

*Stella makes an indefinite gesture.*

Answer me! What? What?

STELLA. Please, Blanche! Sit down and stop yelling.

BLANCHE. *(Sitting on stool in front of Stella, takes her hand.)* All right, Stella. I will repeat the question quietly now. How could you come back in this place last night? Why, you must have slept with him!

STELLA. *(Gets up in a calm, leisurely way; stretches.)* Blanche, I'd forgotten how excitable you are. You're making much too much fuss about this.

*She goes to dressing-table chair.*

BLANCHE. Am I?

STELLA. *(Kneeling in chair, looking in mirror.)* Yes, you are, Blanche. I know how it must have seemed to you, and I'm awful sorry it had to happen, but it wasn't anything as serious as you seem to take it.

*Blanche rises and moves upstage above L. end of armchair.*

In the first place when men are drinking and playing poker anything can happen. It's always a powder-keg. *(Rubs her head comfortably.)* He didn't know what he was doing... He was as good as a lamb when I came back and he's really very, very ashamed of himself.

BLANCHE. And that—that makes it all right?

STELLA. No, it isn't all right for anybody to make such a terrible row, but—people do sometimes. Stanley's always smashed things. Why, on our wedding night—soon as we came in here—he snatched off one of my slippers and rushed about the place smashing the light bulbs with it.

BLANCHE. He did—*what?*

STELLA. *(Arranging dressing-table chair to face mirror as she sits in it.)* He smashed all the light bulbs with the heel of my slipper! *(Laughs.)*

BLANCHE. *(Crossing to above dressing table.)* And you—you let him—you didn't *run*, you didn't *scream*?

STELLA. I was sort of—thrilled by it. *(Rises.)* Eunice and you had breakfast?