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Little Lord Fauntleroy

By Frances Hodgson Burnett

LITTLE LORD FAUNTLEROY

Brooklyn, New York...

in the 1880's.

I never saw a man meet death
with finer courage.

Don't let her stay in there too long.

Dearest, is Father...

is Father well now?

Yes, dear, he's well, he's quite well,
but we have no one left
now but each other.

No one at all.

My baby!

Ceddie was not old enough to
know of anything else to do,
so he did what he could
and was more of a comfort to
her than he understood.

Strawberries! Fresh strawberries!

Strawberries!

Fresh strawberries!

He'll be pleased, won't he?

Ach, the darlin'! To think of him
getting the like of that for his birthday.

Sure he'll be the happiest boy in all
Brooklyn till he falls off of it!

Dearest!

Dearest!

- All right, Ceddie.

Oh, Dearest... Look! Look!

Mary's brother, Michael, has made
it for me and Mary's given me this book.

It's "The Adventures of Robin Hood
and His Merry Men".

Listen,

Back varlets! Touch Maid Marian at your
peril. However many you be, I defy you all!

See, Dearest, you're Maid Marian,
and I'm Robin Hood.

They crowd around you. I'll never leave
your side however many there are!

Oh! - Now, Dearest, you cry out:

"Help me, Robin Hood!"

Help me, Robin Hood! Help! Help!

Down with you, varlets! Now I'm...

- Oh!

There!

Do you like it?

Oh my!

Of all events in my life
this is the most magnificent!

Do you really like it, darling? It's what
you wanted? - It's exactly what I wanted!
I do hope it is! Only you will be careful,
won't you and not let it run away with you?

I suppose I'm about the safest bicycle
rider in the whole Brooklyn!

Ha-ha - d'ya mind that now!

Can I ride it now, Dearest?

Can I go now? - Go!

I can't wait one minute.

Mr. Hobbs has to see it and Dick.

Can I go now, Dearest, at once?

- Yes, dear, only do be careful.

All right, there we are!

Bring it down slow.

Ceddie! Ceddie!

Do be careful of the streetcars
if you get out the sidewalk.

Oh, I will! - Now, wait a minute.

Wait a minute.

Good-bye, Dearest!

Good-bye!

Ah-ha! Be careful.

I'll be careful, I'll be careful,

I'll be careful.

I'll be careful.

Good morning, Mrs. McGillycuddy.

- Good morning, Ceddie, a very good morning.

How are your bones
today, Mrs. McGillycuddy?

Oh, none too good after
the rainstorm yesterday.

Oh, they ached last night somethin' cruel.

Ties me up in knots the rain does.

- Does it? How very peculiar.

But, ah, it's a fine day to go bicycle riding.

Oh, I suppose so, for them that

has bicycles and can ride them.

I suppose everybody who has a new bicycle will take it out and ride it today.

Glory be the goodness! And whose bicycle might that be? - It's mine!

It's my birthday present from Dearest.

- Oh, it's a daisy, shure.

Fine enough for the president to ride.

- And it has all the latest improvements.

Oh! Sorta sounds like

the bells of St. Patrick!

Shure it's the luckiest

boy in the world ya are.

Well I'll have to be going.

I nearly forgot. Please choose my apple now, Mrs. McGillicuddy.

But would you mind keeping it for me until I get back? -Sure.

Oh, there he goes oh, there he goes

All dressed up in his purty clothes

The way ain' near away'n it be

That's as tough as it's going to be

Hey, where'd ya get de ice wagon?

- I'd like to get by, please.

Give us a little ride, will ya, bub?

- I'm sorry, no.

Aw, scared I'd get it dirty?

- No, but I'd rather ride it myself.

[indistinct protesting]

Hey, English, when did ya get back from dear old London? - I'm not English.

I'm American.

- Then where'd ya get that kinda gab?

My Father was English.

- Oh, does yer mudder know you're out?

Don't you dare talk about my mother!

- Mama's pet!

Mama's pet! Mama's pet! Ha, ha, ha.

I think you'd better take your hand off that wheel. - Want to make anything out of it?

I want to make you get out of the way.

Ooh, ha... ha.

You don't dast, you sissy cat.- Sissy cat! Sissy cat!

Ha, ha... ha.

Wait a minute, Ceddie!
Don't let them bluff you! I'll be right there.
Ha, ha... ha.
Ha, ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha!
Let go!
Go on, Dick! Strike him on the snoot!
Booo!
Hit him with the right!
Poke him in the kisser!
Heh, cheese it - a cop!
Here, ye young devils!
Git outta here! Git out! Git out!
Aw, why couldn't that copper
leave us alone? - We had 'em licked!
Thanks terribly for coming
to my rescue, Dick.
That makes us even for me
givin' ya de mumps, hunh?
They didn't even scratch it.
Gee whillikers! Where'd you swipe that?
Dearest gave it to me. Isn't it
magnificent? - It's a lalapalooza!
I want you to be the very first
person to ride on it. - Aw, t'anks.
Ahem!
Aw!
Thank you very much for your assistance, Mr.
O'Brien. - It's a pleasure, Ceddie, me lad.
Course, I think we might have won anyway.
Sure, and don't I know it! But I had
to keep ya from committin' murder.
I tell you what, Dick. I'll just go once
around the block and then you can ride it
to Mr. Hobbs store.
Make it later, 'cause I gotta see
me brudder Ben off. He's goin' out West.
Oh, is he? Where? Texas?
- No, Chicago.
Oh, that would be splendid!
Riding mustangs and shooting bears!
Dere's me brudder Ben now.
Come on, Dick. I've got to leave.
Well, come on down to Mr. Hobbs' store
as quickly as you can.

HOBBS' FANCY VEGETABLES & GROCERIES

What do you say to a little birthday party?

Ginger pop and cookies, and some candy?

That would be perfect Mr. Hobbs! Only...

- Only?

Well, oh, Dick's coming very soon and

I was thinking, oh, if we could wait.

I guess there'll be enough to go around.

There's a lump coming,

I think, quite a big one!

What are you reading, Mr. Hobbs?

Ah! That's the way they go on now.

British aristocracy!

I've got no use for 'em - earls and

marquises goin' around as if they was

lords of creation, wearin' their coronets.

Did you ever know any marquises, Mr. Hobbs,

or earls? - No, I should say not.

I'd just like to catch one of 'em

inside here, that's all!

I'll have no graspin' tyrant sittin'

around on my cracker barrels!

Perhaps they wouldn't be earls

if they knew any better.

Oh, wouldn't they though!

They just glory in it! It's in 'em.

They're a bad lot.

Here you are, Dick. Just in time

for Ceddie's birthday feast.

Jimminity... ginger pop and everything!

Here's to your health, Ceddie.

Many happy birthdays!

Thank you very much, Mr. Hobbs.

Why, Mary?

Come on home, darlin'.

The mistress is wanting ya.

Oh, glory be! Would you look at your face!

I'm very sorry, Mr. Hobbs, but I shan't be able to stay for the feast.

Is anything wrong with the Dearest?

- Not at all. Sure, there's nothin' the matter.

What's happened, Mary?

- Now, don't be askin' me any questions.

But there's the queer, strange things

happenin' to us.

If you'll forgive me, Mrs. Errol, you must not disregard the great position to which your son has fallen heir through the death of his uncle, your late husband's brother. But what it amounts to, Mr. Havisham, is that you want to take my boy away.

Mrs. Errol, you must remember that I'm acting quite impersonally and simply as the lawyer of the earl of Dorincourt. The earl of Dorincourt disowned his son and has refused to recognize his grandson until now.

Why should I give up my boy?

I'm afraid I've been very stupid, Mrs. Errol. I should have told you.

My instructions are that you shall accompany Lord Fauntleroy to England. - Oh!

However, I must remind you that Lord Dorincourt is not very friendly towards you. He's an old man and has always had very strong prejudices against America and Americans and was bitterly opposed to his son's marriage. He's fixed in his determination not to see you.

You will live at the lodge and a suitable income will be provided for you. The only stipulation is that you make no attempt to visit your son in the castle, nor even enter the Park Gates.

There's your sister, Mary.

Hello, Bridget. Why, what's the matter?

It's Michael! He's worse and we've no money we can't pay the rent.

I don't know what...

- Now, Bridget, I've more important things to attend to! I wonder what your husband's wishes would have been in this matter?

You knew my husband?

Yes, I knew Captain Errol well and liked him, as everybody did.

He was greatly attached to his old home.

- Yes, I know.

He, above everyone, would have appreciated what this means to your son the very great advantages he'll have. Yes, you're right.

My husband would have wished it.

Mr. Havisham, I must ask you to let me tell Ceddie about this in my own way and in my very own time. He must never know his grandfather dislikes me.

If he did, it would make it harder for them to be friends.

Very well. Your son will thank you for this when he is a man.

I hope his grandfather will love Ceddie.

He has a very affectionate nature and he's always been loved.

This is Mr. Havisham, dear, whom your grandfather sent to see us, all the way from England.

How do you do, sir?

- So this is little Lord Fauntleroy.

You see, dear, your grandfather has no more children now, and he's very lonely.

So he wants us to go and live with him in England.

Because he's an earl and you're his heir, you will have a new name - Lord Fauntleroy.

And someday you will be the earl of Dorincourt.

Oh, Dearest, do I have to be an earl?

None of the boys are earls.

Can't I not be one? - I'm afraid it can't be helped, dear.

Just think, dear, soon we'll be starting for England.

Do we have to go to England, Dearest?

I'd much rather not.

Oh! What will Mr. Hobbs say?

Anything else ma'am?

- How much is your table butter?

13 cents a pound.

- 13! The last I bought was 12,5 cents.

Must've been last month. It's 13 today.

- Oh, indeed. Well, never mind the butter. Heavens and earth, if the prices go any higher, we'll all starve to death! Good day!

- Good day, ma'am.

Hello, Ceddie. What's the matter?

Mr. Hobbs, do you remember what we were talking about yesterday morning?

It seems to me we was talkin' about England.

Yes, yes and earls. Don't you remember?

Oh, yes, we did touch 'em up a little.

That's so.

You said you wouldn't have them sitting around your cracker barrels.

So I did and I meant it too!

Just let them try it, that's all!

Mr. Hobbs, one is sitting on this barrel now.

What?

- Yes.

I'm one or I'm going to be.

I won't deceive you, Mr. Hobbs.

It's the heat!

It is a hot day.

How do ya feel? Got any pain?

Thank you, I'm all right.

I'm sorry to say it's true, Mr. Hobbs.

Mr. Havisham, he's a lawyer, came all the way from England to tell us about it.

My grandfather sent him.

Who is your grandfather?

I couldn't very easily remember it, so I wrote it down.

John Arthur Molyneux Errol, earl of Dorincourt.

That's his name, and he lives in a castle 'er two or three castles, I think.

All his sons have died now. That's why I shall be an earl. Now I'm Lord Fauntleroy.

Well, I'll be jiggered.

One of us has got a sunstroke.

Oh, no, we haven't. We'll have to make the best of it, Mr. Hobbs.

What did you say your name was?

- Cedric Errol Lord Fauntleroy.
Well, I am jiggered.
Well... you always did talk
more English than American.
You think there's no getting out of it?
I'm afraid not, Mr. Hobbs.
Dearest says that Father
would wish me to do it
but if I have to be an earl,
I can try to be a good one.
I'm not going to be a tyrant, Mr. Hobbs
and if there's ever to be another war
with America, I shall try and stop it.
England's a long way off, isn't it?
It's across the Atlantic Ocean.
That's the worst of it. Perhaps
I shan't see you for a long time.
I don't like to think about that, Mr. Hobbs.
Well... the best of friends must part.
I'm afraid, Mr. Havisham, our American
food must seem very strange for you.
A little, ma'am. I find that muffins are
biscuits, and biscuits are cookies
but the cooking's excellent.
And after all, it's the company that
makes the meal exquisite, not the food.
Thank you, Mr. Havisham.
When you're an earl, you'll give splendid
dinners in one of the most beautiful castles
in England.
Do you know, I'm not sure I know
exactly what an earl is?
If anybody's going to be one,
he ought to know, don't you?
Would you mind explaining it to me?
Well, someone is made an earl generally
because he's done some service
to his sovereign or some great deed.
- Oh, that's like the president!
Oh, is it? Is that why
your presidents are elected?
Yes, sir, When a man's very good and
knows a great deal, he's elected president.
And they have torchlight processions, and

bands, and everybody makes speeches.
I used to think I might like to be president
but never thought of being an earl.
No, being an earl is rather different
from being a president.
An earl is generally
of very ancient lineage.
Uh, what's that?
A very old family - extremely old.
Oh, that's like the apple woman.
She's a hundred, I should think.
She's of such ancient lineage, it'd
surprise you how she can stand up.
You feel sorry for anyone who's so poor
and has such ancient lineage.
She says hers has gone into her bones
and rain makes it worse. - Ha, ha, ha.
When I said ancient lineage,
I didn't mean old age.
The first earl of Dorincourt was created
an earl hundreds of years ago.
Well, that was a long time ago,
wasn't it Dearest? - Yes, dear.
Many earls have been very brave men
and have fought in great battles.
I should like to do it myself.
My father was a soldier and a very brave
man as brave as George Washington.
I'm glad earls are brave.
That's a great 'vantage.
Would you excuse me a moment, please?
There's someone I must see. - Oh, certainly.
There's, um, there's another
advantage of being an earl.
Some of them have a great deal of money.
That's a good thing to have. I wish I had
a great deal of money. - Do you? Why?
There's so many things
a person can do with money.
If I were rich, I'd buy the apple
woman a tent to put her stall in
and a stove. I'd give her a shawl, because
then her bones wouldn't feel so badly.
What else would you do

if you were rich?
I'd buy Dearest all sorts
of beautiful things. - Dearest?
I call Mother, "Dearest"
because Father did.
Then there's Dick.
- And who's Dick? - Dick's a bootblack.
I'd buy him some new cloths, some brushes
and a new sign - and start him out fair.
He says that's all he wants is to start
out fair. - Hmm. Is there anything else?
Well, I think Mr. Hobbs would
like a gold watch and chain.
But what would you get just
for yourself, if you were rich?
Isn't there one particular thing
you've dreaming of having? - Yes.
A pony... but I suppose that would
be too much to even dream about.
I'm so sorry.
A poor woman in trouble came to see me.
Oh, is it Bridget?
- Yes, dear.
I wish we could do something for her.
She has six children and her husband
is out of work.
He has inflammatory rheumatism and that's
the kind of rheumatism that's dreadful.
Before I left Dorincourt castle, the earl
said that if you expressed any wishes,
I was to gratify them and give you
anything you desired.
Now, here... here are five pounds -
in your money, 25 dollars.
If you have any desire to assist this
poor woman,
I am sure your grandfather would wish it.
- Can I have it now?
Can I give it to her this minute?
May I be excused, please, Dearest?
- Yes, Ceddie. - Bridget!
Bridget, wait a minute!
Here's some money!
My grandfather gave it to me!

It's for you!
That's a great deal of money, Mr.
Havisham. We've never had very much.
I'm just beginning to realize
the great power Ceddie will have.
Such a child still...
I'm a little afraid.
I think whom what I've seen of him
that you have nothing to fear.
Oh, I hope not. He mustn't be spoiled
by all these wonderful changes.
She cried!
She said she was crying for joy.
I never saw anyone cry for joy before.
My grandfather must be a very good man.
It's more... more agreeable being an earl
than I thought it was going to be.
In fact I'm almost quite glad
I'm going to be one!
Heh.
MRS. CEDRIC ERROL COURT LODGE
ERLESBORO ENGLAND
We always liked that little house, didn't
we, Dearest? - We always will like it.
Yes, darling, yes.
I've come to say good-bye.
I have to go to England to be a lord.
I shouldn't like your bones in my mind
every time it rains. - Oh, ho!
Bless your dear little heart with all kindness
to me, me bones is as quiet as anything.
Can I give you a kiss for luck?
- Of course.
Here's an apple to eat on the boat.
- Thank you very much.
Oh, no, darlin'... Why should you pay?
As me late husband used to say,
"This one's on the house."
Thank you again. Well, good-bye.
- Good-bye, darlin'.
Well...
Well...
Well...
Well...

Well, good-bye.
I hope trade will be good.
Chee, if trade gets any better, I'll be
rollin' around in di'monds and poils!
That would be splendid, wouldn't it!
I hope you have every sort
of luck and happiness.
Thanks - same to you!
An' I hope you t'ink about us sometime
when you're way over dere,
as dey say, "on foreign surl".
I'll think about you all the time. I'll
write to you. And you must write to me.
Here's where you send your letter.
Chee, I...
I wish you wasn't goin' away.
T'anks, mister, for the t'ings
you're done for him.
He certainly deserves 'em.
He's a game little kid.
Chee, I almost forgot!
Here, I bought dis for ya.
It's a hankercheef. You can use it
when you get among dem swells.
Oh, Dick! It's beautiful!
It's extraordinary!
I'll use it always.
Thank you, Dick.
Thank you very much.
Well... good-bye.
Well... good-bye.
Would you mind very much
not going in with me?
I think I'd better be alone.
- Certainly. I quite understand.
This is for you, Mr. Hobbs.
It'll look fine when you're smoking it.
Why, Ceddie...
That's just what I wanted for a long time.
This is my real present, Mr. Hobbs.
There's something written on it -
inside the case.
I told the man what to say. You read it.
From his oldest friend,

Lord Fauntleroy, to Mr. Hobbs.
When this you see, remember me.
When this you see, remember me.
I don't want you to forget me.
- Oh, I won't forget you.
Don't you go and forget me when you go
over there amongst those British aristocracy.
I shouldn't forget you whoever I was
among. I hope you'll come to see me.
Perhaps my grandfather
will write and invite you.
You - you wouldn't mind him
being an earl, would you?
I mean, uh... you wouldn't stay away
just because he was one?
Oh, I'll come and see you.
I... I won't be able to help myself.
Cleared!
Cleared!
Is this Dorincourt Castle, Dearest?
- No. This is Court Lodge where your...
There's Mary! We had a splendid
time in London, Mary.
I'm so glad you came before us, Mary.
We don't feel so strange,
finding you here to welcome us.
Sure 'tis the great happiness I wish you
ma'am, in your lovely, new home.
This is Mrs. Baines, the cook, ma'am,
and that's Susan, the parlor maid.
I'm sure we'll do everything, ma'am,
to make ye comfortable.
Oh, I'm sure you will.
I must say good-bye. The carriage is
waiting to take me to the castle.
I must tell the earl of your safe arrival.
- He needn't go tonight?
I'd so like to have him with me
my first night here.
No, I'm sure Lord Dorincourt
won't expect his grandson tonight.
Tomorrow will be time enough.
I dread so to tell him that we're not
going to live together anymore.

I'm a coward, I know,
putting it off so long, but
it's the most difficult, the most
cruel thing I've ever had to do.
I wish you'd tell His Lordship that
I'd rather not have the money.
You mean the income he wishes
to settle on you?
I have little money of my own
quite enough to live simply on.
I must accept the house, because that makes
it possible for me to be near Ceddie.
I'm grateful to him for that, but...
He'll be very angry.
He won't understand it at all.
I think he will understand.
He must understand that I can't
accept money from a man who...
hates me so much that he's separating me
from my boy. - I'll deliver your message.
I think it's beautiful here,
don't you Dearest?
Ceddie, darlin', there's something
I must tell you.
You're not going to understand it, I know,
but I want you to believe me as you
always have when I tell you it's for the best.
Tomorrow, Mr. Havisham will take you
to your grandfather
and you will live with him at the
castle. I shall not go with you.
This pretty house will be my home, and
Mary will be here to look after me.
But Dearest you don't mean
you can't mean that
we're not going to be together
just as we've always been?
Oh, no! I can't! I couldn't!
I won't! I won't!
Ceddie, you must be brave and sensible.
If there are some things you can't
understand now, you'll understand them later.
Its best for you to live there. There...
there are good reasons why it tis.

You mean, you want me to go away from you?

- Of course not, darling.

But now you're growing older and we must trust and help one another, without asking any questions.

And you know, Ceddie, your grandfather loves you and wants you to love him.

He's so kind he... he wants you to be happy and to make other people happy.

But Dearest, I can't be happy without you.

But you won't be without me all the time.

I'm not far from the castle here and you'll run in and see me every day.

You'll love the castle and there'll always be something new and interesting to tell me.

And I'll have things to tell you! Oh, Ceddie, we'll have such good times together!

We'll be finding things out, both of us. We'll be explorers.

Yes. Like... like Mr. Stanley and Mr. Livingston.

That'll be exciting.

And every night when it grows dark, I'll put a candle in the window to guide you through the jungle, Mr. Stanley.

Ah, Newick. How's His Lordship?

- He's in the rare mood!

He told me to evict all the tenants if they weren't paid up.

I dare say, that'll be a job to your liking.

Oh, sir.

- Ah, Purvis, glad to see you again.

Very glad to see you, sir.

Fool! Idiot! Do what you're told, bring what's ordered!

Gout?

- Oh, yes, sir.

These last few weeks have been the worst I've ever known, sir.

I'm surrounded by a lot of incompetent nincompoops! Shut the door, you blockhead!

I can't stand 'im no longer, Mr. Purvis.

He's too much for any man - cursin',
swearin' and callin' people out
of other names like 'e does.
It ain't just today, it's every day!
Thomas, you brought him the '63 port.
He prefers the '51.
'Ow was I to know? He didn't say!
- Fetch the other bottle!
W'at business has 'e got drinking'
Port anyway in 'is condition!
I can't feed and house every lout
in the parish and I won't!
You and your poor - I've had
enough of 'em! - But, my lord...
Mr. Mordaunt is with him.
I've said all I have to say, now, good
night! - Good day, my lord... good day.
I beg your pardon.
How'd you do, Mr. Havisham?
Yes, ah, Mr. Mordaunt.
Mr. Havisham, my lord.
Well, Havisham. - My lord.
- Come back, have you?
Put that cushion right for me, will you?
Aie! Aie! Careful!
That foot's full of hot needles!
Well, what have you got to tell me?
Lord Fauntleroy and his mother
are at Court Lodge.
They bore the voyage excellently,
and in good health.
Ah... what else? - His Lordship remains
with his mother tonight.
I'll bring him to the castle tomorrow.
- Well, go on! Tell me everything!
Never mind about the mother.
What sort of a lad is he, I say?
It's rather difficult to judge the
character of a child of nine.
A fool, huh? A clumsy cub?
I don't know much about the children,
but I thought him rather a fine lad.
Healthy, well grown, eh?
Apparently healthy, quite well grown.

- Straight limbed? Well enough to look at?
Rather handsome, my lord - as boys go.

- Ah.

Although I'm... I'm scarcely a judge.
I dare say you will find him a little
different from most English children.
No doubt of that! American children are the most
impudent and the worst brought up in the world.
I've heard that often enough.

- I would hardly call it impudent.

The difference is, that he has lived more
with older people than with children
and I should call it a mixture
of maturity and childishness. - Exactly!
Beastly impudent bad manners -
that what it tis!

I have a message
to deliver from Mrs. Errol.
I want none of her messages!
The less I hear, the better!
Ah, but this is rather an important one.
She prefers not to accept the income
you propose to settle on her.
What's that? What d'you say?
She says it's not necessary that as the
relations between you are not...
not friendly...

- Not friendly!

I should say they were not friendly!
Mercenary, sharp-voiced American!
My lord, you could hardly call
her mercenary. She's asked for nothing!
Nah... all done for effect! She thinks
she can wheedle me into seeing her.
Thinks I shall admire her spirit but
I don't! Have the money sent to her.
She won't spend it. - I don't care whether she
spends it! She shall have it sent to her.
She shan't tell people she's to live as a
pauper because I'm doing nothing for her!
I suppose she's poisoning
the boy's mind against me too.
No, I have another message that will
prove she's not done that.

I won't hear... Ow! Oh! Ah!

She asks you not to let Lord Fauntleroy hear anything that might lead him to understand that you are separating him from her because of your prejudice against her.

She says he wouldn't comprehend it.

That it might make him fear you in some measure, or at least,

cause him to feel less affection for you.

She wants there to be no shadow

on your first meeting.

Come now, Havisham, come now!

You don't mean that mother hasn't told him?

Not a word, my lord. Nothing has been said to the boy to give him the slightest doubt of your perfection.

He's prepared to believe you the most amiable and affectionate of grandparents.

In fact, he already regards you as a wonder of generosity.

Uh!

He does, eh?

I would suggest, my lord, that Fauntleroy's impressions of you depend entirely upon yourself.

I make a further suggestion you will succeed better with him if you take care not to speak slightly to him of his mother.

- The boy's only nine.

Nevertheless, those nine years have been spent at his mother's side.

She has all his affection.

Hmm...

So he thinks me generous, eh!

Ah, Purvis, this is Lord Fauntleroy.

My lord. - How do you do?

- Thank you, my lord.

My lord.

This is Lord Fauntleroy, Mrs. Mellon.

Lord Fauntleroy, this is Mrs. Mellon, the housekeeper. - How do you do, ma'am?

I should know His Lordship anywhere, sir.

He has the Captain's face and way.

Oh, was it you who sent the cat?
I'm ever so obliged to you, ma'am.
How do you do?
It is a great day this, sir?
Where is His Lordship?
- In the library, sir.
Lord Fauntleroy is to be
sent to him alone.
Lord Fauntleroy, my lord.
Dougal! Come back here!
How do you do, sir?
Are you the earl? I'm your grandson that
Mr. Havisham brought. I'm Lord Fauntleroy.
I hope you are quite well.
I'm very glad to see you.
- Hunh!
You're glad to see me, are ya?
- Yes, very.
I kept wondering what you would look
like if you'd be like my father.
Oh, and am I? - Well, I don't think you
are, very. - You're disappointed, I suppose.
Oh, no! Of course you would enjoy the way
your grandfather looked,
even if he wasn't like your father.
You know how it is yourself,
about admiring your relations.
- Eh? I'm not sure that I do.
Any boy would love his grandfather,
especially one who's been
as kind to him as you've been.
- I've been kind to you, have I?
Yes. I'm ever so obliged to you about
Bridget, and the apple woman, and Dick.
Bridget? Dick? Apple woman?
- They were particular friends of mine.
The ones you gave me all that money for,
the money you told Mr. Havisham
to give me if I wanted it.
The money you were to spend as you liked, eh?
So, you spend it all on these people, did ya?
Bridget, Dick, and the apple woman?
Yes, and I gave Mr. Hobbs
a gold watch and chain, and a pipe.

I put some poetry in the watch.

It was:

I'm going to miss Mr. Hobbs very much.

- Who is Mr. Hobbs?

He was our grocer - fancy vegetables and groceries, you know. He's my closest friend.

Mr. Hobbs is a very clever man.

Do you know, he can recite the Declaration of Independence right through.

Oh!

- What's the matter?

I just remembered you might not like to hear about the Declaration of Independence.

I forgot you were an Englishman.

- Hunh! You forgot!

You were English too, didn't ye?

- Oh, no! I'm an American!

You are English! Your father was an Englishman. - I was born in America.

You have to be an American if you are born in America.

You don't... - I beg your pardon for contradicting you.

Mr. Hobbs says if there's ever to be another war, that I should have to be an American.

I promised him if there were another war, I should try to stop it.

You would, would you? Ha, ha.

Dinner is served, my lord.

Ugh!

Now, be careful, man... be careful!

Careful now, careful.

Ow!

Would you like me to help you?

You can lean on me.

Once Mr. Hobbs hurt his foot with a potato barrel falling on it.

He used to lean on me.

- Do you think you could do it?

I think I could. I'm very strong.

I'm nine, you know.

Lean on your stick on one side and on me on the other. - Well... you may try it.

Just lean on me. I'll walk very slowly.
Don't be afraid of leaning on me.
I'm all right.
If it isn't a very long way.
D'you see that old fellow in red velvet?
He was the tenth earl of Dorincourt.
King George I decorated him for services
during the war with Spain and Austria.
He was tremendously strong, could bend
a bar of iron between his hands.
You get your strength from him.
- How... how very int'resting.
Did you ever try putting your foot in hot
water and mustard? Mr. Hobbs used to.
Arnica is a good thing too, they tell me.
Ah, thank ye. I'll try it.
It's warm, isn't it? A person can't
help getting warm in the summertime.
Great heavens! What's that? - It's a
present from Dick. Isn't it beautiful?
When this I see, I...
I shall always remember Dick.
Yes, I should think you would.
It would be difficult to forget him.
Dick's a professional bootblack.
You'd like him. He's so square.
Square? - Yes, he wouldn't cheat anyone
or hit a boy under his size.
Oh. Very praiseworthy.
Thank ye.
What's the matter?
Don't you like your soup? - Oh, yes.
I was just wondering.
- Wondering? Wondering what?
You don't wear your coronet
all the time, then?
No, no. It, er, it doesn't become me.
Mr. Hobbs said you wore it all the time.
After he thought it over, he said you must
take it off sometimes to put your hat on.
Yes, I, ah...
I take it off occasionally.
You must be very proud of your house.
I never saw anything so beautiful.

It's a very big house for just two people to live in, isn't it?

Do you think it's too large?

I was only thinking that if two people lived in it who were not good companions, they might get a little lonely. - Do you think I shall make a good companion?

Yes, I think you will. I think you should be almost as interesting as Mr. Hobbs. - Oh.

Mr. Hobbs and I were very great friends.

He was the best friend I had expect...

Fauntleroy, what are you thinking of?

- I was thinking of Dearest.

Who is Dearest?

- She is my mother.

I... I think I'd better get up and... and walk up and down.

He's a very nice dog. He's my friend.

He knows how I feel.

How do you feel?

Come here.

You see, I... I never was away from my own house before.

It... it makes a person feel a strange feeling when he has to stay all night in another person's castle, instead of his own house.

But... but Dearest is not very far away from me. She told me to remember that.

And, after all, you know,

I'm nine, you know

and I can look at the picture she gave me.

Look! You press this spring

and it opens and there she is!

I suppose you think you're very fond of her?

- Yes, I do think so and it's true.

Mr. Hobbs and the others were my friends, but Dearest is my close friends.

My father left her to me to take care of.

And when I'm a man, I'm going to work and earn money for her.

Oh, and what do you think of doing?

Well, I did think of going into business with Mr. Hobbs

but I should like to be president.
We'll send you to
the House of Lords instead.
Well, if I couldn't be president and if
that's a good business, I shouldn't mind.
The grocery business is dull sometimes.
Yes, so is the House of Lords,
but it's the business
that every earl of Dorincourt goes into.
- I shall have to talk to Dearest about it.
Good night.

God keep you all the night.

Morning, Thomas.

- Good morning, sir.

Where's His Lordship?

- In his library, sir and such goings on
I've never heard in my life!

- Do you think, it'll be all right?

Yes sir, he's expecting you.

- Oh!

Ah-ha.

Oh... ha, ha.

Ah...

Morning, Mordaunt.

I've found a new employment, you see.

Any good at marbles, Mordaunt?

My muscles are a little stiff, my lord,
but... I'll see what I can do.

Hah, pity about that!

I'd forgotten about your age.

Ha, ha, ha.

Ouch! Oh!

This is the new Lord Fauntleroy.

Fauntleroy, this is Mr. Mordaunt,
rector of the parish.

I'm very glad to make
your acquaintance, sir.

I'm delighted to make
your acquaintance, Lord Fauntleroy.

Well, what is it this morning,
Mordaunt? Who's in trouble now?

It's one of your tenants,
my lord. Higgins of Edge Farm.

Newick has told him that if he doesn't

pay the rent he must leave the place.

He's a bad tenant, always behind,

Newick tells me.

He's devoted to his wife and children,

and if the farm is taken from him,

they may literally starve.

- That's like Michael!

I forgot we had a philanthropist here.

Come here.

What would you do in this case?

If I were very rich, I should let him stay

and give him things for his children.

Nonsense! You're Lord Fauntleroy. It's time

you learned to deal with these situations.

You can write, can't ya?

- Yes, but not very well.

Well, go over to the desk

and write Newick his orders.

Now, what must I say?

- You must say:

Higgins is not to be interfered

with for the present.

Oh!

And sign it, "Fauntleroy."

Do you think it will do?

Dear mr. Newick if you please mr. Higgins is
not to be inturfeared with for the present
and oblige. Yours rispecferly

"FAUNTLEROY."

Yes.

Higgins will find it
entirely satisfactory.

Mr. Hobbs always signed his letters that
way and I thought I'd better say "please."

Is that exactly the right
way to spell "interfered?"

Well, it's not exactly the way it's
spelled in the dictionary, but...

I was afraid of that.

Yes, Higgins won't
complain of the spelling.

I think you must be the best person in the
whole world, don't you, Mr. Mordaunt?

I shall write and tell Mr. Hobbs.
Oh, what'll you tell him?
I shall tell him I think you're the
kindest man I ever heard of,
and that you're always thinking of other
people and making them happy and...
and that I hope when I grow up
I shall be just like you!
Just like me, eh?
There you are, Mordaunt. Take that with
you. - I will indeed. This is good news!
Thank you, my lord. - Oh, don't
thank me, thank Fauntleroy.
Thank you.
- Good-bye, sir. - Good-bye.
May I go to see Dearest now?
I think she'll be waiting for me.
There's something for you to see
in the stables first. Ring the bell.
In the stables!
If you please, I'm very much obliged,
but I think I'd better see it tomorrow.
She'll be expecting me all the time.
- Ah, very well. We'll order the carriage.
You don't care to see what's
in the stables? - Oh, I do! I do!
Oh, it doesn't matter, it's only a pony.
A pony! Whose pony is it?
- Yours.
Mine!
- Yes.
Oh, I never thought I'd have
a pony! I never thought that!
How glad Dearest will be.
You give me everything, don't you?
Wouldn't you like to see it?
Of course I want to see it! I want
to see it so much I can hardly wait
but I'm afraid there isn't time.
You must see your mother this afternoon?
You can't put it off till tomorrow?
Why, she's been thinking about me all the
morning and I've been thinking about her.
Oh, you have, have you?

Very well, ring the bell.

Let me give you your stick. Lean on me
when you get out. - I'm not going to get out.

Not... not to see Dearest?

- Dearest will excuse me.

Tell her that even your new pony
would keep you away.

She'll be disappointed.

She'll want to see you very much.

- I am afraid not.

The carriage will call for you as we
come back. Drive on, Jeffries.

It's a shame, parted from his own mother.

Cook at Court Lodge was telling Sarah
she'd never worked for a sweeter lady
than Mrs. Errol.

The letter was written by the
little gentleman his own self.

Signed with his name too, "Fauntleroy,"
as large as life. - The little precious!

Ay, that's the mother.

- A pretty young thing too.

Good morning, my lady.

- Good morning.

God bless you, ma'am.

- Thank you.

Good morning.

- Good morning.

It's His Lordship coming to services.

That's a new notion.

They say even 'is gout's improving.

An' look at the young lord.

- He's captain Cedric all over again.

He's the Captain's self to the life.

How glad the people are to see you.

Take off your hat, Fauntleroy.

They're bowing to you. - To me?

How do you do?

God bless, Your Lordship. Long life to ya.

Thank you.

Good morning, my lord.

[organ plays "Crown Him With Many Crowns"]

Crown Him with many crowns

The Lamb upon His throne

Hark! How the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but his own
Awake my soul, and sign
Of Him who died for thee
And Hail Him as thy matchless King
Through all eternity
Crown Him the Virgin's son
The God incarnate born
Whose arm those crimson trophies won...
May I whisper?
- What is it? - Who are they?
Some of your ancestors who lived
a few hundred years ago. - Oh!
Perhaps I got my spelling from them.
...Shepherd King of Israel's fold
The Babe of Bethlehem
Well, Higgins?
- Oh, is this Mr. Higgins?
Yes, I suppose he's come to look
at his new landlord. - Yes, my lord.
I understand His young Lordship
was kind enough to speak for me
and I thought I'd like to say
a word of thanks.
I've got a great deal
to thank Your Lordship for.
Oh, I only wrote the letter.
It's my grandfather who did it.
You know how good he always is to people.
Is Mrs. Higgins well now?
- Yes, Your Lordship.
The Missus is better since
the trouble was took off her mind.
My grandfather was very sorry about
your children having the scarlet fever.
You see, Higgins, you people
have all been mistaken about me.
Lord Fauntleroy understands me. If you
want a little reliable information
on the subject of my character, apply to him.
Get into the carriage, Fauntleroy.
You miss your mother very much?
- Yes, sir. I miss her all the time.
You don't miss her, do you?

- I don't know her.
I know and that's what makes me wonder.
She told me not to ask
any questions, and I won't.
Well, you see her almost every day,
don't ye? Isn't that enough?
We used to see each other all the time
and we could tell each other things
without waiting.
Well, don't you ever forget
about her? - No, sir. Never.
I shouldn't forget about you, you know.
If I didn't live with you I should
think about you all the more.
Upon my word I believe you would!
My Dear Mr. Hobbs.
I must tell you about
my grandfather immediately.
It's all a mistake earls being
tyrants. He's not the tyrant.
He has the gout in his
foot and is a great suffer.
He is such a good earl. He reminds
me of you. He is a universal favorite.
Well... Reminds me of you...
Think of that, now. He's known this
earl only a little while, and we...
We was lifetime acquaintances.
I don't know as I want him to be
reminded of me by this earl.
They been usin' influence of
him, I betcha. - You're right.
They got twisty ways, those aristocrats!
They'd wheedle their little finger around
your heart as soon as look at you,
all for their own purposes, mind!
It's a pity they're makin'
an eril outta him. - Yeah...
He would have been a shinin' light in
grocery business, a shinin' light!
You know any particklars 'bout dat
stuff like castles and erils?
No, not much,
except they're haughty and mean.

Sure is a jim-dandy letter he wrote. Almost
as good as seein' him only it ain't o' course.
Aw, he was a plumb-daisy of a kid. I betcha
sometimes he wishes he was back here.
I do.

- You lonely?

Aw, not so bad.

- Where you livin' now?

Me an' two udder fellas, we got a room
in a lodgin' house.

The udder two get drunk and
fightin' but it's cheap.

That's no sort of a place
for a lad like you to be livin'.

Now, look here, I gotta clean,
dry loft over my stable
and there's an old bed you can have.

Why don't you come here and stay?

It won't cost you a cent.

- Chee! D'ya mean dat, Mr. Hobbs?

Why, I certainly do.

- Ya...hoo!!

Chee, Mr. Hobbs! Talking about erils -
you ain't no eril - you're a prince!

Aw, phsaw!

I wonder whether he will
have an American accent.

My dear, won't it be interesting if he
has the Dorincourt eyebrows? - Ha, ha, ha!
When do we see the mother? - I believe she's
supposed to be kept in the background.

Well, Molyneux, is this the boy?

- Yes, Constantia, this is the boy.

Fauntleroy, this is your great-aunt,
Lady Lorridale.

How do you do. Great-Aunt? - How d'ye
do young man? You're like your father.

I loved him more than most
people in this wicked world.

Did you know my father?

- Know him? Of course I did.

Oh, then you must meet Dearest! She will
enormously like to talk to you about him.
You see, I was the only one she could

talk about him to, who knew him.
I was so small when he...
Yes, Fauntleroy, this is your
great-uncle, Sir Harry Lorrisdale.
How do you do, sir?
- Hear, you're fond of horses.
I'll confess to you, Constantia, that
what you will probably see for yourself
there's a risk of my becoming rather
an old fool about him. - Becoming?!

Ha, ha, ha! - By the way the mother,
what does she think of you?
I don't know. I haven't asked her.
You must come over to
Lorrisdale Park to see us.
There are some new cocker puppies in the
kennel. You shall have your pick.
Oh, thank you very much, indeed, uncle,
only, Dougal might be offended.
He's very fond of me and I really shouldn't
like to hurt his feelings. - Ha, ha, ha.
Hurt his feelings! That's a good one!
Did you hear that, Con?
Hurt his feelings! Ha, ha, ha!
This is Miss Herbert, Fauntleroy.
I want you to be great friends with her.
How do you do? Have you met Dougal?
He shakes hands beautifully.
Shake hands with Miss Herbert, Dougal.
He's a great friend of mine. I like
making friends, don't you? - Yes, I do.
May I be your friend? And Dougal's?
- Oh, yes, if you please!
How's your lumbago, Fortescue?
Better, I hope? - Thanks. Much better.
I've known Dorincourt as well as anyone
could know him for five and thirty years,
and that's the first time he's ever
bothered to inquire about my health!
Most extraordinary!
Well, Havisham, you're late.
What's kept you?
I beg your pardon, my lord. I was
detained by extraordinary news.

News? What... what news? - Not now,
if you don't mind. Later, my lord, later.
The young May moon is beaming, love
The glowworm's lamp is gleaming, love
How sweet to rove through Morna's Grove
While the drowsy world is dreaming, love
Then awake! Till rise of sun, my dear
The Sage's glass we'll shun my dear
Or in watching the flight
of bodies of light
He might happen to take
thee for one, my dear
Charming! Charming! What a sweet song!
Thank ye, my dear, thank you.
Do you like music?
- Yes. I like it when you sing it.
Tell me, Lord Fauntleroy, why you look at
me so? - I was thinking how beautiful you are.
Fauntleroy, make the most of your time. When you're
older, you'll not have the courage to say that!
Nobody could help saying it.
Don't you think, she's pretty too?
We're not allowed to say what we think.
- Lord Fauntleroy shall say what he thinks.
I am sure he thinks what he says.
I think you're prettier than anyone I ever
saw, except Dearest.
I think she's the prettiest person
on the world. - I'm sure she is.
And I must tell her how kind you've been to me.
I never was at a party before,
and I've enjoyed myself so much.
Oh, I beg your pardon.
Good night, little Lord
Fauntleroy. Sleep well.
Good night. So glad you came.
Well, Havisham,
what in the world's the matter?
Something serious must have happened
to make you behave like this. What is it?
It's bad news, the very
worst of news, my lord.
I'm sorry to have to be the bearer of it.
Why do you look at the boy so? You

hang over him like a bird of ill omen.
Has it anything to do with Fauntleroy?
My lord, I'll waste no words. My news
has everything to do with him.
If we are to believe it, it's not Lord
Fauntleroy who lies asleep before us,
but only the son of Captain Errol.
The present Lord Fauntleroy is the son
of your boy Bevis, and at this moment
is in a lodging house in London.
- What do you mean? You're mad!
It's a lie!
An abominable lie!
If it's a lie, it's painfully like the truth.
A woman came to my chambers this morning
and told me that she married your son Bevis
in London 11 years ago.
She showed me the marriage certificate.
The child was born shortly after Bevis
deserted her and was taken by her to America.
The woman's obviously an imposter!
It's a trumped-up fraud!
I'm afraid not, my lord.
I saw the boy's birth certificate.
She is, I'm afraid, a very ignorant person
but she has consulted a lawyer who advises
her, that her son is, of course,
Lord Fauntleroy and the rightful heir.
She demands that his claim
be immediately acknowledged.
I'll protest this to the last!
I'll disown Bevis' boy!
I'll have nothing to do with him or his
mother! - You can't disown him, my lord.
Nothing we can do can keep the eldest
son's child from his inheritance.
The woman, you say is an
ignorant vulgar person, eh?
She can hardly spell her own name. She is
obviously uneducated and openly mercenary.
And I... I objected to his mother.
I suppose it's retribution.
If anyone have ever told me that I could
be fond of a child,

I wouldn't have believed them.
I always detested children -
my own more than most.
But I'm fond of him, and oddly
enough - he's fond of me.
You know, Havisham, I'm not
popular. I never was
but he is fond of me.
He never was afraid of me,
always trusted me.
Yes, Havisham, he'd have filled my
place better than I've filled it.
He'd have been an honor to the name.
You rang, my lord?
Take...
take Lord Fauntleroy
to his room.
What a pity! The boy's
thoroughbred if ever there was one.
I suppose you may say it's a
judgment of Molyneux.
That boy...
the first human being he ever loved!
Will Molyneux take the case
to the courts d'you think?
Can't tell. He's obstinate enough.
You go in with your best suit,
buckles on your shoes
and you come out as nature made you
Bless my soul, Constantia, whoever would
have dreamed that I'd felt sorry
for the old boy!
I wouldn't have minded our having
a boy like that, Harry.
Yes, bit of luck for us,
old girl, if we had. - Yeah.
I'll tell you one thing - if his
Little Lordship loses his title,
the village loses the best friend it has.
That's right. An' I'll tell you another thing -
it'll drive the earl mad if this goes wrong for him.
He's been so proud of the boy,
you hardly believe it
if you knew him for what he was before.

- And the new one's no lady, that's sure.
Bold-faced thing, that's what she is.
The dark-eyed brazen-faced wench!
'Ere's the earl comin' now
with Mr. Havisham.
You've somebody here calling herself
Lady Fauntleroy? I want to see her.
Come the ways, my lord. This way, my lord.
Come in.
T' earl of Dorincourt!
Pleased to meetcha, I'm sure, my lord.
Bevis!
Go shake hands with your grandpa.
So that's the way you're
gonna treat your grandson?
You needn't try to look so fierce about
it - he's your grandson all right!
Ah, yes, me lord, we have proof
of young gentleman's birth.
He is the son of the late Lord Fauntleroy.
Allow me to introduce myself.
Joshua Snade at your service. My card.
I've already had the pleasure of making
Mr. Havisham's acquaintance.
Lady Fauntleroy has placed
all the evidence in my hands.
I can assure you, lord, it is sufficient
to justify her case should it come into court.
But may I suggest that, uh,
we come to an arrangement
and settle this matter amicably
on a friendly basis...
Friendly? Huh!
Look at him starin' as though I was
dirt! His own daughter-in-law!
Oh, your son Bevis married me,
all right and a fine rotter he was!
But he was the father and I can
prove it! - Lady Fauntleroy, please...
You may think you can fight me -
a lot of good it'll do!
They don't love you - you know it!
I've heard plenty about you
and your dirty, snobbish pride!

Plenty of pride you'll have when
I'm finished with you!
Unless you want to get reasonable
with your own flesh and blood.
Lady Fauntleroy, I beg you...
- Shut up!
I'll stop at nothing! I drag this case
through every court.
I'll let the world know what you are -
you and your precious son Bevis!
Deserting me and his own
child - a babe in arms!
How I've suffered,
heaven only knows!
And you standin' and lookin' at me
and my boy as if we was scum!
You ought to be ashamed of yourself!
You say you married my eldest son.
If that's proved to be true,
the law's on your side.
In that case your son will be Lord
Fauntleroy. and you will be provided for.
But I warn you - the matter
will be sifted to the very bottom.
I'll only add that I want to see nothing
of you or your boy as long as I live.
After my death, you can, unfortunately,
do as you please.
Yes, you're exactly the kind of person that I
should have expected my son Bevis to choose.
Ha, ha, ha!
I'm afraid, Dorincourt,
there can be no two opinions.
At least, that's how I see it.
You agree, Semple?
Yes, I'm afraid we can see it no
other way. - But it's... it's monstrous!
That woman...
that boy are utterly unfit!
Alas, the law can take
no cognizance of such things.
I sympathize, Dorincourt, more than I can
say. - Sympathize! What's the use of that?
If we take it to the courts there can

be only one result? - I'm afraid so.
The birth certificate, everything
we have, point the same way.
If you take it to court, you'll have
the expense and notoriety,
and only, I fear, one possible result.
Perhaps the boy won't turn
out so badly as you fear.
Perhaps you can do something
with him. - That boy?
That... oaf!
With the other one - yes.
Well...
I have no other course but
to accept your judgment.
Come, Havisham. - Thank you, my lord.
- And you, Mr. Semple.
It's the earl, ma'am. The earl himself!
Show him in.
Mrs. Errol, I believe.
- Yes, I'm Mrs. Errol.
I'm Lord Dorincourt.
The boy is very like you.
People have often said so.
I'm glad to think he's like his
father too. - Yes, he is - like my son.
Won't you sit down?
- Thank you.
I've come to tell you that I've had the
very best, the highest legal opinion.
But I'm sorry. This outrageous
woman and her child...
Perhaps she cares for him as much as
I care for Ceddie, my lord.
Her son is Lord Fauntleroy - mine's not.
Yes, I'm afraid you're right.
Perhaps you would have preferred that
Ceddie should not be the earl of Dorincourt.
It's a very magnificent thing to be
the earl of Dorincourt, my lord. I know that.
But all I care about is that Ceddie
should be what his father was -
brave, just and kind always.
Hmm, a striking contrast

to what his grandfather is, eh?
I haven't had the pleasure
of knowing his grandfather.
I know my little boy believes...
I know that Ceddie loves you.
Would he, if you have told him why
I didn't receive you at the castle?
No, honestly, I think not. That's
why I didn't wish him to know.
Well... there are very few women
who wouldn't have told him.
Dearest, Ceddie is fond of me.
And I am fond of him.
I can't say
that I was ever fond of anyone before.
But he pleased me from the first.
I'm an old man and
I was tired of my life.
But he's given me something to live for.
More than that - more than
that, I am proud of him!
I was satisfied to think that one day
he'd be taking my place
as the head of the family.
I'm miserable...
miserable!
Please, sit down. You've been so
much troubled, you must be tired
and you need all your strength.
Thank you.
Perhaps it's because I'm
miserable, I've come to you.
I used to hate you.
I've been jealous to you.
But this wretched disgraceful
business has changed all that.
And after seeing this repulsive woman who...
Well, I felt it would be
a relief to come to you.
I'm an obstinate old fool, I suppose.
I... I know I've treated you badly.
But I've come to you
because the boy cares for you
and because I care for him.

Treat me as well as you can
for the boy's sake.

Whatever happens,
he shall be provided for.
Ceddie shall be taken care
of now, and in the future.
Always!

- Thank you.

Do you like the house?

Oh, very much.

It's a cheerful room.

May I come back again and
talk this matter over?

As often as you wish.

You've heard bad news, haven't you?

- Yes. The worst.

Then I'm not Lord Fauntleroy
anymore, am I?

No, she's beaten me.

Then, the other boy...

he will... have to be...

your boy now, won't he? Like I was?

- No!

But he'll have to live in the castle
if he's Lord Fauntleroy, won't he?

That common little brat shall never
enter this place in my lifetime!

I'll take care of that!

Then, I can still be your boy
even if I'm not going to be the earl
just like I was before?

My boy!

Yes, you'll be my boy as long as I live.

And, by Jove, sometimes I think you're
the only boy I've ever had!

Then, I don't care about
the earl part at all.

I thought, you see, that the one that was
going to be the earl had to be your boy
and that I couldn't be.

They shall never take anything from you
that I can hold for you.

Come what may, you shall have
all that I can give - all!

And Dearest? Will the house
be taken away from her?

No, they can take nothing from her -
nothing from either of you!

Come, it's time you were asleep.

Good night, Grandfather.

-. Good night, my boy.

...the aged earl remains
secluded in his castle
and refuses to have any communication
with the rightful heir.

We know dat stuff. Dey've been
printing 'dat for de past week

Is dere anyt'ing new about Ceddie?

Yes! Here it says.

The prospects do not look very bright for the
false claimant, Cedric Errol of Brooklyn.

Well, I'm jiggered.

At last they've succeeded in robbin'
him outta bein' a earl.

I thought you was ag'inst erils?

- So I am!

Ain't it just like 'em - cheatin'
the poor kid outta his rightful estates!

Now, what's goin' to become of him?

I know one thing. He done everyt'ing for
me - he can always come back

an' have half of my shoe-shining business.

Well now, I'll tell you, Dick,

I'd always had it in my mind

that Ceddie would come in with me someday.

He'd be a shining light

in the grocery business.

The new Lady Fauntleroy

was formerly an actress.

She is said to have played in New York

and London. Continued in page 5.

Here's a picture of her.

Holy mackerel!

- What?

Look at this! it's her!

- Her?

She ain't no 'ristocrat! I know her as

I know you! It's Minna, Ben's wife!

Your brother's? - Sure!

- You mean it's some hocus-pocus?

Sure I do.

- Well, I'm jiggered.

She was married before - I never hoid of her havin' no other kid but Ben's.

The one Ben went to look for?

- Sure.

Maybe she had another kid in England.

- Maybe she did - maybe she didn't.

We'd oughta do somethin' about it.

- You're dead right, we'd oughta!

But we gotta get the proper advice.

- Chee, I wisht I knew Alderman Moiphy.

I know Alderman Moiphy.

Ya do? - Yeah, come along,

let's go right now!

Them earls! They've always had a spite against us Americans ever since the revolution!

What a place! What a hole!

I'm sick to death of it!

Cooped up here week in and week out

with nobody to talk to!

You're complimentary!

- I wasn't meaning to be! - I'm grateful.

You're getting your money, aren't you?

- Business is business, you know.

Business! I'm sick of business! I want some fun! - Why don't you go to London?

London? Not on your tintype!

Nothing would please that old devil at the castle better than to see me clear out.

Well, I'll stay here... here in this rotten country pub if I...

You've lived in worse places, I've no

doubt! - That's none of your business!

You keep a civil tongue or I'll hand you your walking papers! - I wouldn't.

What do you mean? - Just what I said.

I wouldn't try anything like that, Minna.

I'm Lady Fauntleroy, to you!

- Ha, ha.

Come in!

Why, it's Lord Dorincourt!

Why, this is a pleasure, a real
pleasure, I'm sure. Won't you take a...
Hello, Minna.
Why, hello, Dick.
Why, Ben. What are you doing here?
Where have you been all this time?
You knew her? - Funny, if he didn't...
seein' how he was my second husband.
Where is the child? - What child?
- You know, our boy, Tom.
Oh, Ben, but you know...
You must have heard...
Someone must have told you.
- Told me what?
It was pneumonia. Only three days
and he was gone. It broke my heart.
I meant to write.
I didn't know where you were.
If that's true, who is this
boy you've got with you?
That's none of your business, Ben Tipton!
Can I see him? - You can't! - Tell us why
Mr. Tipton should not see your boy?
Oh, hello, Uncle Dick.
Well, I'll be jiggered!
Mom, honest, I'm sorry...
- Shut up!
You're a dirty pair, comin' to spy on me!
Tryin' to do me hurt!
I'll have the law on ya
for houndin' me, you... you... you...
Silence!
Come here, Tom.
I knew nothing, my lord, I assure you!
There's a little matter of a forged birth
certificate. - But I swear to you!
Never mind, Havisham.
I've had enough of this - too much!
The sooner you are out
of this country, the better!
Come on, Havisham. - You'll be sorry - you will!
It's prosecution, that's what it is - it's robbery!
The Earl of Dorincourt and Ceddie requests
the pleasure of Mr. Silas Hobbs company

on the eleventh of May at
8 p.m. at Dorincourt Castle
of the occasion of the tenth birthday
of his grandson Lord Fauntleroy.
This will be somewhat in the manner
of a museum, my lord?
Not exactly a museum, Mr. Hobbs.
They are portraits of my ancestors.
Your aunt's sisters!["ancestors"] All of them?
Well, I'll be jiggered! Your great-uncle,
he must have had a family!
Did he raise 'em all?
Ah, you mean that they were early
distinguished members of the family.
Do you know, earl, I used to have a very
poor opinion of your aristocracy,
but I've changed. Take you, for instance,
you're a good sort, even if you are an earl!
I'm very gratified.
A bit gay, wasn't he? - Yes, that's why
I have the gout, Mr. Hobbs.
Oh!
And they was all earls! And Ceddie's
goin' to be one and own all this!
And he'll be worthy of it, Mr. Hobbs.
- Sure he will.
All these earls!
Do you know, I wouldn't have
minded bein' one myself! - Hmm!
Speech! Speech! Speech!
Speech! Speech!
Thank you very much.
It's such a lovely day. I always like having
birthdays, but never one so much as this,
because you're all so kind to me.
My grandfather wants everybody to be
happy and comfortable
and I'll want it too when I'm grown up.
I think that's all, because I'm not very
good of making speeches.
But I must say that I'm very much obliged
to you for liking my birthday.
Ripping little nipper!
- Ain't he a daisy?

I'll bet you boids elect him king some day!
I didn't know the little feller
could talk so good.
He makes a better speech than
Alderman Murphy - by Jove.
Ugh, well, I'll be jiggered!
And I've another birthday present for you.
Another one, besides all the things this
morning? - Yes, the best of them all.
Oh, Dearest!
Oh, Dearest!
Oh, Dearest, I was wanting you here!
I was wanting you here so terribly much!
Were you, darling?
Fauntleroy, your mother has
come to live in the castle.
To live with us, to live with us for always?
- Are you sure you really want me?
We always wanted you, but we
weren't exactly aware of it.
Well, Mr. Hobbs, it's so nice
having you here with us.
I dread to think of you
going back to America.
Not to live there!
America's a good enough country for
them that's young and stirrin',
but there's faults in it! There's not an
aunt's sister among 'em, nor an earl!