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MIKE. Both! (*Pours himself a glass of wine*) "No lightweight is balding, battlebrowed Sidney Kidd, no mean displacement, his: for windy bias, bicarbonate." (*Drinks the wine; looks at the glass*) That is funny stuff. I'm used to whiskey. Whisky is a clap on the back. Champagne, entwining arms.

TRACY. (*Crossing Left, back of MIKE*) That's pretty. Is it poetry? (*On arm of chair Left of table.*)

MIKE. *Dime* will tell.

SANDY. "None before him but Writer Wolfgang Goethe has known all about all. Gigantic was Goethe's output, bigger already is Kidd's. Sample from his own pen: 'Pittsburgh is a gentle city.'"

TRACY. Sidney is a gentle man.

(MIKE and TRACY look at each other.)

MIKE. Potent, able, beady-eyed scion of great wealth in Quakertown, why don't you do a piece on our great and good friend?

SANDY. (*Right*) On Kidd?

MIKE. (*Center*) On none other.

SANDY. Nimble scrivener, it's an idea.

TRACY. Brilliant. I wish I'd thought of it.

MIKE. Baby Giant Tycooness.

TRACY. But would it not be a low, dirty deed?

MIKE. He'd print a scandal about his best friend: he's said he would.

SANDY. Who is his best friend?

MIKE. I guess Santa Claus. (*Crossing Left*) What is this mist before my eyes?

TRACY. (*Rises and goes to Left of table*) I tell you what: let's all have a quick swim to brighten us up. Go get Liz, Sandy. (*Takes off her bracelet and two rings and leaves them on table.*)

SANDY. Not me; it's too cold this early.

TRACY. It's the best hour of the day! Dexter and I always swam after parties.

MIKE. (*Over Left Center*) I haven't got any bathing suit.

TRACY. But we won't need any! It's just ourselves. (*Turns to him and after a short pause he goes back of table—pours two drinks of champagne.*)

MIKE. Let's dip into this instead. (*Pours more champagne.*)

TRACY. (*After a brief pause, to SANDY*) No takers. —Get Liz anyway, Sandy.

SANDY. If she's not in bed— Or even if she is. (*Goes out Right Center.*)

TRACY. (*Looking at MIKE*) That was an odd thing you just did—

MIKE. Me? (*Crosses down front of Right chair with drink.*)

TRACY. (*In front of table*) You. For a moment you made me—self-conscious.

MIKE. How? About what?

TRACY. Never mind. (*Raises her glass*) Hello, you.

MIKE. (*Raises his*) Hello.

TRACY. You look fine.

MIKE. I feel fine.

TRACY. Quite a fellah.

MIKE. They say.

(*They drink.*)

TRACY. Did you enjoy the party?

MIKE. Sure. The prettiest sight in this fine, pretty world is the Privileged Class enjoying its privileges. (*Drinks.*)

TRACY. (*Crossing down lower stage Left*) —Also somewhat of a snob.

MIKE. How do you mean?

TRACY. I'm wondering.

MIKE. (*Leaves glass on table*) Consider, Gentle Reader, they toil not, neither do they spin.

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TRACY. Oh, yes, they do! They spin in circles.  
(*Spins and sits on floor over Left.*)

MIKE. (*Crosses down to her*) Nicely put. "Awash with champagne was Mrs. Willie Q. Tracy (born Geneva Biddle)'s stately pleasure dome on a hill-top in smart Radnor, P.A. on a Saturday night late in June; the eve of her great-niece's—" (*Sits beside her*) —Tracy, you can't marry that guy. (*She leaves glass on floor near foot of chaise.*)

TRACY. George?—I'm going to. Why not?

MIKE. I don't know; I'd have thought I'd be for it, but somehow you just don't seem to match up.

TRACY. Then the fault's with me.

MIKE. Maybe so; all the same you can't do it.

TRACY. (*Rising*) No? Come around about noon tomorrow—I mean today. (*Goes Center.*)

MIKE. (*Rises, after a pause*) Tracy—

TRACY. Yes, Mr. Connor?

MIKE. How do you mean, I'm "a snob"?

TRACY. You're the worst kind there is: an intellectual snob. You've made up your mind awfully young, it seems to me.

MIKE. (*Crossing to her, Center*) Thirty's about time to make up your mind.—And I'm nothing of the sort, not Mr. Connor.

TRACY. The time to make up your mind about people, is never. Yes, you are—and a complete one.

MIKE. You're quite a girl.

TRACY. You think?

MIKE. I know.

TRACY. Thank you, Professor. I don't think I'm exceptional.

MIKE. You are, though.

TRACY. I know any number like me. You ought to get around more.

MIKE. In the Upper Clahss? No, thanks.

TRACY. You're just a mass of prejudices, aren't

you? You're so much thought and so little feeling, Professor. (*Goes Right.*)

MIKE. Oh, I am, am I?

TRACY. Yes, you am, are you! (*Stops and turns on him*) Your damned intolerance infuriates me. I mean infuriates me. I should think, of all people, a writer would need tolerance. The fact is, you'll never—you can't be a first-rate writer or a first-rate human being until you learn to have some small regard for— (*Suddenly she stops. Her eyes widen, remembering. She turns from him*) Aren't the geraniums pretty, Professor? (*Crossing extreme Right*) Is it not a handsome day that begins?

MIKE. (*Gets up on upper platform*) Lay off that "Professor."

TRACY. Yes, Professor. (*Up on platform.*)

MIKE. (*Right Center*) You've got all the arrogance of your class, all right, haven't you?

TRACY. (*Right*) Holy suds, what have "classes" to do with it?

MIKE. Quite a lot.

TRACY. Why? What do they matter—except for the people in them? George comes from the so-called "lower" class, Dexter comes from the upper. Well?

MIKE. Well?

TRACY. —Though there's a great deal to be said for Dexter—and don't you forget it! (*Goes Center.*)

MIKE. I'll try not to.

TRACY. (*Crossing above table to over Left for glass*) Mac, the night-watchman, is a prince among men and Joey, the stable-boy, is a rat. Uncle Hugh is a saint. Uncle Willie's a pincher. (*Picks up glass.*)

MIKE. So what?

TRACY. (*Crossing to table—pours*) There aren't any rules about human beings, that's all!—You're teaching me things, Professor; this is new to me. Thanks, I am beholden to you. (*Pours drink.*)

MIKE. (*Watching her*) Not at all.