Script of Walt Disney's Robin Hood

Introductory text
Long ago, good King Richard of England departed for the holy land on a great crusade. During his absence, Prince John his greedy and treacherous\(^1\) brother, usurped\(^2\) the crown. Robin Hood was the people's only hope. He robbed from the rich to feed the poor. He was beloved by all the people of England. Robin and his merry men hid in Sherwood Forest to...

Alan-a-Dale, a rooster\(^3\): You know, there's been a heap of legends and tall tales... about Robin Hood. All different too.
Well, we folks of the animal kingdom have our own version.
It's the story of what really happened in Sherwood Forest.

Oh, incidentally, I'm Allan-a-Dale, a minstrel.
That's an early-day folk singer.
And my job is to... tell it like it is.
Or was or whatever.

Alan-a-Dale, singing: Robin Hood and Little John walkin' through the forest
Laughin' back and forth at what the other one has to say
Reminisclin'\(^4\) this 'n' that and havin' such a good time
Oo-de-lally, oo-de-lally Golly, what a day
Never ever thinkin' there was danger in the water
They were drinkin' They just guzzled it down
Never dreamin' that a schemin'\(^5\) sheriff and his posse\(^6\)
Was a-watchin' them and gatherin' around
Robin Hood and Little John runnin' through the forest
Jumpin' fences, dodgin' trees and tryin' to get away
Contemplatin' nothin' but escapin' and finally makin' it
Oo-de-lally, oo-de-lally Golly, what a day
Oo-de-lally, oo-de-lally Golly, what a day

Little John, a bear: You know something, Robin? You're taking too many chances.
Robin Hood, a fox: Chances? You must be joking. That was just a bit of a lark\(^7\), Little John.
Little John: Yeah? Take a look at your hat. That's not a candle on a cake.
Robin Hood: Hello. This one almost had my name on it, didn't it? They're getting better, you know. You've got to admit it. They are getting better.
Little John: Huh, yeah. The next time that sheriff'll probably have a rope around our necks. Pretty hard to laugh hangin' there, Rob.
Robin Hood: Ha! The sheriff and his whole posse couldn't lift you off the ground. - En garde!
Little John: Hey, watch it, Rob. That's the only hat I've got.
Robin Hood: Oh, come along. You worry too much, old boy.
Little John: You know something, Robin? I was just wonderin'. Are we good guys or bad guys? You know. I mean, uh, our robbin' the rich to feed the poor.
Robin Hood: "Rob"? That's a naughty word. We never rob. We just... sort of borrow a bit from those who can afford it.
Little John: Borrow? Huh. Boy, are we in debt.

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\(^1\) treacherous: verräterisch
\(^2\) usurp: sich (widerrechtlich) aneignen
\(^3\) rooster (US): Hahn
\(^4\) reminisce: sich an etwas zurückerinnern
\(^5\) scheming: durchtrieben, intregant
\(^6\) posse: Polizeiaufgebot
\(^7\) lark: Spaß
Robin Hood: That sounds like another collection day for the poor. Eh, Johnny boy?
Little John: Yeah. Sweet charity.
Prince John: Taxes! Taxes! Beautiful, lovely taxes! [ Laughing ]
Sir Hiss: Sire, you have an absolute skill... for encouraging contributions from the poor. [ Chuckling ]
Prince John: To coin a phrase, my dear counselor, rob the poor to feed the rich. Am I right? - Tell me, what is the next stop, Sir Hiss?
Sir Hiss: Uh, let me see. Uh, I-- Oh! Yes. The next stop is Nottingham, sire.
Sir Hiss: A perfect fit, sire. Most becoming. You look regal, dignified, sincere, masterful, noble, chival—
Prince John: Uh, uh, don't, don't overdo it, Hiss. There. That, I believe, does it. This crown gives me a feeling of power! Power! Forgive me a cruel chuckle. [ Laughing ] Power. Hmm.
Sir Hiss: And how well King Richard's crown sits on your noble brow.
Prince John: Doesn't it? Uh, King Richard? I've told you never to mention my brother's name!
Sir Hiss: A--A mere slip of the forked tongue, Your Majesty. We're in this plot together, if you don't mind my saying so. And remember, it was your idea I hypnotized him and--
Prince John: I know. And sent him off on that crazy crusade. [ Laughing ]
Sir Hiss: [ Laughing ] Much to the sorrow of the Queen Mother.
Prince John: Yes! Mother. Mother always did like Richard best [ Starts sucking his thumb ].
Sir Hiss: Your Highness, please don't do that. If you don't mind my saying so, you see, you have a very loud thumb. Hypnotism could rid you of your... psychosis... so... easily.
Prince John: No! None of that! None of that.
Sir Hiss: Well, I was only trying to help. - [ Laughs ]
Sir Hiss: "Silly serpent"?
Prince John: Now look here. One more hiss out of you, Hiss, and you are walking to Nottingham.
Sir Hiss: Snakes don't walk. They slither. Hmpf. So there.

-- [ Trumpeting ] -- [ Drumroll ]
Little John: Now what about that for luck? It's only a circus. A peanut operation.
Little John: The prince? Wait a minute. There's a law against robbing royalty. I'll catch you later.
Robin Hood: What? And miss this chance to perform before royalty?
Little John: Ah! Here we go again.
Robin Hood and Little John together: Oo-de-lally! Oo-de-lally!
Fortune-tellers!
Fortunes forecast! Lucky charms!
Get the dope with your horoscope.
Sir Hiss: Sire, sire, they may be bandits.
Prince John: Oh, poppycock. Female bandits? What next? Rubbish. Um, um, my dear ladies, you have my permission to kiss the royal hands. Whichever you like, first.

Robin Hood: Mmm! Oh! How gracious! - And generous. -
Sir Hiss: [Gasping] Sire! Sire! - Did you see what they...
Robin Hood: Masterfully done, Your Excellency. Now close your eyes... and concentrate. Close your eyes. Tight shut. No peeking, sire. [Chuckles]
From the mists of time, come forth, spirits. Yoo-hoo!

Little John: Okay, little fireflies. Glow, babies, glow.
Robin Hood: We're waiting. Ah, oh! Look, sire. Look!
Prince John: Oh! Incredible. Floating spirits.
Robin Hood: Ah, oh! Naughty, naughty. You mustn't touch, young man.
Prince John: Oh, how dare you strike the royal hand.
Robin Hood: Shh! You'll break the spell. Just gaze into the crystal ball.
Oo-de-lally! Oo-de-lally-- Oh! A face appears.- A crown is on his noble brow.
Prince John: Oo-de-lally! Oo-de-lally! A crown! How exciting!
Robin Hood: His face is handsome, regal, majestic, loveable, a cuddly face.
Robin Hood: I, uh -- I see, um, your illustrious name.
Prince John: I know my name! Get on with it!
Robin Hood: Your name will go down, down, down, in history, of course.
Prince John: Yes! I knew it! I knew it! Do you hear that, Hiss? Oh, you-- He's in the basket. Don't forget it.
Little John: Hmm. What have we here? Solid-gold hubcaps. Oo-de-lally. The jackpot.
Prince John: Robbed! I've been robbed! Hiss! You're never around when I need you! - Ahem. I've been robbed.
Sir Hiss: Of course you've been robbed!
Robin Hood and Little John, together: Oo-de-lally, oo-de-lally!
Fortunes forecast. Lucky charms.
Prince John: After them, you fools! [Crying] No, no, no, no!
Sir Hiss: I knew it. I knew it. I just knew this would happen. I tried to warn you, but, no. You wouldn't listen. You just had to-- Ah, ah, ah! Seven years' bad-- Ooh! Luck. That's what it is. Besides, you broke your mother's mirror.
Alan-a-Dale: Well, even though Prince John... offered a huge reward for the capture of Robin Hood, that elusive\textsuperscript{14} rogue\textsuperscript{15} kept right on robbin' the rich to feed the poor. And believe me, it's a good thing he did, 'cause what with taxes and all, the poor folks of Nottingham were starvin' to death.
Uh-oh. Here comes old bad news himself, the Honorable Sheriff of Nottingham.

Sheriff, a wolf: [Singing] Every town
Has its taxes too
And the taxes is due
Do do-do do do

Well, lookie there. [Chuckles] Friar Tuck, the old do-gooder.
He's out doin' good again.

Blacksmith Otto, a dog: - Well, good mornin', Friar Tuck. - Shh, Otto.
Friar Tuck, a badger\textsuperscript{16}: Shh! For you, Otto, from Robin Hood. [Chuckles]
Otto: Oh, God bless Robin Hood.
Sheriff: Do do do do-do do dee do-do-do
Friar Tuck: It's the sheriff! Hurry, hide it! Quick!

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\textsuperscript{14} elusive: schwer fassbar
\textsuperscript{15} rogue: Schurke
\textsuperscript{16} badger: Dachs
Sheriff: Here I come. Ready or not. Well, greetings from your friendly neighborhood tax collector.

Otto: Oh, take it easy on me, Sheriff, w-what with this busted leg and all, you know. I-I'm way behind in me work, Sheriff.

Sheriff: I know, Otto, but you're way behind with your taxes too.

Friar Tuck: Oh, have a heart, Sheriff. Can't you see he's laid up? Come on, Otto. You'd better sit down and rest.

Otto: Oh, thank you.


Friar Tuck: Now see here, you-- you evil, flint-hearted leech!

Sheriff: Now, now, now, now! Save your sermon, preacher. It ain't Sunday, you know.

[Chuckles, starts singing]

Do do do-do do

They call me a slob, but I do my job Do do do-do do

A birthday party

Children, singing: Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday to you

Happy birthday, dear Skippy

Sheriff, singing: Happy birthday To you

Well, now, sonny, that box is done up right pretty, ain't it?

Skippy, a little hare: Well, Mr. Sheriff, sir, it's my birthday present, sir.

Sheriff: It sure is. Why don't you open it?

Skippy: Oh, boy! One whole farthing!

Skippy's mother: Have you no heart? We all scrimped and saved to give it to him.

Sheriff: Now that's mighty "thoughty" of you, "widder" woman. The family that saves together pays together. Oh, now, don't take it so hard, sonny. Prince John wishes you a happy birthday too.

Robin Hood, disguised as a beggar: Alms, alms, alms for the poor.

Sheriff: Hmm. Well. So far it's been a cheerful morning. Keep savin'!


Robin Hood: Thank ye kindly, Mother. Thank ye. Tell me now. Did me old ears hear someone singin' a birthday ditty?

Skippy: Yes, sir. And that mean old sheriff took my birthday present.

Robin Hood: Did he now? But be a stout-hearted little lad, and don't let it get ya down.

Skippy: Gee whiz! It's Robin Hood!

Robin Hood: Happy birthday, son!

Skippy's sister: Oh, he's so handsome, just like his reward posters.

Robin Hood: Tell me, young man, how old are you today?

Skippy: Gosh, I'm seven years old, goin' on eight.

Robin Hood: Seven? Well, that does make you the man of the house, and I've got just the right present for you.

Skippy: For me? Gee, thanks, Mr. Robin Hood, sir. Hey, how do I look? Huh?

Skippy's baby sister: Not much like Mr. Robin Hood.

Robin Hood: She's right. There is something missing. Of course! There you go.

Skippy: Boy, oh, boy. Now how do I look?


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17 leech: Blutegel
18 slob: Lümmel
19 farthing: 1 Viertelpenny
20 scrimp: knausern
21 ditty: Liedchen
22 stout-hearted: beherzt
Skippy's mother: Shh! Mind your manners.
Skippy's baby sister: Yes, mind your "mattles."

Robin Hood: [Chuckling] Don't worry. You'll grow into it, young man.
Skippy: Oo-de-lally! I'm gonna try it out.
Skippy's baby sister: Good-bye, Mr. Robin Hood! Come again on my birthday!
Skippy's mother: Oh, you have made his birthday a wonderful one. How can I ever thank you?
Robin Hood: I only wish I could do more. Here. And keep your chin up. Someday there'll be happiness again in Nottingham. You'll see.
Skippy's mother: Oh, Robin Hood. You've risked so much to keep our hopes alive. Bless you. Bless you.

On their way to the castle
Toby, a turtle, friend of Skippy's: Gee, did Robin Hood really give it to you?
Skippy: Yeah, and this is his own hat too.
Toby: Gee, I'd sure like to shoot your bow and arrow.
Skippy's baby sister: Let me try it, Skippy.
Skippy: Oh, no, you don't? I'm gonna shoot it first.
Skippy's older sister: You're pointin' it too high.
Skippy: I'm not either. Watch this.
Toby: Uh-oh. Now you done it.
Skippy's older sister: Right in Prince John's backyard.
Skippy's baby sister: Skippy, you can't go in there.
Toby: Yeah. Prince John will chop off your head. Like this.
Skippy: Oh, I don't care. I gotta get my arrow.
Skippy's older sister: Wait a minute. Toby might tattle on you.
Skippy: Yeah, Toby. You gotta take the oath.
Toby: An oath?
Skippy: Put your hand on your heart and cross your eyes.
        Spiders, snakes and a lizard's head.
Toby: Spiders, snakes and a lizard's head.
Skippy: If I tattletale, I'll die till I'm dead.
Toby: If I tattletale, I'll die till I'm dead.

In the castle's backyard
Lady Kluck, a hen: It's your turn to serve, Marian dear.
Marian, a vixen: Are you ready, Lady Kluck?
Lady Kluck: Oh, as your lady-in-waiting, I'm waiting.
Lady Kluck: I'm getting too old for this. – Marian: Klucky, that was a good shot.
Lady Kluck: You're not bad yourself, dear. Oh, my girdle's killing me.
Marian: Where is it? Did you lose it?
Lady Kluck: It must be in there someplace.
Marian: Oh, Klucky, you look so silly. Oh, look. There it is behind you.
        [Discovering Skippy] Oh! Well, hello. Where did you come from?
Skippy: Oh, please don't tell Prince John. Mama said he'll chop off my head.
Marian: Oh, don't be afraid. You've done nothing wrong.
Lady Kluck: Oh, Marian, what a bonny wee bunny.
Marian: Who does this young archer remind you of?
Lady Kluck: Well, upon my word, the notorious Robin Hood.
Marian: That's right. Only Robin Hood wears a hat like that.
Skippy: Yeah, and look at this keen Robin Hood bow.
        [Skippy's baby sister sneezes]
Lady Kluck: Oh, Marian, don't look around, but I do believe we're surrounded.
   Oh, mercy! -
Skippy's older sister: He snitched\textsuperscript{27} on us.
Marian: It's all right, children. Don't be afraid. Please come here.
Toby: Do you think it's safe?
Skippy's baby sister: That's Maid Marian.
Skippy's older sister: Mama said she's awful nice. Come on!
Skippy's baby sister: Hey, you guys, not so fast. Wait for me.
Skippy's older sister: I told Skippy he was shooting too high.
Marian: I'm so very glad he did. Now I get to meet all of you.
Skippy's older sister: Gee, you're very beautiful. Are you gonna marry Robin Hood?
Skippy's baby sister: Mama said you and Robin Hood are sweethearts.

Marian: Well, um-- You see, that was several years ago before I left for London.
Toby: Did he ever kiss you?
Marian: Well, uh, no. But he carved our initials on this tree. - I remember it so well.
Skippy: You gonna have any kids? My mom gots a lot of kids.
Marian: Oh, he's probably forgotten all about me.
Skippy: Oh, not Robin Hood. I bet he'll storm the castle gates, fight the guards, rescue ya and drag you off to Sherwood Forest.
Lady Kluck: Now just a moment there, young man. You've forgotten Prince John.
Skippy: That old Prince John don't scare me none.
Toby: I'm scared of Prince John. He's cranky\textsuperscript{28}.
Lady Kluck: Ah, ah, ah, ah! I, Prince John, challenge you to a duel. Hey, hey!
   Take that! And that! And this!
Skippy: Death to tyrants!
Lady Kluck: Och! Och, och!
Skippy's older sister: Slice him to pieces!
Marian: Oh, save me, my hero. Save me.
Lady Kluck: Oh! Ouch! That's not fair. Mommy!
Skippy's older sister: That's Prince John, all right. [ Laughing ]
Skippy: Yahoo! Now I got ya!
Lady Kluck: Och, mercy! Mercy! Oh! Oh, he got me. I'm dying.
Skippy: Oh! - Did I hurt you? Huh?
Lady Kluck: No, this is the part where you drag your lady fair off to Sherwood Forest.
Skippy: Come on, lady fair! Let's go!
Marian: Oh, Robin, you're so brave and impetuous\textsuperscript{29}. Oh. So this is Sherwood Forest.
Skippy: Yeah, I guess so. Well, now what are we gonna do?
Marian: Well, usually the hero gives his fair lady a kiss.
Skippy: A kiss? Oh, that's sissy stuff\textsuperscript{30}.
Marian: Well, if you won't, then I will. [ Chuckling ]
Skippy's older sister: They're kissing! [ Giggling ] - [ Laughing ] [ Sighing ]

In Maid Marian's chamber
Lady Kluck: Ah, me. Young love. Oh, it's a grand thing.
Marian: Oh, Klucky, surely he must know how much I still love him.
Lady Kluck: But, of course, my dear. Believe me, someday soon, your uncle, King Richard, will have an outlaw for an in-law.
Marian: Oh, Klucky. But when? When?
Lady Kluck: Oh, patience, my dear. Patience. Remember, absence makes the heart grow fonder.

\textsuperscript{27} snitch on sb: jdn verpetzen
\textsuperscript{28} cranky: schrullig, launenhaft, skurril
\textsuperscript{29} impetuous: ungestüm
\textsuperscript{30} sissy stuff: Weiberkram
Marian: Or forgetful. Oh, I've been away so long. What if he's forgotten all about me?

Back in the Forest
[Robin Hood, humming]
Little John: Hey, lover boy. How's that grub\(^{31}\) comin'? Man, I'm starved.
   [Robin Hood continues humming]
Robin Hood: Hmm? What? What do you say?
Little John: Aw, forget it. Your mind's not on food. You're thinkin' about somebody with long eyelashes, and you're smellin' that sweet perfume.
   [ Sniffing, Coughing]
Robin Hood: Hey, whoa! It's boiling over!
Little John: You're burnin' the chow\(^{32}\)!
Robin Hood: Sorry, Johnny. Guess I was thinking about Maid Marian again. I can't help it. I love her, Johnny.
Little John: Look, why don't you stop moonin' and mopin' around\(^{33}\)? - Just-- Just marry the girl. - Marry her?
Robin Hood: You don't just walk up to a girl, hand her a bouquet and say, "Hey, remember me? We were kids together. Will you marry me?" No. It just isn't done that way.
Little John: Aw, come on, Robbie. Climb the castle walls. Sweep her off her feet. Carry her off in style.
Robin Hood: It's no use, Johnny. I've thought it all out, and... it just wouldn't work. Besides, what have I got to offer her?
Little John: Well, for one thing, you can't cook.
Robin Hood: I'm serious, Johnny. She's a highborn lady of quality.
Little John: So she's got class? So what?
Robin Hood: I'm an outlaw, that's what. That's no life for a lovely lady. Always on the run. - What kind of a future is that? -
Friar Tuck: Oh, for heaven's sake, son. You're no outlaw. Why, someday you'll be called a great hero.
Robin Hood: A hero? Do you hear that, Johnny? We've just been pardoned.
Little John: That's a gas\(^{34}\). We ain't even been arrested yet.
Little John: Archery\(^{35}\) tournament? Ha! Old Rob could win that standin' on his head, huh, Rob?
Robin Hood: Thank you, Little John. But I'm sure we're not invited.
Friar Tuck: No, but there's somebody... who'll be very disappointed if you don't come.
Little John: Yeah, old Bushel\(^{36}\) Britches\(^{37}\), the Honorable Sheriff of Nottingham.
Friar Tuck: No, Maid Marian.
Robin Hood: Maid Marian?
Friar Tuck: Yeah. She-- She's gonna give a kiss to the winner.
Robin Hood: Kiss to the winner! Oo-de-lally! Come on, Johnny! What are we waiting for?
Little John: Wait a minute, Rob. Hold it. That place will be crawlin' with soldiers.

\(^{31}\) grub: Essen, Fraß
\(^{32}\) chow: Essen, Futter
\(^{33}\) mooning and moping around: Jammern, Trübsal blasen
\(^{34}\) gas: Knüller
\(^{35}\) archery: Bogenschießen
\(^{36}\) bushel: Scheffel
\(^{37}\) britches (= breeches): Kniebundhose
Robin Hood: Aha! But, remember. Faint hearts never won fair ladies. Fear not, my friends this will be my greatest performance

At the tournament
Prince John: Hiss, this is a red-letter day\textsuperscript{38} A coup d'etat\textsuperscript{39}, to coin a Norman phrase.
Sir Hiss: Oh, yes, indeed, sire. Your plan to capture Robin Hood in public is sheer genius.
Prince John: Hiss, no one sits higher than the king. Must I remind you, Hiss?
Sir Hiss: Oh, oh, forgive me, sire. I-I didn't mean to—
Prince John: My trap is baited\textsuperscript{40} and set... and then revenge! Ah, revenge!
Sir Hiss: Shh! Not so loud, sire. Remember, only you and I know, and your secret is my secret.

Prince John: Stop! [ Laughs ] Stop hissing in my ear. - Secret? What secret?
Sir Hiss: Wh-, the capture of Robin Hood, sire.
Prince John: That insolent\textsuperscript{41} blackguard\textsuperscript{42}. Ooh! I'll show him who wears the crown!
Sir Hiss: I share your loathing\textsuperscript{43}, sire. That scurrilous scoundrel who fooled you with that silly disguise\textsuperscript{44}, who dared to rob you and made you look so utterly ridiculous—

Prince John: Enough! Hiss, you deliberately dodged\textsuperscript{45}.
Sir Hiss: But-- B-But-- Sire, please.
Prince John: Stop snivelling\textsuperscript{46} and hold still.
Sir Hiss: Thank you, sire.

Marian: Oh, Klucky, I'm so excited. But how will I recognize him?
Lady Kluck: Och, he'll let you know somehow. That young rogue of yours is full of surprises, my dear.

Robin Hood: There she is, Little John. Isn't she beautiful?
Little John: Cool it, lover boy. Your heart's runnin' away with your head.
Robin Hood: Oh, stop worrying. This disguise would fool my own mother.
Little John: Yeah, but your mom ain't here. You gotta fool old bushel britches.
Robin Hood: Sheriff? Your Honor?
Sheriff: Yeah.

Robin Hood: Meetin' ya face-to-face is a real treat. A real treat.
Sheriff: Well, now, thank you. Oh, excuse me. I gotta go win this tournament.

Little John: Hey, old Rob's not a bad actor.
But wait till he sees this scene I lay on Prince John.
Ah! Me lord. My esteemed\textsuperscript{47} royal sovereign of the realm\textsuperscript{48}. The head man himself. You're beautiful.

Prince John: He has style, eh, Hiss? [ Speaking French ]
Little John: [ Laughing ] You took the words right out of my mouth, P.J.
Prince John: "P.J."! I like that. Do you know I do? Hiss, put it on my luggage.
Sir Hiss: Hmpf! And you? Who might you be, sir?
Little John: am Sir Reginald, duke of Chutney. And don't stick your tongue out at me, kid.
And now, Your Mightiness, allow me to lay some protocol on you.

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\textsuperscript{38} red-letter day: ein denkwüriger, besonderer Tag
\textsuperscript{39} coup d'etat (frz.): Staatsstreich
\textsuperscript{40} bait: ködern, Köder auslegen
\textsuperscript{41} insolent: anmaßend
\textsuperscript{42} blackguard: Lump, Unhold
\textsuperscript{43} loathing: Abscheu
\textsuperscript{44} disguise: Verkleidung
\textsuperscript{45} dodge: ausweichen, umgehen
\textsuperscript{46} snivel: flennen, heulen, wimmern
\textsuperscript{47} esteemed: geschätzt, verehrt
\textsuperscript{48} realm: (König-)reich
Prince John: Oh, no. Uh, forgive me, but I lose more jewels that way than— Please sit down.

Little John: Thanks, P.J. Couldn't get a better seat than this, could you? The royal box. Oh! Hey! Hey, wait a minute! What's-- Oh, excuse me, buster. 49

Sir Hiss: "Buster"? You, sir, have taken my seat.

Prince John: Hiss, with you around, who needs a court jester? 50 Now get out there and keep your snake eyes open for you know who.

Sir Hiss: You-- You mean, I-- I'm being dismissed?


Sir Hiss: What cheek! "Creepy"? "Buster"? "Long one"? Who does that dopey duke think he is?

Alan-a-Dale: Now he's up to somethin', Friar.

Friar Tuck: Yeah! Come on!

Robin Hood: Ah, Your Ladyship. Beggin' your pardon, but it's a great honor... to be shootin' for the favor of a lovely lady like yourself. I hopes I win the kiss.

Lady Marian: Oh! Well, thank you, my thin-legged archer. I wish you luck, with all my heart.

Sir Hiss: I wonder.

Captain, a crocodile: Your Highness, with your royal permission, we are ready to begin.

Prince John: Proceed, Captain!

Captain: The tournament of the golden arrow will now begin.

Toby: Yea, Dad!

Prince John: A perfect bull's-eye. - Well, well.

Little John: Yeah. That's what you call pullin' it back and lettin' it go, P.J.

Robin Hood: I'm gonna win that golden arrow, and then I'm gonna present meself to the lovely Maid Marian and—

Sheriff: Listen, scissorbill, if you shoot... half as good as you blabbermouth, you're better'n Robin Hood.

Robin Hood: Robin Hood, he says! Wowee! I'm tiptop, all right, but I'm not as good as he is.

Little John: That kid's got class, ain't he, P.J.?

Prince John: Indeed he has, Reggie. Bravo! Uh, bravo! Yes.

Robin Hood: Oh, um, by the way. I hear you're havin' a bit of trouble gettin' your hands on that Robin Hood.

Sheriff: He's scared of me, that's what he is. You notice he didn't show up here today. Huh! I could spot him through them phony 53 disguises.

Sir Hiss: It's him! It's Robin Hood! I just can't wait till I tell His Majesty. Unhand me, you— [ Grunts ] Please, please! I don't drink!

Captain: Attention, everyone. The final contestants are... the Honorable Sheriff of Nottingham... and the spindle-legged stork from Devonshire.

Prince John: My dear, I suspect you favor the gangly youth, hmm?

Marian: Uh, why, yes, sire. Well, at least he amuses me.

Prince John: Coincidently, my dear young lady, he amuses me too.

Captain: For the final shoot-out, move the target back 30 paces.

Sheriff: You heard him, Nutsy! Get goin'! Move it, you birdbrain. And remember what you're supposed to do.

Nutsy, a guard and vulture: Yes, sir, Sheriff, sir.

Sheriff: Well, that shot wins the golden arrow, the kiss and the whole caboodle. 55

Friar Tuck: Yea! He did it, he did it, he did it!

49 buster: Bursche
50 (court) jester: Hofnarr
51 cheek: Frechheit
52 dopey: doof, dämlich
53 phony/phoney: unecht, falsch
54 gangly: schlaksig
55 the whole caboodle: der ganze Kram
Prince John: Archer, I commend\textsuperscript{56} you, and because of... your superior skill, you shall get what is coming to you. Our royal congratulations.

Robin Hood: Oh, thank you kindly, Your Highness.

Meetin' you face-to-face, Your High and Mighty, is a real treat.

Prince John: Release the royal fingers. Ah! And now I name you... the winner, or, more appropriately, the loser! Seize him. I sentence you to sudden, instant and even... immediate death!

Marian: Oh, no! Oh! Please. Please, sire. I beg of you to spare his life. Please have mercy.

Prince John: My dear emotional lady, why should I?

Marian: Because I love him, Your Highness.

Prince John: "Love him"? And does this prisoner return your love?

Robin Hood: Marian, my darling, I love you more than life itself.

Prince John: Ah, young love. Your pleas have not fallen upon a heart of stone. But traitors to the Crown must die!

Robin Hood: Traitor to the Crown? That crown belongs to King Richard.

- Long live King Richard!

Crowd: Long live King Richard!

Prince John: Enough! I am king! King! King!

Ah! Off with his head!

Marian: Oh, no!

Prince John: Stop! Executioner, stop! Hold your axe!

Little John: Okay, big shot. Now tell them to untie my buddy, or I'll--

Prince John: Sheriff, release my buddy -- I mean, release the prisoner!

Sheriff: Untie the prisoner?

Lady Kluck: You heard what he said, bushel britches.

Prince John: Sheriff, I make the rules, and since I am the head man-- Not so hard, you mean thing. Let him go, for heaven's sakes! Let him go!

Lady Kluck: Yee-hee! Love conquers all!

Robin Hood: I owe my life to you, my darling.

Marian: I couldn't have lived without you, Robin.

Sheriff: There's somethin' funny goin' on around here.

Little John: Now, P.J., tell my pal to kiss Maid Marian, or I've just found a new pincushion.\textsuperscript{57}

Sheriff: Why, you!

Prince John: Kill him! Don't stand there! Kill him!

Don't hurt me! No, no! Don't hurt me! Help! Help! Kill him!

Lady Kluck: Run for it, lassie\textsuperscript{58}! This is no place for a lady! Take that, you scoundrel.

Robin Hood: Help! Robin, help!

Robin Hood: Marian, my love, will you marry me?

Marian: Oh, darling, I thought you'd never ask me. But you could have chosen a more romantic setting.

Robin Hood: And for our honeymoon, London.

Marian: Yes!

Robin Hood: Normandy! Sunny Spain!

Marian: Yes! Why not?

Little John: Ooh, what a main event this is. What a beautiful brawl\textsuperscript{59}. Hey! Who's drivin' this flyin' umbrella?

Robin Hood: We'll have six children.

Marian: Six? Oh, a dozen at least. Take that!

Captain: Attention, everyone.

Prince John: Stop the girl!

\textsuperscript{56} commend: empfehlen, loben

\textsuperscript{57} pincushion: Nadelkissen

\textsuperscript{58} lassie: Mädchen

\textsuperscript{59} brawl: Prügelei
Lady Kluck: Take that, you scurvy\textsuperscript{60} knave\textsuperscript{61}!
Prince John: Seize the fat one!
Lady Kluck: Long live King Richard! Yee-hoo!
Prince John: Hiss! You're never around when I need you!
Sir Hiss: Coming. Coming. For I'm a jolly good fellow For I'm a jolly good-- Oh!
   Oh, there you are, old boy! P.J., you won't believe this, but the stork is really Robin Hood.
Prince John: Robin Hood. Get out of that if you can.
A song: Love It seems like only yesterday
   You were just a child at play
   Now you're all grown up
   Inside of me
   Oh, how fast those moments flee
   Once we watched a lazy world go by
   Now the days seem to fly
   Life is brief
   But when it's gone
   Love goes on and on
   Love will live
   Love will last
   Love goes on
   And on and on
   Once we watched a lazy world go by
   Now the days seem to fly
   Life is brief
   But when it's gone
   Love goes on and on
Marian: Oh, Robin, what a beautiful night. I wish it would never end.
Friar Tuck: Surprise! - Long live Robin Hood!
Sexton\textsuperscript{62}, a mouse, and his wife: Hooray! - And long live Maid Marian! - Bravo! - Bravo! -
   Hear, hear! Bravo! Bravo! Hooray!
Lady Kluck: And down with that scurvy Prince John!
Little John: Yeah. [singing]
   Oh, the world will sing of an English king a thousand years from now
   And not because he passed some laws or had that lofty\textsuperscript{63} brow
   While bonny\textsuperscript{64} good King Richard leads the great crusade he's on
   We'll all have to slave away for that good-for-nothin' John
   Incredible as he is inept\textsuperscript{65}
   Whenever the history books are kept
   They'll call him the phony king of England
   A pox on that phony king of England
   He sits alone on the giant throne pretendin' he's the king
   A little tyke who's rather like a puppet on a string
   And he throws an angry tantrum if he cannot have his way
   And then he calls for Mom while he's suckin' his thumb.
   You see, he doesn't wanna play.
   Too late to be known as John the First
   He's sure to be known as John the Worst
   A pox on that phony king of England
   Lay that country on me babe
Lady Kluck: Come on, Johnny. Go, laddie, go! Oh, oh, oooh!

\textsuperscript{60}scurvy: gemein
\textsuperscript{61}knave: Schurke
\textsuperscript{62}sexton: Küster
\textsuperscript{63}lofty: erhaben, vornehm
\textsuperscript{64}bonny: ansehnlich, schön
\textsuperscript{65}inept: ungeeignet, plump, unbefohlen, linkisch
Little John, singing: While he taxes us to pieces and he robs us of our bread
King Richard's crown keeps slippin' down around that pointed head
Ah, but while there is a merry man in Robin's wily pack
We'll find a way to make him pay and steal our money back
A minute before he knows we're there
Old Rob'll snatch his underwear.
The breezy and uneasy king of England
The snivelin', grovelin'
Measly, weaselly
Blabberin', jabberin'
Jibberin', jabberin'
Plunderin', plottin'
Wheelin', dealin'
Prince John That phony king of England
Yeah

At the castle
Sheriff: He throws an angry tantrum if he cannot have his way
He calls for Mom and sucks his thumb and doesn't want to play
Too late to be known as John the First
He's sure to be known as John the Worst
How about that?
Sir Hiss: That's P.J. to a "T." Let me try. Let me try. [Clears Throat]
Too late to be known as John the First
He's sure to be known as John the Worst
The fabulous, marvelous, merciful, chivalrous
Sheriff: Oh, you got it all wrong, Hiss.
- The snivelin', grovelin', weaselly, measly-
Prince John: Enough!
Sheriff: But-But, sire, it's a big hit. The whole village is singin' it.
Prince John: Oh, they are, are they? Well, they'll be singing a different tune.
Double the taxes! Triple the taxes! Squeeze every last drop... out of those insolent, musical peasants!

Scenes from a rainy Nottingham, a prison
Allan-a-Dale: Man, oh, man.
- Prince John sure made good his threat, - [Thunderclap]
and his helpless subjects paid dearly...
for his humiliation, believe me.
Taxes, taxes, taxes.
Why, he taxed the heart and soul out of the poor people of Nottingham.
- [Guitar] - And if you couldn't pay your taxes,
you went to jail.
Yep, I'm in here too. Nottingham was in deep trouble.
Every town
Has its ups and downs
Sometimes ups
Outnumber the downs
But not in Nottingham
I'm inclined to believe
If we weren't so down
We'd up and leave
We'd up and fly
If we had wings for flyin'
Can't you see the tears we're cryin'
Can't there be some happiness

66 wily: gerissen, schlau
At church
Sexton: Friar Tuck, I don't think anyone is coming.
Friar Tuck: You're right, Sexton, but maybe the sound of this church bell... will bring those poor people some comfort.
       We must do what we can to keep their hopes alive.
Sexton's wife: Oh, how can there be any hope with that tyrant Prince John... taxing the heart and soul out of the poor people?
Friar Tuck: Yes, those poor people. Look, our poor box is like our church-- empty.
Sexton's wife: Friar Tuck, we've saved this. It's not much, but please take it for the poor.
Friar Tuck: Your last farthing?
Friar Tuck: Aw, little sister, no one can give more than that. Bless you both.
Sexton: Oh, we were just saving it for a rainy day.
Friar Tuck: Well, it's rainin' now. Things can't get worse.
Sheriff: Howdy, Friar. Well, it looks like I dropped by just in time.
Sexton: What does that big-bellied bully want?
Sexton's wife: Father, shh.
Sheriff: Hmm. Well, what have we got here?
Friar Tuck: Now, just a minute, Sheriff! Th- Th- That's the poor box!
Sheriff: It sure is, and I'll just take it for poor Prince John. Every little bit helps.
Sexton's wife: Oooh, you put that back!
Sheriff: And His Majesty also blesses you, little sister.
Friar Tuck: You thievin' scoundrel!
Sheriff: Now, take it easy, Friar. I'm just doin' my duty.
Friar Tuck: Collectin' taxes for that arrogant, greedy, ruthless, no-good Prince John?
Sheriff: Listen, Friar, you're mighty preachy, and you're gonna preach your neck right into a hangman's noose.
Sexton's wife: Oh, dear me.
Sexton: Oh, there, there, Mother.

Allan-a-Dale: Every town
Has its ups and downs
Sometimes ups
Outnumber the downs
But not in Nottingham

At the castle
Sir Hiss: Sire, if I may-- may venture an opinion, you're not your usual cheerful, genial self today. I-I-I know. I know. You haven't counted your money for days, hmm? It always makes you so happy. Sire, taxes are pouring in, the jail is full. And, oh, I have good news, sire. - Friar Tuck is in jail.
Prince John: Friar Tuck? It's Robin Hood I want, you idiot! I'd give all my gold if I could just get my hands-- Did you say Friar Tuck?
Prince John: Ah! Hiss, I have it! I'll use that fat friar as bait to trap Robin Hood.
Sir Hiss: Another trap?
Prince John: Yes, yes, you stupid serpent. Friar Tuck will be led to the gallows in the village square, don't you see?
Sir Hiss: B-B-But, sire, hang Friar Tuck, a man of the church?
Prince John: Yes, my reluctant reptile. And when our elusive hero tries to rescue... the corpulent cleric, [ Laughing ] my men will be ready.
Sheriff: Well, Trigger, everything's rigged up and all set.
Trigger, a guard and a vulture: Yep, it's one of the prettiest scaffolds you ever built, Sheriff.
Nutsy: Sheriff, don't you reckon we oughta give that there trapdoor a test?
Sheriff: Criminally. Now I know why your mama called you "Nutsy."
Robin Hood: Alms. Alms for the poor. Do me old ears hear the melodious voice... of the sheriff?
Sheriff: That's right, old man.
Robin Hood: What be going on here?
Sheriff: We're gonna hang Friar Tuck.
Robin Hood: No! Hang Friar-- Hang Friar Tuck?
Nutsy: You betcha. At dawn. And maybe it'll even be a double hangin'.
Trigger: Shh, shh. Dummy up, you dummy.
Robin Hood: A double hangin', eh? Who'll be the other one who gets the rope?
Trigger: Sheriff, he's gettin' too all-fired nosy.
Robin Hood: Oh, I didn't mean nothin'. But, um, couldn't there be trouble... if Robin Hood showed up?
Nutsy: Well, wouldn't you know, Sheriff, he guessed it.
Trigger: Nutsy, button your beak.
Robin Hood: Ah, no need to worry. The sheriff be too crafty, too clever and too smart... for the likes of him, says I.
Sheriff: Ya hear that, Nutsy? For bein' blind, he sure knows a good man... when he sees one, says I.
Trigger: Sheriff, I still got a feelin'... that that snoopy old codger knows too much.
Sheriff: Oh, shut up, Trigger. He's just a harmless old blind beggar.
Little John: Rob, we can't let 'em hang Friar Tuck.
Robin Hood: A jailbreak tonight is the only chance he's got.
Little John: A jailbreak? There ain't no way you can get him.
Robin Hood: We've got to, Johnny, or Friar Tuck dies at dawn.

The castle at night
Nutsy: One o'clock and all's well!
[ Clock Chiming Three Times ]
Sheriff: Nutsy, you'd better set your brains ahead a couple of hours.
Nutsy: Yes, sir. Uh, does that there mean addin' or subtractin'?
Sheriff: Oh, let's forget it.
Nutsy: Yes, sir, Sheriff, sir.
Sheriff: Nutsy, how can I sleep with you yelling "All's well" all the time here?
Trigger: Sheriff, everything ain't "all's well." I got a feelin' in my bones there's gonna be a jailbreak any minute.
Sheriff: Criminally, Trigger! Point that peashooter the other way.
Trigger: Don't you worry none, Sheriff. The safety's on Old Betsy.
Sheriff: What in tarnation you tryin' to do, - you birdbrain?
Trigger: Just doin' my duty, Sheriff.
Sheriff: You and that itchy trigger finger\textsuperscript{75} of yours.
Trigger: Hey, did you hear that?
Sheriff: Sure did, Trigger. There's something funny going on around here. Come on. You cover me. Wait a minute. Is the safety on Old Betsy?
Trigger: You bet it is, Sheriff.
Sheriff: That's what I'm afraid of. You go first. - All right, you in there, come out with your hands up.
Trigger: Yeah, reach for the sky.
Robin Hood: Just you watch this "preformance", partner.
Little John: Be careful, Rob.
Robin Hood: Jehoshaphat, Trigger. Put that peashooter down.
Sheriff: Aw, shoots, Trigger, it's only Nutsy. And criminally, get back to your patrol. - On the double. Get!
Trigger: I'm a-gettin'.
Sheriff: That Trigger. He's gettin' everybody edgy\textsuperscript{76}. Nothing's gonna happen. That fat friar... is gonna dangle from the gallows come daybreak.
Robin Hood: Sheriff, why don't you just sit yourself down here kind of cozy-like?
Sheriff: Well, thank you, Nutsy.
Robin Hood: Just close your sleepy little eyeballs. The sandman's a-comin'. Why don't you, uh, let me loosen that belt? Rock-a-bye, Sheriff. Just you relax
Sheriff: Oh, Nutsy, that's mighty sweet. Sing it one more time, would you?
Robin Hood: Rock-a-bye, Sheriff Just you relax.
Trigger: Wait a minute! Jailbreak! Jailbreak! I heard it! I heard it, Sheriff! The door! The door!
Sheriff: Now, for the last time, no more false alarms.
Trigger: Ow!
Robin Hood: Now, you release Friar Tuck and the others... and I'll drop in on the royal treasury.
Friar Tuck: Oh, Little John, it can't be!
Little John: Shh, quiet. We're bustin' out of here.
Friar Tuck: Thank God. My prayers have been answered.
Skippy: I'm ready. Where's the bad guys?
Friar Tuck: Take it easy, son.

In Prince John's bedroom
[ Prince John Snoring ] - [ Hiss Hissing ]
 Prince John, talking in his sleep: Robin Hood! I'll get even. I'll get-- It's Robin Hood I-- I want.

Back in prison
Friar Tuck: Praise the Lord and pass the tax rebate! Hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo-hoo!
Little John: Come on. Follow me.
Trigger: Now, Sheriff-- Now, don't get your dander\textsuperscript{77} up, but I still got a feelin' that--
Little John: Friar, get goin'. Hurry.
Prince John: Guards! Guards! My gold! Oh, no, no, no. They're getting away with my gold. Guards! Guards! To the jail! Rhinos, halt! Stop! Desist\textsuperscript{78}!
Robin Hood: Everybody, this way!
 That's all of them. Get going.
Little John: This ain't no hayride. Let's move it out of here. Ho-ooo!
Friar Tuck: On to Sherwood Forest!
Skippy's mother: Stop! My baby!
Skippy's little sister: Mama, Mama, wait for me.
Sheriff: We got him now!

\textsuperscript{75} itchy trigger finger: schneller Finger am Abzug
\textsuperscript{76} edgy: nervösen, kribbelig
\textsuperscript{77} dander: Ärger, Zorn
\textsuperscript{78} desist: unterlassen, aufhören
Robin Hood: Keep going. Don't worry about me.
Sheriff: This time, we got him for sure.
Prince John: Shoot him! Kill him! Kill him!
Little John: Come on, Rob. Come on.
Skippy: He's just gotta make it.
Little John: No! No. No.
Prince John: Hiss, he's finished! Done for! La, la, la [Laughing]
Skippy: He's gonna make it, isn't he, Little John? - Hey, what's that? Little John, look it! Look it!
Little John: Hey, what the-- Oh, man, did you have me worried, Rob. I thought you were long gone.
Skippy: Ah, not Robin Hood. He could've swum twice that far, huh, Mr. Robin Hood, sir?
Sir Hiss: Look, sire! Look! He's made it. He got away again.
Robin Hood and Skippy: A pox on that phony King of England! Oo-de-lally! - Oo-de-lally!
Prince John: Oh, no. It's so miserably unfair.
Sir Hiss: Well, I tried to tell you, but, no, no, no, you wouldn't listen. Your traps never work, and look what you've done to your mother's castle.
Prince John: Mommy!
Sir Hiss: Sire, no!
Prince John: You cowardly cobra!
Sir Hiss: Please! Oh, no!
Prince John: Procrastinating python! - Aggravating asp!
Sir Hiss: Save me!
Prince John: You eel in snake's clothing!
Sir Hiss: Help! He's gone stark raving mad!

Nottingham, daylight
Alan-a-Dale: You know, I thought we'd never get rid of those two rascals, but lucky for us folks, King Richard returned, and, well, he just straightened everything out.
[Church Bells Chiming]
Alan-a-Dale: Say, we'd better get over to the church. Sounds like somebody's gettin' hitched.
All: Long live Robin Hood! Long live King Richard!
King Richard: Oh, Friar Tuck, it appears that I now have an outlaw for an in-law.
Friar Tuck: Yes, not bad.
Toby: Gee, Skippy, how come you're goin'?
Skippy: Well, Robin Hood's gonna have kids, so somebody's gotta keep their eye on things.
Little John: Ho-ooo! Ohhh.
Lady Kluck: I've never been so happy.
Nutsy: Hey, here come the bride, Trigger. Present arms!
Allan-a-Dale: Well, folks, that's the way it really happened.

Love goes on and on
Oo-de-lally, Oo-de-lally Golly, what a day
Oo-de-lally, Oo-de-lally Golly, what a day

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79 procrastinate: zögern
80 aggravating: erschwerend, verschlimmernd
81 asp: Natter