

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.*