

EUNICE. (*Above.*) I know about you and that blonde!

STEVE. That's a God-damned lie!

EUNICE. You ain't pullin' the wool over my eyes! I wouldn't mind if you'd stay down at the Four Deuces it'd be all right! but you go up.

*During fray above—on the line "I wouldn't mind," Stella says:*

STELLA. Eunice seems to be having some trouble with Steve.

EUNICE. (*Above.*) I seen you! You were chasing her around the balcony! I'm going to call the vice squad.

STEVE. (*Above.*) Don't you throw that at me, you—!

EUNICE. (*Above.*) That's for you!

STEVE. (*Above.*) Now look at what you've done.

*Eunice, above, screams as though she had been kicked.*

BLANCHE. Did he *kill* her?

*Door slam above. Eunice starts downstairs.*

STELLA. No. She's coming downstairs.

STEVE. You come back here.

EUNICE. I'm going to call the police. I'm going to call the police.  
(*Coming downstairs, rubbing her backside.*)

*Stanley enters from D. R. He carries package of laundry, wears his good suit. Enters apartment, throws laundry on bed in living room.*

STANLEY. What's the matter with Eun-uss?

*He has jacket off, puts it on couch, opens laundry parcel.*

*Steve starts down from above on the run.*

STELLA. She and Steve had a row. Has she got the police?

STANLEY. Naw, she's gettin' a drink.

STELLA. That's much more practical.

STEVE. (*Bursting into living room, shirt-tail flying.*) She here?

STANLEY. (*Getting into a clean shirt, standing below couch.*) At the Four Deuces.

STEVE. That ruttin' hunk!

*He dashes out D. R., slamming door after him.*