

won and I'm the boss. So be a good little loser and let's go to bed. Good night, loser.

SHE: Excuse me. I'm sleeping on the couch. *She takes the pillow and covers and goes into the other room.*

A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

by Tennessee Williams

SCENE 10

Blanche DuBois is a relic, trapped in a time and place in which she cannot survive. She is a romantic forced to seek shelter in the hard-edged world of her younger sister, Stella, and Stella's working-class husband, Stanley. She is almost thirty years old, her delicate beauty fading more from adversity than from time. From a wealthy young southern belle—beautiful, willful, charming, flirtatious—to her current condition on the edge of hysteria, she witnessed her family members die off in protracted illnesses, the wealth disappear, and the family home and estate lost to creditors. She sought solace in liquor and strange men, and in lies and self-delusion. Fired from her job as a teacher, homeless and penniless, she comes to her sister for "a visit." In manner and sensibilities, Stanley is the antithesis of Blanche. He is practical and direct; suspicious of and repelled by her pretensions to gentility. He doubts Blanche's description of the loss of the family property, resents her intrusion into his household, and uncovers and confronts her with her lies.

Just before the following scene, Blanche had an ugly encounter with Mitch, Stanley's friend. Mitch had fallen in love with her, and had fallen for all the lies and illusions. He had courted her like a young southern gentleman (which he is not), and hoped to marry her. After Stanley tells him about her sexual

past, Mitch comes to the house. Hurt and enraged, he demands sex with her, and derides the idea of marriage. She screams and he flees. She is left alone in the house. (Stella is about to have a baby and Stanley has taken her to the hospital.)

She has dragged her wardrobe trunk into the center of the bedroom. It hangs open with flowery dresses thrown across it. As the drinking and packing went on, a mood of hysterical exhilaration came into her and she has decked herself out in a somewhat soiled and crumpled white satin evening gown and a pair of scuffed silver slippers with brilliants set in their heels.

Now she is placing the rhinestone tiara on her head before the mirror of the dressing-table and murmuring excitedly as if to a group of spectral admirers.

BLANCHE: How about taking a swim, a moonlight swim at the old rock quarry? If anyone's sober enough to drive a car! Ha-ha! Best way in the world to stop your head buzzing! Only you've got to be careful to dive where the deep pool is—if you hit a rock you don't come up till tomorrow . . .

Tremblingly she lifts the hand mirror for a closer inspection. She catches her breath and slams the mirror face down with such violence that the glass cracks. She moans a little and attempts to rise.

Stanley appears around the corner of the building. He still has on the vivid green silk bowling shirt. As he rounds the corner the honky-tonk music is heard. It continues softly throughout the scene.

He enters the kitchen, slamming the door. As he peers in at Blanche, he gives a low whistle. He has had a few drinks on the way and has brought some quart beer bottles home with him.

BLANCHE: How is my sister?

STANLEY: She is doing okay.

BLANCHE: And how is the baby?

STANLEY, *grinning amiably*: The baby won't come before morning so they told me to go home and get a little shut-eye.

BLANCHE: Does that mean we are to be alone in here?

STANLEY: Yep. Just me and you, Blanche. Unless you got somebody hid under the bed. What've you got on those fine feathers for?

BLANCHE: Oh, that's right. You left before my wire came.

STANLEY: You got a wire?

BLANCHE: I received a telegram from an old admirer of mine.

STANLEY: Anything good?

BLANCHE: I think so. An invitation.

STANLEY: What to? A fireman's ball?

BLANCHE, *throwing back her head*: A cruise of the Caribbean on a yacht!

STANLEY: Well, well. What do you know?

BLANCHE: I have never been so surprised in my life.

STANLEY: I guess not.

BLANCHE: It came like a bolt from the blue!

STANLEY: Who did you say it was from?

BLANCHE: An old beau of mine.

STANLEY: The one that give you the white fox-pieces?

BLANCHE: Mr. Shep Huntleigh. I wore his ATO pin my last year at college. I hadn't seen him again until last Christmas. I ran into him on Biscayne Boulevard. Then—just now—this wire—inviting me on a cruise of the Caribbean! The problem is clothes. I tore into my trunk to see what I have that's suitable for the tropics!

STANLEY: And come up with that—gorgeous—diamond—ti-ara?

BLANCHE: This old relic? Ha-ha! It's only rhinestones.

STANLEY: Gosh. I thought it was Tiffany diamonds. *He unbuttons his shirt.*

BLANCHE: Well, anyhow, I shall be entertained in style.

STANLEY: Uh-huh. It goes to show, you never know what is coming.

BLANCHE: Just when I thought my luck had begun to fail me—

STANLEY: Into the picture pops this Miami millionaire.

BLANCHE: This man is not from Miami. This man is from Dallas.

STANLEY: This man is from Dallas?

BLANCHE: Yes, this man is from Dallas where gold spouts out of the ground!

STANLEY: Well, just so he's from somewhere! *He starts removing his shirt.*

BLANCHE: Close the curtains before you undress any further.

STANLEY, *amiably*: This is all I'm going to undress right now. *He rips the sack off a quart beer bottle. Seen a bottle-opener?*

She moves slowly toward the dresser, where she stands with her hands knotted together. I used to have a cousin who could open

a beer bottle with his teeth. *Pounding the bottle cap on the corner of table:* That was his only accomplishment, all he could

do—he was just a human bottle-opener. And then one time, at a wedding party, he broke his front teeth off! After that he was so

ashamed of himself he used t' sneak out of the house when company came . . . *The bottle cap pops off and a geyser of foam shoots up. Stanley laughs happily, holding up the bottle over his*

head: Ha-ha! Rain from heaven! *He extends the bottle toward her.* Shall we bury the hatchet and make it a loving-cup? Huh?

BLANCHE: No, thank you.

STANLEY: Well, it's a red-letter night for us both. You having an oil millionaire and me having a baby. *He goes to the bureau in the bedroom and crouches to remove something from the bot-*

tom drawer.

BLANCHE, *drawing back*: What are you doing in here?

STANLEY: Here's something I always break out on special occasions like this. The silk pyjamas I wore on my wedding night!

BLANCHE: Oh.

STANLEY: When the telephone rings and they say, "You've got a son!" I'll tear this off and wave it like a flag! *He shakes out a brilliant pyjama coat.* I guess we are both entitled to put on the dog. *He goes back to the kitchen with the coat over his arm.*

BLANCHE: When I think of how divine it is going to be to have such a thing as privacy once more—I could weep with joy!

STANLEY: This millionaire from Dallas is not going to interfere with your privacy any?

BLANCHE: It won't be the sort of thing you have in mind. This man is a gentleman and he respects me. *Improvising fever-*

ishly: What he wants is my companionship. Having great wealth sometimes makes people lonely! A cultivated woman, a woman of intelligence and breeding, can enrich a man's life—

immeasurably! I have those things to offer, and this doesn't take them away. Physical beauty is passing. A transitory possession.

But beauty of the mind and richness of the spirit and tenderness of the heart—and I have all of those things—aren't taken away, but grow! Increase with the years! How strange that I should be called a destitute woman! When I have all of these treasures locked in my heart. *A choked sob comes from her.* I think of myself as a very, very rich woman! But I have been foolish—casting my pearls before swine!

STANLEY: Swine, huh?

BLANCHE: Yes, swine! Swine! And I'm thinking not only of you but of your friend, Mr. Mitchell. He came to see me tonight. He dared to come here in his work-clothes! And to repeat slander to me, vicious stories that he had gotten from you! I gave him his walking papers . . .

STANLEY: You did, huh?

BLANCHE: But then he came back. He returned with a box of roses to beg my forgiveness! He implored my forgiveness. But some things are not forgivable. Deliberate cruelty is not forgivable. It is the one unforgivable thing in my opinion and it is the one thing of which I have never, never been guilty. And so I told him, I said to him, "Thank you," but it was foolish of me to think that we could ever adapt ourselves to each other. Our ways of life are too different. 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 feelings . . .

STANLEY: Was this before or after the telegram came from the Texas oil millionaire?

BLANCHE: What telegram! No! No, after! As a matter of fact, the wire came just as—

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

BLANCHE: Oh, oh!

STANLEY: There isn't no millionaire! And Mitch didn't come back with roses 'cause I know where he is—

BLANCHE: Oh!

STANLEY: There isn't a goddam thing but imagination!

BLANCHE: Oh!

STANLEY: And lies and conceit and tricks!

BLANCHE: Oh!

STANLEY: And look at yourself! Take a look at yourself in that worn-out Mardi Gras outfit, rented for fifty cents from

some rag-picker! And with the crazy crown on! What queen do you think you are?

BLANCHE: Oh—God . . .

STANLEY: I've been on to you from the start! Not once did you pull any wool over this boy's eyes! 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 the Queen of the Nile! Sitting on your throne and swilling down my liquor! I say—*Ha!—Ha!* Do you hear me? *Ha—ha—ha!* *(He walks into the bedroom.)*

BLANCHE: Don't come in here! *Lurid reflections appear on the wall around Blanche. The shadows are of a grotesque and menacing form. She catches her breath, crosses to the phone and jiggles the hook. Stanley goes into the bathroom and closes the door.* 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! . . . One moment! Someone is—Nothing! Hold on, please!

She sets the phone down and crosses warily into the kitchen. The night is filled with inhuman voices like cries in a jungle. The shadows and lurid reflections move sinuously as flames along the wall spaces. Through the back wall of the rooms, which have become transparent, can be seen the sidewalk. A prostitute has rolled a drunkard. He pursues her along the walk, overtakes her and there is a struggle. A policeman's whistle breaks it up. The figures disappear. Some moments later the Negro Woman appears around the corner with a sequined bag which the prostitute had dropped on the walk. She is rooting excitedly through it.

BLANCHE, *presses her knuckles to her lips and returns slowly to the phone. She speaks in a hoarse whisper:* Operator! Operator! Never mind long-distance. Get Western Union. There isn't time to be—Western—Western Union! *She waits anxiously.* Western Union? Yes! I—want to—Take down this message! "In desperate, desperate circumstances! Help me! Caught in a trap. Caught in—" *Oh!*

The bathroom door is thrown open and Stanley comes out in the brilliant silk pyjamas. He grins at her as he knots the tasseled

sash about his waist. She gasps and backs away from the phone. He stares at her for a count of ten. Then a clicking becomes audible from the telephone, steady and rasping.

STANLEY: You left th' phone off th' hook. *He crosses to it deliberately and sets it back on the hook. After he has replaced it, he stares at her again, his mouth slowly curving into a grin, as he weaves between Blanche and the outer door.*

The barely audible "blue piano" begins to drum up louder. The sound of it turns into the roar of an approaching locomotive. Blanche crouches, pressing her fists to her ears until it has gone by.

BLANCHE, finally straightening: Let me—let me get by you!
STANLEY: Get by me! Sure. Go ahead. *He moves back a pace in the doorway.*

BLANCHE: You—you stand over there! *She indicates a further position.*

STANLEY, grinning: You got plenty of room to walk by me now.

BLANCHE: Not with you there! But I've got to get out somehow!

STANLEY: You think I'll interfere with you? Ha-ha!

The "blue piano" goes softly. She turns confusedly and makes a faint gesture. The inhuman jungle voices rise up. He takes a step toward her, biting his tongue which protrudes between his lips.

STANLEY, softly: Come to think of it—maybe you wouldn't be bad to—interfere with . . .

BLANCHE, moves backward through the door into the bedroom: Stay back! Don't you come toward me another step or I'll—

STANLEY: What?

BLANCHE: Some awful thing will happen! It will!

STANLEY: What are you putting on now?

The are now both inside the bedroom:

BLANCHE: I warn you, don't, I'm in danger!

He takes another step. She smashes a bottle on the table and faces him, clutching the broken top.

STANLEY: What did you do that for?

BLANCHE: So I could twist the broken end in your face!

STANLEY: I bet you would do that!

BLANCHE: I would! I will if you—

STANLEY: Oh! So you want some rough-house! All right, let's have some rough-house! *He springs toward her, overturning the table. She cries out and strikes at him with the bottle top but he catches her wrist. Tiger—tiger! Drop the bottle top! Drop it! We've had this date with each other from the beginning!*

She moans. The bottle top falls. She sinks to her knees. He picks up her inert figure and carries her to the bed.

TWO FOR THE SEESAW

by William Gibson

ACT II, SCENE 3

Jerry and Gittel are a very unlikely couple. He is a poised and charming lawyer from the Midwest. She is a helter-skelter Jewish girl from the Bronx—an unemployed modern dancer with a bleeding ulcer. When Jerry's wife asked for a divorce, he ran away from a successful law practice in Nebraska and came to New York City. He has been living in a small room in virtual isolation for many months. Lonely, out of money, and resolved to reconstruct his life, he goes to a party and meets Gittel. He is won over by her genuineness and generosity, but is still haunted by the memory of his wife, Tess.

At this point in the play Gittel and Jerry have been through a number of ups and downs. Whenever they try to get closer to each other, the image of Tess comes between them: Jerry becomes distant or Gittel becomes insecure and defensive. The