

# Sabrina (1954)

## 1. The Larrabees

EXT. LARRABEE ESTATE - EVENING

NARRATOR: Once upon a time, on the North Shore of Long Island, some 30 miles from New York, there lived a small girl on a large estate. The estate was very large indeed and had many servants. There were gardeners to take care of the gardens and a tree surgeon on a retainer. There was a boatman to put the boats in the water in the spring and scrape their bottoms in the winter. There were specialists to take care of the grounds, the outdoor tennis court and the indoor tennis court, the outdoor swimming pool and the indoor swimming pool. And a man of no particular title took care of a small pool in the garden for a goldfish named George.

Also on the estate there was a chauffeur by the name of Fairchild, who had been imported from England years ago, together with a new Rolls-Royce. Fairchild was a fine chauffeur of considerable polish, like the eight cars in his care. And he had a daughter by the name of ... Sabrina.

It was the eve of the annual six-meter-yacht races and, as had been traditional on Long Island for the past 30 years, the Larrabees were giving a party. It never rained on the night of the Larrabee party. The Larrabees wouldn't have stood for it.

INT. LARRABEE MANSION - EVENING

NARRATOR: There were four Larrabees in all — father, mother and

two sons. Maude and Oliver Larrabee were married in 1906 and among their many wedding presents was a town house in New York and this estate for weekends.

The town house has since been converted into Saks Fifth Avenue. Linus Larrabee, the elder son, graduated from Yale, where his classmates voted him the man most likely to leave his alma mater 50 million dollars. His brother, David, went through several of the best Eastern colleges for short periods of time, and through several marriages for even shorter periods of time. He is now a successful six-goal polo player and is listed on Linus's tax return as a 600-dollar deduction. Life was pleasant among the Larrabees, for this was as close to heaven as one could get on Long Island.

EXT. TERRACE - NIGHT

Sabina, entranced by David, watches him dance with a pretty little blond named GRETCHEN.

FAIRCHILD: Come on down from there, Sabrina! Come on. You'd better go to your room and finish your packing.

SABRINA: Who's that girl, Father?

FAIRCHILD: Which girl?

SABRINA: The one dancing with David.

FAIRCHILD: Her name is Gretchen Van Horn, Chase National Bank.

SABRINA: I hate girls that giggle all the time.

FAIRCHILD: You hate every girl David looks at. You can't go on like this about David all your life. You understand that? You've got to get over it.

SABRINA: Yes, Father.

FAIRCHILD: It's good you're going away. I only hope it's far enough.

SABRINA: Yes, Father.

FAIRCHILD: Come along, Sabrina.

SABRINA: In a minute, Father. You go ahead. I'll be up soon.

Fairchild leaves. David chooses a bottle of champagne and puts two glasses in his back pocket.

DAVID: Oh, it's you, Sabrina.

SABRINA: Hello, David.

DAVID: I thought I heard somebody.

SABRINA: No, it's nobody.

INT. TENNIS COURT - NIGHT

DAVID: Gretchen! Yoo-hoo! Tennis, anyone?

Gretchen? What do you call this, mixed singles?

GRETCHEN: Oh no, don't... no. Whatever you do, you have to stay on your side of the net.

DAVID: That'll be a little difficult, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN: Now, David, you know the rules of the game.

DAVID: OK, I'll serve.

## **2. Chauffeur's Daughter**

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

FAIRCHILD: Sabrina! Sabrina!

SABRINA: Yes, Father?

FAIRCHILD: Don't leave your passport tomorrow.

SABRINA: No, Father.

FAIRCHILD: You know, it's not every girl that's lucky enough to go to Paris.

SABRINA: I know.

FAIRCHILD: And it's the best cooking school in the world, Sabrina. If your mother were alive, she'd be very happy to know

that you were going there. She was the best cook on Long Island. Oh, I'm not telling that you have to be a cook as she was, or that I want you to marry a chauffeur like me. But you know how I feel about it. Your mother and I had a good life together. We were respected by everyone. And that's as much as anyone can want in this world. Don't reach for the moon, child.

SABRINA: No, Father.

FAIRCHILD: Besides, it never hurt a young girl to learn how to cook, did it, Sabrina? I'll wake you at seven. The boat goes at noon. Good night.

SABRINA: Good night.

#### INT. SABRINA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Sabrina sits in a rocker and listens to the music from the party.

Sabrina writes a letter to her father that reads, "Dearest Father. I don't want to go to Paris. I want to die. Please forgive me for what I am about to do. Goodbye, Sabrina." She thinks for a moment and then adds another line which reads, "P.S. Don't have David at the funeral. He probably wouldn't even cry." She closes the envelope, walks over and feeds her fish.

#### EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

Sabrina slips the envelope under Fairchild's door and then walks down to the garage. She opens the garage door and goes in.

Sabrina closes the garage door and starts all of the cars. The very last one makes a lot of noise.

SABRINA: Shh! Shh!  
She begins to cough.

LINUS:           What's going on here? Fairchild! Fairchild!  
                  Anybody here?

He begins turning off the cars and opens another garage door.  
Sabrina tries to hide, but her cough gives her away.

LINUS:           Who's that? Sabrina, come out of there. Come on.  
                  Come on, out of there.

SABRINA:       Hello.

LINUS:           What are you doing here?

SABRINA:       Just checking the spark plugs.

LINUS:           The what?

SABRINA:       Father was worried because one of the spark plugs was  
                  missing. I wanted to find out which one it was.

LINUS:           So you started all the motors and closed all the doors?

SABRINA:       I didn't want to disturb anyone.

LINUS:           You might never have disturbed anyone again. Does your  
                  father know about this?

SABRINA:       No! I wanted to surprise him.

LINUS:           I think you'd better get out of here.

Linus escorts Sabrina out of the garage.

LINUS:           Here, now. Now, breathe deep. That's right.  
                  Now, deeper.

SABRINA:       Mmm.

Linus catches Sabrina as she faints. He carries her on his shoulder  
up to her room.

SABRINA:       What happened?

LINUS:           You passed out.

SABRINA:       I'm all right. You don't have to carry me.

LINUS:           Of all the idiotic things ... Haven't you ever heard  
                  of carbon monoxide? It kills people.

SABRINA:       It does?

LINUS: Certainly. What do you suppose would've happened if I hadn't come along?

SABRINA: I'd have died.

LINUS: And fast. Eight cars! One would have done it. It's a good thing Mrs. Van Horn asked me to drive her home.

SABRINA: Mrs. Van Horn? Gretchen's mother?

LINUS: Uh-huh.

SABRINA: Why didn't she drive her home?

LINUS: We can't find Gretchen.

SABRINA: She...

LINUS: She what?

SABRINA: Nothing.

LINUS: The next time you start a car, make sure you leave the garage doors open. You understand? A chauffeur's daughter should know better.

SABRINA: Yes, sir.

### **3. Paris**

INT. PARIS COOKING SCHOOL - DAY

CHEF: Bonjour, mesdames et messieurs!

Yesterday we have learned the correct way, how to boil water. Today we will learn the correct way, how to crack an egg. Voila, an egg!

Now, an egg is not a stone. It is not made of wood. It is a living thing with a heart. So when we crack it, we must not torment it. We must be merciful and execute it quickly, like with the guillotine. Crack! It is done with one hand. Kindly watch the wrist. Voila. One, two, three, crack!

You see? It is all in the wrist. And now, everybody,

take an egg. One, two, three, crack! New egg. One,  
two, three, crack! New egg. One, two, three, crack!

The Chef notices that Sabrina is not even trying to crack any eggs.

CHEF: Take an egg. Crack! ...  
The wrist, huh? Like a whip. You watch.  
One, two, three, crack! New egg.

INT. LARRABEE KITCHEN - DAY

Fairchild is reading a letter from Sabrina aloud to a number of  
other servants.

FAIRCHILD: "Dear Father, or Cher Papa as we say over here.  
Isn't my French getting good? Well, we finally  
finished our four-week course in sauces and thank  
goodness! I thought soups were tough, but sauces  
just about killed me. I almost flunked my hollandaise.  
It kept separating on me."  
MARGARET: Too much vinegar. Did she mention David?  
ERNEST: It's Mr. Linus, Tom. He is ready to go into town.  
MARGARET: What about David? What's she say about David?  
FAIRCHILD: Not a word.  
BUTLER: That's good.  
FAIRCHILD: No, wait a minute. Here's something. "I don't think  
of David very much any more."  
JENNY: That's good.  
FAIRCHILD: "Except at night."  
BUTLER: That's bad.  
FAIRCHILD: "I decided to be sensible the other day, and tore up  
David's picture."  
ERNEST: That's good.  
FAIRCHILD: "Could you please airmail me some Scotch tape."  
MARGARET: That's bad.

EXT. LARRABEE MANSION - MORNING

LINUS: Morning, Fairchild.  
FAIRCHILD: Morning, sir. Beautiful day, sir.  
LINUS: Take the Parkway. Two windows open, 35 miles an hour.  
FAIRCHILD: Yes, sir.

David comes screeching up the driveway in his convertible roadster.

DAVID: Morning. Where are you off to?  
LINUS: The office. Where do you think?  
DAVID: The office. On Sunday?  
LINUS: Today is Wednesday.  
DAVID: Wednesday?

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - MORNING

Linus is talking on the car phone.

LINUS: This is K L 75263. Get me Bowling Green 91099.  
Good morning, Miss McCardle. How did the market open?  
Industrials, \$247.63. Up a dollar ten. Rails, \$94.7.  
Up 58 cents. Utilities, \$47.23. Off 11 cents.  
I'm just leaving the house. You can put the coffee on  
in 45 minutes.

Linus hangs up the phone and records a message to his brother.

LINUS: Inter-office memo, Linus Larrabee to David Larrabee.  
Dear David, this is to remind you that you are a junior  
partner of Larrabee Industries. Our building is located  
at 30 Broad Street, New York City. Your office is on the  
22nd floor.  
Our normal week is Monday through Friday. Our working  
day is nine to five. Should you find this inconvenient,

you are free to retire under the Larrabee pension plan.  
Having been with us one year, this will entitle you to  
65 cents a month for the rest of your life.

LINUS:           What did you hear from your daughter, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD:     Well, she still loves him.

LINUS:           I beg your pardon?

FAIRCHILD:     I mean, uh, she loves the cooking school, sir.  
                  But she'll get over it.

#### INT. PARIS COOKING SCHOOL - DAY

CHEF:            And now, mesdames et messieurs, soon we will see how  
                  you have learned the lesson of the soufflé. The soufflé,  
                  it must be gay. Gay, uh, like two butterflies dancing the  
                  waltz in the summer breeze. Tra-la-la-la...

                  He looks at Sabrina.

CHEF:            Very well. You have five seconds! Four seconds.  
                  Three seconds. Two seconds. One second. To the ovens!

                  The students open the ovens and pull out their soufflés.

CHEF:            Too low. Too pale. Too heavy. Too low. Too high.  
                  You are exaggerating. Fair. So-so. Sloppy. Mmm!  
                  Superb! My dear Baron, you have not lost your touch.

                  The Chef looks at Sabrina's soufflé.

CHEF:            Much too low.

SABRINA:        I don't know what happened.

BARON:          I will tell you what happened. You forgot to turn on  
                  the oven.

SABRINA:        Oh!

BARON:          I have been watching you for a long time, Mademoiselle.

Your mind has not been on the cooking. It has been elsewhere. You're in love. And I will venture to go a step further. You are unhappily in love.

SABRINA: Does it show?

BARON: Very clearly. A woman happily in love, she burns the soufflé. A woman unhappily in love, she forgets to turn on the oven. Am I correct?

SABRINA: Yes. But I'm trying to get over it.

BARON: Why try to get over it? You speak of love like it was a bad cough.

SABRINA: He doesn't even know I exist. I might as well be reaching for the moon.

BARON: That's quite a moon. Oh, you young people. You are so old-fashioned! Have you not heard? We are building rockets to reach the moon. To begin with, you must stop looking like a horse.

SABRINA: Horse? (laughs)

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

Fairchild reads another letter from Sabrina.

FAIRCHILD: "His name is Baron Saint Fontanel." Baron! "He came here for a refresher course in soufflés and liked me so much he decided to stay on for the fish."

MARGARET: What about David? What does she say about David?

BUTLER: David? She's got a baron!

FAIRCHILD: "The Baron is 74 years old ...

All the servants sigh.

FAIRCHILD: ... and very sweet and very wise. He has a box at the opera, a racing stable, wonderful paintings and his own vineyards."

"Tomorrow night he is taking me to a very fashionable

charity ball and I have an evening dress just for the occasion. If David could only see me in it. Yards of skirt and way off the shoulders."

David walks up to the group.

SERVANTS: Good morning, sir.  
DAVID: Morning. What's going on here?  
BUTLER: A letter from Sabrina, sir.  
DAVID: Oh.  
MARGARET: Wouldn't you like to read it, Mister David? There's something about you in it.

David gets into his car.

FAIRCHILD: Poor Sabrina.  
BUTLER: What's the matter with him anyway?  
JENNY: He's getting married again. That's what's the matter with him.  
FAIRCHILD: He is?  
JENNY: Mmm-hmm. Number four.  
MARGARET: Who says so?  
JENNY: Cholly Knickerbocker. Don't you people ever read the society columns?

#### **4. An Arranged Marriage**

EXT. LARRABEE BUILDING - DAY

David pulls up in front of the building and quickly rushes inside, holding a newspaper.

INT. LARRABEE OFFICE - DAY

David walks into the secretarial office.

DAVID: Is he in? Is my brother in?  
McCARDLE: Yes, Mr. David, but he's very busy.  
DAVID: I want to see him.  
McCARDLE: Well, how about, uh, 3:30 this afternoon?  
DAVID: I want to see him now!  
McCARDLE: I'm sorry. I have my orders. He's working with the lawyers on the plastics deal.  
DAVID: Miss McCardle, are you going to press that button, or I'll break that door down using you as a battering ram!  
McCARDLE: Mr. David!  
DAVID: Make up your mind!

Miss McCardle pushes the button, opening the door. Inside, Linus is talking with a number of lawyers.

DAVID: Linus, I want to talk to you!  
LINUS: Ask Miss McCardle for an appointment.  
DAVID: Don't give me that appointment business! I'm mad! I'm really steamed.  
LINUS: All right, gentlemen, I'll be ten minutes.

The lawyers leave the room.

LINUS: Now, what's the trouble?  
DAVID: How did this get in the paper?  
LINUS: What?  
DAVID: "It looks like wedding bells for David Larrabee again. The girl is Elizabeth Tyson of the Oyster Bay Tysons."  
LINUS: Well, congratulations.  
DAVID: Did you plant this?  
LINUS: Me?! I thought it was common knowledge about you and Elizabeth Tyson. You like her, don't you?  
DAVID: I like her a lot.  
LINUS: Well?  
DAVID: I like a lot of girls a lot.  
LINUS: You can say that again.

DAVID:           What are you gonna do with that gun?

Linus shoots several times into a barrel.

DAVID:           Put that thing away, Linus!

LINUS:           Look at that. The greatest plastic ever made. Not a scratch on it. Say, I wonder how this would stand up against a bazooka. Miss McCardle, ask General Stanton on Governors Island and ask if we can borrow a bazooka.

McCARDLE:       Yes, Mr. Larrabee.

DAVID:           To get back to my problem, if you don't mind.

LINUS:           Lend me your lighter.

DAVID:           Get this straight, Linus. I have no intention of marrying Elizabeth Tyson!

Linus holds a lighter under the plastic shield.

LINUS:           Doesn't burn, doesn't scorch, doesn't melt. How about that!

DAVID:           Look, Linus. I've been married before. I've had it. I've had it three times.

LINUS:           Yeah, but this is the first time the family approves because for once you're gonna settle down and do something constructive. Taste it.

DAVID:           What's so constructive about marrying Elizabeth Tyson?

LINUS:           Taste it.

DAVID:           It's sweet.

LINUS:           That's right. It's made of sugar cane.

DAVID:           Sugar cane. Wait a minute. This wouldn't have anything to do with the fact the Tysons own the largest holdings of sugar cane in Puerto Rico, would it?!

LINUS:           Second largest. The largest have no daughter.

Linus slides the plastic shield back into the barrel.

DAVID:           It's all beginning to make sense. Mr. Tyson owns the

sugar cane. You own the formula for the plastics and I'm supposed to be offered up as a human sacrifice on the altar of industrial progress! Is that it?

LINUS: You make it sound so vulgar, David. As if the son of the hot-dog dynasty were being offered in marriage to the daughter of the mustard king. Surely, surely you don't object to Elizabeth just because her father happens to have 20 million dollars? That's very narrow-minded of you, David.

DAVID: Just one thing you overlooked. I haven't proposed, and she hasn't accepted.

LINUS: Oh, don't worry. I proposed, and Mr. Tyson accepted.

DAVID: Did you kiss him?

LINUS: Now look, David. Elizabeth is one of the loveliest girls around. Sooner or later you're gonna propose to her anyway. I'm only trying to help you make up your mind.

DAVID: Then why don't you marry her?

LINUS: Me?

DAVID: Well, what's so funny? You want to die an old maid?

LINUS: Well, I was just thinking that if I were able to get married, I'd have to take a Dictaphone, two secretaries and four corporation counselors along on the honeymoon. I'd be unfaithful to my wife every night of my married life with vice presidents, boards of directors, slide-rule accountants... This... this is my home. No wife would ever understand it.

DAVID: Well, neither can I. You've got all the money in the world.

LINUS: Well, what's money got to do with it? If making money were all there was to business, it'd hardly be worth while going to the office. Money is a by-product.

DAVID: Well, what's the main objective? Power?

LINUS: Ah! That's become a dirty word.

DAVID: Well, then, what's the urge? You're going into plastics now. What will that prove?

LINUS: Prove? Nothing much. A new product has been found, something of use to the world. A new industry moves into an undeveloped area. Factories go up. Machines are brought in. A harbor is dug, and you're in business. It's purely coincidental, of course, that people who've never seen a dime before, suddenly have a dollar. And barefooted kids wear shoes and have their teeth fixed and their faces washed. What's wrong with a kind of an urge that gives people libraries, hospitals, baseball diamonds and, uh, movies on a Saturday night? Miss McCardle, will you send in the secretaries?

McCARDLE: Yes, Mr. Larrabee.

DAVID: Now you make me feel like a heel. If I don't marry Elizabeth, some kid's gonna be running around Puerto Rico barefoot with cavities in his teeth.

LINUS: Here. Look at this stuff. You'll fly in a plane made of it. You'll wear a suit made of it and before we're through with it, you'll probably be able to eat it. We're organizing Larrabee Plastics. Larrabee Construction is ready with the blueprints. Larrabee Shipping bought nine more freighters to handle the traffic.

DAVID: You mean the wheels are in motion already?

LINUS: That's exactly what I mean.

A number of secretaries walk into the room.

LINUS: Now, would you mind demonstrating the weight test to Mr. David, please?

DAVID: Oh, Linus, I'll take your word for it.

LINUS: Up you go.

DAVID: Now, wait a minute.

LINUS: I want you to see how resilient it is. Bounce, please, ladies.

The secretaries bounce up and down.

LINUS:           Some plastic, eh? We're planning on a summer wedding  
so we can get in on this year's sugar crop.

DAVID:           Yeah.

LINUS:           I think you're gonna be very happy, David.

## 5. Love thy neighbor

INT. SABRINA'S ROOM - EVENING

Sabrina is writing a letter.

SABRINA:        Dearest Father, we shall be graduating next week and I  
shall be getting my diploma. I want to thank you now for  
the two most wonderful years of my life. I shall always  
love you for sending me here.

Sabrina opens the porch doors a little wider.

SABRINA:        It is late at night and someone across the way is playing  
*La Vie en Rose*. It is the French way of saying, "I am  
looking at the world through rose-colored glasses" and  
it says everything I feel. I have learned so many things,  
Father. Not just how to make vichyssoise or calf's head  
with sauce vinaigrette, but a much more important recipe.  
I have learned how to live, how to be in the world and  
of the world ... and not just to stand aside and watch.  
And I will never, never again run away from life, or from  
love, either. I am taking the plane home on Friday, Father.  
You needn't pick me up at the airport. I'll just take  
the Long Island railroad and you can meet me at the train --  
the 4:15. If you should have any difficulty recognizing  
your daughter, I shall be the most sophisticated woman at  
the Glen Cove station.

EXT. GLEN COVE STATION - DAY

Sabrina is waiting for her father. David drives down the road.

DAVID: Taxi, miss? Cheapest rates in Glen Cove.  
SABRINA: Well hello! How are you?  
DAVID: Well, I'm fine. How are you? And I might add,  
who are you?  
SABRINA: Who am I?  
DAVID: Am I supposed to know?  
SABRINA: Come to think of it, no, you're not supposed to know.  
DAVID: Are you stranded?  
SABRINA: My father was supposed to pick me up, but something  
must have happened.  
DAVID: Whoever your father is and whatever happened, I'll be  
eternally grateful. That is, if I can give you a lift.  
SABRINA: You certainly can. You can drive me home.  
DAVID: Good! I'll get your bags. Where do you live?  
SABRINA: Desoris Lane.  
DAVID: Desoris Lane? Say, that's where I live!  
SABRINA: Really?  
DAVID: Sure. We must be neighbors, and if there's one thing  
I believe in, it's "Love thy neighbor."  
SABRINA: Oh, so do I.  
(to her pet dog) Come on, David.  
DAVID: David? Is his name David?  
SABRINA: Yes, it is.  
DAVID: That's funny. My name's David, too.  
SABRINA: That is funny, isn't it?

INT. DAVID'S CAR - DAY

DAVID: Are you, uh, sure you don't want to tell me your name?  
SABRINA: Positive. I'm having much too much fun.

DAVID: All right, if you want to play games ... Have you always lived here?

SABRINA: Most of my life.

DAVID: I could've sworn I knew every pretty girl on the North Shore.

SABRINA: I could've sworn you took in more territory than that.

DAVID: This is maddening. I know I've seen that face before. Let me see your profile again. I know I know you. I have a feeling I've seen you ... with your father. Wait a minute. Is your father Admiral Starratt?

SABRINA: Hardly.

DAVID: It's funny. I keep seeing him in a uniform. Oh, come on. Give us a hint. What does your father do?

SABRINA: He's in transportation.

DAVID: Transportation? Railroads. New York Central.

SABRINA: No.

DAVID: Planes. TWA.

SABRINA: No.

DAVID: Boats. United States Lines.

SABRINA: No.

DAVID: I pass.

SABRINA: Automobiles.

DAVID: Oh? Chrysler?

SABRINA: Yes, Chrysler and Ford and General Motors and Rolls Royce.

DAVID: Is your father on the board of directors of all those companies?

SABRINA: Well, you might say he runs things.

DAVID: I'll bet my brother, Linus, knows him.

SABRINA: He certainly does. As a matter of fact, they often drive into town together.

DAVID: They do?

SABRINA: Straight through to the garage, please.

DAVID: I feel so stupid I could kill myself.

SABRINA: You'll be all right in a minute.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

SABRINA: Here we are.

DAVID: Now look, I'm not just pulling that old line of  
"Haven't we met somewhere before?" We have met some ...

David looks around.

DAVID: You don't live here!

SABRINA: Yes, I do.

DAVID: I live here.

SABRINA: Hi, neighbor!

The servants come running out to greet her.

JENNY: Sabrina!

BUTLER: Sabrina!

MARGARET: Sabrina! Sabrina! Oh, Brina, Brina, Brina.

SABRINA: Hello, Margaret! It's so good to be home!

MARGARET: Look at you! You're such a lady. You've come home  
such a beautiful lady!

BUTLER: Oh, welcome home, Sabrina!

SABRINA: Ernest! Jenny Happ! How are you? Don't cry, Margaret.  
There's nothing to cry about. I brought you a hat, Margaret.  
A real Paris hat for you to wear to church on Sundays.  
And Jenny, I've got something for you.

SABRINA: Father!

FAIRCHILD: I'm sorry I missed you, Sabrina. I had to take Mrs.  
Larrabee to the hairdresser.

SABRINA: It doesn't matter. It doesn't matter.

FAIRCHILD: Well, I, I wouldn't have recognized you anyway.

SABRINA: David had a little trouble, didn't you, David?

DAVID: Yes, I did.

MARGARET: I'll put some coffee on. Will you come to the kitchen,  
Sabrina?

SABRINA: As soon as I've opened my bags, Margaret.

FAIRCHILD: Well, let's get them out of the car, and I'll take them upstairs.

DAVID: Look, as, uh, old neighbors, I, um, I think the two of us should have a reunion.

SABRINA: It's only fair.

DAVID: How about tonight?

SABRINA: Do you really want to see me?

DAVID: Very much.

SABRINA: Sure?

DAVID: Yes, I'm sure.

SABRINA: All right.

DAVID: Good. We'll go out on the town. We'll drive to New York, have a quick drink at the Stork, and then, uh, go somewhere for dinner. I know a wonderful little French restaurant on First Avenue.

Well, I guess you wouldn't think so much of it after Paris.

SABRINA: I'll love it!

DAVID: Then we'll go dancing, and when they throw us out of El Morocco, we'll mosey on down to the Village. You like Dixieland bands?

SABRINA: Yes.

DAVID: I know the greatest. It's ... oh, wait a minute, I completely forgot. We're, we're having a big party at the house here tonight.

SABRINA: With an orchestra and dancing?

DAVID: Yes.

SABRINA: Well, that'll be even more fun.

DAVID: Ooh, I don't know. A lot of dull people around. Family stuff, you know?

SABRINA: I don't mind, David, as long as you're there.

Fairchild is standing outside of Sabrina's room.

FAIRCHILD: Sabrina?!

SABRINA: In a minute, Father. I have a lovely evening dress

with yards of skirt and way off the shoulder. Shall I wear it?

DAVID: Why, yes, of course.

SABRINA: Oh, David, it's gonna be nice. A homecoming party! I'll get the dress out and press it. See you tonight.

Sabrina starts walking up the stairs.

SABRINA: Hello, Linus. I'm back!

DAVID: It's Sabrina. Isn't it amazing? Would you have recognized her? That scrawny kid who used to whip around corners every time she saw us coming. Her knees always painted with Mercurochrome. How do you like those legs now?

LINUS: David?

DAVID: Aren't they something?

LINUS: David, the last pair of legs that were something cost the family 25,000 dollars.

## **6. The Belle of the Ball**

INT. SABRINA'S ROOM - DAY

SABRINA: Wait till you see what I brought you from Paris.

FAIRCHILD: Sabrina, I know I should have mentioned it in my last letter ...

Sabrina places a tie on Fairchild's shoulder.

SABRINA: Here we are. Do you like it?

FAIRCHILD: But I didn't want to upset you.

SABRINA: And here. Aren't they gaudy?

FAIRCHILD: Sabrina, David is engaged. He's getting married again.

SABRINA: I know. Margaret wrote me.  
Real Napoleon Brandy. And this is for you to wear on  
your day off.

FAIRCHILD: Then you don't care?

SABRINA: Not too much. After all, he's not married yet.

FAIRCHILD: I don't like that. I don't like the sound of it.

SABRINA: But don't you see, Father, everything has changed?

FAIRCHILD: No, nothing has changed. He's still David Larrabee.  
And you're still the chauffeur's daughter. And you're  
still reaching for the moon.

SABRINA: No, Father. The moon's reaching for me.

EXT. TERRACE - EVENING

David is dancing with Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH: I wish the wedding were tomorrow, David. Don't you?

DAVID: Uh, yes, dear.

ELIZABETH: Ten more days. It'll seem more like ten years.

DAVID: Yes, dear.

ELIZABETH: Father planned for us to fly to Honolulu right after  
the reception, but I said definitely not. I certainly  
don't want to spend the first 18 hours of my honeymoon  
in a plane, sitting up. Do you?

DAVID: Yes, dear.

ELIZABETH: David!

DAVID: What? I mean, no. I mean what did you say?

ELIZABETH: Aren't you interested?

DAVID: Uh, of course, dear.

Oliver, Maude and Mrs. Tyson are watching their children dance.

MRS. TYSON: Aren't they a sweet couple!

MAUDE: Charming. Elizabeth is a lovely girl.

OLIVER: I wish young men would stop wearing white jackets in the evening. They look like barbers.

Oliver grabs a drink from a waiter, but Maude snatches it away.

MAUDE: Now, Oliver.

OLIVER: My throat's dry.

MAUDE: Have you been smoking?

OLIVER: Maude, I stopped smoking three months ago. I find it rather sad that after 48 years of marriage, distrust should creep into our relationship. I'll join the men in the library.

Oliver walks into the library where Linus is showing a number of men his new plastic.

ELIZABETH: David?

DAVID: Hmm?

ELIZABETH: I think I ought to have a talk with your chauffeur.

DAVID: Our chauffeur? What for?

ELIZABETH: Father wants to give me either a Bentley or a Mercedes as a present, and I thought your chauffeur'd be able to tell me which ...

DAVID: Sure, sure. Of course.

ELIZABETH: What's his name?

DAVID: Sabrina. I, I mean Fairchild. I'll talk to him, Elizabeth. Don't bother.

ELIZABETH: All right, darling. I know you'll take care of everything.

David looks over and see Sabrina run up to the edge of the terrace.

ELIZABETH: What is it, David?

DAVID: Oh, uh, would you like to go in and get something to eat?

ELIZABETH: No, thank you, darling.

DAVID: A drink?

ELIZABETH: Hmm, no.

David spins Elizabeth around, causing her to bump into another guest.

MALE GUEST: I'm terribly sorry!

DAVID: Oh, no, no, it's, uh, it's my fault. I didn't see you.

Uh, will it wash out, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH: Oh, yes. It isn't bad.

DAVID: You'd better go and do it right now, huh?

LADY GUEST: Come on, Elizabeth. I'll help you.

ELIZABETH: All right.

The lady guest leads Elizabeth away.

DAVID: Sabrina!

SABRINA: David!

David jumps over the railing and takes Sabrina's hands.

SABRINA: Hello.

DAVID: You look wonderful.

SABRINA: Thank you. I'm a bit late.

DAVID: I worried.

SABRINA: Were you afraid I'd forgotten the address?

DAVID: It crossed my mind. Shall we dance?

SABRINA: Right here?

MRS. TYSON: Who is that girl?

MAUDE: I don't know.

MRS. TYSON: I wonder what happened to Elizabeth.

SABRINA: What a lovely party.

DAVID: It is now.

SABRINA: It's the nicest one you've ever had. And I've been  
to all your parties.

DAVID: You have?  
SABRINA: Standing up there in that tree.  
DAVID: Sabrina, if I'd only known.

Butler watches Sabrina and then hands his tray to a guest.

DAVID: Oh, Sabrina, Sabrina, where have you been all my life?  
SABRINA: Right over the garage.  
DAVID: Right over my car. Right up in that tree.  
What a fool I was!  
SABRINA: And what a crush I had on you.  
DAVID: It's not too late, is it?  
SABRINA: I don't know, David. Is it?

INT. KITCHEN - EVENING

BUTLER: Oh, you should see her! You should see Sabrina!  
The prettiest girl. The prettiest dress. The best dancer.  
The belle of the ball. And such poise as though she  
belonged up there.  
FAIRCHILD: I don't like it.  
JENNY: Is she dancing with David?  
BUTLER: That's right. And he's holding her so close, I don't  
see how she can breathe. And the way they look into each  
other's eyes ...  
FAIRCHILD: I don't like it.  
MARGARET: Oh, Tom, you ought to be happy for her. This is what  
she wanted. This is where she belongs.  
FAIRCHILD: No, it's not. And it's not where I belong. Remember  
the chauffeur on the Harrington estate? His daughter  
fell in love with the son of the house. And the first  
thing he knew, he was driving the family to the church,  
changing his uniform and walking down the aisle to give  
the bride away. That's not for me. I don't like it.

MARGARET: Tom, that was 25 years ago. Come on, let's sneak up and see her.

EXT. TERRACE - EVENING

MAUDE: David? David?  
DAVID: Hello, Mother.  
MAUDE: David, I don't believe I know this young lady.  
DAVID: Oh, yes, you do.  
SABRINA: Good evening, Mrs. Larrabee.  
DAVID: Mother, this is Miss Fairchild.  
MAUDE: Sabrina?  
SABRINA: Yes, of course.  
MAUDE: Yes, of course.  
DAVID: Of course, Sabrina.  
SABRINA: You didn't recognize me, did you? Have I changed?  
Have I really changed?  
MAUDE: You certainly have. You look lovely, Sabrina.  
DAVID: Doesn't she, though? I thought it would be fun to ask her to the party as a welcome home. Ya... You know, kind of a welcome home.  
SABRINA: David's been wonderful, Mrs. Larrabee. He met me at the station.  
MAUDE: Did he? How nice of him.  
DAVID: Yes, uh, she's been to Paris, you know.  
MAUDE: Yes, I know. You must come over some time and cook something very special for us, Sabrina. I want to see what you've learned.  
SABRINA: Oh, I've learned a lot.  
DAVID: Bye.

In the library, Oliver notices Maude coming towards him.

Maude whispers something to Oliver, who, in shock, tells Linus.

SABRINA: Oh, David, this is such fun. So much more fun than just watching from that tree.

DAVID: I'm so glad you came back home, Sabrina. I'll never let you go away again.

SABRINA: Never?

DAVID: Never.

SABRINA: David, Would you like to kiss me?

DAVID: Would I?

SABRINA: Yes. A nice, steady kiss. Not on roller skates this time.

DAVID: Roller skates?

SABRINA: You don't remember?

DAVID: Well, I remember I had a pair of roller skates.

SABRINA: I was nine years old, and you had your arms around me because you were teaching me to skate backwards. Suddenly, you kissed me. I've never forgotten.

DAVID: Sabrina, let's get out of here.

SABRINA: Yes, let's.

DAVID: I tell you what. You slip away first, and then I'll meet you at ...

SABRINA: The indoor tennis court.

DAVID: Yes.

SABRINA: And you'll bring champagne.

DAVID: Of course. You saw a lot from that tree, didn't you?

SABRINA: And will you have the orchestra play "Isn't It Romantic"?"

DAVID: Naturally.

  

ELIZABETH: What happened to David?

LINUS: Oh, he's being a good host, but I'll, uh, I'll get him out of circulating. Thank you.

  

LINUS: You got a minute, David?

DAVID: Well, uh, not right now.

LINUS: The old man wants to see you.

DAVID: Later, I'm busy.

LINUS: You'd better come along. He's frothing at the mouth.  
DAVID: Oh, what about?  
LINUS: You guess.  
DAVID: Animal, vegetable or mineral?  
LINUS: Definitely animal.  
DAVID: Ahem.

## 7. Broken Glasses

INT. LIVING ROOM - EVENING

OLIVER: I'm telling you, Linus, this boy should be drummed out of the family!

DAVID: What have I done now, Father?

OLIVER: Now, I'm not saying that all Larrabees have been saints. There was a Thomas Larrabee who was hung for piracy, and there was a Benjamin Larrabee who was a slave trader, and there was my great-great-uncle Joshua Larrabee who was shot in Indiana while attempting to rob a train. But there never was a Larrabee who behaved as David Larrabee has behaved here tonight!

DAVID: Exactly what have I done?

OLIVER: What have you done?

LINUS: Father, remember your basal metabolism.

OLIVER: No gentleman makes love to a servant in your mother's house!

DAVID: She is not a servant.

OLIVER: She's a servant's daughter. And in behaving as you have, you've embarrassed not only your mother but also our chauffeur. I have too much respect for Fairchild never to intrude on his personal life, and I expect you to have the same respect for his daughter.

DAVID: I have so much respect for his daughter, I invited her to the party.

OLIVER: That's overdoing it.

DAVID: I love her!

OLIVER: He loves her! Next thing we know, he'll lean a ladder up against the garage wall and elope with the girl in the middle of the night!

DAVID: Maybe!

OLIVER: I'll overlook for the moment the fact that you're an engaged man and merely remind you of your marital record to date.

DAVID: I know, Father. I've made three mistakes.

OLIVER: First, that Hungarian countess who only married you to bring her family over. A mother, a father and five brothers. All of them badly in need of costly dental repairs.

DAVID: Do we have to go through that again?

OLIVER: Then that Twyman girl. Her family 50 years on the Social Register, and she has the audacity to wear on her wedding dress not a corsage bu, bu, but a Stevenson button!

LINUS: Father, you promised not to swear.

OLIVER: Th, Th, then that great actress! Turns out all she does is commercials on television for an underarm deodorant. Poof, poof, poof, poof. And now, our chauffeur's daughter.

DAVID: Father, are you through? Because there's someone waiting.

OLIVER: I am not through! And I'm sure Linus has a few words to say.

LINUS: Yes, I do. But I'm not so sure you're going to like them, Father. I think you're being a little unfair to David.

OLIVER: I'm what?

LINUS: Well, I, I think David's old enough to live his own life if he decides Sabrina's the girl for him ...

OLIVER: Nonsense!

DAVID: Linus, you really mean that?

LINUS: Of course, I mean it.

DAVID: But it would knock your plans for a loop.

LINUS:           What plans? The plastics merger? Forget it. If you love her, take her. This is the 20th century.

OLIVER:          The 20th century? I could pick a century out of a hat blindfolded and get a better one! You'll get rid of that girl immediately, do you understand? And apologize to your fiancé!

LINUS:           Now, Father, don't push him. Let's discuss this like civilized people. Sit down, David.

DAVID:           Thank you, Linus.

David is about to sit, when he suddenly stands up and tries to leave.

DAVID:           Look, I really have to go. Suppose you two work it out.

LINUS:           Do you want me to help you or don't you?

DAVID:           Of course, Linus. I appreciate what you're doing.

LINUS:           Well, then sit down.

DAVID:           Linus, you're the only one in this family who understands me.

David sits down and screams in pain.

DAVID:           No! Oh, no!

OLIVER:          What is it? What happened?

DAVID:           Champagne glasses. I sat on them.

OLIVER:          On the chair?

DAVID:           No. In my pocket!

## **8. 'It's all in the family'**

INT. TENNIS COURT - EVENING

Sabrina is eagerly waiting for David.

LINUS:           Sabrina? Hello. You did order champagne, didn't you?

SABRINA: What are you doing here?  
LINUS: David sent me.  
SABRINA: Isn't he coming?  
LINUS: No, I don't think he'll be able to make it.  
SABRINA: What happened?  
LINUS: He got stuck.  
SABRINA: Stuck?  
LINUS: Nothing serious, just one of those things. So, should I serve it up there or will you come down? Up there? All right.  
SABRINA: No, I'll come down.  
LINUS: We do meet under the most peculiar circumstances, Sabrina. Either you're under eight cars looking for a missing spark plug or you're perched up here umpiring a tennis match between two players who aren't there. Oh, you look lovely, Sabrina, and very grown up.  
SABRINA: I'd better get back to the party.  
LINUS: And leave me here alone?  
SABRINA: What did David say?  
LINUS: I don't know what you did to him, but I haven't seen him in such a state since he was kicked in the head by a polo pony at Old Westburry.  
SABRINA: That's nice.  
LINUS: Amnesia has definitely set in. He's completely forgotten he's engaged. He wants you.  
SABRINA: And I want him. I've been in love with him all my life.  
LINUS: Mmm, well, there goes the engagement!  
SABRINA: You don't object?  
LINUS: Object? To you? It's as though a window had been thrown open and a lovely breeze swept through this stuffy old house. How could I object?  
SABRINA: Even though the breeze comes from the general direction of the garage?  
LINUS: Ah, this is the 20th century, Sabrina.

Linus hands her a glass of champagne.

SABRINA: Thank you. Let's drink to that.

LINUS: I'm sorry it isn't David here instead of me. But it's all in the family.

SABRINA: You know, when you just walked in here, I was sure you'd been sent by the family to deal with me.

LINUS: To deal with you?

SABRINA: Like in a Viennese operetta. The young prince falls in love with the waitress at the rathskeller and the Prime Minister is sent to buy her off.

LINUS: Buy her off?

SABRINA: Yes. He offers her 5000 kronen. "No," she says. "10,000?" "No."

LINUS: 15,000 kronen?

SABRINA: No.

LINUS: 25,000 kronen?

SABRINA: No.

LINUS: 25,000 dollars?

SABRINA: No. How did dollars get into this?

LINUS: 25,000 dollars after taxes, that's a lot of money, Sabrina.

SABRINA: What are you trying to say?

LINUS: I'm just trying to make it worthwhile.

What's a krone these days? No self-respecting Prime Minister would offer kronen.

SABRINA: No self-respecting waitress would take dollars.

LINUS: Good girl.

Linus kisses Sabrina on the cheek.

LINUS: Hey, how does this operetta end? What's the last act?

SABRINA: I don't know. I guess they run away to America on a zeppelin with everybody singing like mad.

LINUS: They open a brewery in Milwaukee?

SABRINA: Yes. The love that made Milwaukee famous.

LINUS: Prosit!

SABRINA: There it is. The song they were playing the night before I went away. David was right here dancing it with somebody else. Tonight I wanted it to be me.

LINUS: It's all in the family.

Linus begins to dance with Sabrina.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A doctor is carefully removing all the broken glass fragments from David's buttocks.

OLIVER: How are we going to make sure that all the fragments have been removed?

DOCTOR: Very simple. We will reconstruct the two champagne glasses.

DAVID: Owe!

DOCTOR: Now I cannot possibly be hurting you. The area has been anesthetized.

DAVID: It's not you. It's that song. Oh!

INT. TENNIS COURT - NIGHT

LINUS: Sabrina?

SABRINA: If David were here now, you'd expect him to kiss you, wouldn't you?

SABRINA: Mmm.

LINUS: Here's a kiss from David.

Linus kisses Sabrina on the lips.

LINUS: It's all in the family.

## 9. Cold Businessman

INT. LARRABEE MANSION - DAY

David is lying on his stomach.

DAVID: Ooh! Come in.

LINUS: Hi.

DAVID: Ooh!

LINUS: How do you feel?

DAVID: I never felt better in my life.

LINUS: You look fine. Has the anesthetic worn off?

Linus pokes David's behind.

DAVID: Oooh!!

LINUS: I guess it has. Well, I brought you a present.

DAVID: What happened on the tennis court last night? Was Sabrina mad because I didn't show up?

LINUS: Not mad, just disappointed.

DAVID: Ah, poor kid. What did you tell her?

LINUS: The truth. That the family objected to her, but you stood up like a man.

DAVID: Good.

LINUS: And sat down like a jerk.

DAVID: 23 stitches.

Linus hangs up the plastic hammock.

LINUS: Here, this ought to make you feel better.

DAVID: A plastic hammock?

LINUS: Uh-huh,. With a trapdoor. I designed it myself and ran it off at the factory this morning.

DAVID: On Sunday?

LINUS: Why not? You were in pain, so I had 'em open up the plant.

DAVID:           What a brother!  
LINUS:           All right, let's try it on for size.   Come on.  
                  On your feet.  
DAVID:           Oh... Oh!  I'll never drink champagne again as long as  
                  I live.  What do you think of Sabrina?  
LINUS:           Wonderful girl.  
DAVID:           Were you nice to her?  
LINUS:           As nice as I could be.  
DAVID:           Oh, what a brother.  I've been trying to write my poem  
                  to her, but I, I can't seem to finish it.  What rhymes  
                  with 'glass'?  
LINUS:           Glass?  Glass ... uh ... 'alas'.  
DAVID:           Of course.  Oh!  
LINUS:           Right on the nose.

Linus smacks David's buttocks with ski pole.

DAVID:           Linus!!  
LINUS:           Sorry, David.  
DAVID:           If Sabrina were only here.  Hey, how about smuggling  
                  her up in a dumbwaiter?  
LINUS:           What if Father sees her?  
DAVID:           Yeah, that's right.  We wouldn't want to do anything  
                  to spoil it, would we?  
LINUS:           No, we sure wouldn't.  
DAVID:           Linus, will you do me a favor?  
LINUS:           Any time.  
DAVID:           I know how these things bore you, but would you mind  
                  keeping an eye on Sabrina for me?  
LINUS:           I've already thought of that.  As a matter of fact,  
                  I'm taking her sailing this afternoon.  
DAVID:           Sailing?  
LINUS:           Uh-huh.  In your boat.  
DAVID:           Honest?  
LINUS:           Uh-huh.

DAVID: Oh, Sabrina... Tell her we'll be off, just the two of us the moment Dr. Calloway takes the stitches out.

LINUS: Well, then, you've already made up your mind?

DAVID: Absolutely. This is it.

LINUS: Yes. Well, I, I just wanted to make sure because this has been it three times before.

DAVID: I was blind. That's why. It's been Sabrina and I since we were kids. I just couldn't see her for the tree.

LINUS: What about Elizabeth? What about Father and Mother?

DAVID: So what about 'em? Elizabeth will be so broken up, she'll buy three new hats. Mother will go to bed with a severe headache and the latest Mickey Spillane. And Father will take to the bottle openly and smoke six Corona-Coronas and then threaten to exile me to Larrabee Copper in Butte, Montana. And that's where you come in, Linus.

LINUS: How?

DAVID: I don't want to go to Butte, Montana. You are gonna help me, aren't you?

LINUS: Oh, yes, yes. I'm going to help you, aren't I?

DAVID: Oh, what a brother.

There is a knock at the door.

ELIZABETH: How's my poor darling? I brought you six books, dear and a game of Scrabble.

DAVID: Scrabble? I'm in no condition to play Scrabble!

LINUS: Don't be silly. That's all you are in a condition to play.

ELIZABETH: I still don't understand what those glasses were doing in your pocket?

DAVID: I was taking them down to the tennis court. There was somebody waiting. Er, there was a game going on.

ELIZABETH: In the dark? In the middle of the night?

LINUS: Yes, that's why he needed the glasses.

DAVID: Yes, that's why I needed the glasses.

David slips through the hole and hits his buttocks on the floor.

DAVID: Ow! Oh! Oh, oh.

ELIZABETH: Shall we play three-handed?

LINUS: No, thanks. I've got to go sailing.

DAVID: Yes, he's got to go sailing.

LINUS: No more false moves now. Not until those stitches  
are out.

DAVID: Yes, Linus.

LINUS: We don't want any complications to set in, do we?  
So long, Elizabeth. So long, Scarface.

Linus goes into his own bedroom. Oliver stands in the closet.

LINUS: Good afternoon, Father.

OLIVER: I thought it was your mother.

LINUS: I don't mind your smoking in my room, but not in my  
clothes closet.

OLIVER: It's good for the moths. Now then, Linus, what about  
that girl over the garage?

LINUS: David wants to run off with her.

OLIVER: That's nice. With the chauffeur's daughter?

LINUS: I don't care if he runs off with gardener's grandmother.  
I just don't want him to run off with the plastics merger.

OLIVER: I've got a very simple solution. We'll fire Fairchild.

LINUS: Not after 25 years, Father.

OLIVER: All right then, we'll write her a nice little check and  
tell her to forget about David.

LINUS: She doesn't want money. She wants love.

OLIVER: I thought they discontinued that model.

LINUS: The last of the romantics. *L'amour, toujours l'amour.*

OLIVER: What? Why does she have to pick on David? Why can't  
she be in love with someone else?

LINUS: We will do our best.

OLIVER: Oh, oh, Is that the idea?

LINUS: Yep.

OLIVER: You've got someone in mind for her?  
LINUS: Yep.  
OLIVER: Who?  
LINUS: Boola, boola, Boola, boola, Boola, boola, Boo...  
OLIVER: Oh, no!  
LINUS: What's the matter?  
OLIVER: Not you, Linus!  
LINUS: Hey, look, do you think this is any fun for me? I've got a whole desk full of work I was planning to clean up over the weekend, and I'm supposed to be in Texas on the sulphur deal. The whole Puerto Rican operation has to be set in motion in the next 48 hours.  
And here I am going off to a sailboat to make an ass of myself, with a girl of 22. Look at me! Joe College, with a touch of arthritis.  
OLIVER: Could you use this, sailing into the sunset?

Oliver pulls a broken ukulele from the closet.

LINUS: I wish I were dead with my back broken.  
OLIVER: Just a thought.  
LINUS: Music might help. Seems to me I had a portable phonograph in my freshman days.  
OLIVER: I only hope you remember what to do with a girl.  
LINUS: It'll come back to me. It's like riding a bicycle.

EXT. BOAT - DAY

SABRINA: This is a very unusual song. Is it popular?  
LINUS: Oh, yes.  
SABRINA: I wonder why I never heard it before?  
LINUS: Well, you've been in Paris for two years.  
SABRINA: (singing) Yes, we have no bananas, we have no bananas today. (talks) How did they think of those words?  
LINUS: They are clever, aren't they?

SABRINA: May I play another?  
LINUS: Of course.  
SABRINA: Oh, you need dusting.  
LINUS: I beg your pardon?  
SABRINA: I didn't mean you, Linus!  
LINUS: Thank you.  
SABRINA: How's David?  
LINUS: Well, he's been flat on his stomach but he's feeling better, thank you. Now he's flat on his back.  
SABRINA: I miss him. Not that I'm not having a good time.  
LINUS: Sabrina?  
SABRINA: Yes?  
LINUS: Do you mind if we ... turned this off?  
SABRINA: Why?  
LINUS: Because.  
SABRINA: Don't you like it?  
LINUS: I used to like it.  
SABRINA: Certain songs bring back certain memories to me, too. Did you love her?  
LINUS: I'd rather not talk about it.  
SABRINA: I'm sorry.  
LINUS: That's all right.  
SABRINA: It's so strange to think of you being touched by a woman. I always thought you walked alone.  
LINUS: No man walks alone from choice.  
SABRINA: As a child, I used to watch you from the window over the garage. Coming and going, always wearing your black homburg, carrying a briefcase and an umbrella. I thought you could never belong to anyone, never care for anyone.  
LINUS: Oh, yes, the cold businessman, way up in his executive suite. No emotion, just ice water in his veins, and ticker tape coming from his heart. And yet one day, that same cold businessman, high up in a skyscraper, opens the window, steps out on a ledge, stands there for three hours, wondering if he should jump.

SABRINA: Because of her?  
LINUS: No, no, that was another woman. Sabrina, do you find it hard to believe someone might want to blot out everything, for sentimental reasons?  
SABRINA: Oh, I believe it! You know what I almost did because of sentimental reasons? I... I went to Paris to blot it out. Maybe you should go to Paris, Linus.  
LINUS: To Paris?  
SABRINA: It helped me a lot. Have you ever been there?  
LINUS: Oh, yes. Once. I was there for 35 minutes.  
SABRINA: 35 minutes?  
LINUS: Changing planes. I was on my way to Iraq on an oil deal.  
SABRINA: But Paris isn't for changing planes. It's ... It's for changing your outlook. For throwing open the windows and letting in ... letting in *la vie en rose*.  
LINUS: Paris is for lovers. Maybe that's why I stayed only 35 minutes.

EXT. GARAGE - EVENING

Fairchild is out washing the Rolls Royce.

SABRINA: (to her dog) Hi, David. Hello, Father.  
FAIRCHILD: Margaret has some dinner for you in the kitchen.  
SABRINA: Funny. I used to be so afraid of him.  
FAIRCHILD: Aren't you hungry?  
SABRINA: Father, you've driven Linus for so many years. What do you know about him?  
FAIRCHILD: A chauffeur's supposed to keep his eyes on the road, Sabrina. Only once in a while does he get a glimpse in the rear-view mirror.  
SABRINA: If you looked a little longer, Father, you'd find him nice. And quite human.

## 10. The Cure

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - MORNING

- LINUS: Good morning, Miss McCardle. First, a wire to Hannegan, Fort Worth, Texas. "Unable to attend Larrabee Sulphur Board meeting because of slight hitch in Larrabee plastics merger." Got that? Next. Here's the itinerary for tonight. I want two tickets to *The Seven Year Itch*. Table for two at The Colony before the show, a table for two at The Persian Room after the show. Make it a corner table, a dark corner. We're just passing La Guardia Field. You can put the coffee on in 10 minutes and make it strong.
- LINUS: Fairchild, I'll be needing you tonight.
- FAIRCHILD: Yes, sir.
- LINUS: I'm taking Sabrina out again.
- FAIRCHILD: Yes, sir.
- LINUS: Would you have her at my office at seven o'clock?
- FAIRCHILD: Yes, sir.
- LINUS: Anything wrong, Fairchild?
- FAIRCHILD: I would very much prefer that you would dispense with my services on these dates with my daughter, sir. It makes for a rather awkward situation.
- LINUS: Oh, I see. That never occurred to me. I'm sorry.
- FAIRCHILD: It's just not right, sir. I like to think of life as a limousine. Though we're all driving together, we must remember our places. There's a front seat, a back seat and a window in between.
- LINUS: Fairchild, I never realized it before, but you're a terrible snob.
- FAIRCHILD: Yes, sir.
- LINUS: All right. Have her take one of other cars and drive in herself. Have her take David's car.
- FAIRCHILD: Thank you, sir. It's all so distressing. First Mr. David, now you. I wish Sabrina would've stayed in Paris.
- LINUS: So do I.

FAIRCHILD: May I ask, sir, what exactly are your intentions?  
LINUS: My intentions? Unethical, reprehensible but very practical.  
FAIRCHILD: I beg your pardon?  
LINUS: With your permission, Fairchild, I'm shipping your daughter back to Paris.  
FAIRCHILD: You are, sir?  
LINUS: That is, I'm going to try to ship her back.  
FAIRCHILD: May I ask how, sir?  
LINUS: First class, of course. And I don't want you to worry about money.  
FAIRCHILD: It's not money I'm worried about, sir. It's Sabrina. I just don't want her to get hurt.  
LINUS: I'll be as gentle as I can.  
FAIRCHILD: I hope so, sir. She's just a displaced person, I'm afraid. She doesn't belong in a mansion, but then again she doesn't belong above a garage either.

INT. LARRABEE OFFICE - EVENING

SABRINA: All right!

She pounds her fist on the table.

SABRINA: The meeting of the Board of Directors of the Larrabee Industries will now come to order. As the chairman of the board, I would like to say at the outset ... the chairman is so dizzy.  
LINUS: Meeting adjourned. Have a frozen daiquiri.  
SABRINA: I once saw an office like this in an old copy of Fortune magazine at my dentist's. Has David got an office like this?  
LINUS: Something like this, only larger.  
SABRINA: Larger?  
LINUS: Oh, yes. Instead of a desk, he has a putting green.

Linus hands a daiquiri to Sabrina.

LINUS: Please, Sabrina, before my fingers get frostbitten.  
SABRINA: Is this the ledge?  
LINUS: What ledge?  
SABRINA: You know, the ledge... that woman... when you almost...  
LINUS: Oh, the ledge. Yes, that's the ledge, all right.  
SABRINA: What made you not do it?  
LINUS: It was some children playing hopscotch on the sidewalk.  
SABRINA: I'm very fond of those children. Look at all these gadgets. Just imagine, you press a button and factories go up. Or you pick up a telephone and 100 tankers set out for Persia. Or you switch on a Dictaphone and say, "Buy all of Cleveland and move it to Pittsburgh." You must be awfully clever.  
LINUS: Oh, it's nothing really. Just a small knack, like juggling three oranges.  
SABRINA: It isn't oranges, it's millions. Suppose you dropped one?  
LINUS: Suppose I did? What's at the end of a million? Zero, zero, zero. Nothing. A circle with a hole in it. Sabrina...  
SABRINA: Yes, Linus?  
LINUS: Can you keep a secret?  
SABRINA: Secret?  
LINUS: Yes, of course you can. I want you to look out there.

Linus points out over the harbor.

LINUS: Uptown. You see the French Line pier?  
SABRINA: Yes.  
LINUS: You see the boat?  
SABRINA: Yes.  
LINUS: That's the Liberté. It sails on Thursday. I'm going to be on it.  
SABRINA: You are?

LINUS: Yes, I am. I'm sick of pushing buttons, sick of secretaries, sick of this office. I'm breaking out, Sabrina. I'm running away.

SABRINA: Good for you!

SABRINA: I've been thinking about Paris ever since you mentioned it. It's all your fault, Sabrina.

SABRINA: It'll make a new person out of you. I guarantee, or double your money back. Oh, Linus, I'm so glad you're going. Or am I?

Miss McCardle walks into the office.

McCARDLE: It's 7:35, Mr. Larrabee. You have a dinner reservation at The Colony.

LINUS: Thank you. Ready, Sabrina?

SABRINA: "Tout de suite," as they say in Paris.

McCARDLE: Curtain is at 8:40. I used your brother's name at The Colony. I got you the darkest corner. I'm sorry, Mr. Larrabee.

INT. COLONY - EVENING

SABRINA: This is what you do on your very first day in Paris. You get yourself some rain. Not just a drizzle, but some honest-to-goodness rain. Then you find yourself someone really nice and drive her through the Bois de Boulogne in a taxi. The rain's very important because that's when Paris smells its sweetest. It's the damp chestnut trees, you see?

LINUS: I see.

SABRINA: You're very clever, Linus, and very rich. You can order yourself some rain.

LINUS: Sure. I can order myself some rain. I can get myself a taxi. That's easy. But can I find myself someone really nice? That's not so easy, Sabrina.

Linus and Sabrina are out on the dance floor.

LINUS:           How do you say in French, "My sister has a yellow pencil"?

SABRINA:       "Ma soeura un crayon jaune."

LINUS:           How do you say, "My brother has a lovely girl"?

SABRINA:       "Mon frere a une gentille petite amie."

LINUS:           And how do you say, "I wish I were my brother"?

INT. DAVID'S ROADSTAR - NIGHT

SABRINA:       (singing in French)

LINUS:           Why are you looking at me that way?

SABRINA:       All night long I've had a terrible impulse to do something.

LINUS:           Oh, never resist an impulse, Sabrina, especially if it's terrible.

SABRINA:       I'm going to do it.

Sabrina grabs Linus's hat and turns its brim down.

SABRINA:       There.

LINUS:           What's that for?

SABRINA:       We can't have you walking up and down the Champs Elysees looking like a tourist undertaker. And another thing, never a briefcase in Paris and never an umbrella. There's a law.

LINUS:           How am I ever going to get along in Paris without someone like you? Who'll be there to help me with my French? To turn down the brim of my hat?

SABRINA:       Suppose you meet someone on the boat, the very first day? A perfect stranger.

LINUS:           I have a better suppose, Sabrina. Suppose I were ten years younger. Suppose you weren't in love with David.

Suppose I asked you to ... Oh, I suppose I'm just talking nonsense.

SABRINA: I suppose so.

LINUS: Suppose you sing that song again. Slowly.

SABRINA: (singing in French)

EXT. GARAGE - NIGHT

DAVID: Hi! I thought you two had eloped. I wouldn't mind, but not in my car.

SABRINA: Hello, David.

DAVID: Did you have a good time?

SABRINA: So-so.

DAVID: Where did you go?

LINUS: We saw *The Seven Year Itch* and went on to The Persian Room.

DAVID: Lousy dancer, isn't he?

SABRINA: So-so.

DAVID: I bet he slept through half the show and then bent your ears back the rest of the evening with Dow Jones averages, corporate structures, excess-profits taxes.

SABRINA: We talked about a lot of things.

LINUS: How's your little, er, mishap?

DAVID: Shaping up beautifully. Dr. Calaway's so proud of the job he wants to show it to his class at Columbia medical school. (to Sabrina) Oh, I'm sorry, Sabrina.

SABRINA: It's very funny.

DAVID: Say, Linus, while I was lying in that hammock, I got a great idea. (to Sabrina) He thinks I'm an idiot. (to Linus) How does this strike you? Plastic champagne glasses out of plastic just in case.

LINUS: Brilliant. What else did Dr. Calloway have to say?

DAVID: Mmm, stitches come out Thursday.

LINUS: Thursday?

DAVID: I'm a fast healer.  
LINUS: You sure are.  
DAVID: So if you two have long-range plans...  
LINUS: No. Nothing long range. I, I just thought Sabrina'd like to see the stock exchange and our plant in Jersey.  
SABRINA: Oh, I don't think so.  
LINUS: Then we'll just have dinner in town and go to a show.  
DAVID: But that's all, brother, because come Thursday, the first team takes over. Hey, what's with the homburg?

Linus turns the brim of his hat back up.

LINUS: I guess the undertaker had better turn in, and you'd better crawl back into that hole in your hammock.  
*Au revoir*, Sabrina.  
SABRINA: Good night, Linus.

DAVID: He's a little on the dull side, isn't he? But you can't help liking him.  
SABRINA: Kiss me, David.  
DAVID: I'd love to, Sabrina.  
SABRINA: Again. ... That's better.  
DAVID: What's the matter, darling? You're not worried about us, aren't you? I'm not. There'll be a big stink in the family. Who cares?  
SABRINA: David, I don't think I'm going to have dinner with Linus. I don't want to go out with him.  
DAVID: Why not?  
SABRINA: I want to be near you.  
DAVID: Oh, I know how you feel, Sabrina. It must be an awful bore. But if Linus wants to take you out, let's be nice about it. It's very important. He's our only ally. Don't you see, Father will try to cut off my allowance and send me to Larrabee Copper in Butte, Montana. And we don't want to go to Butte, Montana, do we?

SABRINA: Hold me close, David.  
DAVID: We'll have a wonderful time, darling. We'll build ourselves a raft and drift across the Pacific like Kon-Tiki. Or climb the highest mountain, like Annapurna, just the two of us.  
SABRINA: Keep talking, David. Keep talking.

### 11. The Liberté

INT. LARRABEE OFFICE -DAY

ELIZABETH: We thought of pink roses for the cherubs and white gardenias for the names. It'll take about 2,000 gardenias. We'll float the whole thing in our pool.  
LINUS: Indoor or outdoor?  
ELIZABETH: Outdoor, of course. We drained the water from the indoor pool to make room for presents.  
MR. TYSON: Where's the provision determining the ratio of invested capital to controlling interest?  
LINUS: Page 62 paragraph six, uh, subdivision B.  
ELIZABETH: Father, where's the list?  
MR. TYSON: Here you are, darling.  
ELIZABETH: Would you like to see the invitation list?

Oliver noisily stirs his drink. He tries to get the last olive out of the bottle.

MR. TYSON: (reading) ... 16,749 under trust of Illinois.  
550 ...

Oliver walks over to Mr. Tyson and takes the paper clip from the contract.

MR. TYSON: Who are your lawyers, Linus? The way this merger's

worked out, I have all the titles and you have all the controls.

LINUS: I always make it a point to have controls.

MR. TYSON: Yeah, it's just your good luck the kids are so fond of each other.

LINUS: I always make it a point to be lucky, too.

ELIZABETH: Come on, Father. Oh, Linus, you won't forget the gardenias now, will you?

LINUS: Uh-huh.

ELIZABETH: Tony Lennox has the sweetest idea. He's going to fly over the chapel and throw rice at us from his plane.

MR. TYSON: With David the bridegroom, maybe he'd better use wild rice.

Mr. Tyson and Elizabeth leave the room.

OLIVER: All I can say is, David better show up at this wedding. I have a horrible vision of Elizabeth waiting at the altar, and 2,000 gardenias floating in the pool spelling "disaster".

LINUS: A memo to Miss McCardle. First, call Brunson in Larrabee Shipping. We'll be needing 2,000 gardenias. Tell him to start cornering the market. Next I want ...

OLIVER: You're not having any trouble with that, that ... I never can remember that garage girl's name.

LINUS: Sabrina.

OLIVER: What right has a chauffeur got to call his daughter "Sabrina"?

LINUS: What would you suggest? "Ethel"?

OLIVER: You've taken her out now three nights in a row. Is that situation in hand?

LINUS: I think so. It's resolving itself into a straight export deal.

(into intercom) And next Miss McCardle, I want two accommodations on the Liberté. One in the name of Sabrina Fairchild, one in my name.

OLIVER:           What's this?  What's this?  You and that girl going off  
                  on a boat together?  Have I spawned two idiot sons?

LINUS:            Who said I was going?  She is going because she'll think  
                  I am going, but I'm not really going.  Is that clear?

OLIVER:           It is not!

LINUS:            I'm going to tell Sabrina that I'll meet her on the boat.  
                  When the boat is ten miles out at sea, she'll find out that  
                  I'm not on the boat.

OLIVER:           Uhh?

LINUS:            My cabin will be empty.  Just a note of apology and a  
                  few presents to soften the blow.

OLIVER:           Excellent.

LINUS:            Yes, I thought you'd like it.  
                  (into intercom)  Miss McCardle, I want flowers in Miss  
                  Fairchild's cabin.  Candy, fruit and the usual what-  
                  have-yous.  Next, cable Miss Show to get her a car in  
                  Paris, also an apartment.  Next, a letter of credit on  
                  our Paris bank.  She can draw up to 50,000.

OLIVER:           Easy, now.

LINUS:            Next, transfer to Thomas Fairchild 1,000 shares,  
                  Larrabee Common.

OLIVER:           1,000 shares?!

LINUS:            Make it 1,500 shares, Larrabee Preferred.

OLIVER:           Seems to me there ought to be a less extravagant way  
                  of getting a chauffeur's daughter out of one's hair.

LINUS:            How would you do it?  You can't even get a little  
                  olive out of a jar.

Linus breaks the jar on the desk.

LINUS:            Eat it.

INT. LARRABEE BUILDING - DAY

Sabrina makes her way over to the elevator.

CONDUCTOR: Going up?

SABRINA: No, thank you.

Sabrina walks over to a pay phone and dials a number.

LINUS: Yes?

McCARDLE: Miss Fairchild for you, Mr. Larrabee.

LINUS: Send her in.

McCARDLE: She's on the phone. Take it on five.

LINUS: Sabrina? What happened to you? It's twenty past eight.

SABRINA: Good evening, Linus. I know I'm late. I guess I should have called you earlier. I can't see you tonight. I'm very sorry I just can't make it. I tried but I'm all tied up. No, I'm not in Long Island. I'm in New York. Oh, downtown in a phone booth in a building. What difference does it make, what building, Linus? I, I can't see you tonight. Oh, all right, it's, it's the Larrabee Building, but I'm not coming up.

LINUS: Look, Sabrina, suppose you tell me exactly what's on your mind, slowly and clearly? You talk and I'll listen.

Linus quickly lays the phone down on his desk.

SABRINA: Well, you see it was really David's idea I go out with you because he wants you to help him. But the trouble is, it's not helping me any. I shouldn't have been seeing you, Linus. I shouldn't even be talking to you on the phone. In fact, I'm really only calling to say goodbye because tomorrow you'll be on the boat to Paris.

The elevator doors open and Linus steps out into the lobby.

SABRINA: In a way, I'm glad you're going. You do know what I mean, don't you, Linus? Linus? Hello, Linus? Where are you, Linus?

LINUS: Your three minutes are up.

SABRINA: Oh, hello. This is silly, I was talking to myself.

LINUS: You've wasted a dime, too. Come on.

SABRINA: You're not angry with me, are you?

LINUS: Of course, not.

SABRINA: I have a perfectly good reason why I shouldn't see you tonight.

LINUS: Not here, Sabrina.

## 12. Smelling Salts

Sabrina and Linus walk into the dark office.

LINUS: All right, Sabrina, what is that perfectly good reason why you shouldn't see me? What is it? What's bothering you?

SABRINA: It's me that's bothering me.

Linus turns on the lights.

SABRINA: Please don't.

LINUS: I'm sorry.

SABRINA: I know I'm not making much sense, Linus.

LINUS: Would you like a drink?

SABRINA: I don't think I want a drink.

LINUS: I think I do.

Linus walks over to the bar.

LINUS: Why don't you sit down?  
SABRINA: I can only stay a minute.  
LINUS: Mind if I turn on this little one?  
SABRINA: If you want.  
LINUS: I'd hate to fix myself a martini with creme de menthe.

The intercom buzzes.

LINUS: Yes?  
McCARDLE: I cancelled your dinner reservation, Mr. Larrabee.  
What about the theatre tickets?  
SABRINA: Oh, I couldn't possibly go anywhere.  
LINUS: They're all yours, Miss McCardle. Good night.

Linus walks back over to the bar.

LINUS: You're sure you won't have even one?  
SABRINA: No, thanks.  
LINUS: You must be hungry.  
SABRINA: I hadn't thought about it.  
LINUS: Well, I'm starved. I was sort of saving myself  
for 21 tonight.  
SABRINA: I've spoiled your evening, Haven't I?  
LINUS: No, you haven't. We can have dinner right here.  
Let's see what Miss McCardle is hoarding. Probably  
maraschino cherries and stale crackers.

Linus opens the cupboard.

LINUS: Tomato juice, puffed rice, sardines, tomato juice,  
tomato juice, tomato juice.  
SABRINA: That's an awful lot of tomato juice.  
LINUS: Suppose you could fix something out of this?  
SABRINA: I suppose so. I'm a graduate cook, you know.  
I have a diploma.  
LINUS: Oh, it'll take a diploma.

SABRINA: I wanted to be so sure I couldn't go out with you tonight. And here I am cooking for you. I guess maybe I should have worn an apron.

LINUS: One apron, coming up.

Linus finds an apron in a bottom cupboard.

LINUS: Pots. Pans. Can opener. Stove. All the comforts of home. You know, Miss McCardle once cooked dinner here for the board of directors. After the first course, there was a move to adjourn. It was passed unanimously. What do we start with?

SABRINA: I haven't decided yet.

Sabrina begins to cry.

LINUS: Now, Sabrina, let's have none of those.

SABRINA: I'm so ashamed, Linus.

LINUS: You have no reason to be.

SABRINA: I've known you only a few days, just a few days really. And I've been in love with David all my life. I can't understand what's the matter with me. I went away to grow up and I thought I had grown up, but I guess I haven't really. I just got myself a new hairdo, that's all. Please say something.

LINUS: Like what?

SABRINA: I don't know. Tell me I'm imagining things. Tell me you never even thought of taking me on the boat to Paris with you. Tell me to put on my coat and go home before I make a complete fool of myself. But don't let me go home. I couldn't bear it. This is the last time we'll see each other. I'll behave, Linus. I'm all right now.

LINUS: That's good. How about dinner?

SABRINA: I just remembered I didn't have any lunch today.

LINUS: You didn't?

SABRINA: Or any breakfast, either.  
LINUS: That may account for a lot of things.  
SABRINA: Would you like a soufflé for dessert?  
LINUS: Out of tomato juice?  
SABRINA: Out of crackers, of course.  
LINUS: Not too soggy, huh?  
SABRINA: You'd better get out of the kitchen.

Linus walks out onto the ledge and looks at the Liberté.

SABRINA: Which one is the Liberté?  
LINUS: The one on the right.  
SABRINA: Are you sure? You mustn't take the wrong boat.  
LINUS: I'll try not to.  
SABRINA: You haven't forgotten my instructions, have you?  
Never an umbrella in Paris, and under all circumstances  
rain the very first day.  
LINUS: I haven't forgotten a word, Sabrina. My sister has  
a yellow pencil. "Ma soeura un crayon jaune."  
SABRINA: Very good. Tres bien. Watch. One, two, three,  
crack. New egg. It's all in the wrist.  
There must be an egg beater somewhere.

Sabrina goes over to the desk, and happens to notice two tickets  
for the Liberté.

SABRINA: Linus!  
Linus! Why didn't you tell me? You do want to take  
me with you, don't you?

She shows Linus the tickets.

LINUS: These don't mean what you think they mean.  
SABRINA: I know why you didn't tell me. Because you think  
it's wrong. They'll say I'm too young for you, there'll

be a awful scandal, and the market will go down. Linus Larrabee Esquire is taking me to Paris.

LINUS: Sabrina, I... I wasn't going to take you to Paris. I was going to send you.

SABRINA: Alone?

LINUS: Yes, all alone.

SABRINA: But there's a ticket for you.

LINUS: For an empty cabin.

SABRINA: You were joining me in Paris, is that it?

LINUS: I'm afraid not.

SABRINA: I think I understand.

LINUS: I'm sorry.

SABRINA: But why? Why did you do it, Linus?

LINUS: High finance. Expansion. Marriage. A merger. A new plaque on the Larrabee Building. You got in the way.

SABRINA: David?

LINUS: That's right.

SABRINA: How inconsiderate of me. And how inconvenient for you, such a busy man, having to waste so much time to get me on a boat.

LINUS: I'm ashamed to say I enjoyed every minute of it.

SABRINA: And I suppose, in your empty cabin, there would have been a farewell note, dictated to and typed by Miss McCardle? And perhaps a few flowers.

LINUS: A little more than that.

Linus walks over to his desk and reads off the arrangements.

LINUS: A letter of credit. An apartment in Paris. A car. 1,500 shares of Larrabee Preferred for your father.

SABRINA: You're very generous.

LINUS: We regard it as a necessary business expense.

SABRINA: I'll just take one of those tickets.

Linus hands her a ticket.

SABRINA: I was happy in Paris. I think you would have been, too. Good night, Mr. Larrabee. I'm sorry I can't stay to do the dishes.

INT. LARRABEE OFFICE - MORNING

SECRETARY #1: Good Morning.

SECRETARY #2: Good Morning, Miss McCardle.

SECRETARY #3: Good Morning.

SECRETARY #4: Good Morning.

McCARDLE: Good Morning.

She grabs the mail and walks into Linus's office.

McCARDLE: Mr. Larrabee?

LINUS: Come in, Miss McCardle.

McCARDLE: Good morning.

LINUS: Good morning. You're late. I had to make my own coffee. Worst ever.

McCARDLE: Sorry. I had a very bad night.

LINUS: I know exactly how you feel. Well, you better get that pad. We have things to do.

McCARDLE: I used your theatre tickets and took my mother.

LINUS: Are you ready?

McCARDLE: Yes.

LINUS: First, call Larrabee Shipping. Tell them to radio our tankers bound for Puerto Rico to turn back. Next, call Larrabee Construction and tell them to stop work on the new plant. We're canceling the Larrabee Plastics merger.

McCARDLE: We are?!

LINUS: Next, I want Mr. Larrabee Senior, Mr. Tyson and Miss Elizabeth Tyson here in this office as soon as possible. Better have a large bottle of smelling salts around. We're calling off the wedding.

McCARDLE: We are?

LINUS:            When's your mother's birthday?  
McCARDLE:        Why?  
McCARDLE:        I'm sending her 2,000 gardenias. Here's a ticket for  
the Liberté. Have it transferred to the name of David  
Larrabee. You better get his passport out and make sure  
it's in order. Next, see if you can locate David. The  
boat sails at noon. I've called the house for an hour  
and he isn't there. Try Dr. Calloway. Try everywhere,  
but get him.  
McCARDLE:        Do you still want me to send all those presents to  
Miss Fairchild's cabin?  
LINUS:            No. We're sending David instead.

### **13. A Silly Homburg**

INT. LARRABEE OFFICE

DAVID:            Good morning. You'll be happy to hear the stitches are  
out. It's as good as new.  
LINUS:            Congratulations. I've been looking for you.  
DAVID:            And I've been looking for you.  
LINUS:            You're leaving for Paris today.  
DAVID:            No kidding.  
LINUS:            With Sabrina. She's going to be on the boat.  
DAVID:            Uh-huh? Does she have to be in here?

David points to Miss McCardle.

LINUS:            All right, Miss McCardle. You've got a lot of work  
to do.  
                  (to David) Aren't you pleased with the news?  
                  What's the matter with you?  
  
DAVID:            I saw Sabrina when she came home last night.

Mmm-hmm. Found her packing.

LINUS: What did she say?

DAVID: Nothing. She just kissed me.

LINUS: What's wrong with that?

DAVID: Well, I may know nothing about Dow Jones but I do know something about kisses.

LINUS: Yes, you could lecture on that at Vassar.

DAVID: This one tasted like, um, a goodbye kiss.

LINUS: You're just imagining things.

DAVID: No, it had a few tears in it. I'm not very bright.

It took me until this morning to add two and two together, like, uh, two champagne glasses and the plastics deal and Sabrina. You know what I got?

LINUS: What?

David punches Linus in the face.

DAVID: Sorry to do it to a tired businessman.

LINUS: That's all right. Well, now we're even. Suppose you go home and start packing. I'll take care of Elizabeth. I'm calling off the merger at the board meeting.

Miss McCardle'll have your passport and your ticket. Let her know if you need any money. I want you and Sabrina to have a good time in Paris. Goodbye.

DAVID: What makes you so sure Sabrina still wants me?

LINUS: Of course she wants you. She's wanted you all her life.

DAVID: Until you came along in that silly Homburg.

LINUS: Well, suppose you straighten that silly straw hat and on your way, or you'll miss the boat.

DAVID: Don't worry, I won't miss the boat. I'm going. Funniest thing. Linus Larrabee, the man who doesn't burn, scorch or melt, suddenly throws a 20 million dollar deal out the window. Are you sure you don't want to go with her?

LINUS: Why should I want to go with her?

DAVID:           Because you're in love with her.

INT. ROLLS ROYCE - DAY

Fairchild is driving Sabrina to the port.

FAIRCHILD:      You won't be annoyed if I cry at the boat, will you,  
                    Sabrina?

SABRINA:         I'll be disappointed if you don't, Father.

FAIRCHILD:      I'd feel so much better if only you'd be angry with  
                    me for allowing this to happen.

SABRINA:         It wasn't your fault, Father. It was mine.

She gives Fairchild a kiss on the cheek.

SABRINA:         I should have believed you. There's a front seat  
                    and a back seat and a window in between.

FAIRCHILD:      If it's any consolation, one good thing's come out of  
                    it, anyway. You did get over David, didn't you?

SABRINA:         Dear David. Yes, I did get over that. I'm cured.  
                    Now I have to get over the cure!

FAIRCHILD:      It wouldn't have worked out really, darling. The  
                    papers and everybody else would have said "How fine and  
                    democratic for a Larrabee to marry the chauffeur's daughter."  
                    But would they praise the chauffeur's daughter? No.  
                    Democracy can be a wickedly unfair thing, Sabrina. Nobody  
                    poor was ever called democratic for marrying somebody rich.

INT. LARRABEE OFFICE - DAY

OLIVER:           Why don't we start this meeting and sign the papers?

ELIZABETH:       We're waiting for David, of course.

MR. TYSON:       Yes, we're waiting for David.

OLIVER: That boy has no sense of time. No sense of direction.  
As a matter of fact, he has no sense. Where is he, Linus?

LINUS: We'll get to that in a minute.

McCARDLE: Here are the smelling salts, Mr. Larrabee. I got you  
the largest size.

ELIZABETH: Linus, look what I bought him for Waikiki Beach.  
I hope they're loud enough.

LINUS: I hope they're returnable.

He watches as the Liberté departs from the harbor.

LINUS: Well, gentlemen, I see no need for any further delay.  
Suppose we get down to business?

ELIZABETH: But what about David?

MR. TYSON: Yes, what about David?

LINUS: That's a very good question.  
(to Miss McCardle) Not yet.  
(to group) Mr. Tyson, members of the board ...  
Are you with us, Father?

OLIVER: Present.

LINUS: As you know, gentlemen, we are here to put our signatures  
to the Larrabee-Tyson merger. Much effort has gone into  
making this union possible. Long hours, many obstacles to  
overcome. Nobody knows better than I. However... (to Miss  
McCardle) Not yet. (to group) However, sometimes even  
the most conscientious of businessmen can botch up a deal  
for one reason or another.

Now, understand I, I don't mean to say that our merger  
has hit a snag, or failed to jell, or gone up in smoke, or  
fallen through. Let me put it this way, gentlemen. It has  
sailed away.

OLIVER: I seem to have missed something here. Would you mind  
starting again?

LINUS: Now, Miss McCardle.

Miss McCardle stands up and opens the bottle of smelling salts.

LINUS: Elizabeth, I hate to have to break the news, but at this very moment, your fiancé, David Larrabee...

DAVID: Is late, as usual.

David walks into the office wearing Linus's hat.

DAVID: Hello, everybody. Hello, darling. Hello, Linus.  
How are you?

LINUS: What are you doing here?

DAVID: I heard there was a board meeting going on. Where are the contracts? Where do I sign?

LINUS: Where's Sabrina?

ELIZABETH: Sabrina? Who's Sabrina?

OLIVER: That name! That name!

DAVID: She's on the boat, I guess.

LINUS: Yeah, but the boat has sailed.

DAVID: And there she goes.

MR. TYSON: Who goes?

DAVID: Sabrina.

ELIZABETH: Who is Sabrina?

LINUS: Why did you do it?

DAVID: Do what?

LINUS: She's all alone out there.

DAVID: Not according to the afternoon papers.

David pulls out a newspaper from his jacket pocket.

DAVID: It says here that "Linus Larrabee", that's you, isn't it? "And Sabrina Fairchild", that's she, isn't it?  
"Have quietly reserved adjacent deck chairs on the Liberté, sailing today.

OLIVER: All columnists should be beaten to a pulp and converted into paper.

LINUS: Did you plant this?

DAVID: Me? I thought it was common knowledge about you and Sabrina.

ELIZABETH: Who is Sabrina?

DAVID: Our chauffeur's daughter, that's who she is. Now, how about that, gentlemen? Linus Larrabee, wizard of finance, man of distinction, chairman of the board of Larrabee Industries, getting mixed up with his chauffeur's daughter.

LINUS: That's enough, David.

DAVID: She went after me for a while, but she switched to Linus. I guess it's because he's got more money.

Now we all know about those kind of girls. Believe me, gentlemen, this one is no different, just seems to be.

LINUS: I said that's enough.

DAVID: Maybe you got smart, Linus. Or maybe you just got lucky, because you're here and she's out there. Brother! She would have taken you for plenty.

Linus punches David in the face.

DAVID: I was just helping you make up your mind. You are in love with her! What are you waiting for?

David throws Linus his hat and umbrella.

DAVID: There's an elevator outside, a police escort downstairs and a tugboat standing by at the Larrabee pier. Get moving!

LINUS: Well, if you'll excuse me, gentlemen, it appears I have a previous engagement.

OLIVER: That's the 20th century for you. Automobiles. Garages. Chauffeurs. Chauffeurs' daughters!

Linus rushes out of the office.

OLIVER: In as much as I seem to be the only member of the

Larrabee family who is not out of his mind, I will take it upon myself to call this meeting back to order... as soon as David Larrabee removes his carcass from this table.

DAVID: Sit down, Father.

Oliver sits down and shatters the jar of olives in his back pocket.

OLIVER: The olives!

EXT. LIBERTE DECK - DAY

STEWARD: Miss Fairchild? *Il ya un monsieur sur le bateau. qui voudrait bien que vous lui arrangiez son chapeau.*

SABRINA: *Voila.*

STEWARD: *Merci beaucoup.*

Linus comes walking up behind her.

**THE END**