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Daddy Long Legs

By Phoebe Ephron

This is a Renoir.
Actually, it is the painting of the daughter
of the marquis de Marineau...
and was said
to have been done in 1894.
Renoir is famous
for his paintings of children...
but this
is one of his finest.
Here we have a Corot.
In this painting, the foliage, far more than
any signature, proclaims the painter.
Note the rich use
of browns and yellow-
A truly fine example of Corot at his best.
And now, as is customary,
we conclude the tour...
with the Pendleton
family portraits.
Uh, here we have a portrait
of the first Jervis Pendleton...
painted by
James Abbott McNeill Whistler.
Jervis Pendleton II sat,
or stood, as you can see...
for John Singer Sargent,
whose portraits are hung...
in every important museum
in the world.
Please, madam.!

Oh, I must insist
that you stay with the group.
Oh, yes, of course. But what is that
in that room up there?
That, madam,
is Jervis Pendleton III.
Who, as you
can see, has, uh...
broken with the family
tradition somewhat.
Griggs speaking.
Baldwin Brothers, 99.
Dexter Chemicals, 35.
Just a moment.

- Good. Buy both.

- Both.

Mr. Pendleton

accepts both offers.

Griggs speaking.

Native Boy, three-eighths of a mile,

34 and two-fifths seconds.

Just a moment.

Your horse.

Your horse!

Mr. Pendleton wants

two dollars across the board.

Griggs speaking!

Oh, yes, that matter will be attended to
immediately. I'll call you right back.

What shall I tell

the man about-

Hey! Hey.

Aw, no!

Griggs. Griggs, you can't

do that to me. You can't d-

The State Department has b-

- State Department has been trying to reach you.

- I don't care who's been trying.

I was right in

the middle of a... thing.

It's about the economic

mission to France.

The secretary must know

your decision about going.

- I was going great. I was with it.

- Aw, Jervis...

it's beyond my understanding

how a man...

who holds the controlling interest

in 34 separate corporations...

can sit all by himself wasting his time

beating these silly tom-toms!

All by myself? Listen, I have one of the finest
record collections in the country.

I play with

the very best bands.

My father used to get up at 6:00

every morning to train...

carrier pigeons,
most of whom never came back.
Did you consider that
childish nonsense?
- That was his hobby.
- Hobby, my foot. That's the way he got his kicks.
Now, if you don't mind,
flip that record.
- I beg your pardon?
- Flip it. Turn it, you know, over.
No, look, the secretary
must have your answer.
The mission leaves tomorrow night
from Idyllwild Airport.
- The seriousness of the problem-
- I thoroughly understand...
the seriousness of
the French economic situation.
Vital lag in
industrial production...
coal mining output
can be stepped up...
electric kilowatt hour
consumption not up to its potential.
Even the agricultural program,
of which France...
has always been the European leader,
can be increased.
Now, flip that record.
- Anything else?
- Yes. Just sit there and listen.

Griggs
because I hold you
In affection
and great esteem
I shall now begin
to instruct you in
What the jazz elite
call the modern beat
A complete anthology
of "Well, all reet"
And how I made the team
Ah!
Ooh, ooh-

Ooh, boy.

Well?

What shall I tell
the State Department?

That we're going,
of course.

Did you say "we"?

Certainly. Everyone knows you make
all my decisions for me.

Everybody but me!

Now, a little more gravel
under that wheel. That's it.

Bring the pole over here. That's it.

Now, give me some of those branches.

- Uh, may I make a suggestion?

- Mr. Pendleton, please.!

Mr. Bronson happens to be our expert
in tractors and farm machinery.

If he can't get us
out of here, no one can.

Thank you for that
vote of confidence.

All ready, Sergeant.

Now, everybody, get behind and push!

Push.!. Push.!

Well, I think we finally
struck firm ground.

I think you've struck oil.

But you can have my share.

Uh, do you mind if I go
up the road a piece...

to see if I can find a farmhouse
or a telephone or something?

Good, I knew you wouldn't. Uh, Griggs, why don't
you break out that last bottle of brandy?

Everybody could use a drink.

Right, Mrs. Carrington?

Well!

I don't know what the president
could've been thinking of...

when he appointed that man
to this commission.

Oh!

- Bonjour.

- Bonjour, monsieur.

Est-ce que vous avez

un tlphone?

Un tlphone?

All. All.

All, monsieur.

Est-ce qu'il y a

quelqu'un ici...

- le matre ou la matresse?

- Oui. La matresse.

- Entrez, monsieur.

- Merci.

- Attendez, monsieur, s'il vous plat.

- Merci.

Today we speak

only English.

But as a reward, you may have

whatever you want for lunch.

- Marie.

- Ice-cream soda.

One ice-cream soda. One.

- Paul.

- A "hamburgre."

- "Burger," Paul. "Burger."

- A hamburger with chocolate sauce.

- Paul.

- Please, Julie.

One hamburger with chocolate sauce

and three onions.

Claudine-

- Bubble gum.

- Bubble gum.!

Bubble gum!

Bubble gum.

Monsieur.

Bonjour, madame. Uh,

je m'appelle Pendleton.

Oh, an American. How do you do,

Mr. Pendleton? I am Madame Savanne.

Well, that takes

the strain off my French.

Uh, I wonder,

have you a telephone?

A telephone? Oh, no, monsieur.

Why do you need one?

Well, I'm with a group
of people and, uh...

- our car skidded off the road into a ditch.

- No!

No one's hurt. It's just that we can't
seem to get the car out.

Uh, is there a garage nearby?

For whom?

The only car around here for miles is
the one that belongs to our gardener.

Well, your gardener has a car.

That's wonderful.

Oh, you should see it.

It was left here after the war.

- Ajeep?

- Oh, no, no, no. Not that war. The one before it.

Oh. But still, i-it would
be better than nothing.

I'd be very glad

to pay for the use of it.

I think you better see it first. I will ask
the gardener to push it around in the front.

- Push it?

- Oh, only to start it.

After that-

it marches.

Julie! Julie!

Oui, madame?

I was watching that girl. She seems quite unusual.

Has a wonderful way with children.

Perhaps it's because
she is one of them.

I, myself, found her
and named her.

- She has lived her whole 18 years here.

- Is that so?

Oh, but that is not getting
your car out of the ditch.

- I will fetch the gardener. He is working with the potatoes.

- Thank you.

C-A-T spells cat

R-A-T spells rat

Although the cat

can catch the rat
The rat can't
catch the cat
H-E-R spells her
F-U-R spells fur
Just pat her fur
and listen to her
P-U-R-R, purr
Do you see the cow
She is eating hay
She is eating hay
to give her milk
I have spoken
to the gardener.
M- l-L-K

Yes. Every once in a while one meets
a person who has it in her...
to take life and make
something wonderful of it.

Seems a shame.

Oh, I don't mean...

that this isn't a wonderful
place, a good life-

Oh, monsieur, don't apologize.

I do my job very well...

and I know Julie

will even do it better.

- Julie what?

- Julie Andre.

- But, uh, for a young woman to spend her
life here- Oh! - Oh, but she's so attractive.

- Surely there must be some young man who-

- Oh, yes.

There is the widow farmer
who needs a wife.

He sells us our eggs every week and lately has
been giving us an extra dozen free of charge.

I am very, very nervous. You know, we need
the eggs for the children, and yet-Aah!

- Handkerchiefs too, huh?

- Oh-ho-ho, you have noticed our gingham.

A little while back we were notified we were
going to receive 2,000 yards of cloth.

Oh, monsieur,

we were so excited!

And then it came.

All blue and white
checkered.

Oh, sometimes I wish charity
would not be so mechanical, so cold, so-

- So all blue and white.

- Precisely.

Oh, the car is waiting, monsieur.

- After all, that's what I came for, isn't it?

- Yes, but this car...

is not very obedient.

You better think twice before you even get into it.

Hi, Alec!

Stop making noises like an ambassador,
"Alex," and answer the question.

How do I go about
adopting a French orphan?

Now, look, Jerv. You stumbled
into some orphanage.

You're tired. You've been cooped up with
the same people for a couple of weeks now.

All of a sudden you see
the bright, shining faces...

of these unwanted children,
and you catch on fire.

Next thing I know, you arrive here
in a beat-up old jalopy...

- you bang into my Cadillac-

- That's the only way I could stop.

I told you that before.

The car had no brakes.

Now, let's get to it.

What red tape do we have to cut?

Jervis, even you cannot go leaping about
from country to country adopting orphans.

I am not leaping about.

It's only one country and one orphan.

Will you please stop stalling
and get started?

- All right, Jervis, we can try.

- Try? Don't give me that.

- Any time the American ambassador can't-

- Okay, okay.

Now, what's the name
of the orphanage?

Uh, Jeanne d'Arc,
right outside Soissons.

- And the child's name?

- Julie Andre.

A-N-D-R-E.

- Do you know how old she is?

- Yes. Eighteen.

- Let's have another martini.

- Oh, Alec.

- Oh, Jervis!

- Now, if you're gonna take that attitude...

- we won't get anyplace.

- Mm-hmm.

Tell me, has she
got a friend?

This girl has
a gift for life.

I want to send her to America.

I want to educate her.

You can't adopt an 18-year-old girl.

You can't ask me-

They have a name for what
you're asking me to do.

That is narrow-minded,
bigoted and evil.

Jervis, have you any idea how easy it is to lose
a job at the State Department these days?

- But my motives are as pure as-

- Just a moment, Jervis. I, uh-

I think the ambassador fears
that if the press hear about this...

they might conceivably place
a different interpretation...

upon your motives,

however pure in fact they may be.

- Thank you, Griggs.

- Yeah.

Mm-hmm, fair point.

Uh, I have it.

The entire thing

can be done anonymously...

uh, like

a scholarship fund.

There'll be absolutely no contact
between the girl and myself.

She won't even know who I am.

The Pendleton Foundation...

gives lots of scholarships
to American boys and girls.

Why not to this girl?

Why not?

- I don't know why not.

- Well?

But, of course, you're not really
adopting her in this case...

- you're merely sponsoring her.

- Right.

But you want to send her to college.

How do we know she'll qualify?

Qualify. Um-

I'm on the board of trustees...

of, uh, some institution

of learning for young ladies.

- W-W-Which one is it, Griggs?

- Walston College in Massachusetts.

What makes you think

they'll take her?

Uh, what was our

contribution last year?

Sizable.

She is now

an enrolled member...

of the freshman class

of Walston College in Massachusetts.

Here, start writing.

Now, uh, where were we?

"Eighteen years old."

Julie! Everything is true!

Everything is happening!

Look, here is a letter

from the American ambassador.

Your name, Julie Andre.

You-You are going

to America to college.

- How do I go?

- By airplane. Everything has been arranged.

Traveling expenses,
college, clothes to wear.

- And the food too?
- Food, everything that you desire.
- Hamburger?
- Hamburger!
- Ice cream?
- Three times a day!

Oh! Oh la la la la la.!

I will send some back
to the children and...

- pictures of Indians a-and cowboys and so.
- Oh!

Maybe where you are going there won't be
any cowboys. Indians maybe, but not cowboys.

Oh la la, m-madame.

Is not possible. Is- Is like a dream.

Is- Is-

Is too-

Who is it that would do that for me?

What's his name? Where is he?

Oh, I cannot tell you his name.

He doesn't wish you to know it.

He-Why- How-

I want to thank him!

He doesn't want any thanks!

He doesn't want any gratitude.

His only wish is that

you write him once a month...

just like he would

be your father...

and tell him the progress

you are making in school.

And, uh,

this is the address:

"Mr. John Smith...

Post Office Box 3642,

New York City."

It's all written out here. Of course,

Mr. John Smith is not his real name.

Oh la la, madame.

- It- It has really happened, eh?

- Mm-hmm.

- Is really true?

- Everything is true.

Go on, Julie.

You go to sleep...

and say a nice

prayer of thanks, huh?

- O-Oh, oh!

- Merci, madame.

- Oh, how beautiful it is!

- It is an American automobile.

- No, no, it is Italian.

- It is not. It's a Cadillac.

- We saw one in the cinema.

- Shh! Kids, what are you doing there?

There is an American automobile with a man.

He has been talking to Emile.

Where? Let me see.

Oh, zut.!

- Did you see him? Did you see his face?

- Yes, I saw him.

You did?

What did he look like?

- Was he old?

- Oh, yes, very old.

- How old?

- Older than him.

Oh! Did you see his hair?

What kind of hair did he have?

- No hair.

- Bald?

- Maybe. He wore a hat.

- We saw only a shadow.

He was very thin and very tall.

Very long legs.

- Comme un faucheur.

- Un faucheur?

Yes, a faucheur.

A daddy longlegs.

Oh, a daddy longlegs!

Yes, a daddy longlegs!

Shh. Now, off to bed,

quickly. Be very quiet.

Don't wake up the others.

Daddy Longlegs.

Papa faucheur.

Daddy Longlegs
Daddy Longlegs
Pretty please make
My little dream come true
Daddy Longlegs
If Cinderella's godmama
Could make her
coach and four
I'm sure a real-live godpapa
Could do
a whole lot more
Make me pretty
Make me witty
Make me just as nice
As a girl can be
Don't know how
I'll find a way
But I'll pay you
back someday
Daddy Longlegs
Wait and see
Julie, Julie.
Daddy Longlegs
Wait and see
That'll be
a dollar and a half.
Keep the change, please.
Thank you.
- Hi!
- Hi!
Through those portals, sister.
See ya.
See ya.
- Hi!
- Hi there.
- Hi.
- Hi!
Frosh?
- Pardon?
- Freshman. Are you a freshman?
Oui. Uh, yes.
I'm a freshman.
Well, you must be our
French girl, Julie Andre.

Oh. You know
about me, huh?
Yes, I have a list of everybody
and where they come from.
I'm Pat Whithers, senior.
Welcome to Walston College.
Thank you.
You're in Room 205 with Linda Pendleton
and Sally McBride.
Right up the stairs
and down the hall to your left.
Thank you, Miss Senior.
Egghead! Egghead!
Egghead!
Egghead!
Hit it, mama!
- Okay.!
- Come on, everybody.
Welcome, egghead
Wipe that smile off your face
Never speak
until you're spoken to
What an egghead
You're an egghead
But you're soon
gonna be hard-boiled
Blow your nose, dry your ears
Get up and salute when a senior appears
Move your feet
Get out the lead
Put a hat on to cover
the point on your head
Tummy in, sweater out
And eliminate that supercilious pout
But since you are a lady, dear
you're very welcome here
Welcome, egghead
You're an egghead
But you're soon
gonna be hard-boiled
- Oh! Oh, pardon.
- Excuse me.
Hi. I'm Sally McBride.
This is Linda Pendleton.

- Hi.

- Hi. Hi, Miss Pendleton. I am Julie Andre. We've heard about you. We're both signing up for French and we expect to get straight A's. You know, I'd help you with English, but I'm a total loss at it myself. I smell. Oh! You do?

- At English.

- Oh!

However, I have got a brother at Harvard who's real smooth. So if I were you, I'd cultivate me.

You better cultivate Linda too...

because her folks are big muck-a-mucks around here.

Every time you need a new building or something, her uncle coughs up the mazuma.

Oh, pipe down, Sally. Look, have we said anything that you can understand yet?

Well, most of the words, yes, but the meaning, l-

- I thought so.

- Don't worry. You'll get with it.

Uh, one of us has to sleep in a room by herself.

Would it bother you if you slept alone?

Alone?

A bedroom for myself?

Oh, no. No, no, that would not bother me at all.

Good, then that's settled.

Now, uh, where's your trunk?

Uh, l- I don't know.

What do you mean you don't know?

Didn't you pack?

Oh, yes, but, uh-

All I packed was this.

She's smart.

She believes in traveling light.

Well, surely those aren't all the clothes you have for the whole year, are they?

I don't know. Uh-

Uh, come in.

Miss, uh, Julie Andre?

- Yes, that's me.

- We got a couple of trunks for you.

Oh!

- Okay.

- Oh-

- Oh, you-

- If I didn't-

Good night!

Why, I've never seen anything so big.

- Oh, Julie.

- I don't believe it.

- Miss Andre?

- Yes?

Will you sign here, please?

- And you were the girl who didn't have any trunks?

- Here?

- Yes, please.

- Oh, and she believes in traveling light.

Oh!

Look at them-

at two of them.

- Thank you.

- Thank you.

- Well, come on! Aren't you gonna open them?

- Open them!

Ooh, yes. Yes.

- Hurry.

- Well, uh-They are locked.

Well, of course they're locked!

Where are the keys?

Oh, uh-

Oh, the keys!

- The keys!

- Of course, the keys.

Oh, well, uh, I am tired
of saying I do not know...

but I do not know.

Well, look, we'll try my nail file.

It works great on my sister's diary.

- Yes?

- Julie?

- Yes?

- This just arrived, special delivery.

- Oh, thank you.
- Now, don't get used to this kind of service.
- It's only the first day.
- The keys!
- I think it's the keys.
- See if you're right.
- There they are. There they are!
- Will you come on? Hurry up.
- I am.
- Hurry! I have a strange feeling...
I'm gonna be
the best-dressed girl on campus.
- Oh!
- Oh, my heavens. Look at them, will ya?
Oh!
- Oh, wow!
- Wow!
- Wow!
- Oh!
- Whoo! Ooh.
- Oh, get a load of these labels.
- It's from my guardian.
- Are you sure he's your guardian?
Oh, yes,
that I do know.
- Oh, there's so many of them.
- Oh! Ooh, here it is.
- What? Oh.
- They're beautiful.
- Oh, this is the one that I like.
- Oh.
- Pardon. Yes, I'll be back.
- Isn't this a beauty?
Look, Linda. You know,
if I lose about five pounds-
- I can step right into this one.
- Oh, that's beautiful.
- How did he know my eyes were blue, the darling?
- Julie?
Julie, I'll swap you a date with my brother
for a chance to wear this dress.
- Eh?
- Swell, it's a deal.
- There's still some more in there.

- Oh, my heavens, look-
- Oh, I've never seen so many.
- Aren't they beautiful?
- Sally?
- What?

Sally, do you think
he's really her guardian?

- Huh?
- Well, I don't care what his intentions are.
His taste is divine.

- Julie? Julie?

- Coming.!

Eh, behold-
an American "froshman."

Oh, you look-

Look!

"Dear Daddy Longlegs...

"or perhaps I should say-

Dear kind person...

who sends orphans

to college."

Yesterday morning...

I was in France.

And tonight...

I am...

sleeping in...

Massach-

Walston.

"It is strange to be writing letters
to somebody you don't know.

"It is very strange for me
to be writing letters at all.

"Never before had I
anyone to write to.

But now I belo-"

"But now I belong
to somebody...

"and it is a very
comfortable sensation.

"I will try
to make you proud of me.

Yours very respectfully,
Julie."

Is, uh, Mr. Pendleton

to see this?
No. No, Miss Pritchard.
Just start a new file.
"Andre." "Julie Andre."
Yes, Mr. Griggs.
"Dear Daddy Longlegs, I doubt
that it will interest you...
"but this semester
I have moved up two places.
"I am now 12th
in my class.
My average is just above a 'B'."
Griggs speaking. Yes.
Oh, she is?
Uh, just a moment.
- Yes, Griggs, old boy. - Jervis, your
sister-in-law, Gertrude, is on the phone.
I just left
for Alaska.
She's called five times.
It's about your house
at Murray Bay.
She's decided to spend
the summer there with Linda.
She wants you to have
it redecorated. French provincial.
She wants me to have
my house redecorated...
- so she can use it for her vacation?
- Yes.
For Gertrude, it seems
a fairly reasonable request.
Well, you can tell my
sister-in-law she can-
Uh, tell Mrs. Pendleton
Mr. Pendleton...
will be very happy
to have her use the house.
Yes, he agrees with her that French
provincial should be most attractive.
He wonders why he didn't
think of it himself. Yeah.
Now, where was I?
"My average

is just above a 'B'."

- What?

- The Andre letter.

Oh.

Uh, file it.

You didn't finish
reading it!

"It is very hard to go on
writing to a- a thing.

"You never answer my questions. You never
show the slightest interest in anything I do.

"You don't praise,
and you don't scold.

"It's like having
a machine for a father.

"I love college,
and I love you for sending me...

"but couldn't you write
just one letter?

Not too respectfully yours,
Julie."

- File it, Miss Pritchard.

- Isn't somebody, someday going to answer that poor child?

All right, all right!

Dear Miss Andre...

your letter

of the 23rd received.

Mr. Smith's attention

will be called to your progress.

I'm sure he'll be pleased

with the report. Very truly yours.

That's a cheerful, breezy little note.

I'm sure that'll warm her up!

What do I know about

writing to a young girl?

All right, destroy my letter.

Continue the old arrangement. File it under "A."

Yes, Mr. Griggs.

Mr. Griggs!

A person is not a corporation.

A person is- is, uh,

flesh and- and blood and-

and feelings!

On slide three,

I don't like the word "coach."

Pendleton Airways is selling something better than coach travel.

We must find a new phrase.

Yes, Griggs.

- Jervis, a person is not a corporation.

- Really?

Uh, "Cabin Clipper" just occurred to me.

How does that strike you?

A person is flesh and blood and feelings and has to be treated as such.

- I'll vote for that. Where do I register?

- Your treatment of her...

- has been absolutely shameful.

- She's a monster.

Sometimes I think my poor brother gave up the ghost just to get away from her.

Not your sister-in-law.

I am referring to Miss Julie Andre.

- Miss Julie Andre?

- Oh, I'm not in the least surprised!

- Yes, sir?

- Miss Pritchard, bring in that file.

- Which file, Mr. Griggs?

- The one you've been crying into.

Crying in the file?

Not only does it sound inefficient...

it sounds like a tune

on the hit parade.

Say, what's going on

around here?

Nothing is going on around here,

and it's all your fault!

Over two years ago,

you impulsively, capriciously...

against the better judgment

of the American ambassador and myself...

picked a young girl

out of a French orphanage...

and deposited her

in Walston College.

- Oh, that Julie Andre.

- Yes, that Julie Andre!

She's been kicked out!

Griggs, how could you let this happen...

- after all we do for that college?

- She has not been kicked out.

She stands 12th
in her class.

She's a lovely, sensitive, marvelous girl,
one that any parent should be proud of.

And yet, no one pays
the slightest bit of attention to her.

- Thank you, Miss Pritchard.

- Thank you, Mr. Griggs.

For a moment I was afraid
there was a baby in it.

- What kind of a performance was that?

- For more than two years...

that poor girl has been pouring her heart out
to you in those letters.

And you haven't
answered one of them.

You haven't even
bothered to read one!

Now, wait a minute.

That was the arrangement.

l-It had to be done anonymously,
remember? Alec insisted upon that.

At least you could've asked about her.

Shown some compassion, some humanity.

Hmm. Oh, I see.

I see.

You're in love with her.

Y- No, Jervis, it's
much worse than that.

- She's in love with you.

- Y-What?

Although you don't know it, you've been
a thoughtful and considerate guardian.

She spent the last two summers
on your farm in Nova Scotia.

Although she thinks
Linda's responsible for that.

- Linda?

- Your niece.

Gertrude's daughter. The one
you haven't seen since she was born.

- Oh, yes. Horrible looking baby.

- Well, she's no longer...

a horrible looking baby,
and she's Julie's roommate.

- Who put them together?

- You did.

It was the only way you could arrange for Miss
Andre's summer vacations without causing talk.

And last Christmas,

you sent her a nice present.

- I did? What?

- Three pairs of... silk pajamas.

- Griggs-

- All right. Miss Pritchard selected them.

All in all, Miss Andre

has a lot to thank you for...

and she's very

devoted to you.

She calls you her

"Dear Daddy Longlegs."

Y-

"Dear Daddy What-legs?"

Well, it has something to do with
your shadow crawling on the wall...

- or a spider, uh, uh-

- Oh.

- Jervis, I think you'd better read these letters.

- I think I better read 'em too.

"Dear Daddy Longlegs."

Hmm.

Hmm, she's a prolific
little thing, isn't she?

Uh, Griggs, uh, w-will you
tell Miss Pritchard...

to hold all my calls
until she hears from me?

Dear Daddy Longlegs,
you never answered my questions...

and they were
very important.

Are you very bald?

Or just a little bald?

Are you very old?

Or just a little old?

Oh, well, on second thought,
please don't answer.
Not that you will.
It is just as much fun...
not knowing
anything about you.
It leaves me free to imagine
whatever I want.
You could be anything.
Sometimes I think
that you are...
a Texas millionaire.
That's what you are.
And you are so rich...
that there is a special department
in the United States Treasury...
which works only on
your income tax report.
Down in Texas
where the stars are bright
Down in Texas where they treat you right
Everybody sings
this little song
Daddy, Daddy
why's your legs so long
Love your figure
'cause it's so corn-fed
Love that hair
upon your pumpkin head
- Though you're richer than Vanderbilt
- Yoo-hoo!
Daddy, Daddy
where'd you get them stilts
Now, chicken in the bread pan
pickin'up dough
Stick out your hen
and pick out your rooster
First prize is a block of stocks
Second prize is Fort Knox
Let me introduce
that dancing fool
Long-leg Tex
with the big, fat wallet
Wait'll he starts

to walk the dog
He'll bug out your eyes
like a stomped-on frog
Alouette left
and Alouette right
Parlez-vous
and "FrreJacques"
Both feet up
Make a hole in the ground
Hands up high
and the gents go under
Grab your gal
and swing her like thunder
Kiss her once and jump for joy
Kiss her twice-
Well, maybe not.
You're probably
an international playboy.
No, no, no, no, no!
I- I don't like you like this.
I prefer
to think of you...
as my guardian angel.
Oh, it's very confusing.
I wish I knew
who you really are.
I wish- I wish one day
you would write and tell me.
Your lonesome... Julie.
Will you get my sister-in-law
on the phone, please?
- Who, sir?
- My sister-in-law, Gertrude Pendleton.
Oh.
Hello.
Hello, Gertrude.
Tell me. How's Linda?
Who is this?
Jervis?
I don't believe it.
You've been drinking.
No, no. Not a drop. I- I merely called up
to find out about my niece.
Uh, tell me.

How is she enjoying college?
Jervis, this is very peculiar.
Linda is 20 years old, and you haven't
seen her for more than 19 and a half.
Oh, you're so right.
You're so right, Gertrude.
I- I've been the worst
of all possible uncles. I'm sorry.
Uh, say. How about you and me
driving up to see her?
But this is insane. All I wanted you to do
is write Julie a letter.
Will you keep quiet?
No, no, no. Not you, Gertrude.
I- I-There's a mechanical device
here that produces strange noises.
Uh, w-
Uh, spring dance? Saturday?
Oh. Sounds charming.
Fine. Uh, we'll
drive up together.
Wonderful. Wonderful.
See you then. Good-bye.
But you can't do this. You can't go to
the school and reveal yourself to that girl.
It's violating your-
your promise to Alec.
Griggs, how you do carry on.
I have no intention of revealing myself.
I'm simply going up there
to visit my niece.
And while I'm there,
I'll get a look at my orphan.
But-
Mrs. Gertrude Pendleton on the phone.
Put her on.
Yes, Gertie.
Why, of course it was me
you were talking to a moment ago.
Who else? Who else
but Linda's Uncle Jervis?
Oh, Jervis, please remember
that you're with me and don't leer.
I wasn't leering.

I was just looking around.

I hope you'll remember,
they are very young.

Time cannot wither nor custom stale
your infinite charm, Gertrude.

I don't know what wild plans you have,
Jervis, but I don't propose to-

- Ah, here comes Linda.

- Oh!

Linda, darling.

Can you ever forgive your UncleJervis?

- For heaven's sake, Jervis. That's not Linda.

- Oh, I am sorry.

- What in the world are you doing here anyway? Linda, dear.

- Mother.

I don't suppose you remember your UncleJervis,
but that's perfectly all right.

- He doesn't remember you either.

- Hello, UncleJervis.

Linda, dear. I-I've been very foolish
in not coming to see you more often.

- You're lovely.

- Why, thank you.

Mm-hmm. Well, I guess

I haven't made a mistake.

- What?

- Well, I took the liberty of-

- That is, the girls insisted I fill out a dance card for you.

- Sounds charming.

So if you just go

and stand under your initial...

you'll be claimed like

a piece of luggage at an airport.

A well-traveled piece of luggage.

Linda, dear, do I have the pleasure
of a dance with your mother?

- Why, no. Oh, I mean- Well, it never occurred
to me when l- - My, my. Isn't it a shame?

Well, here I go.

- Come off it, McBride.

- You can't keep her to yourself.

Sorry, boys. I gave up one dance to

somebody's uncle, and that's as far as I'll go.

- I beg your pardon, Professor.

- That's quite all right, fella. Quite all right.

Only I don't happen
to be a... professor.

- Mr. McBride.

- Yes, Miss Andre.

- I believe this is our dance.

- Thank you, ma'am. Pardon us, Professor.

I told you

I was not a prof-

- Oh, you must be UncleJervis.

- Oh.

- Well, I'm Sally McBride, Linda's roommate.

- I thought Linda's roommate was-

Oh. You mean the vision of loveliness
that just danced off with my brother?

Well, that's Julie Andre.

She's the third cell mate.

Oh, I see.

- Well, uh, shall we have a go at it?

- Why, uh-

Of course, if this is too bluesy for you,
we could sit this one out.

- Well, I'll do my best.

- All right.

- I, uh- I can do the box step.

- Oh.

One, two. One, two.

Well, you're quite good.

Thank you. I'm glad those lessons
weren't a complete waste.

- Oh.

- Last week they put me on Spanish rhythms.

Hmm. Mr. McBride seems to be
quite taken with Miss Andre.

Taken? He's Georgia,
and she's Sherman marching through.

- Uh, she the same way about him?

- She'd be a darn fool if she weren't.

Hmm.

- Am I leading?

- Well, up to now, I think it's a tie.

That's a fault of mine.

It comes of going to a girls' school.

- Well, that's that.

- Thanks a lot.

Oh, and, uh, you won't forget.

Tomorrow afternoon we're playing Vassar.

- I do hope you can be there.

- Good luck. Although I'm sure you could beat Yale.

Why, thank you!

Mr. Pendleton?

I am Julie Andre.

How do you do?

Is this our dance?

Yes. If you'd rather
not dance, we can talk.

Oh, I think I'd like that. Isn't there,
uh, someplace we could go?

In the garden perhaps? Or maybe that
would be bad for your reputation.

Uh, it would.

Come on. Let's destroy my reputation.

Spring is in the air,
isn't it?

Yes. Isn't it?

Now, uh, where do you suggest
we have our flirtation?

Well, one usually
goes that way.

- Tell me. Haven't we met somewhere before?

- No.

That sounds like what the boys
usually say, but haven't we?

No. No. I- I'm sure

I would have remembered.

I have the funniest feeling-

- Of course. I know. Come on.

- Where?

- You'll see.

- Oh!

I'm sorry. I beg your pardon.

I was just, uh-

- Miss Andre, where are you taking me?

- You'll see.

There you are.

Grandfather.!

What a wonderful way to end his days:
in the middle of a girls' school.

Ah. Did he have
a weakness for ladies?

Oh, no. Great strength.

Ah. Did you inherit
that tendency?

That is a very
direct question.

Ah. Suppose it is.

But, you know,
I never talked to an uncle before.

How do I talk
to an uncle?

Very respectfully.

And you don't ask questions. You answer them.

Now, sit down,
and do just that.

- Yes, sir.

- Not quite that respectful.

- Yes, UncleJervis.

- That's better.

I take it that you haven't
any uncles of your own.

No uncles, no aunts,
no cousins...

no brothers,

no sisters, no nothing.

- Isn't there anyone who-

- Oh, it's a very sad story.

My father and mother were the duc
and duchesse de Monchartres...

and they both died

before I was born.

- Both.

- Yes.

It was during a typhoon.

Our yacht overturned
in the Sargasso Sea...

and I was

the only survivor.

Hmm.

- If you don't believe my story,
I have several others...

which are much more interesting.

I'm sure you have.

I only tell the stories
because nobody believes the truth.

Would you like to dance now?

Uh, yes. I- I would.

Uh...

would you tell me
what the truth is?

Yes. I have a guardian.

I see. Now, what
sort of man is he?

Oh, he's tall
and very skinny.

He always walks with a cane,
and he's bald up here.

But he has a lovely fringe
of white hair all around.

- All around?

- Uh-huh.

Sounds perfectly stunning.

Oh, don't you make fun of him.

I love him very much.

- When I get out of college, I'm going to live with him.

- Huh?

- You are?

- Yes.

But it's a surprise. He doesn't know it yet.

I have it all planned.

I'm going to read aloud to him
and plump his pillows...

and warm up his slippers...

and always make sure he wears
his galoshes when he goes out.

From the way you describe him...

I don't think he'll be going out very often.

Oh, well. He's not a boy anymore.

That is, uh,
probably true. Uh-

Does he ever come
to see you?

- No.

- Well, why not?

Well, he doesn't care
anything about me really.

Oh. Now, I'm sure he does.

Oh, I just pretend. One must have
somebody to love, you know.
So I make believe
that he really cares.
- Maybe he does care, more than you think.
- Oh, he does, huh?
I write to him all the time whenever
I get lonely. He doesn't even read my letters.
- How do you know?
- He throws them in the wastebasket.
He does no such thing.
I mean, I, uh, uh, don't think he does.
Then why
doesn't he ever answer?
Dropsy.
Probably can't hold a pencil.
Oh la la.
Hey, you.
Oh. It's only you, Professor.
I was gonna punch somebody in the nose.
- Hey, Julie. We missed a dance.
- Oh. Sorry, Jimmy.
This is Mr. Pendleton.
He's not a professor.
- Oh.
- Mr. Pendleton, Jimmy McBride.
- How do you do?
- How do you do, sir? Natural mistake, of course.
- Of course.
- Come on, Julie. They're gonna do "Sluefoot."
Oh, good.
Excuse us, UncleJervis.
Thank you for keeping
Little Red Riding Hood away from the wolves.
Now hear this
Now hear this
Everybody
everybody, everybody
Get ready for sluefoot
Go!
You want a dance
that's easy to do
Then dig the one
I'm hippin' you to

I'm gonna teach you
to fall in on what they are callin'
The sluefoot
You make your right foot
point to the north
You make your left foot
point to the south
And then you stroll
sort of westerly
Slow and "siestally," Sluefoot
Don't be an oddball
and don't be a fig
Try
Why be shy
After all, it's even better
if your feet's too big
You put the old
posterior out
Then you manipulate it about
It is the most
"lackadaisiest"
I mean the craziest
Sluefoot
You gotta rock
like a rockin' chair
The step is clocklike
but slightly square
You count to
one, two, three, four
- Then you holler
- Sluefoot
- You put your toe out
You drag it back
- You really go out, You ball thejack
- Terribly sorry. l-
Do what you done, done before
when you holler
Sluefoot
Well.
All right.
Sluefoot
- Go, Julie!
- Yeah!
Don't stop now.

Hey. That's it!

- My, my, my!

- That's it. Keep goin'.

Stay with it!

Yeah, yeah!

- Good morning, sir.

- Good morning.

Thanks.

Hello, Jervis.

Oh, hello, Griggs.

Wonderful day, isn't it?

Yes. The market opened
very strong.

- Bring the mail?

- Did I ever fail to bring it, Jervis?

No.

My dear fellow, what are you in
such a foul mood about?

The first days of spring
always affect me this way.

Oh. Oh, Griggs. Uh, will you please
have this record sent to Miss Andre?

- And who is sending the record?

- I am, of course.

Yeah. I'm aware of that, Jervis,
but in which incarnation are you sending it?

Jekyll or Hyde?

UncleJervis or Daddy Longlegs?

Jervis Pendleton, and you can leave off
the "uncle," if you don't mind.

What you're looking for
is in the personal file.

Thank you, Griggs.

"Dear Daddy Longlegs, l-"

"I'm- I met

Linda's UncleJervis.

He seemed very nice."

"He seemed very nice."

"He seemed very nice."

"But an awful thing has happened.

Oh, not to me, but toJimmy McBride.

"He's had a dreadful
disappointment.

He was all set to go to South Africa

as a mining engineer when the project blew up."

"Imagine. Only about a month
from graduation...

"and he considers himself
a failure.

"If he would follow my advice,
he'd stay in this country...

"and work in his father's
overalls factory.

But he hates it."

Hmm. "I can't tell you
how miserable I feel for him."

- Griggs.

- Yes, Jervis.

- Would you come here a moment, please?

- I'll be right there.

"He was all set to go to South Africa as
a mining engineer when the project blew up."

Uh, Griggs, I'd like to do something
for a young chap I know.

Name's McBride.

Brilliant mining engineer.

Do we have an opening for him?

Well, our New Jersey lab
can always use a bright young man.

No, no. Not- Not, uh- Not New Jersey.

He- He's the adventurous type.

He- He'd want to go far away.

You know, see the world kind of thing.

I see. Someplace

out of the country, eh?

He'd sign up for a year's contract.

As a matter of fact, he wants to.

He's a good man.

Very highly recommended.

- By whom?

- By-

By me. I- I, uh- I met him at
that college dance recently.

He's a friend of Linda's.

I was quite impressed with him.

I, uh- I have an eye for these young people
who are going places, you know.

Going places.

How about our tin mines in Bolivia?

- Bolivia?

- Would that be far enough away for you?

- It's not for me. It's for him.

- Oh. Of course.

I can't imagine what

I was thinking of.

- Our mines in Bolivia sound ideal.

- Oh, they are.

Almost inaccessible. Takes two days to reach them after you get off a burro's back.

Fine, fine. Uh, will you get

Miss Pritchard in here, please?

- Miss Pritchard?

- Yes. I want her to take a letter now.

I thought perhaps you wanted to teach her the sluefoot.

Hi, Jervis.

Oh. Hello, Larry.

How are you?

- Fine, fine.

- Good, good.

- Meeting someone?

- Yeah. My niece Linda and her roommate.

They're coming down from college.

- Oh, yes? I wish I knew she was on the plane.

- Yeah. Oh.

- Jervis, how are you?

- Hello, Julie. So good to see you. How was the flight?

- Just wonderful. Wonderful.

- Well, Jervis, I'll just-

Pardon me. Uh, M-Mr. Hamilton,

Miss Andre. Uh, uh-

- How do you do?

- Where-Where's Linda?

- She couldn't come.

- She couldn't come?

- No.

- Well, as I was saying, Jervis, I'll just be buzzing along.

Uh, three's

a... you know what.

- Very happy to have met you.

- Good-bye.

Uh, uh-

What happened to Linda?

Oh, she woke up this morning

with the sniffles...

and she told me her colds always

get much worse before they get better...

so I just let her-

- Shouldn't I have come alone?

- Oh, yes. Of course. Certainly.

I'd have been very disappointed

if you hadn't.

- Oh.

- Really. Are these your baggage checks?

- Yes.

- John, will you handle these for Miss Andre, please?

Yeah. Sure.

This way, please,

Mr. Pendleton.

Oh. Jervis,

you know, it's-

It's just beautiful.

Count four towers over

and nine towers to the right.

In the basement of the 10th tower

there's a lovely little restaurant.

I thought we might

have dinner.

Why don't we have it right here

so we can see the lights of the city?

Don't they teach you

anything at that college?

You know what

they'll be thinking.

Oh, it's ridiculous.

What time would you like to dine?

Oh, anytime.

- **Be back at 7:**

- Mm-hmm.

- Black tie?

- But of course.

You know, Jervis. I've worked out

your whole past.

That doesn't surprise me

in the least.

There was someone years ago.

She was tall, slender...

blonde, very beautiful,
and you loved her madly.

But she married
someone else.

- Oh, she was very foolish.

- Thank you.

So you never loved
anyone else since.

Is that the way it was?

No. There never was
a tall, slender blonde...
but there was a short
little redhead.

And then there was
a very large brunette.

And then there was someone
I met in Switzerland.

- And then there was-

- Hmm. Oh la la.

- And you loved them all?

- Madly.

Hmm. And why didn't you
ever marry?

I didn't love them
that madly.

I don't think
you ever will.

Marry?

Hmm.

That all depends.

You know,

there's an old theory.

I mean-

When an irresistible force

Such as you

Meets an old

immovable object

Like me

You can bet

as sure as you live

Something's gotta give, Something's gotta give

Something's gotta give
When an irrepressible smile
Such as yours
Warms an old
implacable heart
Such as mine
Don't say no
because I insist
Somewhere, somehow
someone's gonna be kissed
So, en garde
Who knows what the Fates
have in store
From their vast
mysterious sky
I'll try hard
Ignoring those lips
I adore
But how long
can anyone try
Fight, fight, fight, fight
Fight it with
all of our might
Chances are
Some heavenly
star-spangled night
We'll find out
as sure as we live
Something's gotta give, Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
When an irresistible
force
Such as you
Meets an old
immovable object
Like you
Your morning paper.
Oh.
Uh, did anything
happen yesterday?
- A man got robbed.
- Tsk, tsk, tsk, tsk. What a shame.
A girl got married.
Ah. That's nice.

Who did she marry?

- A man.

- Oh.

They've been in love
for a long time.

Oh.

Anything else happen?

Yes. But it's not
in the paper.

- Oh.

- Good night, Julie.

Good night, Jervis.

Excuse me,

Mr. Ambassador.

- Right this way, Mr. Ambassador.

- Thank you.

I think you'll find this to your liking.

This wing is very quiet.

- How much is it?

- It's worth \$200,000.

- Did you say something, Griggs?

- I-

- I was merely inquiring about the price, Jervis.

- Hmm.

Uh, have you something simpler?

Much larger, but simpler.

Yes, Mr. Pendleton.

I think we have the very thing.

Hmm.

Well.

\$300,000.

I, uh- I think that's
kind of cute, don't you?

Very cute.

Oh. Very cute.

Well, that's it.

I'm glad you all agree.

Now, if you'll excuse me, I have a breakfast
appointment. Good-bye.

Uh, uh, you understand, of course,
this is subject to the lady's approval.

Naturally. But I think
you should know, Mr. Griggs...

it's been our experience

that a diamond of that quality...

never comes back.

Never.

Thank you.

- Coffee now, Jervis?

- Yes, please.

You know, last night was the most wonderful night of my life.

- I'll drink to that.

- Yes.

And let's drink to today.

Look how beautiful it is.

I'm glad you like it. I ordered it especially for you.

I suppose if you're

a Pendleton you can make anything happen.

- Can't you, Jervis?

- Mmm. Not quite.

Some things are

in the lap of the gods.

You know, Jervis, yesterday

when I arrived from college...

and you looked so stern, and you thought that I should not have come alone-

Well, I have

a confession to make.

I was really terribly afraid and unsure.

But it's been very wonderful.

You know, last time I came in that airport was when I arrived from France.

Was that only three years ago?

Seems like forever.

Let's drink to France

for having sent you here.

To America

for letting me come.

Connect me

with 3203, please.

- Hello?

- I'd like to speak with Mr. Pendleton, please.

Oh. Just a minute.

Jervis, it's for you.

- Hello.

- Jervis, you are the most contemptible...

deceitful, dishonorable character

it has ever been my misfortune to know.
Who is this? Who?
Oh, uh- Oh. Well, yeah.
I think so, Alec.
Well, all right. I will.
Right away. Yeah.
Um, Julie, I'll be right back.
Uh, just a few minutes.
- Where are you going?
- Some friend of mine wants to see me.
You finish breakfast.
It won't be long. Just-
Hi.
Well, I'm waiting.
Say something.
All right.
Why aren't you in France?
I am here to report
to the secretary of state.
- Then why aren't you in Washington?
- I'll be there tonight.
Now that I've answered your questions,
suppose you answer mine.
- What are you doing in that next suite?
- Why, you evil-minded-
Jervis, the last time you accused me
of being evil-minded...
was when you wanted to bring that young
French girl to this country to "educate."
- Alec- - Never mind what the
newspapers would make of all this.
How you enlisted the services of the
United States government in your enterprise.
Never mind the part I played.
Let's leave all that out. Think of the girl.
She is here
on a student's visa.
Her behavior is subject
to constant scrutiny.
She could be expelled,
her passport picked up-
Now, wait a minute. Now, wait a minute.
Alec, it is nothing like that.
Jervis, I was on the terrace.

Now, I'm no eavesdropper...

but I'd have to be deaf

not to overhear the conversation...

- you and the young lady were having at the breakfast table.

- Like what?

"Jervis, last night was

the most wonderful night of my life."

Even the most generous

interpretation of that is horrifying.

And serving her cocktails

at this hour.

- Cocktails? Are you nuts?

- I distinctly heard the glasses clink.

It was orange juice.

Nobody clinks orange juice glasses.

I haven't been out of the country that long.

- Alec, you've got it all wrong. I'm in love with the girl.

- Is she in love with you?

I don't know. I was just about to ask her
when the darn phone rang, and it was you.

I'm glad I was in time. What could
the poor girl have said but "yes"?

- She could have said "no."

- Don't be ridiculous.

You've obviously

swept her off her feet.

You're older than she is.

That's always very attractive.

- You're rich, and that's even more attractive.

- Mm-hmm.

You've changed her life completely,

for which she must be very grateful.

She doesn't know anything about that.

She doesn't know that I'm her Daddy-

Daddy what?

Daddy Sugar?

Oh, shut up.

She only knows me as Jervis Pendleton,
the uncle of her roommate.

The uncle of her roommate.

Doesn't that at least give you pause?

Not particularly. I'm not the only man
she's met in America.

Uh, she's also interested

in a Harvard graduate.

Can he afford to bring her to New York
and entertain her in this style?

- Well-

- Of course not. He's probably out looking for a job.

He is not. He's working in Bolivia
in the tin mine. Now, if you'll excuse me-

It wouldn't by any chance happen
to be the Pendleton tin mine, would it?

Well, uh, he- he-

he needed a job, uh-

And, well, what's the matter
with helping young people? Uh-

It's an interesting hobby.

You seem to have embraced it vigorously.

Well, he applied for a job in Africa.

The project blew up, and-
and I just happened to have
an opening in Bolivia.

King David.

What are you
talking about?

David sent Uriah into battle
because he coveted Bathsheba.

Oh, no. Oh, no.

Oh, I've had just about enough.

Now, look here, Alec.

There's nothing underhanded
or deceitful about this.

l-It is true

I sent that young man-

Well, he was going
out of the country anyway.

He needed a job,
and- and I sent him.

Oh, sure. Sure the girl
is much younger than I am.

l- I'm not denying that.

Sure I'm rich.

There's no question about that.

Certainly I did everything possible
to sweep her off her feet.

But doesn't every man
who's in lo-

Ah, you're absolutely right.

It's insane.

What was I thinking of?

I don't know.

- You got a cigarette here?

- Hmm.

She must be

very attractive, Jervis.

Very.

I'll, uh-

I'll- I'll bring that boy
back from Bolivia.

Alec, have you any idea how many hotels
there are in New York?

- Not the slightest.

- There are hundreds, thousands.

But, Jervis,

I always stop here.

3203, please.

Jervis, where are you?

What are you doing?

Uh, I'm downstairs
in the lobby.

Uh, listen. Something terribly important
has just come up...

and I'm afraid I won't be able to
get back there to see you.

No, no. No.

I'm- I'm all right.

It's just-just business.

You know, uh, State Department.

Um-Well, it's rather
hard to explain.

Uh, there are certain things about it
that I'm not at liberty to discuss.

- Can you understand that?

- Of course I understand. When shall I see you?

Well, uh-

They may-They may
want me to go abroad.

In which case, uh,

l- I won't see you for quite some time.

Oh.

Oh.

Oh, I- I see.
I see. Oh.
Well-
Oh, no. I'm-
I'm not upset. I'm...
just disappointed.
Uh, Julie, um,
I want you to see New York.
And, uh, I'll send the car and the chauffeur
or anything you want.
Thank you very much.
Did you say something?
Well...
bon voyage.
Thank you.
Take care of yourself, Julie.
Good-bye.
- Hey, Linda. Catch.
- Hey. You sure this is mine?
Positive.
How am I ever gonna fit this in?
Oh. How do you suppose we ever
accumulated so much junk in only four years?
- Say, Linda. Is this yours?
- No.
Well, I don't know who it could belong to.
Anyone belong to this? Hi.
- Hi.
- Hi, Julie.
- Last call. Anyone belong to this?
- Oh. Sally. Sally, it's mine.
Oh. I never
saw you wear it.
- Yeah. I know, but it's mine.
- Oh.
Hey, Julie.
Aren't you gonna pack?
Oh. We have
plenty of time.
There's a whole week
till graduation.
Well, don't you want your things
to get there before you do?
Yeah.

I guess so.

Do you know something?

I don't even think

she knows where to send her trunks.

- No, it's not that. It's that darn UncleJervis of mine.

- Yeah.

Now you see him, now you don't. There they

were having a perfectly wonderful time...

and suddenly he calls her up

and says he has to go away.

He's been traveling ever since.

Last time I heard, he was in Madrid.

- I thought he was in Calcutta.

- That was three cities ago.

- Last week he was in Hong Kong.

- Oh, the beast.

Still, he can be awfully nice when he wants to.

Look how nice he's been toJimmy.

- Yeah.

- Brought him back to New York.

- Raised his salary. Raised it twice.

- Hmm.

And you can hardly say

Jimmy's been a success.

You know, that new experiment

of his nearly blew up the whole lab last week.

I know. My UncleJervis

is very strange.

Very.

Rio. Jervis Pendleton in Rio.

Personality of the week in India.

Lisbon.

Spain. Oh-

The Opera of Paris.

Oh, zut.

Dear Daddy Longlegs-

May I please come to see you?

I am desperately...

in need of advice.

And there is no one...

I can turn to but you.

Something's gotta give, Something's gotta give

Something's gotta give, Something's gotta give

Something's gotta give

Something's gotta give, Something's gotta give
Something's gotta give
Julie. Julie.
Huh? Oui?
- Oh, Linda.
- I was just going down to the post office.
Want me to mail that
for you?
Oh. Oh, yes. Please.
- Can you wait a minute?
- Sure. Take your time.
- Mr. Griggs.
- Yes.
- You are critically ill.
- I am?
- The doctors have no hope for you.
- They haven't?
We must cable Mr. Pendleton
to come home immediately.
- There's been another letter from that girl.
- Yes, Mr. Griggs...
and what are we
going to do about her?
You can't just hand somebody the world
and then take it away from them.
Well, I'm in the process
of drafting a letter to her now.
- I've been told that she's to be married shortly.
- Oh, a lot you know.
Well, in the event that she doesn't,
a trust fund is being established.
And from that she'll be given
a sensible income each month.
- She'll have security for the rest of her life.
- Security?
I have security,
and believe me, it's nothing.
You have security,
and a duller life nobody ever led.
Well, I'm glad to know what you think
about security, Miss Pritchard...
because you may be
about to lose yours!
I can't, Mr. Griggs, because I qualified

for my pension last month.

Maybe that's why I don't care. But if you won't cooperate with me, I'll send the cable myself.

Y-

- Well, if you qualified for your pension, how about a drink?

- Bourbon on the rocks.

Uh-

What do you plan to say in that cable?

"Griggs critically ill.

Imperative you come home immediately.

Doctors have no hope."

Oh, that's fine.

Thank you.

If I'd offered you a drink 25 years ago, you'd have slapped my face.

How do you know?

You never asked me.

Helen Adams.

Julie Andre.

Sue Anthony.

Mary Armstrong.

Patricia Benton.

Margaret Benson.

Come in.

Congratulations, my dear.

Congratulations.

- Well, thank you.

- I had a lovely cry too.

This is the first graduation

I've been to since my own.

Well, I don't want to appear impolite, but should I know you?

There's no reason why you should.

I'm Alicia Pritchard.

- And I've come to take you to see John Smith.

- Oh. John-John Smith?

Daddy Longlegs.

Oh.

He wants to see me.

Well, let's say he's going to see you.

Oh.

- Who is he?

- I think he should tell you that himself.

Now you hurry and change

because we're going to New York.

Oh.

- We go to New York today?

- Today.

- Today? She's bringing her here today?

- Very shortly.

That cablegram was right.

Brother, you are sick. Sick in the head.

Don't you know about that girl and Jimmy
McBride? Why, they're suited to each other.

They'll be married,

happy and have children.

Why, if Julie comes here today and-

and finds out that I did everything...

she'd- she'd be beholden.

She'd fling herself into my arms

out of gratitude. Now, who wants that?

Don't you know that's just

the reason I went away?

Jervis, if I were you,

I'd pull myself together.

Miss Andre will be coming through

that door very shortly.

Oh. Well, when she does, do you know who

she's gonna find sitting behind that desk? You.

- Me?

- Yes. You started all this, and you can handle it.

- You are Daddy Longlegs. Sit down.

- But-

She's never seen you before.

You fit her description of me...

better than I do myself,

you old fuddy-duddy.

But this is ridiculous.

What would I say to her?

I don't give a hang what you say to her.

You can propose marriage for all I care.

Let's keep this thing tucked around you

so you'll look properly feeble.

Keep your head down. You know, you haven't

the strength to keep your chin up anymore.

- You've been very ill. Remember?

- Oh!

Okay. That's good.

Ah. Whistler's father.

You may accept my resignation from your
employment- effective as of this moment.

It's too late now. Don't you dare move. Yeah?

- Mr. Pendleton-

- Fine. Have her come right up.

- Yes, sir.

- Now, Jervis, don't be a fool.

Look. I'm an expert

at being a fool.

That's why I know

I'm not being one this time.

Y-Y-

Uh, come in, my dear.

Sit down, my dear.

The-The time has come

to tell you...

I am John Smith.

Well, I am

not Pocahontas.

I'm Linda Pendleton,

and I want to see my UncleJervis.

- Linda. Linda.

- Well, w-

- Hello, my dear.

- Hello, UncleJervis.

Now how did you know

I was back?

I have a very nice spy

who works for you.

- That doesn't surprise me a bit.

I am surrounded by spies.

UncleJervis, I have

a dreadful problem. I must talk to you.

Go right ahead.

- Oh, I have no secrets from Griggs.

- Well, I have.

Thank you. Thank you very much,

Miss Pendleton.

I am so glad

to be out of something.

- Well, don't go far.

- Hmph!

Sit down, honey. Tell me.

Uh, what's on your mind?

UncleJervis, I'm in love,
and I want to get married.

Well, there's no problem there.

Sounds very nice and natural.

Mother's very much against it.

She doesn't approve of him.

Well, if your mother doesn't approve,
you've probably made an excellent choice.

Why don't you just elope?

Or is that too old-fashioned?

No, but I would like
a big wedding.

Silly of me, I suppose,
but I'm only planning to be married once.

- That is old-fashioned.

- Don't joke, UncleJervis.

I thought perhaps

if you talked to Mother...

told her how well he's doing at the lab,
what a wonderful future you see ahead for him...

well, she might forget

that his father manufactures overalls.

I think she's afraid his whole family
will attend the ceremony in overalls.

Uh, Linda. Linda.

Uh, you couldn't by any chance
be speaking of oneJimmy McBride?

The one and only.

Jimmy McBride and you?

How perfectly wonderful.

l-It's sensational.

But tell me.

Uh, uh, when and how?

I got him on the rebound,
UncleJervis...

- but I got him, and that's all that I care about.

- Well, congratulations, my dear.

Your mother will give you the biggest
wedding this town has ever known.

- Do you think so?

- I know so. You know why?

- Because I'm going to pay for it.
- Oh, thank you!
I hope you'll be very happy.
Now, make a list of the presents you want.
A long, long list.
Don't stint.
- You're only doing this once, you know.
- Oh, UncleJervis, I love you.
- I love you. If you'll excuse me, I'm expecting-
- Of course. I understand.
Oh, oh. Listen, honey.
Uh, how is, uh-
Uh, how- how is Julie?
- Julie Andre?
- Mmm.
She's- Oh, she's having the most
dreadful time. She's terribly unhappy.
Is she?
I thought you'd be glad to hear that.
Good-bye, UncleJervis.
- Good-bye. Good-
- Thank you.
Thank you.
- Griggs.
- Yes?
- Have I been rude to you?
- Most.
Forgive me.
You're utterly charming.
You're a little fat boy with wings
and a bow and arrow, and I'm very fond of you.
Mmm. You're a dandy.
Here we are.
This is where he lives.
- Who shall I ask for?
- Don't worry about it. You're expected.
Thank you, Miss Pritchard.
Thank you for everything.
- Miss Andre.
- Yes.
May I take your coat?
Wait just a moment, please.
- As we continue to view-
- Thank you.

this truly remarkable
collection of art...
one feels more and more
a sense of debt toward its donor.
Now we come to
some of the impressionists...
a group of painters who have always
been a subject of great controversy.
Their break with the past was viewed
with great horror by the academic school...
who had for so long
reigned supreme in French art.
This is a Renoir.
Actually, it is a painting of the daughter
of the marquis de Marineau...
and was said to
have been done in 1894.
Will you please
stay with the group, miss?

- Me?

- We cannot have people wandering off by themselves.

I must insist that
you stay with the rest of us.

Renoir is famous
for his paintings of children...
but this is
one of his finest.

Here we have a Corot.

- In this painting, the foliage,
far more than any signature-
proclaims the painter.

- Note the rich use of browns and yellows.

- Jervis.

A truly fine example
of Corot at his best.

For him, the countryside was
a constant source of inspiration.
The homely, rustic scene is brought
to life here with great sensitivity.

Hello, Julie.

Hello.

- What are you doing here?

- Shh! Quiet, please. Quiet.

- Do you know my guardian?

- Oh, yes. Yes. Very well.
- Oh. You never told me before.
- He asked me not to.
But I knew you were coming here today,
and I had to see him first because...
there was something
very important I wanted to ask him.
Now, ladies and gentlemen,
as is customary, we conclude the tour-
- I'm so happy to see you again.
- with the Pendleton family portraits.
Here we have the portrait
of the first Jervis Pendleton...
painted by
James Abbott McNeill Whistler.
Jervis Pendleton II sat, or-
stood, as you can see,
for John Singer Sargent...
whose portraits are hung in every
important museum in the world.
This is
Jervis Pendleton III...
who, as you can see, has broken with
the family tradition somewhat.
Well, good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen.
That concludes our tour.
Thank you very much.
Oh, miss. The tour is o-
Oh. I beg your pardon, sir.
Yes. Of course, sir. Good day, sir.
Tell me.
When you saw John Smith...
what did you ask him?
Since he's your guardian,
I felt I should ask his permission...
before asking you
to marry me.
Oh. What did he say?
He said I'd have to
wait my turn-
that he wants to
ask you himself first.
Ah.
Well, why don't you?