

why, it's a—

STANLEY. Ticket! Back to Laurel! On the Greyhound! Tuesday!

“Varsouviana” is heard through balance of scene. Blanche tries to smile. Then tries to laugh. Gives up both, turns accusingly to Stella. Suddenly, she runs above Stanley into bedroom, commencing to sob sharply. Pauses in c. of bedroom, not knowing which way to run; finally, with shaking sobs, darts into bathroom, slamming door shut. Stanley has moved to c. of living room. Stella comes to R. of him.

STELLA. You didn't need to do that.

STANLEY. Don't forget all that I took off her.

STELLA. You needn't have been so cruel to someone alone as she is.

STANLEY. Delicate piece she is.

STELLA. She is. She was. You didn't know Blanche as a girl. Nobody, nobody was tender and trusting as she was. But people like you abused her, and forced her to change.

Stanley goes up to trunk. Starts to pick up his green bowling jacket at trunk. Stella follows to below him.

Do you think you're going bowling now?

STANLEY. Sure. *(Starts to get into his jacket.)*

STELLA. You're not going bowling. *(Grabs his downstage L. arm.)*
Why did you do this to her?

Stella's violent hold on his arm tears his shirt.

STANLEY. Let go of my shirt. You've torn it!

STELLA. *(Wildly.)* I want to know why! Tell me why!

STANLEY. *(Forcing Stella back a bit, handling her very roughly.)*
When we first met, me and you, you thought I was common. How right you was, baby! I was common as dirt! You showed me the snapshot of the place with the columns. I pulled you down off them columns and how you loved it, having them colored lights going! And wasn't we happy together, wasn't it all okay until she showed here?

Stella pulls away from him, moves painfully to below icebox. Leans against it. He follows upstage, standing below bed,

facing her, shouting:

And wasn't we happy together? Wasn't it all okay till she showed here! Hoity-toity, describing me like an ape.

A pause. He starts to put on his jacket, then turns, studies Stella. Sees she is in pain. Crosses quickly to her.

(Gently.) Hey, what is it, Stel? Did I hurt you? Whatsa matter, baby?

Clutching front door for support, Stella says weakly:

STELLA. Take me to the hospital...

He quickly supports her with his arm, and they start out.

VENDOR'S VOICE. Red hot corns—Red hot—

FADE OUT AND CURTAIN

"Varsouviana" up full through change.

SCENE 3

A while later that evening.

Rooms are dimly lighted. Blanche is seated in a tense position in armchair in bedroom, holding a drink. The sound of the "Varsouviana" is still in her ears. She wears her dressing gown. She has been drinking to escape the sense of disaster closing in on her. Fan in bedroom is spinning almost soundlessly. In the street, above, passing across from U. L. to U. R., the Flower Vendor, an old Mexican crone, calls her shining tin wares, "Flores para los muertos. Coronas. Flores." ["Flowers for the dead! Crowns! Flowers."] As she vanishes U. R., Mitch enters from same direction. He is in his work clothes. Hurries to front door of apartment and pounds on it. No answer—he repeats pounding. Fade off "Varsouviana."

BLANCHE. *(Startled.)* Who is it, please?

MITCH. *(Hoarsely.)* Me... Mitch.

BLANCHE. *(Rises.)* Mitch!—Just a minute!