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The Little Princess

By Ethel Hill

Why are they sending so many|soldiers daddy, if it is only going to|be a little war.

Make those southern boys take us|seriously this time, my darlilng.

When they realize how much we|want to put a stop to their|nonsense, they'll quiet down.

They'd better. Anyhow, when you|get there, you'll stop them won't you daddy?

I'll do my best dear.

We will miss you so.

I'll be back and we'll be together|again before you can say knife.

I can say knife a good many times|in a year.

At school, you'll have charming little|girls to play with.....

...books to read, a pony to ride and|after all there will be Emily you know.

Yes, there will be Emily. And she does look|as though she'd be an understanding friend,|don't you think daddy?

With that intelletual look, I'm sure of it.

- Not a very cheeful looking school, is it daddy?|- I'm afraid nothing would seem|very cheerful to us at the moment.

Well, maybe it will be better on the inside.

- Of course it will. I'm sorry sir.|- All right, get it out.

- The very idea of delivering a thing|like this to the front door.|- Oh look daddy, my pony.

Your employer will answer to this.|Now take him away. Yes, far away!

- Oh no daddy.|- Oh, I say. Just a moment.

- You are Miss Minchin?|- I am.

I'm Captain Crew.

- I'm afraid of caused you no end to inconvenience.|- You most certainly have, Captain Crew.

- May I step inside and explain?|- Come in.

- Wait here, I'm returning.|- Very well Captain.

-I'm terribly sorry. I had no intention|of having the pony delivered inside your house.|- There are a number of things besides the pony.

Parcels have been arriving here|collect for your daughter for hours.|Follow me please.

Apparently you are not aware,|Captain Crew, that I conduct one of|the most exclusive schools in London.

Yes, yes, I understood. That is|precisely the reason why I brought|my daughter to you.

- I would not have gathered that, by|your actions.|- Really now, I'm not entirely to blame.

You see Sara and I, only just|arrived from India. Sara has lived|there practically all her life.

We no more than got here, when I learned|that my regiment was to leave at

once for South Africa, so we had to act in a hurry.

But I wrote you and explained that I do not take young ladies without an interview and impecable references.

I wrote you also, that at the moment, I have no vacant room.

- Well in that case daddy, we may as well move on. - This is a bit awkward. You see, your letter never reached me and I'm afraid it never occurred to me that any school wouldn't welcome my little Sara.

If it is a question of my social standing, my father was Sir George Crew. You've heard of him, perhaps?

And the best financial references I can give you would be the director of the South African Holding Syndicate.

I'm the principal stockholder in the syndicate.

My brother, Captain Crew, a professor of dramatics.

- How do you do? - Charmed, I'm sure.

- I say, isn't the Eclipse Diamond mines one of your holdings? - One of the most important.

I'm sorry to appear casual Miss Minchin, but the situation is quite distressing. I sail in an hour to the east Indian docks.

- I expect you'll just have to take me to Africa with you daddy. - Well, well and what would a little girl like you do in Africa?

Forgive me Captain Crew. I'm afraid I've been over zealous. The reputation of my school you know. One has to be so cautious.

But after this interview, I can see at a glance, she's a dear little child.

- It'll be a pleasure to have her with us. - Does that mean I've got to stay?

Yes dear. You are to have that privilege. You and your little pony.

- What a dear little pony. - This is made out to the school. - Is it enough for the moment.

- Oh quite. - I should say it would. Why it's stupendous.

- I beg your pardon, but haven't I seen you somewhere before? - Quite possible my dear Captain.

Your face is most familiar. Were you ever on the stage? I seem to associate you with one of the old music halls.

- Musicals? My brother on the stage? Ridiculous. - Ridiculous indeed, you're quite right.

And now, shall we look at little Sara's room?

Just a moment Miss Rose. This is Miss Rose, one of my most capable teachers.

Captain Crew has done us the honor of placing his little daughter Sara with us.

How do you do Miss Rose? How do you do Captain Crew? We shall do everything we can to make your little girl happy.

Children, we have a new pupil. Sara Crew. Say how do you do to her.

-How do you do? - I'm very well, thank you.

Lavina, Jesse, that will do. You may proceed Miss Rose.

- She's just like a little princess, isn't she?|- That's what she is, a princess.

I expect now, some people around here won't think they're so smart. Oh won't they? Wait and see!|Princess indeed!

Fortunately, the room has just been papered|and the fireplace has an excellent draft.

- But I thought you didn't have any rooms?|- I didn't know then what a dear little|girl was coming.

Why does that make more rooms daddy?

Lady Bengiglis daughter has only|recently vacated the room. Our|best suite of course.

Do you think you could brighten it|up a bit? I'd like it made as gay as possible.

brought a few things from India.|Perhaps you could buy whatever|else is necessary.

With pleasure Captain Crew.

- I'd like Sara to ride every|afternoon, if that is all right. Of course.|- Fortunately we have a splendid riding master.

I expect you think I am completely|spoiling the child. No doubt you're|right, but actually it's good for her.

She's much too inclined to bury her|cute little nose in a book and keep it|there until someone lures her out of it.

You see Miss Minchin. Sara has no|mother and we've never been|separated for more than a few days.

- How touching.|- This is going to be very hard for her.

Have no fear Captain Crew. I'm a|mother to all my little girls.

And now, I'll leave you to your farewells.

- How much longer have we got, daddy?|- Only a few minutes, darling.

-You know me by heart little Sara.|- No daddy, I know you by heart.

You're inside my heart.

We're going to be brave, aren't we?

I'll tell you what. Let's pretend we're|back in India.

And I'm going away with the troop|for a few days. Shall we?

We've fought this kind of battle|before, haven't we? And you never|cried once when I went away.

- Remember?|- Yes daddy.

But this is going to be our hardest|battle.

- But we'll be good soldiers, won't we?|- Yes daddy.

- Shall we say good-bye, like we|used to at home?|- Yes daddy.

All right then. Chin up, go to the|window and look out.

Say it as we used to.

My daddy has to go away, but he'll|return most any day.

Any moment, I may see, my daddy|coming back to me.

My daddy has to go away, but he'll|return most any day.

I can't do it this time. I can't do it.

- You're crying too.|- I'm afraid that we aren't quite the|good soldiers as we thought.

Oh yes we are.

I can do it now.

My daddy has to go away, but he'll|return most any day.

Any moment I may see, my daddy|coming back to me.

I will do it! I will! I'll pretend this is|part of a war.

You be the enemy and you'll be my|trusty lance. Now ready, aim, fi re.

I guess we'll have to call in the|reserves.

-Good-morning.|- Misses speaks Hindu?

I've lived in India all my life.

Misses is going to live in England now?

- Until my father gets through with|making the boars behave.|- Your father is a soldier?

Yes, my father is a captain. Captain|Crew. I'm Sara. What is your name?

I am Ram Dass. Servant to the|Honorable Lord Wickham and Lady Surani.

Ram Dass!

Why are you doddling here? Finish|with that bird and get on with your work.

Good-morning.

How do you do?

I'm up here at the window almost|every morning, in case you want to|talk about India.

Good-morning Sara. Oh, good-|morning. Are you ready for|breakfast my dear?

Well, I'm trying to be, but I don't|seem to be very good at these|buttons.

My thumb get lost in the holes.

Here, let me help you. Buttons are|a bother, aren't they?

I've never had to button things|before, but I'll learn.

Here, put your shoe up. Come in.

- Good-morning Becky.|- Good-morning.

- Has the young lady any boots to be done?|- Well, only the pair I wore|yesterday, I'll get them.

I'll get them Miss. Oh I beg your|pardon Miss!

- Are you hurt?|- No Miss you mustn't be helping me Miss.

- Just hold out your arms and I'll pile them on.|- Oh no Miss. If Miss Minchin was to see.....

- Think you can hold two more?|- Yes Miss.

There. There we are. Are you all right?

-You take care of all those?|- And she does them beautifully.

- I thank you Miss.|- Thank-you for doing my shoes.

- Oh, I'm sorry.|- That's all right.

Good-bye Becky. Good-bye.

Well, perhaps this isn't going to be|such a bad school after all. With|you

and Becky here.

Oh, we'll have to hurry dear. Miss Minchin doesn't like anyone to be late. Tell me Miss Rose. Do you think Miss Minchin could be as cross as she looks?

- What will I have to do today?|- Well, after breakfast, you'll have a class of arithmetic.

Then English, then french, history and geography.

I'm going to be a busy person, aren't I? When do I get to ride my pony? Later this afternoon. About 4 o'clock.

Children, our new pupil, Sara Crew will be down shortly.

As you've seen, Captain Crew is a very delightful man and their family is most distinguished.

I should expect you to treat her accordingly. Now you may take your places.

- Good-morning.|- Ah, good-morning Sara.

- I'm so happy you feel like joining us this morning. Did you sleep well?|- No I didn't, thank-you.

Lavina, you and Jesse will move down one place.

-Sara will be seated at my right after this.|- Why Miss Minchin, this has always been my place.

For this food, and all thy bountiful gifts bestowed upon us, we are duly grateful and do now give thanks.

- Why are you putting salt on your plate my dear.|- Just in case you plan on asking me to have one of your eggs.

- Mr. Geoffrey. Shall I saddle the pony for the wee lassie? - I think not Sandy. We'd best use the mare for her first few lessons.

What luck. The old girl allowed you to come out.

Sara, this is Mr. Geoffrey Hamilton. Miss Crew is our new pupil.

- How do you do?|- How do you do?

I believe I am to teach you to ride. And that means two bob extra to me.

- Is two bob a great deal of money?|- Values are comparative.

-In my present state, it's a fortune.|- Well, in that case, I guess I'd better be taught.

- Is my pony ready?|-I think we'd best start you off on something a little tamer.

Then hadn't I better explain things to my pony. He might feel hurt.

Right you are. Ponies are very sensitive creatures. Explain the whole thing to him, thoroughly. He's right there by the arch.

- It may take me some time. That's all right.|- We'll wait right here in the tac room.

Hello General.

Are you glad to see me?

Well if Mr. Geoffrey is going to give me something tamer than you, I'm afraid it's not going to be much of a ride.

- Rose something's wrong. What is it?|- Miss Minchin is taking away

my|Thursday afternoons.

- But why?|- We must have been seen together.

- Well does that mean that I can never see you|alone again? Of course not darling. - No matter|what Miss Minchin says, we'll find a way.

I can't understand the woman.What|is she afraid of? Why shouldn't we|see one another.

Gossip I suppose. She only lives|for that school the variety of the|propriety of the snobbishness.

Fiddlesticks. She's afraid of losing an excellent|teacher whom she gets for nothing. I won't|stand for it. I will have a talk with her myself.

No darling you mustn't do that.|She'd only discharge us both.

She may not have the chance if|things continue to pop in South Africa.

- You mean you might go?|- Wouldn't you want me to if they|call for volunteers?

Of course darling you'd have to.

There is nothing to worry about|now. This poor rumpous will never|get that serious.

I expect I'll have to make my visit a|little longer.

- Oh Mr. Brady is there one this|morning for the little princess?|- We'll see my child we shall see.

Of she don't hear from her father|every so often her eyes get that sad|it hurts me to look in them.

-Have no fear little one.|- There is a letter for her this time.|Oh i'm so glad sir.

-A letter?|- It's from my daddy.

-Oh how nice.|- But it isn't.

- It's very bad news. Really?|-What's the matter dear?

He says the boys are not behaving|as expeted. And he may not get|here in time for my birthday.

But that's months old. So many|things may happen before then.He|can still come.

I'm writing Miss Minchin to give you|ar bithday party such as I should|give you if I were there.

You are to go on a regular spree.|Buy anything and everthing your|heart desires.

Now last and most important of all|my darling....

...I want you to pause at exactly 2|o'clock on your birthday..

..close your eyes and send me a kiss.

For my eyes also will also be closed|and I'll be giving you a kiss too.

Isn't he the most wonderful man in|all the world?

- With one exception...|- Well Mr. Geoffrey is very nice.

What's that?

- Who are they Miss Rose?|- They are volunteers.

- Are they going to South Africa too?|- Yes dear, they're going to

relieve|our poor soldiers in Mafeking.

- Is there something the matter with|our soldiers in Mafeking?|- The boars have them all cut off.

We were unable to break through|their lines and get help to them.

They're sick and hungry dear and|desperate. They're holding out like|true British soldiers.

Miss Rose my daddy's at Mafeking.

Oh darling I'm so sorry. I didn't know.

Darling you mustn't cry. I'm sure|he'll be all right.

- Good afternoon Mr. Geoffery.|- Good afternoon Madris. Is Miss|Sarah ready for her ride?

She'll be down presently. Thanks.

Oh, are we all ready?

The two most beautiful ladies in the|world. Why aren't you in your riding things?

- Oh i can't go today. Ermegard|needs extra tutoring today.|-Oh will it take all afternoon?

I'm afraid so.

- I have to stay with her until she|can spell Constantiniopel.|- Heavens that may take months.

You leave that to me.

Shall we go? Have you been|crying?

- But you have, there are still tears|in your eyes.|- It's just this London fog.

Oh well if that's all, lets be off shall we?

-Mr. Geoffrey. Would you mind very|much if we didn't ride today?|- Not at all dear. But may I ask why not?

I'd like to talk to you.

It's about Mafeking.Are the soldiers|really starving, sickand cut off from everything?

- You see my father's there so I've|got to know.|- Oh it's not as bad as all that.

They may not be having an easy time of that,|but they're holding out. We're sending in|fresh troops everyday you know?

- Why they'll be leaving Mafeking in no time|at all. - It's getting harder everyday to|pretend my father is safe.

Don't you worry. See here, I'll let|you in on a little secret.

I enlisted today and while I don't|Miss Rose to know quite yet, I'll be|going over there quite shortly myself.

- To Mafeking? Well then perhaps|you can help my father.|- We'll get him out.

What the blazes are you doing|here? Answer me! What are you doing here?

- Don't be frightened Sara, it's only my grandfather.|- Don't you believe him young|woman. I disowned him the day he was born.

- We're really very fond of each|other. Of course we are.|- What?! We are nothing of the kind.

- As a favor to me, will you please|stop shouting at my best paying pupil.|- Pupil? Paying? What are you talking about?

I am master of the horse in this|exclusive seminary of the young ladies. You take advantage of my absence|to become a riding master? And|next door to me own house?

- Where's your family pride boy?|-Well sir, one must eat, and family|pride is a pretty thin diet.

- Oh, blackmail eh? You'll think I'll buy you off?|- I hadn't thought of that, but it's not a bad idea.

I'll see you hang drawn and quartered for that. |Wait till I see the woman who runs this school. |I'll put a spoke in your wheel.

Do! She loved to know that my|grandfather is Lord Wickham. She|probably raise my salary

- Miss Sara, Lord Wickham is coming.|- Then I'm going.

Insolent young pup! Just like his|father. Riding master! Bah!

- Maybe you're fond of him, but I don't think|he's very fond of you. - Oh he's harmless. |His bark is worse than his bite.

I should hope so. Why is he so mad at you?

Oh he isn't really. He was angry|with my father. I'm mixed up in their quarrel.

What he really wants if for me to|come begging to him for help. He'd|be eating out of my hand if I would.

I don't think I'd care for him eating|out of my hand.

- How would you like to have me|eating out of your hand?|- You? Oh, that would be different.

Well I shall, if you do me a favor. |A very important one. Oh, could I? I've got an idea that you are the|only one in the world who could.

I want you to get Miss Rose to go|shopping with you next Wednesday. |Shopping?

Well, shopping is as good an|excuse for Miss Minchin.

Really? To Miss Rose?

And she said she would? Oh, that's|wonderful!

- No, not a soul. Not even Emily.|- Good girl! Now we've got to go.

- I must do some preliminarary shopping.|- You don't have to tell me what for. |Something gold and shiny.

Right you are!

Come in.

- Come in.|- Miss Minchin, I wanted to ask you something.

- Oh, it's you. What do you want dear?|- I'm going to ask you a big favor. Yes?

Mr. Geoffrey leaving today for the|war, he's been so very nice to me...
...I thought I ought to fill my social|obligations by doing something

nice|for him. That's what you teach us, isn't it?

When someone shows you a|kindness, you show them one in return.

Well doing something for Mr.|Geoffrey, scarcely comes under the|rules of social obligations.

- But what is it that you want to do for him?|- May I have him for tea?

- Here? At the school?|- Oh couldn't I please? Since he's|going away to war.

Well I suppose it would be for him, since he|was one of the teachers. You need not mention|this to the other young ladies, however.

No Miss Minchin. Thank-you Miss|Minchin. Oh Thank-you Miss Minchin!

- We must eat something after all|the trouble little Sara has gone to.|- I think she'll understand.

- You've forgotten your ring.|- No I haven't....see?

I'm always afraid I'll forget and wear it in front|of Miss Minchin. I did yesterday and|fortunately for us, she didn't see it.

- Oh I'd love to tell the old girl.|-Can't do that yet darling. I know.

- Are you sorry you married me?|- As if you didn't know.

I only wanted you to tell me again.|-Oh, my darling....

I'll be living this last week over|every moment I'm away from you.

We won't be separated, will we?|Because I'll be living it over too.

- I thought you were having Mr.|Hamilton to tea?|- I am, I mean I was but.....

- Who's in that room?|- Oh please don't go in there Miss Minchin.

- Miss Minchin, Miss Rose and I.....|- We were saying good-bye Miss Minchin.

- How dare you risk the reputation of my school|in this manner. - Nothing has happened to|damage your precious school's reputation.

-As a matter of fact Miss Rose and I.....|- Geoffrey! For my sake.

- Oh please Miss Minchin, it was all|my fault. -Silence!

Since you are here to merely say|good-bye, please do so, now.

Good-bye Geoffrey.

- Good-bye Mr. Geoffrey.|- Good-bye dear.

-Sara, I shall expect an explanation of this.|- Yes Miss Minchin.

As soon as I can think of one.

- They've been cornered like rats for 7 months.|- I say send more troops to|Mafeking if it takes every man in England.

- I'm with you.|- No! Noooooooooo!

Oh my boy, my boy, my booooooy....

They killed my boy.

I know soldiers are suppose to|stand a lot and my daddy is a good soldier.

But they've waited so long for help.|-Please do something about|Mafeking right away.

Or they'll all be lost and my daddy|won't come back.

Mafeking is set free. Mafeking is|set free.

Mafeking is set free. Mafeking is|set free.

Oh thank-you for being so quick|about it this time.

Get up, get up! Mafeking is set free.

Wake up everybody! Mafeking is|set free.

- Oh Mr. Bertie! Did you hear?|Mafeking is set free!|- Yes darling, isn't it great news.

Oh Miss Rose, they're saved. My|daddy and Mr. Geoffrey are saved.

- What's wrong? Nothing is wrong.|- Nothing, nothing, nothing!|Mafeking is set free.

Oh Miss Minchin, isn't it wonderful?|Can you hear the cheering?

- Oh Sara, I'm so glad for you.|- He's saved Becky! My daddy is saved! Children, children! Attention please!

It is a happy circumstance that Sara's birthday|should fall on a day that we are celebrating|a glorious victory for Her Majesty's Army.

Now Sara. Will you explain to the|children about your wishes for your birthday?

I'm very happy to have you here|and I thought I would like to give|presents today. Not just receive them.

I want to show how grateful I am my|father has been rescued.

Quiet|children, quiet.

- Can we do the presents now?|- Yes, but your gift first Sara.

-This is for you. Oh thank-you Miss Minchin.|- Now all I need is to know how to sew.

And this from the entire school. |Here are pictures of your native India. Oh thank-you ever and ever so much. I|shouldn't have to pretend nearly so hard|when I want to make believe I'm there.

-And now, would you like them to have|their presents. - Yes, if you please. |And your names are all on them.

Here you are Miss Rose. Oh, how nice. |Now would you help with the other presents?

- Here you are Miss Rose. Oh, how nice. |Now would you help with the other presents?|- Oh how thoughtful Sara.

From one old trooper to another. |Me in younger and happier days. |I was better known as Bobbling Bertie.

- Thank-you. We'd better keep this|present a secret.|- Mums the word.

-Here this is from me. I hope you like it. |-It's just what I wanted. Mums the word you know.

Here's my present Miss. Many|Happy Returns.

- Oh thank-you Becky. |- The material isn't new.

-Why you dear Becky, you made it all yourself. |- Yes Miss. I made it at nights.

I knew you could pretend, I said, |with diamond pins stuck in.

- It's beautiful Becky, I shall love it. |Oh will you Miss?|- The material isn't all new.

- And this isn't so very new either.|- It's my present to you.
- Yes Becky, with my love.|- What is it Miss?
It's a scarab from Egypt. My daddy|gave it to me, because it brings good
luck.
I'd rather you had it, than anyone|else I know.
- Oh my Miss. I think I'm going to faint.|- Oh no Becky! Not now.
I have lots more presents for you. |Two in my room.
-I don't know what to say Miss.|- You're sweet Becky.
Yes, yes, very nice.
- eg your pardon Miss. Yes? Mr. Barrow of|Barrow and Skippo is here to see
you.|- Today? I didn't send for him.
He seems very much upset about|something. He's waiting in your office.
-Miss Rose.|- The scarf is beautiful.
Miss Rose, remember to be sure|and tell me when it's almost 2 o'clock.
You know, I have a very special|appointment with my daddy. He's|going to be
thinking of me at exactly 2.
- I'll watch the time. Thank-you Miss Rose.|- Oh Sara! Thank-you for
the|handkerchiefs, they're lovely.
- Don't you think it's time to cut the cake?|-Oh yes, the cake!
- Please be seated Mr. Barrow.|- How much did you advance for|this party?
Quite a sum, I suspect.
What does it matter. Captain Crew|is a very wealthy man. His check|will be
here shortly.
- No Miss Minchin. There'll be no check.|- What? What do you mean by that?
The late Captain Crew..... The|"late" Captain Crew?!
Captain Crew is dead. He was so|reported in the list this
morning. |Moreover, he died bankrupt
-Bankrupt?! But his property, his mines.|- His property and mines
were|confiscated by the enemy.
You mean to tell me that that child|is penniless? That she's left on
my|hands with nothing?
She's certainly left penniless and|she's certainly left on your hands.
- She hasn't a relative in the world that we know of.|- But her father's
account is overdrawn.
I was expecting a check, and|advanced the money for this party. |So I
understand.
Now you have to make a wish and|blow out all the candles with one breath.
My wish is that my father will come|back real soon.
Now take a big breath.
I haven't got very good lungs, have I?
-I'll turn her out on the streets|-Do you think that's wise Miss|Minchin.
The reputation of your school.
My school?
Well the report might get about and|it might not sound well to the|parents

of your other pupils.

Yes, that is so.

Of course, the child can be made to serve in your employ, until her indebtedness is worked out.

- But that will take years. - Quite so, but at least it is better than nothing.

Hurry children, your ice-cream is melting.

- Tara, it's almost 2 o'clock darling. - Thank-you Miss Rose.

Oh daddy, I'm thinking of you.

And I know, wherever you are, you're thinking of me too.

Oh Miss Rose. I felt him with me, I really did!

Miss Minchin wants you dear. Oh, all right.

- Children, you will leave your gifts here. - Why? Where are they going?

- Why can't they take the presents with them? - Because they are not yours to give.

- But I don't understand. - You will later. Go to your room now.

- But Miss Minchin. - Sara, go to your room.

All of you.

Now will you tell her what it's all about? What has happened Miss Minchin?

Whatever it is, you may want to let her off a bit easier.

Silence! Captain Crew is dead. His name appeared on the list today.

He left the child a pauper. Oh Miss Minchin. You had better tell her.

- Oh, I couldn't do that. - You will do as you are told.

Oh Miss Rose. What's wrong? Why did Miss Minchin stop the party?

Sara, I want to talk to you dear.

- Oh darling..... - Oh Miss Rose! What is it?

Sara, you're a soldier's daughter.....

.....and you know that means being brave and courageous, don't you? No matter what happens.

- Oh Miss Rose! Is it something awful? - Your father.....

But my father is all right. Mafeking is set free. You heard them say so.

Help didn't get there soon enough dear, for him. His name appeared on the list this morning.

- You mean with the wounded? - No dear.

My daddy is...

Oh Sara, I'm so sorry.

It can't be! It isn't true! I won't believe it! He isn't dead! He isn't!

- Have you? - Yes.

You may go.

You may go.

Come with me.

This is to be your room in the future.

I shall have to sell your furnishings and clothes, to pay part of the debt your father owes.

Ordinarily, you would go to a charitable institution, but I'm going to let you remain here.

There will be duties for you to perform, of course.

I hope you appreciate my kindness in not sending you away.

I was unable to find a black dress among your things, but one of the girls has given you this.

You'd better take off that party frock and put this on.

I'll send up some shoes.

I don't believe it. I don't, I don't!

My daddy has to go away. But he'll return most any day.

Any moment I may see, my daddy coming back to me.

And Miss Minchin is going to sell all her things.

- It was beastly having to give back all our presents. - How do you feel now about your little Princess?

- Oh Miss. Is there anything I can do? - No Becky, but thank-you.

Sara, I'm sorry.

Sara, from now on, you are not to sit with us. Return to your room and smooth down those curls.

And then go to the kitchen. Run along now.

Lavina, you may take your old place, beside me.

- Mrs. O'Connel. - Oh, so the Misses has sent you down to me, has she?

- Miss Minchin said that I am to have my breakfast here. - You'll do more than eat your breakfast if you work for that one.

- I should be glad to help. - You will eh?

Look at you! Look what you're doing! For that you'll get no breakfast.

Min, you'd better make some more toast for the Misses. Right.

Here's your breakfast. Take it over there. We don't associate with royalty.

- Let me wait on you Miss. No you don't. - She can wait on herself. You can sit there and watch her eat.

Perhaps that will teach you a lesson.

Please Mrs. O'Connel. May I give my breakfast to Becky? I'm not that hungry this morning.

Give it to the cat if you like. Then get to work and wash them dishes.

No Miss, I don't want it.

The mail just came.

The mail just came.

My darling girl. I have been half mad trying to find a way out of you since your letter reached me.

But it has come! My grandfather has relented.

I pray him, that this money and my love will help you bear what lies ahead. Geoffrey.

- You say this girl's a teacher at your school? - She was, until I discharged her today.

We're not likely to hear from her again.

And I was prepared to turn over a handsome sum to that boy when he got back.

I even made an ass of myself and sent him a check.

Then I was right to withhold this. He made it over to her.

- You're not very fond of the girl, are you? - Hardly, under the circumstances.

- Are you sure the girl has no legitimate claims on him? - I brought her up from a fondling.

Is it likely, she would not have consulted me if their love had been respectable.

Ram Dass!

Yes sir? In future if any letters or cables come from Mr. Geoffrey, they're to be returned, unopened.

As you wish sahib.

Come in Becky.

I'm glad you weren't asleep Miss. It's one of the lonely nights.

I wonder where Miss Rose is? I shall miss her terribly.

- We're all alone in the world now, aren't we Miss? - No, no, we're not alone. There is my father you know.

- Your father? But cook said he..... - You mustn't say that. It isn't true. He's not dead.

He sick or wounded somewhere, or he'd send for me. But he's not dead.

- How do you know Miss? - Something inside tells me so.

And sometimes I hear him calling for me.

All alone Miss.

- Buford! You're smoking! - As you see.

- Today my good woman, the British army is behind me. - That uniform? You're not going to war.

Quite! To the very cannon's mouth, if need be. But why? Because old girl. I've had it to the teeth with your bulling.

And your treatment of Rose and little Sara is the last straw. I prefer the less painful horrors of the battlefield.

- Are you daring to criticize me? - Astonishing, isn't it?

But it proves that I am competent to lead my men, into the very jaws of death.

- After this, you may never expect help from me again. - I am quite calm. For if the blood-thirsty boar spares me, the foot-knights will see Bubbling Bertie once again.

- Buford, you wouldn't do that to me? Oh wouldn't I? - Well, ta-ta old girl. If you please sir? What is it lassie? Were you at the seige of Mafeking?

- Aye, that's where I stopped the bullet that stopped me. - Then did you know my father?

- Your father? What might his name be lassie? - Captain I Crew.

-Was your father a Captain?|- Yes. They say he is dead, but I know it can't be.

- I've asked so many soldiers about him. I hope you can tell me.|- No lassie, I'm sorry, I can't.

-Why don't you ask in the hospital there?|- Maybe they'll have some record of him. Thank-you sir, I will!

- If you please sir.|- Well the little Princess as I live.

Why Mr. Bertie, I thought you'd gone to war

No, Lord Roberts wanted me to of course. But he said: "Bertie old boy, the wounded need you."

So you stay here and cheer up the brave lads who have fallen in our dust corps."

So I'm practically in command of this hospital.

- Oh Mr. Bertie. Can my father be in there?|- Your father Princess?

Yes, you see I know he isn't dead. I've been looking and looking.

He could be among the wounded, couldn't he? Yes..... I'm almost sure he is, somewhere.

If you're in charge, could I please look for him in there? Well ah.....Pleeeeeease.

Yes, yes of course you may. Things like that can happen you know.

- Mr. Bertie, why did you join the command here?|- Well discipline in the hospital is rather lax.

I say Major. They're waiting for you in ward B. There is a lot of trash up there.

- Very good. I'll get one of my men to attend to it.|- Get one of your what??

Well then 2 of my men, carry on!

Portor! Sir?

- What's this child doing here before visiting hours?|- Well you see...

Well, well, well. If you please sir. The Major is helping me find my father.

- The Major?|- For her sir. You see, we're old friends sir.

I knew her father, Captin Crew was reported killed at Mafeking.

The child is sure there is some mistake, so I'm helping her search among the wounded.

- Could you tell me anything about my father sir?|- Sorry my dear, I can't.

- Carry on, Major!|- Yes, sir. Thank-you sir.

This little girl's father has been killed, but she insists he's alive so I'm letting her look around.

We'll try another ward.

- There's old Bertie.|- Give us a song mate.

Attention men! Attention! Official inspection.

He isn't here either. But someone might know about him.

- If you please sir. Were you at the seige of Mafeking? - I was that

darling. | It's there I got bit by a bug.

It was no bigger than the seed of a | thistle and it laid me low. Ah, the | bugs down there are worse than the bullets.

- Perhaps you didn't know my father? | - Afraid I wouldn't have known me | own father, with the fever that was on me.

- Thank-you sir. | - It's all right darling.

- If you please sir. Were you with the | troops at Mafeking? - Yes, yes of course | I was. That's where I ran away.

- Then did you know my father, | Captain Crew? | - Yes, yes of course.

- That's a fine looking officer, isn't he? | He ought to do well. - Well when did | you see my father last? Where is he now?

Where is who? My father. Oh, one | soldier more or less, doesn't make | any difference you know.

I'm making thousands and | thousands for England. Fine strong | fellows, who won't be afraid like I was.

I was afraid of the noise. That's | why I ran away you know?

- He says he knows my father, but he won't tell. | - He's been living in a dream Sara, | he doesn't know what he's saying.

Don't go yet lad. Give us a song!

- How about it dear? Shall we sing | them a song to cheer them up? | - Our old speciality. Not today Mr. Bertie.

- Oh come on darling. Let's try and forget our | own troubles and do something for these lads, | shall we? - All right, I'll try.

- What about "The Old Kent Road"? | Yeah, that's the one. Mackie will play for you. | - I'd be delighted Mac.

- Mr. Bertie, will it be all right if I come again | tomorrow? - I shouldn't run away too often | Princess. You might get punished you know.

- I'll keep a sharp look-out for | whenever the wounded come in. | - You don't really believe he come, do you?

Yes, yes, of course I do. I told you | missing men often turn up.

Then I'd better come. You might | not know him, if he's very much changed.

- All right dear. You come. | - Good-bye Mr. Bertie. Good-bye dear.

Are you hungry.

Poor little things. There won't be | any worms for you this morning.

Good-morning little misses sahib. | Good morning Ras Dass. Feeding | your little friends?

- Yes, but I couldn't feed them very | much from my supper last night. | - It is difficult for them when the snow comes.

Rani, Rani!

You look as though you are being | naughty and enjoying it.

- Her she is, on the bookshelf. | - Bookshelf?

Oh I forgot. I pretend it's a bookshelf | and fill them with beautiful books.

Well I'd better remove her, before | she ruins your set of Dickens.

This is your room Misses sahib? | It's so old and so high above | everything,

it's almost like a nest in a tree.

I can lie on my soft sofa and look up|into the sky through that
little|window on the roof.

- Sofa? - It looks more like a|soft sofa when it's made up.

Can you imagine it has down quilts|and lovely cushions to curl up on.

- There is a fire sometimes, of course?|- Well, that is the
hardest|sometimes, to imagine.

But it's lovely when you can. The|grate shines so when it is polished|and
the bright coals on the hearth.

- Oh hurry Miss. Cook is in an awful dither.|- Oh my goodness. Excuse me if
I run.

I've got to go to the butcher. I'll get|my ears boxed if I don't hurry.

Listen to this:

disembarked.

-Does it give any of the names?|- There ain't no list.

Oh I hope my poor Harry's among|them. A wounded husband is better|than no
husband at all, eh Min?

Oh Becky, I've got to get to the|hospital before 9 o'clock when they|close
for visitors.

Sara! You clumsy ox! For that|you'll whistle for your supper.

Oh Mame, Sara didn't get know|lunch. You put things away before|she got
back from the grocer.

Who do you think you're talking to?|You'll both go hungry. Now clean|up
this mess. Go on, get on with it!

There some sorry cases in this|batch, doctor.

Doctor, this man is an unknown.|His papers were lost. Delerium|following
malaria fever.

- We're very much concerned about him sir.|- Heart action, weak
respiration,|well that's to be expected.

- He has no lucid moments.|- Temporary paralyzes of some|nerve center or a
blood clot possibly.

More likely to be the latter sir.|He received a nasty headwound.

- He repeated the call of this person Sara.|- You can't know who this Sara
is?

No way of finding out sir, until his|identity is established.

- You'd better go now Miss.|- I'll finish up for you. Thank-you|Becky. I'll
have to fly.

Here hold your horses. Where do|you think you're going? Miss Lavina|want's
some coal for her fire. Hop to it.

Oh Sara! You look so tired and you|look hungry too.

- Are you actually hungry Sara?|- Yes! I am hungry. I'm so hungry I|could
eat you!

Put on plenty, my father pays for it.

Put on plenty, my father pays for it.
Come back here and clean up that hearth!
I'd like my shawl. The pink one. It's on my bed.
Cover me please. I find the room a bit chilly.
-Hello Princess, what are you doing out so late?|- I've come to see the new soldiers that arrived today.
- Not tonight my girl. It's closing time.|- But I've got to. I ran away especially.
- Please let me in. I'm sure he's here this time.|- You're sure every time Princess.
I'm sorry. You run on home and come back tomorrow morning. That's a good little girl. All right, good-night now.
He'll recover from the effects of the fever, but I'm convinced there is brain pressure.
- You advise an operation then? Yes.|- Do you agree. - I do and Dr. McNesh in Edinburgh is the man.
Prepare this man for removal to Edinburgh tomorrow. Yes doctor.
Sara, where have you been?
- Answer me. You've been out, haven't you?|- Yes Miss Minchin.
- What do you mean by disobeying my orders?|- I had to, I had to look for my father.
All this ridiculous searching for your father. All this making believe and refusing to face facts, it's indecent.
- I've had enough of it. You must realize once and for all that your father is dead.|- Don't you say that. He's not dead. He's not!
- And you can't stop me from looking for him either. - How dare you speak to me in that manner you little.....
I'll attend to you further in the morning.
I can't be a good soldier for much longer. I'm cold and I'm hungry too.
Do you hear? No, you don't hear and you don't care. You're nothing but a doll, a doll!
You've never had a heart to make you feel. You're just a doll.
Your Highness, please forgive me, but something has gone amiss.
There is an angry woman outside to report a stolen kiss.
Tell her she must go away. Come around some other day.
I have told her but she won't. You must see her, if you don't, she'll scream her head off.
- Tell her to hush. She won't be hushed.|- Then tell her to shush! I'm afraid she won't be shushed.
I won't be hushed, I won't be shushed, I know my rights and I know also what I saw.
- What did you see?|- I saw him.
You saw who? I mean whom?
I saw that lad steal a kiss, from that shameless little miss.

Don't be fooled by all their shyness, |they're a wicked pair Your Highness.
The Law says in its shining, |that you should not kiss in this land.
There's a law I understand, against |kissing in this land.
There is a law that reads like this. |No one is to steal a kiss.
Ah but Princess, I've a feeling, this |isn't a case of stealing.
Silence fool. I know the law. What |I say I saw, I saw.
She's on a see-saw. What I saw, |you saw, he saw, she saw.
On a see-saw. On a see-saw. I |saw, you saw, he saw, she saw.
What she tells us may be true. And |if it is, what can we do?
If you ask me, we should listen, to |the lad who did the kissing.
Let him speak. Come lad this way. |Now then, what have you to say?
Please Your Highness, I confess. |When I saw such loveliness...
...it was too much to resist. I just |thought she should be kissed.
So I kissed her, kissed her twice. |It was very, very nice.
So he kissed her, kissed her twice. |It was very, very nice.
There you see, he broke the law. |What I say I saw, I saw.
- Please don't start all that again. | - But he stole a kiss, that's plain.
Yes, it looks as if it's true and I'll |have to punish you.
No please. Let me say a word. It is |not the way you heard.
Please, he did not steal a kiss. |I gave it to him. Just like this.
There you see, I had a feeling, this |was not a case of stealing.
I'm not sure, it's not quite plain, |could I see that kiss again?
You were right, I have a feeling, this |was not a case of stealing.
Right! The law has been abused. |This lad has falsely been accused.
He's hers and she's hisn's, that old |witch should go to prison.
- You're a very wicked woman. | - Princess, I am only human.
Listen to the old grand-mommy. |You're a nasty peeping-tommy.
Banish her from here forever. |Never show your face here, never.
Banish her from here forever. |Never show your face here, never.
But what I say I saw, I saw. I know |my rights, I know the law!
Come and sit beside me here. Your |kiss has made things very clear.
Thank-you Princess.
Don't thank me. Was that kiss, that |set you free.
Now we're through with this |arrangement. Let us have some entertainment.
Bring the dancers, bring the |singers, bring the good old welting ringers.
- The new ballerina? She please you? | - She's a very good dancer. She |looks familiar too.
What a nice dream. I feel quite warm.
I don't want to wake up.
I haven't waked up.
I must be dreaming.
I am dreaming.
I must be dreaming. But it feels |warm.
Becky, Becky come quick.

- Yes Miss?|- Look!

Oh no Miss. Do you see what I do?

- I don't know what you see.|- But I don't believe what I see. Well, I never.....

- Can you feel that? Yes Miss.|- What do you see? I see some fire Miss. And a table with food on it, and a rug and a lamp, and slippers? I do indeed Miss. How did it all get here? Did you pretend it into happening?

I don't know. I never pretended as good as this before. Look at these.

- If the little misses sahib knew, she'd be over here to thank you.|- Who wants any thanks?

- Oh Miss! You're beautiful!|- Thanks Becky. Now let's try this one on you.

- Isn't it beautiful? Oh yes Miss.|- It's perfect. And real satin too. Let's try the slippers and see if they're real.

- Do they feel like slippers to you?|- They feel soft and warm. This feels soft and warm too. They're as real as we are. I don't believe it's a dream after all.

- Do you suppose the food is real Miss?|- Let us see.

- I can smell kippers, can you?|- Kippers and onions. I wonder what this is? Muffins!

This tastes like a muffin. Is it one?

A muffin that ever was. It must be the magic Miss.

Hadn't we better be quick before it melts away?

- What sort of night did he have?|- He rested comfortably doctor.

- Will we be able to send him with the others?|- Will we be able to send him with the others?

Get him ready to be sent with group D. He'll be leaving in about an hour. I hear you're being punished. Do you think we ought to offer her a chocolate?

- You must let her smell them.|- Miss Minchin surely couldn't object to that.

- Would you care to?|- I don't want to smell them, and I don't want to eat them.

- You don't!? Why not?|- I've had much nicer things than chocolate this morning.

- Listen to the Princess, pretending again.|- I'm not pretending. I had the most wonderful things to eat, that anyone had.

- Why you little liar. You haven't even had breakfast.|- Pardon me, but I really have.

Excuse me for saying so, it isn't polite to call people liars.

- How dare you talk back to me.|- Was I doing that? My goodness. So sorry.

You wait til I tell Miss Minchin on you!

Well, everything is still here Becky.

- Thank heavens it's stopped raining.|- Are you going some place Miss?
To the hospital. Becky, perhaps|everything is going to change for us.
Perhaps I'll find my father this time|and he'll take us away from here.
Oh no! It's the Misses.

Sara, how dare you.....

- Why, what's happened to this room?|-That's what we would like to know.
When I woke up this morning, here|everything was. Even to the food and the
fire.

- Where did you get these things? - I don't|know. Maybe because I dreamed
such a|beautiful dream last night, that it came true.

These articles are rare and costly. |You stole them, didn't you?

- Oh no Miss Minchin. We didn't take|these things. - I'll give you one
more|chance to tell me the truth.

- But I am telling you the truth.|- They just came. Yes, they did|indeed
Mame.

You go to your room. This is a|matter for the police.

- Oh please Miss Minchin. Please|don't call the police.|- Of course I'll
call them.

- Oh we're prisoners sure enough|Miss, and the police coming too.|- I can't
be arrested.

- Those new wounded men are at|the hospital and I got to get to them.|- I
don't see how you can Miss.

Come on Becky, quick. Where are|we going Miss? Follow me.

- Oh I'm so frightened Miss. I'm|frightened this time too.|- Come on Becky,
give me your hand.

- Oh low Miss.|- Don't be afraid Becky.

- Ah, what game is this little Misses sihib?|- Can we please go through
your|house? We're running away from the police.

- And a very nice game to. Would you enter?|-We would like to, very much
indeed.

- You seem in great haste Miss|sihib. Will you not stop for a cup of tea?|-
Oh no thank you. We're in too big of a hurry.

Oh, I see. You are still playing the|game of the police.

- I hope you escape in safety Miss sihib.|- So do I. Oh low Miss, police!!

- There they are! Stop them!|-Becky, run, run!

Sara, Becky! Stop where you are!

Go after the other one. I'll take care|of her.

Watch out Becky, don't slip. Becky,|where are you?

- Wretched little beast. You'll go to jail, both of you!|- You'll never
catch Sara. Mr. Bertie|will see to that.

So that's where she's gone. Well did you find|them Mame? Take this little
thief and don't|let her out of your sight till I return.

- Did you catch her? She dodged her way|into traffic. - I couldn't find her

anywhere. | Do you know where she's likely to be?

I do. Cabbie!

Harvard Hospital and hurry please.

He never stops calling for her.

Step aside a little bit will you? Ah, | ah, ah. You can't go in there.

- No visitors allowed for an hour. | - But that might be too late.

Now run along little girl, will you?

- I'm sorry sir. No visitors allowed | for an hour. | - But we must go in.

Sorry sir. You can stand over there, | if that's all right.

- Have you seen Captain Marks? | - I believe he just went through the hall
Miss.

- Sorry young one, but you can't go upstairs now. | - But I've got to. I've
got to see if my father is | here before Miss Minchin catches me.

Run along now. Do as you are told.

I say there. You come back here. | You can't go up there.

You can't go in there.

Let me go, let me go. I want to be | here. I will! I will!

Porter!!

What is it the child wants?

- Please, please don't let them take | me away. | - What is it child?

My father. They say he was killed | at Mafeking, but I don't believe it.

He may be with the new wounded | men, but they won't let me look.

If they don't, perhaps I'll never have | another chance. Can't you make | them
let me look.

Colonel. Could you see that this | child is escorted through the hospital?

With permission, I shall accompany | her personally Your Majesty.

- What is your name? | - Victoria. What is yours?

Sara.....Oh Your Majesty!

Colonel.

I hope that you will fi nd your father | my dear. A thorough search Colonel.

- Oh thank-you Your Majesty. | - Good-bye my dear.

- Have you been through any of the wards yet? | - Not today sir.

I think we'd better cover this wing first.

We are searching for a patient. | Move right along dear.

- Is it all right? | - Thank-you darling.

- Miss Rose! | - Sara darling!

Oh Mr. Geoffrey. You're home, | you're back again. You can tell me | where my
daddy is.

Well Geoffrey didn't get as far as | Mafeking dear.

Then you don't know? You didn't | even see him?

No dear, I didn't. I'm sorry.

- Have you found him? | - Oh, no sir.

This is my friend Mr. Geoffrey and | his wife. Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton.

- Mrs. Hamilton. - I'm afraid I can't | introduce you, because I don't

know|your name. - I'm Colonel Gordon.

- This is Colonel Gordan. He's|helping me search the hospital.|- Oh, don't bother. How do you do sir?

I'm very happy to know you both.|From Mafeking?

- No sir. An army mule, a British|mule at that.|- That's adding insult to injury.

-Sorry sir, but it's time for the|patient's drops.|- Well, I'd rather face that mule.

I'll come back later Miss Rose. Just|as soon as I've gone through the|other wards.

- I'll wait for you dear.|- Good-bye.

- Be sure to come back Sara.|- I will.

Poor little thing. She'll never stop|hoping.

- I insist that you send for my brother.|-Very well Mame, but you can't get|in. Brother or no brother.

- We will get in. My brother will see to that.|- I hope you're right Mame. All filled now. This man will have to|wait until the next ambulance.

I think you'd better take him into the waiting|room. These halls are much too drafty.

- I very sorry that you couldn't find your father.|- Thank-you just the same sir.

He may be on the next convoy of|wounded. I wouldn't give up hope.|- I won't sir.

- Good-bye and God bless.|- Good-bye.

I know that they were stolen. That is|perposterous! I can prove it and I|intend to turn her over to the authorities.

She is in this hospital and I intend|to find her. I insist that every room|be searched.

Sara...

Sara...

Daddy...

Daddy, daddy! It is you! I found|you, I found you!

They said you were dead, but I|knew you weren't. I knew you'd|come back.

Oh daddy, hold me, hold me close.|You won't ever go away again, will you?

What's the matter daddy? Why|won't you talk to me?

Don't you know me daddy? I'm|Sara, I'm Sara.

- Where is my daughter?|- Oh daddy, something's happened to you.

Mr. Bertie! Mr. Bertie! Oh daddy,|you've got to know me.

Look at me!

You mustn't cry. You mustn't cry.

- We must be good soldiers you know.|- But I have been a good soldier|daddy, but you don't know me.

- My little Sara never cries.|- But I'm Sara, I'm Sara!

Yes, yes,...Sara! Sara!

Sara, my darling. My baby Sara.

Sara my darling. My little Sara.

- Oh don't be ridiculous Amanada. - Well then|how do you account for those silk covers, those|robes and those other things that are there.

Perhaps a little bird brought them in. Perhaps|they grew legs and walked in. I don't know.|One thing I do know is little Sara wouldn't steal them.

Bertie! Yes? Berties, what do you think has|happened? Little Princess has found her father.|She's found him!

- Captain Crew is alive?|- Of course he's alive! How could|she find him if he wasn't alive?

- Oh Mr. Bertie, I found my father.|- Darling, I'm so glad.

Daddy, it's Your Majesty.

My daddy.