

wearing his torn shirt and has returned from hospital. Carries a large paper bag, in which are a bottle of beer, a bottle of liquor, a bottle opener, and some pretzel sticks. Door to apartment is open. He leaves it open, puts paper bag down on table, goes to icebox. Gets a glass from cabinet. Then sees Blanche. Stanley grasps the situation. "Good Night Ladies" is heard as Blanche murmurs to her group of spectral admirers:

Oh, my goodness! They're playing "Good Night Ladies." May I rest my weary head on your shoulder? It's so comforting...

*She stands u. c. in bedroom, laying her head against her hand. Music dies out.*

STANLEY. Hiyah, Blanche!

BLANCHE. (Coming in to c., speaks to him.) How is my sister?

STANLEY. (At table, puts down glass.) 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. (Takes bottles out of bag, puts them on table.)

BLANCHE. (A step into living room.) Does that mean we are to be alone in here?

STANLEY. (Looks at Blanche, who crosses to dresser.) Yep. Just me and you, Blanche. What've you got those fine feathers on for?

BLANCHE. (In bedroom.) 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?

*Blanche crosses c. to below trunk.*

BLANCHE. A cruise on 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 picks up liquor bottle and crosses a step toward her.*

STANLEY. The one that gave 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 to 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! (Crosses to trunk.)

STANLEY. And come up with that—gorgeous—diamond—tiara?

BLANCHE. This old relic! It's only rhinestones.

STANLEY. Gosh. I thought it was Tiffany's diamonds.

BLANCHE. (In c.) Well, anyhow, I shall be entertained in style.

STANLEY. (Puts liquor bottle on table.) It goes to show you, 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. (Crossing below Blanche into bedroom, taking off shirt.) This man is from Dallas?

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

STANLEY. (Tossing shirt on bureau.) Well, just so he's from somewhere!

BLANCHE. (Moving vaguely below trunk.) Close the curtains before you undress any further.

STANLEY. (Amiably.) This is all I'm going to undress right now.

*He crosses below her to icebox. She retires to bedroom, draping her torn veil about her, casting side-long glances at herself in mirror, L.*

Seen a bottle-opener?

*He is peering into cabinet.*

I used to have a cousin could open a beer-bottle with his teeth.

*He comes to table, sits on it, gets out beer bottle, prepares to open it.*

That was his only accomplishment, all he could do—he was just a human bottle-opener. (*Sits above table.*) And then, one time, at a wedding party, (*Finds opener in bag.*) 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...

*Stanley opens beer bottle. Foam gushes forth. Stanley laughs happily, holding up bottle, letting beer cascade over his arms and person.*

Rain from heaven! (*Drinks.*) What'ya say, Blanche? (*Rises, starts L. into bedroom, with beer bottle.*) Shall we bury the hatchet and make it a loving-cup?

*Blanche, terrified, darts below him into living room.*

BLANCHE. No, thank you.

STANLEY. (*Putting beer bottle in armchair.*) Aw, get with it, Blanche!

BLANCHE. (*At R. side of door c.*) What are you doing in here?

*Sitting on bed, Stanley pulls footlocker out from beneath bed, gets out coat of red silk pajamas.*

STANLEY. Here's something I always break out on special occasions like this. The silk pyjamas I wore on my wedding night! (*Grabs them up, closes locker, kicks it under bed.*)

BLANCHE. Oh.

STANLEY. And when the telephone rings, and they say, "You've got a son!" I'll tear this off and wave it like a flag!

*Blanche mills up and downstage R. of C. He waves pajama coat aloft and rises.*

I guess we are both entitled to put on the dog!

*He wipes his face on pajama coat, throws it on dressing table. Comes into living room. She moves upstage to avoid him.*

You having an oil millionaire, and me having a baby! (*Goes to above table.*)