

STANLEY MONOLOGUE

Sure, I can see how you would be upset by this. She pulled the wool over your eyes as much as Mitch's!

Honey, I told you I thoroughly checked on these stories! Now wait till I finish. The trouble with Dame Blanche was that she couldn't put on her act any more in Laurel! They got wised up after two or three dates with her and then they quit, and she goes on to another, the same old line, same old act, same old hooey! But the town was too small for this to go on forever! And as time went by she became a town character. Regarded as not just different but downright loco--nuts.

And for the last year or two she has been washed up like poison. That's why she's here this summer, visiting royalty, putting on all this act--because she's practically told by the mayor to get out of town! Yes, did you know there was an army camp near Laurel and your sister's was one of the places called "Out-of-Bounds"? Well, so much for her being such a refined and particular type of girl. Which brings us to Lie Number Two.

She didn't resign temporarily from the high school because of her nerves! No, siree, Bob! She didn't. They locked her out of that high school before the spring term ended--and I hate to tell you the reason that step was taken! A seventeen-year-old boy--she'd gotten mixed up with! .

And when the boy's dad learned about it and got in touch with the high school superintendent. Oh, I'd like to have been in that office when Dame Blanche was called on the carpet! I'd like to have seen her trying to squirm out of that one! But they had her on the hook good and proper that time and she knew that the jig was all up! They told her she better move on to some fresh territory. Yep, it was practically a town ordinance passed against her!

BLANCHE MONOLOGUE (To Stella soon after Blanche first arrives)

Blanche: Well, Stella--you're going to reproach me, I know that you're bound to reproach me--but before you do--take into consideration--you left! I stayed and struggled! You came to New Orleans and looked out for yourself. I stayed at Belle Reve and tried to hold it together! I'm not meaning this in any reproachful way, but all the burden descended on my shoulders. You are the one that abandoned Belle Reve, not I! I stayed and fought for it, bled for it, almost died for it! I, I, I took the blows in my face and my body! All of those deaths! The long parade to the graveyard! Father, mother! Margaret, that dreadful way! So big with it, it couldn't be put in a coffin! But had to be burned like rubbish! You just came home in time for the funerals, Stella. And funerals are pretty compared to deaths. Funerals are quiet, but deaths--not always. Sometimes their breathing is hoarse, and sometimes it rattles, and sometimes they even cry out to you, "Don't let me go!" Even the old, sometimes, say, "Don't let me go." As if you were able to stop them! But funerals are quiet, with pretty flowers. And, oh, what gorgeous boxes they pack them away in! Unless you were there at the bed when they cried out, "Hold me!" you'd never suspect there was the struggle for breath and bleeding. You didn't dream, but I saw! Saw! Saw! And now you sit there telling me with your eyes that I let the place go! How in hell do you think all that sickness and dying was paid for? Death is expensive, Miss Stella! And old Cousin Jessie's right after Margaret's, hers! Why, the Grim Reaper had put up his tent on our doorstep! Stella. Belle Reve was his headquarters! Honey--that's how it slipped through my fingers! Which of them left us a fortune? Which of them left a cent of insurance even? Only poor Jessie-- one hundred to pay for her coffin. That was all, Stella! And I with my pitiful salary at the school. Yes, accuse me! Sit there and stare at me, thinking I let the place go! I let the place go? Where were you! In bed with your--Polack!

BLANCHE Monologue B (To Mitch, on a date, late at night)

Blanche: I loved someone, too, and the person I loved I lost.

He was a boy, just a boy, when I was a very young girl. When I was sixteen, I made the discovery--love. All at once and much, much too completely. It was like you suddenly turned a blinding light on something that had always been half in shadow, that's how it struck the world for me. But I was unlucky. Deluded. There was something different about the boy, a nervousness, a softness and tenderness which wasn't like a man's, although he wasn't the least bit effeminate looking--still--that thing was there.... He came to me for help. I didn't know that. I didn't find out anything till after our marriage when we'd run away and come back and all I knew was I'd failed him in some mysterious way and wasn't able to give the help he needed but couldn't speak of! He was in the quick sands and clutching at me--but I wasn't holding him out, I was slipping in with him! I didn't know that. I didn't know anything except I loved him unendurably but without being able to help him or help myself. Then I found out. In the worst of all possible ways. By coming suddenly into a room that I thought was empty--which wasn't empty, but had two people in it... the boy I had married and an older man who had been his friend for years. Afterwards we pretended that nothing had been discovered. Yes, the three of us drove out to Moon Lake Casino, very drunk and laughing all the way. We danced the Varsouviana! Suddenly in the middle of the dance the boy I had married broke away from me and ran out of the casino. A few moments later--a shot!

I ran out--all did!--all ran and gathered about the terrible thing at the edge of the lake! I couldn't get near for the crowding. Then somebody caught my arm. "Don't go any closer! Come back! You don't want to see!" See? See what! Then I heard voices say-- Allan! Allan! The Gray boy! He'd stuck the revolver into his mouth, and fired--so that the back of his head had been--blown away!

It was because--on the dance-floor--unable to stop myself--I'd suddenly said--"I saw! I know! You disgust me!" And then the searchlight which had been turned on the world was turned off again and never for one moment since has there been any light that's stronger than this--kitchen--candle...

EUNICE/STANLEY (B) Stella has taken refuge in Eunice's upstairs apartment.

STANLEY: (Bellowing to the upstairs apartment) Stella!!!

EUNICE: You quit that howlin' down there an' go back to bed!

STANLEY: Eunice, I want my girl down here!

EUNICE: She ain't comin'down, so you quit! Or you'll git the law on you!

STANLEY: Stel-lahh!

EUNICE: You can't beat a women and then call her back! She won't come, and her goin' to have a baby!

STANLEY: Eunice-----!

EUNICE: I hope they haul you in and turn the fire hose on you the same as last time!

STANLEY: Eunice, I want my girl down here with me!

EUNICE: You stinker! You whelp of a Polack, you!

BLANCHE/EUNICE

BLANCHE: I'm looking for my sister, Stella DuBois. I mean--Mrs. Stanley Kowalski.

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

BLANCHE: This--can this be--her home?

EUNICE: She's got the downstairs here and I got the up.

BLANCHE: Oh. She's--out?

EUNICE: 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. [There is a pause] You want to leave your suitcase here an' go find her?

BLANCHE: No.

EUNICE: She wasn't expecting you?

BLANCHE: No. No, not tonight.

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: We own this place so I can let you in.

EUNICE: It's sort of messed up right now but when it's clean it's real sweet.

BLANCHE: Is it?

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

BLANCHE: Yes. [Wanting to get rid of her] Thanks for letting me in.

EUNICE: Por nada, as the Mexicans say, por nada! Stella spoke of you.

BLANCHE: Yes? EUNICE: I think she said you taught school.

BLANCHE: Yes.

EUNICE: And you're from Mississippi, huh?

BLANCHE: Yes.

EUNICE: She showed me a picture of your home-place, the plantation.

BLANCHE: Belle Reve?

EUNICE: A great big place with white columns.

BLANCHE: Yes...

EUNICE: A place like that must be awful hard to keep up.

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

EUNICE: Sure, honey. Why don't you set down?

BLANCHE: What I meant was I'd like to be left alone.

EUNICE: (A little insulted) Aw. I'll make myself scarce, in that case.

BLANCHE & YOUNG COLLECTOR ACT II Sc. 1: [A Young Man arrives to collect for the paper)

BLANCHE: Well, well! What can I do for you?

YOUNG MAN: I'm collecting for The Evening Star.

BLANCHE: I didn't know that stars took up collections.

YOUNG MAN: It's the paper, ma'am.

BLANCHE: I know. I was joking--feebly! Will you--have a drink?

YOUNG MAN: No, ma'am. No, thank you. I can't drink on the job.

BLANCHE: Oh, well, now, let's see.... No, I don't have a dime! I'm not the lady of the house. I'm her sister from Mississippi. I'm one of those poor relations you've heard about.

YOUNG MAN: That's all right. I'll drop by later. [He starts to go out. She approaches a little.]

BLANCHE: Hey! (He turns back shyly) Could you give me a light?

YOUNG MAN: Sure. [He takes out a lighter] This doesn't always work

BLANCHE: It's temperamental? [It flares] Ah!--thank you. [He starts away again] Hey! [He turns again, still more uncertainly. She goes close to him] Uh--what time is it?

YOUNG MAN: Fifteen of seven, ma'am.

BLANCHE: So late? Don't you just love these long rainy afternoons in New Orleans when an hour isn't just an hour--but a little piece of eternity dropped into your hands--and who knows what to do with it? You, uh, didn't get wet in the rain?

YOUNG MAN: No, ma'am. I stepped inside.

BLANCHE: In a drug-store? And had a soda?

YOUNG MAN: Uh-huh.

BLANCHE: Chocolate?

YOUNG MAN: No, ma'am. Cherry.

BLANCHE [laughing]: Cherry!

YOUNG MAN: A cherry soda.

BLANCHE: You make my mouth water.

YOUNG MAN: Well, I'd better be going--

BLANCHE/STELLA (B)

BLANCHE: Will Stanley like me, or will I just be a visiting in-law, Stella? I couldn't stand that

STELLA: You'll get along fine together, if you'll just try not to--well--compare him with men that we went out with at home.

BLANCHE: Is he so--different?

STELLA: Yes. A different species.

BLANCHE: In what way; what's he like?

STELLA: Oh, you can't describe someone you're in love with! Here's a picture of him!

BLANCHE: An officer?

STELLA: A Master Sergeant in the Engineers' Corps. Those are decorations!

BLANCHE: He had those on when you met him?

STELLA: I assure you I wasn't just blinded by all the brass.

BLANCHE: That's not what I--

STELLA: But of course there were things to adjust myself to later on.

BLANCHE: Such as his civilian background! How did he take it when you said I was coming?

STELLA: Oh, Stanley doesn't know yet.

BLANCHE (*frightened*): You--haven't told him?

STELLA: He's on the road a good deal.

BLANCHE: Oh. Travels?

STELLA: Yes.

BLANCHE: Good. I mean--isn't it?

STELLA (*half to herself*): I can hardly stand it when he is away for a night...

BLANCHE: Why, Stella!

STELLA: When he's away for a week I nearly go wild!

BLANCHE: Gracious!

STELLA: And when he comes back I cry on his lap like a baby... (*She smiles to herself.*)

BLANCHE: I guess that is what is meant by being in love.

BLANCHE & STANLEY (A) (This is Stanley & Blanche's first encounter after her arrival)

BLANCHE: You must be Stanley. I'm Blanche.

STANLEY: Stella's sister?

BLANCHE: Yes.

STANLEY: H'lo. Where's the little woman?

BLANCHE: In the bathroom.

STANLEY: Oh. Didn't know you were coming in town.

BLANCHE: I--uh--

STANLEY: Where you from, Blanche?

BLANCHE: Why, I--live in Laurel.

STANLEY: In Laurel, huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, in Laurel, that's right. Not in my territory. Liquor goes fast in hot weather. [He holds the bottle to the light to observe its depletion.] Have a shot?

BLANCHE: No, I--rarely touch it.

STANLEY: Some people rarely touch it, but it touches them often.

BLANCHE [faintly]: Ha-ha.

STANLEY: My clothes 're stickin' to me. Do you mind if I make myself comfortable? [He starts to remove his shirt.]

BLANCHE: Please, please do.

STANLEY: Be comfortable is my motto.

BLANCHE: It's mine, too. It's hard to stay looking fresh. I haven't washed or even powdered my face and--here you are!

STANLEY: You know you can catch cold sitting around in damp things, especially when you been exercising hard like bowling is. You're a teacher, aren't you?

BLANCHE: Yes.

STANLEY: Good. What do you teach, Blanche?

BLANCHE: English.

STANLEY: I never was a very good English student. How long you here for, Blanche?

BLANCHE: I--don't know yet.

STANLEY: You going to shack up here?

BLANCHE: I thought I would if it's not inconvenient for you all. Traveling wears me out.

STANLEY: Well, take it easy.

BLANCHE & STANLEY (B) (Second encounter)

BLANCHE: It looks like my trunk has exploded.

STANLEY: Me an' Stella were helping you unpack.

BLANCHE: Well, you certainly did a fast and thorough job of it

STANLEY: It looks like you raided some stylish shops in Paris.

BLANCHE: Ha-ha! Yes--clothes are my passion!

STANLEY: What does it cost for a string of fur-pieces like that?

BLANCHE: Why, those were a tribute from an admirer of mine!

STANLEY: He must have had a lot of--admiration!

BLANCHE: Oh, in my youth I excited some admiration. But look at me now! [She smiles at him radiantly] Would you think it possible that I was once considered to be--attractive?

STANLEY: Your looks are okay.

BLANCHE: I was fishing for a compliment, Stanley.

STANLEY: I don't go in for that stuff.

BLANCHE: What--stuff?

STANLEY: Compliments to women about their looks. I never met a woman that didn't know if she was good-looking or not without being told, and some of them give themselves credit for more than they've got. I once went out with a doll who said to me, "I am the glamorous type, I am the glamorous type!" I said, "So what?"

BLANCHE: And what did she say then?

STANLEY: She didn't say nothing. That shut her up like a clam.

BLANCHE: Did it end the romance?

STANLEY: It ended the conversation--that was all. Some men are took in by this Hollywood glamor stuff and some men are not.

BLANCHE: I'm sure you belong in the second category.

STANLEY: That's right.

BLANCHE: You're simple, straightforward and honest, a little bit on the primitive side I should think. To interest you a woman would have to--

STANLEY: Lay... her cards on the table.

BLANCHE & MITCH (B) ACT II Sc. 2 (Two A.M. Blanche & Mitch are returning from a night out)

MITCH [heavily]: I'm afraid you haven't gotten much fun out of this evening, Blanche.

BLANCHE: I spoiled it for you.

MITCH: No, you didn't, but I felt all the time that I wasn't giving you much--entertainment.

BLANCHE: I simply couldn't rise to the occasion. That was all. I don't think I've ever tried so hard to be gay and made such a dismal mess of it. I get ten points for trying!--I did try.

MITCH: Why did you try if you didn't feel like it, Blanche?

BLANCHE: I was just obeying the law of nature.

MITCH: Which law is that?

BLANCHE: The one that says the lady must entertain the gentleman--or no dice! See if you can locate my door key in this purse. When I'm so tired my fingers are all thumbs!

MITCH [rooting in her purse]: This it?

BLANCHE: No, honey, that's the key to my trunk which I must soon be packing.

MITCH: You mean you are leaving here soon?

BLANCHE: I've outstayed my welcome.

MITCH: This it?

BLANCHE: Eureka! Honey, you open the door while I take a last look at the sky. I'm looking for the Pleiades, the Seven Sisters, but these girls are not out tonight. Oh, yes they are, there they are! God bless them! All in a bunch going home from their little bridge party.... Y'get the door open? Good boy! I guess you--want to go now....

MITCH: Can I--uh--kiss you--goodnight?

BLANCHE: Why do you always ask me if you may?

MITCH: I don't know whether you want me to or not.

BLANCHE: Why should you be so doubtful?

MITCH: That night when we parked by the lake and I kissed you, you--

BLANCHE: Honey, it wasn't the kiss I objected to. I liked the kiss very much. It was the other little--familiarity--that I--felt obliged to--discourage.... I didn't resent it! Not a bit in the world! In fact, I was somewhat flattered that you--desired me! But, honey, you know as well as I do that a single girl, a girl alone in the world, has got to keep a firm hold on her emotions or she'll be lost!

MITCH [solemnly]: Lost?

BLANCHE: I guess you are used to girls that like to be lost. The kind that get lost immediately, on the first date!

MITCH: I like you to be exactly the way that you are, because in all my--experience--I have never known anyone like you. [Blanche looks at him gravely; then she bursts into laughter and then claps a hand to her mouth.]

MITCH: Are you laughing at me?

BLANCHE: No, honey

STELLA & STANLEY: (A) ACT I Sc. 2 (Stella & Stanley discussing Blanche)

STELLA: And admire her dress and tell her she's looking wonderful. That's important with Blanche. Her little weakness!

STANLEY: Yeah. I get the idea. Now let's skip back a little to where you said the country place was disposed of.

STELLA: Oh!--yes...

STANLEY: How about that? Let's have a few more details on that subject.

STELLA: It's best not to talk much about it until she's calmed down.

STANLEY: So that's the deal, huh? Sister Blanche cannot be annoyed with business details right now!

STELLA: You saw how she was last night.

STANLEY: Uh-hum, I saw how she was. Now let's have a gander at the bill of sale.

STELLA: I haven't seen any.

STANLEY: She didn't show you no papers, no deed of sale or nothing like that, huh?

STELLA: It seems like it wasn't sold.

STANLEY: Well what in hell was it then, give away? To charity?

STELLA: Shhh! She'll hear you.

STANLEY: I don't care if she hears me. Let's see the papers!

STELLA: There weren't any papers, she didn't show any papers, I don't care about papers.

STANLEY: Have you ever heard of the Napoleonic code?

STELLA: No, Stanley, I haven't heard of the Napoleonic code, if I have, I don't see what it—

STANLEY: Let me enlighten you on a point or two, baby.

STELLA: Yes?

STANLEY: In the state of Louisiana we have the Napoleonic code according to which what belongs to the wife belongs to the husband and vice versa. For instance if I had a piece of property, or you had a piece of property—

STELLA: My head is swimming!

STANLEY: All right, I'll wait till she gets through soaking in a hot tub and then I'll inquire if she is acquainted with the Napoleonic code. It looks to me like you have been swindled, baby, and when you're swindled under the Napoleonic code I'm swindled too. And I don't like to be swindled.

STELLA: There's plenty of time to ask her questions later but if you do now she'll go to pieces again. I don't understand what happened to Belle Reve but you don't know how ridiculous you are being when you suggest that my sister or I or anyone of our family could have perpetrated a swindle on anyone else.

STANLEY: Then where's the money if the place was sold?

STELLA: Not sold--lost, lost

STANLEY: Open your eyes to this stuff! You think she got them out of a teacher's pay?

STELLA: Hush!

STANLEY: Look at these feathers and furs that she come here to preen herself in! What's this here? A solid-gold dress, I believe! And this one! What is these here? Fox-pieces! Genuine fox fur-pieces, a half a mile long! Where are your fox-pieces, Stella? Bushy snow-white ones, no less! Where are your white fox-pieces?

STELLA: Those are inexpensive summer furs that Blanche has had a long time.

STANLEY: I got an acquaintance who deals in this sort of merchandise. I'll have him in here to appraise it. I'm willing to bet you there's thousands of dollars invested in this stuff here!

STELLA: Don't be such an idiot, Stanley!

Stanley / Stella ^(B) SCENE SEVEN

STANLEY:

You're goddam right I told him! I'd have that on my conscience the rest of my life if I knew all that stuff and let my best friend get caught!

STELLA:

Is Mitch through with her?

STANLEY:

Wouldn't you be if—?

STELLA:

I said, *Is Mitch through with her?*

[*Blanche's voice is lifted again, serenely as a bell. She sings "But it wouldn't be make believe if you believed in me."*]

STANLEY:

No, I don't think he's necessarily through with her—just wised up!

STELLA:

Stanley, she thought Mitch was—going to—going to marry her. I was hoping so, too.

STANLEY:

Well, he's not going to marry her. Maybe he *was*, but he's not going to jump in a tank with a school of sharks—now! [*He rises*] Blanche! Oh, Blanche! Can I please get in my bathroom? [*There is a pause.*]

BLANCHE:

Yes, indeed, sir! Can you wait one second while I dry?

STANLEY:

Having waited one hour I guess one second ought to pass in a hurry.

SCENE SEVEN

STELLA:

And she hasn't got her job? Well, what will she do!

STANLEY:

She's not stayin' here after Tuesday. You know that, don't you? Just to make sure I bought her ticket myself. A bus-ticket!

STELLA:

In the first place, Blanche wouldn't go on a bus.

STANLEY:

She'll go on a bus and like it.

STELLA:

No, she won't, no, she won't, Stanley!

STANLEY:

She'll go! Period. P.S. *She'll go Tuesday!*

STELLA [*slowly*]:

What'll—she—do? What on earth will she—*do!*

STANLEY:

Her future is mapped out for her.

STELLA:

What do you mean?

[*Blanche sings.*]

STANLEY:

Hey, canary bird! Toots! Get *OUT* of the *BATHROOM!*

[*The bathroom door flies open and Blanche emerges with a gay peal of laughter, but as Stanley crosses past her, a frightened look appears in her face, almost a look of panic. He doesn't look at her but slams the bathroom door shut as he goes in.*]

BLANCHE/MITCH A (Mitch first meets Blanche and shows her his cigarette case.)

MITCH: There's a story connected with that inscription.

BLANCHE: It sounds like a romance.

MITCH: A pretty sad one.

BLANCHE: Oh?

MITCH: The girl's dead now.

BLANCHE [in a tone of deep sympathy]: Oh!

MITCH: She knew she was dying when she give me this. A very strange girl, very sweet--very!

BLANCHE: She must have been fond of you. Sick people have such deep, sincere attachments.

MITCH: That's right, they certainly do.

BLANCHE: Sorrow makes for sincerity, I think.

MITCH: It sure brings it out in people.

BLANCHE: The little there is belongs to people who have experienced some sorrow.

MITCH: I believe you are right about that.

BLANCHE: I'm positive that I am. Show me a person who hasn't known any sorrow and I'll show you a superficial-- Listen to me! My tongue is a little-thick! You boys are responsible for it. The show let out at eleven and we couldn't come home on account of the poker game so we had to go somewhere and drink. I'm not accustomed to having more than one drink. Two is the limit--and three! [She laughs] Tonight I had three.

MITCH: [to the other poker players] Deal me out I'm talking to Miss--

BLANCHE: DuBois.

MITCH: Miss DuBois?

BLANCHE: It's a French name. It means woods and Blanche means white, so the two together mean white woods. Like an orchard in spring! You can remember it by that.

MITCH: You're French?

BLANCHE: We are French by extraction. Our first American ancestors were French Huguenots.

MITCH: You are Stella's sister, are you not?

BLANCHE: Yes, Stella is my precious little sister. [catching herself] I call her little in spite of the fact she's somewhat older than I. Just slightly. Less than a year. Will you do something for me?

MITCH: Sure. What?

BLANCHE: I bought this adorable little colored paper lantern at a Chinese shop on Bourbon. Put it over the light bulb! Will you, please?

MITCH: Be glad to.

BLANCHE: I can't stand a naked light bulb, any more than I can a rude remark or a vulgar action.

MITCH [adjusting the lantern]: I guess we strike you as being a pretty rough bunch.

BLANCHE: I'm very adaptable--to circumstances.

MITCH: Well, that's a good thing to be. You are visiting Stanley and Stella?

BLANCHE: Stella hasn't been so well lately, and I came down to help her for a while. She's very run down.

MITCH: You're not--?

BLANCHE: Married? No, no. I'm an old maid schoolteacher!

MITCH : You may teach school but you're certainly not an old maid.

BLANCHE: Thank you, sir! I appreciate your gallantry!

MITCH: So you are in the teaching profession?

BLANCHE: Yes. Ah, yes...

Stanley, Mitch, Steve, Pablo THE POKER NIGHT at the Kowalski apartment.

STEVE: Give me two cards.

PABLO: You, Mitch?

MITCH: I'm out

PABLO: One.

MITCH: Anyone want a shot?

STANLEY: Yeah. Me.

PABLO: Why don't somebody go to the Chinaman's and bring back a load of chop suey?

STANLEY: When I'm losing you want to eat! Ante up! Openers? Openers! Get y'r ass off the table, Mitch. Nothing belongs on a poker table but cards, chips and whiskey.

MITCH: Kind of on your high horse, ain't you?

STANLEY: How many?

STEVE: Give me three.

STANLEY: One.

MITCH: I'm out again. I oughta go home pretty soon.

STANLEY: Shut up.

MITCH: I gotta sick mother. She don't go to sleep until I come in at night

STANLEY: Then why don't you stay home with her?

MITCH: She says to go out, so I go, but I don't enjoy it. All the while I keep wondering how she is.

STANLEY: Aw, for the sake of Jesus, go home, then!

PABLO: What've you got?

STANLEY: Spade flush.

MITCH: You all are married. But I'll be alone when she goes.--I'm going to the bathroom.

STANLEY: Hurry back and well fix you a sugar-tit.

MITCH: Aw, go rut.

STEVE [dealing a hand]: Seven-card stud. [Telling his joke as he deals] This ole farmer is out in back of his house sittin' down th'owing corn to the chickens when all at once he hears a loud cackle and this young hen comes lickety split around the side of the house with the rooster right behind her and gaining on her fast.

STANLEY [impatient with the story]: Deal!

STEVE: But when the rooster catches sight of the farmer th'owing the corn he puts on the brakes and lets the hen get away and starts pecking corn. And the old farmer says, "Lord God, I hopes I never gits that hongry!" [Steve and Pablo laugh.]