

LIZ

(taking his hand —uneasily)

How do you do.

UNCLE WILLIE

How do you do?

(GEORGE KITTREDGE enters in tennis whites, wood racquet in hand)

GEORGE

(breathless)

That game—is a lot—harder than it looks.

TRACY

Oh, you'll have the hang of it in no time. George darling, isn't it wonderful to see Papá?

(George turns. And sees Uncle Willie)

GEORGE

Papá?

TRACY

(to Mike and Liz, merrily)

As you can see, George is as surprised as we are!

The truth is, we weren't expecting Papá till this evening.

George dear —so exciting! —these two people here are friends of my Cousin Jason!

GEORGE

Cousin *who*?

DINAH

You haven't met him!

GEORGE

Well, any friend of any relative of Tracy's is a friend of mine.

(extending his hand to Mike)

George Kittredge.

MIKE

Mike Connor.

MOTHER LORD

Mr. Connor is a *writer*!

MIKE

No need to apologize, Mrs. Lord!

GEORGE

Oh, no apology necessary. I've great respect for writers.

MIKE

Well, thank you.

GEORGE

Any best sellers?

MIKE

Well, no actually, but I did ...

(George heads for Tracy, having suddenly lost interest in Mike)

GEORGE

And how are you, dear?

TRACY

Much better, now that you're here.

LIZ

Guess this must be love!

GEORGE

Your guess is correct, Miss ...

LIZ

Imbrie.

TRACY

I'm just his faithful Old Dog Tray.

GEORGE

Give me your paw.

TRACY

You've got it.

(She gives him her hand;
he kisses it)

LIZ

How sweet.

(Liz snaps a photo)

GEORGE

Say, I'd like to see one of those, Miss Imbrie.

LIZ

You will.

(Enter, Dexter)

DEXTER

Hello, everyone!

GEORGE

Oh my God. I don't believe it!

TRACY

Ah, yes, George, darling, sorry, forgot to tell you.

Isn't it wonderful? Dexter has come back!

(to Liz and Mike, re Dexter)

You've already met, I believe.

MIKE

Uhhh, yes.

LIZ

In Bermuda.

MIKE

In Bermuda!

DEXTER

Good to see you again. Hello there, Kittredge! Heard any good jokes lately?

(George stares out. Frowns)

GEORGE

... I'm not sure.

(Dinah practically cracks up)

Did I say something funny?

DEXTER

We'll tell you when you do.

TRACY

Dexter darling, isn't it lovely to see dear Papá again?

(She gestures toward Uncle Willie.

Dexter stares at him, dumbstruck)

UNCLE WILLIE

I know just how you feel.

(Dexter looks at Mother Lord.

Somehow, she manages a smile)

MOTHER LORD

We were beginning to worry Seth wasn't going to make it!

DEXTER

(turning slowly to Tracy, deeply amused)

Well, I guess now there's nothing to worry about, is there?

(Tracy looks away)