



Scripts.com

Muppet Treasure Island

By Jerry Juhl

I was Flint's first mate|that voyage...
three days east of Tortola|in the Caribie.
Flint knew an island.
That's where we buried|the treasure.
Gold and blood,|they were Flint's trademarks.
He'd leave both|behind him that day.
Shiver my timbers|Shiver my soul
Yo ho, heave ho
There are men whose hearts|are as black as coal
Yo ho, heave ho
And they sailed their ship|'cross the ocean blue
A bloodthirsty captain|and a cutthroat crew
It's as dark a tale|as was ever told
Of the lust for treasure|and the love of gold
Shiver my timbers|Shiver my sides
Yo ho, heave ho
There are hungers as strong|as the winds and tides
Yo ho, heave ho
And those buccaneers|drown their sins in rum
The devil himself would|have to call them scum
Every man aboard would have|killed his mate
For a bag of guineas|or a piece of eight
A piece of eight
- A piece of eight|- A five, six, seven, eight
Hulla wacka, ulla wacka|Something not right
Many wicked icky things|gonna happen tonight
Hulla wacka, moolah wacka|Sailor man beware
When de money in de ground|Dere's murder in de air
Murder in the air
One more time now.
Shiver my timbers|Shiver my bones
Yo ho, heave ho
There are secrets that sleep|with old Davy Jones
Yo ho, heave ho
When the mainsail's set|and the anchor's weighed
There's no turning back|from any course that's laid
And when greed and villainy|sail the sea
You can bet your boots|there'll be treachery
Shiver my timbers|Shiver my sails
Dead men tell no tales
Oh, aye. Fifteen men|went ashore that day...
and only Flint, his own self,|returned.
Oh, aye, and then old Flinty...
up and died afore they could get|back to that cursed island...

and dig up the treasure.
No one knows to this day|who has old Flint's map.
Now, isn't that a story|worth the hearing?
It was the first dozen|times we heard it.
I'll drink to that.
But who has|the map now, huh?
Some black-hearted,|squid-suckin' buccaneer?
Or maybe it's|our very own Jim Hawkins.
Eh,Jimmy?
If I had it, my friends and I wouldn't|be here serving you rum, Mr Bones.
That's right. We'd be out|searching for that treasure...
sailing the seven seas|on a five-year mission...
boldly going where no man|has gone before.
- Say, that's catchy.|- Huh. Not me.
If I had that treasure map,|I'd be tradin' it for a decent meal.
Hey, Gonzo, you think|he's gonna eat this?
Aye! Beware the one-legged man!|He's the one to fear!
Don't worry, Captain.|We'll watch for him.
Yeah, I'll watch for him,|if he's deliverin' a pizza.
Even old Flinty|feared him.
If he comes pokin' 'round here,|you run for me whippety-quick!
- If we see him, we'll tell you.|- Yeah. One leg, three heads...
couple of dozen noses...|if anything weird happens...
And it'll be nay|jokin' matter, hose nose.
The one-legged man|brings death.
Time, gentlemen!
It's closing time!
Ya pays your bills,|and then ya shove off.
Go on. Out ya go!
Oh, you're drunk again,|are ya?
Boys, look at the state|of this place!
How comes it gets to be|such a pigsty, huh?
Pigsty? Hey!
No offence meant, gentlemen, sirs.|No offence meant.
- Here's to you, boys!|- Time!
- I'm away to my room.|- Thank you, Mr Bones.
- Thank you, Bill.|- There you go!
Don't forget to come back tomorrow|for our lunchtime special:
- roast suckling...|- Huh?
- Potatoes, sir. Potatoes.|- All right.
No... No offence, madam.|No offence.
All right, boys.
When you're finished here,|you can go and clean up in the kitchen.
I left some table scraps|in there for your supper.

Oh, yes, and, boys...

last night you forgot|to put out the lantern!

If you forget that again,|there'll be no table scraps for a week!

You're standing on my ear.

Easy. Whoa, whoa, whoa!|Easy, Rizzo!

Whoa, whoa, whoa!|That's it. Steady.

- I hate my life.|- I hate your life too.

- If I had a life, I'd hate it.|- I should just run off to sea like my father did.

He was my age when he sailed to China as|a cabin boy and he wound up a first mate.

Run off to sea|and just leave everybody?

Who's everybody?|I'm an orphan. I've got no family.

- Hey, you got us!|- Yeah, we're family. Got it.

I mean, some family we are. Be serious,|Rizzo. We don't exactly look alike.

Okay, all right. So I'm a rat and you're|a human being and Gonzo's a, uh...

- Whatever.|- Yeah. We're still family.

- Yeah.|- But I wish my life were more like...

one of Captain Bones'|adventures...

sailing the high seas and|searching for buried treasure.

Yeah, discovering lost islands|and weird civilizations.

Navigating with my father's old compass|to wherever the wind may take us.

- Off to Zanzibar to meet the Zanzibarbarians.|- Here they go again.

To the southwest,|pirate galleons!

To the southeast, multi-armed|Zanzibanian shark women...

and their exploding wigs|of death!

To the northwest,|dirty dishes!

How does she do that?

- Might as well start. I'll wash.|- Oh, yeah. I'll dry.

I'll break.

I look around here|and I want to cry

Me too. Yeah.

I feel like the world|is passing me by

It is.

And I just can't|help but wonder

Am I doomed to wash and dry

And is it a curse I'm under|to do it till I die

- Oh, I hope not.|- Yeah.

- When I could be an explorer|- Sure ya could.

- Sailing off to distant lands|- Not so fast.

Instead of spending|every afternoon

Just getting dishpan hands

My future looks like nowhere|that I want to be

There's gotta be|something better

Something better
There's gotta be something|better than this for me
Well, now you're talkin'.
If it's weird and wild|let's go and find it
The crazier, the better|is what I say
Yeah, that's true.
To tell the truth|I really wouldn't mind it
Mind what?
If we found someplace|with ten square meals a day
Let danger call my name
If it does|I'm gonna hide
I'll put my courage|to the test
And I'll be|by your side
He'll be by your side
There's gotta be|something better than this
- Something more than this|- I know that there's so much out there
- To see|- To see
And I know|this life I'm living
Can't be my destiny
There's gotta be|something better
Something better
There's gotta be something|better than this for me
- And me!|- Wait a minute. What about me?
There's something better|than this for you and
Me
Enough of this singin'!
Rum! I need rum, lads!
I got the horrors!|Give me rum!
Rum till I float!
All right! All right!|Just one small one.
Don't be giving him|any more rum!
How does she blooming do that?
Shh! Shh!
Billy Bones!|It's me, Blind Pew.
I know you're here, Billy.
Ya snivelling coward!
It's some kind|of a blind fiend.
I believe they prefer|"visually challenged fiend. "
Ah, I heard that!|There's someone here!
Uh, no. Over here!
Hmm, over here.
Billy Bones! Ah,|I'd know that scurvy mug...
of yours anywhere.
Excuse me, sir,|but the bar is closed.

Aha. A pretty|little girl, is it?

Yes. Take me|to Billy Bones, my pet.

Y- You've come|to the wrong place.

Th-There's no Billy Bones here,|and I'm not a girl.

Oh, I may be visually challenged,|but I can see you're lying.

Huh?

Good evening, Bill.|I know it's you.

Yes. You thought you could|get away with it, didn't you?

Just take it all|for yourself...

and leave your shipmates|with nothing.

We're not pleased with that,|Bill. Not at all.

We want you to have this!

Watch where you're going,|you stupid cat!

The Black Spot!

But I don't understand.|What is the Black Spot?

The Black Spot's|a pirate's death sentence!

- Fabulous.|- They'll be comin' to kill me tonight!

- We'd better help.|- Yeah, yeah, let's get some stuff.

- It's my sea chest them lubbers want.|- Underwear.

But I'll trick them! I'll shake out|another reef and daddle 'em again!

You wanna run that by us again|in English, Mr Bones?

It's mine! I'm goin'|for that treasure myself!

And no one-legged|son of a bilge rat will...

Captain Bones!

He died? And this is supposed|to be a kids' movie.

Jimmy. Jim.|Jimmy,Jim,Jim,Jim,Jim.

You always been a decent sort|to old Billy Bones.

But I'm not Jimmy,Jim,Jimmy,|Jim,Jim,Jim,Jim.

He's Jimmy,Jim,Jimmy,|Jim,Jim,Jim,Jim.

- Jim!|- Yes, Captain.

Jim,Jimmy,Jimmy,Jim,|Jim,Jim,Jim.

- Yes, Captain. What is it?|- Take the map!

- What map?|- The map to old Flint's treasure!

Don't ya understand|what I been tellin' ya?

I was Flinty's first mate!|We all were! Blind Pew and me!

Me own shipmates,|they'll gully me for sure!

And anybody else to get|their mitts on that map!

A- And gullying hurts, right?

Oh, aye! A lot!

- So quick.|- Go to my sea chest! Get the map!

Oh, yeah.

- Oh, there. There.|- Oh, I think I've... Oh, no.

- Hey, guys, look!|- Rizzo!

Oh, here!|How about this?

Let's see.

Hey, Rizzo, look.

- It is a treasure map.|- We're gonna be rich.

- We're gonna be dead.|- Beware, lads!

Beware!

- What? The one-legged man?|- Aye! But also...

beware runnin' with scissors|or any other pointy objects.

It's all good fun till|somebody loses an...

Captain?

We're standing in a room|with a dead guy!

Jim!

Oh, Billy Bones!|Trick or treat!

Don't try to hide, Billy!|You know what we want!

Where are ya, Billy Bones?|Where are ya, Billy?

Mrs Bluveridge!

There's no use in hiding!

Can't a woman get her|beauty sleep any more?

Jim, what you doing?

Aha! Aha!

Oh! Voila!

- Okay, okay. I found the gun.|- Oh, now we gotta load it.

- Okay.|- Oops.

Okay, where does Mrs Bluveridge|keep the bullets?

Billy's dead, and he hasn't|got the blooming map!

- Those little girls must have it.|- Yeah!

- Get them!|- Yeah!

- Gonzo! Gonzo!|- What? What?

I found the bullets. See?|Here they are. They...

Oops.

Open up in there!|We wants the map...

and we'll skewer anybody|who gets in the way!

Quick,Jim! The back stairs!

Come on.

Run! Run!

Get out of my inn,|you tattooed miseries!

Can't a woman|get a night's sleep alone?

You come here, you!

This gun is useless!

- You lost all the bullets!|- Well, you're losin' the powder.

The map!|Tell us where it is or die!

- Get them!|- Run! Run, run, run!

Hurry! Hurry!

Hurry!

Outta the way! Outta the way!|Get outta the way!

Stop!
Oh, Woof.
Geronimo!
Guys!
Wow! What an exit!
- Right through a brick wall!|- I am in such pain.
Come on!
I think I smell|something burning, no?
What are we gonna do?|What are we gonna do?
We can't go home, so...
Oh, no. Uh-uh. No way. You're not|taking me on some crazy treasure hunt.
- I am staying right here!|- Oh, good idea, Rizzo.
Then you can see what half-burned,|vicious pirates look like.
What are we waitin' for?|Gimme that map. Come on. Let's go.
Wait a minute.|What about Mrs Bluveridge?
I'll be fine, boys!|Run for it!
How does she do that?
Who's gonna clean|all this up?
Two for a penny, sir?
- I don't want a baked potato.|- Lovely hot baked potatoes.
- Oh, let's see.|- What a night.
- There it is!|- Huh? Oh. - Oh.
"Trelawny & Son|Master Ship Builders"
Whoa, whoa!|Reality check here, guys!
Do we actually believe some|bozo's gonna give us a ship...
just because we show him|Captain Bones' map?
- It's worth a try, Rizzo.|- I don't know.
May I help you?
Yes. Thank you. We wish to speak|with Squire Trelawney, the shipbuilder.
- We need a ship.|- Ah, I'm sorry.
The squire's in Long Neddry|for the grouse season.
He will return|on the feast of St Lulu.
- Thank you. - That's|that. - Oh, well.
Of course, his rich...
half-wit son|young Squire Trelawney's here.
We'll see him, then.
Well, gentlemen...
this is definitely a genuine,|bona fide treasure map.
Really!
Yes. Mr Bimbo told me so.
Oh, Mr Bimbo lives in my finger.|He's very smart. He's been to the moon.
Thank you. Twice.
- I smell a bozo.|- Mm-hmm.
Well done, Beakie.

Now we know that is definitely|too much gunpowder.
Beaker, stop fooling around.|We've got company.
Oh, hello, chappies. Everyone, this is|Dr Livesey and his assistant,
Beaker.
They do research|and development for my papa.
Hello.
Actually, Squire, we were|hoping to meet your father.
- We need a ship for an ocean voyage.| - Ocean? Ocean.
- Ocean?| - You know, the ocean? The big, blue, wet thing?
Oh! Th-The big,|blue, wet thing! Yes!
Say, I know|what's happening here.
You chaps are planning|to sail to this island, aren't you?
- To dig up this treasure.| - Yes, but we must be quiet about it.
- There are pirates looking for this map.| - Yeah, and they wanna kill us
for it.
Isn't that exciting?
Pirates, eh?|Well, that settles it.
We'll use one|of my daddy's boats...
and I will personally finance|the voyage for the treasure myself.
- You'll do that? Really?| - What are rich, half-wit sons for?
Well, here's the dock.|Jim, where's our boat?
We're on a dock?|No wonder I'm seasick.
- Ahoy!| - Ah, morning, Squire.
Welcome. Welcome.|Ah, there she is:
the Hispaniola.
Wow!
- Come on. Let's go!| - Yeah, let's go.
- "Take a cruise," you said.| - Huh?
- "See the world," you said.| - Huh?
Now here we are stuck|on the front of this stupid ship.
Well, it could be worse.|We could be stuck in the audience.
Well, Mr Bimbo...
the ship is provisioned,|the crew is in place...
and the captain should be|on board within the hour.
You have been|a busy little man.
- Oh, look, there goes Jim.| - Oh, yeah, yeah.
Ooh! Ooh, look!
It's the boat|steering thing.
This is called the helm.
Hey, how does it feel,|Captain Hawkins?
Feels like|we're really doing it.
It feels like we're finally|having an adventure!
Yeah. I'm starvin'.|Where's the kitchen?
Heigh ho and up she rises

- Something smells good.|- Heigh ho and up she rises
- Cool.|- Heigh ho and up she rises
Early in the morning
Put him in the longboat|until he's sober
Put him in the longboat|till he's sober
Early in the morning
What have we here?|Stowaways!
I'm afraid we shish-kebab|and barbecue stowaways on this ship.
Wait. I know.|You must be the cabin boys.
- Yeah.|- Hungry, lads?
Well, in my galley, you're always|welcome to help yourselves!
Yes! Thank you!
Oh, yes!
Well, he's got a healthy appetite.|How about you, funny face?
- Huh?|- Here.
Hey. Thank you.
My name is Gonzo,|and the guy in your chicken is Rizzo.
- And you must be Master Hawkins.|- Yes, sir.
Oh, you needn't be callin'|a lowly ship's cook "sir. "
Long John Silver,|at your humble service.
We're just cabin boys,|Mr Silver.
Long John to his friends.
And believe me, lad...
a friend you can trust|is worth his weight in gold.
There's many a dark-hearted|scoundrel in these ports.
Well, what do you mean?|Pirates?
- Shh!|- Pirates! That's rich!
Pirates? What an imagination.|Give me a cracker.
Allow me to introduce|my pet lobster Polly.
Pieces of eight!|Pieces of eight!
Raised him|from a fingerling, I did.
As fine a crustacean|as a man could ask for.
B- But I thought sailors|had talking parrots as pets.
Talking parrots?
What an imagination.|First pirates, now talking parrots?
What's next? A singing, dancing mouse|with his own amusement park?
That's enough now, Polly.|Go on! Shoo!
Right, me hearties. I'm gonna give you|a cook's tour of this fine ship.
If you're gonna be the cook|on this ship, Mr Silver...
I am definitely gonna need|bigger pants.
What's the matter, lads?
Oh, that?
Lost that timber-fighting brigands|off Madagascar under Admiral Hawke.
There's many a man lost a leg and worse|in the service of the king.

Why, look what a cannibal|took off me...
in exchange for me own life.
Oh, you're a fine pair, lads.|That you are.
Bright as buttons,|the lot of ye.
- All hands on deck!|- Come on, then, lads.
Chop-chop! Look lively now.|The captain will be here soon.
Chop-chop.
- Who's that?|- That is Mr Arrow, the first mate, a capital fellow.
The captain approaches.
Move aside! Make way!|Make ready for the captain!
Lollygaggers will suffer|his wrath!
Wrath? I-Is this captain|bad-tempered?
Is he bad-tempered?|The man is a raging volcano...
tormented by inner demons the likes|of which mere mortals cannot fathom.
He's got demons? Cool!
Maniac!
Heigh-ho, everyone.
- What... That...|- That's the raging volcano?
- He's a frog.|- Maybe he gets hopping mad.
Hopping mad.
Piping aboard|Captain Abraham Smollett.
Good day, Mr Arrow.
I knew it.|He's furious.
- Ah, you there!|- Me?
You were in charge of railing dust.|Thirty lashes, and then you walk the plank.
- I didn't say that, Mr Arrow.|- I was anticipating your whim, sir.
Oh. You must be|the cabin boys.
- Yes, sir!|- Which one of you is Hawkins?
I am, sir.
I knew your father,Jim.|He was a good man.
Thank you, sir.
Well, this is shapin' up|to be a fine voyage, lads.
Oh, yes, indeed.
One leg,Jim.|Count 'em. One.
- Remember what Billy Bones said.|- Oh, Gonzo, he seems all right.
I mean, Long John's only a cook.|How dangerous could he be?
Well, I don't know, but I...|Wait a minute. Where's Rizzo?
Enjoy your cruise, sir.|Next!
All right, folks, have your cheques|made out to "Rat Tours Limited. "
Remember, we put|the rat in "pirate. "
Why, thank you,|Mr Plagueman. Next!
- Rizzo, what are you doing?|- What? Oh, this.
Well, I figure|if the treasure map's a dud...

the trip won't be a total loss,|financially speaking.
Well, the wind seems to be freshening.|The tide is with us.
Mr Arrow,|this voyage has begun.
This voyage has begun!|Raise the gangplank!
- Right, lads!|- Let go forward line!
Let go aft line.|Hard to starboard.
Any man caught dawdling|will be shot on sight.
- I didn't say that.|- I was just paraphrasing.
- Mr Arrow, just set the sails.|- Set the sails!
Hey, where's my camera?
- I'll miss you! I said I'll miss you!|- We'll send postcards!
- Goodbye!|- Goodbye!
When the course is laid|and the anchor's weighed
A sailor's blood|begins racing
With our hearts unbound|and our flag unfurled
We're underway and off|to see the world
Underway and off|to see the world
Heave ho, we'll go
Anywhere the wind|is blowing
Manly men are we
Sailing for adventure|on the deep blue sea
Safely now, Mr Silver. Let's not|get sloppy just because we're singing.
- Aye, aye, sir.|- Danger walks on deck We say what the heck
We laugh at the perils|we're facing
Every storm we ride|is its own reward
And people die|by fallin'overboard
People die|by falling overboard
Heigh ho, we'll go
Anywhere the wind|is blowing
Hoist the sails and sing
Sailing for adventure|on the big, blue, wet thing
I love to see 'em cry|when they walk the plank
I prefer to cut a throat
I love to hang 'em high|and watch their little feet
Try to walk in the air|while their faces turn blue
Just kidding.
It's a good life on a boat
There are distant lands|with burning sands
That call across the oceans
There are bingo games|every fun-filled day
And margaritas|at the midnight buffet
Margaritas|at the midnight buffet
Heigh ho, we'll go
Anywhere the wind|is blowing

Should have took a train
Sailing for adventure|on the bounding main
The salty breezes whisper
Who knows what lies ahead
I just know|I was born to lead
The life my father led
The stars will be|our compass
Wherever we may roam
And our mates|will always be
Just like a family
And though we may|put into port
The sea is always home
All right, Mr Bimbo. I didn't know you|had such a good singing voice. Thank
you.
We'll chase our dreams|standing on our own
Over the horizon|to the great unknown
Heigh ho, we'll go
Anywhere the wind|is blowing
Bold and brave and free
- Sailing for adventure|- It's so nauseating!
- Sailing for adventure|- So exhilarating!
- Sailing for adventure|- We're all celebrating!
On the deep blue sea
Ahoy!
Roll call!
- Long John Silver?|- Aye, aye, sir!
- Short Stack Stevens?|- Aye!
- One-Eyed Jack?|- Aye!
- Black-Eyed Pea.|- Yeah.
- Walleyed Pike.|- Aye.
Polly Lobster.
- Mad Monty.|- Aye.
- Sweetums.|- Aye.
- Old Tom.|- Aye, aye.
- Real Old Tom.|- Aye.
- Dead Tom?|- Aye, aye.
Cool.
- Clueless Morgan?|- Huh?
Headless Bill.
Big-Fat-Ugly-Bug-Face-|Baby-Eating O'Brien?
Aye.
- Angel Marie.|- Aye, aye.
Gentlemen, may I see you|in my cabin?
- Immediately?|- Mm-hmm.

Who hired this crew? This is|undoubtedly the seediest bunch...
of cutthroats, villains|and scoundrels I have ever seen!
So who hired 'em?
Your finger hired the crew?
No, that's silly. The man who lives|in my finger hired the crew: Mr Bimbo.
What? Ah!
Yeah, he relied heavily on the advice|of our excellent cook, Long John
Silver.
A cook? And a guy who lives|in a bear's finger?
Exactly!
I'm starting to worry|about this voyage.
Jim, I know Billy Bones|gave you the treasure map...
but I hope you'll give it|to me for safekeeping.
I'll be careful with it, sir.
Beggin' your pardon,|gentlemen...
but I've come with a bit|of a treat for you.
'Tis my very own best brandy...
laid down by the brothers|of Buckfast Abbey...
vintage 1737...
to toast|to a prosperous voyage.
- Oh, spiffy.|- I'm sorry, Mr Silver, but I'm not...
going to allow drinking|on this voyage.
- Oh, well, rules are rules.|- Oh, but, sir...
'tis a tradition for the officers|to toast to the success of a voyage.
Ah, very true.
No, we must set an example|for this questionable crew.
There will be no consumption|of alcohol of any kind.
Oh, sir, but I can vouch|for this crew myself.
You could sail to heaven|and back with these men.
Well, I'm afraid|I must disagree with you.
Oh.
You wanna knock it off|with the booze?
It's peeling the paint|off of the shuffleboard court.
- Yeah. - Sorry. - Come|on, girls. - We told him.
And that's that.|This conversation is finished.
I understand, sir.
I shall tend to my duty|and see to it...
that every drop of alcohol|is thrown overboard.
Come on,Jim.|Don't bother, Captain.
You can go|if you want to,Jim.
- Come on.|- Yeah.
Oh, well. I guess the human beings|wanna hang out together...
don't wanna spend time|with a rat and a, uh...
- Uh, uh, whatever.|- Yeah.

- Say cheese!|- Cheese!

Oh, that's great.

Cute couple.

Stop it!

I never felt|like this before.

- Denise, what I'm trying to say...|- Yes?

- What I'm trying to say is...|- Yes?

- What I mean to say is, I...|- Yes?

I'm sorry your present|didn't work out.

Oh,Jim, Smollett sails|by rules and laws.

That's what bein' a captain's|all about.

Me, I sails by the stars.

Stars?

North,Jim. Find me north out there|among them stars.

Well, that's easy.

Ah, yeah, but what|if you don't have a compass?

Long John, please don't drop it.|It was my father's.

It's all I have of his.|Please. Please.

I'm sorry, lad.|I were only foolin'.

- How old were you when he died, then?|- Seven.

I were eight|when my father died at sea.

- First mate, he was.|- My father was a first mate too.

Was he, now?

By the powers.|What a coincidence.

Now,Jim, that be Polaris,|the North Star.

Even in the China Sea,|that's north.

- North. Polaris.|- Uh-huh.

- So we must be heading southwest.|- Smart as paint you are, lad.

Smart as paint.

Now, that gets old Long John|to wonderin'.

Why would we be|sailin' southwest?

The scuttlebutt|among the crew is that, uh...

we're sailin'|for buried treasure...

and, uh, someone on board...

has a map.

'Course,|none of my concern,Jim.

I'm just a ship's cook.

Such matters are best suited to Captain|Smollett. He runs this ship, not I.

Come on, Long John.|You could captain this ship.

That I could, lad.

Maybe someday I will.

- Moonlight swim?|- Okay.

Oh, Smolly, my love for you...

is deeper than|the deep, blue sea.

Get on with you! Go on!

Hi, Jim!

- Yo, Jimbo! Mornin', Long...|- Hi, Long John. Good morning.

Well, at least one of us|is having a good time.

Ah, Rizzo, it's not so bad.|Angel Marie said that later on...

he'd throw a line out the back|and let me drag along the bottom.

I don't know about this crew. I feel like they're|always watchin' us, just waitin' to pounce.

That's just a figment|of your imagination.

This is a figment|of my imagination?

Now, tell us|where the map is...

or we'll tear ya|limb from limb!

Never. My friend|and I will never tell.

Hey, hey, there could be|extenuatin' circumstances.

I mean, you know...|Wh... I b... If...

Maybe they'll ask|real nice.

- In your dreams!|- Do it, Monty! Do it!

Yeah, do it to me!

Yes! More!

- Oh, no, I can't look.|- Look at this!

I'm taller!|This is so cool!

I may even have a future|with the NBA.

This won't work! He likes it!|Let's torture the rat!

- Huh? No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no!|- Yeah!

- Oh, no, no!|- Oh, yeah. Oh, yeah. Yes.

- Yeah. Yeah. Yeah.|- Oh, please, no! I hate basketball!

I got a lovely recipe|for blackened rat.

I say!|This does not look safe!

- What? What? What? What?|- I b... I burned my hand.

Kiss it or something!

Poodly, poodly, poodly,|poodly, poodly.

Mr Arrow, lock those three up|for the remainder of the voyage.

- Yes, sir!|- You can't hold us!

- To the brig! Move along!|- Will you stop crying! Will you shut up!

- Move along.|- Oh, good. That's good. Yeah.

Master Hawkins, may I see you|in my cabin, please?

Yes, sir.

- Ready, Mr Gonzo?|- Ready!

Tie off the rope, Beaker!

We call this|the window shade cure.

All right.|Snip, snip, snip.

Oh, great! Wow!

That was so cool!

Hmm? Oh, sure.

- Who's the lady pig, sir?|- Never mind that,Jim. Listen.
I'm hoping you're willing to give me the|map now, considering what's just happened.
I'd rather not, sir.
I'd hoped it wouldn't|come to this,Jim, but...
as captain, I order you|to give me the map.
- Mr Arrow?|- Aye, aye, Captain.
Lock up this treasure map.
It will be safe|in here, sir.
It's been six weeks|since we left England.
Five days|since we had a breeze.
No!
I got the madness!
I got cabin fever!
I've got it too!
Cabin fever!
I got cabin fever|It's burning in my brain
I got cabin fever|It's driving me insane
We got cabin fever|We're flipping our bandannas
Been stuck at sea so long|that we have simply gone bananas
We, we, we got cabin fever
We lost what sense we had
We got cabin fever|We're all going mad
Grab your partner by the ears|Lash him to the wheel
Do-si-do, step on his toe|Listen to him squeal
Allemande left|Allemande right
It's time to sail or sink
Swing your partner|over the side
- Drop him in the drink|- We've got cabin fever.
- No ifs, ands or buts.|- We're disoriented.
- And demented.|- And a little nuts.
Volkswagen car
We were sailing, sailing
The wind was on our side
And then it died.
I got cabin fever|I think I lost my grip
I'd like to get my hands|on whoever wrote this script
I was floating|'neath the tropic moon
And dreaming|of a blue lagoon
Now I'm as crazy as a loon
Cabin fever|has ravaged all aboard
This one small vessel|has become a floating psycho ward
We were sailing, sailing|heading who knows where
And now though|we're all here

We're not all there

Cabin fever!

- The wind is back.|- What are we doing?

What's goin' on here?

- What was that?|- I feel like such a fool.

- Yeah, me too.|- I hope nobody saw that. Embarrassing.

- Get us outta here! Help!|- We didn't hit him!

Come on. Let us out.|- We was only joking.

- Hey, Long John! Hey, get us outta here!|- Yeah!

- Hey-ey-ey, Polly.|- What?

- What was that song that just happened?|- What are you talkin' about?

You know.|- Cabin Fever

- That.|- You see, John?

You gotta get us outta here now!|- Clueless is startin' to go crackers!

Here you go.

- Your bread and water for today.|- But I ordered shrimp scampi.

It's more than you deserve,|- ya villainous dogs!

Oh, Jim.

By rights,|- I should be locked up too...

for lettin' thieves like them|- aboard this ship.

Oh, it chills me...

to think that they almost|- killed your little friends...

looking for some|- daft treasure map.

None of this would've happened if I'd|- have given Captain Smollet the... I mean...

What, lad?

I'm not really sure I should be talking|- about this with you or with anyone.

You mean, you've really|- got a treasure map?

Not any more. Mr Arrow took it and|- locked it up in the captain's cabin.

You must promise|- to keep it a secret.

Don't bother your head about that.|- You've only told old Long John.

Now, you run along|- and do your chores. Go on.

Go on.

Safely now. Safely.

Steady as she goes.

Oh. Mr Silver, good evening.

Wicked fog tonight, sir.

Reminds me of the night|- we ran aground off the pampas.

Half the crew drowned|- in leaky lifeboats.

Ah, it were|- a terrible shame.

- Leaky lifeboats?|- Oh, a common occurrence, sir.

A little-used piece of equipment|- falls into disrepair...

- and becomes, shall we say...|- Unsafe?

Oh, I'm not sayin'|- our lifeboats are unsafe, sir.

I'm not sayin'|we got problems...

Still...

Hmm. Hmm.

The caulking appears tight.|No dampness under the gunwale.

This one seems seaworthy.

Well, sir, they do, of course, until|you get them out in the open ocean.

- Cast me off, Mr Silver.|- Oh, yes, sir.

Oh, sir, is there anything I can|hold for you for safekeeping?

Your hat? Your coat?

- Your keys?|- Hmm? My keys?

Of course. If they were to fall|overboard, it would be disastrous.

Oh, that it would, sir.

Cast me off, Mr Silver!

Aye, aye, sir!

Thank you, Mr Silver.

Just doin' my duty, sir.

Oh, yes, John.

Man overboard!

Yes.

- I'm sorry, sir.|- Wha...

Mr Arrow's gone overboard,|and...

all we found was his hat!

Oh, no.

And so, my friends, the sea has claimed|another loyal officer and friend.

- This was a person who served...|- I got it! I got it!

Okay, after you, Monty.

- No, after you. - Will|you just come on. - Okay.

Mr Samuel Arrow,|a wonderful man who...

used to get us up from our beds|before dawn for a good flossing.

- Okay, okay. Now, spread out and find the map.|- Yeah.

May the wind be ever at your back,|Samuel Arrow. Rest in peace, my friend.

- Amen.|- Amen.

Shh.

- See? See?|- Wait. Open it. Open it.

No, no, no, we gotta take it|to Long John. Come on.

This apple has a worm in it.

That's not a worm.|That's my tail.

What's wrong?

- It just feels so weird.|- You mean, that Mr Arrow's dead?

Yeah, that, and my pants|are filled with starfish.

You and your hobbies!

Rizzo!

- Jim, we've missed you! Climb in!|- Can't. I'm doing my chores.

- Oh, come on. Share an apple.|- Yeah, come on!

- Anyway, here's the plan.|- I say we should kill that captain now.
- And then we'll get that twit of a bear!|- Can we make a rug out of him?
Oh, hi, Long John.
I'm an easy man. | A gentlemen of fortune, says most.
But it makes me sick at heart | to sail with the likes of you.
Now, get this straight.
If anyone mutinies | before I says so...
I'll throw you overboard | like I did that scurvy mate Mr Arrow!
I says, let the captain | steer us closer to the island.
I've got the lad's | treasure map now.
When the time is ripe, | we'll kill 'em all!
- That's what I said! - That's what | I said! - We're gonna kill them all!
- Land ho! |- Come on, lads! Let's go!
Yea! Land ho!
Oh, my goodness.
Land ho!
Beachfront property!
Retirement estates!
- Bikinis! |- Bikinis!
Throw the mainsail! | Drop anchor!
Bring her up hard of starboard, | helmsman. Prepare to lower the longboats.
Bring those barrels | over here, lads!
Helmsman, give a hand | with the longboats.
- Captain, may I speak with you? |- I'm sort of busy right now, Jim.
But, Captain, we just heard. Long John is | planning a mutiny, and he's got
the treasure map.
- Yeah. |- I see.
- Mr Silver? |- Aye, aye, Cap'n!
Mr Silver, I want you | to take the crew ashore at once.
We need water and provisions. | Take as long as you want.
Sir! 'Tis a task to my liking, sir. | That it is!
- Quickly, boys. Gather the officers and meet me in my quarters. Quickly. |-
Yes, sir.
This is a lucky break. | Captain lettin' us go ashore.
Us with the map and all.
It's like giving the treasure to us | on a silver platter.
Aye, that it is, Polly. | Never trust a silver platter.
Follow me, Beakie. Come along.
Jim, lad!
There's room in the boat for one more. | Come along for an adventure.
- I-I can't. The captain wants me. |- Oh, what a shame!
I'll miss you, lad. | That I will.
Um, Jim! I seem to have | left my crutch on board.
Hand it to me like | a good lad, will ya?

There's a good boy.
Have to be a bit closer than that.|Can't reach it from there.
- Oh!|- Oh! Ah!
Cast away, men!|Be quick now!
Go, go, go!|Don't splash!
The plan is simple.
Once the pirates are ashore,|we set sail and return in a year or so.
- By then, all the fight should be out of'em.|- Oh, now I understand.
That's a brilliant plan.
- Except for one thing.|- What's that?
The pirates have Jim!
I'm tired!
- You're what?|- I'm gettin' tired!
- He says go faster.|- I'm gettin' tired!
Hey, man! I can't figure out|what side we're on.
Are we with the pirates|or the frog captain?
Oh, hey, man,|just play the gig.
Never get involved in politics.
Politics!|Politics!
Jim, lad!
Easy,Jim.|'Tis all in good fun.
Pleased I am to initiate you|into our enterprising, um, company.
Which entitles you|to all the benefits thereof.
- But I don't want any benefits. - This|is a one-time special offer,Jim,
lad.
Say no, and I will be forced|to, um, terminate our relationship.
- You're nothing but murdering pirates.|- Pirates!
Pirates. Oh,Jim.
If that's what|you're thinking...
you're dead wrong.
When I was just a lad
Looking for my true vocation
My father said|Now, son, this choice
Deserves deliberation
Though you could be a doctor
Or perhaps a financier
My boy, why not consider|a more challenging career
Hey, ho, ho
- You'll cruise to foreign shores|- Sing it, lads!
- And you'll keep your mind and body sound by working out of doors|- Show
him you been practisin'!
True friendship and adventure|are what we can't live without
- And when you're a professional pirate|- That's what thejob's about
Upstage, lads!|This is my only number.

Now take Sir Francis Drake|The Spanish all despise him
But to the British he's a hero|and they idolize him
It's how you look at buccaneers
That makes them bad or good
And I see us as members|of a noble brotherhood
- Hup!|- Hey, ho, ho
- Oh, I love it! - We're honourable|men - 'Tis poetry in motion.
And before we lose our tempers|we will always count to ten
On occasion there may be|someone you have to execute
But when you're|a professional pirate
You don't have|to wear a suit
- What?|- I could have been a surgeon I like taking things apart
I could have been a lawyer|but I just had too much heart
I could have been in politics
'Cause I've always been|a big spender
And me, I could have been|a contender
Some say that pirates steal
And should be feared and hated
I say we're victims|of bad press
It's all exaggerated
We'd never stab you|in the back
We'd never lie or cheat
We're just about the nicest guys
You'd ever want to meet
Well, look at us, Jim.
We're a festival|of conviviality.
Congeniality.
- That's conviviality, stupid.|- That's what I said.
We're ready, O capitn.
Good. You men guard the ship while I'm|gone. We'll be back as soon as we
get Jim.
- Aye, aye, Captain.|- Cast off, Mr Beaker.
Thanks for coming along, men.
- Are you kidding? Jim is family.|- Yeah.
Tell the truth, lad.
Do you really think the captain|and the squire...
are planning to share the treasure|with the likes of us?
Can't hear ya.
No?
And we being|the rightful owners.
Flint's own crew, who shed|our blood getting it here!
Join us, lad.
Donate your compass to the|treasure hunt and get a full share!
Hey, ho, ho|It's one for all for one

And we'll share|and share alike with you
And love you like a son
We're gentlemen of fortune|and that's what we're proud to be
And when you're|a professional pirate
You'll be honest|brave and free
The soul of decency
You'll be loyal and fair|and on the square
And most importantly
When you're|a professional pirate
You're always in the best
Of company
- Down!|- There! Captain Smollett coming to rescue me.
Don't get your hopes up, laddie.
I've taken the liberty of hiding|a few of my best men aboard.
If a second round follows...
it means they've|taken over the Hispaniola...
and I'm the new cap'n.
Now, then.
Yea!
How infortuitous our firearms|weren't loaded, Beakie.
I'll say.|We might have shot somebody.
I'm the only friend|you got in the world now, Jim.
Let's dig up|the treasure together, eh?
Shipmates, remember?
- We'll be needing your compass, though.|- No.
I'll be taking it|either way, Jim.
Yea!
Come on then, lad.|Let's not waste time.
Well, it's too dark|to do anything now.
We'll camp here|and wait for first light.
Oh. Hey, Rizzo, relax!|Don't be so afraid.
Oh, I've gone|way beyond afraid.
Right now I'm somewhere between|bed-wetting and a near-death experience.
- Good night, boys. -|Well, good night. - Right.
- 'Night, Rizzo.|- Yeah, sure.
Gonzo?|Is that you, Gonzo?
Boy, Gonzo, it sounds like you're|coming down with a little cold there.
I- I-I'm just gonna light a match,|if you don't mind, here.
Long John, look!
Flint hung 'em up there|after he gullied 'em...
to mark the trail|to the treasure.
Wicked sense of humour|ol' Flinty had.
- I-It's a sign. This is a cursed place.|- Yeah!
Well, there's|an informed opinion.

All right, Jim, lad, |where to from here?
"On a heading|of 179 degrees...
walk 312 paces|from where the dead men hang high. "
That way!
- We're gonna go? We're gonna...|- Come on!
Howdy vous, |stinky froggy man and friends.
I am Spa'am, |High Priest of the Boars.
You mucho wickedness|go trespass on island.
Now you suffer the wrath|of our queen...
Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal.
Terrific. Captured by crazed wild pigs and|sacrificed hideously before a
pagan altar.
- Are we lucky or what?|- Silence, smelly sailor mans!
You have violated|sacred island.
Uh-uh, excuse me.|I am Captain Smollett.
We mean no harm|to your culture.
We embrace all creatures|of different nationalities.
Silence!
Bring forth|Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal.
That can't be good.
Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal|Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal
Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal|Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal
Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal|Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka|Boomshakalakalaka
These tropical floor shows|are so exotic.
Yeah, and the food|is to die for.
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka

Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka
Boomshakalakalaka|Boomshakalakalaka
Boom Sha-Kal-a-Ka-a-a-al
Bonsoir, mes ami.
Come, Flaubert.
Flaubert! Get away,|you stupid anteater!
- You spoiled my entrance.|- Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal
Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal|Boom Sha-Kal-a-Kal
- Oh, knock it off!|- Huh?
Oh, ha-ha. Greetings.|Moi am Benjamina Gunn.
Maroonee, temptress|and queen of this i...
Smolly, can it be you?
Benjamina.
Hi-ya!
Oh, uh, old girlfriend.
Tie 'em back|in their stakes!
...306, 307, 308, 309...
- 310, 311, 312.|- This is it.
What if Clueless is right?|Wh-What if it is c-cursed?
I'll show you what|I think of your curse.
You mewling, little,|lily-livered...
toffee-hearted,|little wuss of a crustacean!
"Treasure buried here. "
Oi, we don't even|have to dig it up!
Come on, mates!|The treasure's ours!
There's no treasure, Silver!|You brought us here for nothin'!
- Yeah!|- And now we'll be tried for mutiny!
- That's right!|- Yeah! - Yeah!
I say we should kill him!
Run, lad!|Save yourself!
- Why are you doing this for me?|- Because I like you, boy.
I hope you didn't think|I was lying about that.
- Get him! -|Run! - Get him!
Take greeny, flippy,|bulgy-eyed one away.
- What?|- Others stay. Chop-chop!
- What? Oh. Ah. Oh. Uh.|- Hey, wait! Where are you taking him?
Hmm ver-di-dee-voom|Ver-di-dee-doo
Ver-di-ver-di-dee-voom|ver-di-voo
Bork, bork

Hmm. First take-ee the mousie,|then skewer the mousie!
 - Well, how else do you think we were gonna get him in this movie?|- Yeah.
 - Oh!|- Whoa!
 - Oh. I wish we were back at the Admiral Benbow eating table scraps.|-
 We're about to become table scraps.
 Well, this is terrible! This is the|worst thing that's ever happened to me!
 - Wait a second! I've been cut loose!|- Hiya, guys.
 - Jim, they've got Captain Smollett.|- I know. Come on. We've got to get
 help.
 Oh, okay.|Where will we go?
 Tom, Tom, Tom!|Ohhh!
 Dead Tom's dead!
 Long John shot him!
 But Dead Tom's|always been dead.
 That's why he's|called Dead Tom.
 - Oh.|- Can we get on with this? Get outta here, will ya?
 - Clueless!|- Yeah, yeah?
 - Give it to him!|- Yeah!
 But, uh, it's not|even his birthday.
 - No, no, no, no! The paper!|- Oh.
 This is for you.
 - The Black Spot?|- Yeah.
 You dare to give me|the Black Spot?
 - Uh, he-he told me to.|- Wh... Shut up, will ya?
 And it's drawn|on a page from the Bible.
 You tore a page|from the Holy Scriptures...
 - to make a pirate's death sentence?|- Uh, here.
 Ohhh, the red hot|gates of hell...
 are creeping open!
 Satan is heating|his pokers for you...
 you blasphemous heathens!
 - Fall down on your knees...|- Oh!
 and beg for deliverance|from damnation!
 - Please forgive us.|- Please forgive me!
 Very good.|You're forgiven.
 - Oh, thank you.|- Now untie me!
 Okay, okay. Untie him.
 - And let's go find the treasure!|- Yeah!
 Oh, oh, you are a good man.
 You are a kind man.|A handsome man.
 - Precious.|- Oh, he's... You're precious a-and...
 - Beautiful.|- And he's beautiful. Oh.
 Yeah, here's the boat.|Oh, no!
 Well, that won't help us.|We're gonna have to swim to the ship.

Hello! Earth to Jimbo.

Swimming to a ship that's full of killer|pirates to save the captain is not a good plan.

- Look!|- Yes. The gunwale and keel are definitely safe.

- Mr Arrow! - Mr|Arrow! - It's me!Jim!

- Over here!|- Mr Arrow, over here!

Oh. Oh, boys.|Come join me...

aboard this exceptionally|safe little boat.

Hmm.

By the way, that Silver fellow|may not be trustworthy.

- Ha-ha! Now he tells us!|- Yeah.

And here's a photo opportunity|you will not want to miss.

The actual jungle location for the movie|Muppet Treasure Island.

- Oh, my goodness!|- Keep up, people.

- Hey, when do we eat?|- Oh, my feet are killing me.

Of all the backwater,|no-class piles of sand in the ocean...

you had to wash up on mine.

Benjamina, I just want you|to know that I'm sorry.

Sorry? No, no,|sorry doesn't cut it.

You left me standing|at the altar!

I was on a ship headed|for Zanzibar. I got cold feet.

You're a frog.|You're supposed to have cold feet.

My mother came|all the way from France.

I was wearing|her white lace dress.

The cake was filled|with lemon custard!

Mina, fate has brought us|together again.

Well, actually, buried treasure|and pirates brought us together...

Don't you start with me|about pirates!

After you jilted me, I took|up with this Bernie Flint.

- The man was totally codependent.|- You and Captain Flint?

Well, he was a pirate, I was a lady.|You know the story.

Smolly? He marooned me.

Me!

Oh. Oh. Oh.

Th-This is all my fault.|Oh, what have I done to you?

- Mushy-mushy! - Kissy-kissy!|- Oh, lovey-dovey!

Bravo, Cap'n.

Touchin' reunion, Benjamina.

This seems to be your day|for renewing old...

acquaintances.

Oh, well, hello, Long John.

- Oh, no! Him too?|- Well, if you'd married me.

Well, what does that|have to do with it?

- I'm a pig! I need commitment! - Commitment?|- You knew that about me when

you...

Now, I'm not gonna be really patient|about this, Benjamina.

Where is the treasure?

Um, I just may not|tell you. Hmm.

Oh, don't play games with me, lass.

I tell you,|I'm not a patient man.

Stop! Give up now...

weak and tiny pirate mans...

or die like stinking dogs.

Hmm, we see you have|boom-boom sticks.

Bye-bye.

Oh, brother!

- Now, Benjamina.| - What?

Where is the treasure?

There is no treasure.|I- It was all a clever ruse. H-Ha!

So where did you get that|gold necklace you're wearing?

The one made|of Spanish doubloons.

Aye.

Um...

Shopping Channel?

No!

Shh.

- Shh.| - Shh.

Oh, fiddle!

Make yourself useful.|Try and save us. Do something!

Shh!

Oh, Master Hawkins,|you've come to rescue us.

I should've let him|live in my finger.

We're ready,|Master Hawkins.

- Do you think this will work, Dr Livesey?| - Oh, yes!

My research indicates|that pirates are very superstitious.

Boogie, boogie, boogie!

I am the ghost|of Samuel Arrow.

Boogie!

Come on.|We've got to save the captain!

You were so good, Mr Arrow.|That was beautiful.

What do we do next?|What do we do now? Uh,Jim?

- Weigh anchor? - Weigh|anchor. - Weigh anchor. Okay.

- Set the sails.| - Set the sails!

- And you, Squire Trelawney.| - Uh, n-n-now, Master Hawkins, I-I-I...

You take the helm.

Ah! Step aside, Mr Bimbo.|I shall be taking the helm.

Hurry, Rizzo!

I'm going as fast as I can.

Oh! Smolly, my love!
Oh, oh!
Smolly!
You can't hurt my frog!
Don't tell him anything, Mina.|I beg you!
He'll only kill you too.|Don't listen to him!
Now...
for the last time...
where's the blasted treasure?
- Yeah!|- Hah!
Stop! Stop, stop, stop, stop!|The treasure's at my place.
North trail, split-level hut with the|pink lawn furniture. You can't miss
it.
Now free him at once,|you scoundrel!
You know, I'm beginning to see|a pattern in the men I date.
Yeah, well, uh, uh,|the past is behind us.
And the future below us.
Oh, it's okay, Mina.|We're together again.
Yes, despite it all...
we have each other.
- Oh, don't cry for me, Benjamina.|- Pardon?
Was I dumb|or was I blind
Or did my heart|just lose its mind
Why'd I go and throw
Our perfect dream away
Looking back|I'll never know
How I ever let you go
But destiny could see|we deserved
To have another day
Love led us here
Right back|to where we belong
We followed a star|and here we are
Now heaven seems so near
Love led us here
Now I know that life
Can take you by surprise
And sweep you off your feet
Did this happen to us
Or are we just dreaming
Love led us here
Right back|to where we belong
We followed a star|and here we are
Now heaven seems so near
Love led us here

So take my hand
And have no fear
We'll be all right
Love led us
Here
Oh, Smolly.|You saved me.
Come on, men!|It's back to Blighty now, lads!
The treasure's all ours!
Hurry. Come on.|Get in the boat.
Long John! Long John!|Look! The ship!
Uh, yeah...|What are they doing?
There's no one on board.
It's coming|straight for us!
I- It's the ghost|of Captain Flinty.
He's coming to kill us.
Come back, you cowards!
Hawkins.
Look. It's the captain|and the pig.
Oh, no!
Head for those cliffs.
- Head for the cliffs, Squire.|- Aye, aye! Uh. Oh.
Oh, Beakie, Beakie.|Look, look!
I think we're going to need a net.|Come along.
Get back there,|you yellow-bellied bilge rats!
I'm not losing|that treasure now! Get out!
We're lowering the net now.
All right, let's go. Okay.|That's it. Beautiful. Beautiful.
- We're coming, Captain Smollett!|- Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!
- Steady! Steady!|- Careful!
Au revoir, mon capitaine.
- We got 'em!|- Oh, ho, ho! Yes!
- Ahh!|- Oh, no!
Waldorf, you old fool!|We're heroes!
We saved the pig|and the frog!
Well, it was too late|to save the movie.
Welcome aboard,|Captain Smollett.
And welcome|to your lady pig friend.
Ah! Look out! Ah!
The captain must have his sword.
Whoa!
Wow! Ha!
Yah!
Captain!
Fight, you idiots!

Captain!

- Here! - Ha!|Ah! - Hi-ya!

- Wah!|- All right! No more Ms Nice Guy!

No one maroons me|and gets away with it!

- Good to see you alive, Mr Arrow.|- Huh! Thank you, Captain.

Geronimo!

Oh, what am I gonna do? Oh!

- Come on! - Come|on, you! Hey! - Oh!

- Oh, sorry.|- En garde!

- Mi casa es su casa.|- Ah, I make cheese out of you. Come on!

- Hi-yee, De Soto! Hi-ya!|- Oh, yah!

!Cucaracha!

- Hah!|- Ahhh!

Come on, Jerry!|He's just a kid!

- Ohhh!|- Okay, okay, okay!

Okay, I give.|Uncle. Uh, I'm dead.

Oh, oh, oh, Mr Bimbo, help!

- Am I dead?|- Huh?

- Wonderful!|- Uh...

- Mr Bimbo, that was some amazing swordplay.|- Take that!

Oh, watch out, Mr Arrow!

Well, thank you. But aren't you|supposed to be fighting against us?

Are you kiddin'?|I love you guys!

- Hmm.|- Hmm.

Cowabunga!

Come on. Fight.|Where are you?

- Ohhh!|- Hmm.

And as for you!

- Oh!|- Silver!

Hmm-hmm. Hah!

Hah! Hah!

Why don't you pick on|somebody your own size, huh?

- Ah. Ha-ha-ha-ha!|- Wow!

Yes! Yes! Smolly! Yes!

- Hah!|- Yes!

Ha-ha, Silver!

Ha-ha, ho-ho!|Not bad for an amphibian.

Smolly, Smolly, he's our man!|If he can't do it, no one can! Yea!

- Ho-ho-ho! Ha-ha! -|Excuse me. - Pardon? Whoop.

Ohhh!

Uh... Uh... Uh...

I'm a frog.|You know, slippery hands.

Uh, you know, I never really believed|that violence solved anything anyway.

Really? Allow me|to disagree, Cap'n.

Kill Captain Smollett,|and you'll have to kill me.
Kill Jim,|and you'll have to kill me.
Kill Gonzo,|and you'll have to kill me.
Kill Squire Trelawney|and Mr Bimbo...
and you'll have to|negotiate strenuously.
Going somewhere,|John-John?
Well, Mr Hawkins,|it seems your little family...
has come together|against me.
- We're doomed.|- Yeah.
Well, you know, I, for one,|feel better about myself.
Yeah. A-And I believe|that I have learned a valuable lesson.
- Why, you!|- Shut up!
Okay, stop biting me.|Okay, I said something wrong!
Silver!
I suppose you'll be blowing|the whistle on me now, won't you,Jim?
I suppose I will. You have to return|to Bristol to stand trial.
Oh, I'm sorry,Jim.|I got a terrible fear of hanging.
We're shipmates, aren't we,Jim?
Gentlemen of fortune, together.
Give us one more chance?
Oh, hell,Jim.|I could never harm you.
You're honest|and brave and true.
- You didn't learn that from me.|- I learnt it from my friends, Mr Silver.
Now take your oars and row away.|I never want to see you again, ever.
Oh,Jim!
'Tis a shame, really. We'd|have made a great team,Jim.
Well done,Jim.|Your father would be proud.
Captain Smollett,|I have most distressing news.
One of the jolly boats is missing, and I|know for a fact that it was
terribly unsafe.
Ahhh!
This is not fun.
Flaubert, meet Da-Da.
- Ready to sail, sir.|- Hmm.
Where to,|Captain Hawkins?
To wherever the wind|may take us.
Off to Zanzibar,|to meet the Zanzibarbarians.
Oh, brother.|Here they go again.
Love power
Love power
Love power
A little love power
Stronger than the hurricane
And softer than|the summer rain

- Love power|- What kind of power
A little love power
It can lift you up|Lift you up when you get low
And make your life|bright as the rainbow
Whoa-oh
There ain't no sun|in the morning sky
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh
Breeze ain't blowing|and the bird don't fly
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh
Then someone kind|reaches out a hand
And smiles|a warm sweet smile
And then your heart|come to understand
What make the world spin|Where do magic begin
Someone to believe in
Feel so good|when everybody feels
- Love power|- There's no higher power
- A little love power|- Nothing in the world
Stronger than the hurricane
And softer|than the summer rain
Oh, love power
- Everybody, feel it|- A little love power
Oh-oh-oh-oh
Lift you up when you get low
And make your life|bright as the rainbow
Whoa-oh
So many people|they feel so bad
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh
Yeah, they make the money|but they still so sad
Whoa oh-oh-oh-oh
Nobody told them|that it ain't that stuff
That makes life worthwhile
'Cause even if|you've got enough
You got less than nothing|till you know for certain
Enough to put your faith in
It feels so good|when everybody feels
- Love power|- People, can you feel it
A little love power
Lift you up when you get low
And make your life|bright as the rainbow
Let me tell you now
- Whoa-oh|- Feel the inspiration
- Hey|- Don't it feel like heaven
It make the soul|and the spirit strong
When everybody come|and every single one

They hear the song now
Oh, love power
A little love power
Stronger than the hurricane
And softer|than the summer rain
- Can you feel it, oh|- Love power
- What kind of power|- A little love power
It can lift you up
Lift you up when you get low
And make your life|bright as the rainbow
- One love|- Lift you up when you get low
- And make your life bright as the rainbow|- So,Johnny.
May I call you Johnny?|Stop me if you heard this one.
Why does the ocean roar?
Give up?
You would, too, if you had|crabs on your bottom...
and oysters in your bed.
Get it? Oysters? Bed?
Ooh, I love that one.
I'm tellin' ya, I got|a million more just like that.
Was I dumb
Or was I blind
Or did my heart|just lose its mind
Why'd I go and throw
Our perfect dream away
Oh, looking back
I'll never know
How I ever let you go
But destiny could see|we deserve
To have another day
Love led us here
Right back|to where we belong
We followed a star|and here we are
Now heaven seems so near
Love led us here
Love led us here
Ooh
I confess
It's sad but true
- Sad but true|- I lost myself when I lost you
But I held your memory
Through each lonely night
Oh, let's forget
- What's gone before|- What's gone

- Now we both know so much more|- So much more
And we've been given|another chance
To make it work out right
Make it work
Love led us here
Right back|to where we belong
We followed a star|and here we are
Now heaven seems so near
Love led us here
Now I know that life|can take you by surprise
And sweep you off your feet
Did this happen to us
Or are we just dreamin'
Dreamin'
We followed a star|and here we are
Now heaven seems so near
Love led us here
So take my hand
And have no fear
We'll be all right
Love led us
Here