

ACT I THE PHILADELPHIA STORY 17

TRACY. (*Spreads roll of paper out on table*) Listen, darling, give me a hand with this cockeyed seating arrangement, will you? At least hold it down.—George doesn't want the Grants at the bridal table. (*SANDY LORD, twenty-six, comes in from Right 2*) He says they're fast. He—

SANDY. (*Entering and going down Center*) Hello, kids.

TRACY. (*Rushes up Center to embrace him*) Sandy!

SANDY. Where's Mother?

(*DINAH crosses Left Center back of armchair.*)

TRACY. She's around. How's New York?—How's Sue?—How's the baby?

SANDY. Blooming. They sent their love, sorry they can't make the wedding. Is there a party tonight, of course?

TRACY. Aunt Geneva's throwing a monster.

SANDY. Boy, am I going to get plastered. (*Crossing to armchair L. to DINAH*) Hello, little fellah. (*Makes a boxing pass at her.*)

DINAH. Hello, yourself.

SANDY. (*Giving her a flat box*) This is for you, Mug; get the three race-horses into the paddock. It's tough. Work it out.

DINAH. Oh, thanks. (*Remains at Left Center armchair.*)

SANDY. (*Turning to TRACY*) Sue's and my wedding present comes by registered mail, Tracy—and a pretty penny it set me back.

TRACY. You're a bonny boy, Sandy. I love you.

SANDY. Mutual—

(*TRACY goes to Left armchair; looks at toy with DINAH.*)

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MARGARET. (*Re-enters Left 1. She carries three envelopes and the three proof sheets. As she enters*) I was wondering about you.

SANDY. (*Crosses Left below table—kisses her*) Give us a kiss.—You look fine.—Imagine this, a grandmother. How's everything? (*Goes to front of table.*)

MARGARET. (*Left of Left table*) Absolute chaos.

SANDY. (*Front of table Left*) Just how you like it, eh? Just when you function best!

MARGARET. How's my precious grandchild?

SANDY. Couldn't be better; Sue too. Ten more days in the hospital, and back home they'll be.

MARGARET. (*Crossing Right below him to sofa with papers*) I broke into your house and did up the nursery.

SANDY. (*Crossing Center*) Good girl. Where's George, Tracy?

TRACY. (*Sitting on arm of chair Right*) He's staying in the Gatehouse. He still had business things to clear up and I thought he'd be quieter there.

SANDY. (*Crosses below table to Right Center*) Did he see his picture in *Dime*? Was he sore at the "Former Coal Miner" caption?

MARGARET. (*At sofa*) What about this absurd article about your father and—er—Tina Mara in *Destiny*? Can't it be stopped?

(DINAH goes in Center.)

TRACY. (*Rises, crossing Right*) About Father and—let me see! (*Takes article from MARGARET.*)

SANDY. Where'd you get hold of that? (*Tries to take it from her.*)

MARGARET. (*Sits sofa*) Get ready for lunch, Dinah.

DINAH. (*Going up Right, sits on step—works at puzzle*) In a minute. I'm busy.

ACT I THE PHILADELPHIA STORY 19

TRACY. (*Reading sheets*) Oh! The absolute devils— Who publishes *Destiny*? (*Sits on armchair Right.*)

SANDY. (*Center*) Sidney Kidd.—Also *Dime*, also *Spy*, the picture sheet. I worked on *Dime* for two summers, you know that.

TRACY. Stopped? It's got to be! I'll go to him myself.

SANDY. (*Center*) A fat lot of good that would do. You're too much alike. God save us from the strong. (*Crossing to behind armchair Right Center*) I saw Kidd the day before yesterday. It took about three hours, but I finally got through to him.

TRACY. What happened?

SANDY. I think I fixed things.

TRACY. How?

SANDY. That would be telling.

MARGARET. Just so long as your father never hears of it.

SANDY. I had a copy of the piece made, and sent it around to his flat, with a little note saying, "How do you like it?"

TRACY. You are a fellah.

MARGARET. Sandy!

SANDY. Why not? Let him worry a little.

(*THOMAS enters Right 2; comes down steps.*)

TRACY. Let him worry a lot!

SANDY. (*Crosses up to him*) Yes, Thomas?

THOMAS. (*At door*) Mr. Connor and the lady say they will be down directly, sir.

SANDY. Thanks, that's fine. Tell May or Elsie to look after Miss Imbrie, will you?

THOMAS. Very good, sir. (*Goes out Right 2.*)

MARGARET. What's all this?

TRACY. "Mr. Connor and—?"

SANDY. (*Takes paper from TRACY; crossing Left*)

*Center, sits on arm of chair*) Mike Connor—Macaulay Connor, his name is.—And—er—Elizabeth Imbrie. I'm putting them up for over the wedding. They're quite nice. You'll like them.

TRACY. You asked people to stay in this house without even asking us?

MARGARET. I think it's very queer indeed.

TRACY. I think it's queerer than that—I think it's paranoic! *(Rises and crosses Left Center to him.)*

SANDY. Keep your shirt on.—I just sort of drifted into them and we sort of got to talking about what riots weddings are as a rule, and they'd never been to a Philadelphia one, and—

TRACY. You're lying, Sandy.—I can always tell.

SANDY. Now look here, Tracy—

TRACY. Look where? "Elizabeth Imbrie"—I know that name! She's a—wait—damn your eyes, Sandy, she's a photographer!

SANDY. For a fact?

TRACY. For a couple of facts—and a famous one!

SANDY. Well, it might be nice to have some good shots of the wedding.

TRACY. What are they doing here?

SANDY. Just now I suppose they're brushing up and going to the bathroom. *(Rising, Right Center)* They're very interesting people. She's practically an artist, and he's written a couple of books—and—and I thought you liked interesting people.

DINAH. *(Rising)* I do.

*(SANDY crosses to Right armchair. DINAH is up on step up Right.)*

TRACY. I know—now I know! They're from *Destiny*—*Destiny* sent them!

MARGARET. *Destiny?*

SANDY. *(Sitting in armchair Right)* You're just a mass of intuition, Tracy.