



Scripts.com

Sabrina

By Billy Wilder

Once upon a time,
on the North Shore of Long Island,
some 30 miles from New York,
there lived a small girl
on a large estate.
The estate was very large indeed
and had many servants.
There were gardeners
to take care of the gardens
and a tree surgeon on a retainer.
There was a boatman to put the boats
in the water in the spring
and scrape their bottoms
in the winter.
There were specialists
to take care of the grounds,
the outdoor tennis court
and the indoor tennis court,
the outdoor swimming pool
and the indoor swimming pool.
And a man of no particular title
took care of a small pool in the
garden for a goldfish named George.
Also on the estate there was
a chauffeur by the name of Fairchild,
who had been imported from England
years ago,
together with a new Rolls-Royce.
Fairchild was a fine chauffeur
of considerable polish,
like the eight cars in his care.
And he had a daughter
by the name of... Sabrina.
It was the eve of
the annual six-metre-yacht races
and, as had been traditional
for the past 30 years,
the Larrabees were giving a party.
It never rained on the night
of the Larrabee party.
The Larrabees
wouldn't have stood for it.
There were four Larrabees in all -
father, mother and two sons.

Maude and Oliver Larrabee
were married in 1906.
Among their many wedding presents
was a town house in New York
and this estate for weekends.
The town house has since been
converted into Saks Fifth Avenue.
Linus Larrabee, the elder son,
graduated from Yale,
where his classmates voted him
the man most likely
to leave his alma mater \$50 million.
His brother, David, went through
several of the best Eastern colleges
for short periods of time,
and through several marriages
for even shorter periods of time.
He is now a successful
six-goal polo player
and is listed on Linus's tax return
as a \$600 deduction.
Life was pleasant among
the Larrabees,
for this was as close to heaven
as one could get on Long Island.
Come on down from there, Sabrina!
Come on.
You'd better finish your packing.
Who's that girl, Father,
dancing with David?
Her name is Gretchen Van Horn.
Chase National Bank.
I hate girls that giggle
all the time.
You hate every girl David looks at.
You can't go on like this about
David. You've got to get over it.
Yes, Father.
It's good you're going away.
I only hope it's far enough.
Yes, Father.
Come along, Sabrina.
In a minute, Father. You go ahead.
I'll be up soon.

- Oh, it's you, Sabrina.

- Hello, David.

I thought I heard somebody.

No, it's nobody.

Gretchen! Yoo-hoo!

Tennis, anyone?

Gretchen?

What is this, mixed singles?

No! You have to stay on your side
of the net.

That'll be a little difficult,
Gretchen.

- You know the rules of the game.

- OK, I'll serve.

Sabrina!

Yes, Father?

- Don't leave your passport tomorrow.

- No, Father.

It's not every girl
that's lucky enough to go to Paris.
And it's the best cooking school
in the world.

If your mother were alive,
she'd be happy you were going there.
She was the best cook
on Long Island.

I'm not saying you have to be a cook,
as she was,
or that I want you to marry
a chauffeur.

But you know how I feel.

Your mother and I
had a good life together.

We were respected by everyone.

That's as much as anyone can want.

Don't reach for the moon, child.

No, Father.

Besides, it never hurt a young girl
to learn how to cook, did it?

I'll wake you at seven.

The boat goes at noon. Good night.

Good night.

What's going on?

Fairchild!

Anybody here?

Who's that?

Sabrina, come out of there. Come on.

Hello.

What are you doing here?

Just checking the spark plugs.

The what?

Father was worried

because a spark plug was missing.

I wanted to find out

which one it was.

So you started the motors

and closed the doors?

- I didn't want to disturb anyone.

- You might never have done so again.

- Does your father know?

- No! I wanted to surprise him.

We'd better get out.

There now. Breathe deep.

That's right. Now, deep breath.

- What happened?

- You passed out.

I'm alright.

You don't have to carry me.

Of all the idiotic things...

Haven't you ever heard of carbon
monoxide? It kills people.

It does?

What would have happened
if I hadn't come along?

I'd have died.

And fast. Eight cars!

One would have done it.

Good thing Mrs. Van Horn

asked me to drive her home.

Mrs. Van Horn? Gretchen's mother?

- Why didn't she drive her home?

- We can't find Gretchen.

- She...

- She what?

Nothing.

The next time you start a car, leave
the garage doors open. Understand?

A chauffeur's daughter

should know better.

Yes, sir.

Bonjour, mesdames et messieurs!

Yesterday we have learnt
the correct way how to boil water.

Today we will learn the correct way
how to crack an egg.

Voil, an egg!

Now an egg is not a stone.

It is not made of wood.

It is a living thing with a heart.

So when we crack it
we must not torment it.

We must be merciful and execute it
quickly, like with the guillotine.

It is done with one hand.

Kindly watch the wrist.

Voil. One, two, three, crack!

You see? It is all in the wrist.

And now, everybody, take an egg.

One, two, three, crack!

New egg.

One, two, three, crack!

New egg. One, two, three, crack!

Take an egg. Crack!

The wrist, huh? Like a whip.

You watch.

One, two, three, crack! New egg.

"Dear Father, or Cher Papa
as we say over here. "

"Isn't my French getting good?"

"We finally finished our four-week
course in sauces, thank goodness!"

"Soups were tough

but sauces just about killed me. "

"I almost flunked my hollandaise.

It kept separating on me. "

Too much vinegar.

Does she mention David?

Mr. Linus is ready to go into town.

- What does she say about David?

- Not a word.

No, wait. Here's something.

- "I don't think of David very much. "

- That's good.
- "Except at night. "
- That's bad.
"I decided to be sensible
and tore up his picture. "
That's good.
- "Please mail me some Scotch tape. "
- That's bad.
- Morning, Fairchild.
- Morning, sir. Beautiful day, sir.
Take the Parkway.
Two windows open. 35 miles an hour.
Yes, sir.
Morning. Where are you off to?
- The office, where do you think?
- On Sunday?
- Today is Wednesday.
- Wednesday?
This is KL 75263.
Get me Bowling Green 91099.
Good morning, Miss McCardle.
How did the market open?
Industrials, 247.63.
Up a dollar, ten.
Rails, 94.7. Up 58 cents.
Utilities, 47.23. Off 11 cents.
I'm just leaving.
Put the coffee on in 45 minutes.
Inter-office memo to David Larrabee.
Dear David, you are a junior partner
of Larrabee Industries,
located at 30 Broad Street, New York.
Your office is on the 22nd floor.
Our normal week is Monday to Friday.
Our working day is nine to five.
If this is inconvenient
you may retire with your pension.
Having been with us one year,
your entitlement is 65 cents
a month for the rest of your life.
What do you hear from your daughter?
- She still loves him.
- I beg your pardon?
I mean

she loves the cooking school, sir.

But she'll get over it.

And now, mesdames et messieurs,
soon we will see how you have learnt
the lesson of the souffl.

The souffl, it must be gay.

Gay.

Like two butterflies dancing
the waltz in the summer breeze.

Very well. You have five seconds!

Four seconds.

Three seconds.

Two seconds.

One second.

To the ovens!

Too low.

Too pale.

Too heavy.

Too low.

Too high. You are exaggerating.

Fair.

So-so.

Sloppy.

Mmm! Superb! My dear Baron,
you have not lost your touch.

Much too low.

- I don't know what happened.

- I will tell you.

You forgot to turn on the oven.

I have been watching you.

Your mind has not been on the
cooking. It has been elsewhere.

You're in love. And I will venture
to go a step further.

- You are unhappily in love.

- Does it show?

Very clearly. A woman happily
in love, she burns the souffl.

A woman unhappily in love,
she forgets to turn on the oven.

- Am I correct?

- Yes. But I'm trying to get over it.

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

He doesn't even know I exist.

I might as well be reaching
for the moon.

The moon?

Oh, you young people
are so old-fashioned!

Have you not heard? We are building
rockets to reach the moon.

To begin with, you must stop looking
like a horse.

Horse?

"His name is Baron Saint Fontanel. "

Baron!

"He came here for a refresher course
in souffls

and liked me so much he decided
to stay on for the fish. "

- What does she say about David?

- David? She's got a baron!

"The Baron is 74 years old,
and very sweet and very wise. "

"He has a box at the opera,
a racing stable, wonderful paintings
and his own vineyards. "

"Tomorrow night he is taking me
to a very fashionable charity ball
and I have a dress

just for the occasion. "

"If David could only see me in it. "

"Yards of skirt
and way off the shoulders. "

Good morning, sir.

- Morning. What's going on?

- A letter from Sabrina.

Wouldn't you like to read it?

There's something about you.

- Poor Sabrina.

- What's wrong with him?

He's getting married again.

- He is?

- Number four.

Who says so?

Cholly Knickerbocker. Don't you
people ever read the society columns?

- Is my brother in?
- Yes, Mr. David, but he's very busy.
- I want to see him.

- How about 3:

- I want to see him now!
- I'm sorry. I have my orders.
He's working on the plastics deal.
Press that button,
or I'll break that door down
using you as a battering ram!
- Mr. David!
- Make up your mind!
Linus, I want to talk to you!
- Ask for an appointment.
- Don't give me that! I'm mad!
Alright, gentlemen,
I'll be ten minutes.
Now what's the trouble?
How did this get in the paper?
"David Larrabee is to marry again. "
"The girl is Elizabeth Tyson
of the Oyster Bay Tysons. "
- Congratulations.
- Did you plant this?
It's common knowledge about you and
Elizabeth Tyson. Don't you like her?
I like her a lot.
I like a lot of girls a lot.
- You can say that again.
- What are you doing with that gun?
Put that thing away, Linus!
Look at that. The greatest plastic
ever made. Not a scratch.
I wonder how this'd stand up
against a bazooka.
Miss McCardle, ask General Stanton
if we can borrow a bazooka.
Yes, Mr. Larrabee.
- To get back to my problem...
- Lend me your lighter.
Linus, I have no intention
of marrying Elizabeth Tyson!
Doesn't burn, doesn't scorch,

doesn't melt. How about that!
I've been married before.
I've had it three times.
This time the family approves.
You're going to do
something constructive. Taste it.
What's constructive
about marrying her?
- Taste it.
- It's sweet.
It's made of sugar cane.
Sugar cane.
Wait a minute.
The Tysons own the largest holdings
of sugar cane in Puerto Rico!
Second largest.
The largest have no daughter.
It's all beginning to make sense.
Mr. Tyson owns the sugar cane,
you own the formula for the plastics
and I'm offered as a sacrifice
on the altar of industrial progress!
You make it sound as if the son
of the hot-dog dynasty
had to marry the daughter
of the mustard king.
Surely you don't object to Elizabeth
because her father has \$20 million?
That's very narrow-minded of you.
Just one thing. I haven't proposed
and she hasn't accepted.
Oh, don't worry.
I proposed and Mr. Tyson accepted.
- Did you kiss him?
- Elizabeth is a lovely girl.
Sooner or later you'll propose.
I'm helping you make up your mind.
- Then you marry her.
- Me?
What's so funny?
If I got married, I'd have to take
a Dictaphone, two secretaries
and four corporation counsellors
along on the honeymoon.

I'd be unfaithful to my wife
every night
with vice presidents, boards of
directors, slide-rule accountants...
This... this is my home.
No wife would ever understand it.
Nor me. You've got all the money
in the world.
Making money isn't the main point
of business. Money is a by-product.
- What's the main objective? Power?
- Ah! That's become a dirty word.
What's the urge? You're going into
plastics. What will that prove?
Prove? Nothing much.
A new product has been found,
something of use to the world.
A new industry moves into
an undeveloped area.
Factories go up, machines go in
and you're in business.
It's coincidental that people who've
never seen a dime now have a dollar
and barefooted kids wear shoes
and have their faces washed.
What's wrong with an urge
that gives people libraries,
hospitals, baseball diamonds
and movies on a Saturday night?
- Send in the secretaries.
- Yes, Mr. Larrabee.
You make me feel like a heel.
If I don't marry her, some kid
will run around Puerto Rico barefoot!
Look at this stuff.
Planes and suits will be made of it
and you'll probably be able
to eat it.
We're organising Larrabee Plastics.
Larrabee Construction has the plans.
Larrabee Shipping bought nine more
freighters to handle the traffic.
- The wheels are in motion already?
- That's what I mean.

Would you demonstrate the weight test
to Mr. David, please?

- Linus, I believe you.

- Up you go.

I want you to see
how resilient it is.

Bounce, please, ladies.

Some plastic, eh?

We'd like a summer wedding
to get in on this year's sugar crop.

Yeah.

I think
you're going to be very happy.

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

I shall always love you
for sending me here.

It is late at night
and someone across the way
is playing "La Vie En Rose".

It is the French way of saying,
I am looking at the world
through rose-coloured glasses.

It says everything I feel.
I have learnt so many things,
Father.

Not just how to make vichyssoise or
calf's head with sauce vinaigrette,
but a much more important recipe.

I have learnt how to live,
how to be in the world
and of the world...

.. and not just to stand aside
and watch.

And I will never, never again
run away from life,
or from love, either.

I am taking the plane home
on Friday, Father.

You needn't pick me up
at the airport.

I'll just take
the Long Island Rail Road
and you can meet me at the train -

the 4:

If you should have any difficulty
recognising your daughter,
I shall be the most sophisticated
woman at the Glen Cove station.

Taxi, miss?

Cheapest rates in Glen Cove.

Hello! How are you?

Well, I'm fine. How are you?

And I might add, who are you?

- Who am I?

- Am I supposed to know?

No, you're not supposed to know.

- Are you stranded?

- My father was meant to pick me up.

Whoever your father is,

I'll be eternally grateful.

- That is if I can give you a lift.

- You can drive me home.

Good! I'll get your bags.

- Where do you live?

- Dosoris Lane.

Dosoris Lane?

Say, that's where I live!

- Really?

- Sure. We must be neighbours.

And I believe in

loving thy neighbour.

Oh, so do I.

Come on, David.

- David? Is his name David?

- Yes, it is.

That's funny. My name's David, too.

That is funny, isn't it?

Sure you don't want

to tell me your name?

Positive.

I'm having much too much fun.

Alright, if you want to play games...

- Have you always lived here?

- Most of my life.
I'd swear I know every pretty girl
on the North Shore.
You take in more territory than that.
This is maddening.
I've seen that face before.
Let me see your profile again.
I know I know you.
I have a feeling I've seen you...
with your father.
Wait!
Is your father Admiral Starratt?
Hardly.
Funny.
I keep seeing him in a uniform.
Give us a hint.
What does your father do?
- He's in transportation.
- Transportation?
- Railroads. New York Central.
- No.
- Planes. TWA.
- No.
- Boats. United States Lines.
- No.
- I pass.
- Automobiles.
Oh? Chrysler?
Yes, Chrysler and Ford
and General Motors and Rolls-Royce.
Is he on the board
of all those companies?
You might say he runs things.
- I bet my brother Linus knows him.
- He certainly does.
They often drive into town together.
They do?
Straight through to the garage,
please.
I feel so stupid I could kill myself.
You'll be alright in a minute.
Here we are.
I'm not just pretending we've met
somewhere before. We have met some...

You don't live here. I live here.
Hi, neighbour!
Sabrina!
Hello, Margaret!
It's so good to be home!
Look at you! You've come home
such a beautiful lady!
Oh, welcome home, Sabrina!
Ernest! Jenny! How are you?
Don't cry, Margaret.
It's nothing to cry about.
I bought you a hat, a Paris hat
for you to wear to church on Sundays.
Jenny, I have something for you...
Father!
I'm sorry. I had to take Mrs. Larrabee
to the hairdresser.
It doesn't matter.
I wouldn't have recognised you
anyway.
David had a little trouble,
didn't you?
Yes, I did.
I'll make coffee.
Will you come to the kitchen?
- As soon as I've opened my bags.
- I'll take them upstairs.
As old neighbours
the two of us should have a reunion.
- It's only fair.
- Tonight?
- Do you really want to see me?
- Very much.
- Sure?
- Yes, I'm sure.
- Alright.
- We'll go out on the town.
We'll drive to New York, have
a quick drink, then go for dinner.
I know a wonderful French restaurant
on First Avenue.
I guess you wouldn't think
so much of it after Paris.
I'll love it!

We'll go dancing.
When they throw us out of El Morocco,
we'll go to the Village.
You like Dixieland bands?
I know the greatest. It's...
Wait, I forgot.
We're having a party here tonight.
With an orchestra and dancing?
That'll be even more fun.
I don't know.
A lot of dull people. Family stuff.
I don't mind if you're there.
- Sabrina?
- In a minute, Father.
I have a lovely evening dress
with yards of skirt.
- Shall I wear it?
- Why, yes, of course.
This couldn't be nicer.
A homecoming party!
I'll get the dress out
and press it.
See you tonight.
Hello, Linus. I'm back!
It's Sabrina.
Would you have recognised her?
That scrawny kid who'd run away
when she saw us,
her knees painted with Mercurochrome.
How do you like those legs now?
Aren't they something?
David, the last pair of legs
that were something
cost the family \$25,000.
Look what I brought you from Paris.
Sabrina, I should have mentioned it
in a letter...
- Here. Do you like it?
- But I didn't want to upset you.
Aren't they gaudy?
Sabrina, David is engaged.
He's getting married again.
I know. Margaret wrote me.
Brandy. And this is for you to wear

on your day off.

- Then you don't care?

- Not too much. He's not married yet.

I don't like that.

I don't like the sound of it.

Father, everything has changed.

Nothing's changed.

He's still David Larrabee.

And you're still

the chauffeur's daughter.

And you're still reaching for

the moon.

No, Father.

The moon's reaching for me.

I wish the wedding were tomorrow,

David.

- Don't you?

- Yes, dear.

Ten more days.

It'll seem more like ten years.

Yes, dear.

Father had planned for us to fly
to Honolulu afterwards. I said not.

I don't want to spend the first
18 hours of my honeymoon in a plane.

- Do you?

- Yes, dear.

- David!

- What? I mean, no. What did you say?

- Aren't you interested?

- Of course, dear.

- Aren't they a sweet couple!

- Charming. Elizabeth is lovely.

Why do young men wear white jackets
in the evening?

They look like barbers!

- Now, Oliver...

- My throat's dry.

- Have you been smoking?

- I've stopped smoking.

It's sad

that after 48 years of marriage
distrust should creep
into our relationship.

I'll join the men in the library.

David? I think I ought to have
a talk with your chauffeur.

What for?

Father wants to give me a car
and your chauffeur could tell me...

Sure, sure. Of course.

- What's his name?

- Sabrina.

I mean Fairchild.

I'll talk to him. Don't bother.

Alright, darling. I know
you'll take care of everything.

What is it, David?

- Would you like to get some food?

- No, thank you.

- A drink?

- No.

- I'm terribly sorry!

- It's my fault. I didn't see you.

- Will it wash out?

- Yes.

- You'd better do it now.

- Come on, Elizabeth. I'll help you.

Sabrina!

David!

- Hello.

- You look wonderful.

- Thank you. I'm a bit late.

- I worried.

Were you afraid I'd forgotten
the address?

It crossed my mind.

- Shall we dance?

- Right here?

- Who is that girl?

- I don't know.

I wonder what happened to Elizabeth.

- What a lovely party.

- It is now.

The nicest one you've ever had.

And I've been to all your parties.

- You have?

- Standing up there in that tree.

Sabrina, if I'd only known.

Sabrina,

where have you been all my life?

- Right over the garage.

- Right over my car.

Right up in that tree.

What a fool I was.

And what a crush I had on you.

It's not too late, is it?

I don't know, David. Is it?

You should see her!

You should see Sabrina!

The prettiest girl.

The prettiest dress. The best dancer.

The belle of the ball.

- It's as if she belonged up there.

- I don't like it.

- Is she dancing with David?

- That's right.

He's holding her so close

I don't see how she can breathe.

And the way they look

into each other's eyes...

- I don't like it.

- Tom, be happy for her.

This is what she wanted.

It's where she belongs.

It's not.

And it's not where I belong.

Remember the chauffeur

on the Harrington estate?

His daughter fell in love

with the son.

Next he was driving the family

to the church, changing his uniform

and then giving the bride away.

- That's not for me. I don't like it.

- That was 25 years ago.

Come on. Let's sneak up and see her.

David?

- Hello, Mother.

- I don't know this lady.

- You do.

- Good evening, Mrs. Larrabee.

- Mother, this is Miss Fairchild.

- Sabrina?

Yes, of course.

Yes, of course.

Of course. Sabrina.

You didn't recognise me, did you?

Have I changed?

You certainly have.

You look lovely, Sabrina.

I thought it'd be fun to ask her
to the party as a welcome home.

David's been wonderful.

He met me at the station.

Did he? How nice of him.

- She's been to Paris.

- Yes, I know.

Come and cook something
very special for us, Sabrina.

- I want to see what you've learnt.

- I've learnt a lot.

Bye.

This is such fun. So much more fun
than just watching from that tree.

I'm glad you came home.

I'll never let you go away again.

- Never?

- Never.

Would you like to kiss me?

- Would I?

- Yes. A nice, steady kiss.

- Not on roller skates this time.

- Roller skates?

- You don't remember?

- I remember I had a pair.

I was nine

and you had your arms around me
because you were teaching me
to skate backwards.

Suddenly, you kissed me.

I've never forgotten.

- Sabrina, let's get out of here.

- Yes, let's.

I tell you what. You slip away first.

I'll meet you at...

The indoor tennis court.

- And you'll bring champagne.

- Of course.

You saw a lot from that tree!

Will you have the orchestra play

Isn't It Romantic?

Naturally.

- Where's David?

- He's being a good host.

I'll get him out of circulation.

Thank you.

Got a minute, David?

- Not now.

- The old man wants to see you.

- I'm busy.

- He's frothing at the mouth.

- What about?

- You guess.

- Animal, vegetable or mineral?

- Definitely animal.

Linus, this boy should be drummed out
of the family!

What have I done now?

I'm not saying

all Larrabees have been saints.

Thomas Larrabee was hung for piracy.

Benjamin Larrabee was a slave trader.

And Joshua Larrabee was shot

while attempting to rob a train.

But no Larrabee has behaved

as you have behaved tonight!

- Exactly what have I done?

- Done?

Father,

remember your basal metabolism.

Making love to a servant

in your mother's house!

- She is not a servant.

- She's a servant's daughter.

You have embarrassed

your mother and our chauffeur.

I've too much respect for Fairchild

to intrude on his personal life.

You should have that respect for her.

I have so much respect for her

I invited her.

- That's overdoing it.

- I love her!

He loves her!

Next thing he'll elope with the girl
in the middle of the night!

Maybe!

I'll overlook you're an engaged man
and remind you of your marital record
to date.

I know, Father.

I made three mistakes.

First, that Hungarian countess, who
married you to bring her family over.
Her parents and five brothers, all of
them needing costly dental repairs!

- Do we have to go through it again?

- Then that Twyman girl.

Her family 50 years

on the social register.

She wore on her wedding dress not
a corsage but a Stevenson button!

You promised not to swear.

Then that great actress!

All she does is commercials on
television for an underarm deodorant.

And now our chauffeur's daughter!

- Father, are you through?

- I am not through!

I'm sure Linus

has a few words to say.

I do.

But you won't like them, Father.

- You're being unfair to David.

- I'm what?

David's old enough to live his life.

- If she's the girl for him...

- Nonsense!

You really mean that?

It would knock your plans.

The plastics merger? Forget it.

If you love her, take her.

- This is the 20th century.

- The 20th century?

I could pick a century out of a hat
and get a better one!

You will get rid of that girl
and apologise to your fiance!

Now, Father, don't push him. Let's
discuss this like civilised people.

- Sit down, David.

- Thank you, Linus.

I have to go. You two work it out.

- Do you want me to help you?

- Of course.

Then sit down.

You're the only one who understands.

- What is it? What happened?

- Champagne glasses. I sat on them.

- On the chair?

- No. In my pocket!

Sabrina?

Hello.

You did order champagne, didn't you?

- What are you doing here?

- David sent me.

- Isn't he coming?

- I don't think he can make it.

- What happened?

- He got stuck.

Stuck?

Nothing serious.

One of those things.

Shall I serve it up there
or will you come down?

- Up there? Alright.

- No, I'll come down.

We meet under the most peculiar
circumstances.

Either you're under eight cars
looking for a spark plug
or you're up here umpiring a tennis
match between two imaginary players.

Oh, you look lovely, Sabrina.

And very grown up.

- I'll get back to the party.

- And leave me here?

What did David say?

I haven't seen him in such a state since he was kicked in the head by a polo pony.

- That's nice.

- Amnesia has definitely set in.

He's completely forgotten

he's engaged. He wants you.

And I want him. I've been in love with him all my life.

- There goes the engagement!

- You don't object?

Object? To you? It's as though a window had been thrown open and a lovely breeze swept through this stuffy house.

How could I object?

Even though the breeze comes from the garage?

This is the 20th century, Sabrina.

Thank you. Let's drink to that.

Sorry it isn't David here instead of me. But it's all in the family.

When you walked in,

I was sure you'd been sent by the family to deal with me.

- To deal with you?

- Like in a Viennese operetta.

The young prince falls in love with a waitress

and the prime minister is sent to buy her off.

- Buy her off?

- Yes.

He offers her 5,000 kronen.

"No," she says.

"10,000?" "No. "

- 15,000 kronen?

- No.

- 25,000 kronen?

- No.

- 25,000 dollars?

- No. How did dollars get into this?

25,000 dollars after taxes,

that's a lot of money.
What are you saying?
I'm making it worthwhile.
What's a krone these days?
No self-respecting prime minister
would offer kronen.
No self-respecting waitress
would take dollars.
Good girl.
Say, how does this operetta end?
What's the last act?
I don't know. I guess they run away
to America on a zeppelin
with everybody singing like mad.
- They open a brewery in Milwaukee?
- Yes.
- A love that made Milwaukee famous.
- Prosit.
There it is.
The song they were playing
the night before I went away.
David was right here,
dancing it with somebody else.
Tonight, I wanted it to be me.
It's all in the family.
How can we make sure that
all the fragments have been removed?
Simple. We will reconstruct
the two champagne glasses.
I cannot possibly be hurting you.
The area has been anaesthetised.
It's not you. It's that song.
Sabrina?
If David were here now, you'd expect
him to kiss you, wouldn't you?
Here's a kiss from David.
It's all in the family.
- Come in.
- Hi.
How do you feel?
I never felt better in my life.
You look fine.
Has the anaesthetic worn off?
I guess it has.

I brought you a present.
What happened last night? Was Sabrina
mad because I didn't show up?
Not mad, just disappointed.
- Poor kid. What did you tell her?
- The truth.
That the family objected to her,
but you stood up like a man,
and sat down like a jerk.
23 stitches.
This ought to make you feel better.
A plastic hammock?
With a trap door. I designed it
and ran it off this morning.
On Sunday?
Why not? You were in pain,
so I had 'em open up the plant.
What a brother!
Let's try it on for size.
Come on. On your feet.
I'll never drink champagne again.
- What do you think of Sabrina?
- Wonderful girl.
- Were you nice to her?
- As nice as I could be.
What a brother. I'm still trying
to finish my poem to her.
What rhymes with glass?
Glass...
- Alas.
- Of course.
- Right on the nose.
- Linus!
Sorry, David.
If Sabrina were only here.
Hey, how about smuggling her up here?
What if Father sees her?
Yeah, we wouldn't want to spoil it.
- No, we sure wouldn't.
- Linus, do me a favour.
Any time.
It's a bore for you,
but could you keep an eye on Sabrina?
I already am. We're going sailing

this afternoon.

- Sailing?

- In your boat.

Honest? Oh, Sabrina... Tell her we'll be off, just the two of us, the moment the stitches are out.

- You've already made up your mind?

- Absolutely. This is it.

I wanted to make sure.

It's been it three times before.

I was blind. It's been Sabrina since we were kids.

I just couldn't see it.

What about Elizabeth, Father and Mother?

Elizabeth will be so broken up she'll buy three new hats.

Mother will go to bed with a severe headache.

Father will take to the bottle then threaten to exile me to Larrabee Copper in Butte, Montana.

- That's where you come in.

- How?

I don't want to go to Montana.

You are going to help me?

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

What a brother...

How's my poor darling?

I brought you six books and Scrabble.

I'm in no condition to play Scrabble!

That's all you are in a condition to do.

Why were those glasses in your pocket?

I was taking them to the tennis court. Somebody was waiting.

Er, there was a game going on.

In the middle of the night?

That's why he needed the glasses.

Yes, that's why I needed the glasses.

- Shall we play three-handed?

- No, I've got to go sailing.
- Yes, he's got to go sailing.
- No more false moves now.
- Yes, Linus.
- We don't want any complications.

So long, Elizabeth.

So long, Scarface.

- Good afternoon, Father.

- I thought it was your mother.

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

It's good for the moths.

Now, that girl over the garage...

- David wants to run off with her.

- With the chauffeur's daughter?

I don't care who he runs off with so
long as it's not the plastics merger.

- It's simple. We'll fire Fairchild.

- Not after 25 years.

Then a nice cheque

will make her forget David.

She doesn't want money,
she wants love.

Didn't they discontinue that model?

The last of the romantics.

L'amour, toujours I'amour.

Why pick on David?

Why not someone else?

We will do our best.

Is that the idea?

Have you got someone in mind for her?

- Yep.

- Who?

- Oh, no!

- What's the matter?

- Not you, Linus?

- It's no fun for me.

I've got a whole deskful of work.

There's the sulphur deal.

The Puerto Rican operation

has to be set in motion.

And I'm about to make

an ass of myself with a girl of 22.

Look at me! Joe College,

with a touch of arthritis.

Could you use this,
sailing into the sunset?

- I wish I were dead.

- Just a thought.

Music might help. I had a portable
phonograph in my freshman days.

I only hope you remember
what to do with a girl.

It'll come back to me.

It's like riding a bicycle.

This is a very unusual song.

Is it popular?

- Yes.

- Why haven't I heard it?

You've been in Paris for two years.

- How did they think of those words?

- They are clever, aren't they?

- May I play another?

- Of course.

- You need dusting.

- I beg your pardon?

- I didn't mean you, Linus!

- Thank you.

- How's David?

- Better, now he's flat on his back.

I miss him.

Not that I'm not having a good time.

Sabrina, would you mind if we...

turned this off?

- Why?

- Because.

- Don't you like it?

- I used to like it.

Certain songs

bring back memories to me, too.

Did you love her?

- I'd rather not talk about it.

- I'm sorry.

That's alright.

So strange to think of you

being touched by a woman.

I always thought you walked alone.

No man walks alone from choice.

As a child, I used to watch you
from the window over the garage.
Coming and going,
always wearing your black homburg,
carrying a briefcase and an umbrella.
I thought you could never belong
to anyone, never care for anyone.
Oh, yes, the cold businessman,
way up in his executive suite.
Just ice water in his veins,
ticker tape coming from his heart.
And yet one day,
that same cold businessman,
high up in a skyscraper,
opens the window,
steps out on a ledge,
stands there for three hours,
wondering... if he should jump.
- Because of her?
- No, that was another woman.
Sabrina, do you find it
hard to believe
someone might want to blot out
everything, for sentimental reasons?
I believe it! It was
for sentimental reasons that I...
I went to Paris to blot it out.
Maybe you should go to Paris.
It helped me.
Have you ever been there?
Oh, yes. Once.
I was there for 35 minutes.
35 minutes?
Changing planes
on my way to Iraq on an oil deal.
But Paris isn't for changing planes.
It's for changing your outlook.
For throwing open the windows
and letting in...
letting in
la vie en rose.
Paris is for lovers. Maybe
that's why I stayed only 35 minutes.
Hi, David. Hello, Father.

Margaret has some dinner for you
in the kitchen.

Funny. I used to be so afraid of him.

Aren't you hungry?

Father, you've driven Linus
for so many years.

What do you know about him?

A chauffeur

keeps his eyes on the road.

Only once in a while does he glimpse
in the rear-view mirror.

If you looked a little longer,

Father, you'd find him nice.

And quite human.

Good morning, Miss McCardle. First,
a wire to Hannegang, Fort Worth.

Unable to attend Larrabee Sulphur
board meeting.

Slight hitch plastics merger.

Got that?

Next. Here's the itinerary
for tonight.

I want two tickets to

The Seven Year Itch.

Table for two at The Colony
before the show,

table for two at The Persian Room
after the show. A corner table, dark.

I'm just passing La Guardia field.

Put the coffee on in ten minutes.

- Fairchild, I need you tonight.

- Yes, sir.

- I'm taking Sabrina out again.

- Yes, sir.

Would you have her at my office
at seven?

Yes, sir.

Anything wrong, Fairchild?

I would prefer not to be involved
in these dates with my daughter.

It makes for

a rather awkward situation.

- That never occurred to me. Sorry.

- It's just not right, sir.

I like to think of life
as a limousine.

We're all driving together, but
there's a front seat, a back seat
and a window in between.

Fairchild, I never realised it,
but you're a terrible snob.

Yes, sir.

Alright, have her drive
in herself, in David's car.

Thank you, sir.

It's all so distressing.

First Mr. David, now you. I wish
Sabrina had stayed in Paris.

So do I.

May I ask, sir,

what exactly are your intentions?

My intentions? Unethical,
reprehensible but very practical.

I beg your pardon?

With your permission, I'm shipping
your daughter back to Paris.

- You are, sir?

- I'm going to try to.

May I ask how, sir?

First class, of course.

Don't worry about money.

It's not money I'm worried about.

It's Sabrina.

- I don't want her to get hurt.

- I'll be as gentle as I can.

I hope so.

She's just a displaced person.

She doesn't belong in a mansion
but then she doesn't belong
above a garage either.

Alright!

The meeting of the board of directors
will now come to order.

As chairman, I would like to say
at the outset...

The chairman is so dizzy.

Meeting adjourned.

Have a frozen daiquiri.

I once saw an office like this in
Fortune magazine at my dentist's.
Has David got an office like this?
- Something like this, only larger.
- Larger?

Instead of a desk,
he has a putting green.
Please,
before my fingers get frostbitten.

- Is this the ledge?
- What ledge?
You know, the ledge. That woman.
When you almost...

Oh, the ledge.
Yes, that's the ledge alright.
What made you not do it?

There were some children playing
hopscotch on the sidewalk.
I'm very fond of those children.
Look at all these gadgets. You press
a button and factories go up.
Or you pick up a telephone
and 100 tankers set out for Persia.
Or through a Dictaphone you say,
"Buy all of Cleveland
and move it to Pittsburgh. "
You must be clever.

It's just a knack,
like juggling three oranges.
It isn't oranges, it's millions.
Suppose you dropped one?
Suppose I did? What's at the end
of a million? Nothing. A circle.

- Sabrina...
- Yes, Linus?

Can you keep a secret?
Yes, of course you can.

I want you to look out there. Uptown.
- You see the French Line pier?
- Yes.
- You see the boat?
- Yes.

That's the Libert. It sails on
Thursday. I'm going to be on it.

- You are?

- Yes, I am.

I'm sick of pushing buttons in this office. I'm breaking out, Sabrina.

- I'm running away.

- Good for you!

I've been thinking about Paris ever since you mentioned it.

It'll make a new person out of you.

You'll double your money back.

I'm so glad you're going.

Or am I?

It's 7:

a reservation at The Colony.

Thank you.

Ready, Sabrina?

Tout de suite,

as they say in Paris.

Curtain is at 8:

brother's name at The Colony

to get the darkest corner!

I'm sorry, Mr. Larrabee.

This is what you do

on your very first day in Paris.

You get yourself, not a drizzle,

but some honest-to-goodness rain,

and you find yourself

someone really nice

and drive her through

the Bois de Boulogne in a taxi.

The rain's very important.

That's when Paris smells

its sweetest.

- It's the damp chestnut trees.

- I see.

You're very clever, Linus,

and very rich.

You can order yourself some rain.

Sure. I can order myself some rain,

I can get myself a taxi.

That's easy.

But can I find myself

someone really nice?
That's not so easy, Sabrina.
How do you say in French,
my sister has a yellow pencil?
Ma soeur a un crayon jaune.
How do you say,
my brother has a lovely girl?
Mon frere a une gentille petite amie.
And how do you say,
I wish I were my brother?
Why are you looking at me that way?
All night I've had a terrible impulse
to do something.
Never resist an impulse, Sabrina,
especially if it's terrible.
I'm going to do it.
- There.
- What's that for?
You can't go walking up
the Champs Elyses
looking like a tourist undertaker!
And another thing,
never a briefcase in Paris
and never an umbrella. There's a law.
How will I get along in Paris
without someone like you?
Who'll be there
to help me with my French,
to turn down the brim of my hat?
Suppose you meet someone on the boat,
the first day? A perfect stranger.
I have a better suppose, Sabrina.
Suppose I were ten years younger
and you weren't in love with David.
Suppose I asked you to...
I suppose I'm just talking nonsense.
I suppose so.
Suppose you sing that song again.
Slowly.
Hi! I thought you two had eloped.
I wouldn't mind, but not in my car.
- Hello, David.
- Did you have a good time?
- So-so.

- Where did you go?

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

- Lousy dancer, isn't he?

- So-so.

I bet he slept through the show
then bent your ears
about Dow Jones averages
and profits taxes.

We talked about a lot of things.

How's your little, er, mishap?

Shaping up beautifully. Dr. Calaway
wants to show it to his class.

- I'm sorry, Sabrina.

- It's very funny.

Say, Linus, while I was lying
in that hammock I got a great idea.

He thinks I'm an idiot.

How does this strike you?

Plastic champagne glasses,
just in case.

Brilliant.

What else did Dr. Calaway say?

- Stitches come out Thursday.

- Thursday?

- I'm a fast healer.

- You sure are.

So if you two

have long-range plans...

I thought she'd like to see the
Stock Exchange and our Jersey plant.

Oh, I don't think so.

Then we'll just have dinner
and go to a show.

But that's all. Come Thursday,
the first team takes over.

What's with the homburg?

I guess the undertaker
had better turn in.

You'd better crawl back
into that hole in your hammock.

- Au revoir, Sabrina.

- Good night, Linus.

He's a little on the dull side,

but you can't help liking him.

- Kiss me, David.

- I'd love to, Sabrina.

Again.

That's better.

What's the matter?

You're not worried about us? I'm not.

There'll be a big stink. Who cares?

David, I don't think

I'm going to have dinner with Linus.

- I don't want to go out with him.

- Why not?

I want to be near you.

I know how you feel.

It must be an awful bore.

But if Linus wants to take you out,
be nice about it.

It's important. He's our only ally.

Father will try

to cut off my allowance

and send me to Larrabee Copper

in Butte, Montana.

We don't want to go

to Butte, Montana, do we?

Hold me close, David.

We'll have a wonderful time, darling.

We'll build a raft and drift

across the Pacific like Kon-Tiki.

Or climb the highest mountain,

like Annapurna,

just the two of us.

Keep talking, David.

We thought pink roses for the cherubs

and white gardenias for the names.

It'll take 2,000 gardenias.

We'll float it in our pool.

- Indoor or outdoor?

- Outdoor.

We drained the indoor

to make room for presents.

Where's the provision determining

the ratio of investment

to controlling interest?

Page 62, paragraph six,

subdivision B.

- Father, where's the list?

- Here you are, darling.

Would you like to see
the invitation list?

.. 740 under trust of Illinois, 550...

The way this merger's worked out,

I have all the titles

and you have all the controls.

I always make it a point

to have controls.

It's your good luck

the kids are fond of each other.

I make it a point to be lucky, too.

Come along, Father. Linus,

you won't forget the gardenias?

Tony has a sweet idea.

He'll fly over the chapel

and throw rice from his plane.

With David the bridegroom,

maybe he'd better use wild rice.

All I can say is

David better show up at this wedding.

I have a horrible vision

of Elizabeth waiting at the altar,

and 2,000 gardenias floating

in the pool spelling "disaster".

Memo to Miss McCardle. First,

call Brunson in Larrabee Shipping.

We need 2,000 gardenias.

Tell him to start

cornering the market.

We're not having trouble with...

I can't remember

that garage girl's name.

Sabrina.

What right has a chauffeur got

to call her that?

What would you suggest? Ethel?

You've taken her out three nights in

a row. Is that situation in hand?

I think so. It's resolving itself

into a straight export deal.

I want two accommodations

on the Libert.

One in the name of Sabrina Fairchild.

One in my name.

What? You and that girl

going off on a boat together?

Have I spawned two idiot sons?

Who said I was going? She is going.

She'll think I am, but I'm not.

- Is that clear?

- It is not!

I'll tell Sabrina

that I'll meet her on the boat.

When the boat is ten miles out,

she'll find out I'm not on the boat.

My cabin will be empty.

Just a note of apology

and a few presents

to soften the blow.

- Excellent.

- Yes, I thought you'd like it.

Miss McCardle, I want flowers

in Miss Fairchild's cabin.

Candy, fruit

and the usual what-have-yous.

Cable Michot to get her

a car in Paris. Also an apartment.

A letter of credit on our Paris bank.

- She can draw up to 50,000.

- Easy, now.

Transfer to Thomas Fairchild

1,000 shares, Larrabee Common.

1,000 shares?

Make it 1,500 shares,

Larrabee Preferred.

There must be a less extravagant way

of getting a chauffeur's daughter

out of one's hair.

How would you do it? You can't even

get a little olive out of a jar.

Eat it.

Going up?

No, thank you.

- Yes?

- Miss Fairchild for you.

- Send her in.
- She's on the phone. It's on five.
Sabrina? What happened to you?
It's twenty past eight.
Good evening, Linus. I know I'm late.
I guess I should have
called you earlier.
I can't see you tonight.
I'm sorry. I just can't make it.
I tried but I'm all tied up.
No, I'm not in Long Island.
I'm in New York.
Downtown in a phone booth.
In a building.
What difference does it make
what building?
I can't see you tonight.
Alright, it's the Larrabee Building,
but I'm not coming up.
Look, Sabrina, suppose you tell me
exactly what's on your mind,
slowly and clearly?
You talk and I'll listen.
It was really David's idea
I go out with you.
He wants you to help him.
But it's not helping me.
I shouldn't have been seeing you.
I shouldn't be talking to you
on the phone.
In fact, I'm really only calling
to say goodbye.
Tomorrow,
you'll be on the boat to Paris.
In a way, I'm glad you're going.
You do know what I mean,
don't you?
Linus? Hello, Linus?
Where are you?
- Your three minutes are up.
- Hello.
It's silly. I was talking to myself.
You've wasted a dime, too. Come on.
You're not angry? I have a perfectly

good reason why I shouldn't see you.

Not here, Sabrina.

Alright, Sabrina,

what is that perfectly good reason
why you shouldn't see me?

What is it? What's bothering you?

It's me that's bothering me.

Please don't.

I'm sorry.

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

- Would you like a drink?

- I don't think I want a drink.

I think I do.

- Why don't you sit down?

- I can only stay a minute.

- Mind if I turn on this little one?

- If you want.

I'd hate to fix myself a martini
with crme de menthe.

Yes?

I cancelled your dinner reservation.

What about the theatre tickets?

I couldn't possibly go anywhere.

They're all yours, Miss McCardle.

Good night.

You're sure you won't have even one?

- No, thanks.

- You must be hungry.

- I hadn't thought about it.

- Well, I'm starved.

I was sort of saving myself
for 21 tonight.

I've spoiled your evening.

No, you haven't.

We can have dinner right here.

Let's see what Miss McCardle is
hoarding.

Probably maraschino cherries
and stale crackers.

Tomato juice, puffed rice, sardines,
tomato juice.

That's an awful lot
of tomato juice.

Could you fix something
out of this?
I suppose so. I'm a graduate cook.
I have a diploma.
It'll take a diploma.
I wanted to be so sure
I couldn't go out with you tonight.
And here I am cooking for you.
I guess
maybe I should have worn an apron.
One apron, coming up.
Pots. Pans. Can opener. Stove.
All the comforts of home.
Miss McCardle cooked dinner here
for the board of directors.
After the first course,
there was a move to adjourn.
It was passed unanimously.
What do we start with?
I haven't decided yet.
Now, Sabrina,
let's have none of those.
- I'm so ashamed, Linus.
- You have no reason to be.
I've known you
just a few days, really.
And I've been in love with David
all my life.
I can't understand
what's the matter with me.
I went away to grow up
and I thought I had grown up.
I guess I haven't, really.
I just got myself a new hairdo,
that's all.
- Please say something.
- Like what?
I don't know.
Tell me I'm imagining things.
Tell me you never thought of taking
me on the boat to Paris with you.
Tell me to put on my coat
and go home
before I make a complete fool

of myself.

Don't let me go home.

I couldn't bear it.

This is the last time

we'll see each other.

- I'll behave. I'm alright now.

- That's good. How about dinner?

I just remembered I didn't have
any lunch today. Or any breakfast.

That may account for a lot of things.

Would you like a souffl for dessert?

Out of tomato juice?

- Out of crackers, of course.

- Not too soggy.

You'd better get out of the kitchen.

Which one is the Libert?

- The one on the right.

- Are you sure?

- You mustn't take the wrong boat.

- I'll try not to.

You haven't forgotten

my instructions, have you?

Never an umbrella in Paris,

and under all circumstances

rain the very first day.

I haven't forgotten a word, Sabrina.

My sister has a yellow pencil.

Ma soeur a un crayon jaune.

Very good. Trs bien.

Watch. One, two, three, crack.

New egg. It's all in the wrist.

There must be an egg beater

somewhere.

Linus!

Why didn't you tell me? You do want

to take me with you, don't you?

These don't mean

what you think they mean.

I know why you didn't tell me.

You think it's wrong.

They'll say I'm too young,

there'll be a scandal,

and the market will go down.

Linus Larrabee Esquire

is taking me to Paris.
Sabrina, I... wasn't going
to take you to Paris.
I was going to send you.
- Alone?
- Yes, all alone.
But there's a ticket for you.
For an empty cabin.
- You were joining me in Paris?
- I'm afraid not.
- I think I understand.
- I'm sorry.
But why? Why did you do it, Linus?
High finance. Expansion.
Marriage. A merger.
A new plaque on the Larrabee
Building. You got in the way.
- David?
- That's right.
How inconsiderate of me.
And how inconvenient for you,
such a busy man, having to waste
so much time to get me on a boat.
I'm ashamed to say
I enjoyed every minute of it.
And I suppose, in your empty cabin,
there would have been
a farewell note,
dictated to and typed by
Miss McCardle?
- And perhaps a few flowers.
- A little more than that.
A letter of credit.
An apartment in Paris. A car.
1,500 shares of Larrabee Preferred
for your father.
You're very generous.
We regard it
as a necessary business expense.
I'll just take one of those tickets.
I was happy in Paris.
I think you would have been, too.
Good night, Mr. Larrabee.
I'm sorry I can't stay

to do the dishes.

Good morning.

- Mr. Larrabee?

- Come in, Miss McCardle.

- Good morning.

- You're late.

I had to make my own coffee.

Worst ever.

- Sorry. I had a very bad night.

- I know exactly how you feel.

You better get that pad.

We have things to do.

I used your theatre tickets

and took my mother.

Are you ready?

Call Larrabee Shipping.

Tell them to radio our tankers

bound for Puerto Rico to turn back.

Tell Larrabee Construction

to stop work on the plant.

- We're cancelling the merger.

- We are?

I want Mr. Larrabee Senior,

Mr. Tyson and Miss Elizabeth Tyson

here in this office.

Get a large bottle

of smelling salts.

- We're calling off the wedding.

- We are?

When's your mother's birthday?

I'm sending her 2,000 gardenias.

Here's a ticket for the Libert.

Transfer it to the name

of David Larrabee.

Get his passport out.

Make sure it's in order.

Locate David. The boat sails at noon.

I've called the house

and he isn't there.

Try Dr. Calaway.

Try everywhere, but get him.

Do you want me to send those presents

to Miss Fairchild's cabin?

- No. We're sending David instead.

- Good morning.
The stitches are out.
It's as good as new.
Congratulations.
I've been looking for you.
I've been looking for you.
- You're leaving for Paris today.
- No kidding?
With Sabrina.
She's going to be on the boat.
Uh-huh?
Does she have to be in here?
Alright, Miss McCardle.
You've got a lot of work to do.
Aren't you pleased?
What's the matter?
I saw Sabrina when she came home
last night. Found her packing.
What did she say?
- Nothing. She just kissed me.
- What's wrong with that?
I may know nothing about Dow Jones
but I know about kisses.
You could lecture on that at Vassar.
This one tasted like a goodbye kiss.
- You're just imagining things.
- No, it had a few tears in it.
It took me until this morning
to add two and two together,
like two champagne glasses
and the plastics deal and Sabrina.
- You know what I got?
- What?
Sorry to do it
to a tired businessman.
That's alright.
Well, now we're even.
Go home and start packing.
I'll take care of Elizabeth.
I'm calling off the merger.
Miss McCardle has your passport
and ticket.
Let her know if you need money.
I want you and Sabrina to have

a good time in Paris. Goodbye.
What makes you so sure
Sabrina still wants me?
She's wanted you all her life.
Until you came along
in that silly homburg.
Straighten that silly hat and go.
You'll miss the boat.
Don't worry, I won't miss the boat.
I'm going.
Funniest thing.
Linus Larrabee, the man
who doesn't burn, scorch or melt,
throws a \$20-million deal
out the window.
Are you sure
you don't want to go with her?
Why should I want to go with her?
You're in love with her.
You won't be annoyed if I cry
at the boat, will you, Sabrina?
I'll be disappointed
if you don't, Father.
I'd feel better if you'd be angry
with me for allowing this to happen.
It wasn't your fault, Father.
It was mine.
I should have believed you.
There's a front seat
and a back seat
and a window in between.
If it's any consolation,
one good thing's come out of it.
You did get over David, didn't you?
Dear David.
Yes, I did get over that. I'm cured.
Now, how to get over the cure!
It wouldn't have worked out really.
The papers would have said
how fine and democratic
for a Larrabee
to marry the chauffeur's daughter.
But would they praise
the chauffeur's daughter? No.

Democracy can be
a wickedly unfair thing.
Nobody poor
was ever called democratic
for marrying somebody rich.
Why don't we start this meeting
and sign the papers?
We're waiting for David, of course.
That boy has no sense of time,
of direction.
As a matter of fact,
he has no sense. Where is he?
We'll get to that in a minute.
Here are the smelling salts.
I got you the largest size.
Look what I bought him
for Waikiki Beach.
I hope they're loud enough.
I hope they're returnable.
I see no need for any further delay.
Suppose we get down to business?
What about David?
That's a very good question. Not yet.
Mr. Tyson, members of the board...
Are you with us, Father?
Present.
We are here to put our signatures
to the Larrabee-Tyson merger.
Much effort has gone into making
this union possible.
Long hours.
Many obstacles to overcome.
Nobody knows better than I.
However... Not yet.
However, sometimes even the most
conscientious of businessmen
can botch up a deal
for one reason or another.
Understand, I don't mean to say
that our merger has hit a snag,
or failed to gel,
or gone up in smoke,
or fallen through.
Let me put it this way, gentlemen.

It has sailed away.
I seem to have missed something.
Would you mind starting again?
Now, Miss McCardle.
Elizabeth, I hate to break the news,
but at this very moment,
your fianc, David Larrabee...
Is late, as usual.
Hello, everybody. Hello, darling.
Hello, Linus. How are you?
What are you doing here?
I heard there was a board meeting.
Where are the contracts?
- Where's Sabrina?
- Sabrina? Who's Sabrina?
- That name!
- She's on the boat, I guess.
But the boat has sailed.
- And there she goes.
- Who goes?
- Sabrina.
- Who is Sabrina?
- Why did you do it?
- Do what?
She's all alone out there.
Not according
to the afternoon papers.
It says here that Linus Larrabee,
that's you,
and Sabrina Fairchild, that's she,
have reserved adjacent deck chairs
on the Libert, sailing today.
All columnists should be beaten
to a pulp and converted into paper.
Did you plant this?
Me? I thought it was common knowledge
about you and Sabrina.
Who is Sabrina?
Our chauffeur's daughter,
that's who. How about that?
Linus Larrabee, wizard of finance,
chairman of the board,
getting mixed up
with his chauffeur's daughter.

That's enough, David.
She went after me,
but she switched to Linus.
I guess it's because
he's got more money.
We know about those kind of girls.
Believe me, this one is no different,
just seems to be.
I said that's enough.
Maybe you got smart.
Or maybe you just got lucky,
because you're here
and she's out there.
She would have taken you for plenty.
I was just helping you
make up your mind.
You are in love with her!
What are you waiting for?
There's an elevator outside,
a police escort downstairs
and a tugboat standing by.
Get moving!
If you'll excuse me, it appears
I have a previous engagement.
That's the 20th century for you.
Automobiles. Garages.
Chauffeurs. Chauffeurs' daughters!
Inasmuch as I seem to be the only
member of the Larrabee family
who is not out of his mind,
I will take it upon myself
to call this meeting back to order
as soon as David Larrabee
removes his carcass from this table.
Sit down, Father.
The olives!
Miss Fairchild?
Il y a un monsieur sur le bateau
qui voudrait bien que vous lui
arrangiez son chapeau.
- Voil.
- Merci beaucoup.