What do you expect?
I've just been expelled
from a state of bliss.
- It's all your fault!
- Where are we?
Answer me!
The most probable explanation--
if you're not a sceptic--
is we've dropped through the center of
the world and come out the other side...
somewhere in the South Seas.
That's miles away.
Oh! Well done.
- I was happy in my volcano.
- So was I.
Look! An island!
- Is there a volcano in it?
- Shut up about your poxy volcano!
I think there is a volcano on it.
It's moving!
I spy with my little eye...
something beginning with "M."
It's the demon of the deep!
That begins with "D," you klutz!
It's "M" for monster!
Will it eat us?
With any luck.
Baron!
Give me a hand.
He looks dead to me.
He can't be dead!
Go ahead.
Let's put him there.
He doesn't look very perky, does he?
Is there a doctor in the fish?
No doctors.
We've got to get him warm and dry.
What's that noise?
It's music.
That's not music.
Look!
There's a light.
Come on!
This way.
Careful.
Once I had a sweetheart
A sweetheart, once I had
She was the truest
Excuse me!
Hello!
We need some help.
Excuse me!
- We need some help.
- No doctors.
Once I had a sweetheart
Do I hear the baron?
Eh?
Do I hear the baron?
No doctors.
Do I hear the baron?
I just said that!
Use your trumpet!
Adolphus! Gustavus!
Is it really you?
Baron! Berthold!
- Albrecht!
- I don't believe it!
It's Berthold!
Sally, this is Adolphus, who used
to be able to hit a bull's eye...
from halfway 'round the world.
And this is Gustavus...
who could blow over a whole forest
with just one breath!
Those were the days! Aye?
When we were young and alive!
How do you mean?
It's no good fighting it.
- We're not dead!
- You have to accept it.
We're all dead here.
This is hell!
- Heaven.
- Hell!
Heaven!
Don't be stupid.
Well, sit down. Relax.
Have a game.
You're dead for a very long time.
Come on. Sit down.
Let's have a nice game.
What are you doing?
You're giving up, aren't you?
You can't give up!
I won't let you!
Go away. Clear off.
What about Rose and Daisy
and my father...
and all the others?
- You promised to help them!
- They are perfectly safe.
They can look after themselves.
Besides, there are more important things. Such as?
Well--
You horrible little brat! Can't you let me die in peace once in a while?
Bucephalus! My Bucephalus! You must have heard me shouting.
This is a good omen, what?
Oh, yeah.
Prepare a rowing boat and be ready to leave.
Come on, boy.
I have learned from experience... that a modicum of snuff can be most efficacious.
I'll never eat fish again.
Where's the baron?
Baron, where are you?
It's the baron!
Come on.
I can't keep this up forever!
Look! The town!
We're here!
Look!
The flag's still flying!
I told you there was nothing to worry about.
Fire!
Oh, my God!
It's the sultan's army!
Quick! Back in the fish!
They're inviting us to defeat them.
We must oblige them.
On the count of three!
Gustavus! Blow them back to Asia Minor.
Adolphus, find the sultan and shoot him!
Albrecht, row for the shore!
Berthold, make yourself useful!
One, two, three!
Could you make that four?
We're going down!
Abandon ship!
I think the ship's
abandoning us, mate!
Jump!
Attack!
I still can't swim.
- This is absolutely dreadful!
- It's hopeless.
I've never before been
in such a disastrous rout!
I'm usually on the winning side!
If you weren't so competitive,
you wouldn't get so upset!
Albrecht's useless!
We might as well give up now.
You mustn't say that! Not you!
If we begin attacking
in two directions simultaneously...
we confound surprise with confusion.
Albrecht and Gustavus will provide
the major themes to the battle...
- while Adolphus and--
- Baron.
Don't interrupt. What is it?
This isn't going to work.
- What do you mean?
- They're all old and tired now.
It isn't like it used to be.
Don't you see?
Where are you going?
- To give myself up.
- What?
I gave my word I'd raze the siege
and save the town.
I gathered you for that purpose.
If you want to see
Baron Munchausen again...
you'd better do something about it.
You can't give yourself up!
They might kill you!
We'll have spent all that time
in that smelly fish for nothing.
Well!
So it's agreed.
Friday, the 28th...
you surrender--
that's three weeks from tomorrow.
We can fix the details later.
- No. You surrender.
- We've been through all this.
- You surrender.
- But we're winning.
- We surrendered last time.
- So?
Now it's your turn.
Oh. What about the virgins?
Please. Forget the virgins.
We're out of virgins.
Let us, instead, concentrate
on reaching a rational...
sensible, civilized agreement...
which will guarantee a world
fit for science, progress and--
But not Baron Munchausen!
- You! You old lunatic!
- I'm afraid so.
Help! Guards! Murder!
- Who let this man into my tent?
- Sultan!
If you are still interested
in my head, it's yours.
I'm tired of it.
Send for the executioner!
So, Mr. Jackson.
Still the rational man?
How many people have perished
in your logical little war?
There are certain rules
to the proper conduct of living.
We cannot fly to the moon.
We cannot defy death.
We must face the facts.
Not the folly of fantasists like you
who don't live in the real world...
and who consequently come
to a very sticky end.
Have you any famous last words?
Not yet.
"Not yet"?
Is that famous?
The man's a buffoon.
Executioner...
execute.
Now!
He did it!
Bring him back!
– Stop that man!
– Hey!
I knew we could do it!
All together now!
Steady!
Well blown, Gustavus!
– They're coming!
– Go on!
Hurry!
Quickly now!
Come on!
Berthold, run!
Damn it, man! Make yourself useful!
I can't do everything!
– This way!
– Careful!
That's the way.
Watch it!
Gently this time.
Gently.
Help!
We did it!
Hurray!
Look! They don't believe it!
We've won!
We beat them!
Yipee! Thank God!
– Good riddance! And don't come back!
– We won!
But of course!
We won! Oh, the joy!
Get me down!
Oh, my goodness!
– In the church tower!
– He's dying!
- There he is!
- Shoot him!
Oh! Damn!
Bring a doctor! Quickly!
Fetch a doctor!
Don't leave me, Baron. Please!
- Don't leave me!
- Get off him! Give him some air!
- Here is a doctor.
- Sally!
Take care of Sally.
No doctors.
- Get away!
- Stop!
Leave him alone!
- She's having a fit!
- Go away!
Stop it!
He's dead.
And that was only one of the many occasions where I met my death.
An experience which I don't hesitate strongly...
to recommend.
And so, with the help of my inestimable servants...
I defeated the Turks
and saved the day.
And from that time forth...
everyone who had a talent for it...
lived happily ever after.
Stop this nonsense at once!
You, sir, are under arrest...
for spreading ridiculous tales
at a time of great danger.
When the enemy is at the gate.
Arrest him.
Open the gates.
I order you to arrest that man at once!
Am I or am I not the elected representative?
- Arrest him!
- Open the gates!
This way!
Come on!
Do not open the gate!
The Turk is outside,
and we are not about to surrender.
Open the gates!
Come on, dear ladies!
Forward, the players!
Do not open the gate!
Keep up! Steady as you go.
Get back! I'm warning you!
Do not open those gates!
- This way!
- Anyone who opens those gates...
  is guilty of treason!
Follow me!
This way, my friends!
The gates will remain closed.
Open the gates!
- Shoot anyone who disobeys my orders!
- Ready!
Aim!
Hold your ground!
Open the gates, dear friends...
and let's seize the day!
Or close our minds up
with inventions, death and fear.
There's nothing so
destroys a man...
as ignorance and conformity!
Grasp for the mantle!
- Grasp the--
- No!
Quite wrong!
Open the gates!
Shoot them!
Shoot these people at once!
Aye! So! It's treason, is it?
Treason!
Right!
You're all under arrest!
All of you!
This is all your fault!
Get inside my office now!
Cheers for the baron!
Hooray!
My Bucephalus.
Good boy.
Come on.
Beautiful ladies.
It wasn't just a story, was it?