

*Stella steps over a broom lying on floor just inside front door, and comes out onto porch, closing apartment door behind her. She hurries out D. R. Eunice and the Negro woman laugh.*

NEGRO WOMAN. (Nudges Eunice with her elbow.) What was that package he threw at her? (Laughs.)

EUNICE. (Amused.) You hush now!

NEGRO WOMAN. (Imitating Stanley's gesture of throwing meat.) Catch what!

*The women laugh together.*

*Blanche DuBois enters from U. L. and comes along street behind gauze wall. She is carrying a small suitcase in one hand and a slip of paper in the other. As she looks about, her expression is one of shocked disbelief. Her appearance is incongruous to the setting. She looks as if she were arriving at a summer tea or cocktail party in the garden district. She is about five years older than Stella. There is something about her uncertain manner that suggests a moth.*

*A sailor, in whites, enters from U. R., and approaches Blanche. He asks her a question, which is not heard because of the music. She looks bewildered, and cannot, apparently, answer him. He passes on and out U. L. Music fades away. Blanche comes around corner at R. and approaches the women on spiral stair. Lights in street commence to dim, and interior lighting in apartment brightens. Eunice looks at Blanche—then at Negro woman, back at Blanche.*

EUNICE. (To Blanche.) What's the matter, honey? Are you lost?

BLANCHE. (Speaking with a faintly hysterical humor.) They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, transfer to one called Cemetery, and ride six blocks and get off at Elysian Fields!

EUNICE. That's where you are at now.

BLANCHE. At Elysian Fields?

EUNICE. This here is Elysian Fields.

*Negro woman laughs.*

BLANCHE. They mustn't have—understood—what number I wanted...

EUNICE. What number you lookin' for?

BLANCHE. (Refers wearily to slip of paper in hand.) Six thirty-two.

EUNICE. (Indicating number "632" beside door of apartment.) You don't have to look no further.

*Negro woman laughs.*

BLANCHE. (Uncomprehendingly.) I'm looking for my sister, Stella DuBois—I mean—Mrs. Stanley Kowalski.

*Negro woman nudges Eunice, yawns broadly.*

EUNICE. That's the party. You just did miss her, though.

*Negro woman rises, stretches, moves a step D. R.*

BLANCHE. This? Can this be her home?

EUNICE. She's got the downstairs and I've got the up.

BLANCHE. Oh. She's out?

EUNICE. (Pointing off D. R.) You noticed that bowling alley around the corner?

BLANCHE. I'm—not sure I did.

EUNICE. Well, that's where she's at—watchin' her husband bowl.

*Negro woman laughs.*

You want to leave your suitcase here an' go find her?

BLANCHE. (Moving downstage on porch.) No...

NEGRO WOMAN. I'll go tell her she come.

BLANCHE. (Putting down suitcase.) Thanks.

*Negro woman yawns, stretches, fanning herself, slouches out D. R., drawling a "Yo' welcome" to Blanche's "Thank you."*

EUNICE. (Rising.) She wasn't expecting you?

BLANCHE. (Crumpling slip of paper, throwing it away.) No. No, not tonight.

*Eunice puts bag of peanuts in dress pocket.*

EUNICE. Well, why don't you just go in and make yourself at home till they get back?

BLANCHE. How could I do that?

EUNICE. (Coming down step.) We own this place, so I can let you in.

Eunice slaps front door with flat of her palm, and it flies open. Blanche enters living room, stands with some trepidation just above table. Takes in the room. Eunice looks at Blanche, then at her suitcase, then picks up Blanche's suitcase, steps into room, sets suitcase beside kitchen cabinet, picks up broom from floor near door. Puts broom against R. side of icebox, then notices Blanche's expression. Eunice moves to pick up two of Stella's dresses which have been lying on daybed, and starts toward bedroom with them. She has closed front door.

(As she picks up broom.) It's kinda messed up right now, but when it's clean it's real sweet.

BLANCHE. (Looking about.) Is it?

EUNICE. Uh-huh, I think so. So you're Stella's sister?

BLANCHE. (Lifting her veil.) Yes. (Wanting to get rid of Eunice.) Thanks for letting me in.

EUNICE. (In bedroom, spreading or brushing bed a bit.) Por nada, as the Mexicans say—por nada! Stella spoke of you.

*She disposes of dresses in bedroom on bed and on her way back picks up apple from a small dish on radio table just inside bedroom door.*

BLANCHE. (Takes off gloves.) Yes?

EUNICE. I think she said you taught school. (Has returned, stands c.)

BLANCHE. Yes.

EUNICE. (At L-shaped bench in living room; faces Blanche.) And you're from Mississippi, huh? (Wipes apple on sleeve of dress.)

BLANCHE. Yes.

EUNICE. She showed me a picture of your home place, the plantation. (Sits.)

BLANCHE. Belle Reve?

EUNICE. A great big place with white columns. (Bites into apple.)

BLANCHE. —Yes...

EUNICE. Sure must be a job to keep up, a place like that.

BLANCHE. If you will excuse me, I'm just about to drop.

EUNICE. Sure, honey. Why don't you set down? (Eats apple.)