

ACT I THE PHILADELPHIA STORY 39

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!

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MARGARET. And this is my youngest daughter, Diana—

(DINAH *curtseys.*)

MIKE (*Is working his way behind sofa to down Right*) I think we've met.

(THOMAS *gives MARGARET drink and napkin.*)

MARGARET. Thank you, Thomas.

(DINAH *then works her way across back of sofa to armchair Left Center—stops to get glass of sherry for SANDY.*)

SANDY. (*Sitting in armchair Left Center*) Now let's all relax, and throw ourselves into things. Hi, George!

(MARGARET *sits in armchair Right Center. TRACY sits stool Center. GEORGE works slowly to behind her.*)

GEORGE. Hello, Sandy— Welcome home!

(THOMAS *serves LIZ. DINAH serves SANDY with sherry.*)

MARGARET. After lunch Sandy must show you some of the sights—the model dairy, and the stables, and the chicken farm—and perhaps there'll be time to run you out to some other places on the Main Line—Devins, Saint Davids. Bryn Mawr, where my daughter Tracy went to college—

(THOMAS *serves MIKE, then THOMAS goes up for WILLIE'S wine.*)

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DINAH. 'Til she got bounced out on her—

MARGARET. —Dinah!

UNCLE WILLIE. (*Entering Right*) It's a pretty kettle of fish when a man has to wait two mortal hours—

TRACY. (*Rising*) Papá!—Dear Papá—

UNCLE WILLIE. What's that?

TRACY. (*As she rushes over Right to embrace him*) Didn't the car meet you?

WILLIE. (*Amazed, but hardly audible*) The car?

TRACY. (*Crossing down Right*) You angel—to drop everything and get here in time for lunch— Isn't he, Mamá?

MARGARET. In—indeed he is.

UNCLE WILLIE. I'm not one to jump to conclusions, but—

TRACY. These are our friends, Mr. Connor and Miss Imbrie, Father.—They're here for the wedding.

MIKE. How are you, Mr. Lord?

LIZ. How do you do, Mr. Lord?

UNCLE WILLIE. Dashed fine. How are you? (*Shakes hands with MIKE.*)

SANDY. (*Over Left*) Hi, Pops!

UNCLE WILLIE. (*Crossing in Center*) —Alexander.

DINAH. (*Crossing in Center*) Welcome back, Daddy!

UNCLE WILLIE. Dinah— Kittredge— (*He turns to MARGARET and bows*) Margaret, my sweet.

(*THOMAS comes down to his Left with a sherry.*)

UNCLE WILLIE takes sherry and tosses it off: glass back to THOMAS, who, taking stool from Center, goes up to fireplace.)

TRACY. Mother, don't you think you ought to explain the new arrangement to Father before lunch?

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MARGARET. (*Taking WILLIE by the arm*) Why—yes—I think I'd best. (*Having WILLIE by arm, takes him over Left as DEXTER enters. They meet Left 1*) See here—here is the list now—Seth.

(TRACY goes up Center.)

SANDY. (*As he sees DEXTER enter*) Holy cats!

MARGARET. (*As she sees him enter she turns quickly to look at TRACY, then speaks*) Dexter Haven!

DEXTER. (*Down at Left 1 entrance*) Hello, friends and enemies. I came the short way, across the fields.

MARGARET. Well, this is a surprise.

GEORGE. (*Up Center*) I should think it is.

DEXTER. Hello, you sweet thing. (*Taking MARGARET by the shoulders and kissing her cheek.*)

(MIKE and LIZ cross.)

MARGARET. Now you go right home at once!

UNCLE WILLIE. Remove yourself, young man!

DEXTER. But I've been invited. (*Going to WILLIE and shaking hands*) How are you, sir?

UNCLE WILLIE. No better, no worse. Get along.

DEXTER. Hello, Sandy.

SANDY. (*Shaking hands with DEXTER*) How are you, boy?

DEXTER. Never better. In fact, it's immoral how good I feel.

DINAH. (*Works down Center*) What—what brings you here, Mr. Haven?

DEXTER. (*Crossing to her Center*) Dinah, my angel! (*Kisses her cheek*) Why, she's turned into a raving beauty! (*Crossing to TRACY as DINAH goes up Center*) Awfully sweet and thoughtful of you to ask me to lunch, Tray.