

SCREEN GUILD PLAYERS

"The Philadelphia Story"

CAST:

Tracy Lords

Mike Connor

C.K. Dexter Haven

Dinah Lords

Mrs. Lords

George Kittridge

Liz Embry

Mr. Kidd

Miss Wallace

Host (Truman Bradley)

Lady Esther

Katharine Hepburn

Cary Grant

James Stewart

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Sponsored by

Lady Esther Face Powder

MUSIC: UP, THEME, SUSTAIN, THEN UNDER

HOST: Good evening. Tonight, Lady Esther

takes exceptional pride in presenting the Screen Guild Players in Phillip Barry's delightful modern classic, "The Philadelphia Story." It stars the three brilliant players who made the story so memorable on the screen--Cary Grant, Katharine Hepburn, and Jimmy Stewart. The Lady Esther Screen Guild Players in "The Philadelphia Story."

MUSIC: UP, SUSTAIN, THEN UNDER

HOST: Tracy Lords' first marriage to C.K. Dexter Haven was dissolved by a vigorous right to the jaw. And now, Tracy is about to be married again. The season's most important event to Main Line society in Philadelphia, and screamline journalism in New York, which brings us to the office of Mr. Kidd, owner and editor of Spy Magazine.

MUSIC: OUT

KIDD: Miss Embry, you'll take your camera, of course. Connor, you'll take your own special talents.

LIZ: Where?

CONNOR: Yeah. What's the deal?

KIDD: Your assignment will be Spy's most sensational achievement. Tracy Lords!

CONNOR: Tracy Lords?

KIDD: Big game hunting in Africa, fox hunting in Pennsylvania, married on impulse and divorced in rage. And always unapproachable by the press. The unapproachable Miss Lords--

CONNOR: Now look here, if you think that--

KIDD: The Philadelphia story. (COMPOSING) Closed were the portals of snobbish fox-hunting. No, no wait. No hunter of foxes is Spy Magazine. Nevertheless, presented for the first time, quote, a wedding day inside Main Line society.

CONNOR: Or what the kitchen maid saw through the keyhole, unquote.

KIDD: You're the writer, Connor. I'm only the publisher.

CONNOR: All right, publisher, take this. Quote. No hunter of buckshot in the rear is cagey, crafty, Connor. Unquote. Close paragraph.

LIZ: Close job, close bank account. Look, Mr. Kidd, how could we even get inside the estate let alone into the house?

KIDD: Oh, it's been arranged.

SFX: INTERCOM CLICK

KIDD: Miss Wallace?

WALLACE: (ON FILTER) Yes, sir?

KIDD: Send him in please.

CONNOR: Now Liz, now wait a minute, we won't do it. It's degrading, demeaning, undignified--

LIZ: So is an empty stomach. Now just relax, we'll have to--

SFX: DOOR OPENS

DEXTER: Hello.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

CONNOR: Who are you?

KIDD: Connor, this gentleman has been employed in our Buenos Aires office. I believe he can help us.

CONNOR: How?

KIDD: Tracy Lords' brother, Junius, is in the American embassy down there and is an old friend of this gentleman. He'll introduce you to the family as an intimate friend of Junius.

CONNOR: Dear old Junius, hmm? Well, does Tracy Lord know this guy?

KIDD: (HEDGING) Yes.

DEXTER: You might say Tracy and I grew up together.

LIZ: You might also say you're C.K. Dexter Haven, and you were Tracy Lords' first husband.

DEXTER: Yes, you might.

CONNOR: Holy muck, what goes on here?

LIZ: Oh, I remember that honeymoon very well, Mr. Dexterhaven. You and she in a little sailboat. The 'True Love,' wasn't it?

DEXTER: That's right. How did you know?

LIZ: I was the one photographer whose camera you didn't smash. You were terribly nice about it. Just threw it in the ocean.

CONNOR: Oh, one of those, huh?

DEXTER: Yes, that's right. I rather thought our honeymoon was our own business.

LIZ: Incidentally, he paid for all the cameras, Mike. I got a sweet letter of apology too.

CONNOR: Oh. Always the gentleman, huh?

DEXTER: I wouldn't count on that.

KIDD: Now, then, what are the plans? The wedding is Saturday, this is Thursday. They should spend tomorrow night as guests of the Lords.

CONNOR: Now, wait a minute, wait a minute! There's something screwy here. Now, if he's resigned, why's he doing this and--uh-oh. (REALIZING) Oh, oh, I get it, mister. You want to get even with your ex-bride.

DEXTER: As one gentleman to another, that

may be exactly what I want. I'll have a car pick you up in North Philadelphia tomorrow noon. Good day.

SFX: DOOR OPENS AND CLOSES

CONNOR: Well how do you like that? He walks out on us, just as though we were--

LIZ: Handkerchief, Mike? There's a little spit in your eye. It shows.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN OUT

MRS. LORDS: Oh, dear. So many things to do and so little time. Tracy, when you finish listing those wedding presents--

TRACY: Mother. How do you spell omelet?

MRS. LORDS: Two L's, two M's. One or the other.

DINAH: Omelet. That's a funny wedding present.

MRS. LORDS: (EXASPERATED) Dinah, dear, it's an omelet dish. This wa--

DINAH: It stinks.

MRS. LORDS: Oh, darling, don't say stinks! If necessary, smells, but only if absolutely necessary.

TRACY: Mother, if I ever finish writing down--Oh, this lamp! Isn't it awful?

MRS. LORDS: Here, let me see that card. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Oh, yes, friends of your fathers.

TRACY: Wouldn't you know? What are they? Tap dancers? Or are they just musical comedy producers?

MRS. LORDS: Tracy, that's hardly fair to your father's interest in the arts.

TRACY: The arts? The art of putting up a fortune to display the shapely legs of some-

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MRS. LORDS: Tracy, please.

TRACY: Well I'm certainly glad George isn't like that. Mother, isn't George an angel?

MRS. LORDS: George is an angel.

TRACY: Is he handsome or is he not?

MRS. LORDS: George is handsome.

DINAH: I liked Dexter.

TRACY: Really? Why don't you stop the wedding?

DINAH: How?

TRACY: Get smallpox.

MRS. LORDS: Oh, please! Don't give her any ideas, Tracy. Now, Dinah--

DINAH: Oh, gee, Tracy's always so mean about Dexter.

MRS. LORDS: Well, darling, he was rather mean to her.

DINAH: (FASCINATED) Did he really sock her?

MRS. LORDS: Dinah--

TRACY: Really, Mother, if I don't choke her before Saturday--

DINAH: That would stop the wedding, wouldn't it?

TRACY: It would not. And you're supposed to be riding, young lady.

MRS. LORDS: Yes, Dinah, they must be waiting at the stables.

DINAH: All right, all right. Mother?

MRS. LORDS: (EXASPERATED) Yes, dear?

DINAH: How do you get small pox?

TRACY: GROANS

MRS. LORDS: Dinah, please go away!

DINAH: Oh, I'm going, I'm going.

DEXTER: WHISTLES, SNEAK IN UNDER

MRS. LORDS: Now, then, Tracy, let's get those lists finish.

TRACY: Mother! Mother! That whistle!

DINAH: Dexter! Dexter, you're back!

DEXTER: Dinah, my dream girl! My own true love.

MRS. LORDS: Oh, no, it can't be!

TRACY: He wouldn't dare.

DINAH: Mother, look who's here! Mother, it's Dexter!

DEXTER: Well, hello.

TRACY: Dexter Haven, you go right back where you came from.

DEXTER: I can't. Dinah says it's too awful here without me. Redhead, if you don't look in the pink. Much too nice for George.

TRACY: If you think you can walk in here and--

MRS. LORDS: Uh, Dexter, tell me, how is Junius?

DEXTER: Oh, Junius is fine. Heartbroken, of course, not to be here for the wedding. I suggested representing him as best man, but-

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TRACY: Dexter, I appreciate your offer, but I'm afraid George would prefer to have his best man sober.

DEXTER: Uh, yes, yes. Well, I'm sure you'll like the people Junius did send.

TRACY: People?

MRS. LORDS: That Junius sent, did you say?

DEXTER: Yes. Miss Embry and Mr. Connor. They're waiting now in the south parlor. You really ought to tell them what rooms they're to have.

MRS. LORDS: Rooms?

TRACY: Dexter, have you switched from liquor to dope by any chance?

DEXTER: Well, it was Junius' idea, you see? They've been terribly nice to him and when they said they were coming to Philadelphia--

TRACY: Dexter Haven, you're lying. I can always tell.

DEXTER: Can you, Red?

TRACY: Yes. You have a habit of, just a minute now, you went to work after the divorce, didn't you?

DEXTER: Not right after. First I tested several hundred bottles of bourbon.

TRACY: But after that, after that, you took a job in South America. Who for?

DEXTER: A magazine.

TRACY: Ah. And it wasn't by any chance Spy Magazine?

DEXTER: Oh, you just a mass of intuition.

TRACY: I don't suppose Junius' friends are photographers by any chance?

DEXTER: Well, not exactly by chance.

TRACY: I thought you were low, Dext, but I never thought--Oh you!

DEXTER: Oh, you're slipping, Red. I used to be afraid of that look. The withering glance of the goddess.

TRACY: I didn't think that alcohol would destroy your last shred of decency so soon. I ought to--

MRS. LORDS: Tracy! Please. Dinah?

DINAH: Mother, not yet!

MRS. LORDS: Come along, dear. You're late for your ride.

DINAH: (PLEADING) But Mother, maybe he's gonna sock her again!

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

TRACY: Dexter, I'll have no argument about this. I want those people out of here and you too!

DEXTER: Yes, your majesty. But first, could I interest you in some small blackmail?

TRACY: No, you--What?

SFX: PAPER RUSTLING

DEXTER: Here you are. Galley proofs. An article complete with snapshots, details, and insinuations ready for publication in Spy. About your father and that dancer in New York.

TRACY: Father and Tina Mara? But they can't. They can't publish this. It's got to be stopped.

DEXTER: It is stopped temporarily. If you'll allow Miss Embry and Mr. Connor to turn in a story on your wedding. And when Mr. Kidd says story, he means story.

TRACY: I'm gonna be sick.

DEXTER: Yes, dear. An intimate day with a society bride.

TRACY: I am sick.

DEXTER: Too bad. Well, they're in the south parlor, your majesty. Shall I conduct you

in?

TRACY: Don't bother, please. I'm sure I know the way.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN OUT

TRACY: I'm Tracy Lord, though I suppose you know that. Any friend of Junius' is a friend of--So nice having you with us.

LIZ: We're happy to be here.

CONNOR: It's a pleasure.

TRACY: Too bad Junius couldn't be here. At least one male member of the family--

CONNOR: Where's your father?

TRACY: Darling Papa. I do hope you'll stay for my wedding.

LIZ: Yes, we'd like to.

CONNOR: That was more or less the idea.

TRACY: The house is rather a mess, of course, but we'll try to make you as comfortable as--Oh, what a cunning little camera!

LIZ: (FLUSTERED) I--I take pictures with it.

TRACY: Well I hope you'll take loads. Dear Papa and Mama aren't allowing any reporters in, except for little Mr. Grace who does the social news. Mr. Connor, can you imagine a grown up man sinking so low?

CONNOR: No . . . It does seem pretty bad.

TRACY: (SMALL LAUGH, THEN SHORT PAUSE)
You're a sort of a writer, aren't you, Mr. Connor?

CONNOR: Well, sort of.

TRACY: A book?

CONNOR: Um-hmm.

TRACY: Under what name do you publish?

CONNOR: My own. Macauley Connor. Just try and call me that.

TRACY: (SMALL LAUGH) I won't. What's the Macauley for?

CONNOR: My father taught English history. I'm Mike to my friends.

TRACY: Of whom you have many, I'm sure. English history. It's always fascinated me. Cromwell, Robin Hood, Jack the Ripper. Where did he teach? I mean your father.

CONNOR: In a high school in South Bend, Indiana.

TRACY: South Bend. It sounds like dancing, doesn't it? And this is your first visit to Philadelphia. A quaint old place, don't you think? Odd customs and such. Where the scrapples eat bittle on Sunday. But then, you're still quite young.

CONNOR: Well, I don't know about that. I'm thirty.

TRACY: Really? One book isn't much for a man of thirty. I don't mean to criticize. You've probably got other interests outside your work.

CONNOR: No. None. Unless...unless

TRACY: Oh, oh how sweet! Are you two going together?

CONNOR: Well, sort of.

TRACY: Engaged I presume.

LIZ: No, no--

TRACY: But very much in love.

LIZ: Well, isn't that a little personal?

TRACY: Is it? But it's so very interesting, Miss Embry. Miss Embry, if a man says he

loves a girl, don't you think he ought to marry her?

CONNOR: Hey now, just a--

TRACY: Please, Mr. Connor, I asked Miss Embry a question.

LIZ: Well . . . It depends.

TRACY: I'm disappointed, Miss Embry. I've been very frank with you. However, I'll send a butler to show you your rooms. You'll join us, I hope, at the swimming pool.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

CONNOR: Well . . . Wow!

LIZ: That's what I say. Who's interviewing whom?

CONNOR: Steady old girl. Don't let it throw you.

LIZ: You want to take over?

CONNOR: I want to go home. But, uh, since I'm on the job, I'll settle for the swimming pool.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN OUT

TRACY: (MUMBLING) Then she came out, he wandered in--

CONNOR: Oh!

TRACY: Oh, Mr. Connor.

CONNOR: Yes, you said to come down here. I didn't mean to interrupt your reading. Nothing important I hope.

TRACY: You bet. It's very important. It's your book.

CONNOR: Oh? Oh. I didn't know you had it.

TRACY: Well I didn't. I sent to the library for it.

CONNOR: Oh? (SLIGHT PAUSE) You like it?

TRACY: I like it very much. Especially the story called "With the Rich and Mighty." I think I like that one best.

CONNOR: Really? I got the title from a Spanish peasant's proverb. 'With the rich and mighty, always a little patience.'

TRACY: I like that. Tell me something, will you, Connor? When you can write a book like this, how can you possibly do anything else?

CONNOR: Well, you'll never believe it, but there are people in this world who have to work for a living.

TRACY: Yeah, of course. But people buy books, don't they?

CONNOR: Not if there's a library around. That book represents two solid years work that netted Connor less than--

DEXTER: WHISTLES

TRACY: Oh, heck, that's Dexter. Look, stand by, will you, Connor? I don't want to be alone with him.

DEXTER: Well, well. There you are. Found you just where I thought you'd be.

TRACY: Fancy seeing you here.

DEXTER: Orange juice? Certainly.

SFX: GLASSES RATTLING

SFX: JUICE BEING POURED

TRACY: Don't tell me you've forsaken your beloved whiskey and whiskeys?

DEXTER: No, but I think a pale pastel shade would be a better color for me today. How about you, Mr. Connor? You drink, don't you? Alcohol, I mean.

CONNOR: Hmm? A little.

DEXTER: A little? And you a writer.

TRACY: Dexter, will you do something for me?

DEXTER: Anything, Red. What?

TRACY: Crawl into some small hole until after the wedding.

DEXTER: I couldn't do that. At least not until I've--

TRACY: Connor, don't miss a word. Don't miss a word. We're gonna talk about me.

DEXTER: Why not? You find the subject fascinating. You're far and away your favorite person in the world. Of course, Mr. Connor, she's generous to a fault.

TRACY: To a fault, Mr. Connor.

DEXTER: Except to other people's faults. For instance, to what used to be my deep and gorgeous thirst.

TRACY: Disgusting!

DEXTER: A weakness, sure. And strength is your religion. Well, when I realized I was not expected to be a loving husband and a good companion but a kind of a high priest to a virgin goddess.

TRACY: Dexter, you--

DEXTER: Well, then my drinks grew more frequent and deeper, that's all.

TRACY: Connor, don't you let him make you think--Why, he's gone.

DEXTER: (SMUG LAUGH) I like him.

TRACY: Dexter, what are you trying to make me out as?

DEXTER: Red, what do you fancy yourself as? What are you trying to do with this marriage to George? How can you even think of it?

TRACY: George Kittridge is everything you're

not. He's been poor and he's had to work and he's had to fight for everything and I love him as I never even began to love you.

DEXTER: Really? You really are in love.

TRACY: Yes I am and you needn't sound so contemptuous.

DEXTER: I'm not, Red. Never of you. You could be the finest woman in the world if you could just learn to have some regard for human frailty. If only you'd slip a little sometime. But I guess that's hopeless. Your sense of inner divinity won't allow that. This goddess must and shall remain intact. This woman must represent her class, a special class. The married maidens.

TRACY: So help me, Dexter, if you say another word--

GEORGE: (SLIGHTLY OFF MIKE, CALLING) Tracy! Darling, you there by the pool?

TRACY: George--

DEXTER: That's the new high priest. I'll run along. Here, Red, I brought you a little wedding present. Sorry I had no ribbon to wrap it up with. (GOING OFF) So long, Red.

SFX: PAPER RUSTLING

TRACY: A present? I wonder what-- (SOFTLY) Oh.

GEORGE: There you are, my dear. I thought I'd run over and--Tracy? Aren't you going to say hello?

TRACY: (ABSENTLY) Yeah, yeah. Hello, George.

GEORGE: What's that you've got?

TRACY: Oh, a wedding present. From Dext. A picture of the True Love. We sailed her up the coast of Maine and back the summer we were married. My, she was yawl.

GEORGE: Yawl? What's that?

TRACY: It means, oh, easy to handle, quick to the helm. Fast, bright. Everything a boat should be. Until it develops dry rot.

(STARTS CRYING) Oh, George--

GEORGE: There, now. He'll not upset you anymore. He never appreciated you anyway. How could he? Anyone as wonderful as you.

TRACY: George--

GEORGE: That's what I've always thought, from the first time I saw you. You're like some marvelous, distant, oh, queen, I guess. There's kind of beautiful purity about you.

TRACY: George--

GEORGE: It's what everyone feels. They worship you, darling.

TRACY: George, listen. I don't want to be worshipped. I want to be loved.

GEORGE: Oh, you're that, too.

TRACY: I mean really loved.

GEORGE: Of course. And now I'll have to hurry, darling. Big party tonight, you know.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS, TRAILING OFF

GEORGE: (GOING AWAY) I'll pick you up around nine.

TRACY: Well . . . I . . . I (CALLING OUT)
Connor! Hey, Connor! Are you around here somewhere?

CONNOR: (APPROACHING) Yeah, here in the dressing room.

SFX: DOOR CLOSES

CONNOR: Were you calling me?

TRACY: Yes I was. Connor, do you ever take a drink?

CONNOR: A drink? Oh yes, yes. Sometimes.

TRACY: Well that's good. Let's go in and open a bottle of champagne.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN OUT

HOST: The second act of the Lady Esther Screen Guild Show starring Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, and Jimmy Stewart, will follow in a moment. But first, a word from Lady Esther.

LADY ESTHER: Have you heard what's new and smart in Easter hats? There are lots of styles to choose from. Adorable little hats, made entirely of flowers. Perky bowlers with rolled up brims. Bewitching bonnets to frame your face with beauty. But here's the one style note that's most important. The new spring hats are worn back off your forehead. They give the world a good look at your face. Well, now, how about your skin? Will it have a lovely springtime look to show the world. It will, if you use my new spring face powder shade called Bridal Pink. Lady Esther Bridal Pink is fashion right for spring. And beauty right for you. Now, at last, you don't have to worry about which shade of face powder is right for you. Here, for the first time, is one shade of face powder that's right for four basic types of skin. If you're a blonde, Bridal Pink will dramatize your blondness. Make your skin look softer, more alluring. If you're a brunette, Lady Esther Bridal Pink will intensify the contrast, make you look so much more romantic. If you're a brownette, Bridal Pink will give an exciting lift to your whole appearance. And if you're a redhead, Bridal Pink will wake up your skin, give it the life and warmth it needs to go with your hair. Buy a box of Bridal Pink tomorrow. Don't wait for spring. Start now to use this lovelier face powder shade which makes even a bride look more romantic.

MUSIC: THEME, UP, SUSTAIN, THEN OUT

HOST: And now Lady Esther presents the

second act of "The Philadelphia Story," starring Jimmy Stewart, Katharine Hepburn, and Cary Grant.

MUSIC: UP, SUSTAIN, THEN OUT

HOST: Well, that bottle of champagne was just the first. Later, at the party on a neighboring estate, Tracy and Mike sampled quite a few more, until George departed in a huff and left Mike to escort Tracy home. That's where we find them now, just arriving with a bottle they've brought along for the road.

TRACY: (OBVIOUSLY TIPSY) Well, well here we are, Professor.

CONNOR: (OBVIOUSLY TIPSY) You know, it's funny. I never noticed this light before.

TRACY: (GIGGLES AND HICCUPS) Silly, that's the swimming pool.

CONNOR: Oh. (PAUSE) You know, champagne's tricky. I'm used to bourbon. Bourbon's a slap on the back. Champagne--champagne's a heavy mist before my eyes.

TRACY: A quick swim will fix that. Dexter and I always swam after parties.

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGING, UNDER

CONNOR: Let's forget about Dexter. Have a drink.

SFX: GLASSES CLINKING

TRACY: Why not? Mike, Mike, do you hear a telephone ringing?

CONNOR: I did a little while ago. No, I can't hear . . . Well now, yes I do. No, well it's very far away.

TRACY: That's my bedroom telephone, and it's probably George.

SFX: TELEPHONE, OUT

TRACY: I'd better go in. (SLIGHT PAUSE) No. No, it stopped.

CONNOR: Fine. Drink your champagne.

TRACY: That's a good idea.

SFX: GLASSES CLINKING

TRACY: Hello. You.

CONNOR: Hello.

TRACY: You look fine.

CONNOR: (BOISTEROUS) I feel fine!

TRACY: (LAUGHS) Did you like the party?

CONNOR: Sure. The prettiest sight in this fine, pretty world. (STUMBLES OVER THE WORDS) The privileged class enjoying its privileges. (STUMBLES THROUGH "PRIVILEGES" SEVERAL TIMES)

TRACY: You're a snob, Connor.

CONNOR: No doubt. No doubt. Hey, Tracy. Hey, you can't marry that guy.

TRACY: George? I'm going to. Why not?

CONNOR: You don't match up.

TRACY: Professor, you're stepping out of character.

CONNOR: My mistake.

TRACY: Oh, don't apologize.

CONNOR: Who's apologizing?

TRACY: Really, I never knew such a man.

CONNOR: I guess I . . . I never knew a girl like you. Tracy!

TRACY: Yeah?

CONNOR: Tracy, you're wonderful. There's a magnificence in you.

TRACY: Mike--

CONNOR: A magnificence that comes out of your eyes and in your voice and in the way you stand and the way you walk. There's fires banked down in you, Tracy. Hearth fires and holocausts.

TRACY: Mike? You don't think I'm like a goddess?

CONNOR: You're flesh and blood. That's the blank, unholy surprise. You're the golden girl, Tracy. You're full of life and warmth and delight. Hey, what goes on? You've got tears in your eyes.

TRACY: (QUICKLY) Shut up, shut up, oh, Mike, keep talking, keep talking, will you?

CONNOR: What good is talk? Tracy, Tracy.

(PAUSE)

TRACY: Golly, golly Moses. Nobody's ever kissed me like that.

CONNOR: Tracy, I want to tell you something.

TRACY: Please, all of the sudden I've got the shakes.

CONNOR: Please, Tracy?

TRACY: It's as though my insteps were melting away. Gee, what is it? Have I got feet of clay or something?

CONNOR: Tracy, you're so lovely.

TRACY: Wait, I know. The pool. There's a moon and it's warm and we could go--

CONNOR: Now?

TRACY: Now. Mike, put me in your pocket and let's go swimming.

MUSIC: BRIDGE, THEN OUT

DINAH: Don't you see, Dexter? I had to tell someone. Oh, I could hardly wait till you

got here this morning.

DEXTER: Yes, but, Dinah, my love, are you sure it wasn't just a dream?

DINAH: Well, I can't be positive, but--

TRACY: (DULLY) Good morning.

DEXTER: What ho? The bride.

DINAH: In her wedding dress.

TRACY: Such a lovely day. Is everybody fine? That's fine.

DEXTER: Hmm. How fine are you?

TRACY: I--I don't know what's the matter with me. I can hardly open my eyes. I must have had too much sun yesterday.

DEXTER: It's awfully easy to get too much.

DINAH: Tracy, you're not really going to, are you?

TRACY: Going to what?

DINAH: Marry George? After last night?

TRACY: Last night? What are you talking about?

DINAH: Tracy? Don't you even remember?

TRACY: Remember what?

DEXTER: I've been telling Dinah. It was just a dream.

TRACY: A dream? What kind of a dream?

DINAH: Well, last night, it was awful late, I guess. I woke up and looked out of my window and guess what I saw?

TRACY: What?

DINAH: Mr. Connor.

TRACY: Mike?

DINAH: Uh-huh. Sort of coming from the pool, with both arms full of something. What do you think it turned out to be?

TRACY: What?

DINAH: You. And some clothes. And you were sort of . . . crooning.

TRACY: I never crooned in my life. (SLIGHT PAUSE) Then what?

DINAH: Then he carried you into the house, and I could hear him take you into your room.

TRACY: Mike and me? Well, I'm going crazy. I'm standing here on my own two hands and going crazy. What else?

DINAH: Well, after that he--

CONNOR: (GROGGY) G-good morning everybody.

DEXTER: Oh, well, morning, Connor! How do you feel?

CONNOR: Hmm?

DEXTER: Well?

TRACY: Mike, what's happened to your chin?

CONNOR: My chin? Oh. Well, you see--

DINAH: Tracy, I didn't get to tell you. When Mr. Connor came out again, George was waiting for him.

TRACY: No!

DINAH: Yes. And Mr. Connor sort of got hit on the chin.

TRACY: George?

DEXTER: No. Me.

TRACY: You? Dext, you were there too? Good grief, why didn't you sell tickets?

CONNOR: I'll say Dexter was there. What a

clip he gave me.

DEXTER: I'm sorry, Mike. I thought I'd better hit you before George did. He's in better shape than I am.

TRACY: Dext? Mike? Will somebody please tell me what happened before I go stark raving mad?

CONNOR: On the level you don't know?

TRACY: Of course I don't know. I don't remember anything.

DEXTER: Ah, lucky Tracy. She's drawn a blank.

TRACY: Shut up, Dext. Mike, you tell me.

CONNOR: Well, you see--

MRS. LORDS: (APPROACHING, CALLING) Tracy, Tracy, are you ready, darling? The guests are all here and the bishop's waiting. Oh, dear, where is George? George! Good heavens, Tracy, I forgot! He was here at ten and left this note.

TRACY: For me?

SFX: ENVELOPE RIPPED OPEN

SFX: PAPER RUSTLED, UNDER

TRACY: I wonder what it could be.

DEXTER: Go on, read it out loud, Red. We're all friends.

TRACY: Yes, I will. Listen to this. Quote, 'Your conduct last night was so shocking to my ideals of womanhood and my attitude toward you and the prospects of a happy and useful life together--

GEORGE: (OFF, CALLING) Tracy!

TRACY: Hello, George.

GEORGE: Tracy, I didn't dream you--all these people!

TRACY: Why? It's only a letter from a friend. They're my friends too.

GEORGE: I thought I ought to come and explain. I mean I--

TRACY: It's clear enough, George. You're chucking me over and good riddance.

GEORGE: Well, after all, I have a point, you know. On the very eve of your marriage--

DEXTER: Just a minute, George. Mike, why don't you tell him what happened last night?

CONNOR: Well, exactly two kisses and one late swim after which I deposited Tracy in her room and I left.

GEORGE: You mean . . . you mean to say that's all there was to it?

CONNOR: I do.

TRACY: Why? Was I so terribly unattractive, Mike? So distant? So forbidding that you--

CONNOR: No, no you were extremely attractive and far from distant or forbidding. But you were also, well--

DEXTER: Pretty pixilated, Red.

CONNOR: Yeah! And there are rules about that.

TRACY: Thank you, Mike. I think men are wonderful.

GEORGE: Tracy, perhaps I was a little hasty. But, well, a man does expect his wife to--

TRACY: To behave herself, naturally.

DEXTER: To behave herself naturally.

GEORGE: Will you please?

DEXTER: Well I'm sorry.

GEORGE: Tracy, if you're willing to let bygones be bygones . . . what do you say?

TRACY: Goodbye, George.

GEORGE: I beg your pardon.

TRACY: I said, goodbye.

GEORGE: But . . . but we--

TRACY: You see, you're much too good for me, George. You're a hundred times too good. And I'd make you most unhappy. Most.

GEORGE: Very well. If that's how you want it. Possibly it's just as well. (GOING OFF)
Good day.

DEXTER: Congratulations, Red. Or is that proper without a groom?

CONNOR: Maybe we can make it proper, Tracy?

TRACY: Yeah, Mike?

CONNOR: I got you into this, I'll get you out. Will you marry me, Tracy?

TRACY: No, Mike. Thank you, but, mmm-mmm. No.

CONNOR: Why not?

TRACY: Because I don't think that nice girl with a camera would like it and I'm not sure that you would and I'm even a little doubtful about myself.

MUSIC: ORGAN MUSIC, UNDER

DEXTER: There goes your wedding music, Tracy.

TRACY: And besides, I made a mistake yesterday. I opened a wedding present too soon. A present without any ribbons on it.

DEXTER: Red?

TRACY: Just a picture of a boat. A boat I don't think I've ever forgotten.

DEXTER: Red, I've got an old wedding license. The one we didn't use when we

eloped. Whattya say?

TRACY: Dext? Dext, are you sure?

DEXTER: Not in the least, but I'll risk it. Will you?

TRACY: And, and, and you wouldn't be doing it just to save my face?

DEXTER: Why shouldn't I save it? It's a nice little face.

TRACY: Oh, Dext. I'll be yawl this time, darling. I promise, I'll be yawl.

DEXTER: Be whatever you like. You're my redhead. You all set?

TRACY: All set. Oh, never have I been so full of love. Mike, how do I look?

CONNOR: Like a queen, like a goddess.

TRACY: That's funny, Mike, because you know how I feel? For the first time in my life? Like a human being.

MUSIC: BRIDGE TO APPLAUSE

HOST: Thank you, Jimmy Stewart, Cary Grant, and Katharine Hepburn for a most delightful half-hour.

HEPBURN: Well, as a matter of fact, Mr. Bradley, there isn't an actor or actress in Hollywood who isn't eager to come here and take part in the great work this program does for the Motion Picture Relief Fund and its country house. Am I right, boys?

GRANT: (ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY) You are right, Katie.

STEWART: (ALMOST SIMULTANEOUSLY) You can say that again.

HEPBURN: And now, before we tell you about next week's show, here's a word from one of America's best known beauty authorities, Lady Esther.

LADY ESTHER: Thank you, Miss Hepburn. Ladies, did you ever come back from a wonderful vacation and have everyone say to you, 'why you look simply marvelous, just like a new woman. So gay and fresh and vital.' Well, women write and tell me that's the kind of new, fresh, vital look that comes to their skin when they try my romantic spring shade of face powder, my lovely Bridal Pink. You see, Lady Esther Bridal Pink is not just a new shade of face powder. It's a new kind of powder shade that ends all guesswork about the right shade for you. For this one specially blended shade has the amazing quality of flattery for every type of skin. The unique texture of my Lady Esther Face Powder makes it more flattering, too, because of the special way it's blended. My powder spreads a delicate film of beauty over your skin, hiding those tiny lines, little blemishes. Makes pores look smaller. And because Lady Esther powder is so fine and smooth, it clings far longer than ordinary face powders. Keeps your skin looking more velvety smooth. America's most beautiful women will be wearing Bridal Pink in the Easter parade. What shade will you be wearing?

MUSIC: THEME, UP BRIEFLY THEN UNDER

HOST: Next week, the Lady Esther Screen Guild Players will present "The Moon is Our Home." It will star Fred MacMurray and Virginia Bruce. Be sure to listen. "The Philadelphia Story" was produced and directed for Lady Esther by Bill Lawrence, adapted by Harry Cronman, and was presented through arrangement with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "It Happened in Brooklyn," starring Frank Sinatra, Kathryn Grayson, Peter Lawford, and Jimmy Durante. Music on tonight's program was arranged and conducted by Wilbur Hatch. Katharine Hepburn can currently be seen in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, "The Sea of Grass." Cary Grant can soon be seen in Dory Shere's RKO production, "The Bachelor and the

Bobbysoxer." Jimmy Stewart can now been seen
in Liberty Films' production of Frank
Capra's "It's a Wonderful Life." This is
Truman Bradley speaking for Lady Esther.
Thank you, and goodnight. (PAUSE) This is
CBS, the Columbia Broadcasting System.

MUSIC: UP TO FINISH