Creative 360 presents:

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

By Philip Barry

Directed by: Laura Brigham & Mary Gilbert

Seeking:
A cast of 12-15 actors
Age 18 and up

Auditions:
Sunday, July 16 from 2:00 pm
Monday, July 17 from 7:00 pm

Location:
Auditions will be held at 1517 Bayliss Street

Performances:
Friday Sep 22nd & Saturday Sep 23rd @ 7pm
At our New Location!! - 5501 Jefferson Ave

Synopsis:
Tracy Lord, of the Philadelphia Lords, is headstrong and spoiled. Already divorced once, Tracy is about to be married again when her first husband shows up to throw a wrench in the works. The wedding weekend grows more eventful as a handsome gossip reporter and a camerawoman arrive to cover the wedding… a ploy Tracy’s brother hopes will divert their attention from a current family scandal... Tracy then finds herself the focus of three separate suitors the day before her wedding! Hilarity ensues. The Philadelphia Story is the story of the maturing transformation of Tracy Lord. In her journey of self discovery we see how acceptance of human weaknesses and personal differences—both in ourselves and others absent judgment is the highest form of maturity.
### Directors Note:

This stylistic romantic comedy is written in the glossy upper class language befitting the idol over-educated rich aristocratic American families. This script IS the grace and charm of the 1930's drawing room comedies and captures the foibles and eccentricities of the high society elite.

I have loved this show for many years and am so excited to bring it to the stage. I grew up watching black & white movies on the classic movie channel and this one had triple star power with Katherine Hepburn, Jimmy Stewart and Cary Grant!

This story is a fun reminder that sometimes we just need to get out of our own way.

We decided the best way to make our Creative 360 friends and family feel at home in our brand new performance space, is to fill it with laughter! Questions? Email Laura at Brigham@creative360.org

We hope to see you at auditions!

---

-Laura & Mary

---

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Day</th>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Start Time</th>
<th>End Time</th>
<th>Schedule</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>9-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>READ THRU &amp; start staging</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>11-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Staging Act one</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>14-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Staging Act Two Scene One</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>16-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Review/Work Pages 9-70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>23-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Staging Act Two Scene Two</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>25-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Staging Act Three</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>28-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Review/Work p71-120</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>30-Aug</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Stumble Through</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>6-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Run &amp; Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>8-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Run &amp; Notes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>10-Sep</td>
<td>2-6pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Run OFF BOOK</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>11-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Work act 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>13-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Work act 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>15-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Run</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sunday</td>
<td>17-Sep</td>
<td>2-6pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>TECH</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monday</td>
<td>18-Sep</td>
<td>7-10pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Tech Reh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tuesday</td>
<td>19-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Tech/Dress</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wednesday</td>
<td>20-Sep</td>
<td>7-10pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>Dress Reh</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thursday</td>
<td>21-Sep</td>
<td>6-9pm</td>
<td></td>
<td>FINAL DRESS</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friday</td>
<td>22-Sep</td>
<td>6:15 call</td>
<td></td>
<td>SHOW @ 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saturday</td>
<td>23-Sep</td>
<td>6:15 call</td>
<td></td>
<td>SHOW @ 7</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Character Break Down:

Tracy Lord (24-35) - A sophisticated and blue-blooded WASP, Tracy does not suffer fools, is strong-willed and outspoken, and can be at times unforgiving of some basic human flaws. At the start she is snobbish, entitled, and brusque. After finding herself in the complicated and vulnerable position of being wanted by three different men, and after the return of her philandering father, Tracy changes her tune. She sees that human vulnerability is part of life, and that even she is not as impenetrable and invulnerable as she once imagined.

Margret Lord (45-70) - Tracy’s mother, charming and elegant, but a bit too old fashioned in her thinking.

Alexander (Sandy) Lord (24-35) - Tracy’s brother, slick wheeler-dealer, he begins all the madness by offering a feature on Tracy’s wedding in exchange for the paper not writing about his fathers indiscretion.

UNCLE Willie—(50-70) This role is cast.

Liz Imbrie (20-35) - Liz is a sardonic and wise photographer who works alongside Mike for Spy Magazine. A long-suffering admirer of Mike’s, she is waiting for the day he takes notice of her and pops the question. Liz is imperturbable, intelligent, and genuine, displaying an earthy wit and an intelligent warmth.

Mike Conner (25-45) - a hard-working, cynical, and skeptical short story writer, who writes for the tabloids to pay his bills. He rolls his eyes at his commission to cover Tracy Lord’s wedding, dismissing the topic as superficial and the family as rich snobs. After spending some time with the Lord family, however, Mike becomes charmed by their graciousness and specifically by the intelligent Tracy. He is at once charming and snarky, and fancies himself a real artist in a world full of charlatans and dilettantes.

George Kettridge (25-45) - the opposite of Dexter in every way, which is precisely why she wants to marry him. He does not come from old money, but has earned his wealth through business. He is depicted as fondly doting and admiring of Tracy, but somewhat ill-at-ease in her social world, as typified by his struggle to mount a horse and his rather dull personality. Additionally, when Tracy questions him about his love for her, he expresses his affection in a rather alienating way, professing that he wants to put her in a tower and worship her as though she were not a human.

C.K. Dexter Haven (25-45) - This role is cast.

Seth Lord (50-70) - This role is cast.

Two actors to play: Elsie (a maid), May (a maid), Mac (night watchmen), Dr. Parsons (Minister, Edward (footman), Thomas (butler), and others!

Dinah Lord (13-15) - Tracy’s precocious sister who often serves as comic relief. Dinah is partial to Dexter and plays a role in reminding Tracy of her affections for her ex-husband. When Tracy ends up marrying Dexter, Dinah turns to their Uncle Willie and takes credit for the whole thing. **No auditions are being held for this role, as we will be casting out of the Creative Theatre Company, our youth program.**

Email Brigham@becreative360.org to let us know you are planning on attending, or show up and surprise us!

Auditions will be cold readings of the attached sides.
Dinah & Margaret

DINAH. (At sofa picks up three proof sheets) Father's going to be hopping when he reads all this about himself in that magazine, Destiny, when it comes out.

MARGARET. All what? About whom? (Turns to Dinah.)

DINAH. Father,—that they're going to publish.
MARGARET. Dinah, what are you talking about?
DINAH. (Crossing Center with paper) It's what they call proof sheets for some article they're going to call, "Broadway and Finance," and Father's in it, and so they just sent it on to Sandy—sort of—you know, on approval. (Crosses Left Center.)
MARGARET. But the article! What does the article say? (Takes paper from her.)
DINAH. Oh, it's partly about Father backing three shows for that dancer—what's her name—Tina Mara—and his early history—and about the stables—and why he's living in New York, instead of with us, any more, and—
MARGARET. Great heaven—what on earth can we do?
DINAH. Couldn't Father sue them for liable?
MARGARET. But it's true—it's all— (Realising her error, she glances at Dinah, then rises and crosses to Right at coffee table) That is, I mean to say— (Reading sheets.)
DINAH. I don't think the part about Tina Mara is, the way they put it. It's simply full of innundo. (Sits in armchair Left Center.)
MARGARET. (Turning) Of what?
DINAH. Of innundo. (Rests elbow on table Left) Oh, I do wish something would happen here. Nothing ever possibly in the least ever happens. (Rises, crossing Right) Next year can I go to the Conservatory in New York? They teach you to sing and dance and act and everything at once. Can I, Mother?
MARGARET. (Front of sofa, down Right) Save your dramatics, Dinah. Oh, why didn't Sandy tell me!
DINAH. Mother, why won't Tracy ask her own father to her wedding?
Tracy, Mike, Liz

1. **Tracy**, cool, collected and charming, all sweetness and light—crossing down to upper corner of sofa. It’s awfully nice having you here. *(Shakes hands with Liz and Mike)* I do hope you’ll stay for my wedding.

   **Liz.** We’d like to very much.

   **Mike.** In fact, that was our idea.

   **Tracy.** I’m so pleased that it occurred to you.

   *(armchair Right Center, Liz and Mike in sofa, togetherness)* The house is in rather a mess, of course. We all have to huddle here, and overflow onto the porch.

   —I hope your rooms are comfortable.

   *(Mike takes out pack of cigarettes.)*

   **Liz.** Oh, very, thanks.

   **Tracy.** Anything you want, ask Mary or Elsie. *(Passes cigarette box)* They’re magic. What a cunning little camera.

   **Liz.** *(Lights cigarette from Tracy’s lighter)* It’s a Contax. I’m afraid I’m rather a nuisance with it.

   **Tracy.** But you couldn’t be: I hope you’ll take loads. Dear Papá and Mamá aren’t allowing any reporters in—that is, except for little Mr. Grace, who does the social news. *(To Mike)* Can you imagine a grown-up man having to sink so low?

   **Mike.** It does seem pretty bad.

   **Tracy.** People have always been so kind about letting us live our simple and uneventful little life here unmolested. Of course, after my divorce last year—but I expect that always happens, and is more or less deserved. Dear Papá was quite angry, though, and swore he’d never let another reporter inside the gate. He thought some of their methods were a trifle underhanded.—You’re a writer, aren’t you, Mr. Connor?

   **Mike.** *(Looks at her)* In a manner of speaking.

   **Tracy.** Sandy told me. I’ve sent for your books.
"Macaulay Connor"—What's the "Macaulay" for?
MIKE. My father taught English History. I'm "Mike" to my friends.
TRACY. —Of whom you have many, I'm sure. English history has always fascinated me. Cromwell—Bloody Mary, John the Bastard—Where did he teach? I mean your father—
MIKE. In the high school in South Bend, Indiana.
TRACY. "South Bend"! It sounds like dancing, doesn't it? You must have had a most happy childhood there.
MIKE. It was terrific.
TRACY. I'm so glad.
MIKE. I don't mean it that way.
TRACY. I'm so sorry. Why?
MIKE. Largely due to the lack of the wherewithal, I guess.
TRACY. 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, but he—Are either of you married?
ACT II

THE PHILADELPHIA STORY

TRACY. (Crossing Left of him) You've got to get away with it! You must, Sandy!

SANDY. Me? It's your idea, not mine.

TRACY. (Gets glass champagne) What difference does that make? (Back of table Center.)

SANDY. You get the ideas and I do all the work.

TRACY. Sandy!

SANDY. Okay. (Goes to chair Right of table.)

TRACY. What you don't already know about the great Sidney Kidd, you can certainly fill in from Mike's ravings tonight.

SANDY. (Sits) I used to have that Dime lingo down pretty pat.

TRACY. (Crossing Right of him—kneels at his knee) It's a chance to write a beauty; you know it is.

SANDY. Then I swap it with Kidd for Connor's piece on us—and where am I?

TRACY. You'll have the satisfaction of knowing you saved the lot of us single-handed.

SANDY. And if he won't swap?

TRACY. I'm not worried about that.

SANDY. I suppose there's a fair chance the Post would go for it.

TRACY. Of course! You can't possibly lose. Quick—they'll be here! How long will it take you? (Rises and drinks.)

SANDY. (Rises) Three thousand words—all night—what there's left of it. (Looks at his watch) Holy cats! You get to bed.

TRACY. (Right Center) Have you got a typewriter?

SANDY. (Right Center) My old Corona is upstairs, I think.

TRACY. Make it smoke.

SANDY. You bet.

TRACY. Suds. I can't stand it. You won't fall asleep?
Tracy. (Beside him) That's all right with me.
George. Our little house on the river up there. I'd like people to consider it an honor to be asked there.
Tracy. Why an honor, especially?
George. We're going to represent something, Tracy—something straight and sound and fine.—
(Looks off Right) And then perhaps young Mr. Haven may be somewhat less condescending.
Tracy. (Looks at him) George,—you don't really mind him, do you? I mean the fact of him—
George. The—? I don't see what you mean,
Tracy. (Crossing Left) I mean that—you know—that he ever was—was my lord and master—that we ever were—
George. (Crosses to her) I don't believe he ever was—not really. I don't believe anyone ever was, or ever will be. That's the wonderful thing about you, Tray.
Tracy. (Looks at him, startled) What? How—?
George. You're like some marvelous, distant—
(She sits on chaise) Oh, queen, I guess. You're so cool and fine and—and always so much your own. That's the wonderful you in you—that no one can ever really possess—that no one can touch, hardly. It's—it's a kind of beautiful purity, Tracy, that's the only word for it.
Tracy. (Now really frightened) George—
George. (Sits on upstage side of chaise) Oh, it's grand, Tracy—it's just grand! Everyone feels it about you. It's what I first worshipped you for, Tracy, from afar.
Tracy. George, listen—
George. First, now, and always! (Leans toward her) Only from a little nearer, now—eh, darling?
Tracy. I don't want to be worshipped! I want to be loved!
George. You're that, too. You're that, all right.
Mike. Catch me, Mike!

Liz. Faint to the left, will you? (Crosses down Right to sofa. He returns to the typewritten cards) “First husband, C. K.—” Can you imagine what a guy named “C. K. Dexter Haven” must be like?

Liz. “Macaulay Connor” is not such a homespun tag, my pet. (Goes up Right.)

Mike. (Sits on sofa) I’ve been called Mike since I can remember.

Liz. Well, maybe Dexter is “Ducky” to his friends. (Goes over Right by steps.)

Mike. I wouldn’t doubt it.—But I wonder what the “C. K.” is for—

Liz. (Turns upstage—looks at cabinet) Maybe it’s Pennsylvania Dutch for “William Penn.”

Mike. “C. K. Dexter Haven.” God!

Liz. (Crossing down to upper corner of sofa) I knew a plain Joe Smith once. He was only a clerk in a hardware store, but he was an absolute louse.

Mike. —Also he plays polo. Also designs and races sailboats. “Class” boats, I think they call them. Very upper class, of course.

Liz. Don’t despair. He’s out, and Kittredge, man of the people, is in. (Goes up to mantel.)

Mike. From all reports, quite a comer too. Political timber.—Poor fellow, I wonder how he fell for it.

Liz. I imagine she’s a young lady who knows what she wants when she wants it. (Goes up by piano.)

Mike. The young, rich, rapacious American female—there’s no other country where she exists.

Liz. (Comes in Center) I’ll admit the idea of her scares even me.—Would I change places with her, for all her wealth and beauty? Boy! Just ask me. (Goes up to piano.)