

106 THE PHILADELPHIA STORY ACT III

TRACY. —When he what? *(To the telephone. DEXTER goes up Center and over to Right, back of sofa)* Hello? Hello, George—this is Tracy. Look—I don't care whether it's bad luck or not, but I've got to see you for a minute before the wedding.—What, what note? I didn't get any note.—When? Well, why didn't someone tell me?—Right. Come on the run. *(Replaces the telephone, goes up to mantel to a wall-bell and rings it)* He sent a note over at ten o'clock.

DEXTER. I told you he'd come to his senses.

TRACY. Was—was he here, too?

DEXTER. Sure.

TRACY. *(Crossing down Center)* My God—why didn't you sell tickets?

DEXTER. *(Crossing over Right, gets glass from table; gives it to her)* Finish your drink.

TRACY. *(Taking drink)* Will it help?

DEXTER. There's always the hope.

*(EDWARD comes into the hall doorway, Right 2.)*

EDWARD. You rang, Miss?

TRACY. *(Crossing to Center above DEXTER)* Isn't there a note for me from Mr. Kittredge somewhere?

*(DEXTER gets Left Center.)*

EDWARD. I believe it was put on the hall table upstairs. Mrs. Lord said not to disturb you.

TRACY. I'd like to have it, if I may.

EDWARD. Very well, Miss. *(Exits Right 2.)*

TRACY. *(Finishes her drink. Right Center. Gives DEXTER glass)* Say something, Dext—anything.

DEXTER. No—you do.

TRACY. Oh, Dext—I'm wicked! *(Crossing Left)* I'm such an unholy mess of a girl.

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DEXTER. That's no good. That's not even conversation.

TRACY. But never in all my life—not if I live to be one hundred—will I ever forget the way you tried to—to stand me on my feet again this morning.

DEXTER. (*Crossing front of table Left*) You—you're in grand shape. Tell me: what did you think of my wedding present? I like my presents at least to be acknowledged.

TRACY. (*Turns to him*) It was beautiful and sweet, Dext.

DEXTER. She was quite a boat, the "True Love."

TRACY. Was, and is.

DEXTER. She had the same initials as yours—did you ever realize that?

TRACY. No, I never did. (*Sits in chair Left of table.*)

DEXTER. (*Puts glass down*) Nor did I, till I last saw her.—Funny we missed it. My, she was yare. (*Leans over table to her.*)

TRACY. She was yare, all right. (*A moment*) I wasn't, was I?

DEXTER. Wasn't what?

TRACY. Yare.

DEXTER. (*Laughs shortly*) Not very. (*Sits in chair Right of table*) —You were good at the bright-work, though. I'll never forget you down on your knees on the deck every morning, with your little can of polish.

TRACY. I wouldn't let even you help, would I?

DEXTER. Not even me.

TRACY. I made her shine.—Where is she now?

DEXTER. In the yard at Seven Hundred Acre, getting gone over. I'm going to sell her to Rufus Watriss at Oyster Bay.

TRACY. You're going to sell the "True Love"?

DEXTER. Why not?

TRACY. For money?

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DEXTER. He wired an offer yesterday.

TRACY. —To *that* fat old rum-pot?

DEXTER. What the hell does it matter?

TRACY. She's too clean, she's too yare.

DEXTER. I know—but when you're through with a boat, you're— (*Looks at her*) That is, of course, unless *you* want her. (*TRACY is silent*) Of course she's good for nothing but racing—and only really comfortable for two people—and not so damned so, for them. So I naturally thought—. But of course, if *you* should want her—

TRACY. No—I don't want her.

DEXTER. I'm going to design another for myself, along a little more practical lines.

TRACY. Are you?

DEXTER. I started on the drawings a couple of weeks ago.

TRACY. What will you call her?

DEXTER. I thought the "True Love II."— What do you think?

TRACY. (*After a moment*) Dexter, if you call any boat that, I promise you I'll blow you and it right out of the water! (*Rises.*)

DEXTER. I know it's not very imaginative, but— (*Rises.*)

TRACY. (*Crossing in to Right Center to armchair*) Just try it, that's all! (*Moves away from him*) I'll tell you what you can call it, if you like—

DEXTER. What?

TRACY. In fond remembrance of me—

DEXTER. What?

TRACY. The "Easy Virtue."

DEXTER. (*Crossing to her Right*) Tray, I'll be damned if I'll have you thinking such things of yourself!

TRACY. What would you like me to think?

DEXTER. I don't know. But I do know that virtue, so-called, is no matter of a single misstep or two.

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TRACY. You don't think so?

DEXTER. I know so. It's something inherent, it's something regardless of anything.

TRACY. Like fun it is.

DEXTER. You're wrong. The occasional misdeeds are often as good for a person as—as the more persistent virtues.—That is, if the person is there. Maybe you haven't committed enough, Tray. Maybe this is your coming-of-age.

TRACY. (*Crossing to Left*) I don't know.—Oh, I don't know anything any more!

DEXTER. That sounds very hopeful. That's just fine, Tray.

(*Enter EDWARD, Right 2, with note on salver.*)

TRACY. (*Over Left*) Oh, be still, you! (*Turns. EDWARD comes back to table Left with note and gives it to her*) Thanks, Edward.

EDWARD. They are practically all in, Miss—and quite a number standing in the back. (*MIKE and LIZ come in Left 2*) All our best wishes, Miss.

(*LIZ crosses down Left, back of Left Center arm-chair. MIKE back of Left table.*)

TRACY. Thanks, Edward. Thanks, very much.

LIZ. —And all ours, Tracy.

(*EDWARD goes up Right Center.*)

TRACY. Thank you, thank everybody. (*Opens note.*)

(*SANDY rushes in Right 2 and goes to her, Left. EDWARD goes out Right 2.*)

SANDY. Tray—he's here! He's arrived!