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# Behind the Scenes with Blake Edwards' 'The Great Race'

By Unknown

Ladies and gentlemen...

...you are about to witness

the most spectacular feat...

...ever attempted by the greatest daredevil  
in the world.

The Great Leslie.

He will be strapped in a straitjacket  
before your very eyes...

...and lifted up into the clouds...

...where eagles soar and

no sparrow dares to venture.

Hey, bull's-eye.

There's a hole in the balloon.

- He'll never make it.

- He'll never make it.

- A parachute.

- A parachute.

A parachute!

A parachute!

What?

Ladies and gentlemen,

you are about to witness a feat...

...so dangerous that only one man  
would dare attempt it.

The Magnificent Professor Fate.

Attach the hooks.

The professor will defy death  
as his assistant...

...swoops down from the sky,

snares the professor...

...on the ground and lifts him into the air.

Contact.

Switch on.

Up, Max! Bring it up!

Coming up.

Max, up, you idiot! Up!

She's up!

Up, you idiot, up!

Too much weight.

I'd like to see The Great Leslie try that one.

After today you will have broken  
every existing speed record.

What are your future plans?

That depends on my success today.

Gentlemen, will you excuse me please?

Be careful, you idiot,

you'll blow us both to kingdom come.

He's getting in the boat.

- You sure you tested the mechanism?

- It can't miss.

All you have to do is throw this switch,

it homes in on the loudest engine noise.

You see, it's picked up Leslie's boat!

Farewell, Leslie.

Away.

Golly!

Look at the pretty face on that...

Get away from there.

I intend to cover the measured mile

in approximately twelve seconds.

Activate the rockets.

One hundred and fifty!

Two hundred and fifty!

- I'll go down in history!

- Three hundred.

They'll erect a monument to me!

I've done it!

- Professor? Professor?

- What?

Well, there's another one Leslie

can try on for size.

Gentlemen.

I've requested this meeting in order

to make you a proposition.

In my opinion your company manufactures

the finest automobile in the world.

The automobile represents progress,

in the most profound sense of the word.

The ultimate example

of American ingenuity and enterprise.

This great nation cannot take a back seat

to competitors like Daimler...

...Mercedes, Napier, Rolls-Royce,

Dietrich or Panhard.

Gentlemen, I propose to prove

that the American automobile...

...your automobile, is without peers.

And just how do you propose

to prove that, sir?

A race.

Really, sir, you surprise me.

Automobile races

are becoming most commonplace.

I mean, a long race. A very long race.

Buffalo to Albany? It's been done.

Chicago to Cleveland? That's been done.

New York...

...to Paris?

You must build an automobile

to the most precise specifications.

Absolutely no!

For a company of this repute,

a great company the likes of this one...

...entrusting its entire automobile future

to a man like Leslie, it's disreputable.

A cheap carnival performer,

a fraud, a trickster.

Help! Don't! A madman!

I apologize.

I thought you were someone else.

Pulling it out by the roots. I warned you.

The madman. Did you see him trying

to pull my beard out by the roots?

Leslie will lose!

Your automobile will lose! I will win!

He jumped!

I shall build the greatest automobile

in the world and I shall win!

Okay, Professor.

This time it will not be Leslie.

It will be I, Professor Fate!

Fate the Magnificent!

And it is with no little pride

that the Webber Motor Car Company...

...unveils its latest

and greatest achievement.

Gentlemen, behold the motor car

of the future!

Holy cow!

Holy Toledo, look at that car!

Yes, it's quite a car.

- I never saw a car like that in my life.

- You never will again either.  
Give me the bomb.  
Professor, be careful.  
After you activate the mechanism,  
you only got ten seconds.  
I know that. Give me the cord.  
We have taken the liberty of naming it  
after the man who inspired its creation.  
- The Leslie Special.  
- I'm deeply honored.  
What took you so long?  
I had to go to the Rolls-Royce agency.  
I had to steal a spare magneto.  
It's ready.  
Yes, it's ready.  
There has never been anything like this.  
- Professor, your greatest creation.  
- The work of genius.  
The finest parts from the greatest  
automobiles in the world.  
The Hannibal Twin 8.  
When the blizzards and snow storms come,  
we will continue on just as planned.  
Push the button, Max.  
When the rains come,  
and when the snow melts...  
...we shall continue to rise above it.  
Push the button, Max!  
Nature will chase us, we will beat her.  
And brigands, thieves, cutthroats  
of all nations may hound us.  
But we are ready for them.  
We will blast them to kingdom come!  
We can melt, we can blast.  
We can rise above! We are invincible!  
Take us down.  
Push the button, Max.  
Yes.  
- Mr. Goodbody.  
- What is it, Frisbee?  
- You have to come.  
- What's the matter?  
Well, it's a young lady, sir.  
- What about the young lady?

- She's handcuffed herself to the door.

- Handcuffed herself to the door?

- Of the men's room.

What?

Gentleman!

Return to your assignments.

This is a newspaper office.

There will be no lollygagging  
in this hallway.

There will be no lollygagging  
in this hallway.

Now, young lady, who are you?

I am a female past the age of consent.

I'm the first woman to edit  
the newspaper at my college.

I'll remain handcuffed until I'm the first  
female reporter of The New York Sentinel.

Over my dead body.

Unlock those handcuffs and get out.

I will unlock the handcuffs  
when you give me the job.

Never!

- Never?

- Never.

But, sir, if she remains here,  
handcuffed to the men's room.

You men may use the washroom  
on the next floor.

- They can't keep running upstairs forever.

- They can until you get hungry.

That would make a story  
for your competition.

Woman starves to death in the men's room  
of The New York Sentinel.

- You wouldn't dare.

- I would dare anything for women's rights.

- Give me an assignment. If I fail, fire me.

- You're fired.

Frisbee, post a bulletin.

Suffragettes are not permitted.

- Let me cover the great race.

- It's covered by experienced reporters.

No, I mean really cover it.

From start to finish, mile by mile.

Reporters are not permitted on the trip,  
only contestants. Those are the rules.  
We run a newspaper,  
not a school for revolutionaries!  
Enter the race. Enter your own car.  
We are running a newspaper, a newspaper,  
not an automotive agency!  
Are you afraid of losing?  
Give me the money and I'll enter the race.  
I despise suffragettes.  
I am not just trying to get  
the vote for women.  
I'll emancipate them from  
the drudgery of being servants or saints.  
Out of the laundry rooms  
and off the pedestals!  
You're mad, young woman, you're mad!  
And you, sir, are a slave  
to your puritanism.  
Does your wife wear silk stockings?  
- I won't discuss such an intimate subject.  
- She does, and they're very expensive.  
But has she raised her skirts  
for you and shown her calf?  
A woman's leg in a silk stocking  
can be quite alluring.  
Maggie Dubois.  
You've never seen  
a woman's leg in a silk stocking.  
Never, never in your whole life.  
Frisbee, leave the room!  
What are you thinking?  
There isn't anything men and women  
can't discuss when civilized and mature.  
And emancipated.  
- Anything.  
- You can't discuss it. That's the problem.  
Women have to emancipate themselves  
in order to emancipate men.  
So they can emancipate each other  
where it counts the most.  
Fifty dollars for every exclusive story  
I send back...  
...and a hundred dollars

for every photograph.

You're a fine man.

A timid man, but a worthwhile one.

Have a cigar.

Don't smoke?

The Sentinel will scoop the world!

Man the helm!

Aye, aye, sir.

- Up periscope!

- Up periscope!

- Good afternoon.

- Good afternoon.

I don't know what she's doing here, boss.

She says she's a woman with a mission.

But I think she's a spy for Professor Fate.

You're not suggesting I'm the first woman  
to ever seek an audience with Great Leslie.

I'm simply Leslie and I'm at your service.

I'm rather thirsty.

Do you have something cold?

I have champagne.

- Down periscope.

- Aye, aye, sir.

Up, idiot! Up, up!

I got you.

There's something wrong

with the mechanism.

Down, you idiot!

Release your feet. Release your feet!

- You have to be careful...

- You've got a brain the size of a carbuncle.

Get out of here before Leslie spots us!

Dive, crash dive!

Help!

Wait. Professor!

I'm a reporter.

A reporter?

You disapprove?

No. Let's say I'm a bit surprised.

Let's be honest and say you disapprove.

A woman doing a man's job is competitive,  
both sexually and economically.

You want to know why I'm here.

I want to report the race and be in it.



It's as simple as that.  
Well, it's hardly that simple. But...  
...let's discuss it, shall we?  
Let's discuss the whole thing completely.  
Right from the beginning.  
Do you want a wife, a companion?  
Or just a woman?  
There are certain things  
we shouldn't discuss.  
Why? Men discuss their relationships  
with women.  
Gentlemen don't.  
But I'm not a gentleman. I'm a woman.  
Indeed you are.  
Then say it. What's expected of me?  
I'm an emancipated woman  
and you're an emancipated man.  
There are things that should remain  
implicit between men and women.  
Why?  
It's been this way for years  
and I see no reason to change.  
- I am a creature of habit.  
- All the more reason.  
Now you're using  
your female attractiveness as a weapon.  
Equality, real equality  
of the sexes bothers you, doesn't it.  
I can speak, read and write Russian,  
French and Arabic.  
Yes, so can I. Plus five other languages.  
- I can drive any car there is.  
- So can Hezekiah.  
I won the  
Woman's International Competition.  
En garde.  
Very well.  
Now if you'd won the  
Men's International Fencing Competition...  
Now, we'll talk this out.  
Now if you'll excuse me.  
Hezekiah, see Miss Dubois  
to her horse please.  
You're afraid!

You're afraid of a real woman!  
I'll show you! I'll enter the race myself.  
I'll enter my own car and I'll beat you!  
And another thing...  
Professor, dinner is served.  
Who is it?  
I wish to see Professor Fate.  
I'm a reporter. For The Sentinel.  
Beat it, little girl,  
or I'll sic the dogs on you.  
Who was that?  
- Kids, just kids, more kids.  
- Stupid kids.  
You want me to feed you?  
Listen to that!  
Out back by the garage.  
The car! Hurry up!  
Help!  
Help!  
- You sure you locked the door?  
- I'm positive. Professor, be careful.  
If you open the door one inch,  
it sets off the alarm.  
Help!  
Get away! Get away!  
Help! Get me down!  
Go away.  
You idiot.  
Get me down! Help!  
Get me down! Please!  
Out! And stay out!  
You can't treat me that way!  
I'll expose you!  
Out! And stay out! A pox on you!  
I don't care. You beast of a turncoat!  
What are you kicking the professor for?  
Put up your dukes! Come on!  
You're a lunatic! A lunatic!  
You can't talk to me that way!  
I'm a member of the press.  
Get off the car, please.  
Will you just get off the car?  
Hands off the car. Get away from there.  
Keep your hands away from there.

Get off of the car! Get away from the car.

- Get away from there!

- Hold it.

That's it.

Away from the car!

Hold it.

That's it.

- Everything is ready?

- Everything is ready.

Hold it.

Just stay away from the automobile.

I'll sign it for you.

I checked everything over twice.

We're ready to go.

Look, buddy, will you please step  
to one side like a good boy?

- What do you think you're doing?

- I'm an official entry.

- Representing The Sentinel.

- What?

Since it is my job as a reporter to be there  
when the first car crosses the finish line...

...it will be necessary for me to win.

Imagine that crazy female!

She won't even get as far as Albany  
in that Steamer.

Don't bet on it.

That's a very determined young lady.

Good morning, Hester.

Have a cigar?

I want to thank you again

for this opportunity, Mr. Goodbody.

I had little choice

after your conversation with my wife.

Henry, if you can't be more gracious,  
shut up!

- It's a great day for the cause, Maggie.

- It is indeed, Hester.

Drivers, to your cars!

- Hezekiah.

- Boss.

All right, Max.

- Good luck, Maggie.

- Thank you.

Max!

- Come on, Max!

- All checked.

Are you sure you took care of everything?

Just keep your eye on car number 2.

Now, at approximately the 50 mile mark,  
car number 3, it loses its transmission.

And in about five seconds,  
car number 4 bites the dust.

Genius, Max, positive genius.

What's next?

- Car number 5, the engine falls out.

- Car number five?

Max! We're number 5.

That shouldn't happen to number 6.

I fixed it so the wheels would come off.

Smoke! Get the fire extinguisher!

- I got the extinguisher!

- Get the extinguisher!

Coming through. I got it.

I think we got it in time. I think we got it!

I think we got it now, Professor.

Okay, she's out.

Where are you?

- Where are you?

- To your right.

Hold it.

That was a pigeon.

- Get the bird.

- Yes, sir.

- Come here, bird, just come here.

- All right. Hurry up, will you, Frisbee?

Frisbee, just get the bird.

Don't lollygag out there, just get the bird.

I got him. I got him, sir.

- Frisbee.

- Yes, I got the bird.

Just hold it. Frisbee. Just be quiet.

Yes, sir. Oh, help me, sir.

Oh, please try to save me, sir.

Just be steady, Frisbee.

Just be steady. Be quiet now.

And it's organizations like The Sentinel  
that we must deal with first.

Why, at this very moment  
the editor sits behind his desk...  
Frisbee, next time be more careful.  
If you're falling, let go of the bird.  
"Sentinel car takes lead approximately  
Frisbee!  
Well, that should put us about here.  
Farewell.  
Hezekiah, see what's wrong with her car.  
- I must have fainted.  
- Perfectly natural in this heat.  
- Thank you for stopping.  
- My pleasure.  
May I offer you some water?  
No, I'm much better now. Thank you.  
- Hezekiah, can she be fixed?  
- Not a chance, boss.  
Well, I guess that's the end of that.  
I know how disappointed you must be.  
But it's amazing that you were able  
to accomplish what you did.  
You mean amazing because I'm a woman.  
The Steamer is a fast, sporty,  
attractive automobile...  
...designed for city driving  
and country picnics.  
You're lucky it didn't blow up on you.  
You know, it's really amazing that anyone  
was able to go this far. I congratulate you.  
Not as a woman, but an intrepid autoist.  
You mean an intrepid woman autoist.  
A rather dubious honor when you consider  
that the accomplishment is predicated...  
...on the fact that you chose  
the wrong automobile.  
But the choice was not mine.  
My editor, a man, made the arrangements.  
Your editor is something less  
than an authority on automobiles.  
But you, on the other hand, claim full  
knowledge of the auto and its workings.  
So, being a woman, you chose to ignore  
the practical evidence, acted emotionally...  
...entered the race knowing full well

that you couldn't possibly finish.  
Oh, I'll finish.  
May I ask how?  
No, you may not ask how, but I'll finish.  
I may not still be an official entry...  
...but I will report every foot of this race.  
- I'll get another car.  
- From where?  
If I don't, I'll get something else.  
I'll find a way, even if I have to walk.  
What are you waiting for?  
Every minute wasted  
is another mile for Professor Fate.  
We'll take you as far as Boracho,  
where I pick up some gasoline.  
- Perfect.  
- From there, you're on your own!  
Thank you. My luggage, please.  
Hezekiah, the young lady's luggage please.  
Indian attack! We're being attacked!  
Smoke screen, Max!  
Give them the smoke screen!  
No, you idiot! The smoke screen!  
Push the button, Max!  
Smoke screen!  
Get it down! Get it down!  
Take cover, you fools, take cover!  
Indians! Savages!  
Indian attack!  
Get a posse! Savages behind us!  
- Help!  
- Savages attacking us! Indians!  
Take cover!  
Welcome to Boracho.  
Yes, thank you.  
Indians, savages attacking us!  
- Right behind us. An attack!  
- What's funny?  
That was just the sheriff and some  
of the men dressed up like Indians.  
- Why, they rode out to welcome you.  
- That's very reassuring, Mr. Mayor.  
Now if you will just show us where  
the gasoline is, we'll be on our way.

You understand every second counts.

- You can't go now.

- What do you mean we can't go now?

You're the guest of honor.

Well, I don't want to be a guest of honor.

I got to present you

with this here key to the city!

He doesn't want a key, he wants gas!

- As Mayor of Boracho, I...

- I want gas and I want it now!

- You ain't gonna get no gas till tomorrow!

- Tomorrow.

You're gonna accept this here key.

You're gonna attend that meeting tonight...

...or, by jumped-up Harry, you're gonna be

guest of honor at a necktie party!

Necktie?

Well, what kind of cheap present is that?

Listen to me, you cheap,

mealy-mouthed, third-rate war healer!

- Somebody get me a rope.

- You want a rope?

I got a rope in the car.

Somebody get me a rope!

Hurry up, they're leaving.

Oh! Get me a rope, somebody!

Get me a rope!

- You gonna give us any trouble?

- I beg your pardon.

We been planning this here shindig

for over a week.

Now do we string up the bunch of you or

cooperate and be the guest of honor.

I greet you with cordiality and good cheer.

It's a pleasure to be the great honor.

It's a big celebration tonight.

You ain't gonna get no gas till tomorrow.

We look forward to celebrating

and the hospitality of your community.

Quiet! Citizens of Boracho! Quiet!

Citizens of Boracho. Thank you.

As Mayor of Boracho, I offer a toast...

...to our guest of honor, The Great Leslie!

To the fair city of Boracho.

Now here she is...  
...the Queen of the West,  
Boracho's own Lily Olay!  
- I spotted the gas!  
- Shut up.  
Howdy, Mayor. Howdy, Sheriff.  
Hello, there, Curly.  
Hello, there.  
Lily, this here's our guest of honor,  
The Great Leslie.  
It's a pleasure to meet you.  
Welcome to Boracho, honey.  
Won't you join us?  
Just for a minute. Scoot over.  
How long are y'all going to be here?  
Unfortunately, just for the night.  
We have to leave in the morning.  
That's a pity.  
I would like to propose a toast  
to Miss Olay.  
It's lucky Texas Jack ain't around.  
He'd gun that dude for sure.  
Pardon me, Mr. Partner.  
Who is this Texas Jack?  
Who's Texas Jack?  
The roughest, toughest gunslinger  
in these parts.  
Lily is his girl.  
- Lily's his girl.  
- Terrific!  
Honey, your smile is downright painful!  
Thank you. Are you a native of Boracho?  
I ain't no native, I was born here!  
- Mr. Partner.  
- Yes.  
Where would I find this Texas Jack?  
He's got a ranch  
about eight miles south of town.  
I have to get on that moon again.  
Don't go away, you hear?  
- It's been a pleasure to meet you.  
- Welcome to Boracho, honey.  
Jack.  
Now wait a minute, Jack.



This is a friendly celebration.  
Fiddle-de-dee! I don't much like  
the way you're celebrating.  
So you just step back, Sheriff,  
unless you want to fall back.  
Howdy, Jack, honey.  
Jack, honey, don't get rough.  
He's the guest of honor.  
Now just a moment.  
I'm afraid you have me at a disadvantage.  
As you can see, I am unarmed.  
He's unarmed.  
- Let's get the gas.  
- Not yet.  
All right now, everybody stand back  
and give a man some fighting room.  
Now will you give me some fighting room?  
My camera!  
Citizens of Boracho, stop!  
Music, somebody! Start the music!  
Citizens of Boracho!  
Now will you give me some fighting room?  
Jack, honey!  
Excuse me, please.  
- Now look what you've done.  
- Me?  
There's the gas.  
There's a fight! Fight in the saloon! Fight!  
Fight in the saloon! Big fight! Fight!  
Fight! There's a big fight  
in the saloon. Texas Jack! He's drunk!  
Max! Max, you idiot, the gas.  
Where's the car?  
Get the car!  
Hey, boss!  
Now can I have me some fighting room?  
The back is full. I'll put the rest  
of the gas in the seat.  
Leave it? Can't leave it for Leslie.  
Leave Leslie to me. Start the car. The car.  
Switch on!  
My apologies.  
The gasoline!  
We shall win!

Well, that finishes Leslie.  
Oh, no, not Leslie. Never Leslie.  
The Great Leslie. He'll think of something,  
but we'll be in Alaska by the time he does.  
I'm offering you a lift.  
Or would you prefer  
an engraved invitation?  
- I might consider an apology.  
- An apology?  
For what?  
It's twenty miles back to Boracho.  
- You'd never make it.  
- Well, that's your fault.  
My fault.  
I warned you.  
I would not be left behind in Boracho.  
You left me no choice  
so I had to stow away in Fate's car.  
And he cast you adrift.  
If you had provided me  
with transportation to Grommett...  
...where I could have caught a train,  
it never would have happened.  
Grommett was 100 miles out of our way.  
And where are you going now?  
Professor Fate destroyed all the gasoline,  
Grommett is a matter of necessity.  
And when you reach Grommett  
you'll send for gasoline?  
But if you were to send for gasoline now  
it would be in Grommett when you arrived.  
If I were to send for gasoline now  
I would need a telegraph.  
Not necessarily.  
I will take you no further than Grommett.  
Hey, Professor, where we going?  
We save 15 miles by following  
the tracks, Max.  
Oh, terrific!  
- Is that gasoline?  
- Sure is.  
Let me give you a hand with it.  
Wait a minute.  
- Nobody gets nothing till it's signed for.

- Of course.
- You M. Dubois?
- I beg your pardon.
- Gasoline consigned to M. Dubois.
- What?
- Oh, I'm M. Dubois.
- I knew it.

You got some identification?

What did I tell you?

I told you not to trust her.

My press card.

Okay, just sign on the line.

- What if I don't sign?

- You see.

Look, ma'am, you don't sign,  
you don't get no gas.

Well, Mr. Leslie?

You wish to continue the race, so do I.

As far as the West Coast?

If she goes, I stay!

Hezekiah.

You going to sign or do I send  
the gas back to New York?

Miss Dubois, this is very...

The gas is yours if you take me  
to the West Coast.

Under the circumstances,  
it's a fair exchange.

Load the gas back on the train.

She's not signing and  
the train's leaving in five minutes.

Just one moment, please, sir.

I will not leave without Hezekiah.

If I can change his mind?

Suppose you don't change his mind?

Then I shall take this train back  
to New York.

Sir, let me give you a hand  
with the gasoline.

Boys, would you care to join me?

Hezekiah, I understand how you feel,  
but I beg you to reconsider.

A deal is a deal.

Then I guess I'll have to hurry

or I'll miss my train. Goodbye, Hezekiah.

You mean...

Well, a deal is a deal.

It's been wonderful knowing you.

What about the gas?

I signed for it.

I'm sorry. You see,

this race ain't the right place for a woman.

I understand.

Board!

Well.

- Would you take me to the train?

- Well, yes, ma'am.

Boys and girls,

this is a six-cylinder automobile...

...with an overhead cam that can...

It was built by a company

especially for me, for this race.

He just wouldn't listen.

I told him, and he said that...

...he's had enough and he didn't think  
you could win anyway.

And...

...he said he was going to go back  
to New York.

Double-crossing females!

Hey, boss! Look.

Hey, conductor!

You are trying my patience, madam.

We know our rights.

You're obstructing traffic

and disturbing the peace!

- And you are exceeding your authority.

- I ain't exceeding nothing, lady!

- Then, arrest us.

- What?

Arrest us. I dare you.

Sorry, sir.

I want you to run to City Hall

and bail out Mrs. Goodbody.

Yes, sir.

In about two hours.

Yes, sir.

I once went

on an anthropological expedition...  
...to study the Kwakiutl Indians.  
In winter, one Kwakiutl in a blanket froze.  
But two Kwakiutls in the same blanket...  
Yes?  
Were warmer.  
Would you hold this, please?  
Champagne?  
You put alcohol in the radiator  
of the automobile...  
...to keep it from freezing, don't you?  
I can't see a thing.  
Neither can I.  
Maybe we better stop.  
I can't stand it, I'm freezing to death.  
Shut up!  
Even the thermometer is frozen.  
Everything's frozen.  
Look at that!  
It won't take long to grow back.  
It's only a half of a mustache.  
What was that?  
I don't know.  
Well, I'll go see.  
Miss Dubois, please. Thank you.  
I'm terribly sorry.  
I thought you were Maximillian.  
Nothing to worry about. We have  
a lot more champagne in the car.  
Professor!  
Yes!  
Where are you?  
Behind the rock!  
Behind which rock?  
This rock, you idiot. Come on.  
Close the door and hurry it. Bring it up!  
We're safe up here.  
Yeah, safe here.  
Help!  
My apologies.  
There's a polar bear in our car.  
If you don't leave this car immediately,  
I shall personally feed you to the bear.  
If the bears don't get us,

we'll certainly freeze to death out there!  
As far as freezing is concerned,  
you have the same chance that we have.  
- Not if you put us out in the blizzard.  
- Snowing very bad.  
May I point out  
that you've completely demolished my top.  
And there's very little difference between  
the blizzard out there and in here.  
Except that you have blankets  
and stimulants.  
Stimulants.  
He's right.  
Miss Dubois, you're not suggesting...  
If two in a blanket stand  
a better chance than one...  
Then four in a blanket...  
He's a cheat and a liar.  
That's beside the point.  
The point is that we're freezing.  
Yes, and the time has come  
to cast aside our personal differences.  
Bury the hatchet.  
And you know who has the hatchet.  
He doesn't even have a whole moustache...  
...so why can't we settle this whole thing  
underneath the blanket?  
We must get underneath  
the blankets together. Close together.  
Therefore, it will be necessary  
to lower the seat.  
Lower the seat!  
Max, the back!  
The foot. Watch that foot!  
I beg your pardon.  
Champagne, Professor?  
Thank you.  
Hey, this is terrific.  
May I propose a toast?  
What's so funny? Something wrong?  
What happened to your mustache?  
- I broke it off.  
- You what?  
I broke it off. It was frozen. Look.

What time is it?

Just a moment.

- Good morning.

- Good morning.

Very big. The head very big.

Time to get up.

Professor, time to get up.

Come on, Professor, rise and shine.

Rise and shine?

- 7:

- Then you rise, you shine.

- He's always like this in the morning.

- I'm not always like this!

This particular morning

I happen to be seasick.

Too much champagne.

I'm not sick from champagne,

I'm sick from the sea!

- It's not necessary to yell at her.

- I'll yell at whoever I want to yell at!

- He always yells like this.

- Let me out of here!

you idiots, I'm seasick!

Rise and shine.

Help! Max!

I'm coming, Professor.

I got you!

You're wasting your time.

- Perhaps.

- We're melting.

- Slowly.

- We're going to sink.

- Eventually.

- Then you're wasting your time!

I shall place this log...

...in a water-tight container, if found...

...it shall provide valuable information

for those who may follow.

Valuable information for those

who may follow.

Professor, I got an idea.

Instead of the book, why don't you and me

get into the container?

Shut up!

- We got to do something.

- Don't worry.

Before this iceberg melts and we drown like rats, we're going to do plenty.

We're going to starve!

Miss Dubois, I recommend we have cold meals from now on...

...we're melting fast enough as it is.

What difference does it make?

A few hours one way or another.

Minutes have made the difference in survival, Miss Dubois.

Mr. Leslie, I suspect you are being unrealistically optimistic for my benefit.

And it isn't at all necessary.

We're lost on an iceberg, and doomed to drift with the tide and melt.

You're a brave woman, Miss Dubois.

Red sky.

So what?

There's going to be a storm.

What are you talking about?

"Red sky in the morning, sailor, take warning."

You thimble-headed gherkin, do you realize the odds against a storm...

...in this part of the ocean at this time of year? 100-to-1.

Throw me a rope!

"Red sky in the morning, sailor, take warning."

Why you, nincompoop!

Max!

Another foot.

Another foot.

Thirty-seven inches to go.

Thirty-seven inches to go.

At the rate we've been melting that's good for about one more week.

You better keep it to yourself.

Of course I'll keep it to myself.

Until the water reaches my lower lip, then I'll mention it to somebody.



What was the professor  
complaining about?  
You know the professor.  
He thinks we're melting too fast,  
and he was venting his wrath on the gods.  
Are we melting too fast?  
I don't think so.  
According to my calculations...  
...we'll reach land just about the time  
that our feet get wet.  
- I'm hungry.  
- She's getting it.  
How long does it take  
to open a can of beans?  
The eternal struggle takes time, Max.  
What struggle? She's got a can opener.  
You cork-brain, I'm talking about man,  
woman, sex, conquest.  
What was that?  
He's making his move.  
And I'm sure she's interested.  
But unless I miss my guess  
she will never submit.  
If she does, we won't get any beans.  
It's a contest, and he's using weapons  
that have toppled everything...  
...from a Kansas farm girl  
to a European duchess.  
But she will counter with women's rights.  
That's terrible.  
For a man like Leslie, that's terrible.  
Like me, he must win on his own terms.  
She recognizes no terms except her own.  
Come and get it.  
You see?  
Maybe she doesn't mean us.  
Hey, Professor.  
Hey, Professor, up and at 'em.  
Up and at 'em?

**- It's 7:**

- "Up and at 'em!"

Don't yell!

Always yells like that in the morning.

You idiot!

"Hey, Professor, up and at 'em."

"Hey, Professor, up and at 'em, it's 7:30."

We're underwater!

We're underwater! We're doomed!

- We'll make it.

- We'll make what?

- Land.

- Land!

Land!

It's probably East Cape.

I see a ship in the harbor.

We're saved. We're saved!

Max, we're saved! We're saved!

- I am Professor Fate!

- We're saved!

Max, my trusty trout, the cannon.

Fire the cannon, let them know we're here!

Push the button, Max!

Max!

Ahoy!

Ahoy!

Isn't it wonderful to see an American ship  
in this godforsaken outpost?

It is indeed. It's probably  
from San Francisco or Seattle.

Ahoy, iceberg.

It's me!

It's me!

If I didn't know better I would say that's...

It's me!

- Hezekiah.

- What?

You gave me your word and I trusted you.

Then you handcuffed Hezekiah  
to the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe.

It was the Southern Pacific.

What has that got to do with it?

You gave me your word.

- You gave me no choice!

- You lie!

I told you I would finish the race.

- Push the button, Max.

- Are you sure this is such a good idea?

She is his Achilles' heel,  
she is our ace in the hole.  
- She must not be left behind now, Max!  
- I know!  
Push the button.  
But you can't leave me here.  
Boss!  
We want jobs. We want jobs.  
Frisbee?  
Frisbee!  
Frisbee?  
I'm sorry, dear.  
- Capitulate, Henry.  
- Never.  
Well, remember we're having the Simpsons  
to dinner. Now try not to be late.  
Excuse me.  
I'm sorry, dear.  
I could hardly get across the hall.  
Why are you complaining?  
I have to sleep with their leader.  
This is from Reuters.  
"Last report dated March 10.  
"Fate's car still in lead  
and nearing Srednek Kolimsk."  
They could have reached  
the Lena River by now.  
- Hey, Professor, what is this?  
- Shut up.  
You give them beads, makes them friendly.  
Obviously, they don't know who I am.  
I am professor Fate!  
You want to try the beads?  
What is the word for "friends"?  
- Professor...  
- Shut up!  
- I don't know this language.  
- Get the dictionary.  
- I've got it.  
- What is it?  
I can't pronounce it.  
Very simple.  
- "Drozia."  
- Drozia.

I speak, read and write French,  
Russian and Arabic.  
Max, stick with the car!  
She don't act like she's being kidnapped.  
Max!  
Boss, this dispatch just came in  
from Maggie Dubois.  
"Have crossed Carpanian border.  
"No contact with Leslie's car  
in nearly three weeks.  
"So there's no way of telling  
who's in the lead."  
The Webber Motor Car Company built  
the Leslie Special.  
- Have they integrated yet?  
- No.  
They still refuse to hire any women.  
Until Webber changes its policy,  
there will be no mention...  
...of the Leslie Special in this newspaper.  
But you can't do that.  
We'll lose their advertising.  
Mr. Frisbee, until my husband is released...  
...from Happy Acres, I am in charge here.  
Yes, sir... Ma'am.  
Now, let's see.  
They should be approaching  
the next gasoline stop...  
...which is Potzdorf.  
I am General Kuhster.  
I will escort you to the palace  
where you will be the guests...  
...of His Royal Highness, Prince Hapnick.  
We are deeply honored.  
Who's Prince Hapnick?  
He's the royal heir to the throne.  
I say we should've dumped her  
a long time ago!  
I say we shall dump her  
when I say we'll dump her!  
She's playing you for a sucker!  
Good afternoon, gentlemen.  
What do you want?  
Who are you?

Professor Fate. And who might you be?

- Incredible.

- Amazing.

Unhand me.

I found this wildcat swimming in the lake.

I demand to know what this is all about?

It's very simple:

You and your friends are under arrest.

- Will you be in Potzdorf long, Mr. Leslie?

- I'm afraid not.

We leave tomorrow morning. Early.

Where is your competitor,

this Professor Fate?

- I suspect not far behind.

- Lf he ain't ahead of us already.

Have you met the Crown Prince yet,

Mr. Leslie?

No, I haven't had the honor.

His Royal Highness,

Crown Prince Frederick Hapnick!

Hey, boss...

- Yeah, but that's...

- No, it isn't.

That was exhausting.

Your Highness!

Your highness,

may I present the Great Leslie.

- Your Highness.

- And this is Mr. Hezekiah.

Welcome to Potzdorf.

Excuse me, Your Highness, but do you

have any relatives in the United States?

Me? Relatives in the States?

It's of no consequence, Sire.

It's just that you bear...

...an uncanny resemblance

to someone we both know.

- Someone who looks like me?

- Yes, sir.

Poor fellow.

May I have the honor of this dance?

In the Kingdom of Carpania

if one doesn't waltz...

...one doesn't dance. And I love to dance.

Only problem is, I hate the waltz.  
I waltz just enough to comply  
with tradition...  
...then I sneak off  
to more rewarding activities.  
Brandy!  
I should have scheduled  
divine entertainment for you:  
Carpania's full of forests.  
The forests are full of gypsies...  
...and the gypsies are full of shenanigans  
such as swallowing swords...  
...and chewing broken glass, eating fire.  
It's wonderful!  
I don't know how they do it.  
Your Highness should visit India one day.  
India, isn't that where they have  
those Hindu persons walking on hot coals?  
And lie on nails!  
They train those hideous snakes!  
I think I'm supposed to go to India,  
after I assume the throne...  
- Do we go to India, General?  
- Yes.  
Good, I can hardly wait.  
Sit. Here, have a cigar.  
The coronation is tomorrow.  
I hope you'll stay, you Great Leslie, you.  
I'd be most honored, Your Highness.  
But if you attend the coronation,  
won't you lose time in your race to Paris?  
Since there hasn't been report  
Professor Fate has crossed your border...  
...I assume that I'm in the lead.  
But he might cross at any moment.  
It's been my experience, General...  
...that there is little advantage  
to winning if one wins too easily.  
What do you say to that, General?  
An admirable point of view.  
For anyone, but a soldier.  
In my profession, to win is imperative.  
To win easily is a blessing.  
Yes, blessing. He has terrible mottos

written all over his walls like:  
"If a good soldier dies with his boots on,  
rest assured they're polished."  
- Good evening, Your Highness.  
- Rolfe, you rogue, where have you been?  
My apologies for being late,  
Your Highness, but I was delayed by...  
...some last minute business.  
You haven't been dueling again,  
you naughty boy.  
No, Your Highness.  
Mr. Leslie, this is Baron Rolfe Von Stuppe.  
Baron Von Stuppe,  
is Carpania's greatest swordsman.  
Matter of fact,  
his prowess with the blade...  
...is surpassed only by his reputation  
with the ladies.  
- Baron.  
- I'm honored.  
Sit and drink up. The evening's young,  
we're all going to have such a gay...  
Brandy! What kept you?  
What makes you so great, Mr. Leslie?  
Greatness is a light-hearted title  
for theatrical amusements.  
Or a definition endowed on men...  
...too long dead  
to know that its been awarded.  
I'm simply Leslie.  
And I'm at your service, Your Highness.  
Goodness gracious.  
You know there's one thing wrong  
with living in a palace:  
It takes so long to get from one place  
to another.  
I live in a constant state of exhaustion.  
Poor Prince!  
One good thing, when one was young,  
you could play along the corridors.  
I used to ride my pony up and down  
this corridor when I was young.  
Then I grew up and got drunk, and fell off.  
I'm going to bed, now.

Good night, Your Highness.

- Who is going to tuck me in?

- I can manage that.

No. You're the sloppiest tucker-inner  
in all Potzdorf.

If there's anything I abhor,  
it's a sloppy tucker-inner.

Good night, you good Leslie, you.

Sleep tight and don't let the bedbugs bite.

There, kids.

They've been waiting for me.

Mumsey...

...I'm afraid I had  
a teeny-weeny bit too much to drink.  
But then again, I always have  
a teeny-weeny bit too much to drink.  
Because Mumsey isn't here to scold me.  
I wish Mumsey were here.

Hello.

Good night, Mumsey.

Running like a top.

Good mechanics always  
got to keep checking. Every little thing.  
A beautiful machine.

Indeed it is.

And you make sure nobody gets nearer  
than 50 feet to it, you understand?

Unless of course, it's me or...

...Mr. Leslie.

- Don't worry.

Well, I'll see you in the morning.

Looks like a beautiful night.

I think I'll just take  
a little stroll around the palace.

Don't make too much noise.

It's a secret.

A secret? I love secrets.

- What's the secret?

- What we're doing, your Highness.

We're going to take you for a little ride.

Good. Where are we going?

For a little ride, your Highness.

In you go.

Speed on.



King, I'm going to be king.  
It'll do no good  
to get the bars out off the windows.  
You and your stupid ideas.  
Max can't accomplish anything  
with a pen knife.  
And if he could,  
it's at least a 100-foot drop.  
Unhand me! You blackguards, scoundrels!  
Unhand me!  
I demand to see the American Consul.  
You blundering idiots!  
You'll answer to my government  
for this outrage! Outrage!  
You have kidnapped me.  
Fate the Magnificent!  
Let's get practical.  
I don't care what you do to the others...  
...as long as you let me go.  
What do you say to \$500?  
Professor...  
...allow me to present  
His Royal Highness, Prince Hapnick.  
Heir to the throne of Carpania.  
Hi, there.  
It's out!  
No!  
I suggest you reconsider.  
I won't do it!  
Then you leave us no alternative.  
I'll do it.  
Don't just stand there, do something.  
Hezekiah, please wake up.  
Hezekiah?  
Please, Hezekiah.  
Max!  
Open this door!  
Max, you little rat! I'll get you for this.  
By tomorrow, you'll be king.  
After that you declare General Kuhster  
chancellor and quietly abdicate.  
Your Highness,  
remember one slip and you're dead.  
Aren't we all?

Good evening.

When we get back to the palace,

you must trim your mustache.

You must look exactly like the prince.

Can you laugh?

What do you mean can I laugh?

- The prince has a very individual laugh.

- Like what?

No, that's much too bass.

The prince is more of a soprano. Try it.

Try it once more.

I demand to know what this is all about.

You've been told. You're under arrest.

I know, but for what?

- Spying.

- Spying?

At last, the Great Leslie is finished.

I've won!

They said I never could. Get off of the bed!

Don't you try any double-crosses,

my friend, keep our deal.

He stays in the pokey

until I'm safely in Paris.

When it comes to double-crossers,

you are looking at the king!

Not until you've trimmed your mustache,

Your Majesty.

I hate you.

I've come to see the Great Leslie.

I'm sorry, Padre,

I can't let anyone see the prisoner...

...without the proper authority.

I understand. Bless you, my son.

Leslie!

I'm here. In here.

- Max!

- We've got to save the professor.

What about Miss Dubois and Hezekiah?

- They're with the baron.

- The baron?

He's got everybody.

We've got to go save the professor.

Stop! Stop!

Escaped?

With a small friar.  
Leslie escaped with a chicken?  
No, you idiot, with a friar.  
A monk. A priest.  
What should we do?  
The coronation must take place  
without delay.  
With Leslie free, every minute counts.  
You're right. With Leslie on the loose,  
every second counts.  
Are you sure that the baron's castle  
is on a lake?  
I'm positive. Great big lake.  
And the only lake on this map  
is straight ahead.  
You're not serious?  
Deadly serious.  
You're a sadistic fiend.  
He has only to answer  
a few simple questions.  
Not the mustache.  
Why did you come here?  
Who sent you?  
- Proceed.  
- No!  
Touch one hair on his head  
and you'll answer to...  
...Teddy Roosevelt  
and the United States government!  
"My country 'tis of thee  
"Sweet land of liberty of thee I sing"  
That's it. On the lake.  
Come on, we'll save the professor.  
Maximillian, if Miss Dubois and Hezekiah  
are not in that castle...  
They're there, I swear it.  
Come on, save the professor.  
They're there. Cross my heart.  
Terrific.  
What's more, do as I tell you.  
Stay down. Down.  
"Land where our fathers died  
"Land of thy pilgrim's pride  
from every mountainside

"Let freedom ring"  
Shut up, Professor.  
They're there.  
Here comes the Marines!  
Good evening, Baron.  
Well, Mr. Leslie.  
What a pleasant surprise.  
I half expected to see you again, but...  
...not with a sword in your hand.  
Do you prefer the foil?  
Not particularly.  
It happened to be convenient.  
I presume you know how to use one.  
I hope that won't be necessary.  
I'm sure you do.  
Will you release Miss Dubois  
and the others?  
- No.  
- I'm afraid this will be necessary.  
You're being very foolish.  
That's an assumption, Baron. You make  
me the victim even before we start.  
It's your life.  
You're assuming again. En garde.  
Very adroit, Mr. Leslie. Very skilled.  
My compliments, Mr. Leslie.  
You handle the foil very well.  
Thank you, Baron. So do you.  
Personally, I prefer a man's weapon.  
How are you with a saber?  
There's only one way to find out.  
Surround him!  
Look out! Look out!  
Oh, the smoke!  
Running away, Baron?  
As a very wise English gentleman

**once said:**

"He who fights and runs away,  
may live to fight another day."  
So until another day, Mr. Leslie.  
Please excuse me. I have a boat waiting.  
Faster!  
Professor, the jig is up.

Your Highness.  
Your Royal Highness.  
Your Royal Highness!  
Wait, Your Royal Highness! My prince!  
Out of the way!  
Your Highness.  
Your Highness,  
we've got to get out of here!  
You wouldn't dare!  
Please!  
Wait for me. Wait for me.  
- Your Majesty.  
- Hi, there.  
Brandy!  
Throw more brandy.  
More brandy.  
Brandy. Throw more brandy.  
Rum. I never mix my pies.  
I want to play, too.  
Miss Dubois!  
Hey, Professor!  
Hey, Professor.  
Hey, Professor!  
You. You're the cause of it all.  
It was your idea.  
No, Your Highness.  
It was Baron Von Stuppe.  
I don't care. You're banished!  
I'm getting a new tucker-inner.  
Banished, banished!  
Miss Dubois!  
Hey, Professor!  
- Hey, Professor, where are you?  
- Right here, you idiot.  
Terrific. Let's go. I got the car.  
More pies! More pies!  
Oh, Leslie! Leslie!  
Goodbye. Farewell, you good Leslie, you.  
I hope you win. I hope you win!  
I'll miss him. Oh, there it is!  
General?  
E Flat.  
I think I better go and fix the car.  
- Miss Dubois.

- Yes?

I believe the time has come for us  
to resolve our differences.

Good.

As you know, I've steadfastly maintained...

...an uncompromising position about  
women's rights and the equality of sexes.

As have I.

Therefore, it is safe to assume that  
has been the principal area of our conflict.

No doubt about it.

Therefore,

in the interest of progress and harmony...

...I am willing to concede

to your point of view.

Concede?

You are an emancipated woman,

Miss Dubois.

And I am an emancipated man.

Come back here.

You are the most unreasonable,

inconsistent female...

- I'm unreasonable? I'm inconsistent?

- Yes.

What about you? Talk about inconsistent.

- Inconsistent!

- And unreasonable.

- Unreasonable!

- And arrogant.

- Arrogant!

- Yes, arrogant!

All right, Miss Dubois,

let's discuss arrogance for a moment.

All right, Mr. Leslie. Let's.

Any woman who has the unmitigated

arrogance to consider herself man's equal.

Any man who has the arrogance

to consider himself better than a woman.

- Any fool knows that a woman cannot...

- That's right! Any fool!

- You know what's the matter with you?

- I know what's the matter with you.

What did I tell you?

She's going to win the race for us.

The buffalo-headed vixen!

- I tried to kiss you.

- I know what you tried.

You're the one

that's been preaching emancipation.

We're going to win, Max.

We're going to win!

I think you turn right at the next corner.

- You're not talking about equal rights.

- I know what I'm talking about.

You're talking about

some convenient feminine utopia...

...that has all of the advantages

and no responsibilities.

- Responsibilities?

- Yes!

Look who's talking about responsibilities.

Turn right.

- Go back and turn right.

- We do not turn right.

- I know Paris.

- So do I.

You have to turn right

in order to get to the Eiffel Tower.

If we turn right back there,

we'd end up on the Montmartre Steps.

You talk a good fight,

but when it comes down to it...

...you're as emancipated

as a confirmed spinster in a knitting bee.

How would you know?

You're a suffragette. You're the one

who wanted to bring sex out in the open.

So I brought it out into the open and

I got slapped in the face for my trouble.

Your interpretation of bringing sex out into

the open and mine are two different things.

Well, will you please tell me

what your concept of sex is?

Gladly!

You and your stupid map!

She's still with him. You said

if she was with him, we couldn't lose.

Shut up!

And because I consider myself sexually free  
and morally emancipated...

...I'm a responsible, discriminating woman  
who doesn't intend to jump into bed...

...with the first muscular egocentric male  
who thinks he can seduce me...

...by agreeing with some of the things  
I believe in.

- I only wanted to kiss you.

- Why?

Because I love you, that's why.

- You don't believe me?

- I do not.

- What are you doing?

- Proving that I love you.

You'll lose the race.

Can you think of a better way to prove it?

Max, I won!

- I won!

- We won!

- I won!

- We won!

- I am invincible!

- We won!

I have beaten Leslie at last.

The world is mine!

You lost.

Only the race.

I am king!

I am the king.

No, I'm not! I didn't beat him.

He let me win!

I can't win this way.

I can only win one way:

My way! They let me win!

I can't win your way. You cheated.

You cheated.

You cheated! You cheated!

You cheated. I hate you.

I refuse to accept!

I won't win any way but my way.

You ruined my reputation!

Do you hear? You, I hate!

You with your hair that is always combed.



Your suit is always white.  
Your car is always clean.  
I refuse to accept.  
I challenge you to another race.  
- Get off my hood.  
- Another race!  
Come on, Professor, go!  
Come on, go, go!  
Relax, this time  
I'm going to win it my way.  
Push the button, Max!