

## ACT TWO

### SCENE I

*The porch, which is more like a room than a porch. Entrance from the sitting room at back Right Center and Left Center to the library, through glass doors at stage Left; to garden, down broad stone steps from porch and along gravel path past shrubbery to Left and Right. Open side of porch shielded. At Right is a step down to path; a door (Right) at upper end of this path; a sofa against extreme Right wall. Flower stands Right and Left on porch; a stool Right; table and chairs Center; chaise longue Left. Pots of geraniums, large and small.*

*Early evening, Friday. The sky has cleared.*

AT RISE: MIKE is in Left Center chair on porch, making additional notes. LIZ is seated on steps over Right, reloading her camera.

LIZ. I may need more film.

MIKE. I may need more paper.

LIZ. There's a cousin Joanna, who's definitely crazy.

MIKE. Who told you?

LIZ. Dinah.

MIKE. Dinah should know.

LIZ. Where is she now? I want some more shots of her, while it's still light.

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MIKE. She's out schooling a horse somewhere. It's the horses that get the schooling hereabouts. Did you shoot the old Tycoon milking his cows?

LIZ. Several times. He shot one at me, but he missed.

MIKE. Caption: "Seventy Times Seven Fat Kine Has He." (*Consults his notes*) "George Kittredge, Important Official, Important Company. Controlling interest owned by Seth Lord."

LIZ. What a coincidence and will wonders never cease?

MIKE. I'm inclined to like Kittredge—I can see how she fell for him. I think he's in a tough spot, with Haven prowling around, though.

LIZ. Is a sinister fellow, Dexter.

MIKE. Is very.—But George is interesting. Get him on coal some time.

LIZ. I'd rather have him on toast.

MIKE. (*Rises, crossing Center*) Answer me honestly, Liz; what right has a girl like Tracy Lord to exist?

LIZ. Politically, socially, or economically?

MIKE. (*Crossing in Right to Liz*) But what place has she got in the world today? Come the Revolution she'll be the first to go.

LIZ. Sure; right out under the Red General's arm.

MIKE. She's a new one on me. (*Crossing to Left of table Left*) Maybe Philadelphia produces a different brand of monkey.

LIZ. (*Looks at him keenly*) You're a funny one, Mike.

MIKE. Why?

LIZ. Use the name "Wanamaker" in a sentence.

MIKE. I bite.

LIZ. I met a girl this morning. I hate her, but I—

MIKE. I get you, but you're wrong. You couldn't be wronger. (*Crossing Left of table*) Women like that bore the pants off me.

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LIZ. For a writer, you use your figures of speech most ineptly. You know, I wish they knew why we were here. They're all such sweet innocents, it makes me feel like—

(WILLIE, with a red rose, and SETH enter from the garden down Right. LIZ rises.)

UNCLE WILLIE. Would you accept this perfect rose, Miss Imbrie?

(MIKE crosses and sits on chaise down Left.)

LIZ. Why, thank you, Mr. Lord. It's a beauty. (Takes it.)

SETH. Miss Imbrie is amused at something.

LIZ. I'm sorry, Mr. Tracy, but it's so funny, you being uncle and nephew. Could I have a picture of you together? (Leaves rose on porch.)

UNCLE WILLIE. Certainly! (Slips his arm through SETH'S) Now stand up straight, Willie. He is younger than I. It was a matter of half sisters marrying step-brothers.

LIZ. (Front of them, near Center) I see. That is, I think I do. (Snaps a picture.)

UNCLE WILLIE. No incest, however.

LIZ. Of course not. (Snaps another.)

UNCLE WILLIE. There have been other things, however. (Looks at SETH) Uncle Willie—I'm thinking of asking that little dancer, Tina Mara, to come down and dance for the wedding guests tomorrow. Do you think it's a good idea?

SETH. Excellent. It might put an end to the ridiculous gossip about you and her. (Looks between them.)

UNCLE WILLIE. Is there gossip?

SETH. There seems to be.

UNCLE WILLIE. Is it ridiculous?