

SABRINA FAIR

FINAL WHITE SCRIPT

Billy Wilder
Samuel Taylor
Ernest Lehman
October 7, 1953

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Title _____ SABRINA FAIR _____

Signed _____

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SEQUENCE "A"

FADE IN:

1. THE LARRABEE ESTATE

bathed in moonlight. It is a warm summer night. The main residence is a large, handsome example of Georgian country architecture. Beyond it are well-kept gardens and lawns and far beyond, the waters of Long Island Sound. The house is brilliantly lit; a party is in progress. We hear a small dance orchestra playing.

SABRINA'S VOICE

Once upon a time, on the North shore of Long Island, some thirty miles from New York, there lived a small girl on a large estate. The estate was very large indeed and extended in many directions, and had many servants...

2. THE LARRABEE GARAGE

A long, two-story building that can and does house eight cars. Above the garage are the chauffeur's living quarters. The garage doors are open to show the eight family cars neatly backed in: a Rolls Royce limousine of indeterminate age; a long black Chrysler limousine; a new Nash-Healey Sports roadster; a station wagon; a Cadillac sedan; a custom-built Brewster Ford Town Car; a Plymouth coupe; and a jeep. The family chauffeur, Thomas Fairchild, a distinguished-looking man of fifty-five, is washing the Rolls Royce in the courtyard. Helping him with a chammy cloth is a tall, slim girl of about nineteen, not beautiful, but with an oddly attractive, elfin face. She wears a simple cotton dress and moves barefooted through the puddles of water as she dries off the car. Now, as she hears the dance music from off, she puts down the chammy and, unnoticed by Fairchild, walks slowly out of the shot.

Among them was a chauffeur named Fairchild, who had been imported from England twenty years before, together with a new Rolls Royce. Fairchild had a daughter named Sabrina. A fancy name, perhaps, for a chauffeur's daughter, but Fairchild was a fine chauffeur of considerable polish -- like the eight cars in his care.

3. THE LARRABEE ANCHORAGE

SABRINA'S VOICE

In the foreground the boathouse, the dock, the float, with several rowboats tied to it. Beyond it on the water the family boats at their moorings: a 40-foot cruiser; a speedboat; a sailing dinghy; a Luders-16 racing sloop; an International racing sloop; a Six-Meter racing sloop; and an Alden-designed 50-foot ketch. The boats sway gently in the moonlight.

...There was a boatman on the estate to take care of the boats...to put them in the water in the spring, and haul them out in the fall, and scrape their bottoms in winter.

4. THE LARRABEE GROUNDS

The lawns are terraced, and neat gravel paths wind through the flower-beds. There is a tennis court and a large swimming pool, still in the moonlight, and beyond, a greenhouse and scattered outbuildings. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN to a small marble-edged pond in the rose garden. A lone, large goldfish breaks the surface of the water and snaps at a bug.

...There were gardeners to take care of the gardens... and a tree surgeon on a retainer...and a man of no particular title who took care of the outdoor tennis court and the indoor tennis court; the outdoor swimming pool and the indoor swimming pool. There was also a small pool in the garden for a goldfish named George.

5. THE LARRABEE MAIN HOUSE

From the gardens. The party is in full swing, and flows back and forth through open French doors from the drawing room onto the wide flagstoned terrace where the small orchestra plays for dancing. The tune is My Silent Love. The party is formal and of mixed ages, ranging from just out of college to just this side of the grave. The dinner jackets make a pattern of black and white; the evening dresses are summery.

It was the eve of the annual Six-Meter Yacht Races, and as had been traditional on Long Island for the past thirty 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.

6. THE LARRABEES

SABRINA'S VOICE

Start on a large, handsome group portrait of the family. It was painted in the middle twenties and is an expensive, well-handled conversation piece in the style of Sargent. At center, erect and handsome, stand Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Larrabee, he in his forties, she in her thirties. Flanking them are their two sons: next to Mr. Larrabee is Linus Larrabee, at the age of fifteen, holding a toy sailboat and looking serious; on the other side, next to Mrs. Larrabee, David, aged six, sits on a hobbyhorse. He is a beautiful child.

The portrait hangs over the mantel in the Larrabee drawing room, and as the CAMERA DRAWS BACK, we discover the four Larrabees in person standing beneath the portrait in very much the same grouping. They are in evening dress and are greeting late arrivals to the party.

Twenty-six years have passed; the sons have grown a little; the parents have shrunk a little. But Maude Larrabee, who has been a reigning beauty all her life, shows no signs of abdicating at fifty-eight, and Oliver Larrabee, at seventy, retains all his courtly charm.

Linus in black dinner jacket, still looking serious, discovers that he has a folded newspaper in a side pocket of his jacket. He takes it out and transfers it to the inside breast pocket, and as he does, we see that it is the Wall Street Journal.

There were four of the Larrabees in all: father, mother, and two sons.

Maude and Oliver Larrabee were married in nineteen hundred and six. The event was a highlight of the social season, and among their many wedding presents was a town house in New York, and this estate for weekends. The town house has since been converted into Saks Fifth Avenue.

Linus Larrabee, the elder son, graduated from Groton and Yale, where he was voted The Man Most Likely to Succeed. At that time he was worth five million dollars. He has brilliantly justified his classmates' faith in him, and at his last class reunion was voted the man most likely to leave Yale fifty million dollars.

6. David, in a white dinner jacket, his eyes roving about the room evaluating the feminine contingent, reaches over to a vase of flowers, picks a single blue cornflower, and puts it in his buttonhole. Then his eyes light up; he excuses himself and crosses the drawing room (CAMERA WITH HIM) to a particularly attractive young lady. She goes into his arms and they dance toward the open French doors.

SABRINA'S VOICE
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 in Linus' tax return as a five-hundred dollar deduction.

7. THE TERRACE

David Larrabee is definitely a cheek-to-cheek man. He and the young lady (her name is Gretchen Van Horn), dance out onto the terrace from the drawing room and weave deftly in among the other couples.

Life was pleasant among the Larrabees, for this was as close to heaven as one could get on Long Island...

8. THE GIRL

In the moonlit garden, up a tree, stands the chauffeur's daughter. Like a child peering into a candy shop with nose pressed against the window, she stares wistfully through the branches at the dancers on the terrace.

....and one would take it for granted that a young girl, living on this large estate, would be a very lucky young girl indeed. One must never take anything for granted.

9. DAVID AND GRETCHEN

Dancing on the terrace. David's mouth is close to Gretchen's ear and he is whispering most persuasively. She is smiling and shaking her head.

10. THE GIRL

Her face shows no emotion. Her eyes, deep, wide and sad, follow every move of David and Gretchen.

11. THE GARAGE

The chauffeur, Fairchild, notices that Sabrina is gone. He looks around for her.

11.

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina?.... Sabrina?

Then he sees her in the tree off scene. He picks up her shoes and starts toward her.

12.

SABRINA

She stands in the tree watching David and Gretchen, giving no sign that she has heard the call. Fairchild enters the shot.

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina! Come on down from there.

SABRINA

(Still looking off)

Yes, father.

FAIRCHILD

Come on.

(She slides down
the tree)

You'd better go to your room and finish packing.

SABRINA

(Her eyes fixed on
the terrace)

Yes, father. Who is that girl?

FAIRCHILD

Which girl?

SABRINA

The one with David.

FAIRCHILD

Her name is Van Horn. Gretchen
Van Horn. Chase National Bank.

SABRINA

I hate girls who giggle all the time.

FAIRCHILD

You hate every girl David looks at.

(Pause)

Sabrina, you can't go on like this about David all your life. You understand that. You've got to get over it.

12.

SABRINA

Yes, father.

FAIRCHILD

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

SABRINA

Yes, father.

FAIRCHILD

(Handing her the shoes)
Come along, Sabrina.

SABRINA

In a minute. You go ahead. I'll
be up soon.

He looks at her sympathetically, for she has never
taken her eyes off David. Then he turns and goes.
She doesn't move. Suddenly her eyes widen with
apprehension.

13.

DAVID AND GRETCHEN

They have stopped dancing. He has her to one side
of the terrace backed up against a wall. He leans
over her with his hands flat against the wall, hold-
ing her imprisoned, and is whispering to her most
urgently now. She is giggling and shaking her head,
but then something he says scores, and she stops and
looks up at him with a coquettish smile. He says
something more. She raises her eyebrows, smiles
again and nods, then slips out from under his arms
and hurries off the terrace, making sure that she is
not observed.

14.

THE GARDEN

Sabrina stands by the tree, her eyes following
Gretchen off-scene. We hear Gretchen's RUNNING
FOOTSTEPS on the gravel path. Gretchen runs into
the shot and stops, irresolute.

GRETCHEN

Oh! Do you know where the tennis
court is?

SABRINA

Which one? Indoor or outdoor?

GRETCHEN

Indoor.

14.

SABRINA

(Raising her arm and
pointing solemnly
off-scene)

Beyond the outdoor.

Gretchen lifts her skirts and hurries off in that direction, leaving a small giggle in her wake.

Sabrina watches her go. Then her glance goes back to -

14A.

DAVID

He is standing at the outdoor bar, surreptitiously tucking two long-stemmed champagne glasses into the back pockets of his trousers. Now he pulls his tuxedo jacket down over the protruding glasses, takes a bottle of champagne from the bar, conceals it under his arm and walks off in the direction of the tennis courts.

14B.

SABRINA

She steps into the shadow of the tree in order not to be seen by David. David comes into the shot, sauntering gaily along the path. As he passes Sabrina, the nearness of him is more than she can bear. Involuntarily, she drops the shoes to the ground.

DAVID

(Looking around)

Oh. It's you, Sabrina.

SABRINA

Hello, David.

DAVID

I thought it was somebody.

SABRINA

No. It's nobody.

David goes right on toward the tennis courts.

Sabrina looks after him. Then she slides her feet into the shoes, and, as though drawn, moves off in the same direction.

15. EXT. INDOOR TENNIS COURT

The moon shines down on the building with its glass roof and enormous windows. David goes through the door. Sabrina, following at a distance, moves to a window.

16. INT. TENNIS COURT

It is vast and empty and highly romantic, with moonlight pouring through the glass roof and the windows, flooding the red clay court. The net is up. David has entered and stands holding the champagne bottle as he looks around with a cocky smile.

DAVID

Yoo-hoo! Tennis anyone?

He hears a giggle from the other end of the court and then sees Gretchen as she steps out of the shadow far on the other side of the net.

DAVID

What do we call this -- mixed singles?

Gretchen giggles again. David, taking the glasses out of his rear pockets, advances toward her down the center of the court and starts to climb over the net.

GRETCHEN

Oh, no! Whatever you do, you have to stay on your side of the net.

DAVID

That'll be a little difficult, Gretchen.

GRETCHEN

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

DAVID

(Pulling his leg back to his side of the net)

Okay. I'll serve.

He puts the two glasses down on the court at his feet and begins to open the bottle of champagne.

17. SABRINA - FROM INSIDE

her little face peering through the window.

18. DAVID

fiddling with the champagne bottle. The cork comes out with a sharp pop and shoots toward --

19. SABRINA'S FACE

behind the window. The cork smacks against the window just where she is. She ducks out of sight behind some bushes.

20. SABRINA - FROM OUTSIDE

After a moment, she cautiously moves her head out from behind the bushes and peers through the window again. Over her head, and shooting through the window, we see David and Gretchen, but we cannot hear their voices. David has filled the glasses with champagne and reaches way over the net to hand one to Gretchen. She takes it and quickly pulls back. As she raises the glass to her lips to drink, David saunters casually to the net-post nearest the window and, with a practised flip of his hand, loosens the ratchet, and now the crank starts to unwind crazily. Slowly, as David walks back to the center of the court, the net begins to drop. By the time he is standing before the horrified Gretchen, the net between them has sagged to the ground. He smiles wickedly. Her mouth frames unheard words of protest. Slowly he steps across the fallen net and moves toward her. Slowly she begins to fall back, still protesting. Irresistibly, David advances after her, and now they have moved out of the frame. For a moment, her back to camera, Sabrina watches them off scene. Suddenly she turns, her face shocked, stricken, and then she runs off.

21. OMITTED

22. THE GARDENS

Sabrina comes running across the lawn toward the garage. She slows down and walks heavily, looking straight ahead, without emotion. A young couple in evening dress comes hurrying down the path from the terrace.

THE YOUNG MAN

I beg your pardon. Where is the indoor tennis court?

SABRINA

(Flatly)

It's busy. Try the boathouse.

22. She has kept right on walking, and now moves out of the shot. The two look after her, then turn and head for the boathouse.

23. EXT. THE GARAGE

Sabrina crosses the courtyard and ascends the stairs to the garage apartment.

24. INT. FAIRCHILD'S BEDROOM

Fairchild, in pajamas, has just finished washing his face. The window is open and looks out on the balcony running the length of the building. Sabrina passes the window.

FAIRCHILD

(Calling)

Sabrina.

She stops.

FAIRCHILD

You won't forget your passport in the morning.

SABRINA

No, father.

FAIRCHILD

(Gently)

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

SABRINA

I know, father.

FAIRCHILD

And it's the best cooking school in the world, Sabrina. If your mother were alive, she would be very happy to know that you were going there. After all, she was the best cook on Long Island.

Sabrina stands quietly, looking straight ahead.

FAIRCHILD

I'm not telling you that you have to be a cook, as she was, and that I want you to marry a chauffeur, like me. But you know how I feel about it. Your mother and I had a

24.

FAIRCHILD (Cont'd)
good life together, and we were
respected by everyone. That's as
much as anyone can want in this
world. Don't reach for the moon,
child.

SABRINA

No, father.

FAIRCHILD

And besides, it never hurt a young
girl to learn how to cook, did it,
Sabrina.

SABRINA

No, father.

FAIRCHILD

I'll wake you at seven. The boat
leaves at noon.
(She nods)
Goodnight.

SABRINA

Goodnight, father.

She walks on.

25.

SABRINA'S BEDROOM

It is a small, neat room furnished with old-fashioned
bentwood furniture. It is dark but for the moonlight
flooding through the window. There is an open suit-
case, partly packed, on the bed, and another on the
floor. A few articles of clothing yet to be packed
are strewn about the room.

Sabrina enters, closes the door mechanically, crosses
the room and sits stiffly in a rocker. She remains
there quietly listening to the dance music from the
terrace. The song is Isn't It Romantic?.

26.

THE TERRACE

The couples are swaying dreamily to the music. The
saxophone player has risen to his feet and is singing
the lyrics of the song.

27. INT. INDOOR TENNIS COURT

David and Gretchen, with their arms about each other, are dancing very closely and slowly in the vast emptiness of the court. Over it can be heard the singer's voice singing Isn't It Romantic?.

28. INT. SABRINA'S ROOM

Sabrina still in the rocker. She has not moved. The orchestra continues into another chorus of the same song. Abruptly she rises, walks to her little desk like a somnambulist, turns on the desk light, sits down, takes a piece of paper and a pen and begins to write.

29. SABRINA'S HAND

writing.

Dearest Father:

I don't want to go to Paris.
I don't want to go anywhere.
I want to die.

30. SABRINA - AT THE DESK

She pauses for a moment, then goes on writing. Her face shows no emotion, no self pity.

31. SABRINA'S HAND

writing.

Goodbye, Father. Please forgive
me. I love you.

Sabrina

P.S. Don't let David come to the
funeral. I couldn't bear it.

32. SABRINA

She folds the letter neatly, puts it in an envelope, gets up, turns off the light and crosses to the door with the letter in her hand. At the door she pauses,

32. turns back into the room and crosses to a small aquarium on the window-sill, in which a couple of brilliantly colored tropical fish swim about. She picks up a can of fish food and sprinkles some in the aquarium. Then she taps her finger against the glass to inform her pets that dinner is served. She smiles down at the fish. This is the first time we see Sabrina smile. But it is only for a moment. Her face becomes solemn again. She turns and walks out of the room.

33. THE BALCONY ABOVE THE GARAGE

Sabrina comes out of her room, closes the door carefully, proceeds along the balcony to the outside of her father's room, makes sure the window is dark, then slips the letter under his door.

34. INT. FAIRCHILD'S ROOM

Start on the letter being slipped under the door. PAN UP AND OVER to the bed. Fairchild is asleep.

35. EXT. GARAGE

Sabrina arrives at the foot of the stairs, looks about, then goes to the garage, swings up one of the doors and goes in.

36. INT. GARAGE

Sabrina pulls the garage door down, closing herself inside. Moonlight floods in through the windows. She is alone with the eight cars. She gets into the Rolls Royce, starts the motor, steps out on the far side, steps into the Cadillac, starts the motor, steps out, steps into the sports car, starts the motor, steps out, and steps into the station wagon, starts the motor.

37. INT. FAIRCHILD'S ROOM

Fairchild is asleep. From downstairs comes the SOUND of the four running motors. We hear Sabrina start the fifth one. Fairchild, in his sleep, senses the noise but it does not awaken him. He merely rolls over in his bed and pulls the covers closer.

38. INT. GARAGE

Sabrina has just started the seventh motor, the Chrysler limousine, and now climbs into the jeep and starts it. The garage is filled now with the cacophony of eight different motors going at once, each sounding off in a different key. Sabrina steps out of the jeep, goes around to the back of the cars, looks down along the line of quivering exhausts, then stretches herself out on the concrete. Close to her, the exhaust of the Cadillac is emitting round, euphonious, elegant blurps. The jeep, however, at the end of the row, suddenly erupts with a vulgar series of loud belches. Sabrina, startled, looks at it and then up at the ceiling apprehensively, afraid it will wake her father.

39. INT. FAIRCHILD'S ROOM

By this time the room and everything in it is quivering gently, and from below rises the hum of the eight motors. Fairchild, disturbed, turns restlessly in his sleep.

40. INT. GARAGE

Sabrina, sitting up, is turned toward the jeep and is shushing it pleadingly. The jeep obediently subsides to a quiet series of small burps. Sabrina lies down again, her eyes fixed on a clear-story window high in the garage wall above her.

41. GARAGE WINDOW - FROM HER POINT OF VIEW

Through it she can see the full moon shining brightly. We hear the constant, varied SOUND of the motors and exhausts, and faintly, the dance music from the terrace.

42. SABRINA

looking up at the window. She raises her arm slowly, hand outstretched, as though she were reaching for the moon.

43. GARAGE WINDOW - FROM HER POINT OF VIEW

The moon shines down in the distance. Her outstretched hand reaches for a moment, then slowly sinks out of sight. A cloud drifts across the moon.

44.

SABRINA

She coughs once. Then again. She gets up and opens a window. Then she returns to her spot and lies down again. After a long moment, there is the sudden harsh clanging SOUND of a garage door being raised. She sits up, startled, and looks.

45.

THE GARAGE DOOR

In the open door stands Linus. He looks about, baffled to find all the car motors running. He steps in, coughing, and flips on the light.

LINUS

What the ---! What's going on?
Fairchild?....Fairchild? Is any-
body here?

He throws open another door.

Sabrina, in back of the cars and out of sight, bends low and scuttles for the far end of the garage. As she goes she coughs,

Linus, opening the third door, hears the cough and whirls.

LINUS

Who's there?

Sabrina stops in her tracks. He spots her.

LINUS

Come out of there!

Sabrina slowly straightens up.

LINUS

(Surprised)

Sabrina!

SABRINA

Hello.

LINUS

Sabrina, what are you doing here?

SABRINA

Just...checking the spark plugs.

LINUS

The what?

45.

SABRINA

(Quickly)

Father was worried because one of the spark plugs was missing, and I wanted to find out which one it was for him.

By now Linus is climbing in and out of cars shutting off the motors.

LINUS

So you started all the motors and closed the doors?

SABRINA

I didn't want to disturb anyone.

LINUS

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

SABRINA

No. I wanted to surprise him.

She coughs. He grabs her by the hand.

LINUS

Come on out of here!

He drags her out of the garage.

46.

EXT. GARAGE - LINUS AND SABRINA

LINUS

Breathe deep.

(She breathes)

Deeper! Deeper!

She takes a very deep breath and topples over. He catches her, so that she falls across his shoulder, her head dangling down his back. He starts carrying her up the stairs, whacking her derriere.

LINUS

Wake up! Come on!

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46.

SABRINA
(One eye opening)
What happened?

LINUS
You blacked out.

SABRINA
What are you doing?

LINUS
Carrying you upstairs.

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

47.

STAIRCASE AND BALCONY

Linus, paying no attention to her, carries her up
like a fireman.

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

SABRINA
(Hanging down his back)
It does?

LINUS
What do you think would have hap-
pened if I hadn't come along?

SABRINA
I'd have died.

LINUS
And fast, too! Eight cars! One
could have done it.

SABRINA
Really?

LINUS
It's a good thing Mrs. Van Horn
asked me to drive her home.

SABRINA
Mrs. Van Horn? Gretchen's mother?

47.

LINUS

Keep breathing!

SABRINA

Why doesn't Gretchen drive her home?

LINUS

Because Gretchen has disappeared.

Instinctively Sabrina raises her hand behind Linus' back, and points in the direction of the indoor tennis court.

SABRINA

Uh ---- uh ----

But then, she thinks better of giving David away, and drops her hand.

By this time Linus has carried her to the door of her room. He throws open the door and sets her down.

LINUS

(Severely)

Now. Next time you start a car, make sure the garage doors are open. Understand?

She nods.

LINUS

You'd think a chauffeur's daughter would know better.

SABRINA

Thank you ever so. Goodnight.

She turns and walks into the room and closes the door on him.

48.

INT. SABRINA'S ROOM

Sabrina stands at the center of the room, weaving. We hear Linus' footsteps recede. Sabrina trudges over to the bed and is about to plunk herself down, when a thought strikes her, and she stiffens. She turns and trudges out of the room.

49.

INT. FAIRCHILD'S ROOM

Fairchild is sleeping. Sabrina's goodbye letter lies on the floor near the door. The door opens

49.

slowly and Sabrina appears. She bends down to pick up the letter. It's the bending over that does it. Suddenly there is a glazed look in her eyes, then she blacks out and falls flat on her face, the letter in her outstretched hand.

The crash of her fall awakens Fairchild. He sits bolt upright in bed, turns on the light, then sees the prostrate body of his daughter holding out a letter to him.

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina!

He jumps out of bed and rushes to her, and goes down on his knees in front of her.

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina!

He lifts her head. She opens her eyes.

SABRINA

(Weakly)

Is it time to go to the boat?

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "A"

SEQUENCE "B"

FADE IN:

50.

PARIS ON A CLEAR DAY

The Eiffel Tower prominent in the view. From below the screen, a face rises into the shot. It belongs to the professor of the cooking school, who is dressed in a chef's uniform with a high bonnet. As he speaks, the CAMERA DRAWS BACK and we find ourselves in a large classroom with a row of ovens along one wall and two rows of work tables running down the length of the room. Behind each table stands a pupil at attention. There are about eighteen in all, of both sexes and varying ages, and all in aprons. Among them is Sabrina. In front of each student are two bowls; one empty, one filled with fresh eggs.

PROFESSOR

Bonjour, Messieurs et Mesdames.
Yesterday, we have learned the correct way how to boil water. Today we will learn the correct way how to crack an egg.

He has picked up an egg and holds it delicately between thumb and forefinger.

PROFESSOR

Voila, an egg. An egg is not a stone, it is not made of wood, it is a living thing. It has 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. Voila! One, two, three, crack!

Holding the egg in one hand, he taps it smartly against the edge of the empty bowl, and with a flick of the wrist drops yolk and white into the bowl and tosses the shell away.

PROFESSOR

You see, it is all in the wrist.
And now, everybody! Take an egg!

He leaves the platform and walks down the aisle between the rows of pupils, barking out the command.

PROFESSOR

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

50.

The pupils crack eggs in unison as he proceeds down the room inspecting their technique. He comes to a stop before Sabrina, who stands motionless with her right hand hidden behind her back.

PROFESSOR

(To her, peremptorily)

One, two, three, crack! Take an egg! Crack!

Slowly Sabrina produces her hand. A crushed raw egg runs down between her fingers.

PROFESSOR

The wrist! Like a whip! You watch!

He takes an egg and cracks it against the edge of the bowl vehemently. It breaks with a splash, and now he stands there with egg on his hand. With as much dignity as he can muster, he proceeds on up the aisle wiping one hand on the other.

PROFESSOR

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

New egg! One, two, three, crack!

DISSOLVE TO:

51.

THE LARRABEE KITCHEN - (MORNING)

It is a large, old-fashioned kitchen, with modern appliances. Fairchild, in uniform, is seated at the center table reading a letter to some of the other servants: a parlor maid and a butler, seated at the table with him drinking coffee; a house man in the background shining shoes; a house maid at a counter setting up a breakfast tray; and Margaret, the cook, at the stove, frying bacon.

FAIRCHILD

(Reading)

Dear Father, or Cher Papa, as we say over here. Isn't my French getting good? Well, we finally finished our four-week course in sauces, and thank goodness! I thought soups were tough, but sauces just about killed me. I almost flunked my Hollandaise -- it kept separating on me...

MARGARET

Too much vinegar. Does she mention David?

51.

Just then, the house telephone RINGS TWICE, and the Number 3 drops.

HOUSE MAN

It's Mr. Linus, Tom. He's ready to go into town.

Fairchild puts on his cap and gets up.

MARGARET

(Impatiently)

What about David? What does she say about David?

FAIRCHILD

(Glancing at the letter again)

Not a word.

BUTLER

That's good.

FAIRCHILD

Wait a minute. Here's something.

(Reading)

I don't think of David very much anymore...

PARLOR MAID

That's good!

FAIRCHILD

(Reading)

...except at night.

The servants all look at one another grimly.

BUTLER

That's bad.

FAIRCHILD

(Reading)

I decided to be sensible the other day and tore up David's picture.

MARGARET

That's good.

FAIRCHILD

(Reading)

Could you please airmail me some scotch tape?

BUTLER

That's bad.

51.

Fairchild hurries out, tucking the letter in his pocket.

PARLOR MAID

(Philosophically)

I guess we all have to go through it.
When I was Sabrina's age, I had a mad
crush on one of the Rockefeller boys.

MARGARET

What happened?

PARLOR MAID

What do you think happened?
(Points to the house man
shining shoes)
I married a Vanderbilt!

52.

EXT. THE MAIN HOUSE

The front door opens and Linus appears, dressed for town in a conservative business suit and Homburg. He carries a briefcase and an umbrella. He comes out of the house, CAMERA WITH HIM. The Chrysler limousine stands waiting for him, Fairchild at the open door.

LINUS

Morning, Fairchild.

FAIRCHILD

Good morning, sir.

Linus glances up at the sky.

FAIRCHILD

A beautiful day, sir.

LINUS

(Briskly)

All right. Take the Parkway. Two
windows open. Thirty-five miles
an hour.

FAIRCHILD

Yes, sir.

Linus is about to step into the car when he hears the ROAR of the Nash-Healey coming up the driveway, and David's voice bellowing Isn't It Romantic?. Linus looks off.

David comes speeding up to the front of the house and jams on the brakes. He is wearing a tuxedo and a wide grin.

52.

DAVID

(Jumping out of his car)
Good morning, Linus. Where are you
off to?

LINUS

The office. Where do you think?

DAVID

The office? On Sunday?

LINUS

(Getting into limousine)
Today is Wednesday.

DAVID

(Calling to him)
There must be something wrong with
my calendar wristwatch. So long!

Fairchild, by now, is behind the wheel, and the limousine drives off. David goes on toward the house holding his wristwatch to his ear and singing Isn't It Romantic?.

53.

INT. THE LIMOUSINE

going down the driveway of the Larrabee estate and then turning on to the main highway. Linus picks up the receiver of the mobile telephone which is built into the car.

LINUS

(Into phone)

This is K L seven - five two six
three. Get me Bowling Green nine -
one oh nine nine.

(A moment's wait. Then:)

Good morning, Miss McCardle. How
did the market open?

(Repeating after her)

Industrials, two-fifty-nine point
three five. Up a dollar ten. Rails,
ninety-four point oh six. Up fifty-
eight cents. Utilities, forty-seven
point two one, off eleven cents...Okay.
Now - take an inter-office memo - from
Linus Larrabee to David Larrabee. Dear
David. This is to remind you that you
are a Junior Partner in Larrabee In-
dustries; that our building is located
at Thirty Broad Street, New York, and
that your office is on the twenty-second
floor. Our normal week is Monday through
Friday, and our working hours are nine
to five.

53.

LINUS

Should you find this inconvenient, you are free to retire under the Larrabee Pension Plan. Having been with the company for one year, you will be entitled to sixty-five cents a month for the rest of your life.

(He looks out of the window)

Just left the house, Miss McCardle. You can put the coffee on in thirty-five minutes.

He hangs up, opens the brief case and takes out some papers. Then his eyes fall on Fairchild.

LINUS

What do you hear from your daughter, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD

(Automatically)

She still loves him.

LINUS

I beg your pardon?

FAIRCHILD

I mean...she loves the cooking school, sir.

Linus nods and picks up the papers and starts to study them.

FAIRCHILD

(To himself)

But she'll get over it.

DISSOLVE TO:

54.

INT. PARIS COOKING SCHOOL - (DAY)

Through the round window giving on the Eiffel Tower, we see that snow is falling. The pupils are standing at attention in a line before the ovens, among them Sabrina.

PROFESSOR

Now, Monsieur, Mesdames, soon we will see how you have learned the lesson of the souffle. The souffle -- it must be gay, GAY, GAY! Like two butterflies dancing the waltz in the summer breeze.

54.

He is lost in the beautiful thought for a moment, then snaps to and looks at his watch.

PROFESSOR

Very well. Everybody to the ovens!

The pupils turn, open the ovens, take out their souffles in casseroles and hold them out for inspection. The professor puts on his glasses, and walks from souffle to souffle, touching, sniffing, generally evaluating.

PROFESSOR

Too low...too pale...too heavy...
too high, you are exaggerating...

Now he has stopped before a small, dapper old gentleman of about seventy-five who stands holding out a beautiful souffle.

PROFESSOR

(Ecstatically)

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

Next in line is Sabrina. The professor moves on to her and stares down at her casserole. Nothing has risen from it at all.

PROFESSOR

(Grimly)

Much too low.

SABRINA

(Sadly)

I don't know what happened.

He gives her a look, and moves on down the line of pupils delivering his criticisms. Sabrina walks to her work table and sets down the casserole. The Baron follows her and sets his souffle down beside hers.

BARON

(Gently)

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

SABRINA

Oh.

BARON

I have been watching you for a long time, mademoiselle. Your mind has not been on the cooking. Your mind is somewhere else. You are in love. And I will venture to go a step further - you are unhappily in love.

54.

SABRINA

Does it show?

BARON

Very clearly! The woman happily in love, she burns the souffle; the woman unhappily in love, she forgets to turn on the oven. Am I correct?

SABRINA

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

BARON

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

SABRINA

He doesn't even know I exist.

(She reaches out her
hand apathetically)

I might as well be reaching for
the moon.

BARON

The moon?

(With a smile)

You young people, you are so old-
fashioned. Have you not heard?
We are building rockets to reach
the moon.

He appraises her with a quick, bird-like movement
of his head.

BARON

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

SABRINA

A horse?

BARON

(Pointing to the back
of her hair-do)

The tail -- it must go.

A little smile of anticipation dawns on Sabrina's
face as we

DISSOLVE TO:

55. EXT. LARRABEE GARAGE - (A SUNNY MORNING)

The garage doors are open, and the Rolls-Royce, its hood raised, stands outside. Fairchild, in work clothes, is leaning against a fender, surrounded by the other servants: Margaret; the house man; the parlor maid; and the butler. Fairchild is reading aloud the latest letter from Sabrina.

FAIRCHILD

(Reading)

...His name is the Baron Saint Font-enelle, and he really is a saint. He came to the cooking school to take a refresher course in souffles, and liked me so much he decided to stay on for the fish...

MARGARET

What about David? What does she say about David?

BUTLER

David! She's got a Baron!

FAIRCHILD

(Continuing to read)

...He is seventy-four years old...

(There is an "Oh" from the servants)

...and very sweet and very wise. He has a box at the opera, a racing stable, wonderful paintings, and his own vineyards; and he has introduced me to all kinds of lovely people. Tomorrow night he is taking me to a very fashionable charity ball, and I have an evening dress just for the occasion. If David could only see me in it. Yards of skirt and way off the shoulders!

Fairchild stops; they all turn. David is crossing the courtyard from the main house toward the garage. He is dressed for town, in Panama hat and gray business suit. In his hand is a folded newspaper and he is obviously in a foul mood.

SERVANTS

Good morning.

DAVID

Morning.

(Seeing them in a group)

What's going on?

55.

FAIRCHILD

A letter from Sabrina, sir.

DAVID

(Moving on)

Oh.

MARGARET

(After him)

Would you like to read it, Mr.
David? There's something about
you in it...

But David has gone right on into the garage. He
climbs into the sports car, starts the motor, and
with a WHOOSH, the car takes off like a rocket, past
the servants and on through the archway. The servants
look after him.

FAIRCHILD

Poor Sabrina.

BUTLER

What's the matter with him, anyway?

PARLOR MAID

He's getting married again, that's
what's the matter with him.

FAIRCHILD

He is?

PARLOR MAID

Mmm hmmm. Number Four.

MARGARET

Who says so?

PARLOR MAID

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

DISSOLVE TO:

56.
thru
62.

BROAD STREET - (DAY)

David's sports car weaves its way rapidly through
traffic and pulls up before the Larrabee Building.
David, still holding the folded newspaper in his
clenched hand, leaps out of the car and dashes
through the revolving door into the building.

56.
thru
62.

PAN OVER TO AND UP a bank of brass plaques set into the marble facade of the building. They read:
LARRABEE INDUSTRIES, LTD. - LARRABEE HOLDING CORP. *
LARRABEE TOOL CO. * LARRABEE SOUTHERN SULPHUR CORP. *
LARRABEE SHIPPING CO. * LARRABEE PULP AND PAPER, INC. *
LARRABEE CONSTRUCTION CO. * LARRABEE COPPER CORP. *
LARRABEE LAND AND WATER CO. * THE LARRABEE FOUNDATION.
CONTINUE PANNING UP to the carved inscription over the building entrance, which reads: LARRABEE BUILDING, and then straight up on the height of the skyscraper.

DISSOLVE TO:

63.

OUTER OFFICE - LINUS LARRABEE'S SUITE

It is large, dignified. Eight secretaries, large, dignified. David hurries in determinedly and stops at the desk closest to the door marked: LINUS LARRABEE - PRIVATE.

DAVID

Is he in? Is my brother in?

SECRETARY

Yes he is, Mr. David. But he's very busy.

DAVID

I want to see him.

SECRETARY

(Looking at appointment book)

How about three-thirty this afternoon?

DAVID

I want to see him now.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. David, I have my orders. He's working with the lawyers on the plastics deal.

DAVID

(With forced calm)

Miss McCardle. Will you press that button, or shall I take you in my arms and break down that door, using you as a battering ram?

SECRETARY

Mr. David!

63.

DAVID
(Sweetly)
Make up your mind.

She presses the button. The wide door opens.

64.

LINUS' PRIVATE OFFICE

It is spacious and modern, commanding an impressive view of lower Manhattan and the harbor and the rivers. There is a ticker tape and an Associated Press teletype. A door conceals a built-in kitchenette and another door leads to a small bedroom and bath. David barges in.

DAVID
Linus, I want to talk to you!

Linus and three lawyers look up from a document-strewn desk.

LINUS
Ask Miss McCardle for an appointment.

DAVID
Don't give me any of that appointment business. Because I'm mad!
I'm really steamed!

Linus dismisses the lawyers with a nod of his head, and while they exit, he turns to David.

LINUS
All right now. What's the trouble?

DAVID
How did this get in the paper?

LINUS
What?

DAVID
(Reading)
"It looks like wedding bells for David Larrabee again. The girl is Elizabeth Tyson of the Oyster Bay Tysons."

LINUS
Congratulations.

64.

He presses a button; a drawer slides open; he takes a revolver from the drawer.

DAVID

(Slapping the paper)

Did you plant this?

LINUS

Me? I thought it was common knowledge about you and Elizabeth Tyson. You like her, don't you?

DAVID

I like her a lot.

LINUS

Well?

DAVID

I like a lot of girls a lot.

LINUS

You can say that again.

Linus has walked over to a steel cabinet containing a transparent sheet of plastic. He aims the gun at it.

DAVID

What are you going to do with that gun?

Linus fires three shots.

LINUS

(Crossing to the cabinet)

Greatest plastic ever made.

(He takes out the sheet)

Look at it. Not a scratch. Wonder how it would stand up against a bazooka?

DAVID

Will you put that thing away!

LINUS

(Flipping on the intercom)

Miss McCardle, call General Stanton on Governor's Island and ask him if we can borrow a bazooka.

DAVID

To come back to my problem -- if you don't mind...

64.

LINUS

Let me have your lighter.

DAVID

(Handing him the lighter)

-- I do not intend to marry Elizabeth Tyson.

LINUS

(Holding the flame under the sheet of plastic)

Doesn't burn, doesn't scorch, doesn't melt. How about that?

DAVID

Look, Linus, I've been married before. I've had it. Three times I've had it!

LINUS

But this is the first time the family approves. Because for once, you're going to settle down and do something constructive.

(He holds out the plastic)

Taste it.

DAVID

What's so constructive about marrying Elizabeth Tyson?

LINUS

Taste it!

David licks the plastic with his tongue.

DAVID

It's sweet.

LINUS

That's right. It's made from sugar cane.

DAVID

(It begins to dawn)

Now wait a minute! This wouldn't have anything to do with the fact that the Tysons own the largest sugar cane holdings in Puerto Rico?

LINUS

Second largest. The largest have no daughter.

DAVID

It's all beginning to make sense. Mr. Tyson owns the sugar cane, you own the formula for the plastic, and I'm to be offered up as a human sacrifice on the altar of industrial progress. Is that it?

64.

LINUS

(Smiling)

You make it sound so vulgar, David -- as if the son of the hot dog dynasty were being married off to the daughter of the mustard king. You're not going to hold it against Elizabeth Tyson just because her father happens to have twenty million dollars? That's very narrow-minded, David.

DAVID

You've overlooked one thing. I haven't proposed, and she hasn't accepted.

LINUS

Don't worry. I proposed and Mr. Tyson accepted.

DAVID

Did you kiss him?

LINUS

Now, David. Elizabeth is the loveliest girl around, and sooner or later you would have proposed to her anyway. I just wanted to help you make up your mind.

DAVID

Why don't you marry her?

LINUS

Me?

(He starts laughing)

DAVID

What's so funny? You want to die an old maid?

LINUS

I was just thinking -- if I ever got married, I'd have to take a dictaphone on my honeymoon, and two secretaries, and three corporation lawyers. I'd be unfaithful to my wife every night of our marriage -- with boards of directors, vice-presidents and slide-rule accountants.

(Looking around)

This is my home. No wife could ever understand that.

64.

DAVID

Neither can I. You've got all the money in the world.

LINUS

What's money got to do with it? If making money were all there was to business, it would hardly be worth going to the office. Money is just a by-product.

DAVID

What's the main objective? Power?

LINUS

That's become a dirty word.

DAVID

Well, then, what's the urge? So you're going into plastics, now. What'll that prove?

LINUS

Prove? Nothing much. A new product has been found, something of use to the world, and so a new industry moves into an undeveloped area. Factories go up, machines are brought in, a harbor is dug, and you're in business. It is purely coincidental, of course, that people who never saw a dime before will suddenly have a dollar, and that barefoot children will wear shoes, and have their teeth fixed, and their faces washed. What's wrong with the kind of urge that gives people a hospital and a library and a baseball diamond and a movie on Saturday night?

DAVID

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

Linus presses all the buttons on his desk.

LINUS

Look at this stuff, David!

He picks up a sheet of the plastic about ten feet long, and during the following speech, suspends it on two low tables about six feet apart.

64.

LINUS

You'll fly in a plane made of it, you'll wear a suit made of it, and by the time we're through, you'll probably be able to eat it! We're organizing Larrabee Plastics. Larrabee Construction is ready with the blueprints. Larrabee Shipping has bought nine more freighters to handle the traffic...

DAVID

(Shrinking)

You mean the wheels have started to turn already?

The door has opened and all eight secretaries file in.

LINUS

Would you mind demonstrating the weight test for Mr. David, please?

The secretaries march over to the sheet of plastic suspended between the two tables and step up onto it in a row.

DAVID

I'll take your word for it.

But Linus has already taken him by the elbow and forced him to step up. The secretaries take hold of David and make room for him so that he stands in the middle of the line like a musical comedy juvenile.

LINUS

Up you go! I want you to see how resilient it is. Now! Will you bounce please, ladies?

The secretaries start bouncing in unison and David, startled, involuntarily has to bounce with them.

DAVID

Now wait a minute!

LINUS

Some plastic, eh? We're planning a summer wedding, so we can get in on this year's sugar crop. I think you're going to be very happy, David.

DISSOLVE TO:

10-16-53

65.

SABRINA

sitting at a small table in her Paris room writing a letter. It is night; she is in pajamas and bathrobe. She has a chic new hairdo. Faintly, in the distance, an accordion is playing La Vie En Rose, and continues during all of the following. As she writes we hear:

SABRINA'S VOICE

Dearest Father: We shall be graduating next week, and I shall be getting my diploma; and I want to thank you now for the two most wonderful years of my life. I shall always love you for it.

She stops, gets up, goes to the windows and throws them open wider; and now the music of La Vie En Rose fills the room. Sabrina listens at the window a moment, then returns to the table, sits down and continues to write, as we hear:

SABRINA'S VOICE

It is late at night, and someone across the way is playing La Vie En Rose. It is the French way of saying: I am looking at the world through rose-colored glasses, and it says everything I feel. I have learned so many things, Father - not just how to make Vichyssoise or calf's head with sauce vinaigrette, but a much more important recipe. I have learned how to live - how to be in the world and of the world and never to stand aside and watch. And I will never never again run away from life - or from love, either.

(She turns a page)

I am taking the plane home on Friday, Father. You needn't pick me up at the airport. I'll just take the Long Island Railroad and you can meet me at the train -- the four-fifteen.

(With a little smile)

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

DISSOLVE TO:

66.

EXT. GLEN COVE RAILROAD STATION - (DAY)

During the last sentence of Sabrina's foregoing speech, we have DISSOLVED to a CLOSE SHOT of three pieces of handsome luggage standing on a station platform. PULLING BACK, we now see silk-sheathed legs in stylish shoes pacing back and forth; then a silver-gray miniature French poodle on a leash, heeling alongside the legs; and finally, everything that goes with the legs -- an extremely attractive, smartly-dressed young lady. It is Sabrina, returned from Paris, waiting on the deserted platform of the Glen Cove station.

67.

DAVID - IN HIS SPORTS CAR

He drives along the highway, past the station, singing Isn't It Romantic? His eyes fall on --

68.

SABRINA

pacing the station platform with impatient, sinuous grace.

69.

DAVID

slams on the brakes, looks back over his shoulder to check his first impression, then makes a detour and drives into the station.

70.

THE STATION PLATFORM

David pulls up in front of Sabrina.

DAVID

Taxi, Miss? Cheapest rates in Glen Cove!

SABRINA

Well, hello! How are you?

DAVID

(Stunned by her
friendliness)

I'm fine! How are you? And
I might add ... who are you?

SABRINA

(Startled)

Who am I?

70.

DAVID

Am I supposed to know?

SABRINA

(A smile of delight dawning
on her face)

Come to think of it -- no ...
you're not supposed to know.

DAVID

Are you stranded?

SABRINA

My father was supposed to pick me
up, but something must have
happened.

DAVID

Well, whoever your father is, and
whatever happened, I'll be eternally
grateful. That is, if I can give
you a lift.

SABRINA

You certainly can. You can take
me home.

DAVID

(Jumping out of the car)

Good! Where do you live?

SABRINA

Dosoris Lane.

DAVID

Dosoris Lane? Say! That's where
I live!

SABRINA

Really?

DAVID

Sure! We must be neighbors! And if
there's one thing I believe in, it's
'Love thy neighbor'!

SABRINA

(Warmly)

Oh, so do I!

David's eyebrows shoot up, and he opens the door for
her with a big grin.

SABRINA

(To the poodle)

Come on, David.

DAVID

(He does a take)

David! Is his name David?

70.

SABRINA

Yes, it is.

DAVID

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

SABRINA

That is funny, isn't it?

DISSOLVE TO:

71.

thru

73.

DAVID AND SABRINA - IN THE SPORTS CAR

driving down the highway. The dog sits beside Sabrina.

DAVID

Are you sure you don't want to tell me your name?

SABRINA

Positive. This is much too much fun.

DAVID

All right. If you want to play games -- Have you always lived here on Long Island?

SABRINA

Most of my life.

DAVID

I could have sworn I knew every pretty girl on the North Shore.

SABRINA

I could have sworn you took in more territory than that.

DAVID

This is maddening! Because I know I've seen that face before. Let me see your profile again!

SABRINA

Delighted.

(She turns. He studies her)

DAVID

I know I know you. I have a feeling I've seen you with your father. Wait a minute, now! Is your father Admiral Starratt?

SABRINA

Hardly.

71
thru
73

DAVID

(Shakes his head)

Funny - I keep seeing him in a uniform.

(Sabrina just smiles at him)

Come on. Give me a hint. What does your father do?

SABRINA

(Fumbling for it)

He's ... in ... transportation.

DAVID

(Snaps his fingers)

Railroads! New York Central!

SABRINA

No.

DAVID

Planes! TWA!

SABRINA

No.

DAVID

Boats! United States Lines!

SABRINA

No.

DAVID

I pass.

SABRINA

Automobiles.

DAVID

Oh.

(A moment's thought)

Chrysler?

SABRINA

Yes. Chrysler ... Ford ... General Motors ... Rolls-Royce ...

DAVID

(Whistles)

You mean he's on the Board of Directors of all those companies?

SABRINA

Well ... you might say he ... runs things.

71.
thru
73.

DAVID

I bet my brother Linus knows him.

SABRINA

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

DAVID

They do?

SABRINA

(Pointing)

Through there to the garage, please.

DAVID

I feel so stupid I could kill myself!

SABRINA

You'll be all right in a minute.

74.

EXT. GARAGE COURTYARD

The car drives in and comes to a stop. David turns to Sabrina.

DAVID

Look. I'm not just pulling that old line of "Haven't we met somewhere before?" We have met somewhere before.
(Then he looks up, sees where he is)
You don't live here.

SABRINA

Yes, I do.

DAVID

I live here!

SABRINA

Hi, neighbor.

She honks the horn. From the kitchen door stream Margaret, the butler, the housemaid, the houseman.

THE SERVANTS

Sabrina! Sabrina!

Sabrina has jumped out of the car.

SABRINA

Hello! Oh, hello!

They swoop down on her.

MARGARET

(Embracing her)

Sabrina, Brina, my Brina --
(She starts to cry)

74.

SABRINA

Ah Margaret, it's so good to be home!

MARGARET

And look at you! You're such a lady! You've come home such a beautiful lady!

David, out of the car, stands holding the poodle. He is in a state of shock.

SABRINA

Don't cry, Margaret. It isn't anything to cry about, is it?
(To the other servants)
Jenny, it's so good to see you!
And Ernest! And Charles!

BUTLER

Welcome home, Sabrina.

SABRINA

Margaret, please stop crying. I've brought you a hat, Margaret. A real Paris hat for you to wear to church on Sundays. And Jenny, I have something for you.

The Rolls-Royce with Fairchild comes tearing into the courtyard.

SABRINA

Father!

Fairchild leaps out of the car and runs to her.

FAIRCHILD

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

Sabrina throws herself into his arms.

SABRINA

It doesn't matter!

FAIRCHILD

(His eyes misty)
I wouldn't have recognized you, anyway.

SABRINA

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

74.

DAVID

Yeah...

FAIRCHILD

Let's get your bags out of the car.
I'll take them upstairs.

He and the butler go to the sports car.

MARGARET

I'll put some coffee on. You'll
come to the kitchen, Sabrina?

SABRINA

As soon as I've opened my bags.

The servants start away. David walks over to Sabrina,
who stands alone, and hands her the dog.

DAVID

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

SABRINA

It's only fair.

DAVID

How about tonight?

SABRINA

Do you really want to see me?

DAVID

Very much.

SABRINA

You're sure?

DAVID

Yes.

SABRINA

All right.

DAVID

We'll go out on the town, drive
into New York and have a quick drink
at the Stork, then go on to dinner
somewhere! I know a wonderful little
French restaurant over on First Avenue
-- but I don't suppose you'll think
much of it after Paris.

74.

SABRINA

I'll love it.

DAVID

Then we'll go dancing somewhere --

75.

EXT. GARAGE BALCONY

Fairchild has carried the bags up. He stands at the railing looking down at David and Sabrina. His face is troubled.

76.

DAVID AND SABRINA

DAVID

-- and when they throw us out of El Morocco, we'll move on down to the Village. Do you like Dixieland bands?

SABRINA

Oh, yes!

DAVID

I know the greatest! It's --
(Suddenly he remembers something)

Wait a minute. I completely forgot. We're having a big party here at the house tonight.

SABRINA

With an orchestra and dancing?

DAVID

Yes...

SABRINA

Oh, that'll be even more fun!

DAVID

(Embarrassed)

Oh, I don't know. There'll be a lot of dull people around. Family stuff, you know.

SABRINA

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

FAIRCHILD'S VOICE

Sabrina?

SABRINA

In a minute, Father.

76.

SABRINA

(To David)

I have a lovely evening dress!
Yards of skirt and way off the
shoulders! Shall I wear it?

DAVID

(Squirming)

Yes, of course.

SABRINA

Oh David, this couldn't be nicer!
A homecoming party.

(She turns and darts

toward the garage stairs)

I'll have to get the dress out and
press it. See you tonight!

David looks after her with some discomfort as she
starts up the stairs.

From the house, Linus has wandered on to the scene.
He comes up alongside David, who is unaware of him,
and stands there looking up at Sabrina.

Sabrina, running up the stairs, sees Linus and waves
gaily.

SABRINA

Hello, Linus! I'm back!

LINUS

(Vaguely)

Hello.

David turns his head and sees Linus.

DAVID

It's Sabrina. Isn't it amazing?
Would you have recognized her?

(Looking after Sabrina)

The scrawny little kid who used to
whip around corners whenever she
saw us coming. Her knees always
painted with mercurochrome? How
do you like those legs now?

LINUS

(Staring at him)

David --

DAVID

Aren't they something?

LINUS

David, the last pair of legs that
were something cost the family
twenty-five thousand dollars.

77.

SABRINA'S ROOM

The door is open. Fairchild is setting down the bags in the middle of the room. From the balcony comes Sabrina's voice humming 'La Vie En Rose' gaily. She comes in and tosses the poodle onto her bed.

SABRINA

Here you go, David! Father, you haven't met my David, have you? Isn't he adorable?

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina ---

Sabrina is opening the small suitcase.

SABRINA

Wait till you see what I brought you from Paris, Father.

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina, I know I should have mentioned it in my last letter ---

SABRINA

Here we are!

She takes out two neckties, a pair of gloves, suspenders, a bottle of cognac and a beret.

SABRINA

Do you like this one?

She drapes a necktie over his left shoulder.

FAIRCHILD

-- but I didn't want to upset you --

SABRINA

And here!

She holds up a pair of suspenders, which have can-can dancers painted all the way down and hangs them on his arm.

SABRINA

Aren't they gaudy?

(She hands him the bottle)

Real Napoleon brandy.

FAIRCHILD

Sabrina, David is engaged. He's getting married.

77.

SABRINA

I know. Margaret wrote me.
(She places the beret
on his head)
And this is for you to wear on
your day off.

FAIRCHILD

Then you don't care?

SABRINA

Not too much.

FAIRCHILD

(Relieved)

That's good. For a moment there
I thought ---

SABRINA

(With a twinkle)

After all, he's not married yet.

Fairchild's face clouds. He puts the things down on
the bed and takes off the beret.

FAIRCHILD

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

SABRINA

But don't you see, Father? Every-
thing has changed!

FAIRCHILD

Nothing has changed. He is still
David Larrabee, and you are still
the chauffeur's daughter. And you
are still reaching for the moon.

SABRINA

No, Father. The moon is reaching
for me.

FADE OUT.

END OF SEQUENCE "B"

SEQUENCE "C"

FADE IN:

78. FULL MOON

We hear My Silent Love played by a small orchestra. THE CAMERA SLOWLY PANS DOWN, and there is the terrace of the Larrabee house again, and there is the party in full swing. It is a soft summer night; young couples are dancing.

Among the couples: David Larrabee and Elizabeth Tyson. She is a handsome girl, in a strapless evening dress; David is in a white dinner jacket. As they dance, David keeps looking about anxiously for Sabrina, who has not yet appeared.

ELIZABETH

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

DAVID

(Automatically)

Yes, dear.

ELIZABETH

Ten more days! It'll seem like
ten years.

DAVID

(Looking about)

Yes, dear.

ELIZABETH

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

DAVID

(Automatically)

Yes, dear!

ELIZABETH

David!

DAVID

What? I mean, no! What did you
say?

78.

ELIZABETH
Aren't you interested?

DAVID
Yes dear, of course.

They dance past Mr. and Mrs. Larrabee and Mrs. Tyson, a heavy-set woman with a self-satisfied air.

MRS. TYSON
Having a good time, Elizabeth?

With a meaningful look she hoists up on the neckline of her own dress to warn Elizabeth that the girl's dress is sagging a bit.

ELIZABETH
(Not getting it)
Yes, mother.

Urgently Mrs. Tyson repeats the gesture. Elizabeth gets it.

ELIZABETH
Oh! Yes, mother.

She hoists up as David dances her away.

MRS. TYSON
Aren't they a sweet couple?

MRS. LARRABEE
Charming. Elizabeth is a lovely girl.

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

He has lifted a highball from a tray carried by Charles, the butler.

MRS. LARRABEE
Now, Oliver!
(She takes the highball away from him)

MR. LARRABEE
My throat's dry.

MRS. LARRABEE
Have you been smoking?

78.

MR. LARRABEE

Maude, I stopped smoking three months ago. I find it rather sad that after forty-eight years of marriage, distrust should creep into our relationship. I shall join the men in the library.

He leaves them and walks into the house. As he goes, he brings one hand from around his back, and we see that he is carrying a lighted cigar. THE CAMERA PANS ON to the window of the LIBRARY. Through the closed window we see but do not hear Linus demonstrating his plastic to several elderly gentlemen, including Mr. Tyson, a large, aggressive man in his sixties. All of the men except Linus are standing on a long sheet of the plastic which is supported by two low tables and they are bouncing up and down with childish delight. Mr. Larrabee has entered, puffing his cigar, and now picks up someone's drink from the table.

CAMERA PICKS UP David and Elizabeth dancing, on our side of the window, and FOLLOWS them. David is still looking about anxiously.

ELIZABETH

David....?

DAVID

Mmm?

ELIZABETH

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

DAVID

Our chauffeur! What for?

ELIZABETH

Father wants to give me either a Bentley or a Mercedes as a present, and I thought your chauffeur would be able to tell me ---

DAVID

Oh, oh, oh! Of course!

ELIZABETH

What's his name?

DAVID

Sabrina -- I mean -- I'll talk to him, Elizabeth. Don't you bother.

78.

ELIZABETH

(Lovingly)

All right, David. I know you'll
take care of everything.

She lays her head against his chest and closes her eyes. They dance on. Suddenly David sees a young man, dancing by, stare o.s. with startled admiration. Then another young man dancing, and then another. David turns his head and looks.

At the foot of the terrace stands SABRINA. In her lovely Paris evening dress, framed by the dark of the garden behind her, she looks breathtakingly beautiful. She stands there, completely poised, with a small smile on her face, waiting for David to see her. David, trapped, dances on mechanically with Elizabeth, his mind working rapidly.

DAVID

Uh --- would you like to go in
and get something to eat?

ELIZABETH

No thank you, darling.

DAVID

A drink?

ELIZABETH

(Dreamily)

Mmm - mmm -- no.

Two people are standing near the French doors talking, holding glasses of champagne. David sees them, does a fancy step, and whirls Elizabeth smack into one of the glasses. Some of the champagne spills on her dress.

ELIZABETH

Oh!

THE SPILLER

I'm terribly sorry!

DAVID

All my fault. I didn't see you.
Will it wash out, Elizabeth?

ELIZABETH

Oh, yes. It isn't bad.

DAVID

You'd better do it right away.

78.

SPILLER'S GIRL

Come on, Elizabeth. I'll help you.

The girls go into the house. David watches them disappear, then turns and dashes across the terrace. By this time, three other men are heading for Sabrina, but he beats them out and runs down the steps to her, and stands before her smiling.

SABRINA

Hello.

DAVID

You look wonderful.

SABRINA

Thank you. I'm a bit late.

DAVID

I worried.

SABRINA

Were you afraid I'd forgotten the address?

DAVID

It crossed my mind. Let's dance.

SABRINA

Right here?

He looks down, sees that they are standing on grass and laughs self-consciously. Then he takes her by the hand and leads her up to the terrace. She goes into his arms and they dance.

DAVID

It's good to hold you like this.

SABRINA

It's good to be held like this.

He holds her a little more closely.

SABRINA

Where's your fiancée?

DAVID

My --- my --- oh! She's --- around somewhere.

Someone taps him on the shoulder to cut in.

78.

DAVID
(Refusing)

Sorry.

Sabrina smiles at the young man and he melts. She and David dance on.

SABRINA
What a lovely party!

DAVID
It is, now.

SABRINA
The nicest you've ever had, and
I've been to all your parties.

DAVID
You have?

SABRINA
Yes. Standing right up there in
that tree.

DAVID
If I had only known!

He holds her closely. They dance on.

The mothers -- Larrabee and Tyson -- stand together
watching the strange girl in David's arms.

MRS. TYSON
Who is that girl?

MRS. LARRABEE
(Puzzled)
I don't know.

MRS. TYSON
I wonder what happened to
Elizabeth.

She goes into the drawing room.

David and Sabrina dancing. Someone tries to cut in.
David shakes his head.

Charles, the butler, stands with a tray of drinks
staring in astonishment at Sabrina in David's arms.
A guest approaches and asks for a drink. Charles
hands him the whole tray and turns and hurries to
the kitchen.

78.

David and Sabrina dancing. His lips are close to her ear.

DAVID

Oh, Sabrina, Sabrina, where have you been all my life?

SABRINA

Right over the garage.

DAVID

Right under my nose. Right above my car. Right up in that tree. What a fool I was!

SABRINA

And what a crush I had on you.

DAVID

It's not too late, is it, Sabrina?

SABRINA

I don't know, David. Is it?

They dance on.

79.

INT. THE KITCHEN

With the party going on upstairs, it is cluttered and steamy and busy. But the household staff has stopped work for the moment, for Charles has rushed in with the big news. Everyone is excited. Except Fairchild, who sits at the table glumly.

CHARLES

You should see her! The prettiest dress, the prettiest girl, the best dancer! The belle of the ball! And such poise! As though she belonged up there!

FAIRCHILD

I don't like it.

JENNY

Who's she dancing with? David?

CHARLES

That's right. He's holding her so tight, I don't see how the girl can breathe. And the way they look into each other's eyes ---!

79.

FAIRCHILD

I don't like it.

MARGARET

Oh stop it, Tom! You ought to be happy for her. This is what she wanted. It is where she belongs.

FAIRCHILD

No, it's not. And it's not where I belong. Remember the chauffeur on the Harrison estate? His daughter fell in love with the son of the house, and the first thing he knew, he was driving the family to the church, changing his uniform, and walking down the aisle to give the bride away. That's not for me. I don't like it.

MARGARET

Oh Tom, that was twenty-five years ago.

(To the others)

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

80.

DAVID AND SABRINA

dancing cheek to cheek. The music stops, but they go on dancing, oblivious. Then they become aware and stop, and find themselves standing before Mrs. Larrabee, who is staring at them.

DAVID

Uh --- hello, mother.

(He starts
Sabrina away)

MRS. LARRABEE

David?

DAVID

(Nervously)

Yes, mother.

80.

MRS. LARRABEE
I don't believe I know this
young-lady.

DAVID
Yes, you do.

SABRINA
Hello, Mrs. Larrabee!

Mrs. Larrabee stares at the girl mystified.

DAVID
(Hot under the
collar)
This is....Miss Fairchild, mother.

MRS. LARRABEE
(Stares, then
tentatively)
Sabrina.....?

SABRINA
Yes, of course!

MRS. LARRABEE
(A bit shell-shocked)
Yes, of course! Sabrina!

DAVID
Of course!

SABRINA
(Pleased)
You didn't recognize me, did you?
Have I changed? Have I really
changed?

MRS. LARRABEE
You certainly have! You look
lovely, Sabrina.

DAVID
(Cheerfully, re-
assured)
Doesn't she though?

Mrs. Larrabee cuts him down with a look.

DAVID
(Nervously)
I thought it would be fun to ask
her to the party, Mother. Sort
of a...welcome home...

80.

SABRINA

David's been just wonderful,
Mrs. Larrabee! He met me at
the station.

MRS. LARRABEE

Did he? How nice of him.

DAVID

(Nervously)

Yes....she's been to Paris, you
know.

MRS. LARRABEE

Yes, I know. You must come over
some time and cook something
very special for us, Sabrina. I
want to see what you've learned.

SABRINA

Oh, I've learned a lot!

The music has started (the song is "Lover"), and David gratefully seizes Sabrina and dances her away. Mrs. Larrabee stares after them for a moment, then turns decisively and heads for the library. PAN WITH HER to the library window.

Through the window we see Linus demonstrating the plastic's fire resistance. The men have built a small bonfire in an ashtray and are testing a piece of the plastic which does not burn, does not scorch, does not melt. Mr. Larrabee stands on the sideline holding a long cigar and a tall highball. Mrs. Larrabee enters looking for him. He spots her first and drops the cigar and drink on the table. She draws him aside and tells him that David has brought Sabrina to the party. It is very clear that she is talking about the chauffeur's daughter, since her hands pantomime steering a car. Mr. Larrabee, startled, calls Linus over, and tells him with the same gesture. Linus' face clouds.

81.

DAVID AND SABRINA

dancing dreamily. Suddenly, over David's shoulder, Sabrina sees --

82.

THE SERVANTS

Charles, the butler, Margaret, Jenny and Ernest, hidden behind the balustrade at the edge of the

82.

terrace, watching between the posts. Their faces light up, and they give her a silent cheer of encouragement and approval.

83. SABRINA

over David's shoulder, gives them a wide smile and a big wink. She and David dance on.

84. LINUS, MR. AND MRS. LARRABEE

standing in the French doors watching David and Sabrina. Mrs. Larrabee nudges Linus and points toward --

85. ELIZABETH

standing near another French door looking about for David. Linus grasps the situation, goes quickly to Elizabeth and dances her as far away from David and Sabrina as possible.

86. DAVID AND SABRINA

dancing. A young man tries to cut in; David refuses to let him. As they dance on, he becomes aware of Mr. and Mrs. Tyson standing not far away staring at him frostily. He looks away, and finds his mother and father staring at him frostily. He looks away, and finds Linus, dancing with Elizabeth, staring at him frostily. Quite uncomfortable by now, he maneuvers Sabrina around a corner of the terrace to a spot where they can't be seen. They stop. She stands against the wall. He leans over her with his hands against the wall imprisoning her.

SABRINA

Oh, David, this is such fun!
So much more fun than just
watching.

DAVID

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

SABRINA

Never?

DAVID

Never.

SABRINA

David, would you like to kiss me?

DAVID

Would I ---!

SABRINA

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

DAVID

Roller skates?

SABRINA

You don't remember.

DAVID

I remember I had a pair of roller skates.

SABRINA

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

DAVID

Oh, Sabrina, let's get out of here!

SABRINA

Yes, let's.

DAVID

I'll tell you what we'll do. You sneak away first, and I'll meet you at ---

SABRINA

The indoor tennis court.

DAVID

Yes!

SABRINA

You'll bring a bottle of champagne.

DAVID

Of course.

86.

Then he does a take, and sees her smiling up at him gently.

DAVID

You saw an awful lot from that tree.

SABRINA

And will you ask the orchestra to play Isn't It Romantic?

DAVID

Naturally.

She ducks under his arm and runs off. David looks after her smiling, then adjusts his tie and heads for the bar.

87.

LINUS

dancing with Elizabeth, sees --

88.

SABRINA

running down the steps from the terrace and disappearing into the dark garden toward the indoor tennis court.

89.

LINUS AND ELIZABETH

dancing. Linus looks after Sabrina, wondering, then turns his head and looks toward --

90.

DAVID

at the bar, asking the barman for something. The barman takes a bottle of champagne from a tub of ice and starts drying it.

91.

LINUS AND ELIZABETH

dancing. Linus grasps the situation, nods to a young man on the stag line. The young man comes over and cuts in.

ELIZABETH

(To Linus)

What's happened to David?

91.

LINUS

He's being a good host. But
I'll get him out of circulation.

The young man dances Elizabeth away. Linus catches his parents' eyes, and nods for them to go to the library. Then he heads for --

92. DAVID

David, at the bar, has taken two long, narrow champagne glasses and shoves one into each trouser hip pocket. The stems of the glasses bulge out in the rear under his coat. He picks up the bottle of champagne, walks to the orchestra, whispers something to the orchestra leader, and is about to leave for the garden when Linus catches him.

LINUS

Have you got a minute, David?

DAVID

Not right now.

LINUS

The Old Man wants to see you.

DAVID

Later. I'm busy.

LINUS

(Taking him by the
elbow)

You better come along. He's
frothing at the mouth.

DAVID

What about?

LINUS

You guess.

DAVID

Animal, vegetable or mineral?

LINUS

Definitely animal.

93.

THE LIBRARY

Mr. Larrabee, alone in the room, is pacing up and down in a purple rage. Linus and David enter. He turns to them.

LARRABEE

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

DAVID

What have I done now, Father?

LARRABEE

I don't mean to say that all Larrabees have been saints. There was a Thomas Larrabee who was hung for piracy; there was a Benjamin Larrabee who was a slave trader; and there was my great great uncle, Joshua Larrabee, who was shot in Indiana while attempting to rob a train...

(Pointing to David)

But there never was a Larrabee who behaved like you have behaved here tonight!

DAVID

Exactly what have I done?

LARRABEE

What have you done?

(He rattles the desk with his fist)

LINUS

Please, Father. Remember your basal metabolism.

LARRABEE

No gentleman makes love to a servant in his mother's house!

DAVID

She is not a servant.

LARRABEE

She is a servant's daughter, and in behaving as you have, you have embarrassed not only your mother but also our chauffeur! I have too much respect for Fairchild ever to intrude on his personal life; I expect you to have the same respect for his daughter.

93.

DAVID

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

LARRABEE

That's overdoing it!

DAVID

I love her!

LARRABEE

(Sarcastically)

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

DAVID

Maybe!

Linus reacts. And during the following, he slowly circles David speculatively appraising the bulges under his coat made by the champagne glasses.

LARRABEE

(Controlling himself)

I will overlook, for the moment, the fact that you are an engaged man -- and merely remind you of your marital record to date.

DAVID

You don't have to remind me.

LARRABEE

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

DAVID

Do we have to go through all that again?

LARRABEE

Then that Twyman girl! Her family in the social register for fifty years and she has the audacity to wear on her wedding dress not a corsage but a Stevenson button!

LINUS

Now, Father, you promised not to swear.

93.

LARRABEE

And then that great actress! Turns out all she does is commercials on television! For an underarm deodorant!

(As though spraying under each arm)

Poof poof! Poof poof! And now, our chauffeur's daughter!

DAVID

Father, if you're through, there's somebody waiting...

LARRABEE

I am not through! And I'm sure your brother Linus has a few words to say!

By now, Linus has formulated a plan.

LINUS

(To Larrabee)

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

LARRABEE

I'm what?

David looks at Linus with surprise.

LINUS

I think he's old enough to live his own life. And if he decides that Sabrina is the girl for him --

LARRABEE

Nonsense!

DAVID

(Happily amazed)

Linus! Do you mean that?

LINUS

Of course I mean it.

DAVID

But it would knock your plans for a loop.

LINUS

What plans? The plastics merger? Forget it. If you love her, take her. This is the twentieth century.

93.

LARRABEE

If the twentieth century encourages that sort of thinking, then the sooner we get out of it, the better! The twentieth century! I could pick a century out of a hat blindfolded and get a better one!

(To David)

You will get rid of that girl immediately, do you understand? And you will apologize to your fiancée.

LINUS

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

DAVID

Thank you, Linus.

(He is just about to sit down; then straightens up with:)
Look, I really have to go. Suppose you two work it out.

LINUS

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

DAVID

Of course, Linus. I appreciate what you're doing for me...

LINUS

Then sit down.

DAVID

(Starting to sit down)
You're the only one in this family who understands me --

He sits down heavily. There is a crunching of glass and David's face freezes in horror and pain.

DAVID

Oh, no!

LARRABEE

What is it? What happened?

DAVID

(Moaning)

Champagne glasses! I sat on them!

93.

LARRABEE

On the chair?

DAVID

No! In my pockets!

LARRABEE

(To Linus)

Well, there's the twentieth century
for you.

LINUS

Don't worry, David. We'll take care
of you. I'll get some iodine and
some Band-aids, and I'll get Elizabeth.
She had First Aid training.

DAVID (Moaning)

Not Elizabeth!

LINUS

All right. I'll get Dr. Calloway.
I saw him at the bar.

DAVID

(Moaning)

What about Sabrina? She's waiting
on the tennis court...

LINUS

Just sit tight. I'll take care of
her, too.

93.

He takes the champagne bottle out of David's hands, gives his father a reassuring wink and dashes out of the room.

DAVID

What a brother!

94.

INT. INDOOR TENNIS COURT - (NIGHT)

The full moon shines in through the glass roof and windows. Dance music drifts in from the terrace. Sabrina, alone in the vast court, twirls slowly to the music, her eyes lifted dreamily to the moon. There are approaching footsteps from the outdoor court. She stops with a happy smile of anticipation, looks about swiftly, then darts toward the high umpire's chair and starts to climb.

95.

EXT. TENNIS COURT

Down the gravel path toward the tennis court comes Linus carrying the bottle of champagne and two glasses.

96.

INT. TENNIS COURT

Sabrina, high up on the umpire's chair, playing a little game, makes herself as small and inconspicuous as possible. Through the open door walks Linus. He looks around -- no Sabrina.

LINUS

Sabrina?

No answer. He is puzzled. He takes a few steps into the court.

LINUS

Sabrina!

Sabrina, surprised, turns her head and looks down at him. Linus turns and is about to leave, when he sees Sabrina perched up high.

LINUS

Hello!

No answer. Sabrina looks down at him anxiously.

LINUS

You did order champagne, didn't you?

SABRINA

What are you doing here?

96.

LINUS

David sent me.

SABRINA

Isn't he coming?

LINUS

I don't think he'll be able to make it.

SABRINA

What happened?

LINUS

He got stuck.

(He starts to open
the bottle)

I hope this is cold enough.

SABRINA

Stuck?

LINUS

Nothing serious. Just...one of those
things.

(He has poured the champagne)

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

(No answer)

Up there. All right.

(He makes a move toward the
ladder)

SABRINA

No! I'll come down.

(She descends)

LINUS

We do meet under peculiar circumstances,
Sabrina. Either you're under eight cars
looking for a missing spark plug, or
you're perched up there umpiring a tennis
match between two players who aren't there.(He holds out a glass of
champagne)You look very pretty, Sabrina. And very
grown up.

SABRINA

I better go back to the party.

LINUS

And leave me here alone?

SABRINA

What did David say?

96.

LINUS

I don't know what you did to him, Sabrina. I haven't seen him in such a state since he was kicked in the head by a polo pony at Old Westbury.

SABRINA

Oh, that's nice!

LINUS

Amnesia has set in. He's completely forgotten he's engaged. He wants you.

SABRINA

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

LINUS

Well, there goes the engagement.

SABRINA

You don't object?

LINUS

To you? It's as though a window had suddenly been thrown open, and a lovely breeze had swept through this stuffy house of ours. How could I object?

SABRINA

(With a small smile)

Even though the breeze comes from the general direction of the garage?

LINUS

This is the twentieth century, Sabrina.

SABRINA

Thank you. Could we drink to that?

Linus hands her the glass of champagne. They raise their glasses to each other.

LINUS

(Gently)

I'm sorry David isn't here, instead of me.

Sabrina smiles at him gratefully.

LINUS

But it's all in the family.

They drink, keeping their eyes on each other. Then Sabrina laughs.

SABRINA

You know, when you first walked in here, I was sure you'd been sent by the family --

(Drawing herself up with
pompous dignity)
"to deal with me."

LINUS

(Playing innocent)
To deal with you?

SABRINA

Like in a Viennese operetta; the young Prince in love with the waitress at the Rathskeller, and the Prime Minister is sent to buy her off.

LINUS

(As naively as he can make it)
Buy her off?

SABRINA

Yes! He offers her five thousand Kronen. No! she says. Ten thousand Kronen. No!

LINUS

Fifteen thousand Kronen!

SABRINA

(Proudly)
No!

LINUS

Twenty-five thousand Kronen!

SABRINA

No!

LINUS

Twenty-five thousand dollars!

SABRINA

(Automatically)
No!

(Then)

How did dollars get into this?

LINUS

Twenty-five thousand dollars after taxes. That's a lot of money, Sabrina.

SABRINA

(Staring at him, suddenly serious)
What are you trying to say?

LINUS

(Easily)

I just wanted to make it worth while.
What's a Krone, these days? No self-
respecting Prime Minister would offer
Kronen.

SABRINA

No self-respecting waitress would
take dollars.

LINUS

(Laughing, kisses her on
the brow)

Good girl.

(Pouring more champagne)

How does the opera end? What's the
last act?

SABRINA

(Smiling again)

I don't know. I guess they run away
to America. On a Zeppelin. With
everybody singing like mad.

LINUS

And they open a brewery in Milwaukee?

SABRINA

(Laughing)

Of course. The love that made Mil-
waukee famous.

LINUS

Prosit!

They drink. And now, from the terrace, we hear the
orchestra beginning to play Isn't It Romantic?

SABRINA

Oh, there it is. They were playing it
the night before I went away. He was
right here, dancing with somebody else.
Tonight, I wanted it to be me.

LINUS

I'm sorry.

Sabrina looks away toward the house. Linus studies
her. Then:

LINUS

Sabrina?

She turns to him. He has his arms out and is smiling
at her.

96B.

A few more steps and he stops dancing, still holding her in his arms.

LINUS

(Gently)

Here's a kiss from David.

Her eyes closed, and a wistful expression on her face, she raises her lips to him. He kisses her, and it's a hell of a lot more of a kiss than she expected. She opens her eyes wide in astonishment.

LINUS

(With a gentle smile)

It's all in the family.

He takes her to him again, and they dance on in the moonlight.

FADE OUTEND OF SEQUENCE "C"

96.

LINUS

It's all in the family.

She goes into his arms, and they start dancing slowly across the tennis court.

96A.

INT. LARRABEE LIBRARY

David is lying on the desk, face down. Dr. Calloway, his tuxedo coat off, is removing the glass from David's posterior while Old Man Larrabee looks on. Of course only the heads of the three men are seen. Occasionally, as Dr. Calloway drops a splinter into a metal receptacle off scene, there is a TINKLE OF GLASS. Over it all is heard Isn't It Romantic? from the orchestra outside.

LARRABEE

(To the doctor)

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

DR. CALLOWAY

Very simple. We will reconstruct the two champagne glasses.

Through it all, David has been wincing.

DR. CALLOWAY

(To David)

I cannot possibly be hurting you. The area has been completely anesthetized.

DAVID

It's not you! It's that song!

96B.

INT. TENNIS COURT

Linus and Sabrina are dancing in the moonlight. Her head is on his shoulder, her eyes are closed.

LINUS

Sabrina?

SABRINA

(Dreamily)

Mmmm?

LINUS

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

SABRINA

Mm-hmm.

SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

97. DAVID'S ROOM - (DAY)

Start on an electric fan standing on a pile of books on a low table. The fan is blowing across a bucket heaped high with ice cubes, onto David's rear end. David, in pajamas, is lying prone on a couch. We can see from the bulk that his rear is heavily bandaged. He is trying to write a note to Sabrina, but with every slight move he makes, he groans with pain.

The room is on the second floor overlooking the Sound. It is large and light and has a collegiate air. There are crossed oars, polo mallets, fencing foils, a punching bag; also, the head of a Rocky Mountain goat over the fireplace.

The door opens and Linus comes in. He is dressed in sport jacket and slacks, and is carrying under his arm a large, rolled-up object made of plastic.

LINUS

Hi. How do you feel?

DAVID

(Groaning)

Never felt better in my life.

LINUS

You look fine. Has the anesthetic worn off?

He touches the mound. David screams.

LINUS

I guess it has. I've brought you a present.

He starts to unroll the object.

DAVID

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

LINUS

Not mad. Just disappointed.

97.

DAVID

Poor kid. What did you tell her?

LINUS

The truth. I told her that the family objected to her, but you stood up like a man.

DAVID

Good.

LINUS

Then you sat down like a jerk.

DAVID

(Wincing)

Oh! Twenty-three stitches.

By this time Linus has unrolled the object. It is a hammock made of plastic.

LINUS

Here. This ought to make you feel better.

DAVID

A plastic hammock?

Linus has hooked one end of the hammock onto the punching bag standard, and we see that there is a large hole cut in the center to accommodate David's rear.

LINUS

With a trap door. I designed it myself. Ran it off at the factory this morning.

DAVID

On Sunday?

LINUS

Why not? You were in pain. So I had them open up the plant.

DAVID

What a brother!

By now Linus has hooked the other end of the hammock over one of the curved horns of the Rocky Mountain goat.

LINUS

Come on. On your feet. Let's try it for size.

97.

He helps David to his feet.

DAVID

(Groans)

Oh! I'll never drink champagne
again as long as I live! What
do you think of Sabrina?

LINUS

Wonderful girl.

DAVID

Were you nice to her?

LINUS

As nice as I could be.

DAVID

What a brother!

He takes a couple of faltering steps toward the
hammock.

DAVID

I've been trying to write a poem
to her but I can't finish it.
What rhymes with glass?

Linus thinks hard.

LINUS

Alas.

DAVID

Of course. What a brother!

With Linus' help, he eases down into the hammock
and adjusts himself. Linus bends down to inspect
the fit.

LINUS

Right on the nose.

DAVID

Ah, this is heaven. Now, if only
Sabrina were here. Say, how about
smuggling her up on the dumb-waiter?

LINUS

That sure would be dumb. Suppose
Father sees her?

97.

DAVID

You're right. We don't want to do anything to spoil it, do we?

LINUS

We sure don't.

DAVID

Look, Linus, do me a favor, will you?

LINUS

Any time.

DAVID

I know these things bore you but - could you keep an eye on her?

LINUS

I already thought of that. In fact, I'm taking her sailing this afternoon.

DAVID

Sailing?

LINUS

In your boat.

DAVID

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

LINUS

You've made up your mind, huh?

DAVID

Absolutely. This is it!

LINUS

I just wanted to make sure. After all, this was it three times before.

DAVID

I was blind, that's why. It was Sabrina and I ever since we were kids. I just couldn't see her for the tree.

LINUS

What about Elizabeth? What about Mother and Father?

97.

DAVID

What about them? Elizabeth will be so broken up she'll go right out and buy herself three new hats. Mother will go to bed with a severe headache and the latest Mickey Spillane. And Father will take to the bottle openly, smoke six Corona Coronas and threaten to exile me to Larrabee Copper in Butte, Montana. That's where you come in, Linus.

LINUS

How?

DAVID

I don't want to go to Butte, Montana. You're going to help me, aren't you?

LINUS

Yes, I'm going to help you.
(Almost to himself)
Aren't I?

DAVID

What a brother!

There is a KNOCK on the door.

ELIZABETH'S VOICE

(Cheerfully)
It's me. Elizabeth.

DAVID

(Groans)
Oh.

Elizabeth enters, her arms laden with packages.

ELIZABETH

How's my poor darling?

DAVID

(Groans)
Oh.

ELIZABETH

I've brought you six books, dear,
and a game of Scrabble.

DAVID

Scrabble! I'm in no condition to
play scrabble!

97.

LINUS

Don't be silly. That's all you're
in condition to play.

ELIZABETH

I still don't understand what those
glasses were doing in your pockets.

DAVID

I was taking them down to the tennis
court...There was somebody...

(Linus catches his eye)

Uh...that is...there was a game
going on.

ELIZABETH

In the dark? In the middle of
the night?

LINUS

(Quickly)

That's why he needed the glasses.

(Overdoing it)

Ha, ha, ha, ha.

He and David go into phony laughter, David overdoing
it so much he slips through the hole in the hammock
and hits the floor.

DAVID

(Whimpering)

Oh! Oh, oh, oh!

Elizabeth and Linus help him back up through the
hole. Then:

ELIZABETH

Shall we play three-handed?

LINUS

No. I've got to go sailing.

DAVID

Yes. He's got to go sailing.

LINUS

So long, Elizabeth.

He moves to the door, turns.

LINUS

(To David)

No false moves now. Not until
the stitches come out.

97.

DAVID

Yes, Linus.

LINUS

We don't want complications to set
in, do we?

DAVID

Of course not, Linus.

LINUS

So long, Scarface.

He goes out.

98.

UPSTAIRS HALL - LARRABEE HOUSE

Linus comes out of David's room, walks into his own
room next door, untying his tie.

99.

LINUS' BEDROOM

This is very much like David's room, but more mature
in decor. Linus enters, takes off his jacket, walks
to the closet and slides open the door. Standing
inside the closet, among Linus' clothes, is Old Man
Larrabee, a little smoke rising from behind him.
Linus stares at him; the Old Man stares back.

LINUS

Good afternoon, Father.

LARRABEE

I thought it was your Mother.

He brings his hands from behind his back. In one
is a cigar; in the other, a highball.

LINUS

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

LARRABEE

(Stepping out with dignity)
It's good for the moths. Now then,
Linus, what about that girl over the
garage?

LINUS

David wants to run off with her.

99.

LARRABEE

(Grimly)

That's nice. With the chauffeur's daughter.

LINUS

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

LARRABEE

I have a very simple solution. We'll fire Fairchild.

LINUS

Not after twenty-five years, Father.
(He takes a pair of sneakers from the closet)

LARRABEE

All right then. We'll write her a nice little check and tell her to forget about David.

LINUS

(Taking off his shoes)

Not Sabrina. She doesn't want money. She wants love.

LARRABEE

I thought they discontinued that model.

LINUS

The Last of the Romantics. L'amour, toujours l'amour!

LARRABEE

But why does she have to pick on David? Why can't she be in love with someone else?

LINUS

(Poking about in the closet)
We'll do our best.

LARRABEE

Oh. Oh, oh! Is that the idea?

LINUS

Yep.

LARRABEE

You've got somebody in mind for her?

99.

LINUS

Yep.

He has put on an old blue and white striped blazer.

LARRABEE

Who?

Linus turns around.

LINUS

(Sings)

Boola boola, boola boola,
Boola boola, boola boola --

The blazer is ridiculously tight. He has found in the pocket a blue sailor cap with a white capital Y on it. He puts it on.

LARRABEE

Oh, no!

LINUS

What's the matter?

LARRABEE

Not you, Linus!

LINUS

Look, do you think this is any fun for me? I've got a deskful of work I was planning to clean up over the week-end. I'm supposed to be in Texas on the sulphur deal; the whole Puerto Rican operation has to be put in motion in the next forty-eight hours; and here I am going off on a sailboat to make an ass of myself with a girl of twenty-two.

(He turns to the mirror)

Look at me! Joe College with a touch of arthritis.

He moves his right shoulder with a twinge of pain and a seam in the tight blazer splits with a loud rip. During above, Larrabee has poked his head into the closet. He emerges now with an old ukulele in his hand.

LARRABEE

Could you use this -- sailing into the sunset?

99.

LINUS

(Ripping off the cap
and blazer)

I wish I were dead with my back
broken!

LARRABEE

Just a thought.

LINUS

Wait a minute. Maybe music isn't a
bad idea. It seems to me I used to
have an old portable phonograph --
from my freshman days...

He starts to rummage around in the closet.

LARRABEE

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

LINUS

It'll come back to me. It's like
riding a bicycle.

100.

THE LARRABEE ANCHORAGE

The boats are swaying at their moorings in the after-
noon sunshine. Tied up to the float is a 20-foot
sailboat, all rigged, its sails flapping in the fresh
breeze.

Pacing nervously up and down the float is Sabrina,
wearing sneakers, shorts and a sweater. The French
poodle, David, sits in the center of the float, barking
at her angrily.

SABRINA

(To the dog)

Oh, David, stop it. There's nothing
wrong in my going sailing with your
brother. After all, it's your boat.

The dog continues to bark. Sabrina lies down on the
float and takes the dog in her arms, talking to him
earnestly, face to face.

SABRINA

Stop it, David! Remember, it was
you who sent him down to the tennis
court with the champagne. And when
he asked me to dance with him, and

100. (Cont'd)

SABRINA (Cont'd)

when he kissed me, it was clearly understood that it was you.

(The dog keeps on barking)

All right. If that's the way you feel about it, I'll wait until you're well again...I won't go sailing with Linus, I won't, I won't!

A shadow falls on her. She looks up. There stands Linus. He is wearing a yachting jacket. He carries a hand-crank portable phonograph.

LINUS

Coming?

SABRINA

(Automatically)

Yes.

She puts down the dog, gets up and, helped by Linus, steps into the boat. The dog, at the edge of the float, looks after her, bewildered.

Linus casts off. Sabrina looks apologetically across the water to the dog.

SABRINA

(In a whisper)

It's all in the family.

The dog barks furiously after the receding boat.

DISSOLVE TO:

101.

ON THE SAILBOAT

Linus is at the tiller, Sabrina stretched out on the deck beside him. There is a light breeze; they are sailing before the wind with the mainsail out full. Sabrina has the phonograph on the deck beside her. It is playing an old recording of Yes, We Have No Bananas.

SABRINA

This is a very unusual song. Is it popular?

LINUS

Oh, yes.

SABRINA

I wonder why I never heard it before?

101.

LINUS

Well..you've been in Paris for two years.

The Phonograph starts to run down. Sabrina cranks like mad. The record picks up, and she sings the last of the words with it.

SABRINA

(Singing with the record)

...but, yes, we have no bananas.
We have no bananas today.

The record comes to an end.

SABRINA

How did they ever think of those words?

LINUS

Very clever.

SABRINA

May I play another?

LINUS

Of course.

She takes another record from the compartment in the lid and blows on it. A cloud of dust rises.

SABRINA

Oh! You need dusting.

(Catching herself)

I didn't mean you, Linus.

LINUS

Thank you, Sabrina.

She puts on the record. It is an old rendition of My Ideal.

SABRINA

How's David?

LINUS

He's been flat on his stomach.

But he's much better, thank you.

Now he's flat on his back.

SABRINA

I miss him.

(She looks at Linus)

Not that I'm not having a good time.

101.

Linus says nothing, just looks at her. They listen quietly to the end of the first chorus, the boat gliding gently down wind. Linus glances at her speculatively, then decides on a plan of operation.

LINUS

Sabrina?

SABRINA

Yes, Linus?

LINUS

Would you mind turning that off?

SABRINA

Why?

LINUS

Because.

SABRINA

Don't you like it?

LINUS

I used to like it.

SABRINA

(Turns off the phonograph)
Certain songs bring back certain memories to me, too.

(After a pause)

Did you love her?

LINUS

I'd rather not talk about it.

SABRINA

I'm sorry.

LINUS

That's all right.

SABRINA

It's so strange to think of you being touched by a woman. I always thought you walked alone.

LINUS

No man walks alone from choice, Sabrina.

SABRINA

As a child, I used to watch you from the window over the garage. Coming

101.

SABRINA (Cont'd)

and going. Always wearing a black Homburg, and carrying a briefcase and an umbrella. I thought you could never belong to anyone, never care for anyone.

LINUS

I know. A cold businessman behind a marble desk way up in some executive suite. No emotions. Just ice-water in his veins and ticker-tape coming out of his heart...

She sits there looking at him.

LINUS

(With an ironic smile)

And yet one day that cold businessman high up in his skyscraper opens a window and steps out onto the ledge and stands there for three hours wondering if he should jump.

SABRINA

Because of her?

LINUS

(Matter-of-fact)

No. That was another woman.

(A pause)

Do you find it hard to believe that someone would want to blot it all out for -- sentimental reasons?

SABRINA

Oh, I believe it. You know what I almost did for sentimental reasons? I...

(She catches herself)

I went to Paris to blot it out. Maybe you should go to Paris, Linus.

LINUS

(With sudden, shrewd interest)
To Paris?

SABRINA

It helped me a lot. Have you ever been there?

LINUS

Yes. I've been to Paris. Once.
For thirty-five minutes.

SABRINA

Thirty-five minutes?

101.

LINUS

Changing planes. I was flying to
Iraq on an oil deal.

SABRINA

But Paris is not for changing planes.
Paris is for changing your outlook.
For throwing open the windows and
letting in ... la vie en rose!

LINUS

(Dramatically)

I know. Paris is for lovers. Maybe
that's why I stayed only thirty-five
minutes.

Sabrina is hanging on his every word as, underneath,
a dozen violins have sneaked in with La Vie En Rose.

DISSOLVE TO:

102.

EXT. GARAGE COURTYARD - (NIGHT)

It is the same night. The Rolls-Royce stands outside
the garage. Fairchild, in shirtsleeves, rubber apron
and chauffeur's cap, is hosing the car. David, the
poodle, sits close by, peering intently toward the
Sound. Suddenly he lets go with a bark. Fairchild
turns, looks off.

Sabrina and Linus are walking slowly across the
grounds toward the garage. Linus is carrying the
portable phonograph. Sabrina is wearing his yachting
jacket over her shoulders. They stop some distance
from the garage and stand there in the moonlight
looking at each other.

Fairchild, being the perfect servant, takes off his
cap.

Sabrina takes off the jacket and hands it to Linus.
Then they part. Linus goes toward the main house
and Sabrina toward the garage. She sees Fairchild.

SABRINA

Hi, Father.

She leans against the car and gazes after Linus.

FAIRCHILD

(Watching her)

Margaret has some dinner for you
in the kitchen.

102.

SABRINA

(Not even hearing)

Funny. I used to be so afraid of him.

FAIRCHILD

Aren't you hungry, Sabrina?

Sabrina turns to him.

SABRINA

You've driven Linus for so many years. What do you know about him?

FAIRCHILD

A chauffeur is supposed to keep his eyes on the road, Sabrina. Only once in a while does he get a glimpse in the rear-view mirror.

Sabrina picks up a chammy cloth and idly starts to help him wipe the car.

SABRINA

If you looked a little longer,
Father, you would find him rather
nice -- and quite human.

As father and daughter continue working on the car side by side, Sabrina, out of nowhere, suddenly begins to sing softly.

SABRINA

(Singing)

...we have no bananas...today...

FADE OUTEND OF SEQUENCE "D"

FADE IN:

103. INT. LIMOUSINE - (MORNING)

Fairchild is driving Linus into town. Linus, reading from the Wall Street Journal, reaches for the car phone.

LINUS

(Into phone)

This is K L seven - five two six three. Get me Bowling Green nine - one oh nine nine.

(A moment's wait. Then:

Good morning, Miss McCardle. First - a wire to Hannegan, Fort Worth, Texas. Unable attend Larrabee Sulphur board meeting because of slight hitch in Larrabee Plastics merger. Got that?... Next - Here's the itinerary for tonight: I want two tickets for The Seven Year Itch; a table for two at the Colony before the show; a table for two at the Persian Room after the show. Make it a corner table. A dark corner.

(He looks out of the window)

I'm now passing La Guardia Field. You can put the coffee on in ten minutes. Better make it strong.

(He hangs up)

Fairchild has been watching him through the rear-view mirror, and listening. His face is tense.

LINUS

Fairchild, I'll be needing you tonight.

FAIRCHILD

Yes, sir.

LINUS

I'm taking Sabrina out again.

FAIRCHILD

Yes, sir.

LINUS

Could you have her at my office at seven o'clock?

FAIRCHILD

Yes, sir.

Something in his voice makes Linus look up.

103.

LINUS

Anything wrong, Fairchild?

FAIRCHILD

I would very much prefer that you dispensed with my services on these dates with my daughter. It makes for a rather awkward situation, sir.

LINUS

Oh. It never occurred to me. I'm sorry.

FAIRCHILD

It's just not right, sir. I like to think of life as a limousine. Though we are all driving together, we must remember our places. There is a front seat, and a back seat, and a window in between.

LINUS

Fairchild, I never realized it before. You're a terrible snob.

FAIRCHILD

Yes, sir.

LINUS

Have Sabrina take one of the other cars tonight and drive in herself. Tell her to take David's car.

FAIRCHILD

Thank you, sir.

(After a moment)

It's all so distressing. First Mr. David. Now you. I wish Sabrina would have stayed in Paris.

LINUS

So do I.

FAIRCHILD

May I ask, sir -- what exactly are your intentions?

LINUS

My intentions, Fairchild?

(A pause)

Unethical. Reprehensible. and very practical.

FAIRCHILD

Beg pardon, sir?

103.

LINUS

With your permission, Fairchild --
I'm going to send your daughter back
to Paris.

FAIRCHILD

(Alarmed)

You are, sir?

LINUS

That is, I'm going to try to send
her back.

FAIRCHILD

May I ask how, sir?

LINUS

First class, of course. And I don't
want you to worry about money.

FAIRCHILD

It's not money I'm worried about, sir.
It's Sabrina. I just don't want her to
get hurt.

LINUS

I'll be as gentle as I can.

FAIRCHILD

I hope so, sir.

(After a moment)

She's just a displaced person, I'm
afraid. She doesn't belong in a
mansion -- but then again she doesn't
belong above a garage, either.

Linus continues to read the Wall Street Journal,
as we

DISSOLVE TO:

104.

INT. LINUS' OFFICE - (LATE AFTERNOON)

Start on a figure spinning like a top. As it slows
down and comes to a halt, we see it is Sabrina, in
the big swivel-chair behind the long conference
table. She is smartly groomed for a night on the town.

SABRINA

(With mock severity)

All right -- the meeting of the
Board of Directors of Larrabee

104.

SABRINA (Cont'd)

Industries will now come to order.
As Chairman of the Board, I would
like to say at the outset --

(She holds onto the desk)

Oooh, the Chairman is so dizzy!

There is, of course, no board meeting -- just Sabrina
at the table and Linus, moving toward her now from
the built-in bar with a couple of drinks in his hands.

LINUS

Meeting adjourned. Have a frozen
daiquiri.

SABRINA

(She gets up, looking
about, fascinated)

I once saw an office like this.
In an old copy of Fortune magazine
at my dentist's.

LINUS

(Holding out the drink)

Here.

SABRINA

Has David got an office like this?

LINUS

Something like it. Maybe a little
larger.

SABRINA

Larger!

LINUS

Instead of a desk, he has a putting
green.

(Handing her the drink)

Please, Sabrina. Before my fingers
get frostbitten.

Sabrina takes the drink, wanders toward the terrace.

SABRINA

Is this the ledge?

LINUS

What ledge?

SABRINA

You know ... the ledge ... that
woman .. when you almost ...

104.

SABRINA (Cont'd)

(She makes a diving motion
with her hand. Then,
catching herself:)

I'm sorry.

LINUS

Oh, oh! The ledge! Yes. Sure.
That's the ledge, all right.

SABRINA

What made you not do it?

LINUS

(A moment's thought)
There were children playing hop-
scotch on the sidewalk.

He gulps down his daiquiri.

SABRINA

(Gazing at him)
I'm very fond of those children.

Then, sipping her drink, she continues her tour of
the office.

SABRINA

Look at all these gadgets. Just
imagine. You press a button, and
factories go up. You pick up a phone,
and a hundred tankers set out for
Persia. Or you switch on the dicta-
phone and say: "Buy all of Cleveland.
And move it to Pittsburgh." You must
be awfully clever.

LINUS

(Going to the bar to
fix new drinks)
It's nothing, really. Just a small
knack. Like juggling three oranges.

SABRINA

It's not oranges. It's millions.
Suppose you dropped one?

LINUS

(The disillusioned tycoon)
Suppose I did! What's at the end
of a million? Zero, zero, zero.
Nothing. A circle with a hole in it.
(Shifting his attack
into high)
Sabrina?

104.

SABRINA

Yes, Linus?

LINUS

(Lowering his voice)

Can you keep a secret?

SABRINA

Can I keep a secret?

LINUS

I'm sure you can. Look through
that window. Uptown.(He points to the window
facing the river uptown)
See the French Line pier?

SABRINA

Yes.

LINUS

See the boat?

SABRINA

Yes.

LINUS

It's the Liberte, sailing on Thursday.

(A pause)

I'm going to be on it.

SABRINA

(Turning from the window)

You are?

LINUS

Yes. I am. I'm sick of pressing
buttons. Sick of my secretaries.
Sick of this office. Sick of being
sound. I'm breaking out of here,
Sabrina. I'm running away.

SABRINA

Bravo!

LINUS

I kept thinking about Paris ever
since you mentioned it. It's all
your fault, Sabrina.

SABRINA

It'll make a new person out of you!
I guarantee it - or double your money
back! I'm so glad you're going, Linus!

(A pause)

Or am I?

104.

They look at each other. Just then, Miss McCardle barges in with Linus' black Homburg, briefcase, gloves and umbrella.

MISS MCCARDLE

It's seven-thirty-five, Mr. Larrabee.
You have a reservation at the Colony.

LINUS

Thank you.
(To Sabrina)
Ready?

SABRINA

(Powdering her nose)
Tout de suite...
(With nostalgia)
... as they say in Paris.

Linus crosses to Miss McCardle, takes the Homburg, briefcase, gloves and umbrella.

MISS MCCARDLE

Curtain is at eight-forty.
(In a confidential whisper)
I used your brother's name at the
Colony. I got you the darkest
corner.

DISSOLVE TO:

105.

A DARK CORNER TABLE AT THE COLONY

Sabrina and Linus are having dinner. He is mostly eating, she is mostly talking.

SABRINA

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

LINUS

I see.

105.

SABRINA

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

LINUS

(At his best)

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

Their eyes meet. And then casually Linus starts to
eat again as Sabrina continues to look at him.

DISSOLVE TO:

106.

A FEW ROWS OF SEATS IN A THEATER

About a dozen people in the shot -- among them, Linus
and Sabrina. They are all laughing uproariously at a
performance of The Seven Year Itch -- all except
Sabrina, who sits quietly lost in thought. When the
laughter dies down, she turns to Linus.

SABRINA

(In a whisper)

Linus?

LINUS

Yes?

SABRINA

Don't you know anyone in Paris?

LINUS

No one.

The people in back shush them.

SABRINA

Not a single soul?

LINUS

Absolutely nobody.

Another shush, this one louder.

SABRINA

(Turning around; very
politely)

I'm terribly sorry.

The people practically leap out of the seats with an
angry shhhhhhhh!

DISSOLVE TO:

107. DANCING COUPLES AT THE PERSIAN ROOM

SHOOTING DOWN on about six couples, we CLOSE IN on Linus and Sabrina, dancing to the soft strains of La Vie En Rose.

LINUS

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

SABRINA

Ma soeur a un crayon jaune.

LINUS

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

SABRINA

Mon frere a une gentille petite amie.

LINUS

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

Sabrina just looks at him as they dance on.

DISSOLVE TO:

108. INT.SPORTS CAR - (NIGHT)

Linus and Sabrina are driving home. They are nearing the Larrabee estate. Linus, wearing his black Homburg, is at the wheel. Sabrina, looking at him all the time, is singing La Vie En Rose.

SABRINA

(Singing)

Quand il me prend dans ces bras
Il me parle tout bas,
Je vois la vie en rose,
Il me dit des mots d'amour --

Linus has noticed her stare.

LINUS

Why are you looking at me that way?

SABRINA

(Very seriously)

All night long, I've had the most terrible impulse to do something.

LINUS

Never resist an impulse, Sabrina -- especially if it's terrible.

108.

SABRINA

I'm going to do it.

She bends forward, turns down the brim of his Homburg.

SABRINA

There.

LINUS

What's that for?

SABRINA

(With sentiment)

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

Linus looks at himself in the mirror and shakes his head sadly.

LINUS

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

SABRINA

Suppose you meet someone on the boat the very first day out -- a perfect stranger...

LINUS

I have a better suppose, Sabrina. Suppose I were ten years younger. And suppose you weren't in love with David. And suppose I asked you to --
(He looks away)
I suppose I'm just talking nonsense.

SABRINA

(A long pause)

I suppose so.

LINUS

Suppose you sing that song again -- slowly.

108.

Sabrina starts singing La Vie En Rose again, and her thin, wavering voice makes it quite clear that Linus has shaken her considerably.

109.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - LARRABEE ESTATE - (NIGHT)

The car comes up the driveway, makes a half-circle toward the garage. From the car, Sabrina's voice can be heard singing softly.

110.

INT. CAR

As they drive through the arch, Linus sees:

111.

DAVID

in the beam of the headlights, standing in the courtyard, in pajamas, robe and slippers. He is waiting for them.

112.

INT. CAR

Linus, with a nod, indicates David up ahead. Sabrina stops singing.

113.

EXT. COURTYARD

Linus brings the car to a stop alongside David. David opens the door for Sabrina.

DAVID

(Very cheerful)

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

113.

SABRINA

Hello, David.

DAVID

Have a good time?

SABRINA

So-so.

DAVID

Where were you?

LINUS

(Getting out of the car,
his Homburg still bent
out of shape)

We saw The Seven Year Itch and then
I took her to the Persian Room.

DAVID

(To Sabrina)

Lousy dancer, isn't he?

SABRINA

So-so.

DAVID

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

SABRINA

We talked about a lot of things.

LINUS

(Peeking at David's still-
bandaged posterior)

How's your little - mishap?

DAVID

Shaping up beautifully. Dr. Calloway
is so proud of the job he wants to
show it to his class at Columbia
Medical School.

(He laughs; then stops,
a little embarrassed)

I'm sorry, Sabrina.

SABRINA

(Wistfully)

It's very funny.

113.

DAVID

Say, Linus, lying there in that plastic hammock, I got a great idea.

(To Sabrina)

He thinks I'm an idiot.

(To Linus)

How does this strike you: champagne glasses out of plastic! Just in case.

LINUS

Brilliant. Now what else did Dr. Calloway say?

DAVID

He says the stitches are coming out on Thursday.

LINUS

Thursday?

DAVID

I'm a fast healer.

LINUS

You sure are.

DAVID

(Kiddingly)

So if you two have any long-range plans...

LINUS

Mmmmmmm. Nothing long-range. I just thought maybe Sabrina might want to see...the Stock Exchange...or our plant in Jersey...

SABRINA

(Moving a little closer to David)

I don't think so.

LINUS

Okay. Then we'll just have dinner in town. See another show.

(With a glance at David)

Maybe Can-Can. If that's all right with you.

DAVID

Sure. But that'll be all, brother! Because, come Thursday, the first team takes over!

(Pointing to Linus'

crumpled hat)

Hey! What's with the Homburg?

113. ()

LINUS

The Homburg? Oh. Oh!

(His eyes meet Sabrina's as
he flips the brim up)Well - guess the undertaker better
turn in.(He pulls the briefcase
from the car; to David:)And you better crawl back into that
hole in your hammock.

(To Sabrina)

Au revoir, Sabrina.

SABRINA

Goodnight, Linus.

Linus walks slowly across the courtyard toward the
main house. David and Sabrina look after him.

DAVID

He's a little on the dull side,
isn't he? But you can't help
liking him.

SABRINA

(Out of nowhere)

Kiss me, David.

DAVID

Love to, Sabrina.

He kisses her.

SABRINA

Again.

He kisses her again.

SABRINA

That's better.

DAVID

Darling, what's the matter? You're
not worried about us, are you?
Because I'm not. So there'll be a
big stink in the family. So who
cares?

SABRINA

(She hasn't been listening)
David.

DAVID

Yes, Sabrina?

113.

SABRINA

I don't think I'm going to have dinner with Linus. I don't want to go out with him.

DAVID

Why not?

SABRINA

I want to be near you.

DAVID

I know how you feel, Sabrina. It must be an awful bore. But if Linus wants to take you out, let's be nice about it. It's very important. He's our only ally. Don't you see -- Father will try to cut off my allowance and send me to Larrabee Copper in Butte, Montana. We don't want to go to Butte, Montana, do we?

SABRINA

Hold me close, David.

DAVID

We'll have a wonderful time, darling! We'll build ourselves a raft and drift across the Pacific -- like Kon-Tiki! Or we'll climb the highest mountain -- like Annapurna -- just the two of us!

SABRINA

(Clinging to him)

Keep talking, David. Keep talking.

FADE OUTEND OF SEQUENCE "E"

SEQUENCE "F"

FADE IN:

114. INT. LINUS' OFFICE - (DAY)

Start on a pair of hands -- they are Elizabeth Tyson's -- as they unroll an artist's sketch of an elaborate floral piece. It is a banner, held by two cherubs, with the lettering: ELIZABETH and DAVID.

PULLING BACK, we discover that Elizabeth is showing the design to Linus. Father Tyson is in the background studying a voluminous legal document, while Father Larrabee is at the bar, smoking a cigar and mixing himself a martini.

ELIZABETH

We thought of pink roses for the cherubs and white gardenias for the names. It'll take about two thousand gardenias. We'll float the whole thing in our pool.

LINUS

Indoor or outdoor?

ELIZABETH

Outdoor, of course. We drained the water from the indoor pool to make room for the wedding presents.

(Handing Linus a long list)

Would you like to see the invitation list?

TYSON

(Looking up from the legal document; to Linus:)

Where's the provision determining the ratio of invested capital to controlling interest?

LINUS

(Without looking up from the guest list)

Page eighty-two. Paragraph six. Sub-division B.

Tyson thumbs through the document to page eighty-two, then starts to read it, mumbling to himself.

Oliver Larrabee has finished preparing the martini and is now trying to fish the last remaining olive from the bottom of a tall narrow jar. His finger just fails to reach it. He looks around, then walks over to Tyson

114.

and removes a large paper-clip from the document without a word. He unbends the clip, goes back to the jar and tries to spear the olive.

ELIZABETH

(To Linus)

After the ceremony, I thought we'd have David's polo team lined up outside the chapel. We'll walk out under a canopy of crossed mallets.

LINUS

(Handing the invitation list back to her)

Elizabeth, are you sure about inviting the Vishinskys?

ELIZABETH

They're delightful people. We met them at the Royal Regatta in Southampton last summer.

(Then, seeing Linus' raised eyebrows)

Sir Basil and Lady Pamela Vishinsky.

LINUS

Oh.

Tyson comes over to Linus.

TYSON

(Goodnaturedly)

Who are your lawyers, Linus? The way this plastics merger is worked out, I have all the titles and you have all the control.

LINUS

I always make it a point to have control.

TYSON

(Chuckling)

It's just your good luck that the kids are so much in love.

LINUS

I always make it a point to be lucky too.

ELIZABETH

(Picking up her things and starting for the door)

Goodbye, everybody. Oh, Linus, you'll take care of the gardenias? Come along, Father. I'll be late for my fitting.

114.

ELIZBETH

(At the door)

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

TYSON

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

(He shakes with laughter as
he leads Elizabeth out)

Old Man Larrabee is pounding the olive jar now, trying
to shake the olive loose. Finally he gives up, takes
the martini and pours it into the jar.

LARRABEE

All I can say is: David better show
up at this wedding.

Linus has switched on the dictaphone machine and taken
up the microphone. It is on a very long cord, and he
paces back and forth as he dictates.

LINUS

Memo to Miss McCardle. First. Call
Bronson in Larrabee Shipping. We'll
be needing two thousand gardenias. Tell
him to start cornering the market. Next --

LARRABEE

(Sipping the martini)

I have a horrible vision of Elizabeth
waiting at the altar and two thousand
gardenias floating in the pool --
spelling disaster.

LINUS

(Impatiently)

Please, Father. I'm dictating.

LARRABEE

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

LINUS

Sabrina.

LARRABEE

Sabrina! What right has a chauffeur
got to call his daughter Sabrina?

LINUS

What would you suggest - Ethyl?

114.

LARRABEE

You've been taking her out now three nights in a row. Is that situation in hand?

LINUS

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

(Turning back to the microphone)

Next, Miss McCardle. I want two accommodations on the Liberte, sailing tomorrow. One in my name -- the other in the name of Miss Sabrina Fairchild...

LARRABEE

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

LINUS

Who said I was going? She is going. Because she'll think that I'm going. But I'm not really going. Is that clear?

LARRABEE

(Draining the martini from the olive jar)

It is not!

LINUS

I'm going to tell Sabrina I'll meet her on the boat. And once the boat is ten miles out, she'll find out that I'm not on it.

LARRABEE

Aha!

LINUS

My cabin will be empty -- just a letter of apology, and a few presents to soften the blow.

LARRABEE

(Working on the olive again)
Excellent.

LINUS

I thought you'd like it.

(Toward microphone)

Next. I want flowers in Miss Fairchild's cabin. Candy, fruit, the usual what-have-you. Next. Cable Michot to get her a car in Paris. Also an apartment. Next. A letter of credit on our Paris bank. She can draw up to fifty thousand...

LARRABEE

Easy now.

114.

LINUS

(Paying no attention)

Next. Transfer to the name of
Thomas Fairchild one thousand shares
of Larrabee Industries common.

LARRABEE

One thousand shares!

LINUS

(To microphone)

Make that fifteen hundred. Preferred.

LARRABEE

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

LINUS

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

He snatches the jar out of his father's hand, breaks
it on the desk with one blow, picks out the olive
and hands it to him.

LINUS

Eat it.

DISSOLVE TO:

115.
thru
119.EXT. LARRABEE BLDG. - (NIGHT)

Start with a STEEP SHOT of the skyscraper. Then PAN
DOWN to the sidewalk. Pacing up and down before the
brass plaques of all the Larrabee Industries is
Sabrina, in a state of indecision. She is not dressed
for an evening on the town: just a simple summer coat,
buttoned up, and low-heel shoes. A handful of over-
time employees emerge from the building and go off with
the usual goodnights. Sabrina makes a few hesitant
passes at the entrance, then finally goes in.

120.

INT. LOBBY

Sabrina walks to the elevators. The door of one of
the elevators has just opened and a few people are
coming out. She stands there indecisively.

OPERATOR

Going up?

SABRINA

(After a moment)

11-16-53

No.

120.

She looks around, sees a row of telephone booths and steps into one of them.

121. INT. TELEPHONE BOOTH

Sabrina closes the door, drops a coin into the phone and starts to dial.

122. INT. LINUS' OFFICE - (NIGHT)

Linus is pacing back and forth impatiently. He glances at his wristwatch. Over the inter-com comes Miss McCardle's voice:

MISS McCARDLE'S VOICE

Miss Fairchild for you, Mr. Larrabee --

LINUS

Send her in.

MISS McCARDLE'S VOICE

She's on the phone. Take it on Five.

LINUS

(Frowning)

Oh.

(He picks up the phone,
presses a button)

Sabrina? What happened to you?
It's twenty after eight.

123. SABRINA - IN BOOTH

SABRINA

(Haltingly)

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

124. LINUS - ON PHONE

LINUS

You're downstairs?...look, Sabrina, suppose you tell me exactly what's on your mind -- slowly and clearly. You talk and I'll listen.

He gently places the receiver down on the desk and moves quickly toward the door. PAN DOWN to the receiver. Lying beside it on the desk are two steamship tickets for the Liberte -- one made out to Sabrina Fairchild, the other to Linus Larrabee. From the receiver we hear Sabrina's voice:

SABRINA'S VOICE

...You see, it was really David's idea that I go out with you...because he wants you to help him. But the trouble is, it's not helping me any. I shouldn't have been seeing you, Linus. I shouldn't even be talking to you on the phone --

125. SABRINA - IN BOOTH

SABRINA

-- In fact, I'm really only calling to say goodbye. Because tomorrow you'll be on the boat to Paris, and in a way, I'm glad that you're going. You do know what I mean, don't you, Linus?

(She waits)

Linus?

(No answer)

Hello? ... Linus? ...

Through the glass of the booth, during the last of Sabrina's monologue, we have seen Linus emerge from the elevator and cross the lobby toward her.

SABRINA

(Into phone)

... Where are you, Linus?

Linus opens the door of the booth.

LINUS

Your three minutes are up.

SABRINA

(Looking around)

Oh. Hello. Isn't that silly? I was talking to myself.

125.

LINUS

You wasted a dime, too. Come on.

She hangs up.

126.

INT. LOBBY

Sabrina gets out of the booth. Linus takes her by the arm and leads her gently toward the elevator.

SABRINA

You're not angry with me, are you?

LINUS

Of course not.

SABRINA

I have a perfectly good reason why I shouldn't be seeing you tonight...

LINUS

Not here, Sabrina.

(He eases her into the elevator; to operator:)

Twenty-two.

The doors close and we PAN OVER to the floor indicator as the lights begin to jump.

DISSOLVE TO:

127.

INT. LINUS' OFFICE - (DUSK)

The room is in semi-darkness, lighted only by the magic of a late summer sky already fading into twilight. The door opens and Linus enters with Sabrina. He walks up to the desk where the receiver still lies beside the steamship tickets. She stays behind, near the door, as though wanting to be as far away from him as possible. He puts the receiver back in its cradle. He is a large figure dominating the foreground. Sabrina faces him from deep in the background, a very small figure.

LINUS

All right, Sabrina. What is that perfectly good reason why you shouldn't be seeing me?

Sabrina stands silent, just looking at him.

LINUS

What is it? What's bothering you?

127.

SABRINA

It's...

(She hesitates. Then:)

It's me that's bothering me.

Linus looks at her across the dimness of the vast room. Then he presses one of the many buttons on his desk and the office is flooded with light.

SABRINA

Please don't.

LINUS

I'm sorry.

He presses the button, and they stand in semi-darkness again.

SABRINA

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

LINUS

Would you like a drink?

SABRINA

I don't think I want a drink.

LINUS

I think I do.

(Crossing to the bar)

Why don't you sit down?

SABRINA

I can only stay a minute.

LINUS

(Pointing to the light
above the bar)

Mind if I turn on just this little
one?

SABRINA

If you want to.

LINUS

(Turning on the light)

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

Just then the inter-com BUZZER sounds. Linus steps
to the desk.

LINUS

(To inter-com)

Yes?

MISS McCARDLE'S VOICE

I've cancelled your dinner reservation, Mr. Larrabee. What about the theatre tickets?

Linus looks up at Sabrina questioningly. She quickly opens her coat, revealing black toreador pants and a simple black sweater.

SABRINA

I couldn't possibly go anywhere.

LINUS

(To inter-com)
They're all yours, Miss McCardle.
Good night.

He goes back to the bar and starts to mix a martini.

LINUS

Sure you won't have even one?

SABRINA

No, thanks.

LINUS

You must be hungry.

Now Sabrina starts slowly towards him, away from the door.

SABRINA

I hadn't thought about it.

LINUS

I'm starved. I was sort of saving myself for Twenty One.

SABRINA

I've spoiled your evening, haven't I?

There are tears in her eyes. Linus tries not to notice them.

LINUS

No you haven't. We can have dinner right here. Let's see what Miss McCardle is hoarding. Probably some maraschino cherries and stale crackers.

He puts down his drink, slides open the doors above the kitchenette and examines the provisions on the shelves.

127

LINUS

Tomato juice, puffed rice, sardines,
tomato juice, tomato juice, tomato
juice...

SABRINA

That's an awful lot of tomato juice.

LINUS

Do you think you could fix us some-
thing?

SABRINA

(Moving closer)

I suppose so. I'm a graduate cook,
you know. I have a diploma.

LINUS

It'll take a diploma.
(He raises a lid, reveal-
ing electric burners)
Here's the stove.

Now he turns to her. They are very close together. He reaches up and opens the top button of her coat. She hesitates for a moment, then takes off the coat and hands it to him. He crosses toward the chair with it.

SABRINA

(Looking down at her
unusual getup)

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

Linus is back at the kitchenette. He opens a drawer and takes out a large kitchen towel and holds it up to her waist.

LINUS

How will this do?

(As she ties it behind her,
he opens another drawer)

Here are pots...pans...a can opener...
everything.

(He sees she is under
great tension, tries to
ease her mood)

Miss McCardle once cooked dinner here
for the Board of Directors. Immediately
after the first course, there was
a move to adjourn. It was passed
unanimously.

As though hardly listening to him, Sabrina slowly takes
down some cans and other foods.

127.

LINUS

What do we start with?

SABRINA

(In a strained voice)

I...haven't decided yet.

Linus turns her face toward him and sees the tears still there. He gently brushes a tear from her cheek.

LINUS

Come on, Sabrina. Let's not have any more of these.

His kindness breaks her. She turns away.

SABRINA

I'm so ashamed, Linus.

LINUS

Everyone has something to be ashamed of.

SABRINA

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

(There is a pause, as
Linus looks at her)

Please say something.

LINUS

Like what, Sabrina?

SABRINA

I don't know. Tell me I'm imagining things. Tell me I mustn't be in love with you... Tell me to put on my coat and go home before I make a complete fool of myself...

Linus turns to her and is about to speak.

SABRINA

No. Don't let me go home. I couldn't bear it. This is our last evening together. I'll behave, Linus. I'm all right now.

LINUS

That's good. Now how about dinner?

127

SABRINA

I just remembered -- I didn't have any lunch today.

LINUS

You didn't?

SABRINA

Come to think of it -- I didn't have any breakfast either.

LINUS

That may account for a lot of things.

SABRINA

Would you like a soufflé for dessert?

LINUS

Out of tomato juice?

SABRINA

Out of crackers.

Linus gently brushes another tear from her cheek.

LINUS

But not too soggy, huh?

SABRINA

(Softly)

I think you'd better get out of the kitchen.

Linus takes his drink and goes out on the terrace. Moodily he looks off at the boats docked at the piers in the distance. From off comes Sabrina's voice:

SABRINA'S VOICE

Which one is the Liberte?

Linus turns and sees Sabrina standing at the door watching him.

LINUS

The one on the right.

SABRINA

Are you sure? You mustn't take the wrong boat.

LINUS

I'll try not to.

SABRINA

You won't forget my instructions, will you? Never an umbrella in Paris, and under all circumstances, rain the very first day.

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LINUS

I haven't forgotten a word. My sister has a yellow pencil. Ma soeur a un crayon jaune.

SABRINA

Very good...

She looks at him for a moment as though waiting for him to say something more, but he is lost in thought. She steps back to the kitchenette, starts looking for something in the cupboard underneath the stove.

SABRINA

There must be an egg beater here somewhere.

(No answer from Linus)

I need more light.

She walks over to the desk, goes behind it and presses the button which turns on the lights. She is about to move away when her eyes fall on the two steamship tickets. She stares at them as though unable to believe her eyes. She picks them up and looks at them, and when she raises her eyes, they are shining with excitement and love. She turns toward the terrace. Linus' back is still turned. She starts toward him, holding the tickets behind her.

SABRINA

Linus...

(He turns)

Why didn't you tell me? You do want to take me with you don't you?

LINUS

What?

Sabrina shows him the tickets in her hand. He takes them away from her.

LINUS

These don't mean what you think they mean.

SABRINA

I know why you didn't tell me. Because you think it's all wrong. They'll say I'm too young for you. And there'll be an awful scandal. And the market will go down...Linus Larrabee, Esquire, is taking me to Paris.

(She kisses him)

LINUS

(As gently as he can)

Sabrina - I wasn't going to take you to Paris. I was going to send you.

127.

SABRINA

Alone?

LINUS

Yes.. All alone.

SABRINA

But there's a ticket for you.

LINUS

For an empty cabin.

SABRINA

You were joining me in Paris, is that it?

LINUS

I'm afraid not.

SABRINA

(After a moment)

I think I understand.

LINUS

I'm...sorry.

SABRINA

But why? Why did you do it?

LINUS

(Sadly)

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

SABRINA

David?

LINUS

That's right.

SABRINA

How inconsiderate of me. And how in-
convenient for you. Such a busy man,
having to waste so much time just to
get me on a boat.

LINUS

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

SABRINA

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

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LINUS

(Ruefully)

A little better than that.

(He presses a button on the desk; the drawer opens, and he takes out some papers)

A letter of credit...an apartment in Paris...a car...fifteen hundred shares of Larrabee preferred for your father...

SABRINA

Very generous, I must say.

LINUS

We regard it as a necessary business expense.

SABRINA

I'll just take one of these tickets, if you don't mind. I was happy in Paris.

(A pause)

I think you would have been, too.

She picks up her coat, and walks slowly to the door.
Linus presses the button opening the door for her.

LINUS

Goodbye, Sabrina.

Sabrina turns to him.

SABRINA

Good night, Mr. Larrabee. I'm sorry I can't stay to do the dishes.

She walks out slowly, and Linus looks after her, his eyes never leaving her until she disappears from view.

FADE OUT.END OF SEQUENCE "F"

SEQUENCE "G"

FADE IN:

128. INT. OUTER OFFICE - LINUS LARRABEE'S SUITE - (MORNING)

Miss McCardle is just hurrying in to work, obviously late. The other secretaries are already there, some taking off their hats, some uncovering their typewriters, and some already seated at their desks. There is an exchange of "Good mornings" between Miss McCardle and the others as she quickly stows her hat and handbag away in a drawer. Now she picks up the stack of mail and telegrams on her desk, presses the button opening the sliding door to Linus' inner office, and walks in, riffling through the mail as she goes.

129. INT. LINUS' SUITE

As she walks to the desk, Miss McCardle is puzzled by what she sees there -- the improvised chafing dish and other remnants of last night's dinner. Now she hears a BUZZING SOUND from the direction of Linus' bedroom. She turns, sees the door slightly ajar, puts down the mail and goes to the door.

MISS McCARDLE

Mr. Larrabee?

LINUS' VOICE

Come in.

Miss McCardle pushes the door open. Standing in front of the washstand using an electric razor, his face obscured by a pullout shaving mirror, is Linus, in shirtsleeves and no tie. Beyond him, a rumpled bed.

MISS McCARDLE

Good morning.

Linus looks at his wristwatch.

LINUS

You're six minutes late.

MISS McCARDLE

I'm sorry, Mr. Larrabee. I had a very bad night last night.

LINUS

Get your pad. We have a lot of things to do.

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MISS McCARDLE

(Getting pad)

I used your theatre tickets and took my mother... "Tea and Sympathy" ...Oh my dear!

LINUS

First--call Larrabee Shipping and tell them to radio all tankers bound for Puerto Rico to turn back. Next--call Larrabee Construction and tell them to discontinue all work on the new plant. We're cancelling the plastics merger...

MISS McCARDLE

We are?

LINUS

Next--I want Mr. Larrabee Senior, Mr. Tyson and Miss Elizabeth Tyson in this office as soon as possible. Better have a large bottle of smelling salts around...

(As Miss McCardle looks up, startled)
...because we're calling off the wedding.

MISS McCARDLE

We are?

LINUS

When is your mother's birthday?

MISS McCARDLE

Why?

LINUS

I'm going to send her two thousand gardenias!

(He comes out of the bedroom tying his bow-tie)
Next--there's a ticket for the Liberte on my desk. Have it transferred to the name of David Larrabee. Then get out his passport and make sure it's in order. Next--see if you can locate David. The boat is sailing at noon. I've been calling the house for an hour and he isn't there. Try Dr. Calloway's office. Try everywhere. But get him!

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MISS McCARDLE

Do you still want me to send all those presents to Miss Fairchild's cabin?

LINUS

No. We're sending David instead.

DAVID'S VOICE

Good morning.

They look up. David has walked in.

DAVID

You'll be happy to hear: the stitches are out. It's as good as new.

LINUS

Congratulations. I've been looking for you.

DAVID

I've been looking for you.

LINUS

You're leaving for Paris today. It's all arranged.

DAVID

(Calmly)

No kidding.

LINUS

With Sabrina. She's going to be on the boat.

DAVID

Uh huh.

(Jerking a thumb at Miss McCardle)

Do we need her in here?

LINUS

(With a nod to Miss McCardle)

All right, Miss McCardle. You have a lot of work to do.

(To David, as Miss McCardle exits)

Aren't you pleased at the news? What's the matter?

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DAVID

(Quietly)

I saw Sabrina last night when
she came home.

LINUS

You did?

DAVID

I found her packing.

LINUS

(After a moment)

What did she say?

DAVID

Nothing. She just kissed me.

LINUS

What's wrong with that?

DAVID

I may know nothing about Dow Jones
averages, but I know something
about kisses...

LINUS

You could lecture on it at Vassar.

DAVID

...and this one tasted like a
goodbye kiss.

LINUS

You're imagining things.

DAVID

There were a few tears in it, too.

(Linus looks away)

I'm not very bright. It took me
until this morning to add two and
two together -- two champagne
glasses, the plastics deal and
Sabrina. You know what I got?

LINUS

What?

David belts Linus on the chin and he reels back and
falls into his desk-chair.

DAVID

Sorry to do it to a tired businessman.

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LINUS

(Rubbing his chin)

That's all right. Now we're even.

(As he gets out of
the chair)

Suppose you go home now and start packing. I'll take care of Elizabeth. I'm calling off the merger at the board meeting. Miss McCardle will have your passport and your ticket. Let her know if you need any money. I want you and Sabrina to have a good time in Paris. Goodbye.

He presses the button which opens the door.

DAVID

What makes you so sure Sabrina still wants me?

LINUS

Of course she wants you. She's wanted you all her life. Now on your way, or you'll miss the boat.

DAVID

Don't worry. I won't miss the boat. I'm going. I'm going.

(At the door, he turns)

The funniest thing. Linus Larrabee, the man who doesn't burn, doesn't scorch, doesn't melt, suddenly throws a twenty million dollar deal out the window. Are you sure you don't want to go with her?

LINUS

Me? Why should I want to go with her?

DAVID

Because you're in love with her!

Linus quickly presses the button and closes the door in David's face.

DISSOLVE TO:

130. INT. LIMOUSINE - (DAY)

Fairchild is driving. Sabrina is seated up front beside him, her French poodle in her lap. Her luggage can be seen on the back seat. They are just crossing Triboro Bridge on their way to the boat. They drive in silence for a while, both of them obviously unhappy. Then:

FAIRCHILD

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

SABRINA

(A wistful smile)

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

FAIRCHILD

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

SABRINA

It wasn't your fault, Father. It was mine. I should have believed you.

(She looks at him)

There is a front seat ... and a back seat ...

SABRINA & FAIRCHILD

(Together)

... and a window in between.

They drive on in silence. Then:

FAIRCHILD

If it's any consolation - one good thing came out of it, anyway.

(Sabrina looks at him

questioningly)

You did get over David, didn't you?

SABRINA

Dear David. Yes. I did get over that. I'm cured.

(A pause)

Now - how to get over the cure?

Another silence, as they drive on. Then:

FAIRCHILD

It wouldn't have worked out, really, Sabrina. The papers and everybody else would have said: How fine and

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FAIRCHILD

democratic of a Larrabee to marry the chauffeur's daughter. But would they have praised the chauffeur's daughter?
No.

(He sighs)

Democracy can be a wickedly unfair thing, Sabrina. Nobody poor was ever called democratic for marrying somebody rich.

They stare straight ahead, lost in their thoughts.

DISSOLVE TO:

131.

INT. LINUS' SUITE - (DAY)

Start on old man Larrabee at the bar. He has just finished mixing a martini and pours it into a glass. Now he reaches beneath his coat into the back pocket of his trousers and takes out a jar of olives. He opens the jar, takes out an olive, drops it into the martini, closes the jar and puts it back in his trousers pocket. Sipping the martini, he walks toward the conference table. Seated around, fidgeting impatiently, are the members of the board. With them, Mr. Tyson. Behind the table, standing at the window, is Linus. He is looking uptown toward the French Line pier, a sad, wistful expression on his face. Elizabeth Tyson is at the leather couch, unwrapping one of several gift parcels.

LARRABEE

(Impatiently)

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

ELIZABETH

We're waiting for David, of course.

TYSON

Yes. We're waiting for David.

LARRABEE

That boy has no sense of time, no sense of direction! As a matter of fact, he has no sense! Where is he, Linus?

Linus turns away from the window, glances at his wristwatch.

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LINUS

We'll get to that in a minute.

Miss McCardle has just come in with a glass jar.
She sets it on the table in front of Linus' chair.

MISS McCARDLE

(Whispers to Linus)

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

She takes the seat next to Linus' chair, before a
stenotype machine. Linus turns back to the window,
looks off. And then we hear the deep-throated BLAST
of the Liberte's horn from the river.

ELIZABETH

Look what I bought him for Waikiki
Beach.

(She holds up a pair of
flowery bathing trunks)

I hope they're loud enough.

LINUS

(Half to himself)

I hope they're returnable..

He has stepped to the head of the table. He picks
up the gavel, raps once.

LINUS

Suppose we get down to business,
gentlemen. I see no need for
further delay.

ELIZABETH

But what about David?

TYSON

Yes. What about David?

LINUS

A very good question.

(As Miss McCardle starts
to open the smelling salts)

Not yet.

(To the others)

Mr. Tyson ... members of the board...

(He looks off)

Are you with us, Father?

12-7-53

131. Old man Larrabee pokes his head around the corner of the bar as he swirls a new batch of martinis.

LARRABEE

Present.

LINUS

(Addressing the group again)

As you know, we are here today 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 --

Miss McCardle uncaps the smelling salts again.

LINUS

Not yet.

(To the others)

However, sometimes the most conscientious of businessmen can botch up a deal -- for one reason or another...

(Consternation)

Understand - I don't mean to say that our merger has hit a snag, or failed to jell, or gone up in smoke, or fallen through...

(Elation)

Let me put it this way, gentlemen: it has sailed away.

Puzzlement. And over it, another BLAST of the Liberte's horn.

LARRABEE

I must have missed something.
Would you mind starting all over again?

LINUS

Now, Miss McCardle.

Miss McCardle opens the bottle of smelling salts and is ready.

LINUS

(With feeling)

Elizabeth -- I hate to have to break the news to you, but at this very moment, your fiance, David Larrabee --

DAVID'S VOICE

-- is late, as usual!

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Linus looks up, startled, and everybody turns. CAMERA WHIPS to the door. David has strolled in. On his head is Linus' Homburg hat. In his hand, he twirls Linus' umbrella. In his pocket is a folded newspaper.

DAVID

Hello, everybody!

(He goes straight to Elizabeth)

Hello, darling!

(He kisses her. Then, casually, to Linus, who stands there, stunned)

Oh, hello, Linus. How are you?

ELIZABETH

(Whispers)

David - I don't think he's well.

LINUS

(To David)

What are you doing here?

DAVID

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

He puts down the Homburg and the umbrella on the end of the conference table.

LINUS

(Concerned)

Where's Sabrina?

ELIZABETH

Sabrina? Who is Sabrina?

LARRABEE

That name! That name!

DAVID

(Shrugs)

She's on the boat, I guess.

LINUS

(To David; in dismay)

But the boat has sailed!

The Liberte's horn is heard again.

DAVID

And there she goes.

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TYSON

(Confused)

Who goes?

DAVID

Sabrina.

ELIZABETH

Who is Sabrina?

LARRABEE

I will not hear that name again!

LINUS

(To David, with
emotion)

Why did you do it?

DAVID

Do what?

LINUS

She's all alone out there!

DAVID

Not according to the afternoon
papers.(He takes the paper out
of his pocket and moves
toward Linus)It says here that Linus Larrabee --
that's you, isn't it? -- and Sabrina
Fairchild -- that's she, isn't it? --
have quietly reserved adjacent deck
chairs on the Liberte, sailing today.

Linus grabs the paper and reads the item.

LARRABEE

I tell you - all columnists should
be beaten to a pulp and converted
into paper!

LINUS

(To David)

Did you plant this?

DAVID

Me? I thought it was common know-
ledge about you and Sabrina.

ELIZABETH

Who is Sabrina?

131.

DAVID

Our chauffeur's daughter! That's who she is!

Through the window, we now see the Liberte coming slowly into view.

DAVID

(To the Directors)

How about that, gentlemen? Linus Larrabee, wizard of finance, man of distinction, and Chairman of the Board of Larrabee Industries, getting mixed up with his chauffeur's daughter!

LINUS

(With quiet anger)

That's enough, David.

DAVID

(To Elizabeth)

She was after me for a while. But then she switched to Linus.

(Looking squarely at Linus)

I guess because he's got more money.

(Linus reacts with rising anger)

We all know what those girls are like. And believe me, gentlemen, this one is no different. She just seems to be.

LINUS

I said that's enough.

DAVID

(Pressing on)

Maybe you got smart, Linus. Or maybe you just got lucky. Because you're here...

(He points to the boat)

...and she's out there. Brother -- she would have taken you for plenty!

Linus lets go with a terrific belt to David's jaw. David goes skidding back across the full length of the conference table, sending contracts and inkwells flying in all directions. When he comes to a stop, he straightens up to a sitting position, and an enormous grin comes to his face.

DAVID

Just wanted to make sure. You love her, don't you?

A look of surprise comes to Linus' face, then a slow smile.

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DAVID

Well, what're you waiting for?

He tosses the Homburg, then the umbrella, across the table. Linus catches them.

DAVID

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

Linus glances quickly at his wristwatch.

LINUS

If you'll excuse me, gentlemen -- it appears that I have a previous engagement.

He puts on the Homburg and saunters toward the door. As he passes old man Larrabee:

LARRABEE

That's the twentieth century for you! Automobiles! Garages! Chauffeurs! Chauffeurs' daughters!

Linus quickens his pace as he goes through the outer office. Doors open before him as if by magic. Now he breaks into a trot.

Meanwhile, old man Larrabee has gone to the head of the table, before Linus' vacant chair. His face is livid as he raps with the gavel.

LARRABEE

Inasmuch as I seem to be the only member of the Larrabee family who is not completely out of his mind, I will take it upon myself to call this meeting back to order -- as soon as David Larrabee removes his carcass from this table!

DAVID

(Cuddling with Elizabeth)

Oh, sit down, Father.

Larrabee sits, and lets out a scream, as we hear the SOUND OF CRUNCHING GLASS.

LARRABEE

Oh, no! No! Olives!

DISSOLVE TO:

132. EXT. LARRABEE PIER - (DAY)

Linus, wearing his Homburg hat and carrying the umbrella, jumps aboard the waiting tug, the "Maude Larrabee", and it moves off after the Liberte.

DISSOLVE TO:

133. EXT. RIVER

The Liberte is steaming out toward the sea. In the foreground, the little tug is closing in on it.

134. EXT. THE TUG

Linus stands on the deck, peering anxiously ahead.

DISSOLVE TO:

135. EXT. DECK OF LIBERTE - (DAY)

The skyline of lower Manhattan is slowly receding. Aboard ship there is the usual after-departure activity -- porters carrying luggage, stewards delivering flowers, passengers photographing the passing scenery.

CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing a row of deck chairs. They are all unoccupied, except one. In it lies Sabrina, with her poodle on her lap. She is a lone figure as she lies there staring moodily off into space. Through a door beyond the deck chairs, a steward now enters the scene, in his hand a black Homburg. He looks about, sees Sabrina and goes over to her.

STEWARD

(In French)

Miss Fairchild?

(Sabrina nods)

There is a gentleman aboard who would like you to arrange his hat.

Sabrina looks at the Homburg in amazement. She knows it must be Linus' hat, but she can hardly believe her eyes. And then, as the truth sinks in, a look of great joy comes to her face. She takes the hat, lovingly turns down the brim and hands it back to the steward with a smile. He bows.

STEWARD

Merci beaucoup.

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He goes off with the hat and disappears through the door from which he came. Sabrina gets up excitedly, puts the poodle down on the chair, and walks toward the door. She slows down, then stops ... in a sense pulling herself together emotionally. She stands there watching the door expectantly, waiting for Linus to appear.

And now from far down the deck, unseen by Sabrina, Linus approaches. He is wearing the turned-down Homburg and twirling his umbrella. When he is a few feet away from Sabrina, he stops and watches her as she stands looking for him. As though sensing his presence, she turns and sees him. They look at each other wordlessly. He waits for a cue from her. She smiles. And now he smiles. He is about to move toward her to take her in his arms when he becomes aware of the umbrella in his hand. He doesn't know what to do with it. Just then a passenger wearing a topcoat with a belt in the back walks between them, AWAY FROM CAMERA. Quickly, Linus hooks the umbrella handle on the belt. And as the passenger walks off, blissfully unaware of the umbrella dangling behind him, Linus and Sabrina move into each other's arms.

FADE OUTTHE END