BLANCHE:

Who is it, please?

MITCH :

Me. Mitch.

BLANCHE:

Mitch!--Y'know, I really shouldn't let you in after the treatment I have received from you this evening! So utterly uncavalier! But hello, beautiful!

My, my, what a cold shoulder! And such uncouth apparel! Why, you haven't even shaved! The unforgivable insult to a lady! But I forgive you. I forgive you because it's such a relief to see you. You've stopped that polka tune that I had caught in my head. Have you ever had anything caught in your head? No, of course you haven't, you dumb angel-puss, you'd never get anything awful caught in your head!

MITCH:

Do we have to have that fan on?

BLANCHE:

No!

MITCH:

I don't like fans.

BLANCHE:

Then let's turn it off, honey.

I don't know what there is to drink. I--haven't investigated.

MITCH:

I don't want you to take Stan's liquor.

BLANCHE:

It isn't Stan's. Everything here isn't Stan's. Some things on the premises are actually mine! How is your mother? Not well?

MITCH: Why?

BLANCHE:

Something's the matter tonight, but never mind. I won't cross-examine the witness. I'll just pretend I don't notice anything different about you! That--music again…

MITCH:

What music?

BLANCHE:

The "Varaouviana"! The polka tune they were playing when Allan--Wait!

There now, the shot! It always stops after that.

Yes, now it's stopped.

MITCH:

Are you boxed out of your mind?

BLANCHE:

I'll go and see what I can find in the way of-

Oh, by the way, excuse me for not being dressed. But I'd practically given you up! Had you forgotten your invitation to supper?

MITCH:

I wasn't going to see you any more.

BLANCHE:

Wait a minute. I can't hear what you're saying and you talk so little that when you do say something, I don't want to miss a single syllable of it.... What am I looking around here for? Oh, yes--liquor! We've had so much excitement around here this evening that I am boxed out of my mind!

Here's something. Southern Comfort! What is that, I wonder?

MITCH:

If you don't know, it must belong to Stan.

BLANCHE:

I've done so much with this place since I've been here.

MITCH:

I bet you have.

BLANCHE:

This room is almost--dainty! I want to keep it that way. I wonder if this stuff ought to be mixed with something? Ummm, it's sweet, so sweet! It's terribly, terribly sweet! Why, it's a liqueur, I believe! Yes, that's what it is, a liqueur!

I'm afraid you won't like it, but maybe you will.

MITCH:

You ought to lay off his liquor. He says you been lapping it up all summer like a wildcat!

BLANCHE:

What a fantastic statement! Fantastic of him to say it, fantastic of you to repeat it! I won't descend to the level of such cheap accusations to answer them, even!

What's in your mind? I see something in your eyes!

MITCH

It's dark in your place.

BLANCHE:

I like it dark. The dark is comforting to me.

MITCH:

I don't think I ever seen you in the light.

That's a fact!

BLANCHE:

Is it?

MITCH:

I've never seen you in the afternoon.

BLANCHE:

Whose fault is that?

MITCH:

You never want to go out in the afternoon.

BLANCHE:

Why, Mitch, you're at the plant in the afternoon!

MITCH:

Not Sunday afternoon. I've asked you to go out with me sometimes on Sundays but you always make an excuse. You never want to go out till after six and then it's always some place that's not lighted much.

BLANCHE:

There is some obscure meaning in this but I fail to catch it.

MITCH:

What it means is I've never had a real good look at you, Blanche. Let's turn the light on here.

MITCH:

So I can take a look at you good and plain!

BLANCHE:

Of course you don't really mean to be insulting!

MITCH:

No, just realistic.

BLANCHE:

I don't want realism. I want magic!

Yes, yes, magic! I try to give that to people. I misrepresent things to them. I don't tell truth, I tell what ought to be truth. And if that is sinful, then let me be damned for it!-

MITCH

I don't mind you being older than what I thought. But all the rest of it--Christ! That pitch about your ideals being so old-fashioned and all the malarkey that you've dished out all summer. Oh, I knew you weren't sixteen any more. But I was a fool enough to believe you was straight.

BLANCHE:

Who told you I wasn't--'straight'? My loving brother-in-law. And you believed him.

MITCH:

I called him a liar at first And then I checked on the story. First I asked our supply-man who travels through Laure. And then I talked directly over long-distance to this merchant

BLANCHE:

Who is this merchant?

MITCH:

Kiefaber.

BLANCHE:

The merchant Kiefaber of Laurel! I know the man. He whistled at me. I put him in his place. So now for revenge he makes up stories about me.

MITCH:

Three people, Kiefaber, Stanley and Shaw, swore to them!

BLANCHE:

Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub! And such a filthy tub!

MITCH:

Didn't you stay at a hotel called the Flamingo?

BLANCHE:

Flamingo? No! Tarantula was the name of it! I stayed at a hotel called the Tarantula

Arms!

MITCH

Tarantula?

BLANCHE:

Yes, a big spider! That's where I brought my victims.

Yes, I had many intimacies with strangers. After the death of Allan--intimacies with strangers was all I seemed able to fill my empty heart with.... I think it was panic, just panic, that drove me from one to another, hunting for some protection--here and there, in the most--unlikely places-- even, at last, in a seventeen-year-old boy but--somebody wrote the superintendent about it--"This woman is morally unfit for her position!"

True? Yes, I suppose--unfit somehow--anyway... So I came here. There was nowhere else I could go. I was played out. You know what played out is? My youth was suddenly gone up the water-spout, and--I met you. You said you needed somebody. Well, I needed somebody, too. I thanked God for you, because you seemed to be gentle--a cleft in the rock of the world that I could hide in! But I guess I was asking, hoping--too much! Kiefaber, Stanley and Shaw have tied an old tin can to the tail of the kite.

MITCH:

You lied to me, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

Don't say I lied to you.

MITCH:

Lies, lies, inside and out, all lies.

BLANCHE:

Never inside, I didn't lie in my heart....

Death--I used to sit here and she used to sit over there and death was as close as you are.... We didn't dare even admit we had ever heard of it!

The opposite is desire. So do you wonder? How could you possibly wonder! Not far from Belle Reve, before we had lost Belle Reve, was a camp where they trained young soldiers. On Saturday nights they would go in town to get drunk--

--and on the way back they would stagger onto my lawn and call--"Blanche! Blanche!"--The deaf old lady remaining suspected nothing. But sometimes I slipped outside to answer their calls.... Later the paddy-wagon would gather them up like daisies... the long way home....

What do you want?

MITCH

What I been missing all summer.

BLANCHE:

Then marry me, Mitch!

MITCH:

I don't think I want to marry you any more.

BLANCHE:

No?

MITCH

You're not clean enough to bring in the house with my mother.

BLANCHE:

Go away, then.

Get out of here quick before I start screaming fire!

Get out of here quick before I start screaming fire.

Fire! Fire! Fire!