The Philadelphia Story

By Donald Ogden Stewart
Tracy!
Tracy!
Tracy!
How do you spell "omelet"?
Oh, you.
Ninety-four for the ceremony
and 506 for the reception.
I don't know where
we'll put them if it rains.
It won't rain.
Tracy won't stand for it.
Mother, how do you spell "omelet"?
O-M-M-E-L-E-T.
I thought there was another "L."
An omelet's a funny wedding present.
It was a silver dish, dear.
Bring some of that junk off the table.
Be an angel and get these
things out of the way.
Yes, darling.
This stinks.
Don't say "stinks," darling.
If absolutely necessary, "smells."
These cards have
been changed again.
There must be a ghost in the house,
the ghost of bridegroom number one.
Don't talk about Dexter
as though he were dead.
He may as well be, for all Tracy cares.
Right.
I wouldn't say that.
If I never see
Mr. C.K. Dexter Haven again, I'll be...
Isn't that awful?
They're friends of your father's.
What are they, tap dancers
or just musical comedy producers?
That's hardly fair to your
father's interest in the art.
Art, my eye! The art of putting up
$100,000 to display the shapely legs...
That will do, Tracy.
I give up.
If you'd just face the facts squarely, as I did...
We'd face the fact that neither of us has proved to be a success as a wife.
We just picked the wrong first husbands, that's all.
Don't let's argue about it.
You wanted me to take a stand, so I did.
It's the only stand a woman could take and keep her self-respect.
Yes, dear, I know.
Now I have my self-respect and no husband.
You almost talk as though you wanted him back.
He wouldn't come back, probably.
Hey, it's better this way, really.
You'll see.
Let's forget about the past. We both deserve some happiness, especially you.
- Darling.
- Isn't George an angel?
- George is an angel.
- Is he handsome or is he not?
George is handsome.
- I liked Dexter.
- Why don't you postpone the wedding?
- How?
- Get smallpox.
- Don't put the idea in her head.
- George isn't usually late.
- He's waiting at the stables.
- Waiting...
- If I don't choke her before Saturday.
- It'd postpone the wedding.
It would not.
Be in the car when I get down.
She's so mean about Dexter.
He was rather mean to her.
- Did he really sock her?
- Please, Dinah.
- Did he really?
- Darling, go out and wait in the car.
- The papers were full of "innundo."
- Of what?
Of "innundo."
"Cruelty and drunkenness," it said.
Mother, why won't Tracy ask
her own father to the wedding?
Your sister has very definite
opinions about certain things.
She's sort of...
Well, you know,
hard, isn't she?
Certainly not.
Tracy sets exceptionally high standards
for herself, that's all...
and other people aren't always
quite apt to live up to them.
But don't you think it's stinking
not at least to want Father?
Yes, darling. Between ourselves,
I think it's good and stinking.
Oh, I wish something would happen.
Nothing ever possibly
in the least ever happens here.
Mother...
how do you get smallpox?
Oh, Dinah, please go. Go.
This is Uncle Willie's favorite:
Complete Surrender.
Where'd you get this
idiotic thing anyway?
Never play with fire, child,
particularly on the eve of your wedding.
You're really a wicked old man,
aren't you?
Who takes this, your cook?
I love it. It's got
pictures of everything.
It certainly has.
It certainly has.
Who is that terribly attractive man?
Can Tracy pick 'em, or can she?
- If you're asking me...
- I'm not.
- Hello, darling.
- Hello!
- How do you like me?
- I adore you, but you look awful.
- Awful?
- Like something out of a shop window.
Cut it out!
They're new!
They're new,
but they're not going to be.
- There, that's better.
- I don't get it.
When I was a coal miner, I wanted
enough money to buy clean clothes.
Now that I'm general manager...
Dinah, is there anything
in there about the wedding?
- What do you mean?
- I thought maybe...
you being one of the oldest
families in Philadelphia...
and me getting fairly
important myself...
it's luck, of course, but l...
What's the matter?
"An average day in the life
of a congressman.
"The congressman's wife.
The kitchen, where is prepared...
"one banana, sliced,
two fried eggs.
- "The congressman kisses his wife."
- Lots of people like publicity.
Of all the filthy ideas, coming
into a private house with a camera.
George Kittredge, you get on that horse.
What do you think of that?
What would happen if someday
I got into politics?
- You'd be elected President.
- I don't know about that.
- I mean about publicity.
- Not in my home.
You mean our home, don't you?
Sorry, darling.
I mean very much our home.
Never mind, Eddie.
I'll get up myself.
Steady, Bessie.
Whoa, Bessie. Whoa.
Steady, Bessie.
Grab the reins, George,
with the left hand.
- Put salt on his tail.
- Shut up.
Steady, Bessie.
There. Whoa, Bessie.
What's the matter, Bessie?
You act worried.
Maybe it's because his name is Jack.
Hi-ho, Silver.
That does the trick.
Hello, Joe.
- Hi, Mike.
- I won't do it, Liz.
I'm gonna tell Sidney Kidd very plainly
I'm a writer, not a society snoop.
- I'm gonna tell him just that.
- Just that.
Let Kidd fire me!
Start writin' short stories again.
That's what I should be doin'.
- I'm gonna tell him just that.
- Just that.
Come in.
- I don't think you're being fair.
- No?
You're treating me like you
treat all your other writers.
You really hate me,
don't you, Connor?
No. I don't like you
very much, though.
You hate me, I trust,
Miss lmbrie?
No. I can't afford to hate anybody.
I'm only a photographer.
Ask him to wait.
Your assignment will be Spy's
most sensational achievement:
Tracy Lord.
Big game hunting in Africa,
fox hunting in Pennsylvania...
married on impulse
and divorced in a rage...
and always unapproachable
by the press.
"The Unapproachable Miss Lord."
"The Philadelphia Story."
"Closed were the portals
of snobbish fox hunting." No.
"No hunter of foxes
is Spy magazine."
Anyway, presented for
the first time, quote:
"A wedding day
inside mainline society."
"Or what the kitchen maid saw
through the keyhole." Unquote.
Writing's your job.
I'm only the publisher.
All right, publisher,
take this. Quote:
"No hunter of buckshot in the rear
is cagey, crafty Connor."
Unquote. Close paragraph.
Close job.
Close bank account.
But how can we possibly get inside
the Lord estate, let alone the house?
We're not gonna do it,
doggone it!
It's degrading!
It's undignified!
So is an empty stomach.
How do we get in?
Ask the gentleman to come in.
- I understand we understand each other.
- Quite.
This gentleman has been employed
in our Buenos Aires office.
Fortunately, he came up
yesterday on the clipper...
and I believe he can
help us with our problem.

How?

Tracy Lord's brother Junius is
in the American embassy down there...
and he's an old friend
of this gentleman's.
He'll introduce you to the Lords
as intimate friends of Junius.

Dear old Junius.
This Tracy Lord,
does she know you?
You might say Miss Lord and I
grew up together.
You might also say
you were her first husband.
Yes, you might.

Holy mackerel.

What goes on here?
I remember your honeymoon very well,
you and she on a little sailboat.
- The True Love, wasn't it?
- How did you know?
I was the only photographer
whose camera you didn't smash.
You were terribly nice about it.
You threw it in the ocean.
One of those, huh?
Yes, I had the strange idea
our honeymoon was our own business.
Incidentally, he paid for the cameras.
I got a nice letter of apology too.
Always the gentleman, huh?

Except on occasion.

Now, what are the plans?
The wedding's Saturday.
Today is Thursday.
They should spend tomorrow night
as guests of the Lords.

There's somethin' screwy here.
If you've resigned, why are you
doin' all this unless you...
You wanna get even
with your ex-bride, huh?
I'll have a car pick them up
at noon tomorrow in north Philadelphia.
Mike, there's spit in your eye.
It shows.
Maybe they'd rather we go around
to the servants' entrance.
Maybe this is
the servants' entrance.
- Good morning, Edward.
- Why, Mr. Haven!
Is Mrs. Haven... I mean,
Miss Tracy or her mother in?
They may be at the swimming pool, sir.
Shall I announce you?
No. I'll go around myself
and surprise them.
It will indeed
be a surprise, sir.
These are friends of Mr. Junius's.
Have them wait in the south parlor.
Certainly, Mr. Haven.
Excuse me, sir.
The south parlor?
Miss lmbrrie, the south parlor.
The queen will have bread and honey
at the usual time.
Seems a little cold
for the south parlor.
I'd rather expected to find
pickaninnies and banjos.
What's this room?
I forgot my compass.
This would be south-southwest
parlor by living room.
Knickknacks, gimcracks,
signed photographs.
You'd have to be as rich as the Lords
to live in a dump like this.
- I wouldn't live in it if they paid me.
- They won't.
Looks like they run
a hockshop on the side.
Just lookin' around.
I'll want your fingerprints for this.
Hey, what's this...
What's this guy Haven up to?
C.K. Dexter Haven.
What kind of a name is that?
C.K. Dexter Haven.
Macaulay Connor's
no homespun tag, my pet.
Yeah, you just try
callin' me Macaulay.
I knew a plain Joe Smith once.
He was only a clerk in a hardware store,
but he was an absolute rat.
C.K. Dexter Haven.
He plays polo, he designs
sailboats, "class" boats.
- Very upper class.
- Don't despair.
He's out. Kittredge,
man of the people, is in.
Quite a comer too, I understand.
Political timber.
Poor guy. I wonder
how he fell for it.
Uh-oh, Liz. What did I tell you?
How do you like this?
"Living room, sitting room,
terrace, pool, stables."
That's so they can talk to the horses
without having them in the house.
Don't, Mike!
Yes?
This is the bridal suite.
Send up some caviar sandwiches
and a bottle of beer.
What? Who is this?
This is the voice of doom calling.
Your days are numbered,
to the seventh son of the seventh son!
- Hello? Hello?
- What's the matter?
One of the servants
has been at the sherry again.
- Dexter, you've come back!
- Ah, Dinah, my dream girl!
What in the name of...
No, it can't be. He went to South America for two years.
Edward said they were at the swimming pool.
They seem to be here.
Dexter, don't you know that tomorrow is the wedding?
Oh, that's right.
So it is.
You can go right back where you came from!
Can't. Dinah says it's awful here without me.
Hello, you sweet thing.
Red, you look in the pink.
You don't think I'd miss your wedding, do you?
- Dexter, you wouldn't.
- I'm not so sure he wouldn't.
No, Mother Lord, I wouldn't.
I assure you I wouldn't.
- Tell us all about Junius.
- Stay 'til lunch.
Don't open your house. Stay here.
We're having no guests over the wedding.
- How about the groom?
- He's staying at the gatehouse.
Oh, that's good.
- Junius is fine.
- He should be here.
He's heartbroken. I suggested representing him as best man...
I'm afraid that George might prefer to have his best man sober.
I wish you'd represent George.
That's my loyal little girl.
You'll like the people Junius did send.
You haven't switched from liquor to dope, by any chance?
- You see?
- The people Junius did send?
You don't know a Macaulay Connor or Elizabeth Imbrie, do you?
- We can finish these later.
- I'd better introduce you. Call me for...
Introduce me to whom?
To Miss Imbrie and Mr. Connor, to tell them which rooms they'd have. Mr. Connor is asking if he should wear a black or white tie to tonight's party.
- Rooms?
- I'd better start from the beginning. Sit down, dear. They're great friends of Junius's. And they expect to stay here?
I think that's very queer. I think it's queerer than that. I think it's paranoiac. You see, it was Junius's idea. They've been very kind to him, and...
You're lying, Dexter. I can always tell.
- Can you, Red?
- They're Junius's friends. You went to work after the divorce, didn't you? Yes, except for a brief interlude in some alcoholic sanitariums. You took a job in South America. Who for?
- A magazine.
- It wasn't Spy magazine? You are a mass of intuition. I don't suppose that Junius's friends are photographers?
- I thought you were low, but I never...
- What are you going to do?
- After I've telephoned Junius...
- Wait, Red. Don't telephone Junius. I'll confess. No. You're slipping, Red. I used to be afraid of that look, the withering glance of the goddess. I didn't think that alcohol would... Oh, shut up. Dinah, stay here.
Please, Mother.
Maybe he's going to sock her.
Don't say "sock," darling.
"Strike" is quite an ugly enough word.
Who do they think they are,
 barging in on peaceful people?
- They'll think you don't want them.
- I want them out, and you too!
Yes, your majesty. But first could I
interest you in some small blackmail?
It's an article, complete with
snapshots, details and insinuations...
and it's ready for
publication in Spy...
and it's about your father
and that dancer in New York.
About Father and Tina Mara?
Quiet. Dinah.
But they can't,
even if it's true.
- Where do you get these?
- From Sidney Kidd, editor and publisher.
- He's got to be stopped.
- He is, temporarily.
That is, if you'll allow those two
to turn in the story on your wedding.
And when Kidd says a story,
he means a story.
- I'm gonna be sick.
- Yes, dear.
"An Intimate Day
With a Society Bride."
I am sick.
It's tough, but that's
the way it seems to be.
So I'm to be examined, undressed
and generally humiliated...
at 15 cents a copy.
And you, you...
You're loving it.
Am I, Red?
Mother, we're hooked.
- Are they really reporters?
- Not even friends of Junius's?
They aren't anybody's friends, but we're to pretend they are.
- But why?
- Don't ask me.
There's a good reason, and it's my wedding, so please!
I'll bet it's on account of Father and that dancer.
- Dinah, what do you know?
- I listen around.
Is there no such thing as privacy anymore?
Only in bed, Mother, and not always there.
Watching every little mannerism...
jotting down notes on how we sit, stand, talk, eat and move!
- Will they do that?
- All in that horrible, snide English.
If we have to submit to it to save Father's face...
which, incidentally, doesn't deserve it...
I'll give them a picture of home life that'll stand their hair on end!
Tracy, we must just be ourselves, very much ourselves.
But you want us to create a good impression, don't you?
They don't know that we know what they're here for?
No. That was understood.
The girl's quite nice.
He writes short stories.
Very down to earth.
- They'll love us.
- Oh, dear, you'd both better dress.
And both of you, promise to behave like ladies in front of these creatures.
We'll do our best, Mrs. Lord.
I don't know how good that is.
Dexter, how perfectly dreadful.
What'll they say about Seth not being here for his own daughter's wedding?
I know, dear.
You'd better go and tell them how
terribly happy we are to have them.
That's the old Quaker spirit,
Mother Lord.
Keep swinging.
Oh. I thought it was that butler.
The family will be down
to welcome you.
- What with?
  - With open arms.
They're terribly happy to have
any friends of Junius's here.
- Do they know about us?
  - Why should they?
Look, Haven, our research department
didn't give us much data.
This fiancé of this girl,
George Kittredge, age 32?
- You know him very well?
  - Well enough.
"General manager of Quaker State Coal,
company owned by Seth Lord."
- That's the girl's father, huh?
  - What a coincidence.
How'd he meet her?
Heaven brought them together,
I imagine.
"Seth Lord.
"See Banker's Annual,
Directory of Directors."
- Is there a library in town?
  - Yes.
I suppose you wouldn't
know where that is?
Well, roughly.
My grandfather built it.
Now, about this girl...
"Tracy Samantha Lord."
What about her?
Well, what's her
leading characteristic?
She has a horror of men
who wear their hats in the house.
Leading characteristics
to be filled in later.
I can fill them in right now.
The young, rich, rapacious
American female.
No other country
where she exists.
And would I change places
with Tracy Samantha Lord...
for all her wealth and beauty?
Oh, boy, just ask me.
Well, tell four footmen to call me
in time for lunch, will you?
How do you do?
Friends of my brother Junius,
are you not?
I am Dinah Lord.
My real name is Diana,
but my sister changed it.
I'm Elizabeth Imbrie.
This is Macaulay Connor.
Enchante de vous voir!
Enchante de faire votre connaissance!
I spoke French
before I spoke English.
My early childhood was spent in Paris
where my father worked in a bank:
- The House of Morgan.
- Really?
C'est vrai absolument!
Can you play the piano?
I can, and sing at the same time!
Listen.
Lydia, oh, Lydia
Say, have you met Lydia
Oh, Lydia
the tattooed lady
She has eyes
that folks adore so
And a torso even more so
What is this?
Idiot, probably.
The queen of tattoos
On her back
is the battle of Waterloo
Beside it the wreck
of the Hesperus too
And proudly above
waves the red, white
And blue
You can learn a lot from Lydia
Ah, petite soeur,
tu es un vritable petit Chopin!
- Tu trouves?
- Mais certainement.
Mais qu'est-ce qu'il y a?
Voyons, tu es ple.
Montre-moi ta langue. J'espère bien
que ce n'est pas le smallpox.
- Le smallpox?
- Mais oui.
Va dire à maman de se dépêcher!
Oh. How do you do?
I'm Tracy Lord.
It's so nice having you here.
How did you leave Junius?
We left Junius fine.
That little sister of yours...
Isn't she a dear?
So talented.
- Junius is such a lamb, isn't he?
- Yes, isn't he?
It's a pity none of the male members
of the family are going to be here.
- Where's your father?
- Darling Papa.
- I do hope you'll stay for my wedding.
- We'd like to very much.
- That was our idea.
- I'm so glad that it occurred to you.
The house is in rather
a mess, of course.
We'll all have to huddle here
and overflow onto the porch.
- I hope your rooms are comfortable.
- Your father sick?
- What a cunning little camera.
- I'm an awful nuisance with it.
But you couldn't be.
I hope you'll take loads.
Dear Papa and Mama aren't
allowing any reporters in.
That is, except for little Mr. Grace,
who does the social news.
Can you imagine a grown-up man
having to sink so low?
It does seem kind of bad.
You're a kind of writer...
- aren't you, Mr. Connor?
- Sort of.
- A book?
- Yes.
Under what name do you publish?
What's the Macaulay for?
Well, my father
taught English history.
I'm "Mike" to my friends.
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.
In a little high school
in South Bend, Indiana.
South Bend.
It sounds like dancing,
doesn't it?
You must have had a most
happy childhood there.
- Yeah, it was terrific.
- I'm so glad.
- I didn't mean it that way.
- I'm so sorry. Why?
Well, lack of wherewithal,
I guess.
But that doesn't always cause
unhappiness, does it?
Not if you're
the right kind of man.
George Kittredge, my fiancé, never had anything either, and he...
Are either of you married? You mean you were, but now you're divorced.
- The fact is...
- Surely you're not ashamed of it.
- Of course I'm not.
- What?
It was years ago. I was only a kid in Duluth. Good heavens, Liz. You never told me.
- You never asked me.
- I know, but you...
Joe Smith, hardware. You're the darnedest girl, Liz. I think I'm sweet.
Duluth must be a lovely spot. It's west of here, isn't it? Sort of, but occasionally we get the breezes...
And this is your first visit in Philadelphia. It's a quaint old place, don't you think? Filled with relics.
And how old are you, Mr. Connor? Thirty.
One book isn't much for a man of 30. I don't mean to criticize. You probably have other interests outside your work.
None. I mean us. How sweet. Are you going together?
- I beg your pardon?
- That is an odd question. I don't see why. I think it's very interesting. Miss Imbrie, don't you agree...
that if a man says he loves a girl, he ought to marry her?
Can she be human?
Please, Mr. Connor.
I asked Miss Imbrie a question.
Well, that depends. L...
I'll see what's keeping Mama.
Who's doing the interviewing here?
- You don't suppose she caught on?
- No, she was born that way.
- Don't let her throw ya.
- Do you want to take over?
- I wanna go home.
- Ah, here you are.
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.
My little girl.
She's going to leave me.
Aren't you pretty, my dear.
But then Junius's friends always are.
Look at the way
she wears her hair, Tracy.
- Isn't it pretty?
- Mighty fine.
Shall we have sherry on the porch?
- This is my youngest daughter, Diana.
- I think we've met.
I wish my husband could be here.
We expect him presently.
He's detained in New York on business
for that lovely dancer, Tina Mara.
- Do you know her work?
- Not professionally.
So talented,
and such a lovely person...
but like so many artists,
no business head.
None whatever.
I have some lovely presents,
Don't you think so, Mr. Connor?
Hello, everybody.
- I hope I'm not late.
- You're never late, George.
We have a lovely surprise. Junius has

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sent these people as a wedding present.
Mr. Kittredge,
this is Miss... I'm so sorry.
- Imbrie.
- Any friend of Junius's is my friend.
And, uh, Mr. Morrow?
- I didn't get the name.
- Connor.
Macauley Connor.
He's a writer.
Don't apologize, Mrs. Lord.
No apology necessary.
I have great respect for writers.
Well, thank you.
Any kind word is...
- How are you?
- Much better now that you're here.
Oh, I guess this
must be love, huh?
- Your guess is correct.
- I'm just his faithful old dog Tray.
- Give me your paw.
- You've got it.
How sweet.
Say, I'd like to see
one of those, Miss Imbrie.
You will.
Shall we have some sherry?
I suppose Junius has told you
all about our happy little family.
- Papa!
- What?
Dear Papa.
You angel to get here
in time for lunch!
- Isn't he, Mama?
- Indeed he is, but...
Father, these are our friends,
Miss Imbrie and Mr. Connor.
- How are you, Mr. Lord?
- Oh, just fine, thank you.
- How are you?
- How do you do?
How do you do?
Howdy, Pops.

Oh, dear Dinah.
- Father, here's George.
- How are you, Kittredge?
Margaret, my sweet.
- Another place for luncheon, Edward.
- Very good, madam.
Well... here I am...
in the bosom of my...
- Hello, friends and enemies.
- Young man!
- Remove yourself.
- How are you, sir?
I don't know. Get along.
Darling, I've changed my mind.
I will stay for lunch.
Another place, Edward.
- Hello, Kittredge.
- How are you, Haven?
Just Damon and Pythias.
No, Grant and Lee.
You don't look as well as when
I last saw you, Kittredge.
Oh, you poor fellow.
I know just how you feel.
- How's it coming?
- Beautifully, Dexter.
We're so indebted to you
for these lovely people.
It's almost impossible
to repay that debt.
But you'll manage, eh, Red?
- They grew up together, you know.
- How nice.
You don't look old enough
to get married...
not even the first time,
but then you never did.
She needs trouble to mature her,
Kittredge. Give her lots of it.
I'm afraid she can't
count on me for that.
No? That's too bad.
For your own sake, Red,
you should have stuck to me longer.
I thought it was for life, but the nice
judge gave me a full pardon.
Ah, that's the old redhead.
No bitterness, no recrimination.
Just a good swift left to the jaw.
They grew up together.
Luncheon is served, madam.
Oh, thank you, Edward. Come sit.
We have so much to talk about.
I don't suppose a man ever had
a better or finer family.
I often wake up in the night
and say to myself...
"Seth, you lucky dog,
what have you done to deserve it all?"
And what have you?
Oh, thank you.
Oh, how stupid of me!
Oh, dear! How awful!
I had a feeling
that would happen.
Your camera.
I'm so, so sorry.
I'm sure you are.
What is it?
Your father.
Uncle Willie!
- Uncle Willie, how nice.
- I beg your pardon.
Please go on into lunch, everyone.
I want a word with Uncle Willie.
- Another place, Edward.
- Yes, madam.
I'm afraid I don't understand.
You never have, but you
came anyway, didn't you?
Oh. Still Justice with her
shining sword, eh, daughter?
- Who's on the spot?
- We are, thanks to you...
Uncle Willie.
How long will you be researching?
Not long if I can find the right books...
his family history and stuff like that.
There's a cousin Joanna
that's definitely crazy.
- Who told you?
- Dinah.
- Dinah should know.
- Come across the street when you finish.
- Miss Hobson's establishment.
- Okay.
What does thee wish?
I'm looking for some local b...
- What'd you say?
- What does thee wish?
Um, local biography or history.
If thee will, consult with
my colleague in there.
Dost thou have a washroom?
Thank thee.
I know this is a public library,
but I wou...
- Hello.
- Hello.
Couldn't you afford
to buy my book?
The bookstore didn't have one.
Are you sure you're doing
the right thing?
You know what happens to girls like you
when they read books like mine.
They begin to think.
That's bad.
These stories are beautiful.
Why, Connor,
they're almost poetry.
Don't kid yourself. They are.
I can't make you out at all now.
Really?
I thought I was easy.
So did I, but you're not.
You talk so big and tough,
and then you write like this.
Which is which?
Both, I guess.
No, I believe you put the toughness on
to save your skin.
You think so?
I know a little about that.
- Do you?
- Quite a lot.
Let's get out of here.
This book was just such
a complete surprise to me.
L... let's walk, shall we?
It'll be much more fun.
Take this. Tell Mr. Kittredge
we'll meet him at the pool.
Yes, Miss Tracy.
The story called, "With The Rich
and Mighty," I think I liked it best.
I got it from
a Spanish peasant's proverb.
"With the rich and mighty,
always a little patience."
I like that.
What's the matter?
A little too rough?
A little...
but I'm used to it.
Tell me something, will you?
When you can do a thing like that book,
how can you possibly do anything else?
You may not believe this, but there
are people that must earn their living.
Of course, but people
buy books, don't they?
Not as long as there's
a library around.
That book of mine represents
two solid years' work...
and it netted Connor
something under $600.
- But that shouldn't be.
- Unhappily it is.
This is beautiful country around here.
What is it all, anyway?
Part of our place.
What about your Miss Imbrie?
Well, Miss Imbrie's
in somewhat the same fix.
She's a born painter and might be
a very important one...
but Miss lmbrie must eat, and she also
prefers a roof over her head...
to being constantly out
in the rain and snow.
Food and a roof.
You've really got something here.
- Where?
- All this.
Oh. Come on.
The dressing rooms are over here.
I think you'll find
everything you need.
Use any old one, but I think you'll find
most of the junk in there.
- Yell if you need anything.
- Okay.
I have an idea.
I have the most wonderful
little house in Uniondale.
It's up on a hill with a view
that would knock you silly.
I'm never there except
in the hunting season...
and not much then,
and I'd be so happy to know...
that it was of some real use
to someone.
- Can you hear me?
- Yeah.
There's a brook and a small lake...
no size, really...
and a patch of woods,
and in any kind of weather...
it's the most wonderful...
Well, anyhow, I'm so delighted
that I can offer it to you.
Well, it's terribly nice of you,
but, uh...
Heck, that's Dexter.
Look, if he comes here,
stand by, will you?
I don't want to be alone with him.
Certainly, if you like.
Isn't it lucky that I happened
to think about that house?
And don't think I'd come trooping in
every minute, because I wouldn't.
I'd never come
except when expressly asked to.
- Well, it isn't that.
- What is it?
Well, you see,
the idea of artists...
depending upon a patron lady bountiful
has more or less gone out.
Oh. I see.
That wasn't especially kind
of you, Mr. Connor.
I'm sorry to have seemed patronizing.
- Now, look, I didn't mean...
- Please don't bother.
- Hello.
- Hello. Fancy seeing you here.
Orange juice? Certainly.
Don't tell me you've forsaken
your beloved whiskey and whiskeys.
No, I've just changed their color.
I'm going for the pale pastel shades.
They're more becoming to me.
How about you, Mr. Connor?
You drink, don't you?
- Alcohol, I mean.
- A little.
A little?
And you're a writer?
Tsk, tsk, tsk. I thought all writers
drank to excess and beat their wives.
You know, at one time I think
I secretly wanted to be a writer.
Dexter, would you mind
doing something for me?
- Anything. What?
- Get the heck out of here.
I couldn't do that.
That wouldn't be fair to you.
You need me too much.
Would you tell me what
you're hanging around for?
- No, please don't go, Mr. Connor.
- No, please don't go, Mr. Connor.
As a writer, this ought to be
right up your street.
Don't miss a word.
I never saw you looking better, Red.
You're getting that fine, tawny look.
Oh, we're going to talk
about me, are we? Goody.
It's astonishing what money can do
for people, don't you agree, Mr. Connor?
Not too much, you know.
Just more than enough.
Take Tracy, for example.
There was never a blow that
hasn't been softened for her.
Never a blow that won't be softened.
It's even changed her shape.
- She was once a dumpy little thing.
- I'm not interested in myself now.
Not interested in yourself?
You're fascinated, Red.
You're far and away
your favorite person in the world.
- In case you don't know...
- Of course, Mr. Connor...
she's a girl
who's generous to a fault.
To a fault, Mr. Connor.
Except to other people's faults.
For instance, she never had
any understanding...
of my deep and gorgeous thirst.
- That was your problem.
- Granted.
But you took on that problem
with me when you took me, Red.
You were no helpmate there.
You were a scold.
It was disgusting.
It made you so unattractive.
A weakness, sure, and strength
is her religion, Mr. Connor.
She finds human imperfection
unforgivable.
When I discovered that
my relationship to her...
was supposed to be not that of a loving
husband and a good companion but...
- Oh, never mind.
- Say it.
But that of a kind of high priest
to a virgin goddess.
Then my drinks grew deeper
and more frequent.
I never considered you as that
nor myself.
You did it without knowing it.
And the night that you got drunk on
champagne and climbed out on the roof...
and stood there, naked,
with your arms out to the moon...
wailing like a banshee.
I never had the slightest recollection
of doing any such thing.
You drew a blank.
You wanted to.
Mr. Connor, what would you... oh.
A nice story for Spy,
incidentally.
Yes. Too bad we can't supply
photographs of you on the roof.
Honestly, the fuss you made
over that silly, childish epis...
It was enormously important
and most revealing.
The moon is also a goddess,
chaste and virginal.
Stop using those foul words.
What are you trying
to make me out as?
- What do you fancy yourself as?
- I don't know that I fancy myself...
When I read you're gonna marry
Kittredge I couldn't believe it.
That's why I'm here.
How could he even think of it?
Because he's everything you're not.
He's been poor, 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.
Maybe so, but I doubt it.
It's just a swing from me...
but it's too violent a swing.
Kittredge is no great
tower of strength.
He's just a tower.
You hardly know him.
To hardly know him
is to know him well.
Perhaps it offends my vanity to have
anyone who was even remotely my wife...
remarry so obviously beneath her.
How dare you, in this day and age,
use such an idiotic...
I'm talking about the difference
in mind and spirit.
You could marry Mac,
the night watchman. I'd cheer for you.
- Kittredge is not for you.
- You bet he's for me.
He's a great man and a good man.
Already he's
of national importance.
You sound like Spy magazine talking.
But whatever he is, toots,
you'll have to stick.
- He'll give you no out as I did.
- I won't require one.
I suppose you'd still be attractive
to any man of spirit, though.
There's something engaging about it,
this "goddess" business...
something more challenging to the male
than the more obvious charms.
- Really?
- Really.
We're very vain, you know.
"This citadel can and shall be taken, and I'm the boy to do it."
You seem quite contemptuous of me all of a sudden.
No, Red, not of you.
Never of you.
Red, you could be the finest woman on this earth.
I'm contemptuous of something inside you you either can't help or won't try to.
Your so-called "strength"...
your prejudice against weakness,
your blank intolerance.
- Is that all?
- That's the gist of it.
Because you'll never be a first-class human being or a first-class woman...
until you've learned to have regard for human frailty.
It's a pity your own foot can't slip a little sometime...
but your sense of inner divinity wouldn't allow that.
This goddess must and shall remain intact.
There are more of you than people realize.
A special class of the American female.
"The Married Maidens."
So help me,
if you say another word...
I'm through, Red.
For the moment I've had my say.
I suppose I should object
to this twosome.
That would be most objectionable.
Any time either of you want my advice...
- We'll give you a ring.
- Thanks. Do that, will you?
So long, Red.
I left you a wedding present. Sorry I hadn't ribbon to tie it up with.
Aren't you swimming?
We haven't time.
Uncle Willie wants us at 8:00.
Look what your friend
considers a wedding present.
- Why, it's a model of the True Love.
- The what?
A boat he designed
and built, practically.
We sailed it down the coast of Maine
and back the summer we were married.
My, she was yare!
"Yare"? What's that mean?
It means, uh...
Oh, what does it mean?
Easy to handle, quick to the helm.
Fast, bright.
Everything a boat should be...
until she develops dry rot.
Oh, George, to get away.
Somehow to be useful
in the world.
Useful? You, Tracy?
I'm gonna build you an ivory tower
with my own two hands.
Like fun you are.
You mean you've
been in one too long?
Well, I mean that
and a lot of things.
You know, we're gonna
represent something, Tracy...
you and I and our home.
Something straight, sound and fine.
Then perhaps Mr. Haven will be
somewhat less condescending.
You don't really mind him, do you?
I mean the fact of him?
"Fact of him"?
What do you mean?
I mean...
Well, you know.
That he ever was
my lord and master.
That we ever were...
I don't believe he ever was, Tracy. Not really. I don't believe that anyone ever was or ever will be. That's the wonderful thing about you, Tracy. What? How? You're like some marvelous, distant, well, queen, I guess. You're so cool and fine and always so much your own. There's a kind of beautiful purity about you, Tracy, like a statue. — George... — It's grand, Tracy. It's what everybody feels about you. It's what I first worshipped you for from afar. — George, listen. — First, now and always. Only from a little nearer now, eh, darling? L... I don't want to be worshipped. I want to be loved. Well, you're that too, Tracy. You're that, all right. I mean really loved. But that goes without saying, Tracy. No. No, now it's you who doesn't see what I mean. I'd better get dressed. I hate to be late. Oh, nothing. Run along. I'll be dressed when you get back. You're Uncle Willie's guest of honor. You mustn't be late. That fianc of yours roared out of here on two wheels. Does he, by any chance, ever walk anywhere? When he likes, I expect.
I have a feeling he'll take that ring
tomorrow and go through center with it.
Seth, you idiot!
Very amusing, I'm sure.
Almost as amusing as the sight of you
with your arm around Mother.
I find very unamusing...
the stupid, undignified spectacle
we're making of ourselves...
for the benefit
of those two newspaper people.
Whose fault is it?
That's not the point. They can publish
anything they like about me...
but I insist that we inform Connor
and the camera lady...
that we're all aware
of their purpose here.
All right.
I'll tell them myself.
It'd look better coming from me
as the titular head of the family.
Of course, inasmuch as you've
let us in for it in the first place!
Keep that note out of your voice.
It's very unattractive.
Oh? How does your dancer friend talk,
or does she purr?
- Tracy!
- It's quite all right.
Sweet and low, I suppose.
Dulcet. Very ladylike.
You've got nerve to come back here in
your best head-of-the-family manner...
and make stands and strike attitudes
and criticize my fianc...
and give orders
and mess things up generally.
- Stop it instantly!
- I can't help it! It's sickening!
- As if he'd done nothing at all.
- Which happens to be the truth.
Anyway, it's not your affair.
If it concerns anyone...
Well, actually, I don't know who it concerns except your father. That's very wise of you, Margaret. What most wives fail to realize is that their husbands' philandering... has nothing whatever to do with them. Oh? Then what has it to do with? A reluctance to grow old, I think. I suppose the best mainstay a man can have as he gets along in years... is a daughter. The right kind of daughter. How sweet. No, I'm talking seriously about something I've thought over thoroughly. I've had to. A devoted young girl gives a man the illusion... that youth is still his. - Very important, I suppose. - Oh, very, very. Because, without her, he might be inclined to go in search of his youth. That's just as important to him as it is to any woman. But with a girl of his own, full of warmth for him... full of foolish, unquestioning, uncritical affection... - None of which I've got. - None. You have a good mind, a pretty face... a disciplined body that does what you tell it. You have everything it takes to make a lovely woman except the one essential. An understanding heart. Without that, you might as well be made of bronze. That's an awful thing to say to anyone. Yes, it is indeed.
So I'm to blame
for Tina Mara, am I?
- To a certain extent, I expect you are.
- You coward!
But better that than a prig
or a perennial spinster...
however many marriages.
- Seth, that's too much.
- I'm afraid it's not enough.
I'm afraid nothing is.
- What did you say I was?
- Do you want me to repeat it?
A prig and a...
You mean you think I think I'm some kind
of a goddess or something?
If your ego
wants it that way, yes.
Also, you've been talking
like a jealous woman.
What's the matter with everyone
all at once, anyhow?
I've been asleep.
What time is it?

- **After 7:**
- Call my house.
Tell them I'm on my way.
You'd better come along too.
You're the host tonight,
you know? Uncle Willie.
That's all over.
You're yourself again. So am I.
- You've told them?
- I shall at the first opportunity.
My first party, and about time.
- Can I have a cocktail?
- Certainly not!
- It's a dirty gyp.
- That dress hikes up a little behind.
- No, it's me that does.
- You look adorable, Dinah.
Oh, thanks, Tracy.
Thanks ever so much.
Tracy, you must dress.
Let's all have a last drink.
I'm sorry. I forgot. You never drink.
- Prigs don't.
- What's that?
- Nor spinsters.
- Again, please?
Nor goddesses of any variety.
Not completely.
Just a borderline case.
Miss Imbrie and I have something on our minds.
Splendid.
Just the place for it. What?
- We'd like to say something.
- I'm all ears and eyes.
You're a vision of loveliness,
Miss Imbrie.
Will you have a cocktail or champagne?
Oh, champagne.
I've never had enough.
You will, tonight.
- I'd like to say...
- I have something to say first.
- I am Seth Lord.
- No!
- Then that makes you...
- Available.
And you are Miss Imbrie of Spy magazine.
- Now you know.
- I was going to tell you...
- As to the reasons...
- Not now. We ought to be early.
And who'll go with me in my little car?
Dinah and I. Seth, will you take Miss Imbrie and Mr. O'Connor? Dinah?
I can tell there's something in the air, because I'm being taken away.
Well, I'll see you all later.
Don't do that.
What's the matter?
Nothing.
Miss Imbrie?
You know, I felt exactly
as though I'd been pinched.
Don't you think you weren't.
You aren't even dressed.
Um, you go ahead.
I'll, uh,
follow along with George.
What's the matter with Tracy?
You tell me, will you?
Darned if I know.
I'd like to.
Well, Macaulay,
if you ever happen to find out...
I'll tell you. Sure.
And remember, Mike:
- "With the rich and mighty"...
- "Always a little patience"?
Do you know what time it is?

**It's after 4:**
In China it's later than that.
In China we'd be married by now.
Or perhaps it's only yesterday.
I'm going home after this dance.
There was a Chinese poet
who was drowned...
while trying to kiss
the moon in the river.
- He was drunk.
- I'd say as much.
But he wrote beautiful poetry.
Macaulay Connor of South Bend
reporting for duty.
I'm sorry, we're going home
after this dance.
You can't do that to me,
not a friend of old Junius.
- I mean, not an old friend of Junius.
- I wish old Junius were here.
Tracy, I'll get your wraps.
He'll wrap me up.
- Hello, you.
- Hello.
- You look fine.
- I feel fine.
Good, good.
Oh, wait a minute.
What was I saying?
Oh. Let's have another drink,
or would Kittredge spank?
- That's not what you were saying.
- It isn't? All right.
Not what I was saying.
Oh, oh, I know.
Why do you wish your brother was here?
Does he like Kittredge?
- Everybody likes Kittredge.
- Everybody likes Kittredge.
Everybody except
C.K. Dexter Haven, huh?
- Come on. We'll have some wine.
- Some wine.
Mother, I thought you'd
gone home ages ago.
I should have, but I've been
having such a good time.
- Everybody should have a good time.
- Darling, what's come over you?
Oh, it's just that
a lot of things...
I always thought were
terribly important...
I find now are...
and the other way around and...
Oh, what the dickens.
Connor, you're thirsty,
and the night is young.
- Here we are, dear.
- We're going to have one more drink...
- Not you, I'm afraid.
- Why should you be afraid?
- You know wine never affects me.
- Look here...
What she really wants, George,
is another dance with you.
- Oh, very well.
- If it's that much of a chore...
- Not for me!
- You've already been too attentive!

George, please.

What will the neighbors think?
- The course of true love.
- Gathers no moss.

Boy, champagne.

Just the bottle.

I'm going on a picnic.
- You're leaving us, Jock?
- Rather, but I'll be back.

Come on, darling, champagne!
And again and again and again!
Follow that cab!
- What cab, sir?
- No cab.

Some joke, huh? Take me to
the C.K. Dexter Haven mansion.
- Mr. Haven?
- Front entrance.

C.K. Dexter Haven!

This is where
Cinderella gets off.

You hurry back to the ball before you
turn into a pumpkin and six white mice.

Good-bye.

C.K. Dexter Haven.
- What's up?
- You are.

I hope it's worth it.

Come on in.

I bring you greetings.

Cinderella's slipper.

It's called champagne.

Champagne is a great "levelerer."

Leveler.
- It makes you my equal.
- I wouldn't quite say that.

Well, almost my equal.

C.K. Dexter Haven,
I would like to talk to you.

Let's go in the talking room.
- Don't tell me the party's over so soon.
- No, no.
- I just felt like talking to you.
- Well, that's nice.
I wonder if I might
borrow a drink.
Certainly.
Coals to Newcastle.
Here, sit down.
Excuse me.
What's this?
- Is it my book?
- Yes.
C.K. Dexter Haven,
you have unsuspected depth.
- Thanks, old chap.
- But have you read it?
I was trying to stop drinking.
I read anything.
- And did you stop drinking?
- Yes. Your book didn't do it, though.
Are you still in love with her?
Or perhaps you'd consider that
a very personal question.
- Not at all.
- Liz thinks you are!
Liz thinks you are.
But of course, women like to romanti...
romanticize about things.
- Yes, they do, don't they?
- Yes, they do, don't they?
I can't understand how you
could've been married to her...
and still know
so little about her.
- Can't you?
- No, I can't you.
I have the hiccups. I wonder
if I might have another drink?
- Certainly.
- Thank you.
You know, Tracy's
no ordinary woman...
and you said some things to her
this afternoon I resented.
- I apologize, Mr. Connor.
- That's quite all right.
But when a girl is like Tracy,
she's one in a million. She's...
She's sort of like a...
She's sort of like a...
- A goddess?
- No, no, no!
You said that word
this afternoon. No.
She's sort of like a queen...
a radiant, glorious queen...
and you can't treat her
like other women.
No, I suppose not. But then, I imagine
Kittredge appreciates all that.
Kittredge!
Kittredge appreciates Kittredge!
Ah, that fake "man of the people."
He isn't even smart.
He's a five-cent edition
of Sidney Kidd.
Well, I always thought Kidd himself
was the five-cent kid.
And what's that make you worth,
C.K. Dexter Haven...
bringing us down here?
But you know why I did that.
To get even with my ex-bride.
Doggone it, C.K. Dexter Haven...
either I'm gonna sock you
or you're gonna sock me!
Shall we toss a coin?
Kidd's just using you
like he uses everybody else.
You don't know Kidd
like I know him.
The guy's colossal. He's terrific.
He's got everybody fooled.
Yes.
"No mean Machiavelli
is smiling, cynical Sidney Kidd.
"The world's his oyster
with an 'R' in every month."
That's not bad.
When did I say that?
You didn't. I did.
Sorry.
I suppose you never heard about
Kidd's arrangement in Kansas City?
- No.
- In San Francisco?
Let me tell you about
the time he went to Boston...
to be awarded the Sarah Langley
Medal for World Peace.
The true story on that
little jaunt would ruin him.
Look, Connor. What would happen
to you if I used this stuff?
- Why?
- I might want to, very much.
Kidd is holding a dirty piece
on Tracy's father.
- This might stop him.
- On Tracy's father?
That's right.
Oh, so that's how
Kidd got you to...
That's how Liz and I were gotten in.
Blackmail, huh?
We all rode into this thing
on a filthy blackmail.
Look, you use it.
Use it with my blessings.
I'm through anyway. I'm not gonna
hand in a story on this wedding.
- I'm gonna write one on Kidd.
- No, let me do it.
I don't have to tell him
where I got my facts. Okay?
- Okay.
- All right, come on.
Now shoot.
Peace medal. Boston.
Oh, oh.

The time:
The place:
Boston, in a hotel.
Kidd had just arrived.
And this same Sidney Kidd,
ladies and gentlemen of America...
this protector of American democracy
and homes and firesides...
was at that very moment
entertaining...
the South Carolina Mata Hari
on his yacht.
Don't interrupt me!
This Sidney Kidd,
ladies and gentlemen...
who demanded the respect...
of all who were
connected with him...
- We've come for the body of Macaulay.
- I'm glad you came.
- Can you use a typewriter?
- No, thanks. I have one at home.
Who's that?
Here was Sidney Kidd,
ladies and gentlemen...
Sidney Kidd the good,
Sidney Kidd the noble...
Where's Kittredge?
- The people's choice?
- Yeah.
His bride just dropped him at
the gatehouse after a slight explosion.
A fight?
Fifteen rounds, no decision.
Where's my wandering parakeet?
You look beautiful, Red.
Come on in.
Why?
No particular reason.
A drink, maybe?
I don't drink.
That's right. I forgot.
I haven't.
Show Liz to a typewriter
and stand back.
- Can she do it?
- She can and she will.
- Dictate to her and then bring her home.
- Aren't you coming, Liz?
It seems I've got to
commit suicide first.
- Going my way, Miss?
- Miss Goddess to you.
Okay, Miss Goddess to me.
Champagne's funny stuff.
I'm used to whiskey.
Whiskey's a slap on the back,
and champagne's...
heavy mist before my eyes.
Do you hear a telephone ringing?
I did a little while ago.
Let's see.
No, not yet.
Now I do, far away.
It's my bedroom telephone.
It couldn't be anyone but George.
I was sort of swinish to him.
Perhaps I'd better go
and see what...
It isn't ringing anymore.
I tell you what.
Let's have a quick swim
to brighten us up.
Dexter and I always
swam after parties.
Let's dip into this instead, huh?
- Hello, you.
- Hello.
- You look fine.
- I feel fine.
Did you enjoy the party?
Sure. Sure.
The prettiest sight
in this fine, pretty world...
is the privileged class
enjoying its privileges.
- You're a snob, Connor.
- No doubt. No doubt.
"Awash with champagne..."
"was Will Q. Tracy's
pleasure dome...
"on the nuptial eve
of Tracy Samantha... Tracy..."
You can't marry that guy.
George? I'm going to.
- Why not?
- I don't know.
I thought I'd be for it at first,
but you don't seem to match up.
Then the fault's with me.
Maybe so. But all the same,
you can't do it.
Come around about noon tomorrow.
I mean today.
- Snob.
- What do you mean, "snob"?
You're the worst kind there is,
an intellectual snob.
You made up your mind
awfully young, it seems to me.
Thirty's about time
to make up your mind.
And I'm nothing of the sort.
Not Mr. Connor.
The time to make up
your mind about people...
is never.
Yes, you are,
and a complete one.
- You're quite a girl, aren't you?
- You think?
- Yeah, I know.
- I don't think I'm exceptional.
- You are, though.
- I know any number like me.
You oughta get around more.
What, in the upper class?
No, no.
No, thank you.
You're just a mass
of prejudices, aren't you?
You're so much thought
and so little feeling, Professor.
I am, am I?
Yes, you am, are you.
Your intolerance infuriates me!
I should think that, of all people,
a writer would need tolerance.
That fact is you'll never,
you can't be...
a first-rate writer
or a first-rate human being...
until you've learned to have
some small regard for human fra...
Aren't the geraniums
pretty, Professor?
Is it not a handsome day...
that begins, Professor?
- Lay off that "Professor."
- Yes, Professor.
You've got all the arrogance
of your class, all right.
How... what have classes
to do with it?
What do they matter
except for the people in them?
George comes from the so-called lower
class; Dexter from the upper. Well?
Mac, the night watchman, is a prince
among men; Uncle Willie is a pincher.
Upper and lower, my eye.
I'll take the lower, thanks.
If you can't get a drawing room.
- What do you mean by that?
- My mistake.
- You're insulting!
- I'm sorry.
- Oh, don't apologize!
- Who's apologizing?
I never knew such a man.
You wouldn't be likely to,
not from where you sit.
Talk about arrogance.
- Tracy.
- What do you want?
You're wonderful.
There's a magnificence
in you, Tracy.
Now I'm getting self-conscious.
It's funny, l...
Yeah?
I don't know.
Go up, I guess. It's late.
A magnificence that comes out
of your eyes and your voice...
in the way you stand there,
in the way you walk.
You're lit from within, Tracy.
You've got fires
banked down in you...
hearth fires and holocausts!
I don't seem to you
made of bronze?
No. You're made out
of flesh and blood.
That's the blank,
unholy surprise of it.
You're the golden girl, Tracy...
full of life and warmth
and delight.
What goes on?
You got tears in your eyes.
Shut up. Shut up.
Oh, Mike, keep talking.
Keep talking.
Talk, will you?
No, no, I've...
I've stopped.
Why?
Has your mind taken hold again,
dear Professor?
Well, it's a good thing,
don't you agree?
No, Professor.
Lay off that "Professor" stuff!
Do you hear me?
Yes, Professor.
- That's all I am to you?
- Of course, Professor.
- Are you sure?
- Why, yes, of course...
Golly.
- Golly Moses!
- Tracy.
- Mr. Connor...
- Let me tell you something.
- I've got the shakes.
- It can't be anything like love, can it?
No, no, it mustn't be.
It can't.
- Would it be inconvenient?
- Terribly.
Anyway, I know it isn't.
- Mike, we're out of our minds.
- Right into our hearts.
- That ought to have music.
- It does, doesn't it?
It's as if my insteps
were melting away.
- Have I got feet of clay?
- Tracy.
It's not far to the pool.
It's in the birch grove.
- It'll be lovely now.
- Tracy, you're tremendous.
Put me in your pocket, Mike.
I can't imagine what
makes me so sleepy.
- It couldn't be the company.
- It's you, Mr. Dexter.
- Hello, Mac.
- I heard you were about.
- Any prowlers around?
- No prowlers.
- Can Miss Lmbrrie get in this way?
- If she can't, you can go in the back.
Good.
- Thanks, Mac. Good night.
- Good night, sir.
Well, home after
a hard day's blackmailing.
When are you going
to telephone Kidd?
In time to get him here
for the wedding.
Why?
A sort of wedding present,
if it works.
If it works.
I could still tear it up.
No. Mike's only chance to ever become
a really fine writer is to get fired.
You're a good number, Liz.
Oh, I just photograph well.
I'm certainly out of focus now.
Why don't you take a swim?
- A swim?
- Sure.
Tracy and I always
took a swim after a party.
- Did you?
- Mm-hmm.
Bet it was fun.
I'll have to try it
with Mike sometime.
Liz, why don't you marry him?
- You really want to know?
- Mm-hmm.
He's still got a lot to learn.
I don't want to get
in his way for a while.
It's risky though, Liz.
Suppose another girl
came along in the meantime?
I'd scratch her eyes out,
I guess.
That is, unless she was going to
marry somebody else the next day.
- Hello, Kittredge.
- What are you doing here?
I'm a friend of the family's.
Dropped in for a chat.
Don't try to be funny.
I asked you a question.
I could ask you
the same question.
I telephoned Tracy,
and her phone didn't answer.
I was worried,
so I walked over.
- I was worried too.
- About what?
What do you think of
this fellow Connor, or do you?
If you're trying to insinuate...
My dear chap, I wouldn't
insinuate anything, only...
Kittredge,
I'd advise you to go to bed.
I don't want your advice.
I'm staying right here.
You're making a mistake.
Somehow I don't think you'll understand.
- Maybe you'd better leave that to...
- Dreams really do come true
Someday I'll wish upon a star
- What's that?
- It's Mac, the night watchman.
Always singing.
I'll walk you around the house.
Something's going on here,
and I'm staying.
And so are you.
All right, then.
Take the works.
Only heaven help you.
Somewhere over the rainbow
Way up high
There's a land
that I heard of
Once in a lullaby
And the dreams
That I dare to dre...
- Uh-oh.
- Don't stop, Mikey.
Keep crooning.
Someday over the rainbow
Way up high
- What is this, Connor?
- Easy, old man. She's not hurt?
- No, no.
- Not wounded, sire, but dead.
Seems the minute she hit the water,
the wine hit her.
- Look here, Connor.
- A likely story!
- What'd you say?
- A likely story!
- If you think that...
- You'll be down directly?
- Yes, if you want!
- I want.

Hello, Dexter.
Hello, George.
Hello, Mike.

Second door to the right,
top of the stairs. Don't wake Dinah.
My feet are made of clay.
Did you know?
Good night, little man.
How are the mighty fallen.
If I know Tracy,
and I know her well...
she'll remember little of this.
For the second time in her life,
she'll draw quite a tidy blank.
- You don't believe it, then?
- Believe what?
Well, the implications of
what you saw, let us say.
- What else am I to believe?
- That's entirely up to you.
I got eyes, I got imagination,
haven't I?
I don't know.
Have you?
Oh, so you pretend
not to believe it.

Yes, I pretend not to.
- Then you don't know women.
- That's possible.
- And you're a fool.
- That's quite possible.
- You won't be too hard on her?
- I'll make up my own mind what I'll be!
We're all only human, you know.
You! All of you with
your sophisticated ideas!
Ain't it awful?
Why, you low...
What right have you...
A husband's.
'Til tomorrow, Kittredge.
Hey, fella.
How do you feel?
- If you think I...
- I know.
I'm sorry. I thought I'd better
hit you before he did.
He's in better shape than I am.
Well, you'll do.
Hello, Mr. Dexter.
Anything wrong?
Not a thing, Mac.
Just as quiet as a church.
Who is it?
Doggone. I thought it
might've been Mr. Kittredge.
We can't have everything, Mac.
Good night.
- Mr. Tracy...
- Good grief, man.
Don't scream at me at the top
of your voice like that.
Miss Dinah is waiting for you, sir.
Miss Dinah waiting for me?
Where and why?
Just outside the door, sir.
I don't know why.
This is one of those days
which the pages of history teach us...
are best spent lying in bed.
Uncle Willie!
Uncle Willie,
where are you going?
Back to bed, unless you
give me your oath...
you will speak in
a civilized tone of voice.
I'll be quiet, Uncle Willie.
It's so important that I see you.
Must we ride in that thing? Wouldn't we be more comfortable on pogo sticks?
I had to be alone with you, and this is very intimate.
- What's the matter?
- Oh, nothing much.
My head just fell off, that's all.
What is all this gibberish about Mr. Connor?
What makes you suspect what and since when?
Last night, and well into the morning.
Uncle Willie, isn't my duty to tell George?
He might want to marry her anyway.
But she can't. If she marries anyone, it's got to be Mr. Connor.
Why, Dinah.
What makes you think she should?
Apparently the little cherub has heard or seen something.
That's Dexter's own Dinah.
You have a certain amount of cheek walking in here on this of all mornings.
- Do I?
- Yes.
What's all this about Mr. Connor, Dinah?
Did the party last night give you bad dreams?
- It wasn't any dream.
- I wouldn't be too sure.
It's hard to tell once you've gone to sleep, isn't it?
Is it?
What-ho, the bride.
Hello.
Um, isn't it a fine day, though.
Is everybody fine?
That's fine.
My, I'm hearty.
How do you feel otherwise?
I don't know what's the matter with me.
I must have had
too much sun yesterday.
- My eyes don't open properly.
- Really?
Ugh! Please go home, Dext.
Not until we've got
those eyes open.
Uncle Willie. Good morning.
That remains to be seen.
Aren't you here early,
Uncle Willie?
It's nearly half past twelve.
It can't be.
Where's Mother?
She's talking with the orchestra.
Father with the minister.
And Mr. Connor,
he hasn't come down yet.
And it's Saturday,
your wedding day, remember?
Thanks loads.
It's nice to have things account...
Only I wonder
what this might be.
- That looks like a wristwatch.
- But whose?
I found it in my room.
I nearly stepped on it.
Also, I think I was robbed at your house
last night, Uncle Willie.
My bracelet and engagement rings
are missing...
- Here you are.
- But you weren't at the party.
- Wasn't I?
- Were you?
Don't tell me you don't remember.
I do, now, sort of.
But there were such a lot of people.
I stayed so late.
You should have taken a quick swim
when you got home.
A swim?
A swim!
There! Now they're open.
That was just the beginning,
and it was no dream.
Do you suppose,
speaking of eye-openers...
That's the first sane remark
I've heard today. Come along.
I know a formula that can pop pennies
off the eyelids of dead Irishmen.
Dinah, if the conversation
should lag...
you might tell Tracy
about your dream.
- What did he say?
- Oh, nothing.
- What did he say?
- Oh, nothing.
Tray, I hate you to get married
and go away.
I'll miss you, darling.
I'll miss all of you.
You know, I did have the funniest
dream about you last night.
Did you? Do you like
my dress, Dinah?
- Yes, ever so much.
- Feels awfully heavy.
It was all certainly
pretty rooty-tooty.
- What was?
- My dream.
I dreamed I got up
and went over to the window.
Guess what I dreamed I saw coming over
out of the woods.
I haven't the faintest idea.
A skunk?
Well, sort of.
It was Mr. Connor.
Mr. Connor?
Yes, with his arms full of something,
and guess what it turned out to be.
- What?
- You, and some clothes.
Wasn't it funny? It was sort of like as if you were coming from the pool.
The pool?
I'm going crazy. I'm standing here, solidly, on my own two hands... and going crazy.
- Then what?
- After a while, I opened my door... and there he was in the hall, still coming along with you... puffing like a steam engine.
His wind can't be very good.
Then what?
- You were sort of crooning.
- I never crooned in my life. I'm only saying what it sounded like.
And then he...
Guess what.
I couldn't possibly.
He sailed right into your room with you, and that scared me...
so I got up and went to your door... and peeked in to make sure you were all right.
And guess what.
- What?
- You were. He was gone by then.
Gone?
Of course he was gone.
He was never there.
I know, Tracy.
- I should certainly hope you did.
- I'm certainly glad I do.
Because if I didn't, and in a little while I heard the minister say...
"If anyone knows any just cause or reason why these two... should not be united in holy matrimony..."
I just wouldn't know what to do.
- Dexter says it's a dream too.
- You told Dexter all that?
Not a word.
Not a single word.
You know how quick he is.
You little fiend.
How can you stand there...
Dinah, your mother wants
to have a look at you.
I look wonderful.
I smell good too.
- Father?
- Yes, Tracy.
I'm glad you came back.
I'm glad you're here.
Thank you, child.
I'm sorry I'm... truly sorry
I'm a disappointment to you.
I never said that, daughter.
I never will.
- Good morning.
- Oh. Hello.
I'm testing the air.
I like it,
but it doesn't like me.
Hello, Dinah.
How do you do?
Did you have a good sleep?
Wonderful. Wonderful.
And you?
Marvelous. Have you
ever seen a handsomer day?
Never, never.
What'd it set you back?
I got it for nothing
for being a good girl.
Good. Good.
Don't worry, I'm going.
Why should you?
I guess you must have things
you wish to discuss.
Only remember, it's getting late.
She's always trying
to make situations.
- What's the matter with your chin?
- Chin?
Oh. Does it show that much?
A little. What happened?
I guess I stuck it out too far.
Into a door in the dark?
Yes, that's it.
What about you? You all right?
- Me?
- Yeah.
Of course.
Why shouldn't I be?
That was a flock of wine
we got away with.
I guess we're lucky
both to have such good heads.
Yeah, yeah, I guess that's it.
Well, anyway, I...
I had a simply wonderful evening.
I hope you enjoyed it too.
I enjoyed the last part of it.
Really?
Why especially the last?
Tracy, are you asking me?
- Oh, you mean the swim.
- Yeah.
We did swim...
and so forth, didn't we?
- Mike.
- Oh, Tracy, darling.
- What can I say to you?
- Not anything.
Don't say anything
and especially not "darling."
- You're going through with it?
- Through with what?
The wedding.
Why shouldn't I?
Well, I made a funny discovery.
In spite of the fact that
somebody's up from the bottom...
he can still be quite a heel...
and even though somebody else
is born to the purple, he...
he can still be
a very nice guy.
I'm just repeating what you said last night.
I said a lot of things last night, it seems.
Okay. No dice.
Also no regrets about last night, huh?
Why should I have?
Tracy, you're wonderful.
I'm asking you. Tell me straight out.
Tell me the reason why I should have.
No, don't.
Just tell me, what time is it?
What? Oh.
What happened to my wristwatch?
Why, is it broken?
I must've lost it someplace.
I can't tell you how extremely sorry I am to hear that.
There. On the table.
I wonder who found it.
I'd offer a reward or something.
I don't think that any reward will be expected.
Funny that it'd pop up here.
Hey, what about an eye-opener?
My eyes are opened.
Go and get one if you want to, though.
Yeah, I think I will.
Excuse me.
Yes, yes.
Just give Mr. Kittredge a message.
Tell him he'd better start immediately. Thank you.
- Are you one of the musicians?
- Uh, no.
Of course, you're Junius's friend.
Only you're not. You don't have any violin strings, do you?
- Aspirin. Will that do?
- I don't think so.
It's for a violin.
Oh, well, don't bother.
- Hello, Connor. How are you?
- Just about as you'd think.
You seen Kidd?
I left a copy of it
at my house for him.
- And?
- I'll tangle with him after the wedding.
- Is that an alcoholic beverage?
- Yes. Why?
- For me?
- No, for Tracy. You want one?
I'd sell my grandmother for a drink.
You know how I love my grandmother.
Uncle Willie's in the pantry
doing weird and wonderful things.
Tell him I said
one of the same.
Mind if I make it two?
That's between you
and your grandmother.
Doctor's orders, Red.
What is it?
Just the juice
of a few flowers.
It's a type of stinger.
Removes the sting.
- Oh, Dext, don't say that.
- Why not, Red?
Nothing will.
Nothing ever can.
I've done the most
terrible thing to you.
To me?
I doubt that very much, dear.
You don't know.
Maybe I shouldn't, huh?
But you must. You've got to.
I couldn't stand it if you didn't.
Dexter, what am I going to do?
But why to me, darling?
Why ask me?
Why do I come into it anymore?
Aren't you confusing me with a fellow
named Kittredge or something?
George!
George. Splendid chap, George.
Very high morals.
Very broad shoulders.
I've got to tell him.
- Tell him what, darling?
- I've got to tell him.
If you've got to tell him,
you've got to tell him.
If he's got any brains, he'll have
realized what a fool he made of himself.
Hello, George?
This is... yeah.
I don't care whether
it's bad luck or not...
but I've got to see you
before the wedding.
What? No, I didn't get it.
Right. Come on the run.
- He sent a note over at ten.
- Good.
I told you he'd come to his senses.
- Was he here too?
- Sure.
Good golly.
Why didn't you sell tickets?
Say something, Dext.
Say anything.
- No, you do.
- Oh, Dext!
I'm such an unholy mess of a girl.
That's no good.
That's not even conversation.
But never in my life...
not if I live to be a hundred...
will I ever forget how you tried
to stand me on my feet again today.
Oh, you, you're in great shape.
Tell me, what did you think
of my wedding present?
I like my presents
at least acknowledged, you know.
It was beautiful.
And sweet, Dext.
Yes. She was quite a boat,  
the True Love, wasn't she?  
Was and is.  
My, she was yare!  
She was yare, all right.  
I wasn't, was I?  
Not very.  
You were good  
at the bright work, though.  
I made her shine.  
Where is she now?  
I'm gonna sell her to Rufe Watriss.  
You're going to sell  
the True Love for money?  
- Sure.  
- To that fat old rum pot?  
Oh, well, what does it matter?  
When you're through with a boat,  
you're through.  
Besides, it was only comfortable  
for two people.  
Unless you want her.  
No. No, I don't want her.  
I'm designing another one anyway...  
along more practical lines.  
What will you call her?  
I thought the True Love II.  
What do you think?  
If you call any boat that, I promise  
I'll blow you and it out of the water.  
I'll tell you  
what you can call her.  
- What?  
- In fond remembrance of me...  
the Easy Virtue.  
Shut up, Red. I can't have you thinking  
things like that about yourself.  
What am I supposed to think when l...  
I don't know.  
I don't know anything anymore.  
That sounds very hopeful, Red.  
That sounds just fine.  
We're almost ready.  
Stand up, dear.
Turn around.
Oh, yes, it's lovely.
I'm glad we decided against...
Dexter, you shouldn't be here... against the blue one.
No games, Dexter.
George will be right over.
I just telephoned. Here's a note he sent you this morning.
Oh, dear,
doesn't everything look lovely?
Dr. Parsons?
Mr. Kittredge hasn't arrived yet,
Dr. Parsons.
Come along. I want you to meet Tracy's grandmother.
Tracy, don't sit down again until after the ceremony.
Dexter, they telephoned from your house that a Mr. Sidney Kidd was there.
I was to tell you that he's reading it.
Whatever does that mean?
I have a feeling it won't be so hard for me to resign now.
And belts will be worn tighter this winter.
Well, Red, I'm afraid it's the deadline.
So is this. Listen.
"My dear Tracy, I want you to know that you will always be my friend..." "but your conduct last night was so shocking to my ideals of womanhood..."
No, don't go.
You might as well hear it too.
"To my ideals of womanhood that my attitude toward you..." "and the prospect of a happy and useful life together..." "has been changed materially.
- "Your breach of common decency..."
- Tracy.
Hello, George.
Tracy, all these people.
It's only a letter
from a friend.
They're my friends too.
"...certainly entitles me
to a full explanation...
"before going through
with our proposed marriage.
"In the light of day, I am sure
that you will agree with me.
"Otherwise, with profound regrets
and all best wishes...
"yours very sincere..."
Yes, George,
I quite agree with you.
In the light of day
and the dark of night...
for richer, for poorer,
for better, for worse...
in sickness and in health and...
Thank you so very much
for your good wishes at this time.
- That's all you have to say?
- What else?
I wish, for your sake
as well as mine...
I had an explanation, but...
unfortunately, I have none.
You'd better just say
good riddance, George.
- It isn't easy.
- I don't see why.
- Say something, stupid!
- Just wait a minute.
What for?
On the very eve of your wedding,
an affair with another man!
I told you I agree, and I'll
tell you again, good riddance to me.
Tracy, your attitude
is a little difficult to understand.
- Yes, I can see that it would be.
- Not necessarily.
- You keep out of this.
- You forget, I am out of it.
Kittredge, it may
interest you to know...
that this so-called "affair"
consisted of exactly two kisses...
and a late swim.
- Thanks, but...
- Which I enjoyed...
and the memory of which
I wouldn't part with for anything.
- It's no use, Mike.
- After which...
I deposited Tracy on her bed
in her room...
and returned down here to you two,
which doubtless you'll remember.
Doubtless without a doubt.
You mean to say
that was all there was to it?
I do.
Why? Was I so unattractive,
so distant, so forbidding or something?
- This is fine talk too.
- I'm asking a question.
You were extremely attractive,
and as for distant and forbidding...
on the contrary, but you also
were a little the worse...
or better... for wine,
and there are rules about that.
Thank you, Mike.
I think men are wonderful.
The little dears.
I fail to see the humor
in this situation, Miss lmbrrie.
I can appreciate that.
It was hard for me too at first.
- Oh, Liz.
- It's all right, Tracy.
We all go haywire at times,
and if we don't, maybe we ought to.
You see, it really wasn't Tracy
at all, Mr. Kittredge.
It was another girl.
A Miss Pommery, 1926.
You'd had too much to drink, Tracy.
That seems to be
the consensus of opinion.
Will you promise me
never to touch the stuff again?
No, George.
I don't believe I will.
There are certain things
about that other girl...
that... Miss Pommery '26,
I rather like.
- But a man expects his wife...
- To behave herself. Naturally.
To behave herself naturally.
Sorry.
If it hadn't been for that drink last
night, all this might not have happened.
Apparently nothing did.
What made you think it had?
Well, it didn't take
much imagination.
Not much, perhaps,
but just of a certain kind.
It seems you didn't think
anything too well of yourself.
That's the odd thing.
Somehow I'd have hoped that you'd
think better of me than I did.
I'm not going to quibble.
All the evidence was there.
And I was guilty straight off
until I was proved innocent.
Downright un-American,
if you ask me.
Nobody is asking you.
You forgot your hat, Miss Tracy.
You look lovely, Miss Tracy.
All our very best wishes.
Dexter, I wish you'd let me know when
you invite people to Tracy's weddings.
- What happened, darling?
- A Mr. Sidney Kidd is here.
He says he knows you.
Sidney Kidd is here himself?
What else did Mr. Sidney Kidd have to say?
He sent you the strangest message.
He said, "Tell Haven he wins."
"Tell him I'm licked."
Wins what, Dexter?
Mr. Sidney Kidd's presence here makes the marriage of national importance.
I think it's extremely kind and thoughtful of him.
Come on, Tracy, it must be late.
Let's let bygones be bygones.
What do you say?
Yes, and good-bye, George.
- I don't understand you.
- Please, good-bye.
- Look here...
- You're too good for me.
- You're a hundred times too good.
- But I never said...
I'd make you most unhappy. Most.
That is, I'd do my best to.
Well, if that's the way you want it.
That's the way it is.
All right.
Possibly it's just as well.
Yes, I thought you'd finally come to that conclusion.
I have a feeling you had more to do with this than anyone.
- Possibly, but you were a great help.
- You and your whole rotten class.
Class, my eye.
You're on your way out, the lot of you, and good riddance!
There goes George.
Oh, my sainted aunt!
- That welter of faces.
- Oh, my, they look solemn.
What am I to do?
- Tracy?
- Yes, Mike?
Parson Parsons has never seen
Kittredge before, has he?
I got you into this thing,
and I'll get you out of it.
Will you marry me, Tracy?
No, Mike.
Thanks, but hmm-mm. Nope.
I've never asked a girl
to marry me.
I've avoided it.
But you've got me
all confused now.
Why not?
Because I don't think Liz
would like it...
and I'm not sure you would...
and I'm even a little doubtful
about myself.
But I am beholden to you, Mike.
I'm most beholden.
But they're in there.
They're waiting.
Don't get too conventional all at once,
will ya? There'll be a reaction.
Cheer up. It'll be all right.
You've been got out of jams before.
- Been got out of them?
- Certainly.
Don't worry.
You always have been.
We've seen George.
It's all right, dear.
Your father will make
a very simple announcement.
Is there anything special
you want me to say, Tracy?
Uh, no, no.
I'll say it.
Whatever it is, I'll say it. I won't
be got out of anything anymore, thanks.
Hello.
Good morning. L...
Stop that music.
I'm sorry to have kept you waiting...
but there's been a slight hitch
in the proceedings.
I've made a terrible fool of myself, which isn't unusual...
and my fianc...
my fianc that was, that is...
he thinks we'd better call it a day, and I quite agree with him.
Peace is wonderful.
Uh, bec... uh...
Dexter, what next?
Three years ago I did you out of a wedding in this house by eloping.
Two years ago, you were invited...
My dear, just a loan.
Put this in your vest pocket.
Don't have a vest.
Then hold it in your hand.
Which was very bad manners.
Which was very bad manners.
I'll make it up to you by going through with it now as originally planned.
I'll make it up to you by...
by going beautifully through with it now...
as originally and most beautifully planned.
So if you'll just keep your seats...
So if you'll just keep your seats...
That's all.
Um, that's all.
Are you sure?
No, but I'll risk it. Will you?
You bet. You didn't do it to soften the blow? Nor to save my face?
No, it's a nice face.
I'll be yare now.
I'll promise to be yare.
Be whatever you like. You all set?
All set.
Best man?
Honored, C.K.
Maid of honor?
Matron of honor.
Remember Joe Smith.
How did this ever happen?
You'd better tell Mr. Dutton
to start the music.
This can't be happening. It just can't.
Come with me, Miss Lmbric.
Let's get in there.
Got the ring?
The way we're dressed,
we look like stowaways.
See ya soon, Red.
See ya soon, Dext.
- Tracy, darling...
- I love you, Father.
I love you too.
Never in my life have I been
so full of love before.
Come along. Come along.
Wait. How do I look?
Like a queen.
Like a goddess.
- And you know how I feel?
- How?
Like a human.
Like a human being.
- Do you know how I feel?
- How?
Proud.
I did it.
I did it all.
I feel as though I've lived through
all this before in another life.