

MITCH. (*Standing u. c. in bedroom, shrugging, laughing.*) Naw. Naw, I don't understand French.

BLANCHE. (*Coming toward him.*) Voulez-vous couchez avec moi ce soir? Vous ne comprenez pas? Ah! Quel dommage! I mean, it's a damned good thing I've found some liquor, just enough for two shots without any dividends...

*She pours drinks into glasses that he holds. Mitch drinks.*

MITCH. That's—good!

*Blanche drinks, takes her glass and bottle to dressing table, turns to Mitch, takes his glass and doll to dressing table. Wipes hands on Kleenex she picks up from dressing table then throws into wastebasket.*

BLANCHE. Sit down! Why don't you take off your coat and loosen your collar?

MITCH. I'd better leave it on.

BLANCHE. No. I want you to be comfortable.

MITCH. (*Sits in armchair.*) No—I am ashamed of the way I perspire. My shirt is sticking to me.

BLANCHE. Perspiration is healthy. If people didn't perspire they would die in five minutes.

*She helps him off with his jacket.*

This is a nice coat. (*Waves it gently.*) What kind of material is it?

MITCH. They call that stuff alpaca.

BLANCHE. Oh. Alpaca.

MITCH. It's very light-weight alpaca.

BLANCHE. Light-weight alpaca.

MITCH. I don't like to wear a wash coat even in summer because I sweat right through it.

BLANCHE. Oh.

*She hangs coat over back of dressing-table chair.*

MITCH. And it don't look neat on me. A man with a heavy build has got to be careful of what he puts on him so he don't look too clumsy.

BLANCHE. You're not too heavy.

*She pulls backless chair to his L. and below him, sits facing him.*

MITCH. You don't think I am?

BLANCHE. You are not the delicate type. You have a massive bone-structure and a very imposing physique.

MITCH. I thank you. Last Christmas I was given a membership in the New Orleans Athletic Club.

BLANCHE. Oh, good.

MITCH. It was the finest present I ever was given. I work out there with the weights. And I swim and I keep myself fit. When I started there I was soft in the belly, but now my belly is hard. It is so hard that a man can punch me in the belly and it don't hurt me.

*He rises.*

Punch me! Go on! *(Hits himself in belly.)* See?

BLANCHE. *(Punching him gently in belly, then laying her hand against him.)* Gracious!

MITCH. *(Moving above armchair, flexing his muscles.)* Blanche—Blanche—guess how much I weigh?

BLANCHE. Oh, I'd say in the vicinity of—one hundred and eighty pounds?

MITCH. *(Moving for her inspection.)* Oh, no. No. Guess again.

BLANCHE. Not that much?

MITCH. No: more.

BLANCHE. Well, you're a tall man and you can carry a good deal of weight without looking awkward.

MITCH. I weigh two hundred and seven pounds and I'm six feet one and one-half inches tall in my bare feet—without shoes on. And that is what I weigh stripped.

BLANCHE. Oh, my goodness, me! That's awe-inspiring!

MITCH. *(Embarrassed.)* My weight is not a very interesting subject to talk about.

*Pause.*

What's yours?