

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.*)