

*Stanley leans on back of L. chair.*

Our attitudes and our backgrounds are incompatible. We have to be realistic about such things. So, farewell, my friend! And let there be no hard feeling...

STANLEY. Was this before or after the telegram came from Texas?

BLANCHE. *(Moving D. L. in living room, halts abruptly.)* What telegram? *(Half turns to Stanley, then moves on D. L.)* No! No, after! As a matter of fact, the wire came just as—

*Stanley, cutting in, following her, pushes her down L. seat.*

STANLEY. As a matter of fact, there wasn't no wire at all!

BLANCHE. *(Sitting on seat.)* Oh, oh!

STANLEY. There isn't no millionaire, and Mitch didn't come back here with no roses, because I know where he is!

BLANCHE. Oh!

STANLEY. There isn't a damn thing but imagination, and lies, and conceit and tricks! *(Clutches train of her dress.)* And look at yourself! *(Throws train at her.)* Take a look at yourself in that worn-out Mardi Gras outfit, rented for fifty cents from some rag-picker! *(Snaps his fingers.)* And with that crazy crown on! *(Sweeps it off her head, tosses it upstage.)* What kind of a queen do you think you are?

BLANCHE. *(Fleeing to R. of table.)* Oh, God...

STANLEY. *(Following her.)* I've been on to you from the start.

*Blanche flees to below table, then as he follows her she goes above table to C., cowering. Stanley stands at R. end of table, glaring at her.*

Not once did you pull any wool over this boy's eyes!

*Blanche retreats into bedroom. Stanley follows to C.*

You come in here and sprinkle the place with powder and spray perfume, and cover the light bulb with a paper lantern, and lo and behold the place has turned into Egypt and you are Queen of the Nile!

*Blanche retreats to corner of bathroom door. Stanley follows, relentlessly.*

Sitting on your throne, and swilling down my liquor! I say—*Ha! Ha!*

*He clutches her firmly, as she nearly faints in his grasp.*

Do you hear me? *Ha-ha-ha!*

*Stanley pushes her aside. He picks up his pajama coat from dressing table and goes into bathroom, slamming door. Scream is heard off, U. L. Sound of excited murmuring in street, and from café U. R. Blanche runs to phone, terrified at sounds from outside. As she dials, following occurs in street: A woman laughs insanely and runs into street from U. L. with a purse. A man in a tuxedo follows, protesting. Woman strikes him. He falls. Babel offstage increases. Another man rushes on from U. R., attacks first man from behind. Sound of police whistles and a siren in the distance, groans from the felled man as his assailants vanish R. and L. Blanche, during this, at phone:*

BLANCHE. Operator, operator! Give me long distance, please.—I want to get in touch with Mr. Shep Huntleigh of Dallas. He's so well-known he doesn't require any address. Just ask anybody who—Wait!! No, I couldn't find it right now—please understand—I—No! No!—Wait! I can't! I can't!

*She puts down phone, trembling. A man runs in from U. R., followed by three thugs who attack him D. R., where they are joined by another man, C. More police whistles. Men vanish out D. R., and there is an excited murmur of their voices. Wounded man staggers off U. R. Blanche, frightened, goes to her trunk, takes up jewel box and a couple of gowns, goes out onto porch, where she comes face to face with the muggers, just before they go out D. R. She rushes back into apartment, leaving door open. Goes once more to phone, kneels beside it, clutching her possessions.*

Operator! Operator! Never mind long distance. Get Western Union. There isn't time to be—Western—Western Union!

*Pause.*

Union? Yes! I want to—Take down this message: "In desperate, desperate circumstances! Help me! Caught in a trap! Caught in—" (Hears a sound from bathroom door.) Oh!