



Scripts.com

# Cheech and Chong's The Corsican Brothers

By Unknown

History abounds  
in stories of men...  
who rose to meet  
the challenge of destiny...  
brave men, touched  
by the fire and passion...  
of revolution.  
This is a story torn...  
from the romantic and violent  
pages of history...  
a true story  
of two noble brothers...  
of the bond of sympathy  
that united them...  
and of their devotion  
to a just cause.  
Their daring adventures have  
been too long unremembered...  
and perhaps because they  
did not seek personal glory.  
But, on this bright summer day  
in Paris...  
fate is about to take a hand.  
No!  
1, 2...  
Woolly bully,  
please shave your jaws  
Fromage  
Woolly bully,  
please shave your jaws  
Woolly bully,  
please shave your jaws  
Fromage  
Eggs and bacon marmalade  
Everybody!  
Woolly bully,  
please shave your jaws  
Fromage  
Come on, everybody!  
Woolly bully,  
please shave your jaws  
Fromage  
Eggs and bacon marmalade  
All right, got it!

OK, Sonny.  
Go in there and check security.  
All right, E..  
Come on, sit down.  
Coast clear.  
I think I'll sit...  
there.  
Monsieur Schmengoid...  
seafood plate.  
Oh, man, no wonder Elvis  
never toured over here.  
They don't speak English.  
Hey, how much money  
we make today?  
We made a pile today.  
What's a schemgy worth today?  
I don't know.  
But don't you love it, man?  
In America, they'd arrest us  
for playin' on the street.  
Here, they pay us to leave.  
That's culture, hoss.  
Don't you forget it.  
Hey, what's this?  
It's what you ordered.  
Seafood plate.  
Seafood plate.  
Get it out of here!  
Go on. The King's allergic.  
Can't eat clams unless  
they're attached to something.  
Don't forget that.  
Do you realize we've  
revolutionized rock, man?  
Do you know how many places...  
we haven't played  
where they won't want us?  
That's a revolutionary thought.  
Rock and roll, man.  
That's what's gonna  
change the world, you know?  
A lot of people think  
there's gonna be...  
a revolution?

It's gonna be  
a music revolution.  
Rock and roll, man.  
You! You have the mark!  
Your arm! Your lip!  
You have the mark!  
He has the mark!  
You have the mark!  
Are you brothers?  
Yeah, we're the Marx Brothers.  
I have something  
so important to tell you.  
But first...I need money.  
Give her some money.  
It's coming...  
I need more money...  
It's coming...  
Give her some more money.  
She'll come quicker.  
Money, more money...  
OK.  
I'll tell you the first part.  
She'll tell us the first part.  
A long time ago, on an island  
far, far away...  
Even before their birth...  
the lives of the brothers were  
marked by irony and intrigue.  
Their father was a rich  
and powerful aristocrat...  
and, had it not been  
for a romantic indiscretion...  
of his passionate young wife...  
our heroes might have been  
raised as gentlemen...  
and we would  
have no story to tell.  
...boiling water.  
Basins of it!  
Le chaud, le chaud!  
Go away!  
Widen it!  
You can see the hole!  
Pull...

and...  
get the bar behind you!  
Pull it out...  
right now!  
Push!  
And push!  
Push!  
Work on it!  
Push!  
Push! Come on!  
It's coming.  
Fine!  
Now, pull, pull!  
Pull!  
Pull!  
Pull...  
Oh, we made it!  
Oh...  
Thank God!  
Now--  
Oh my God!  
Despite the tragic loss  
of their fathers...  
Lucien and Louie,  
as they were called...  
spent a happy childhood  
humbly raised as peasants.  
Ma! Ma! Ma!  
Let's have it.  
Mine!  
Their humble upbringing  
could not disguise the fact...  
that these  
were no ordinary peasants.  
They betrayed their origins...  
by a bond of sympathy  
so extraordinary...  
that each  
could feel the joy or pain...  
of the other in his place.  
And as the years passed...  
this would prove to be  
a heavy load to bear.  
I'm going to the market.

But now, you boys be good!  
-Yes, Nanny.  
-Yes, Nanny.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry,  
I'm sorry!  
You donkey!  
Come on.  
Shut up.  
We gotta think of a story.  
A dragon came by.  
A dragon came by, and he  
breathed on the house...  
And caught it on fire!  
And it caught on it fire!  
And then we killed it.  
We were gonna kill it!  
Yeah, we were gonna kill it...  
But then it flew away.  
It flew away!  
And then we killed it!  
And then we killed it!  
And we were putting out  
the fire...  
We were gonna put out  
the fire, and...  
And the gypsies stole us!  
Yeah, just before we...  
put out the fire,  
the gypsies stole us!  
And then they...  
and then they took us  
across the river.  
Yeah, and they killed us.  
No, they were gonna kill us.  
They were gonna kill us!  
They tied us up  
with a golden chain.  
But then we killed them!  
With a guitar.  
We killed them all!  
'Cause they were gonna come home  
and kill everybody at home.  
They'll believe that!  
Let's go home.

-What?  
-Where you going?  
-I'm goin' home.  
-Home is this way.  
Home's this way!  
Hey, you're stupid!  
Home's this way!  
Hey, you're cuckoo!  
It's that way!  
-Afraid not!  
-'Fraid so!  
Well, I'm goin' home!  
Home's that way, stupid!  
I'll be there before you.  
You're gonna get lost.  
'Fraid not.  
Wait and see!  
La cucaracha  
La cucaracha  
Ya no quiero cominar  
This looks like the place.  
Hello?  
Anybody home?  
Nanny?  
Hello?  
Where's everybody?  
Hello?  
All right, one move  
and you're dead!  
Who are you and what are  
you doing here?  
I came home.  
I used to live here  
with my brother.  
You're lying.  
I used to live here  
with my brother.  
Lucien!  
It's me, Luis!  
Don't you recognize me?  
I'm your brother Luis!  
You're lying.  
My brother wasn't Mexican.  
Look, it's me!

Louie!  
Lucien!  
Where did you go?  
I...  
I got captured by gypsies.  
And...  
And...  
they took me to Mexico.  
You're lyin'.  
You got lost, didn't you?  
-I didn't get lost.  
-You did!  
The gypsies captured me.  
I've been living  
in Mexico all this time!  
You look great!  
But--but you look so...  
so Mexican!  
Well, yeah!  
I'm a big landowner there now.  
They call me Don Luis.  
Except for when I'm mad,  
they call me Crab Luis!  
It's a Mexican joke.  
You look...  
You look terrible.  
What's going on around here?  
Where is everybody?  
We've fallen into terrible times  
since you left, my brother.  
Evil men rule the country.  
All our people...  
are either dead or in jail.  
These evil men, they...  
they raped the fields  
and pillaged the women.  
That's evil men.  
Indeed, there were  
only two things...  
a French peasant  
could count on...  
death and taxes.  
And given the sometimes  
overzealous methods...



of the tax collectors,  
one often preceded the other.  
It's good to be  
back in the woods.  
It's so peaceful.  
It's poison oak, my brother.  
Hey, brother!  
Hello--  
You would've been dead, buddy.  
What are you doing?  
Practicing for the revolution.  
With a potato?  
But not just a potato.  
Look at this.  
Get down!  
What was that?  
A bomb de terre!  
In back of every murderous deed,  
was the evil Fuckaire.  
My little Poofter, eh?  
You must not soil your  
delicate little paws...  
with this dirty  
peasant, eh, Poofter?  
We know what  
he has been doing, eh?  
He has been stealing a log  
from the royal forest.  
He tell it is for his oven  
to warm his starving children.  
Mon dieu, if you believe that  
you'll believe something, eh?  
I know what it is for.  
It is to make weapons...  
and he should know that weapons  
are forbidden in my kingdom.  
Or, at least,  
the Queen's kingdom.  
Or so she thinks, eh?  
Oh, my lovely little Poofter,  
give me a kiss.  
Mon dieu!  
Halitosis, eh?  
My friend, you see we are

so considerate...  
to you dirty peasants.  
We have brought your wife  
to join you for company.  
Are you sitting comfortably?  
You are?  
We can't have that.  
Stretch his legs wider.  
You ever had a taco?  
No, I guess they don't  
have tacos in France.  
I remember one time  
this restaurant...  
I used to work--I mean, own...  
they had a contest to see  
who could eat the most.  
I ate 143.  
And I was still hungry...  
but they had to close  
the restaurant.  
I'm so hungry I could  
eat a bowl of lard...  
with a hair in it.  
Here, puppy!  
I want to journey  
but not too fa--  
Mon dieu!  
My God...  
I have been hit with shit.  
Allez! Vite, vite!  
Poofter, did you see what hap--  
Poofter!  
My God, where is  
my little Poofter?  
Oh, I mustn't lose my Poofter!  
Excuse me, I am so sorry  
to bother you...  
when you are so busy,  
but have you seen...  
my Poofter? No?  
Oh, my God!  
No, no, no!  
Don't come back!  
Look for my Poofter!

There's a lot of meat...  
on one of these  
little suckers, huh?  
Wonder if he wants any?  
Here, puppy! Come on!  
Come on.  
Here we go.  
Hey, you like it?  
That taste good?  
Guy's a vicious little dog, man,  
goes right for the throat, huh?  
What a hunter.  
We ought to keep him  
around all the time.  
He belongs to Fuckaire.  
No wonder he's so vicious.  
That reminds me, we'd  
better keep our eye out.  
Fuckaire's men will be  
out here looking for him.  
Hey, puppy.  
I'm sorry, my brother...  
I should have known better.  
Hey, don't worry.  
We just got their dog.  
What's the most  
they can do to us?  
Hey, man, this is not gonna be  
so bad after all.  
Wow, this is like  
a country club.  
Must be some of  
the other inmates.  
Hey, brother, let's  
not get into a gang.  
You know, that only  
complicates things.  
Now let's keep our noses clean,  
do our good time, and get out.  
Oh, wow, coed!  
Hey, this is not...  
gonna be so bad after all.  
Man, this ain't  
one of those prisons...

where they cut your hair?  
Did you see that?!  
Un guillotine!  
-Easy, my brother.  
-What?  
Look at these people,  
they envy us.  
Do you want to be me?  
I'll trade places  
with you right now.  
We're about the same size.  
Hey, come on, come on,  
look, let's--look, I'm sorry.  
Hey, look, this is  
all a big mistake.  
Come on, man, we can--  
we can work something out.  
Fuckaire!  
Fuckaire, we thank you...  
for allowing us  
the opportunity...  
to show our people  
how real men die.  
You may kill us, Fuckaire...  
but you will never  
kill the revolution.  
I am Corsican!  
I am not afraid to die.  
Allons!  
Allez, allez!  
Bravo, bravo.  
What a great pity  
that such noble words...  
should be your last words.  
Can I say something  
for a minute?  
I'm Mexican,  
and I'm afraid to die.  
I want to live!  
And we didn't do  
nothing to your dog.  
And we didn't kidnap him, man.  
We found him, you know.  
As a matter of fact,

you should be thankful, man.  
You should be giving  
us a reward, you know...  
but we'll let it go  
and let bygones...  
be bygones.  
Just let it--  
Be brave, my brother.  
Let me be the first to die  
for the revolution.  
Let him be the first to die.  
Sure, be the first to die.  
Wait a minute,  
they cut his head off...  
I'm gonna feel the pain.  
Wait a minute!  
Corsican Brothers!  
There he is!  
Arrete!  
Silence!  
My friends...  
you dirty--you peasants...  
I have decided,  
in my great mercy...  
because...  
I am so tender-hearted, eh?  
To spare the lives of these  
Brothers Corsican.  
Hope of liberation  
floated in the air...  
but even as the brothers made...  
their bold ascendancy  
to heroism...  
the missing pieces  
of their complex destiny...  
were now falling into place.  
Their manly virtues  
were observed...  
by the Queen's  
lovely daughters...  
who hid their affections...  
behind a veil  
of royal upbringing.  
Stop that!

He's the most gorgeous thing  
I've ever seen in my life.  
I think I'm in love.  
I'm gonna write him  
a love letter.  
Well, all of that fresh air...  
has certainly given me  
an appetite.  
Petit dejeuners!  
These strawberries  
certainly look good.  
Mother, let the taster  
do his job.  
I never get to eat.  
Sis, help me,  
what should I say?  
What a pity, you missed the end.  
Three such delightful  
executions!  
Such blood, such vomit.  
You enjoying your breakfast--  
I see you've...  
you've not eaten  
your strawberries?  
I got them for you specially.  
There are so good for you.  
For him, they are not so good.  
He's allergic to strawberries.  
We all know what you're doing.  
We're not blind.  
Yes, I know what you mean.  
Believe me, I, too,  
am disappointed...  
that I had to spare  
the lives of these...  
Corsican Brothers.  
Nothing more I wanted  
than their deaths.  
But, you see,  
they seem so popular...  
with the crowd.  
But don't worry.  
I have something  
in store for them.

Will make the guillotine  
look like child's play.  
You're disgusting! Vile!  
Horrible! Cruel!  
Perverted!  
Perverted!  
Perverted!  
That is the one  
I wanted to hear.  
You've made my day.  
Perverted!  
My God, it's nice to know  
you're appreciated.  
Believe me,  
if you weren't a woman...  
I could kiss you for that.  
Don't be a stupid, Fuckaire!  
Excuse me.  
I'm still hungry.  
Bring me some eggs!  
Is it ready?  
Yes, sir.  
The oil is nice and hot, eh?  
Yes, sir.  
Let's see.  
Keep your finger still,  
you fool.  
How else can I read it?  
Oh, yes, 230 degrees...  
Centigrade.  
That's quite hot.  
Make it hotter!  
My friend.  
Now, my dirty little peasant...  
are you enjoying  
my hospitality?  
Yes, it's my favorite room.  
You know, I've got  
a surprise for you.  
-For me?  
-Yes...  
but you must do  
something for me first.  
Now, I want you to entertain...

your fellow prisoners  
down here, eh?  
Because they have  
no entertainment.  
So, I want you  
to stand over here...  
and entertain your prisoners  
in this exact spot.  
It has to be exact,  
you see...  
because of the light  
on your face, eh?  
Now, you'll entertain  
your prisoners...  
and then I'm going  
to give it to you.  
You're going to have a surprise.  
Hey, what kind of  
a surprise is it?  
Is it something you can eat?  
If you like greasy food,  
yes, you can eat it.  
Now just stand here...  
and please entertain  
your fellow prisoners.  
What do you want me to do?  
Sing or dance or tell a joke?  
It doesn't matter.  
Entertain means...  
you do all kinds  
of things, yes.  
So, you are going  
to sing and dance...  
anything, but you must  
stay in this spot...  
and do it quickly  
while it's still hot.  
Now, give me a chance  
to get clear.  
Can it be a dirty song?  
Yes, sir, a dirty prison song  
for these dirty prisoners...  
Come on, sing!  
Sing this song.



And for God's sake,  
make sure you're in...  
the right place for the light.  
Now sing, sing, sing.  
Can I have a guitar?  
I can really get into it...  
-if I had a guitar.  
-You don't need a guitar, no.  
You can accompany yourself  
with your mustache, yes.  
Now, come on, sing  
your dirty prison song.  
Now, come on, sing, please.  
Sing it. Sing it, please!  
Hey, I know another  
song that's even--  
You are a bloody imbecile!  
All I'm asking you to do  
is to stand on this spot...  
and sing a song, any song.  
It's hot!  
Oh, my God, it's everywhere!  
In every orifice!  
Such a beautiful song, Fuckaire.  
You should teach us the words.  
I'm over here,  
my brother, over here!  
My brother, over here!  
Easy, easy, my brother,  
easy, easy!  
Here it is.  
Here's your lovely  
drinking water.  
Here, what are you doing?  
Get off my bucket, will you?  
Get off it! What are  
you sitting on that for?  
Guards! Guards!  
He's done a whoopsy in my water.  
Now I can't use it.  
I'll have to go  
and get some more now.  
Listen.  
The horses are in the stable.

Meet me the inn  
in the village.  
Now go, go!  
Hey, over here, fella!  
Get a horse, go to town.  
Who wants to go to town?  
Hey, come on, we're going  
to town, big fella...  
to get a drink.  
You don't have to go to town!  
Just sit there and be cool.  
Sorry, I didn't  
mean to bother you.  
Why do they gotta make  
these horses so big?  
God, look at this one.  
It's an elephant.  
Want some peanuts?  
Nice horse.  
I need a nice, little,  
small mid-size.  
Maybe a little burro  
with a saddle already on it.  
What have you been eating?  
I like horses.  
I like 'em medium rare  
with potatoes.  
Hi, puppy.  
Hi, puppy.  
Want to go to town?  
Oh, hey, you're nice.  
Good idea. I'll be  
right back. Hold on.  
You got my note!  
And I didn't even send it.  
Hey, you!  
What are you doing in here?  
You're not supposed  
to be in here.  
Don't hide from me, I see you.  
You know, you'd be  
in a lot of trouble...  
if someone else had found you.  
Lucky I found you first.

Stand still!  
Ja, let me have a look at you.  
You know, I've been looking  
for a stud like you.  
You've got a great ass.  
You're gorgeous!  
I can't wait.  
You know what?  
Tomorrow morning,  
I'm going to sneak out...  
and I'm going to take  
you for a long ride.  
I'm going to ride you  
till you drop...  
then I'm going to find  
a nice lake...  
then I'm going to bathe you  
and massage you.  
You'd like that, wouldn't you?  
And then I'm going  
to put something on you...  
to keep those horrible  
flies off you.  
Go, quickly!  
Wait, my hanky!  
Whoa, puppy!  
Slow down! Stop!  
El stoppo!  
I forgot my hand.  
Here, take this.  
Hurry, quick, go!  
You must go now!  
Deux, trois!  
It's OK, my brother.  
Make a run for it.  
I'll hold 'em off!  
What?  
My brother, wait, wait!  
You're lucky, buddy.  
If this had a point on it,  
you would've been dead.  
Wait, these are my friends!  
We've been having  
a drinking contest.

Look at all the money I've won.  
It's OK.  
He's my brother!  
Yeah, it's OK.  
Sit down, my brother.  
I was worried about you.  
Where did you go?  
I went home.  
I knew you'd be in trouble...  
so I went home  
and got me a sword.  
Thanks for thinking of me,  
my brother.  
Well, come on, have a drink.  
I never touch the stuff...  
and I wish you wouldn't, either.  
'Cause you're my brother!  
You're my brother.  
I love you, you know that?  
And I love you.  
Anything I got  
is yours, you know?  
I wanted you to know that.  
And everything  
you have is yours.  
Do you understand?  
Right, my brother.  
That's mine.  
Smells like horses.  
Where'd you get this?  
A very beautiful lady gave that  
to me tonight, my brother.  
She saw me in the barn...  
and fell instantly  
in love with me.  
Poor girl.  
You're lying!  
'Cause the most gorgeous girl  
you've ever seen in my life...  
gave me this.  
She's so gorgeous.  
And she kissed me.  
Well, my brother...  
I hate to hurt your feelings.

She may have kissed you,  
but she's in love with me.  
She told me we're going  
riding tomorrow.  
You're lying!  
Don't you ever talk...  
about the woman  
I love like that.  
Stand up!  
Now, she's my girl.  
You got that?!  
You're right.  
She's your girl.  
Don't you say that.  
She's my girl!  
Don't say she's my girl.  
You're right.  
She's not your girl...  
she's my girl.  
En garde!  
A vous!  
Hey, come on,  
this is stupid now.  
Come on!  
Hey, come on, I don't  
want to hurt you.  
You'll never get close to me.  
Come on, let's fight.  
I'm not gonna fight you!  
Don't embarrass me  
in front of your friends.  
I'm not gonna embarrass you--  
That hurts, stupid!  
Give me that.  
Give me that!  
Give me that!  
There she is.  
Look, there she is!  
-There's two of 'em!  
-There's two of 'em.  
I'm finished.  
Oh, you do that so good!  
Oh, you like that, huh?  
I've never had anybody

do that for me.  
Do you think you  
could do it again?  
Again?  
Just a little,  
unless you are tired.  
I'm not tired.  
Good!  
I could do this all day.  
As a matter fact...  
that's what I used to  
do for a living.  
I worked for a guy--  
I mean, I owned...  
a big horse ranch in Mexico.  
-Really?  
-Oh, yeah.  
We had 10,000 horses.  
10,000?  
Oh, yeah, sure.  
What kind of horses?  
They were brown, mostly brown.  
Did you do all the breeding  
yourself?  
No. We had a horse for that.  
I remember one time  
my cousin though--  
Never mind.  
You know, I can't imagine  
being with anyone...  
but someone that was  
into horses.  
You just gotta know how  
to treat horses, you know?  
I mean, a lot of 'em  
like to be treated...  
you know, just, like,  
really gentle--  
What's that?!

Sorry. It's just my sword.  
It keeps getting in the way.  
Would you like to see it?  
It's OK, because I couldn't  
show it to you anyway.

My father always told me...  
never show your sword  
unless you intend to use it.  
Anyway, mine's broken.  
-Broken?  
-Yeah.  
Why, I've mistreated it  
for years.  
So foolish.  
I used to go around  
stickin' it into everything.  
Stuck it into watermelons...  
just practicing.  
One day I stuck it  
into the dirt...  
broke the tip off.  
How awful.  
That really hurt me.  
But that's OK.  
I'm gonna get a new one.  
You can get new ones?  
That's why I have to get  
into the castle...  
because that's where  
they keep the good ones.  
Yes!  
I need a good, strong one  
this time.  
Francois has a really good one!  
But it has to be big.  
Oh...Pierre. Yes.  
But his is too big.  
They can never be too big...  
not if you know  
what to do with it.  
You see, sometimes  
if they're big enough...  
all you have to do is show it,  
and people will run.  
That's what I did.  
I think he really likes you.  
Nice horsy.  
I love horses.  
They're really nice.

I got it.  
I figured out a way...  
for us to get  
into the castle.  
Good. How?  
See this guy over there?  
The guy in the red?  
No. The guy over there.  
What, the cook?  
No, not the cook.  
The guy over there.  
What, the guy with the horse?  
We steal a horse?  
No, not that guy.  
The guy over there!  
What, the guy in the red?  
That guy, right there!  
That's the famous  
Marquis du Hickey.  
Legendary lover. Makes Casanova  
look like a schoolboy.  
He's a tri-sexual.  
A tri-sexual?  
Yeah, he'll try anything--  
mud, chickens, anything.  
We don't have time  
for that, my brother.  
We have to get into the castle.  
It's important.  
That's what I'm getting at.  
Now, listen.  
Tomorrow he's going  
to the castle...  
for the Queen's birthday  
with his entire entourage.  
We go in with him.  
But we'll be recognized.  
I got that figured out, too.  
-See this guy behind us?  
-Yeah.  
-The guy with the red hair?  
-Yeah.  
He's the Queen's hairdresser,  
on royal appointment.



He's a Spanish guy.  
Just came from Spain.  
And anyways, he's queer  
as a duck.  
Oh, no, my brother. I--  
I just couldn't do that.  
I mean I haven't really  
been with a woman...  
Iet alone a man.  
I wouldn't know what to do.  
Just listen.  
See the other guy with him?  
That's Nostradamus,  
the famous mystic seer.  
Now, I'm gonna  
lure him outside...  
and then you come after us.  
My brother, I can't.  
-I just couldn't.  
-Why?  
Just the thought of it  
makes me sick.  
I mean, what does he do,  
kiss first?  
I just couldn't.  
The thought...  
Look, I'm gonna  
lure them outside...  
and you come after me!  
And then what?  
And then you  
bonk 'em on the head!  
I can bonk.  
But how are you gonna  
lure 'em outside?  
I have my ways.  
Con permiso.  
Tickle your ass with a feather?  
Monsieur Jozay.  
It's pronounced Jose.  
Gracias.  
!Ay, reina!  
I am so happy to know you!  
Thank you for inviting us.

It's such a nice casa  
you have here.  
Who do your hair?  
It's OK.  
I'm going to fix it.  
Gracias por la invitacion.  
It's me. I'll meet you later.  
I've got to see you.  
Gracias por todo.  
Gracias.  
My darling, I got your message  
about meeting later, eh?  
Monsieur Nostradamus.  
The brothers were not  
masters of impersonation...  
but the strength  
of their resolve...  
made up for it, and they soon  
found themselves...  
comfortably situated  
in the palace...  
at ease with their  
aristocratic enemies.  
They knew how readily  
the princesses...  
would throw themselves  
in the path of love...  
if given the chance.  
But even that temptation did not  
spoil the supreme poise...  
with which they carried off  
the masquerade.  
I'm so glad you're here.  
I am so glad I'm here, too.  
This is so much fun.  
OK, we're gonna turn you around.  
All right.  
See, like that.  
There you go.  
Now, tell me. What  
is it like in Spain?  
Well, honey, that's  
the end of the world.  
You want to talk about

the end of the world...  
that's the end of the world.  
It's so hot there.  
Is it true what they say  
about the Queen of Spain?  
I don't know.  
What they say?  
That she's bald?  
She bald?  
She--honey, she got more hair...  
on her legs than  
she got on her head.  
And what about  
all those lovers?  
God.  
They don't call her  
the "Frijole" for nothing.  
She like a doorknob.  
Everybody gets a turn.  
And that's a yoke, huh?  
A good yoke.  
Yeah, they were gonna name  
a port of entry after her.  
Greetings, my peasant brothers.  
I bring good news.  
The revolution goes well.  
Soon I will be able to free you  
from your miserable existence.  
Take heed, have faith,  
and au revoir.  
Can I ask you  
a personal question?  
Surely.  
Where your daughter's room is?  
Oh, my daughters.  
They're so lovely!  
They're just like their father.  
Whatever happened to the King?  
I don't see him around  
here never no times.  
Well, one day he want  
hunting with the Fuckaire...  
and then he never  
came home again.

I don't trust that Fuckaire.  
He's a sneaky guy.  
Well...you have to  
trust someone.  
It's hard being the Queen.  
I know what you mean...  
especially in these pants.  
Clear in his purpose.  
Lucien searched  
for a weapon strong enough...  
and big enough to intimidate  
friend and foe alike.  
I not lying to you.  
That's the truth.  
They were so big  
that she thought...  
nobody would notice them.  
She would just put a dress on.  
Nobody would notice them.  
!Ay! She was so stupid.  
And she didn't tip at all.  
How that feel? That's  
OK on you, the hot air?  
Yeah.  
Feels like a night  
in Malaga, huh?  
A nice hot blow job.  
!Ay, que bueno!  
I want to look nice...  
for my...rendezvous  
with du Hickey.  
Oh, you're gonna look  
special, honey.  
You're gonna look like  
you never looked before.  
Now, you just relax  
and go to sleep.  
I give you  
a little massage, OK?  
Now, just be quiet  
and go to sleep.  
My darling. I've been  
looking all over--  
God! I wish

he would be careful!  
Sorry.  
God, you scared  
the shit out of me.  
Oh, what have you done?  
I didn't do nothin', man.  
I was washin' her hair,  
and it all came out.  
You've made her look bad.  
That's good.  
It's a small victory,  
but a big one.  
My God!  
Why didn't you tell me  
I look like this?  
I look like Fuckaire.  
No wonder my peasant brothers  
won't talk to me.  
Oh, who cares if you  
look like Fuckaire?  
Help me do her hair.  
I have to get out  
of this disguise.  
Come on. Hurry up, and  
let's get outta here.  
I found them, my brother,  
and they're beautiful.  
Oh, good.  
Hey, and stop  
walking into walls.  
You almost broke  
my nose that time.  
They're just down  
the hall from here.  
Good.  
Leave her alone.  
Let's go.  
Adios.  
Wait till you see them,  
my brother.  
There's one pair  
that's just incredible.  
What are you talkin' about?  
Come here.

They're in here.  
There they are.  
Now, if we can  
just get them off.  
Let's get 'em drunk first.  
Hi, ladies. This--  
this is more like it.  
Hey. How you doin'?  
Do I pass inspection?  
Hey, did you ever see  
a one-eyed trouser snake?  
Must be melon season.  
I need it.  
I need it.  
I need it.  
I need it.  
Hey, come here!  
Come here.  
We've been lookin' for you!  
Hey, come here.  
No, no, come here!  
-Wait! Wait!  
-Hey, wait!  
Wait a minute.  
Wait a minute. We...  
we want to talk to you.  
Hey, I can explain!  
Wait!  
Wait!  
!La cholita!  
Where are you?  
Come on, baby,  
I know you're in there.  
Come on, baby,  
don't play hard to get.  
I know you want me.  
Hey, I want you, too.  
Why do you think  
I'm dressed like this?  
Hey, baby.  
Excuse me, sister.  
Come on, honey.  
Those girls don't mean  
anything to me.

Ever since you gave me  
that look this morning...  
I don't even think of girls.  
All I think of is you.  
I thi--  
Come on, baby.  
I can take you  
away from all this...  
civilization.  
We can run out  
into the jungles of Mexico...  
and be love savages.  
I'll be your king...  
and you be my love queen.  
We can open a taco stand.  
Just...tell me where you are,  
little pussycat.  
Come on, baby.  
Oh, honey...  
you make me so happy.  
Oh...oh, I want you.  
I need you.  
I have to have you.  
And so you shall, my darling.  
Get away from me!  
I don't like intellectuals.  
They're too stupid.  
Don't be afraid.  
I'm not an intellectual.  
I'm a revolutionary.  
Don't you know who I am?  
Oh. It's you!  
Well, then what  
were you doing...  
in that room  
with all those girls?  
I was just looking for my sword.  
They had your sword?!  
Yes. They were  
holding it for me.  
-They were holding it?  
-Yes.  
You told me that was my job!  
My darling...

Listen to me.  
I've been searching  
all over for you.  
Listen, I just  
want to tell you...  
What's wrong with you?  
Nothing.  
I've got so much to tell you.  
Now, listen. Listen close.  
You're not screaming.  
Why don't you s--  
why don't you scream?!  
That don't hurt.  
You think that hurt?  
That don't hurt.  
Come on, let me down from here.  
Wait, wait, wait, wait.  
I'm not supposed  
to be doing this.  
I'm Catholic.  
This is worse  
than the Inquisition.  
My God, I'm gonna  
make you scream.  
Come on, let me down from here.  
Ah, this one is going  
to hurt, by God!  
Strong men have died  
before now with this one.  
This is Montezuma's  
revenge, eh?  
That's strange.  
Is something wrong?  
Having fun?  
Come on, let me down from here.  
I'm getting tired from this.  
You've--you've got  
bad circulation.  
We're gonna try it  
upside-down.  
Hey, come on. I gotta go  
to the bathroom.  
Now, let me down from here.  
Well, this will stop you



going to the bathroom.  
Don't worry.  
Now, my God...  
you're going to  
feel it this time.  
Oh, my God.  
Why don't you scream?  
If you don't let me  
down from here...  
I'm going to give you  
such a scream.  
Now, let me down!  
C'est Fuckaire.  
He has my brother.  
It's getting cold in here.  
You got a blanket or something?  
My God!  
He's inhuman!  
He's going to be  
the death of me...  
and I'm not even  
going to enjoy it.  
My brother...  
my brother's in trouble.  
Don't you ever want to scream,  
"I'm burning! I'm--"  
What took you  
so long, my brother?  
Get away from him!  
He's mine!  
I hit you, and he screams?  
Nostradamus, join the party.  
We need some new blood.  
So glad to see you.  
You kissed me!  
You got the whip?  
It's my turn. Come, quick!  
What took you so long?  
Are you all right, my brother?  
Fix my feet. Would you  
do my ankles, please?  
I like the ankle straps  
with shoes.  
Thank you.

Could you please  
do the other one?  
You're so kind.  
Yes, that's it.  
Nice and tight.  
That's beautiful.  
Beautiful.  
Now...whip me!  
Whip you?  
Oh, yeah, sure.  
I'll whip you.  
No, my brother.  
We don't have time.  
Of course you have time.  
We must go free my people.  
Free your people?  
You got another party?  
They're tied up somewhere else?  
I'll join the other  
party, but don't go!  
Please! No! Whip me!  
You can have a quick  
whip-round. Please!  
Guards! Guards!  
Stop them!  
They're escaping!  
They haven't whipped me!  
Guards!  
Where are those guards?  
There's no guards, man.  
Come on. Let's go.  
No, we must fight  
our way out of this.  
We must fight our way  
to freedom.  
We can't fight here.  
Come on.  
You're right. We can't  
fight here. Not here.  
Fight down here.  
Right here.  
This is the place to fight.  
This way, our back is protected.  
What are you talking about?

Let's get out of here!  
Come on.  
There's nobody here.  
Guards! Get out here and fight!  
Come on! Get out here,  
you cowards!  
Go back, back, back!  
It's a mistake!  
Come, come!  
No, don't run!  
Come back and fight!  
No, run!  
Go back to sleep.  
Come, fight!  
Come on, you cowards!  
Let's fight!  
No, let's not fight.  
Let's kiss.  
Go back.  
There they are.  
Please, my darling.  
Go back.  
I've been looking  
all over for you.  
Don't hurt her.  
Don't hurt her.  
How charming.  
We give up.  
Back! Back!  
You call yourselves guards?  
So, my friends.  
We have caught you, eh?  
And you wouldn't  
beat me, eh?  
So, now I'm going  
to whip you to death.  
You may whip us, Fuckaire...  
but you'll never beat us.  
Corsican Brothers!  
My friends,  
at last you must learn...  
Ne fuc pas avec moi!  
To the dungeons with them!  
Don't worry, my brother.

They can't stop men  
who want to be free.  
Oh, mother!  
Your hair!  
I told you never  
to call me "Mother."  
Yes, I can see it, my brother.  
What is it?  
I can see the Big Dipper.  
Big Dipper?  
Yes, I can,  
and I can see Venus...  
and I can see the moon.  
All I see is Uranus.  
It's out there, my brother.  
Yes. We're in luck...  
because if that's  
the Big Dipper...  
That means the North Star is--  
Let's see. You take  
the bottom star from the cup...  
and you align it  
with the handle.  
You know what I see?  
I see a big idiot  
standing in front of me.  
Why do we always gotta  
stay and fight?  
Why couldn't we escape  
when we had the chance?  
My brother,  
there are some things...  
that you cannot run away from.  
If this revolution  
is to survive...  
men like me must fight.  
Even though the cause  
is hopeless...  
we must fight  
to free our brothers...  
from the chains of oppression.  
What brothers  
are you talkin' about?  
The only brothers

I see around here is me...  
and all you do  
is get us caught!  
Did you ever stop to think that  
maybe you're the only guy...  
in the revolution?  
You know, like,  
where's your followers, huh?  
Hey. Would you follow  
this guy into a revolution?  
Of course not,  
'cause you got half a brain.  
So, who's following him?  
I've got an idea.  
Quick. Take off your clothes.  
Hey, wait a minute.  
We're brothers.  
Look, take off your clothes.  
Hey, you haven't been  
in jail that long.  
This should be enough rope.  
Look, if we're gonna  
hang ourselves...  
Let me be the first to go.  
I'm tired and hungry...  
and now I'm cold, too.  
Just think of a way  
to get through those bars.  
Hey! Watch out up there!  
It's amazing.  
This French bread gets stale,  
it gets as hard as a rock.  
So what?  
You know? This just might be  
the tool we've been looking for.  
I think I can  
get through now, my brother.  
I did it.  
Quick. Throw me the rope.  
Hold on tight, my brother.  
I smell freedom.  
I smell--  
I smell food.  
I must be imagining things.

Chicken.

Wait!

But Lucien was not  
a man to forget his brother.  
He remembered how they had loved  
and cherished each other...  
through the long years  
of separation...

how deeply the fate of one had  
always affected the other...  
and his loyalty strengthened  
his heroic resolve.

And so, for his beloved  
brother Louie...

Lucien prepared to draw together  
his peasant followers...

and bring an end  
to oppression forever.

Come here, my brothers.

The time has come.

Listen to me.

We have been living like  
miserable dogs long enough!

We must fight  
to take back what is ours!  
We must tear down  
this miserable government...

and replace it  
with our own people!

Are you with me?!

I said, are you with me?!

All right.

Let's organize and fight!

Enough!

Now, today is  
a special occasion.

Today, we have the 5,000th  
execution this month, eh?

I'm very grateful  
to all you dirty peasants...  
for putting  
your heads together...

to increase productivity.

And for this special occasion,

we have a special execution.  
None other than  
that disgusting, driveling...  
dirty peasant,  
the Corsican Brother.  
Perhaps, you dirty peasant, you  
would like to say a last word.  
Fuckaire!  
The only thing I want to say...  
is you've kept me  
in a dungeon...  
and you beat me,  
and you tortured me...  
and you even kissed me.  
And I want these people  
to know...  
the only thing  
you've really done...  
is made me really,  
really hungry...  
and that's not nice  
to do to a Mexican.  
I'm supposed to get  
a last meal!  
I never got a last meal!  
I'd even eat French food!  
Thank you for those kind words.  
It's nice to know we have  
another satisfied customer.  
Look. There's ants  
in that basket.  
My only regret  
on this wonderful afternoon...  
is that the other  
Corsican Brother...  
the revolutionary,  
is already dead.  
Nothing would  
give me greater pleasure...  
than he should witness  
the death of his dirty--  
Fuckaire!  
It must be merde a la tete.  
The dead Corsican.

I accept your invitation!  
His dirty brother  
shall not escape.  
Execute him!  
You dirty peasants!  
Don't touch me!  
Keep away!  
Don't--don't touch me!  
You can kick me if you like,  
but don't touch me!  
How dare you?  
We're just about  
to get to the part...  
where we laugh and laugh!  
I've had enough.  
En garde!  
Take the other one.  
This one is mine!  
I've got you!  
I got you!  
No!  
Oh, to be sure.  
Fuckaire.  
There you are, eh?  
You're finished.  
So, you Corsican dog...  
you trouble-maker,  
why couldn't you let me  
kill you quietly  
in the guillotine, eh?  
No, you have to make  
revolutionary speeches.  
You turned my beloved  
dirty peasants against me!  
One more execution--that was  
all I needed for the record.  
You spoiled my fun!  
Well, my friend...  
from now on you will find  
I am no longer Mr. Nice Guy.  
Look at that!  
Look at this!  
Can I have it?  
Very good.



That's wonderful!  
So, anyway, the princess says...  
"Is that a wart in your pocket,  
or are you just glad to see me?"  
So it came to pass...  
that France was delivered  
from tyranny...  
and emerged  
into a new age of freedom.  
The evil Fuckaire had perished,  
as was just.  
And of Lucien and Louie,  
it may be fairly said...  
that theirs was  
a most special destiny.  
If I could be  
the one you love  
If you would let  
this dream come true  
Then I would ask  
for nothing more  
But to live life loving you  
I'm so excited.  
I've never been married before.  
Don't do that.  
I'm gonna get pregnant  
right away!  
How long is this going to take?  
I have a riding lesson.  
Where is that brother  
of yours, anyways?  
Boy, his swinging days  
are over.  
I'm going to cut his rope  
right off!  
I think I need a drink.  
Wait. You can just wait. Back.  
You're just going  
to have to train him.  
Yes.  
We'll go to the opera,  
the ballet...  
to the theater.  
I'll have him take dancing

and singing and elocution.  
I'm going to change  
the way he walks...  
the way he talks,  
the way he eats...  
his clothes, his pants,  
his jacket, his hair...  
Oh, I have lots of work to do.  
Yes, we'll go shopping,  
go to Paris...  
visit his mother...  
Hey, Louie.  
Let's get out of here!  
And so the Corsican Brothers  
escaped...  
from the pages of history.  
Thanks, brother.  
Let's go to America  
and start a revolution.  
All right.  
I'm with you.  
1, 2...  
As I got on the city bus  
and found a vacant seat  
I thought I saw  
my future bride  
Walking down the street  
I shouted to the driver  
Hey, conductor,  
you must slow down  
I think I see her,  
please let me off this bus  
Nadine  
Honey, is that you?  
Oh, Nadine  
Honey, is that you?  
Seems like every time  
I catch up with you  
You got something else to do  
I saw her from the corner  
And she turned  
and doubled back  
She was stepping towards  
a coffee-colored Cadillac

Moving through the crowd  
Trying to get  
to where she's at  
I was campaign-shouting  
like a southern diplomat  
Oh, Nadine  
Honey, is that you?  
Oh, Nadine  
Baby, where are you?  
Seems like every time  
I catch up with you  
You got something else to do  
Downtown looking for her  
Looking all around  
Saw her get into a yellow cab  
and take her to town  
Caught a loaded taxi,  
paid up everybody's tab  
Tipped a \$20 bill, told him,  
"Catch that yellow cab"  
Oh, Nadine  
Honey, is that you?  
Oh, Nadine  
Baby, is that you?  
Seems like every time  
I catch up with you  
You got something else to do  
Hey, baby, I'm OK.  
Take it, Chong!  
Well, she moves around  
like a wayward summer breeze  
Go, go on, driver, go on,  
catch her for me, please  
Moving through the traffic  
like a modern cavalier  
Leaning out that taxi window  
Trying to get  
that girl to hear  
Oh, Nadine  
Honey, is that you?  
Oh, Nadine  
Oh, baby, is that you?  
Seems like every time  
I catch up with you

You got something else to do  
Seems like every time  
I catch up with you  
You got something else to do  
Nadine!  
Baby, is that you?