

Blanche/Eunice/Stella  
SCENE ELEVEN

[She turns from Stella to Eunice and back to Stella. Her rising voice penetrates the concentration of the game. Mitch ducks his head lower but Stanley shoves back his chair as if about to rise. Steve places a restraining hand on his arm.]

BLANCHE [continuing]:  
What's happened here? I want an explanation of what's happened here.

STELLA [agonizingly]:  
Hush! Hush!

EUNICE:  
Hush! Hush! Honey.

STELLA:  
Please, Blanche.

BLANCHE:  
Why are you looking at me like that? Is something wrong with me?

EUNICE:  
You look wonderful, Blanche. Don't she look wonderful?

STELLA:  
Yes.

EUNICE:  
I understand you are going on a trip.

STELLA:  
Yes, Blanche *is*. She's going on a vacation.

Callback Scene

SCENE ELEVEN

EUNICE:  
I'm green with envy.

BLANCHE:  
Help me, help me get dressed!

STELLA [handing her dress]:  
Is this what you—

BLANCHE:  
Yes, it will do! I'm anxious to get out of here—this place is a trap!

EUNICE:  
What a pretty blue jacket.

STELLA:  
It's lilac colored.

BLANCHE:  
You're both mistaken. It's Della Robbia blue. The blue of the robe in the old Madonna pictures. Are these grapes washed?

[She fingers the bunch of grapes which Eunice had brought in.]

EUNICE:  
Huh?

BLANCHE:  
Washed, I said. Are they washed?

EUNICE:  
They're from the French Market.

BLANCHE:  
That doesn't mean they've been washed. [The cathedral

# Mitch/Blanche Callback Scene

## SCENE NINE

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.

BLANCHE [*fearfully*]:

Light? Which light? What for?

MITCH:

This one with the paper thing on it. [*He tears the paper lantern off the light bulb. She utters a frightened gasp.*]

BLANCHE:

What did you do that for?

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.

## SCENE NINE

BLANCHE:

I don't want realism. I want magic! [*Mitch laughs*] 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!—*Don't turn the light on!*

[*Mitch crosses to the switch. He turns the light on and stares at her. She cries out and covers her face. He turns the light off again.*]

MITCH [*slowly and bitterly*]:

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 Laurel. And then I talked directly over long-distance to this merchant.

BLANCHE:

Who is this merchant?

MITCH:

Kiefaber.

SCENE NINE

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 [*stupidly*]:

Tarantula? *end*

BLANCHE:

Yes, a big spider! That's where I brought my victims. [*She pours herself another drink*] 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!"

SCENE NINE

[*She throws back her head with convulsive, sobbing laughter. Then she repeats the statement, gasps, and drinks.*]

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.

[*There is a pause. Mitch stares at her dumbly.*]

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 . . .

[*A Vendor comes around the corner. She is a blind Mexican woman in a dark shawl, carrying bunches of those gaudy tin flowers that lower class Mexicans display at funerals and other festive occasions. She is calling barely audibly. Her figure is only faintly visible outside the building.*]

MEXICAN WOMAN:

Flores. Flores. Flores para los muertos. Flores. Flores.