

ACT I THE PHILADELPHIA STORY 37

this marrying and giving in marriage is the damndest gyp that's ever been put over on an unsuspecting public?

MIKE. *(To Liz)* Can she be human!

TRACY. Please, Mr. Connor!—I asked Miss Imbrie a question.

LIZ. No. As a matter of fact, I don't.

TRACY. Good. Nor do I. That's why I'm putting my chin out for the second time tomorrow. *(GEORGE, off Left, calls "Tracy." She rises)* Here's the lucky man now. I'll bring him right in and put him on view—a one-man exhibition. *(As she moves over Left and goes off Left)* In here, George!—In here, my dear!

LIZ. *(To MIKE—rises)* My God—who's doing the interviewing here? *(Puts out cigarette on table.)*

MIKE. *(Rises. Back of sofa to Center)* She's a lot more than I counted on.

LIZ. Do you suppose she caught on somehow?

MIKE. No. She's just a hellion. *(Has got to Center.)*

LIZ. I'm beginning to feel the size of a pinhead. *(Goes Right Center.)*

MIKE. Don't let her throw you.

LIZ. Do you want to take over?

MIKE. I want to go home.

*(TRACY re-enters with GEORGE KITTREDGE, aged thirty-two; brings him to Center.)*

TRACY. *(As she crosses)* Miss Imbrie—Mr. Connor—Mr. Kittredge, my beau.—Friends of Sandy's, George.

GEORGE. *(Center)* Any friend of Sandy's—*(Shakes hands with them.)*

LIZ. *(Right Center)* How do you do?

MIKE. *(Center)* How are you?

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GEORGE. Fine as silk, thanks.

LIZ. You certainly look it.

GEORGE. Thanks, I've shaken quite a lot of coal-dust from my feet in the last day or two.

TRACY. (*Left Center*) Isn't he beautiful? Isn't it wonderful what a little soap and water will do?

MIKE. Didn't I read a piece about you in *The Nation* a while ago?

GEORGE. Quite a while ago: I've been resting on my laurels since that—and a couple of others.

MIKE. Quite a neat piece of work—anticipating the Guffey Coal Act the way you did.—Or do I remember straight?

GEORGE. Anyone should have foreseen that—I was just lucky.

LIZ. A becoming modesty.

GEORGE. That's nothing to what's yet to be done with Labor relations.

TRACY. You ought to see him with the men—they simply adore him.

GEORGE. Oh—come on, Tracy!

TRACY. (*Backing a few steps to Left*) Oh, but they do! Never in my life will I forget that first night I saw you, all those wonderful faces, and the torchlights, and the way his voice boomed—

GEORGE. You see, I'm really a spellbinder.—That's the way I got her.

TRACY. (*Crossing up to GEORGE*) Except it was me who got you!—I'm going to put these two at the bridal table, in place of the Grants.

GEORGE. That's a good idea.

TRACY. (*Crossing to Left, back of table*) George, it won't rain, will it?—Promise me it won't rain. (*Looking out window.*)

GEORGE. (*Follows her*) Tracy, I'll see to that personally.

TRACY. I almost believe you could.

MIKE. I guess this must be love.

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GEORGE. Your guess is correct, Mr. Connor.

TRACY. I'm just his faithful Old Dog Tray.

GEORGE. Give me your paw?

TRACY. *(She does)* You've got it.

*(GEORGE takes her hand and kisses it.)*

*(MARGARET enters Right 1, followed by DINAH. DINAH remains in doorway. MARGARET goes directly to between LIZ and MIKE in front of sofa, Right.)*

MARGARET. *(Shakes hands with BOTH)* How do you do? We're so happy to have you. Forgive me for not coming in sooner, but things are in such a state. I'd no idea that a simple country wedding could involve so much. *(Crosses to TRACY and TRACY comes to her. They meet Center and beam)* My little girl— *(SANDY enters Right 2 and crosses down to table Left near TRACY. GEORGE works to Left of table Left)* —I do hope you'll be comfortable. Those rooms are inclined to be hot in this weather.—Aren't you pretty, my dear! Look at the way she wears her hair, Tracy. Isn't it pretty?

TRACY. Mighty fine.

MARGARET. I do wish my husband might be here to greet you, but we expect him presently. He's been detained in New York on business for that lovely Tina Mara. You know her work?

LIZ. Only vaguely!

MARGARET. So talented—and such a lovely person! But like so many artists—no business head, none whatever. *(Gives TRACY a knowing smile. TRACY and SANDY smile. SANDY then smirks. EDWARD enters from Right 2. He carries tray with sherry decanter and eight glasses. THOMAS follows to serve. They go up Center)* Good morning, George!

GEORGE. Good morning, Mrs. Lord!