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# Du Barry Was a Lady

By Irving Brecher

Back in the 18th century  
when romance was in bloom  
And Louis XV wasn't just a sofa in a room  
A simple little country girl  
who knew a thing or two  
Got very, very chummy  
with His Majesty, King Lou  
The people disapproved of her  
in no uncertain tone  
Still, they'd agree that Madam D  
was a power behind the throne  
Behind her back, they called her names  
On that we will not tarry  
But to her face, with elegant grace  
They said Madame Du Barry  
Madame, Madame  
They said Madame  
Du Barry  
Perhaps she was  
a gorgeous little hussy from Bordeaux  
But there's one thing  
we positively absolutely know  
Du Barry was a lady  
No matter what they may say  
Du Barry was a lady  
The fairest gal of her day  
She had to pull no strings  
for the King's blessing  
He fell in love with her French dressing  
To marry this Du Barry  
was every nobleman's goal  
And put them all together  
they'd fill the Hollywood Bowl  
I couldn't tell you how, but she got along  
And if she was no lady  
fifty million Frenchmen were wrong  
Though she started out in squalor  
And though her past was shady  
You can bet your bottom dollar  
She ended up a lady  
Du Barry  
Du Barry was a lady  
Oh, Rami, isn't she wonderful?  
Just another female woman.

Take away her eyes, her nose, her mouth  
and her ears and what have you got?

A blank expression.

She's wonderful.

- You never look at me like that.

- You never look like that.

Louis, if you're not doing anything  
after work, I'd like to take you home.

No. Not after last night.

Oh, you could never be happy here.

Please marry me

and let me take you away from all this.

And after we're married

and settled down in our little love nest,

maybe the stork'd come to our house

and bring us a lot of little...

Cigars, cigarettes, chewing gum.

Du Barry was a lady

Oh, what a lady was she

The men still raved about her

the last time I saw Paris

With wealthy knights she was chummy...

Please be very careful with this.

It's kolinsky.

Would you give me a check, please?

That's May Daly.

- Who?

- May Daly.

That's May Daly.

It doesn't matter now how she got along

If she was double-dating

Du Barry was okay

And if her life was shady

Well, who are we to say?

But if she was no lady maybe twenty

- Thirty

- Forty

Fifty million Frenchmen were wrong

Madame, you are about to meet

a handsome man.

- Not too young, not too old.

- About my age?

I see both of you meeting

in a secluded, moonlit, romantic nightclub.

But I've got to polish up the crystal ball.

Have you got a soft, slightly used \$5 bill?

- Do you think this will be soft enough?

- It will have to do.

You will meet this man.

He will be wearing a tuxedo,

eyeglasses and some hair.

This is the man, your soul mate.

Marry him, madam, and you marry her.

\$5, please.

That's a good one on you, Swami.

We were married last night.

- Weren't we, Mr. McGeehan?

- McGowan.

Oh, yeah. McGowan.

Marry Mr. McQuinn.

He is so charming, so debonair.

He reminds me of that well-known actor.

You know, the one who makes love  
to beautiful girls like Hedy Lamarr.

You know who I mean.

Hedy.

My name is Pepe le Coco.

And I come from the Kasbah, Hedy,  
the Kasbah.

You know what is the Kasbah?

It is right next to the delicatessen.

Hedy, I love you, I adore you.

I love your visage. I love your face.

I love your eyes,

and your lips and your hair, Hedy.

Let me run through your hair  
barefoot.

Hedy, I love you, I adore you.

Look across the sea and what do you see?

Paris and the white way,  
and the Rue de Montmartre,  
and the Champs lyses.

Hedy.

And this one thing, this one question,  
runs through my mind again and again.

And it wants to know this one thing,  
this one question, this one thing.

And my temples throb,

and my... doesn't know what to say,  
my throat clenches tight  
and my heart beats faster and faster.  
Faster and faster beats my heart.  
And it wants to know this one thing,  
this one question, this one thing.  
Will you go with me  
to the high school prom?  
- Louis, old pal, I'm glad to see you.  
- Hello.  
- Louis, I got bad news for you.  
- What?  
The cook out there just said  
you were the tightest guy in the place.  
But I stuck up for you.  
I told him you had a heart as big as Texas.  
- The cook said that?  
- Yeah.  
And he bet me 5 bucks  
I couldn't borrow 5 bucks from you.  
- Oh, he did, did he?  
- Yeah. How do you like a guy like that?  
Well, wait a minute. When do I get it back?  
Just as soon as I see the cook.  
Oh, now do you think  
I'm as dumb as I look?  
I'll give it back to you Saturday.  
This is the cook's day off.  
How sure can I be  
I'm gonna get it back Saturday?  
Just as sure as she's alive.  
Oh, no. I gotta have better proof than that.  
Look, Louis, I don't want  
this dough for myself.  
I want to spend it on someone.  
Someone we both admire.  
May Daly.  
- You got a date with May Daly?  
- Nobody else.  
She'll turn you down  
like she did last night.  
May was tired last night.  
She went straight home.  
Oh, she did, huh?

Hey, I'll tell you what.

If May goes out with you tonight,  
you don't have to return the 5 bucks.

But if she don't, you owe me \$10.

Are you kidding?

Sucker.

You're wrong, Rami. He did lend it to me.

- Fly specks.

- Hey.

That guy's a friend of yours, isn't he?

I, Rami, have only one true friend,

Baldor the Omnipotent.

The voice from the beyond.

But I've got to admit,

me and the kid is pretty chummy.

Yeah? Well, tell him he's wasting his time.

You know who Miss Daly's

going out with tonight?

Don't look in that goldfish bowl.

I'll tell you.

Him.

- Handsome chap, isn't he?

- There's the rest of him out there.

- Cigars, cigarettes.

- Give me a cigar.

- Keep the change.

-20 bucks.

Gee, that entitles you to a match.

Cigars, cigarettes.

Ladies and gentlemen,

the Club Petite presents three boys

who will give you their vocal impressions

of well-known bands on the radio.

May I introduce to you the Oxford Boys.

Let's dance a while

to the original Kay Kyser style.

Evening, folks. How you all?

Presenting Mr. Harry Babbitt.

I'm always thinking of you

So long, everybody.

It's pleasure time.

A cigarette, sweet music and you

A perfect blend for dreaming come true

Light up and listen

to the shortest 15 minutes on radio  
with Fred Waring and his Pennsylvanians.  
And this is Fred Waring  
and over half-a-hundred Pennsylvanians  
saying even in sleep, a song is the thing.  
Good night, all.  
From coast to coast it's Horace Heidt,  
the trumpeters and the singing guitar.  
Here's the country's number one  
trumpet player, Harry James,  
playing Sleepy Lagoon.  
The sweetest music this side of heaven,  
with Guy Lombardo and the trio singing.  
You are my sunshine  
My only sunshine  
You make me happy  
When skies are gray  
And here's our own sentimental  
gentleman of swing, Tommy Dorsey,  
his trombone and his band.  
Oh, I forgot to tell you.  
Willie the wolf man's out there waiting.  
Yes, I know. He sent in the evidence.  
Oh, six orchids. My, my, my!  
What's he trying to do, landscape you?  
What a catch. Filthy rich, too.  
They say this man's got more lettuce  
than in a Victory Garden.  
And marriageable, too.  
Now, don't you worry about me.  
I'm not falling for anyone.  
Not until I see  
the whites of their checkbooks.  
- Maybe that's your rich guy.  
- Maybe that's my poor guy.  
You mean Alec?  
You better forget about him.  
Don't you go passing up no  
golden opportunities like rich Mr. Willie.  
Opportunities like him just tap once,  
and gently.  
It's your poor man.  
- Hello, Niagara.  
- Oh, hello. What are you doing?

- Playing one-nighters in dressing rooms?

- Mais oui, Madame.

So sorry you are leaving.

- Was I leaving?

- Yes, Niagara.

Well, I guess I'm leaving.

I see you take the baby everywhere.

And she just learned a new song.

I wish that I could hear it, Alec,

but I haven't time tonight.

Sorry.

Well, the song can keep.

I'm trying it out with Dorsey tonight.

I wanted you to be the first to hear it.

You got a date?

I guess I got a minute.

- One chorus, huh?

- One chorus.

Do I love you, do I?

Doesn't one and one make two?

Do I love you, do I?

Does July need a sky of blue?

Would I miss you, would I?

If you ever should go away

If the sun should desert the day

What would life be?

Will I leave you? Never

Could the ocean leave the shore?

Will I worship you forever?

Isn't heaven forevermore?

Do I love you, do I?

Oh, my dear, it's so easy to see

Don't you know I do?

Don't I show you I do?

Just as you love me

Say, the song's better than I thought.

Now, look what you've done.

- What have I done?

- Hit me when my guard was down.

Do I love you.

- Do you, May?

- No.

I've decided not to fall in love right now.

As if it's up to you to decide.



- You're human, aren't you?  
- I hope not.  
- Now, May, look.  
- I'm looking and what do I see?  
A nice guy with brown eyes who  
writes great songs and hasn't got a nickel.  
- Maybe not now but...  
- Yeah, I know. Things will get better.  
That's what my mother and dad said.  
She was the prettiest girl on the block  
and he was the nicest guy.  
It was love at first sight  
and when they took another look,  
they were hitched, on \$20 a week.  
Yes, and only a few years later,  
he was making \$25.  
Before you know it,  
he bought Mom the nicest ironing board  
and washtub you ever saw.  
And then Mom started raking  
in as much as 5 whole bucks a week.  
Wasn't that swell?  
Now you don't think  
I'd let you take in laundry?  
Well, my folks didn't start out  
with that idea, either.  
They were married.  
That was their first mistake.  
I was their second.  
They had to eat. That was their third.  
Maybe your dad didn't have my prospects.  
I'm a rising young man.  
Yes, you are  
and you'll rise a lot faster without me.  
- You'd help me.  
- Yeah. I'm all you need.  
My dad had ambitions, too,  
but he kept holding onto a job he hated  
so there'd be some security in the family.  
He finally forgot his ambitions.  
- My dad was a nice guy.  
- Sure, he was.  
- So are you.  
- Thanks.

That's why I don't want to see you  
come to what my dad came to.  
I love you too much.  
You said you loved me!  
- Gosh, I never said that before.  
- Go on, say it again.  
- Alec, you're on.  
- Coming.  
I'll be right back after my number.  
Don't go away now.  
Do I love you, do I?  
Doesn't one and one make two?  
Do I love you, do I?  
Does July need a sky of blue?  
Do I love you, do I?  
Oh, my dear, it's so easy to see  
Don't you know I do?  
Don't I show you I do?  
Just as you love me  
Say it again.  
- Say what?  
- That you love me.  
All right.  
I love you.  
What's the matter, honey?  
You don't sound like you mean it.  
I don't, so get going.  
Hey, what goes on here?  
What's the matter with you?  
Nothing's the matter with me.  
Are you mixed up.  
In one breath you can tell me you love me,  
- in the next breath you...  
- I can say get going.  
All right, I will.  
What are you gonna do?  
Live on a desert island?  
No, but I can't afford to marry for love.  
Maybe I can find a guy  
with money in the bank.  
Once I'm married,  
who knows, maybe  
I might even get to liking him a little.  
Well, I wish you luck.

But get this straight, I don't agree  
with any of your phony philosophy.  
The only part that makes any sense  
is where you said you loved me.  
Well, I love you, too.  
Plenty.  
Enough to hope you get  
those screwy ideas out of your head  
and get yourself straightened out.  
Louis, you never give me a tumble.  
Can nothing ever come  
of our beautiful friendship?  
Not if I can help it.  
But we could be so happy together.  
Can't you see I love you and want you  
for the father of my children?  
I didn't know you had any.  
Well, if that's the way you're gonna act,  
then give me my ring back.  
Okay, you can take me home.  
But remember,  
we say good night at the door.  
- Now, does that make you happy?  
- Does that make me happy?  
Well, don't overdo it.  
Is that the fly in the soup?  
- Don't worry, I'll get rid of him.  
- No, Rami, no rough stuff.  
Sahib, I have a personal message  
for you from the spirit world.  
But I can't give it to you here.  
We must step outside into the alley  
where it is dark.  
The vibrations are much better out there.  
Take your hand off me.  
Now go away. Don't bother me.  
But this is about May Daly.  
Well, there's nothing you or that phony  
crystal ball could tell me about May Daly.  
Now get out.  
You clumsy fool!  
Why don't you look what you're doing?  
I'm sorry. It was an accident.  
Terribly sorry.

You're sorry? You ought to be sorry.  
You dress in good taste.  
You clumsy idiot.  
You'll pay for this. I'll have your job.  
What do you want his job for?  
He only gets 20 bucks a week.  
Look at me. Look at me.  
- I am looking at you and I can't stand it.  
- Shut up.  
- Oh, May, your new boyfriend's waiting.  
- Thanks, Ginny.  
You know, that guy tips 20 bucks  
every time he buys a cigar?  
Why don't you take some along?  
It can't hurt.  
Baldor tells me  
that Miss Daly's date has been canceled.  
The chef is about to serve Willie  
on the dollar dinner.  
Why, Willie, whatever happened to you?  
How did you get like that?  
I was sitting here waiting for you  
and this stupid waiter spilled  
a whole chef's salad all over me.  
Willie, it's too bad, but...  
Well, you just can't stand there.  
You better go home.  
Well, we've got a party arranged.  
What am I going to do?  
We're supposed to go  
to the Rainbow Room.  
- Like that?  
- Well...  
You better get that suit off  
before it turns sour.  
Well, that's a good idea.  
Come up to my apartment.  
It's nice and cozy.  
Oh, I mean, while I change my clothes.  
No, thanks, Willie,  
I think I'll just run along.  
- Well, I'll drive you.  
- No, it's all right, I'd rather walk.  
The air will do me good. Good night.

Well, I...

- Good night, Louis.
- Good night, Miss Daly.
- Good night, Ginny.
- Good night.
- Good night, Miss Daly.
- Good night, Charlie.
- May, I mean, Miss Daly.
- Oh, hello, Louis.

Are you going in your direction?

I mean, are you going in my direction?

Look, I don't mean to be chasing you,  
but I heard you say  
you wanted to be alone,  
so I figured you wouldn't mind  
if I walked with you.

This coat. I'm two payments behind on it.

It sort of resists me.

Here. Let me help you.

- There.
- Gee, thanks.

Come on.

Oh, excuse me.

You'll have to pardon me  
if I seem ignorant, but...

Well, I never expected to be walking up  
52nd Street with May Daly.

- Who's she?
- Just a superb artiste, that's all.
- Just a nightclub singer.
- No, you're awful pretty, though.

I don't mean to be rude,  
but you remind me  
of one of those beautiful girls in Esquire.

The ones with clothes on, of course.

I hope you don't mind riding home  
on a subway.

Compared to the boarding house I live in,  
this is privacy.

Yeah, I know what you mean.

The boarding house where I live  
is so crowded,  
you have to take a bath piggyback.

Yeah, but you won't always

be riding on these things.  
Someday you'll be riding back and forth  
to work in a big limousine.  
Tell me more.  
Say, you know, Miss May,  
you've got to develop confidence.  
Who do you think pulls in millionaires  
in that club every night?  
May Daly.  
Some millionaires will go anywhere.  
Nah, don't you kid yourself.  
They're all crazy about you.  
You could marry the whole bunch of them.  
Well, I'll settle for one,  
better than that, half of one.  
Half a millionaire's no good,  
taxes will eat him up.  
May Daly's got to have  
a whole millionaire or nothing.  
Well, suppose she can't find one  
that she likes?  
Likes?  
- Oh, I'm sorry, madam, sit here.  
- Oh, you shouldn't have gotten up.  
What do you have to like them for?  
That's for ordinary girls.  
You can have anyone you want.  
- Suppose I want to marry a poor guy?  
- What for?  
Well, you marry a rich guy for money.  
What would you marry a poor guy for?  
- What?  
- For love.  
Do you love her?  
Well... Well, who wouldn't? But, gee, I...  
- You love him?  
- Louis is a sweet boy, but I don't...  
Got anyone else in mind?  
Hey, you're not thinking of Alec, are you?  
Are you? That's who it is. It's Alec.  
- Has he got money?  
- No.  
He's so poor he don't have  
a pair of shoestrings that match.

My dear, when I was your age  
I could've married money.  
But instead I picked a very poor man  
whom I loved dearly.  
John and I have been married for 50 years,  
and day by day our love has bloomed  
into the most wonderful hatred.  
Next time I get hitched, it's for dough.  
Let's go back two thousand years  
or more perchance  
Before Delilah  
Before Godiva  
Before Gypsy Rose Lee was alive  
Way, way back  
Before they ever heard of Oomph Girls  
At that time there lived a dame  
who did her dance  
Without a bubble that blew to smidgens  
Without a fan or without a flock of pigeons  
Way, way back  
Before the Greeks  
had a word for Oomph Girls  
With seven veils she wowed the males  
And made the hall of fame  
And this modern swing and stuff and thing  
All dates back to this dame  
Salome was the grandma of them all  
She had the stuff  
that makes your motor stall  
This babe took Babylon by storm  
And handed down that magic formula  
That takes the wallflowers off the wall  
Yes, they swing and sway  
Shimmy shammy, but they show me  
No matter how you slice it  
Boy, it's still Salome  
On Samson and Delilah here's a tip  
She got her man, but with no barber's clip  
She merely went into her dance  
The day she found him  
with his panzer unit  
And her blitzkrieg was a pip  
Yes, it's box office  
Minsky gives them a diplomie

But no matter how you slice it  
Boy, it's still Salome  
You can slice it thick  
You can slice it thin  
Or you needn't slice it at all  
You can cut it long  
You can cut it short  
You can hang it up on the wall  
But when they claim it's something new  
It really doesn't throw me  
For no matter  
how you slice it  
It's still comes out Salome  
- I'm looking for a Mr. Louis Blore.  
- That's me.  
Will you sign right here?  
What's this?  
- Hey, what's this?  
- That's a check for your hat.  
- Give me hat.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Well, give me your check.  
- Give me hat.  
- Now, let's not lose your head.  
- Let's not lose your teeth.  
- Give me hat.  
- Well, give me a check.  
- My hat, please?  
- Yes, sir.  
- Get in line. Give me hat.  
- My hat, please.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Give me hat.  
Quiet.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
Ambrose.  
- My hat, please.  
- Check, please.  
Oh.  
Here's your telegram.  
- What's that?  
- I don't know. Where's its head?  
- Give me my toupee.  
- Check, please. Oh!



I shall never come here again.  
Here's your telegram.  
You know, you just cost me  
one of my best customers.  
- He's a millionaire.  
- He didn't even tip you.  
Just the same, if I had his dough,  
I wouldn't be in here checking derbies.  
I'd be in there using \$20 bills for napkins.  
Hey, why is it all the rich people  
have all the money?  
Well, maybe some day  
my luck will change.  
- Hey, ain't you gonna read that?  
- It's probably from the finance company.  
Unless, of course,  
I've won the sweepstakes.  
"This is to notify you  
that you've won first prize of \$150,000  
"in the Irish Grand National Sweepstakes. "  
You know, I've been  
parking fedoras here for five years.  
I never made a mistake  
until you came along.  
Now, I've won the sweepstakes.  
Sweepstakes!  
- Oh, thank you.  
- Well, that's all right.  
Well, Mr. Blore, won't you say a few words  
to your millions of new friends?  
Well, thank you.  
Hello, Mom. It was a tough sweepstake,  
but my horse won.  
You know, all my life  
I've been kind to dumb animals,  
but this is the first time  
a dumb animal has ever been kind to me.  
And we're glad you won, Mr. Blore.  
But I'm sure our listeners  
would like to know one thing.  
Were you very excited  
when you received the news?  
Well, I started off to be,  
but I put a stop to it quick by collapsing.

Well, I don't blame you, Mr. Blore.

You must feel like a king.

- King Louis, that's me.

- King Louis? Oh, very good.

Well, Your Majesty,

who's the lucky girl to be your queen?

- Haven't you read the newspapers?

- No.

Well, I'm figuring on marrying Du Barry.

- Who?

- Du Barry, that's if she'll have me.

Well, I'm off to break the news.

Oh, by the way, dear friends,

if you'd like to have one of my pictures

autographed, absolutely free,

just send in a \$20 bill

to cover the cost of mailing and wrapping.

Well, Your Majesty,

because you've been so kind

as to participate in our broadcast here,

I'm going to present to you,

with the compliments of our sponsor,

a special tube of our De Kay toothpaste.

Oh, thanks.

Oh, by the way,

do you have an empty tube?

- No, I don't.

- Oh, I'm sorry.

Well, how do you like that?

- Did you ever say you'd marry him?

- No, of course not.

That's what's so funny.

Nothing that funny ever happens to me.

May.

- Did you hear Louis on the radio?

- Yes, I did.

- Did you see the newspapers?

- I did.

Very, very funny.

Go ahead and laugh.

You've given me plenty of laughs.

Yeah, I guess I have.

But what about this poor kid

when he finds out?

Finds out what?  
That you don't have the slightest intention  
of going through with this?  
Why shouldn't I go through with it?  
It's what I've always wanted, isn't it?  
I said that love doesn't count  
and it still doesn't.  
And I said that money does and there it is.  
You don't mean  
you'd wreck your life and Louis', too,  
just because you're sore at me?  
Oh, don't flatter yourself.  
You don't even enter into my plans.  
One moment. One moment, boys.  
Tommy, you must do me a favor.  
You know Louis  
is taking over this place for tonight  
and I want you and the boys  
to give him a real entertainment.  
- Please, you'll do it for me, Tommy, huh?  
- Okay, Nick.  
Fellows, you know, Louis won  
a lot of money in the sweepstakes.  
And he's taking the  
place over tonight to celebrate.  
Hey, slim.  
Hey.  
Keep an eye on your Kelly?  
Watch your lid? Park your derby?  
No, no, that's not the way.  
This is a high-class place.  
When a gentleman walks in,  
you smile and say, "Check your hat, sir?"  
- That's it. That always slips me mind.  
- It'll come to you gradually.  
Say, how's business?  
I ain't had a customer yet,  
but I sure love the work.  
Is that my old uniform?  
It's too small for you, ain't it?  
No, I'm just in it too far.  
Well, maybe we should have  
given this job to a girl.  
But you can't get any.

They're all working in shipyards.

Louis.

- Louis, you look wonderful.

- Do I really?

Everything is just as you ordered it, Louis.

I mean, Mr. Blore.

Oh, you can call me Louis.

Money ain't changed me. I'm still lovable.

Here, hold this, will you?

Here's a couple of thousand bucks  
to cover the brawl.

How'd that \$5 bill get in there?

- Now, if you run short, let me know.

- Yes, sir, Louis. The place is yours.

It's your night to cut a rug.

Gosh, Louis, who'd have ever thought  
you was gonna marry May Daly?

Oh, I could tell. That's on account  
of me feminine institution.

- Is she here?

- Who?

- May Daly, my fiance.

- Fiance.

I want to hear that from her own lips  
before I believe it.

You will. You will, don't worry.

Hey, how do you like my glad rags, huh?

Hey, did you get  
two pair of pants with that suit?

Louis, I hardly recognized you.

You look like something out of Esquire.

When I buy an Esquire  
The bible of the well-dressed man  
My pulse jumps ten points higher  
But not because of each Dapper Dan  
I don't go in for fashions  
I forget the authors names  
The only thing I go for  
Are those beautiful dames  
I love an Esquire girl  
If you don't love an Esquire girl  
You won't like steak, apple strudel  
Angel cake, soup with noodles  
You would eat an oyster

but you'd throw away the pearl  
If you don't love an Esquire girl  
I love a Varga girl  
If you don't love a Varga girl  
You'd laugh out loud at Whistler's Mother  
Frankenstein is sure to be your brother  
You would buy a Persian lamb  
and cut off every curl  
If you don't love a Varga girl  
Those lovely pictures by Hurrell  
I hang on every wall  
They're so swell  
I have to yell Hurrell for them all  
I crave a lovely girl  
If you don't crave a lovely girl  
You've got a head, but what's below it?  
You're half dead, but you don't know it  
And if Lana Turner  
doesn't set your brain awhirl  
Then you don't love a lovely girl  
If you still don't love a lovely girl  
There's something you should see  
The calendar that we present  
For 1943  
January, you resolve  
to start the year out fine  
February, you make every  
heart a valentine  
March, you're just a bit unruly  
April, you're so April fooly  
May, you're so romantic  
with your magic touch of spring  
June, you have each couple hoping  
wedding bells will ring  
July brings out that good old  
Yankee Doodle in me  
And August, what a wonderful  
vacation you'd be  
Sweet September, you arrive  
and disappear too soon  
But you bring October  
and a lovely harvest moon  
November makes us thankful  
for the blessings we hold dear

December makes us realize  
it's been a lovely year  
I crave a lovely girl  
If you don't crave a lovely girl  
You've got a head, but what's below it?  
You're half dead, but you don't know it  
And if Lana Turner  
doesn't set your brain awirl  
Then you don't love a lovely girl  
- Are you Mr. Louis Blore?  
- No, that's him there.  
Hey, Louis. Just leave it there. Louis.  
Gee, it's beautiful, isn't it?  
- L and M. Get what it stands for?  
- Sure, ladies and men.  
No, Louis and May.  
- Take it to her dressing room.  
- Yes, sir.  
- Be sure and put it in water.  
- Water?  
- Here, put it over here.  
- Oh, isn't that lovely?  
- There's a cake for a king.  
- Must have cost a fortune.  
- Good evening, Louis.  
- How are you?  
Well, good evening.  
- How are you, Miss Daly?  
- Miss Daly.  
- Come on, kiss the bride.  
- Yeah, kiss the bride.  
Kiss him, Miss Daly. We'll hold him.  
I wish to speak to you, Louis.  
Sure.  
Alone.  
Sure, just the two of us.  
Sit down, please.  
- I've seen the papers.  
- Yeah.  
Have you?  
I see you wish to buy me.  
Oh, gosh, no, Miss Daly.  
I want to marry you.  
Hey, talk to each other or something,

will you?  
Well, I'm going to be  
very honest with you, Louis.  
You're a fine boy,  
but I'm just not in love with you.  
Well, if I was in your place,  
I wouldn't be, either.  
But you're in a position  
to give me a lot of things that I want,  
so all right.  
But it'll have to be purely  
a business arrangement.  
- You know what I mean?  
- Sure. Sure, you...  
Hey, dance, will you?  
Mill around. Talk or...  
So, if you're satisfied with...  
If you want someone who...  
I mean, I'm marrying you  
just for your money.  
Sure, you'd be marrying me for my money,  
but maybe you could  
learn to love me just a little  
and, well, I might win  
another sweepstake and...  
Well, if the terms are agreeable  
to you, Louis,  
I'd be most happy to accept.  
Hey, everybody, guess what?  
May's getting married.  
To me, of all people.  
Well, what are we waiting for?  
Drinks for everybody.  
And none of that 1942 champagne.  
Give them the old stuff, the 1940.  
You bet, Louis.  
Oh, I almost forgot.  
This is for you, Miss Daly. I mean, honey.  
- That's a beauty.  
- What a ring.  
Hold it out.  
- I guess this is part of our bargain.  
- Well, come on, kiss her.  
Oh, she's just excited.

She's never married me before.

Check your hat? Oh, sorry.

May, I gotta say something. I just gotta.

- What?

- Check your hat?

I love you.

Of course you don't have to say it

because I know you don't love me,

- but I wanted you to know...

- Louis.

You're very nice,

and I know you mean everything

you say to me but...

Well, I was just thinking that maybe I...

Well, maybe I...

Alec. Come on in and join the party.

Hey, what do you think?

May's gonna marry me.

Louis, why don't you get wise to yourself.

- She doesn't love you.

- I know that.

She's gonna marry me for my money.

Will you please keep out of this

and attend to your own affairs?

This is my affair.

Tell him the real reason

you're marrying him.

Go ahead.

Hey, don't talk to her like that

or I'll smack you.

Yeah?

And there's plenty more

where that came from.

Hey, I want to talk to you.

- How's about that lug.

- Hey, he's insulting the almost Mrs. Blore.

We'll fix him. I'll slip him a Rooney.

- A Rooney? What's that?

- That's a high-powered mickey.

Look, I slip this powder into his drink,

and what happens to him

should happen to him.

Oh, no, wait a minute.

Those things aren't dangerous, are they?



No, they ain't displeasent.  
He goes into a comma  
for about a fortnight.  
Maybe longer. Maybe five days.  
I beg your pardon.  
Which of you gentlemen  
won the \$150,000 sweepstake?  
- That was my pal here.  
- Well, I'm from the Treasury Department.  
- Treasury Department?  
- Yes, I'm a collector.  
Oh, you want my autograph.  
Well, look, I'm a little busy now.  
Could you stop around later?  
Yeah, see us  
the second Tuesday of next week.  
Alec is the jack, May is the queen  
and Louis is the king.  
- I was right. May marries Alec.  
- You're not even warm, Rami.  
- There he is over there.  
- Yeah.  
Now, look, here's what you do.  
You go over to the guy and say,  
"Look, I ain't sore. Have a drink. "  
And while the bartender ain't looking,  
I'll...  
Well, how will I know which drink is his?  
Well, I'll print.  
No, I don't think we ought to.  
But you gotta. You gotta for her sake.  
- Go on. Go on.  
- Okay.  
Hiya.  
Hello, sucker.  
Oh, look, Alec, I'm not mad at you.  
What do you say?  
Let's have a drink together.  
Sort of a loving cup.  
Who's loving who?  
I'm loving you, you're loving me,  
so let's let bygones be bygones.  
- Okay, I'll have a drink.  
- You will?

- Hey, Cheesy.

- Yes, sir.

- Two drinks and make it snappy.

- Yes, sir.

I guess I'm crazy,

but I'm glad May turned me down.

I could never give her

all the things she deserves.

Yeah, sure.

You know, it's too bad

May couldn't marry for love and money.

You mean sort of a double wedding?

- Here you are, Cheesy.

- Oh.

Hey, Cheesy,

is them the drinks that Louis ordered?

- Yeah.

- I forgot to tell you.

- They want you on the phone.

- Phone?

Long distance.

- Long distance?

- Yeah.

- Well, I...

- Oh, I'll serve it for you.

- Will you?

- Sure.

- Thanks.

- Okay.

Why don't you go where you're walking?

Look where you're...

Well, here they come, pal.

Cheesy was busy. He asked me to serve.

- Some drink, eh?

- Yeah, I'll bet it is.

Nothing too good for me old pal, Alec.

I want to thank you

for tipping me off about May.

- Oh, you finally got it.

- Yeah, I finally got it.

- No, he got it.

- What?

The... Nothing.

I was thinking about something else.

Well, bottoms up.

Any minute now.

Here's to I, May and you,  
the eternal rectangle.

If this was back  
in the glorious days of France,  
I would be King Louis,  
May would be Du Barry,  
and you would be  
one of the common folks, a pheasant.

I guess you won't take my advice.

You'll marry May, no matter what.

- Well, thanks for the drink, anyway.

- It was a pleasure.

- Good luck to you and May.

- Thanks.

- I guess it won't be long now.

- Nope, it sure won't.

- How long does it take it to work?

- Well, that's debatable.

Well, come on.

I want to be there when it happens.

You know, we're really smart.

We used our heads.

- What's the matter with you?

- Nothing.

Alec is the jack, May is the queen,  
Louis is the king.

Alec is the jack,

May is the queen,

Louis is the king.

Alec is the jack, May is the queen,

Louis is the king.

I don't feel well, fellows.

Hey, where is everybody?

What's the idea

of them funny looking clothes?

- The party turn into a masquerade?

- Your Majesty had a nightmare?

What's everybody staring at me for?

- What's this?

- Your breakfast, sire.

Well, who eats who?

Cheesy! I've been looking for you.

What'd you put in that drink?  
You tried to poison me, didn't you?  
I, poison Your Majesty?  
I, the Count de Roquefort,  
Your Majesty's dietician?  
Diet? Oh, I get it.  
Now, you're trying to starve me to death.  
Look, Cheesy, what's the rib, huh?  
Where am I?  
Surely Your Majesty knows  
this is Versailles.  
Versailles?  
Could it be that Your Majesty is fatigued  
after yesterday's trip to Paris?  
What? Paris?  
- What was I doing in Paris?  
- Your Majesty.  
Really?  
May I retire, my lord?  
I have some new taxes  
to levy on your subjects.  
Now, wait a minute, bub.  
I don't mind my pals ribbing me but...  
Hey, Cheesy, who is this character?  
Why, the Duc de Choiseul,  
the Minister of Finance.  
Minister of Finance?  
And he is the Duc de Rigor,  
your Prime Minister.  
Oh, last time I saw you,  
you were a chef salad.  
If Your Majesty pleases,  
I am the Prime Minister  
of the Empire of France.  
Oh, sure, sure, you're the Prime Minister  
and I'm King Louis XV.  
Yes, Your Majesty.  
That settles it. Where's my pants?  
I'm getting out of here.  
- Hey Cheesy, call me a taxi.  
- What's a taxi?  
Oh, I get it. It's a plot.  
You're trying to drive me nuts.  
You're all after the money

I won in the sweepstakes,  
but you won't get it.  
The FBI is gonna hear about this.  
I'll call my own taxi.  
"His Majesty, Louis XV, 1743."  
What a setback.  
Sire, if you're displeased with the  
portrait, I will have the artist beheaded.  
Listen, bub, if there's any beheading,  
I'll give the okay.  
- Say, who's king around here, anyway?  
- You are, Your Majesty.  
You sure I ain't the queen?  
Good morning, good morning  
Good morning to Your Grace  
We are here to brighten up  
your not-so-very-bright face  
Here's the brush to scrub your back  
And here's the soap for lather  
Here's geranium bath salts  
Or lavender if you'd rather  
Brush to scrub, soap to rub, salt to dub  
Schnitzelbank  
Now, pray thee tell me, pretty maids  
your duty to the throne  
After Your Grace has washed his face  
we squirt you with cologne  
Oh, tra-la-la, la-la, la-la  
You've come to wash my face  
Tra-la-la, la-la, la-la  
We've come to wash your face  
We've come to wash  
your face  
That's very good, girls. I liked that.  
You can all expect an extra mink coat  
in each of your pay envelopes on Saturday.  
Well.  
Katie went to Haiti  
Katie heard a band  
Swing wide, please  
She cried, "Hot potato, hey"  
Jackson, this is grand  
Katie liked the band  
Thought she'd found the promised land

After a week in Haiti  
The island began to thrive  
Like a beehive  
Katie showed each local lady  
Quickly just how to make with the jive  
They came from miles around  
To watch old Katie go to town  
And after a month in Haiti  
She decided it was time to move  
Hit the road  
But the people asked her not to leave 'em  
'Cause Haiti was in the groove  
In the groove  
So Katie stayed in Haiti  
Her life there, it was great  
'Cause Katie went for Haiti  
And practically all Haiti went for Katie  
From Haiti  
Katie, Katie, Kay  
Hay-de, hay-de-hay  
Hi-de, hi-de-hi  
Ho-de, ho-de-ho  
And practically all Haiti  
loved Katie  
Very good.  
Very good.  
Very good. Very good.  
Tommy. Tommy Dorsey.  
The Duc d'Orsay, sire, your court musician.  
Really?  
But I swore that was Tommy.  
Hiya, Pop.  
Hiya, Pop.  
- Hey, where have I seen him before?  
- That's the Dauphin, sire, your son.  
- My son!  
- I'm sorry, sire.  
You're sorry?  
The stork that brought him  
must have been part wolf.  
- Hiya, Pop.  
- Hey, men don't kiss men.  
They do in France, Pop.  
What do I do now?

Let him wear my fraternity pin?  
Hey, where'd you get  
all those beautiful girls?  
You give them to me for Christmas,  
and all the time I wanted a pony.  
- Hey, how old are you, son?  
- Thirty-two.  
Thirty... I'm only 28.  
Hey, this don't make sense.  
Come here, I want to talk to you.  
Hey... Will you come here?  
I want to have a fatherly talk with you.  
Oh, now, I know all about  
the birds and the bees...  
No, no, not that.  
What's the setup around here?  
Am I really the king?  
Anybody that says you ain't, dies.  
Will you put that thing away  
before you put somebody's eye out?  
- Now sit down.  
- No, I gotta go. My wife's waiting.  
- Your wife? Who's she?  
- Marie Antoinette.  
Well, if you're married,  
why are you chasing around those girls?  
Because I want to be like you, Pop.  
Now, is that the way  
to talk to your father? Sit down.  
- Tell me, have I got a girl?  
- Have you got a...  
Are you kidding, Pop?  
First there was Madam Pompadour,  
then the Duchess de Chateauroux,  
and then Countess Jailbait.  
How about the queen?  
- Gee, I've had quite a past, haven't I?  
- I like the girl you got now best.  
Yeah? Who is she? Anybody I know?  
- Everybody knows. Madam Du Barry.  
- Du... Du Barry's my girl.  
- How am I doing with her?  
- How are you...  
- Oh, Papa.

- No kidding.

We are nearing

Madam Du Barry's house, sire.

- Gee, I hope she's in.

- He hopes she's in.

- Hey, do I look all right?

- Does he look all right.

Hey, would you say

she was crazy about me?

Would he say she was crazy about you.

Look, sonny, I want an answer,

not an echo.

He wants an echo.

Thank you.

- A thousand pardons, Your Majesty.

- Oh, it's not your fault.

Cars 200 years from now

don't have running boards, either.

- Here, Pop, you might need this.

- Thanks.

- What a defense plant that would make.

- Beautiful, isn't it?

It's the nicest one

you've bought Madam Du Barry.

Yeah? Let's see,

how many have I bought her now?

Two palaces, four castles,

10 chateaus and a cottage.

Oh, no trailer, huh?

Good luck to you, sire,

and I'll call for you at the usual hour.

Oh, the usual hour.

Of course, you'll let me know

when you get here.

Greetings, chum. Open her up.

Sire.

- Du Barry in there?

- Yes, sire.

- You think I ought to knock?

- Not you, sire.

Well, take the afternoon off.

I'll see you around sometime.

- Thank you, sire.

- Fools!



You blundering fools!  
Soldiers you call yourselves.  
You're more like schoolboys.  
And the next time I give a command,  
I want it carried out.  
- Yoo-hoo.  
- Shut up, you idiot.  
This is your last chance.  
You find the man I want  
and bring him here, to me.  
Well, personally,  
I think you have enough men here now.  
What is this, the boudoir or the barracks?  
Search every house in France.  
The Black Arrow must be found  
or I'll have your head.  
But, Madame, this man, he's very clever.  
I don't want excuses.  
I said I want that man for the last time.  
Well, if I were sure it was the last time...  
No, you've already got a man.  
It's me, and I'm against hoarding.  
Hey, take a furlough.  
Left face.  
At the double, forward march.  
The royal flowers from the royal garden  
into your royal arms.  
And right in your royal kisser.  
How dare you insult me  
in front of the help?  
Well, how would you feel if your girl  
used your army to catch men for her?  
- It ain't ladylike.  
- So that's what you think of me.  
I'm sorry. I'm just jealous.  
I haven't been myself lately.  
The whole world knows  
I'm madly in love with you.  
- So they tell me.  
- Louis, listen.  
There's something been going on lately  
that I think you should know about.  
Last night, a man sneaked  
into my bedroom while I was asleep

and pinned this note to my pillow.

"Madam, you have ignored our demands.

"Before we take definite action,  
we warn you the longer you delay,  
"the greater the price you will pay. "

The finance company.

I used to get a lot of these things.

"Be wise, Madame.

Save the honor of France.

"End your scandalous alliance  
with the King. "

- That don't sound like a finance company.

- I'll tell you who it's from.

It's from that rabble-rousing, jealous,  
night-riding sneak, the Black Arrow.

Can't place him.

This rebellious dog

has been threatening me for months.

Ever since you and I became friends.

Oh, that's a good one.

Could His Majesty have a little kiss?

- What about the Black Arrow?

- Let him get his own girl.

So you refuse to deal with this menace.

Look, he left right after pinning the note,  
didn't he?

He's no menace. He's nuts.

- And so am I, about you.

- Oh, Louis, don't do that again.

Oh, now, wait a minute. I only want a kiss.

Why don't you stop this stuff?

We've got to get together.

According to history, I'm supposed to be  
the greatest lover in all France.

- Oh, Louis, what's gotten into you?

- Love.

There you are.

Louis, you must control yourself!

Here's an apple, a nice red one.

Louis!

Don't you know the king can do no wrong?

That's my plan.

Sit down, will you?

This ain't a love affair, it's a track meet.

Louis, this sort of thing must stop.  
Every time you come here,  
you chase me all around the room.  
I do?  
I'm sorry if I rushed you,  
but I may be dreaming  
and I wanted to catch you  
before I woke up.  
Well, this must stop. It's wearing me out.  
Ain't doing the carpets any good, either.  
Oh, honey, you're just unstrung.  
But this ain't.  
Oh, Louis,  
are you gonna play that thing again?  
Would you accept this little token?  
Oh, darling.  
You really shouldn't have done it.  
- Oh, Louis, I just can't accept this.  
- Oh, please, do.  
- Oh, no, really, I just can't accept this.  
- All right then, give it back.  
- This must be worth a fortune, isn't it?  
- Sure, but I can afford it.  
All I do is tax the people.  
- But there's no tax on kissing.  
- Oh, Louis, I'm afraid.  
Suppose the Black Arrow  
makes good his threat.  
That guy is a rut in the road to romance.  
Someday his head will decorate  
the steeple of one of my cheapest palaces.  
I defy him.  
- Can't you see I'm hungry for a kiss?  
- You're just hungry.  
Come on, Louis, let's have a crpe suzette.  
No, thank you.  
No, thank you, no.  
I don't mean to be rude  
But I'm not in the mood for food  
It's lovely, it's tempting  
Fit for a king, I know  
Your cooking's a work of art  
But when you're with me  
Why be so la carte?

Madam, I love your crpe suzette  
I think your crpe suzette is wonderful  
But for the moment, let's forget  
All about your crpe suzette  
Madam, I love your cheese souffl  
I think your cheese souffl is marvelous  
But when you look at me that way  
How can I eat cheese souffl?  
I regret to say  
I'm unable to partake of your table  
You'd be more delish  
Account of you're my favorite dish  
Madam, if I don't touch a bite  
It's not because I've lost my appetite  
I want what you've got plenty of  
Madam, I came here for love  
My head! I've lost my head! Help!  
Help! Help! Help! Help!  
Help! Help!  
Come here, you fools.  
- Why are you never here when I need you?  
- I'm sorry, Madame.  
We have been searching  
for the Black Arrow.  
We thought we saw him  
climbing your balcony.  
Well, he's hiding somewhere.  
Surround the palace. Search the grounds.  
But find him. Do you hear me? Find him.  
Yes, Madame. Follow me.  
- Thank you, Madame.  
- You.  
How embarrassing, to be found  
hiding behind a woman's skirts.  
This time you've gone too far.  
You're trapped.  
They told me you were dangerous.  
Perhaps the guillotine will amuse you, too.  
The guillotine.  
Little did I think that I, too,  
would lose my head over Du Barry.  
I trust my appearance pleases you.  
I expected nothing.  
- I know the King's taste.

- Of which you do not approve.  
- His Majesty can do as he wishes.  
- How generous. I shall tell him.  
So long as he doesn't rob his hungry  
people to pay for your pretty feathers.  
That is the blood of France.  
We shall see if yours is as red tomorrow.  
You can't call them, can you?  
I've sworn to drive you out,  
yet you're afraid to call them.  
I am not afraid.  
You know that if they kill me,  
it ends the only excitement  
in your dull, wretched existence.  
Dull? Wretched?  
You fool. I rule France. I have everything.  
It is I, Madame, le Capitaine.  
Let them in.  
I can't.  
If you regret letting me escape,  
tell them I'll be  
at the Black Tavern tonight,  
a secret meeting.  
The password is, "Down With Du Barry. "  
There he goes.  
What happened?  
The Black Arrow's escaped  
from Madames boudoir.  
- Is my palace that way?  
- Yes, sire.  
Poison ivy.  
Help!  
- Password?  
- We are friends of the Black Arrow.  
Password?  
Down with Du Barry.  
Oh, you are friends. Enter.  
- All right, what'll it be?  
- Champagne.  
- Champagne?  
- The champagne of the poor, beer.  
- And stale bread.  
- Yeah.  
So these are my enemies,

the jealous dogs.  
Not so loud.  
Quiet. Quiet, fellows. Quiet. Quiet. Quiet.  
Well, folks, it's great to be back again.  
Glad to see so many loyal faces  
in the audience.  
And now,  
without any further introduction,  
I give you a man who comes  
direct from the palace,  
the star of our revolution,  
your favorite and mine,  
the Black Arrow.  
Friends of freedom, foes of iniquity,  
sons of liberty, arise.  
Not yet.  
Why can you no longer  
find bread for your babies?  
Why is your barn empty of grain?  
Why is your bottle empty of wine?  
- Is it because of you?  
- No.  
- Is it because of him?  
- No.  
- Is it because of the King?  
- No.  
Yes.  
Yes, the King. But is it your king?  
No, it's Madam Du Barry's king.  
Du Barry, that jade, that Jezebel,  
that spoiler of kings.  
Isn't he wonderful?  
Does she love the King?  
No, she loves rubies  
so your children go hungry.  
She loves silks and furs,  
and your wives go naked.  
Look at his eyes.  
And who is this Du Barry?  
She isn't a mother.  
She isn't a wife.  
She isn't even a woman.  
Hurray! Hurray!  
She is only the friend,

the friend of the King  
who taxes you, and taxes you,  
and robs you.  
He puts a heavy tax  
on every penny that we make  
It's getting drastic!  
It's too fantastic  
He robs our very ovens  
of all the bread we bake  
It gets absurder  
Hey, Jack, it's murder  
And don't forget Du Barry  
the royal beauty spot  
What has that Du Barry got  
that this poor thing has not?  
She sits and drinks the best champagne  
with others of her ilk  
While this poor starving creature  
can't get a glass of milk  
Shall we stand for it?  
No, we won't stand for it  
Then shall we rise to it?  
Yes, we'll rise to it  
Then gather sticks and gather stones  
We're out to break his royal bones  
Allons, enfants!  
Allons!  
Rise, rise, daughter and son  
Servants of France  
There is work to be done  
Fight, fight, throw off the glove  
Fight for the country that we love  
Up with the downtrodden  
Down with the up trodden  
Smash our way to victory  
In with the outbred  
Out with the inbred  
Might is right  
So fight, fight, fight  
To make a great democracy  
Rise, rise, strike at the foe  
Call out to arms from Calais to Bordeaux  
Fight, fight  
Fight for the chance of freedom

and glory for France  
- He's mad about me.  
- They're all mad, about you.  
Come, we must warn the King.  
We want the King.  
We must save France.  
We want the King.  
We must save France.  
We want the King.  
We must save France.  
- We want the King.  
- Here I am, boys.  
We want the King.  
- We must save France.  
- Here I am, boys.  
- We want the King.  
- France is saved.  
You know, you fellows saved my life?  
One for all and all for one.  
- Are you with us?  
- Am I with you? I'm one of you.  
- Where you heading for, the palace?  
- We are.  
Good. When we get there,  
I'll open a bottle of wine.  
- We'll open all the wine.  
- Yeah, what do I care?  
- Hey, how about staying for dinner?  
- We're all staying for dinner.  
Sure. Well, I eat when you eat.  
One for all and so forth.  
Say, I don't see  
the lights of the palace yet.  
Palace? When we're through,  
not one light will be left burning.  
Oh, air-raid wardens, huh?  
I'm a fire watcher, myself.  
Hey, are you sure this is the right way?  
We'll get there. Just follow the Arrow.  
- What Arrow?  
- Our leader, the Black Arrow.  
Oh, is he with us, too?  
We want the King.  
We must save France.



You said you were with us.  
I'm with you, ain't I?  
I was just taking a shortcut.  
Traitor. He wants to get there first  
so he can kill the King.  
Oh, don't be silly.  
When you kill the king,  
I don't even want to be there.  
We want the King.  
Take cover!  
So your followers must find a new leader.  
Hang him to that tree.  
Stop it. Stop it.  
- Who dares interfere?  
- Me.  
My Majesty.  
Your Majesty, how did you get here?  
I've been out  
feeling the pulse of the public.  
Alec, I should have known it was you.  
So you're the boudoir kibitzer  
that's been trying to wreck my romance.  
Well, that's why we captured him,  
Your Majesty.  
- Now, may I hang him?  
- Sure. No.  
What kind of a king  
do you think I am, anyway?  
We'll give him a fair trial,  
and then we'll hang him.  
And you, too.  
- Your Majesty knows this scoundrel?  
- Sure, I know him a long time from now.  
I was going to give you a trial,  
but my ministers said  
it'd be just a waste of money.  
- You're a fine one to talk about waste.  
- Ain't I?  
- Hey, what do I do now?  
- Sentence them, Your Majesty.  
"Whereas two lawless subjects  
of His Royal Majesty... "  
Hey, we may as well skip  
the dull stuff, huh?

Yeah, just read the good part.  
For parading without license,  
each of you get 30 days.  
And for planning to knock me off,  
you get the guillotine.  
Your Majesty.  
I've decided to give you a break.  
I'll cancel the 30 days.  
To the Bastille. Prepare the guillotine.  
Long live France. Long live Taliostra.  
- Long live Louis.  
- Down with Louis.  
You can't talk to my pop like that.  
Get it out! Get it out! Get it out!  
Get it out, will you? Get it out!  
Pull it out! Pull it out, will you?  
Take it easy, sire,  
the doctor will be here any minute.  
He has a wonderful reputation.  
Never mind his reputation,  
has he got a pair of pliers?  
Oh, my little back. My little back.  
- The doctor will be here any minute, sire.  
- Is he any good?  
He's the best backfield man  
in all of France, sire.  
- He'll have you on your feet in no time.  
- Oh, that's...  
I can get on my feet now.  
When can I get on my back?  
Here comes Dr. Pull it now.  
Good morning, good morning,  
good morning.  
I'm sorry to be late,  
but I saved a man's life this morning.  
He was sick and sent for me,  
but I didn't go.  
Now, what's troubling  
my little man this morning?  
I got a sharp pain in my back.  
Guess what it is?  
We'll find out. Stick out your tongue.  
Further. Further. Further.  
It's hooked on back there.

What do you want me to do?  
Lay it on the floor?  
No, the floor is dirty.  
How do you sleep at night?  
Sometimes like this,  
and then sometimes...  
What do you care how I sleep?  
Get that thing out, will you?  
It's been picking up  
radio programs all day.  
That's it. Liver.  
It's your liver, all right.  
If it is, it's protruding.  
Just as I thought,  
too many white corpuscles.  
Dye them, brother, dye them.  
- Now, when did you feel this coming on?  
- I didn't. It kind of snuck up on me.  
- Well, don't worry. We'll pull through.  
- Yeah, I might, but you won't.  
Here, take one of these morning and night.  
What do you think I am,  
a pinball machine?  
What about that jumbo splinter?  
Oh, that.  
That's nothing.  
- A little anemic, too.  
- What'll I do now?  
Just put a beefsteak on it.  
Beefsteak?  
Be brave, my friend.  
You are dying for your country.  
Yeah, but I was born in the city.  
Louis, stop it. Stop it, you must stop it.  
I'm not doing anything.  
Hey, what are you doing here?  
Louis, I implore you. Please save his life.  
Who, the Black Arrow? Why?  
Because I love him.  
I don't get it.  
Here I've been squandering jewels  
and palaces on you.  
All the time he's been plotting  
against the both of us,

and you fall for him.

I can't help it. I love him.

What's he got that I wish I had,  
and how can I get it?

Get your daily chopping guide here.

Get a program.

You can't tell which head is which  
without a program.

Get your daily chopping guide.

Get a program.

- Oh, hurry, Louis, there's no time to lose.

- I can't do it.

If I pardon him, I'm left holding the bag,  
while he's holding you.

Oh, if you spare his life,

I swear I'll never see him again.

- Oh, gonna meet him in the dark, huh?

- Oh, please, Louis, let him live.

I'll do anything you want.

- All right, I'll do it.

- Oh, thank you, Louis.

But 200 years from now,  
history books will say,

"King Louis was screwy. "

- Quick. The knife will drop in a minute.

- I'll save him if it takes a week.

One moment, sire.

Yes?

Eave-drooping, huh?

I would rather the little affair  
went on just as scheduled.

But I've got to save the Black Arrow.

Du Barry may kill herself.

Let her. If I can't have her,  
no one else will.

Now, wait a minute, bub.

You're talking to My Majesty,  
King of France.

And you're talking  
to the best swordsman in Europe.

En garde.

En garde.

Well, what do you...

Darling, do not lose courage.

Wait, the King is coming to free him.  
Please. Please, hear me.  
The King says he shall live.  
You know, a thing like this  
is liable to stunt your growth.  
Help! Help!  
Stop it! Stop it!  
Help! Stop it! Stop it!  
Help! Help!  
Stop it! Stop it!  
Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!  
That's okay.  
He's lapsing back to abnormal now.  
Grab him. Grab him. He's trying to kill me.  
Why, what's the matter with you, Louis?  
Don't you know me? I'm Willie.  
You are? What happened?  
That mickey you got  
must have been tainted.  
Hey, where have I been?  
Right here in my arms.  
No wonder I had a nightmare.  
- Here, have a drink.  
- No, thank you. Oh, no.  
The last drink you gave me  
set me back 200 years.  
Oh, what a dream I had.  
I dreamed I was  
the greatest lover in all France.  
But, folks,  
I want you to meet the real champ.  
- Louis, you're a prince.  
- I used to be a king.  
- You still are, Louis.  
- Nah.  
I found out you can't buy love. I know.  
But I can buy you kids a wedding present.  
\$10,000.  
Oh, no, Louis.  
Thanks, but you hold onto it.  
No, I got plenty left.  
I only bought a ring,  
a car and some war bonds.  
No, we want to start out broke, Louis.

Then anything that happens to us  
will be an improvement.

But I still have \$80,000.

- How much?

- \$80,000.

I'm from the Income Tax Department.

This will just about cover  
the tax you owe on your winnings.

Suppose I take it now.

It'll save you a stamp.

- Well, wait a...

- Of course, there's still the state tax.

- You'll have to sell your car  
to cover that. - Oh.

There, sir, is your receipt.

- Well, at least I got a nickel left.

- Oh, hoarding, eh?

Louis, you can use this now.

No, no, that's a friendship ring,  
and nothing's ever  
gonna break up our friendship.

All right. We'll always be pals, huh?

If you ever need anything, just SOS?

Gee, thanks, May.

If you're ever in a jam, here I am

If you ever need a pal, I'm your gal

If you ever feel so happy

that you land in jail, I'm your bail

It's friendship, friendship

Just a perfect blendship

When other friendships have been forgot

Ours will still be hot

If you're ever in a mess, SOS

If you ever make a flop, call for Pop

If you ever take a boat

and get lost at sea, write to me

It's friendship, friendship

Just a perfect blendship

When other friendships have been forget

Ours will still be it

If you're ever down a well, ring my bell

If you're ever up a tree, phone to me

If you ever lose your teeth

when you're out to dine, borrry mine

Thank you  
It's friendship, friendship  
Just a perfect blendship  
When other friendships have ceased to gel  
Ours will still be swell  
You know, Ginny,  
I never appreciated you till now.  
- Can we still be friends?  
- Absolutely not.  
If they ever black your eyes, put me wise  
If they ever cook your goose,  
turn me loose  
If they ever put a bullet  
through your brain, I'll complain  
It's friendship, friendship  
Just a perfect blendship  
When other friendships go up in smoke  
Ours will still be ok  
Good evening, friends