

FADE IN

1. RAILROAD STATION SPACE BETWEEN TWO TRAINS
(To be shot in New Orleans)

The space between two trains is filled with blowing steam and smoke. Passengers go down the lane between the trains, and a party in Carnival costumes are seeing someone off. Passengers from the arriving train come toward the CAMERA. Blanche's figure advances exhaustedly through the nightmarish tunnel of the station. Everything is in misty focus. The effect is suggestive of Eurydice advancing up the black, windy avenue of Hell behind some invisible Orpheus. The flickering light from the train windows falls with shuttle-like effect on her face and her figure in its mothlike garments. The soft focus clears to a thin mist, like the vapor of a steam engine. The opposing crowd through which she struggles to move must be created non-realistically. The figures are not even quite identifiable as human -- perhaps more like rocks in a torrent against which she is fighting her way to some source of light and liberation. The clatter of the baggage trucks and the noises of the train are also filtered into a sonic abstraction. The exhausted traveler leans for a moment against a pillar, then realizing it is sooty, she draws away from it. Standing nearby is a very, very young sailor, waiting for someone -- the sort that looks like one of the seraphic population in his snowy white uniform. The exhausted woman's face is suddenly touched by light, the ghost of a tender smile appearing on it. She sets down her hatbox and, lifting a hand to the artificial violets on her lapel, speaks to him.

* * *

SAILOR:
Could I help you, Miss?

BLANCHE:
They told me to take a streetcar named Desire, transfer to one named Cemetery and get off at Elysian Field.

1. [BLANCHE
(laughs breathlessly)
Oh, I would rather not take that!

SAILOR
(grinning)
The other is the streetcar named
Desire!

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SAILOR:

That's your streetcar right
there, Miss.

Blanche turns and picks up her suitcase.

SAILOR:

Let me help you with that.

BLANCHE:

(kindly)

Why, how very nice of you --
thanks.

2. MOVING SHOT

She moves behind him, stumbling a little in the confusing crowd. The night is windy, and the moon three-quarters full and the clouds are low and filmy like the torn garments of witches. Blanche looks up at this beautiful and ominous sky as she crosses the street.

3. SHOT OF STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE

advancing to the corner. Blanche and the Sailor come into the scene as he hustles her forward and assists her onto the car

1. (Cont'd)

BLANCHE

That is the one I prefer!

SAILOR

(beginning to regard
her a bit curiously)

Yeah. Yeah, take that one. And
get off at a street called Elysian
Fields.

BLANCHE

Elysian Fields. Thank you.
Thank you so much.

SAILOR

(lifting her hatbox)

Le'me help you with that.

BLANCHE

Why, how very kind of you! Now I feel
as if I'd been met at the train.
You lead the way and I'll follow.]

platform with her hatbox. Then he stands looking, still curiously, up at her. CAMERA MOVES UP TO CLOSE SHOT of her exhausted face, at a lighted window of the car. As her eyes fall shut:

DISSOLVE TO:

4. EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET

The street car is stopped. Blanche descends from it with her hatbox and it pulls away revealing in the b.g. a corner of the cemetery. A little old Mexican street vendor comes up to her suddenly. She is nearly blind. In her dark shawl she is barely visible in the dark street. She is carrying bunches of those gaudy tin flowers that lower class Mexicans display at funerals.

MEXICAN WOMAN:

Flowers. . . . Flowers. . . . Flowers for
the dead. . . . Flowers?

Blanche hurries by her. The music of the Varsouviana is heard, an eerie, far-away polka. She stops, puts her hands to her head, pressing her head as if trying to drive the tune out. A shot is heard -- unreal, as if from the distant reaches of her own mind. The music stops instantly. She hurries on, crossing the street away from the cemetery.

A STREET VENDOR:

Red hot! Red hot!

5. EXT. NEW ORLEANS STREET

NIGHT

The street is in a poor section of the city and has a raffish charm, not generally found in such sections in other American cities. The houses are mostly white frame, weathered gray, with rickety outside stairs and galleries and quaintly ornamented gables. The street is alive with passersby -- negro and white -- who move casually along not so much to be going anywhere as to be enjoying the life of the street. In this setting, Blanche is an incongruous figure, and people turn to look at her curiously. She hurries by them apprehensively and ill-at-ease. At the doorway of a bar, The Four Deuces, hot beating music and a burst of loud laughter pour out at her and the light falls on her face with sudden garishness. She turns away, quickly consulting her little slip of paper, searching for the number of the adjoining

house. It is separated from The Four Deuces by a narrow alley, so that its side-windows face the side-windows of the bar. Along the street side it shows only two long French windows, and to find the house number she has to look up the far side, where steps from a small court lead up to a veranda and the front door. From the veranda a long flight of stairs leads to an upstairs gallery, and the entrance to the second-floor flat.

6. MED. SHOT CORNER OF HOUSE AND COURTYARD

as Blanche stops before it. On the steps, EUNICE, about thirty, fullblown but not blowsy, is sandpapering her legs and taking the air. A Negro Woman has stopped to chat with her and is fanning her baby who sleeps in his cart. The two women are unaware of her for a moment.

EUNICE:

. . . and he was so drunk, he ran
halfway down the street before
he knew he was naked. * * * And so when
he got home she was waiting for him --
now I'm telling you. . . . You never heard
nothing like it.

The two women laugh. Then their attention is attracted to Blanche. There is a silence for a moment as the two women and Blanche regard each other.

EUNICE:

(finally)

You lost, honey?

BLANCHE:

I'm looking for Elysian Fields . . .

EUNICE:

This here is Elysian Fields.

Blanche looks about incredulously.

EUNICE:

What number are you looking for?

BLANCHE:

(refers to slip of paper)

Six thirty-two.

EUNICE:
You don't have to look no further.

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

EUNICE:
That's the party.

BLANCHE:
(completely bewildered)
This. . . . Can this be -- her home?

EUNICE:
She's got the downstairs here,
and I got the up. She's not in
right now, though.

BLANCHE:
Oh, she's out --

EUNICE:
* * * Did you notice that bowling alley
up the street?

BLANCHE:
I'm not sure I did.

As Blanche looks up the street CAMERA MOVES RAPIDLY up the
street to a huge marquee with the word "Bowling" printed across
it in flashing neon.

EUNICE:
She's watchin' her husband bowl.
You want to leave your suitcase
here and go find her?

BLANCHE:
(uncertainly)
Well, I. . . .

EUNICE:

Or you could just go in and make
yourself at home until they get
back.

BLANCHE:

How could I do that?

Eunice goes to the door of Stella's flat, smacks it with the
palm of her hand, and it swings open. She precedes Blanche into
the flat. As they go --

NEGRO WOMAN:

(gently)

G'night, now.

She wheels the baby off.

7. INT. KITCHEN STELLA'S FLAT FULL SHOT NIGHT

as they enter. This is a kitchen-dining room, so common in low
rent flats. It also contains a folding bed to be used by
Blanche. People who live here happily, or who do not look upon
the place as a retreat from better circumstances will not notice
that the furniture is ill assorted and offers barely enough
comfort. They will not even have considered the matter of style.
This is not to say that no style exists. Some of the raffish
charm of the street is in the house. But Blanche is looking
about with distaste, drawing in upon herself as though the place
would contaminate her.

EUNICE:

(defensively -- noticing
Blanche's look)

It's kinda messed up right now,
but when it's clean it's real sweet.

BLANCHE:

Is it?

EUNICE:

Uh-huh, I think so.
(she sits comfortably)
So you're Stella's sister.

BLANCHE:

Yes.

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
(wanting to get rid
of her)
Thanks for letting me in.

EUNICE:
Por nada, as the Mexicans say.
Por nada. 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:
Sure must be a job to keep up, a
place like that.

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

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

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

EUNICE:
(offended -- rises to go)
Well, I don't need a wall of bricks
to fall on me.

BLANCHE:
I didn't mean to be rude -- I. . . .

EUNICE:

That's all right, honey. Next
time I'll just wait to be asked
before I sit down.

Eunice exits. Blanche stands there, her hands tightly clutching her purse. After a while she begins to look around slowly. Suddenly she notices something in a half-opened closet. She pours a half tumbler of whiskey and tosses it down. She starts toward bedroom, which is separated by drapes on a drawstring from the kitchen.

8. INT. BEDROOM FULL SHOT

Blanche enters. Her surprise and distaste grow as she looks around. She sees a narrow door at end of room and crossing, opens it and looks in. Through the door we see an old-fashioned porcelain bathtub on spindly legs. From a drying rack over the tub hang several men's T shirts, women's stockings, some white handkerchiefs. Now from o.s. there is an instant sudden shout of anger. She looks at the window on the alley.

BLANCHE:

I've got to get hold of myself.

A burst of laughter and the blue piano crash in from the alley. She flinches, then hearing a woman's voice outside, she hurries to the front door and opens it. CAMERA MOVING WITH HER.

* * * (Off stage in street)
Get out of here. I wouldn't do that for
the world.

BLANCHE:

Stella -- Stella?

9. EXT. CORNER OF STELLA'S HOUSE

She hurries down the steps and up the street toward the bowling alley.

10. EXT. ENTRANCE TO BOWLING ALLEY

FULL SHOT

Blanche approaches and goes in.

11. INT. BOWLING ALLEY FULL SHOT NIGHT

as Blanche enters. The lanes are in full play, and the dull clatter of the balls scattering the pins reverberates through the place. At some distance back of the starting lines, a glass partition separates a bar from the bowling alley proper, Blanche looks about, trying to find her sister among the groups that cluster back of each lane. Her dress is in sharp contrast to the pedal-pushers and jeans and cottons that the women are wearing. Suddenly:

STELLA'S VOICE:
(o.s. -- joyfully)
Blanche! Blanche!

Blanche looks toward the voice and sees her sister.

BLANCHE:
(a wild cry)
Stella!

12. WIDER ANGLE

as they move swiftly toward each other.

BLANCHE:
Oh, Stella, Stella for Star!
Oh, my baby sister. Now then
let me look at you. But don't you
look at me, Stella, no, no, no. I
won't be looked at in this merciless glare. . . .

She clutches her sister, sobbing with relief.

STELLA:
Did you find our place?

BLANCHE:
(throws up her gloved
hands in horror)
Stella, what are you doing in a place
like that? Why didn't you write me, honey?
Why didn't you let me know? Never, never,
never in my worst dreams could I picture --
Only Poe -- Only Mr. Edgar Allan Poe could
do justice to it! What am I saying? I didn't

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

mean to say that. I meant to be nice about it and say -- oh, what a convenient location and such -- ! Precious lamb, you haven't said a word to me.

STELLA:

You haven't given me a chance to, honey. . . . Come say hello to Stanley.

BLANCHE:

Not now.

STELLA:

Just say hello --

CAMERA PANS with them as they cross alley.

BLANCHE:

Which is he? Which one is he?

13. FULL SHOT BLANCHE'S VIEWPOINT

Stanley is in f.g., surrounded by other players, including Steve, Mitch. Stanley's back is somewhat to us; his T-shirt is dark with sweat and adheres to his skin, giving him the look of a dark, sinewy seal.

STANLEY:

(bellowing at captain
of another team)

-- and don't tell me this is your alley. We started our game here and we're going to finish it here!

He grabs jacket a member of other team has draped over the bench, and throws it at him viciously.

STEVE:

Take it easy, Stan . . .

STANLEY:

Yeah? I'm takin' it easy. I'm takin' it easy right here.

The members of the other team, cowed, drift off. Blanche and Stella come into scene.

BLANCHE:
He's the one that's -- ?

STELLA:
The one that's makin' the rhubarb!
Isn't he wonderful looking?

BLANCHE:
Stella! I can't meet him now.
Not until I've bathed and
rested.

STELLA:
Would you like a cold drink, honey?

BLANCHE:
Bless you for that lovely inspiration!

14. COCKTAIL LOUNGE BOOTH

They laugh and cross to an arched door under a neon cocktail sign. Stella starts for a bright booth. Blanche pulls her to a dark one.

WAITER:
Would you like a lemonade?

BLANCHE:
Honey! A lemonade! Not with my nerves
tonight! Scotch * * * for me.

STELLA:
* * * I'll have some grape. . . .
(a pause)

BLANCHE:
You haven't asked me how I happened
to get away from school -- before
the spring term ended. . . .

STELLA:
Well I thought you'd volunteer
that information, if you wanted to
tell me.

14. [if you please.]
[Just a lemonade for me. . . .]

BLANCHE:

You thought I'd been fired.

STELLA:

No, I thought you might have resigned. . . .

BLANCHE:

I was so exhausted by all that I'd been through -- my nerves just broke. So Mr. Graves -- Mr. Graves is the High School superintendent -- he suggested I take a leave of absence. I couldn't put all these details in my wire.

The waiter enters with the drinks.

BLANCHE:

Oh, this buzzes right through me and feels so good! . . . You haven't said a word about my appearance!

STELLA:

You look just fine.

BLANCHE:

God love you for a liar! Daylight never exposed so total a ruin! But you, you've put on some weight. Yes, you're just as plump as a little partridge! And it's so becoming to you!

STELLA:

Now, Blanche --

BLANCHE:

Yes it is! It is or I wouldn't say it. You just have to watch around the hips a little. I want you to look at my figure. You know I haven't put on one ounce in ten years, Stella! I weigh what I weighed the summer you left Belle Reve -- the summer Dad died and you left us. . . .

STELLA:

It's just incredible, Blanche,
how well you're looking.

Blanche glances at Stella. Stella looks away embarrassed by
Blanche's naked shaken state.

STELLA:

Would you like another?

BLANCHE:

No, one's my limit!

STELLA:

Sure?

BLANCHE:

Well, maybe I'll just take one
tiny little nip more . . . just to put the
stopper on, so to speak. Now don't get
worried -- your sister hasn't turned into
a drunkard! She's just all shaken up and
hot and dirty and tired. . . .

She laughs. Stella tries to laugh. She's frightened. . . .
Blanche calls the waiter.

DISSOLVE TO:

15. INT. STELLA'S FLAT

A bath is being run. . . .

STELLA:

You want it hot?

BLANCHE:

(o.s.)

Scalding.

(suddenly)

Stella!!

Stella comes out of the bathroom. . . . We pick up Blanche.

STELLA:

What is it, honey?

BLANCHE:

There are only two rooms --

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

I don't know where you're
going to put me.

STELLA:

(indicating the bed)
We're going to put you right
here. . . .

BLANCHE:

What kind of a bed is this . . .
one of those collapsible things. . . .

STELLA:

Does it feel alright?

BLANCHE:

Wonderful, honey. I don't like
a bed that gives much. But . . .
there's no door between the two
rooms, and Stanley . . . will it be decent?

STELLA:

Oh, Stanley's Polish, you know. . . .

BLANCHE:

Oh, yes, that's something like
Irish isn't it?

STELLA:

Well. . . .

They both laugh a little.

BLANCHE:

I brought some nice clothes
to meet all your lovely friends.

STELLA:

I'm afraid you won't think they're
lovely.

BLANCHE:

Well, anyhow -- I brought some nice
clothes and I'll wear them. I guess
you're hoping I'll say I'll put up at
a hotel, but I'm not going to put up

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

at a hotel. I want to be near you,
Stella; I've got to be with people. I
can't be alone! Because as you must
have noticed -- I'm not very well. . . .

STELLA:

You do seem a little . . .

BLANCHE:

(cutting in)

Will Stanley like me, or will
I just be. . . .

STELLA:

(looks toward a
photograph of Stanley)

You'll get along fine together
if you just. . . .

BLANCHE:

(she has picked up
the photograph)

Oh, he was an officer!

STELLA:

He was a master sergeant in
the Engineers Corps. He was
decorated four times.

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 he's on the road a good deal . . .
and --

BLANCHE:

Oh. He travels? Good! I mean
isn't it. . . .

STELLA:

I can hardly stand it when he's
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.

BLANCHE:

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

(she walks, turns)

Stella . . . I haven't asked you the
things you probably thought I was
going to ask you, and so I expect
you to be understanding about what
I hate to tell you. . . .

STELLA:

What Blanche?

BLANCHE:

Well, Stella -- you're going to
reproach me -- I know 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 after
yourself. I stayed at Belle Reve
and tried to hold it together! I'm

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
not meaning this in any reproachful
way, but all the burden descended on
my shoulders. . . .

STELLA:
The best I could do was make
my own living.

BLANCHE:
I know, I know, but you're the
one that abandoned Belle Reve, not
I. I stayed and fought for it,
bled for it, almost died for it. . . .

STELLA:
Stop this hysterical outburst and
tell me what happened?

BLANCHE:
I knew it, I knew you would take
this attitude.

STELLA:
About what . . . please?

BLANCHE:
The loss . . . the loss.

STELLA:
Belle Reve? Lost is it?

TRAIN SOUND . . . APPROACHING.

STELLA:
But how did it go? What happened. . . .

BLANCHE:
You're a fine one to ask me how it
went. . . .

STELLA:
Blanche!

BLANCHE:
You're a fine one to stand there
accusing me of it. . . .

STELLA:

Blanche.

BLANCHE:

I won't stay here! I won't! I'd
rather sleep in the street

THE TRAIN IS NOW JUST BEHIND THE HOUSE . . . SHE RUNS OUT
CLUTCHING HER HAT BOX . . . STELLA FOLLOWS.

16. EXT. COURTYARD AND CORNER OF STREET BY STELLA'S FLAT

Stella catches up to Blanche.

BLANCHE:

I took the blows on my
face and my body. All those deaths . . .
the long parade to the graveyard --
Father, Mother, Margaret -- that dread-
ful way. You just came home in time
for the funerals. Stella -- and
compared to deaths funerals are pretty . . .
unless you were there at the
bed you would never suspect there was
this struggle for breath and bleeding.
You didn't dream, but I saw . . . saw . . .
and you stand there telling me with your
eyes . . . I let the place go. . . . How do
you think all that sickness and
dying was paid for? Death is expen-
sive -- Miss Stella -- and I with my
pitiful salary at the school. Yes.
Accuse me, stand there and stare at
me thinking I let the place go . . .
I let the place go! Where were
you? In there with your Polack! --

STELLA:

Blanche! You be still! That's enough!

She goes into the house. Blanche follows uncertainly.

17. INT. KITCHEN

as Blanche follows Stella in.

BLANCHE:

Oh, Stella, Stella, you're crying!

STELLA:

Does that surprise you?

She runs out of the kitchen into the bedroom and we hear the bathroom door slam. Suddenly there is a loud shout from outside.

STANLEY:

(offscene)

Hey, Mitch! You bring the beer tomorrow!

Blanche runs from the front room to the bedroom, and stops out of sight of the front room. O.S. Stanley and Steve laugh.

EUNICE:

(offscene)

Break it up down there!

18. EUNICE AT HEAD OF STAIRS EXT. NIGHT

Stanley and Steve below.

EUNICE:

I made the spaghetti dish and I ate it myself!

STEVE:

(climbing the stairs)

I told you and phoned you that we was playing Jax Beer. I told you at breakfast, I phoned you at lunch.

EUNICE:

* * * Well, never mind. Why don't you get yourself home once in awhile.

CUT TO:

19. INT. BEDROOM BLANCHE LISTENING
ENTRANCE DOOR SEEN BEHIND HER

STEVE:

(o.s. -- yelling as he
pounds up the stairs)

Do you want it in the newspapers?

Stanley enters, goes to icebox. Music from Three Deuces.
Drums. Blanche finally makes up her mind to face him, goes
into the kitchen.

BLANCHE:

(at last speaking)

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:

Well! Where you from, Blanche?

BLANCHE:

Why, I -- live in Auriol.

STANLEY:

In Auriol, huh? Oh, yeah. Yeah, in
Auriol, that's right. Not in my
territory.

He crosses to the closet and removes the whiskey bottle. He
then holds the bottle to the light to observe its depletion.

STANLEY:

Liquor sure goes fast in hot
weather. Have a shot?

BLANCHE:

No, I -- rarely touch it.

STANLEY:

Some people rarely touch it, but it

STANLEY: (Cont.)
touches them often.

BLANCHE:
(faintly)
Ha-ha.

STANLEY:
My shirt's stickin' to me. Do you
mind if I make myself comfortable?
(he starts to remove his shirt)

BLANCHE:
Please, please do.

STANLEY:
Be comfortable, that's my motto, up
where I come from.

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

STANLEY:
(as he gets the
shirt over his head)
You know, you can catch cold sitting
around in damp things . . . especially
when you've been exercising hard like
bowling is. You're a teacher, aren't you?

BLANCHE:
Yes.

STANLEY:
What do you teach?

BLANCHE:
English.

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

BLANCHE:
I -- don't know yet.

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STANLEY:

You going to shack up here?

BLANCHE:

I thought I would if it's not inconvenient to you all. . . .

STANLEY:

Good.

BLANCHE:

Travelling wears me out.

STANLEY:

Well, take it easy.

A cat screeches near the window. Blanche springs up.

BLANCHE:

What's that?

STANLEY:

Cats.

(he growls in imitation of a cat and laughs -- then walks into the bedroom)

Hey, Stella, what did you do, fall asleep in there?

(he grins at Blanche. She tries unsuccessfully to smile back. He gets a clean T-shirt from a cabinet)

I'm afraid I'm going to strike you as the unrefined type.

Blanche dabs at her forehead with cologne, goes to the front door, opens it.

STANLEY:

Stella's spoke of you a good deal.

You were married once, weren't you?

Blanche puts her hands to her head. She seems to be listening to something. She goes to the verandah.

20. EXT. VERANDAH AS BLANCHE COMES OUT

BLANCHE:
(her back to the house
behind her)
Yes, when I was quite young.

The music of the Varsouviana has crept up from nothing until it is quite plain.

CUT TO:

21. MED. SHOT STANLEY IN KITCHEN

STANLEY:
What happened?

And there is silence around him.

CUT TO:

22. BLANCHE ON THE VERANDAH

And the polka is heard again, and a sort of echo: "What happened? What happened?"

BLANCHE:
The boy -- the boy died.

The polka music rises to a frenetic pitch and tempo. Blanche presses her hands over her ears as though she could shut it out.

Again the far-away shot, and the music stops. Blanche stands swaying.

BLANCHE:
I'm afraid I'm going to be sick.

STANLEY:
(offscene)
How about it, Stella?

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

23. STREET IN FRONT OF STELLA'S HOUSE

A car drives up and stops. Stanley driving, Steve beside him on

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the front seat. They suggest a chauffeur and a footman. Roped into the luggage compartment of the car is Blanche's wardrobe trunk. The men get out and begin untying it. A NEGRO PEDDLER goes by, pushing a handcart and chanting loudly the variety of fish he has for sale. O.S. the bell of a church chimes pleasantly. The men sweat.

STEVE:

Looks like she's fixin to stay
a while.

Stanley grunts.

They get the trunk up the steps, have trouble negotiating the door.

STEVE:

Hey, we playing tonight?

STANLEY:

(bridling)

Sure we're playing.

STEVE:

(indicating the apartment)

I figure maybe . . .

24. INT. KITCHEN STELLA'S FLAT AS STEVE AND STANLEY ENTER

STANLEY:

Don't figure no maybes! We're playing.

They thump the trunk down. Stella runs in from bedroom, partly dressed.

STELLA:

Oh, Stanley!

(sees Steve -- pulls back)

STEVE:

See you later.

He goes. Stella comes back, goes to Stanley, kisses him.

STELLA:

Thanks, Stanley.

(kisses him)

BLANCHE'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Stella! Was that Stanley back
with my trunk?

STELLA:

(still with Stanley)

Yes, dear.

BLANCHE:

(o.s. -- or cut to)

Honey would you get my chiffon print
out for me.

STELLA:

(she and Stanley look
at each other)

All right, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

(o.s.)

It was so good of Stanley to call
for my trunk.

STELLA:

Stanley was glad to do it!

(she grins at Stanley --

then in a low voice, as

she gets the trunk key)

I'm taking Blanche to Galatoire's
for supper and then to a picture show
because it's your poker night.

STANLEY:

How about my supper, huh? I'm not
going to no Galatoire's for supper.

STELLA:

I put a cold plate on ice. I'm
going to try to keep Blanche out
until the party breaks up, because
I don't know how she would take it.

STANLEY:

(who has found the
"cold plate")

Isn't that just dandy!

STELLA:

So you'd better give me some money.
(she searches his pocket --
extracts some bills)

STANLEY:

What's she doing now?

STELLA:

She's soaking in a hot tub to quiet
her nerves. She's terribly upset.

STANLEY:

Over what?

STELLA:

Stan, we've lost Belle Reve.

STANLEY:

* * * What do you mean? The place in
the country?

STELLA:

Yes.

STANLEY:

How?

STELLA:

Oh, it had to be sacrificed or some-
thing.

(Blanche is heard singing
from the bathroom)

When she comes out, be sure to mention
something about her appearance. And --
Oh! Don't mention the baby. I'm
waiting until she gets in a quieter
condition.

STANLEY:

(ominously)

So?

STELLA:

And try to understand her and be nice to
her, Stan. She wasn't expecting to find
us in such a small place. You see I'd
tried to gloss things over in my letters --

STANLEY:

So?

STELLA:

And admire her dress and tell her she's looking wonderful. It'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:

(thru the following she is searching Blanche's trunk for the dress, the accessory box, the earrings, which she brings out)

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:

Yeah . . . 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?

STELLA:

It seems like it wasn't sold.

STANLEY:

Well, what 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:

Listen, did you ever hear of the
Napoleonic code?

STELLA:

No, Stanley, I haven't heard of the
Napoleonic code and if I have --

STANLEY:

Let me enlighten you on a point
or two.

STELLA:

Yes?

STANLEY:

In the state of Louisiana we have what
is known as the Napoleonic code, accord-
ing to which what belongs to the wife
belongs to the husband also 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

STANLEY: (Cont.)

the Napoleonic code. It looks to me like you been swindled, baby, and when you get swindled under the Napoleonic code I get swindled too. And I don't like to be swindled.

(Blanche is heard singing)

STELLA:

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.

STANLEY:

Then where's the money, if the place was sold?

STELLA:

Not sold -- lost, lost!

He turns to the open trunk, jerks out an armful of dresses.

STELLA:

Stanley!

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!

(he blows on them)

Genuine fox fur-pieces, a half a mile long! Where are your fox-pieces, Stella? Bushy snow white ones, no less.

STELLA:

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

STANLEY:

I got an acquaintance who deals in this sort of merchandise. I'll have him in here to appraise it.

STELLA:

Don't be such an idiot, Stanley.

STANLEY:

I'm willing to bet you there's thousands of dollars invested in this stuff here.

He hurls the furs to the day bed. He turns to the open box of costume jewelry.

STANLEY:

And what have we here? The treasure chest of a pirate?

STELLA:

Oh, Stanley!

STANLEY:

Pearls! Ropes of them! What is this sister of yours, a deep-sea diver? Bracelets of solid gold, too. Where are your pearls and gold bracelets?

STELLA:

Shhh! Be still, Stanley.

STANLEY:

And diamonds! A crown for an Empress!

STELLA:

A rhinestone tiara she wore to a costume ball.

STANLEY:

What's rhinestone?

STELLA:

Next door to glass.

STANLEY:

Are you kidding? I have an ac-

STANLEY: (Cont.)

quaintance that works in a jewelry store. I'll have him in here to make an appraisal of this. Here's your plantation, or what was left of it, here!

STELLA:

You have no idea how stupid and horrid you're being! Now leave that trunk alone before she comes out of the bathroom.

He kicks the trunk partly closed.

STANLEY:

The Kowalskis and the DuBois have different notions.

STELLA:

(angrily)

Indeed they have, thank heaven!
I'm going outside.

Stella snatches up her hat and gloves and starts for the outside door.

STELLA:

You come out with me while Blanche is getting dressed.

STANLEY:

Since when do you give me orders?

STELLA:

Are you going to stay here and insult her?

STANLEY:

You bet your life I'm going to stay here.

Stella exits. Stanley turns at the sound of the bathroom door opening o.s.

25. FULL SHOT BLANCHE

She comes out of the bathroom in a satin robe.

BLANCHE:

(airily -- as she
approaches him)
Hello, Stanley. Here I am, all
freshly bathed and scented and feel-
ing like a brand new human being.

STANLEY:

(lighting a cigarette)
That's good.

BLANCHE:

Excuse me while I slip on my pretty
new dress!

STANLEY:

Go right ahead, Blanche.

But he makes no move to go. Blanche waits for him to leave. He
moves sullenly into the bedroom. She draws the drapes, then
reacts as she sees the open, disordered trunk.

BLANCHE:

I understand there's to be a little
card party to which we ladies are
cordially not invited.

STANLEY:

That's right.

BLANCHE:

Where is Stella?

STANLEY:

Out on the porch.

BLANCHE:

I'm going to ask a favor of you
in a moment.

STANLEY:

What could that be I wonder?

BLANCHE:

Some buttons in back! You may enter.

She opens the drapes and Stanley enters the kitchen.

BLANCHE:
How do I look?

STANLEY:
You look okay.

BLANCHE:
Many thanks. Now the buttons.

STANLEY:
(tries briefly, then)
I can't do nothing with them.

BLANCHE:
You men with your big clumsy
fingers! May I have a drag on
your cig?

STANLEY:
(taking one from
behind his ear)
Have one for yourself.

She takes it, waits for a light. He strikes a match for her
and lights her cigarette.

BLANCHE:
Thanks! It looks like my trunk
has exploded.

STANLEY:
Me and Stella were helping you unpack.

BLANCHE:
(correcting some of
the disorder)
You certainly did a fast and thorough
job of it.

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

BLANCHE:
Clothes are my passion.

STANLEY:
What does it cost for a string of

STANLEY: (Cont.)
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 ever 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 who 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 dame 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:

I can't imagine any witch of a woman casting a spell over you.

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 --

(she pauses with an indefinite gesture)

STANLEY:

Lay her cards on the table.

BLANCHE:

Well, I never cared for wishy-washy people. That was why, when you walked in here last night, I said to myself -- "my sister has married a man." -- Of course that was all I could tell about you at the moment.

STANLEY:

All right how about cutting the re-bop!

STELLA'S VOICE O.S.:

Stanley!

They both turn as Stella opens the door.

STELLA:

(entering the kitchen)

Stanley, you come out with me and
let Blanche finish dressing.

BLANCHE:

I've finished dressing, honey.

STELLA:

Well, you come out, then.

STANLEY:

Your sister and I are having a
little talk.

BLANCHE:

(lightly -- as she takes
Stella's arm and leads her
to the door)

Honey, do me a favor. Run to the
drugstore and get me a lemonade
with plenty of chipped ice in it. --
Will you do that for me, Sweetie?--Please?
Please?

STELLA:

(uncertainly)

Yes.

She exits.

BLANCHE:

(turning back to Stanley)

The poor little thing was out there
listening to us, and I have an idea
she doesn't understand you as well
as I do. All right; now, Mr.
Kowalski, I'm ready to answer all
questions. What is it?

STANLEY:

In the State of Louisiana there is
such a thing as the Napoleonic code,
according to which whatever belongs
to the wife belongs to the husband --
and vice versa.

BLANCHE:

My but you have an impressive
judicial air!

She sprays herself with her atomizer, then playfully sprays him
with it. He seizes the atomizer and slams it down on the
dresser. She throws back her head and laughs.

STANLEY:

If I didn't know you was my wife's
sister I'd get ideas about you.

BLANCHE:

Such as what?

STANLEY:

Don't play so dumb. You know what!

BLANCHE:

All right. Cards on the table. I know
I fib a good deal. After all, a woman's
charm is fifty percent illusion, but when
a thing is important I tell the truth,
and I never cheated my sister or you or
anyone else * * * on earth as long as I have
lived.

STANLEY:

Where are the papers? In the trunk?

BLANCHE:

Everything that I own is in that trunk. . . .

Without a word he crosses to the trunk and begins to go through
the compartments.

BLANCHE:

What in heaven's name are you thinking
of? What's in back of that little
boy's mind of yours? Here, let me
do that, it will be faster and simpler.

(she crosses to the
trunk, pushes him
aside and takes out
a metal box)

I keep my papers mostly in this tin
box.

STANLEY:

What's them underneath?

BLANCHE:

Those are love letters, yellowing
with antiquity, all from one boy.

Stanley snatches them and begins to pull of the ribbon with
which they are bound.

BLANCHE:

(with surprising
and hysterical
violence)

Give those back to me.

STANLEY:

I'll have a look at them first.

BLANCHE:

The touch of your hands insults
them. . . .

STANLEY:

Don't pull that stuff.

Blanche snatches them from him and they cascade to the floor.
She falls to her knees and begins to pick them up.

BLANCHE:

Now that you've touched them I'll
burn them!

STANLEY:

What are they?

Blanche is on her knees gathering them up. The Varsouviana is
heard. The words spurt out in little spasms like oaths.

BLANCHE:

Poems. A dead boy wrote. I hurt
him the way you would like to
hurt me, but you can't.
I'm not young and vulnerable any
more! But my young husband was . . .
and . . . I -- never mind about that . . .
(he's got some of the
letters in his hand)

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

Give them back to me.

He reaches them across to her.

STANLEY:

What do you mean you'll have to
burn them?

BLANCHE:

I'm sorry. I must have lost my
head for a moment. Everyone has
something he won't let others touch
because of their -- intimate nature.

She puts the letters into her purse, clicks it sharply shut.
The music stops. Blanche now seems faint with exhaustion. She
puts on a pair of glasses and goes methodically through a large
stack of papers in the strong box.

BLANCHE:

Ambler & Ambler . . .

STANLEY:

What is Ambler & Ambler?

BLANCHE:

A firm that made loans on the place.

STANLEY:

Then it was lost on a mortgage?

BLANCHE:

That must've been what happened.

STANLEY:

I don't want no ifs, ands or buts!
What's all the rest of them papers?

She hands him the entire box. He carries it to the table and
starts to examine the papers. Blanche picks up a large envelope
containing more papers, takes them out in heaps, pours them on
the table before Stanley.

BLANCHE:

(pouring papers and
ancient documents out
of a large beat-up
manila folder)

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

There are thousands of papers stretching back over hundreds of years, affecting Belle Reve.

As piece by piece our improvident grandfathers exchanged the land for their epic debauches --

(another mess of papers)

Till finally all that was left -- was the house itself and about twenty acres of ground including a graveyard, to which now all but Stella and I have retreated.

(the table is covered)

Here they all are, all papers.

(she seems glad to be rid of them)

I hereby endow you with them! Take them. Peruse them - commit them to memory, even! I think it's wonderfully fitting that Belle Reve should finally be this bunch of old papers in your big capable hands.

(she leans back and closes her eyes)

I wonder if Stella has come back with my lemonade. . . .

STANLEY:

I have a lawyer acquaintance who will study these out.

BLANCHE:

Present them to him with a box of aspirins.

STANLEY:

(a little sheepish)

You see, under the Napoleonic code -- a man has to take an interest in his wife's affairs - especially now that she's going to have a baby.

BLANCHE: (arrested)

Stella? Stella's going to have a baby? I didn't know she was going to have a baby.

Stella is standing in the door looking at Stanley. Blanche hurries to her and takes her out on the verandah.

26. VERANDAH

EVENING

BLANCHE:

Stella, Stella for star! How lovely to have a baby. It's all right. Everything is all right. I feel a bit shaky, but I think I handled it nicely. I laughed and treated it all as a joke.

Steve and Pablo come by, carrying a case of beer into the house, tipping their hats to the ladies who walk into and then along

27. EXT. THE STREET

EVENING

CAMERA FOLLOWING BLANCHE AND STELLA

BLANCHE:

I laughed and called him a little boy and flirted. Yes, I was flirting with your husband, Stella.

Pablo and Steve appear with a case of beer.

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

The guests are gathering for the poker party.

STELLA:

I'm sorry he did that to you.

BLANCHE:

I guess he's just not the sort that goes for jasmine perfume. But maybe he's what we need to mix with our blood now that we've lost Belle Reve and have to go on without Belle Reve to protect us.

(she stops, looks
at the sky)

How pretty the sky is! I ought to go there in a rocket and never come down!

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* * *

BLANCHE:
Which way do we go now, Stella. . . . This way?

STELLA:
No, honey, this way.

BLANCHE:
The blind are leading the blind --

They go down the street.

28. FADE IN

INT. EUNICE'S BEDROOM
FULL SHOT EUNICE IN BED

NIGHT

She has been sleeping for hours apparently. But now she stirs uneasily, wakes, reaches for the alarm clock on the bed table and takes a somnambulistic look at it. Then she lies back on the pillow and with half-closed eyes she lets her arm trail over the side of the bed until it touches a soft-soled bedroom slipper. She grabs it by the toe, raises it, and proceeds to hammer away on the floor.

29. INT. KITCHEN STELLA'S FLAT
FULL SHOT STANLEY, STEVE, MITCH AND PABLO

NIGHT

playing poker. The room is in disorder. Cigarette butts and fruit rinds litter the table, bottles stand about on the floor. O.S. we hear the hammering of Eunice's shoe. The men are looking at the ceiling.

STANLEY:
(to Steve)
You going to go up there and tell
her to cut it out?

STEVE:
If I go up I won't come down. For-
get it. . . .

27. [Stella embraces her. They go down the street.]

PABLO:
Remember the night she poured boiling water through them cracks in the floor?

They look up.

30. INT. EUNICE'S KITCHEN NIGHT

Eunice is lighting the gas under a kettle of water.

31. INT. KITCHEN STELLA'S FLAT NIGHT

MITCH:
I got to go home pretty soon.

STANLEY:
Come on, how many?

MITCH:
I'm out.

STANLEY:
Sure, you're out like Stout!
Whenever you win a big pot!

MITCH:
I got a sick mother. She don't go to sleep until I get in at night. I'm gonna wash up.

He crosses into the bathroom.

EUNICE: (o.s.)
Stella!

32. VERANDAH AND STAIRS NIGHT
BLANCHE AND STELLA RETURNING

As they come to the door.

STELLA:
Yes, Eunice?

33. EUNICE ABOVE ON GALLERY

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EUNICE:

Tell those men the kettle is on
the stove.

34. VERANDAH

STELLA:

I'm going to break up the game.

BLANCHE:

How do I look? Wait till I powder.
Do I look done in?

STELLA:

You look fresh as a daisy.

BLANCHE:

Yes, one that's been picked a few days.

The girls start into the flat.

35. THE KITCHEN STELLA'S FLAT AS THEY ENTER.

PABLO:

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

STANLEY:

When I'm losing, you want to eat.

STELLA:

Well, well, well, I see you boys are
still at it.

STANLEY:

Where you been?

STELLA:

Blanche and I took in a show.
Blanche, this is Mr. Gonzales and
Mr. Hubbell.

BLANCHE:

How do you do?
(no one moves)

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
Please don't get up.
(Steve starts to
get up)

STANLEY:
Nobody's getting up, so don't be
worried. Why don't you women go
up to Eunice's?

STELLA:
How much longer is this game going
to continue?

STANLEY:
Till we get ready to quit.

BLANCHE:
Poker is so fascinating. Could I
kibitz?

She reaches for a card, Stanley leaps up, shoves her hand away.

STANLEY:
You could not.

BLANCHE:
Excuse me.
(exits)

STANLEY:
Why don't you women go up to Eunice's.

STELLA:
How much longer is this game going to
continue?

STANLEY:
Till we get ready to quit.

STELLA:
I wish you'd call it quits after
one more hand.
(she hands Pablo's coat
to him across the table.
Stanley whips it out of
her hand, throws it on
the floor)

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PABLO:

Hey! My coat!

Stella is leaning over day bed to take cover off. Stanley leans towards her, whacks her resoundingly.

STELLA: (sharply)

That's not fun, Stanley.

Stella exits into the bedroom.

36. INT. BEDROOM AS STELLA ENTERS

as draws the curtains.

STELLA:

It makes me so mad when he does that in front of people.

BLANCHE:

I think I will bathe.

STELLA:

Again?

BLANCHE:

My nerves are in knots.

Blanche goes to the bathroom door. It opens and Mitch comes out. He is dabbing at his face with a towel.

BLANCHE:

Oh -- good evening.

MITCH: (staring at her)

Hello.

STELLA:

Blanche. This is Harold Mitchell.
My sister, Blanche DuBois.

MITCH:

(with awkward courtesy)
How do you do Miss DuBois. . . .

STELLA:

How is your mother, Mitch?

MITCH:

About the same, thanks. She appreciated your sending over that custard. Excuse me please.

He crosses slowly back into the kitchen, glancing back at Blanche, and coughing a little shyly. He realizes he still has the towel in his hands and with an embarrassed laugh hands it to Stella, then exits.

BLANCHE:

(looking after him)

That one seems -- superior to the others.

STELLA:

Does he?

BLANCHE:

(starts to undress)

I thought he had a sort of sensitive look.

STELLA:

His mother is sick.

BLANCHE:

Is he married?

STELLA:

No.

BLANCHE:

Is he a wolf?

STELLA:

Why Blanche!

(Blanche laughs)

I don't think he would be.

BLANCHE:

What does he do?

STELLA:

He's on the precision bench in the spare parts department. At the plant Stanley travels for.

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BLANCHE:

Is that something much?

STELLA:

No. Stanley's the only one of his crowd that's likely to get anywhere.

Blanche has taken off her blouse and is stealing a look through the curtains.

STELLA:

Blanche, you're standing in the light.

BLANCHE:

Oh, am I? Gracious!

STELLA:

You ought to see their wives.

BLANCHE:

I can imagine.

STELLA:

You know that one upstairs?

(they giggle)

Well, one night the plaster cracked.

She giggles and moves out of the light. Stella giggles.

STANLEY'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Hey, you hens!

37. INT. KITCHEN

O.S. Stella and Blanche laugh together.

STANLEY:

Cut out that cackle in there.

STELLA'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

You can't hear us.

STANLEY:

Well, you can hear me and I

STANLEY: (Cont.)
said to hush up.

Stella appears at the curtain.

STELLA:
This is my house and I'll talk
as much as I want to.

She turns back to the bedroom.

38. INT. BEDROOM

Blanche comes up behind Stella.

BLANCHE:
Stella, don't start a row.

STELLA:
He's half drunk!
(she takes the
night clothes
she will change
into and starts
for the bathroom)
I'll be out in a minute.

Blanche goes to a small white radio and turns it on. Then she moves toward the streak of light, raises her arms and stretches, then moves indolently back to the chair, remaining in the light.

39. KITCHEN

STANLEY:
All right, Mitch, you in?

MITCH:
(looking through drapes)
What? Oh, no, I'm not.

STANLEY:
Who turned that on in there?

40. INT. BEDROOM

BLANCHE:
I did. Do you mind?

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STANLEY:

(o.s.)

Turn it off!

Blanche remains calmly where she is.

STEVE:

(o.s.)

Aw, let the girls have their
music.

PABLO:

(o.s.)

Sure, that's good, leave it on!

O.S. we hear sound of a chair scraping, then falling.

41. INT. KITCHEN

Stanley leaps to his feet and lurches across the room to the
bedroom.

42. INT. BEDROOM

Stanley rips the curtain aside then enters. Blanche is stand-
ing there in her slip. He turns the radio off. Then turns to
her -- points a finger at her as if in warning, then he exits.
Blanche goes for her dressing gown.

43. INT. KITCHEN

Stanley enters.

STEVE:

(to Pablo, hotly)

I didn't hear you name it.

PABLO:

Didn't I name it, Mitch?

MITCH:

I wasn't listenin'.

PABLO:

What were you doing then?

STANLEY:

He was looking through them drapes.

He jumps up and jerks roughly at the curtains to close them.

STANLEY:

Now deal the hand over again
and let's play cards or quit.

Mitch rises.

MITCH:

Deal me out.

Stanley deals. Mitch walks to the portieres.

44. THE BEDROOM

STANLEY'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

This game is "Spit in the Ocean!"

Mitch appears at the portieres. He knocks, walks in and makes
a sign towards the wash room.

MITCH:

Excuse me!

BLANCHE:

(softly)

The little boys' room is occupied
right now.

She smiles a little at him. He is embarrassed. DROPS his eyes.
There is a little awkward pause.

BLANCHE:

Have you got any cigs?

MITCH:

(getting his
cigarette case)

Oh, sure.

BLANCHE:

What a pretty case. Silver?

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MITCH:

Yes. Read the inscription.

BLANCHE:

Oh, is there an inscription? I
can't make it out.

He strikes a match and moves closer.

BLANCHE:

Oh.

(she takes his hand
under pretense of
moving it so that the
match light will serve
to best advantage, then
reads with feigned
difficulty)

"And if God choose,
I shall love thee better -- after -- death"
Why, that's from my favorite sonnet
by Mrs. Browning.

MITCH:

You know it?

BLANCHE:

Certainly I do.

She releases his hand, pretending embarrassment.

MITCH:

(after a pause)

There's a story connected with
that inscription.

BLANCHE:

It sounds like a romance.

MITCH:

A pretty sad one. The girl
is dead now.

BLANCHE:

Oh!

MITCH:

She knew she was dying when she

MITCH: (Cont.)
give me this. A very strange
girl, very sweet -- very.

BLANCHE:
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 shuperficial --
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 some-
where and drink. I'm not accustomed
to having more than one drink. Two
is the limit -- and three!
(she laughs)
Tonight I had three.

STANLEY'S VOICE:
(o.s.)
Mitch!

MITCH:
(at the curtains)
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 -- if you care to.

MITCH:

You are Stella's sister, are you not?

BLANCHE:

Yes, Stella is my precious little sister. . . . I call her little in spite of the fact she's somewhat older than I.

MITCH:

Oh!

BLANCHE:

Just slightly. Less than a year. Will you do something for me

MITCH:

Sure. Yes. What?

-- She gets the parcel she brought in.

BLANCHE:

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

MITCH:

Be glad to.

He takes the lantern and starts fixing it over the bulb.

BLANCHE:

I can't stand a naked light bulb any more than I can a rude remark

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
or a vulgar action.

MITCH:
I guess we strike you as being
a pretty rough bunch.

BLANCHE:
Oh, I'm very adaptable to circumstances.

MITCH:
Well, that's a good thing to be.
You're not -- ?

BLANCHE:
Married? No, no. I'm an old
maid school teacher.

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

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

MITCH:
(looking at her)
So you are in the teaching pro-
fession?

BLANCHE:
Yes. Ah, yes. . . .

MITCH:
Grade school or high -- ?

CUT TO:

45. KITCHEN MEDIUM SHOT STANLEY
on his feet bellowing:

STANLEY:

MITCH!

CUT TO:

46. BEDROOM

MITCH:
(bellowing back)
COMING!

BLANCHE:
Gracious, what lung-power! I
teach high school.

MITCH:
What subject do you teach?

BLANCHE:
You guess!

MITCH:
I bet you teach art or music?

BLANCHE:
(laughing delicately)
No. . . .

MITCH:
You might teach arithmetic.

BLANCHE:
Never arithmetic. Sir, never
arithmetic. I don't even know my
multiplication tables. No, I have
the misfortune to be an English
instructor. I attempt to instill
a bunch of bobby-soxers and drug-
store Romeos with a reverence for
Hawthorne and Whitman and Poe!

MITCH:
I guess that some of them are more
interested in other things.

BLANCHE:
How very right you are! Their literary
heritage is not what they prize above
all else! But they're sweet things!
And in the spring, it's touching to
notice them making their first dis-
covery of love. As if nobody had ever
known it before.

They laugh together. Blanche puts her hand on Mitch's. Mitch

mitters "Excuse me", and steps back just as Stella opens the bathroom door. He turns around rather foolishly, nearly bumping into Stella, then almost backing into Blanche, who rises and looks at the lantern.

BLANCHE:
Oh, have you finished?

MITCH:
Hm? . . . Oh, yes!

He starts to switch on the light.

BLANCHE:
No. Wait!

She crosses to the radio and turns it on.

BLANCHE:
Turn on the light above. Now.

Mitch snaps on the light. The radio plays: "Wien, Wien, nur du allein."

BLANCHE:
Look! We've made enchantment.

Blanche waltzes to the music. Stella applauds, Mitch sings and sways.

47. KITCHEN

STANLEY:
(slamming down a hand)
Three bullets!

PABLO:
Straight! I got you! I got you!
(laughs uproariously)

Pablo collects, still laughing. Stanley leaps to his feet and stalks fiercely thru the portieres.

48. BEDROOM

Stanley rushes to the radio, pulling the cord out of the socket --

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BLANCHE:

Stella!

STELLA:

Stanley! What are you doing?

He picks it up, shoving her out of the way, carries it to the window and throws it out.

STELLA:

Drunk -- drunk -- animal thing --
you!

She runs into the kitchen.

49. KITCHEN

Stella rushes in, shoving at Steve, pushing Pablo.

STEVE:

Take it easy, Stella!

STELLA:

All of you -- please go home! If
you have one spark of decency in you --

With an hysterical sweep of her arm, she dumps cards, money,
liquor off the table.

BLANCHE'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

Stella, watch out, he's -- !

Stanley lurches into the shot, charging at her. She retreats.

STEVE:

Take it easy, fellow --

STELLA:

You lay your hands on me and I'll --

Pushing Steve out of the way. Stanley goes after her. We
either see or hear a blow struck. Stella cries out. Blanche
screams.

BLANCHE:

(shrilly)

My sister is going to have a baby!

MITCH:
This is terrible!

BLANCHE:
Lunacy, absolute lunacy!

MITCH:
Get him in here, men.

Stanley is forced back onto the couch by Steve and Pablo.

STELLA:
I want to go away, I want to
go away.

MITCH:
Poker should not be played in a
house with women.

Eunice comes in at the verandah door in her wrapper, takes it
all in.

BLANCHE:
My sister's clothes. . . .

MITCH:
Where is the clothes?
(he goes to the bedroom)

BLANCHE:
I've got them!

EUNICE:
(a motherly arm
around Stella)
Up to my place. Up to my place.

BLANCHE:
(mothering from the
other side, competitively)
Stella, precious; Dear, dear, little
baby sister, don't be afraid! Did
he hurt you?

The two women lead Stella out. Mitch follows them to the door.

STANLEY:
(struggling at the
couch, dully)

STANLEY: (Cont.)

What happened?

MITCH:

You just blew your top. That's what happened.

PABLO:

(holding Stanley up)

He's okay now.

MITCH:

Put him under the shower!

The men pull the struggling Stanley towards the bathroom.

PABLO:

Coffee do him more good, now.

MITCH:

He shouldn't live with nice women!
Put him under the shower!

50. BATHROOM JAMMED FULL WITH THE STRUGGLING MEN

STEVE:

Get his clothes off.

MITCH:

Never mind his clothes.

The water strikes with blinding force, catching everybody. Struggle. Cries. Oaths. Suddenly Stanley strikes back, catching them off guard. One by one he hurls them out.

51. BEDROOM AS THE MEN ARE HURLED OUT OF THE BATHROOM

and continue on their way, beating it fast.

MITCH:

Poker should not be played
in a house with women.

He exits. Pause. Then Stanley emerges slowly, dripping, mopping his face with a towel which he drops on the floor. He looks about the dim room.

STANLEY:

Stella. . . .

He continues mumbling toward the kitchen, searching for Stella.

52. KITCHEN AS STANLEY COMES IN

STANLEY:

Stella. . . . Stella. . . .

(he is crying drunk
but like a penitent
boy)

My baby doll. . . .

(he goes to phone)

Stella. . . . Stella. . . . Baby. . . .

(he begins to dial)

53. INT. EUNICE'S FLAT KITCHEN

Blanche beside Stella. Eunice is fussing with a daybed.

EUNICE:

She can sleep right here. And you
can use Steve's bed. He won't show
up tonight, if he knows what's good
for him.

The phone rings.

BLANCHE:

Stella, stop crying and listen
to me, Stella. We've got to
get away from here!

Eunice answers. We hear loud but undecipherable sounds.

STELLA:

Stanley?

EUNICE:

(nods)

No, she ain't goin' to talk to
you and she ain't comin' down-
stairs neither! So you might
as well not call her!

Slams the phone down.

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54. INT. STELLA'S APARTMENT

Stanley slams the phone down and goes out.

55. STANLEY

goes to the foot of the step and yells:

STANLEY:

STELLA!

56. GALLERY AND STAIRS EUNICE ABOVE STANLEY BELOW

EUNICE:

(shouting down)

You quit that howling down
there and 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-lah!

EUNICE:

You can't beat a woman 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!

She goes in and slams the door.

57. CLOSE SHOT STANLEY

STANLEY:

(with heaven-splitting
violence)

STEL-LAH! STEL --

58. EUNICE'S FLAT

Stella moves to the door as though hypnotized, and goes out.

BLANCHE:

Stella! Stella!

EUNICE:

I wouldn't mix in this.

Blanche stares at Eunice, horrified.

59. STAIRS FROM EUNICE'S FLAT

Stanley is at the foot of them. Stella slowly comes down. The low-toned clarinet from *The Four Deuces* moans. Stella reaches the foot of the stairs. Stanley falls to his knees and presses his face into her belly. He weeps. He rises and takes her in his arms, turning into the house. Her feet are off the ground.

STANLEY:

(as Stella kisses
him passionately)

Don't ever leave me -- Don't ever
leave me. . . . Sweetheart . . . baby. . . .

The house is dark. He carries her into it. Blanche runs down the stairs, to the door, stops on the threshold, catches her breath as if struck.

60. INT. STELLA'S FLAT KITCHEN VERY DARK BLANCHE'S VIEWPOINT

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Stella and Stanley cling to each other, kissing, murmuring incoherent words of love-making.

61. VERANDAH BLANCHE

She shuts the door, recoiling from what she sees, desolation and disbelief in her eyes.

EUNICE'S VOICE O.S.:

Blanche! Come back up here!

With a dazed look, Blanche goes down the steps toward the empty street. Music from *The Four Deuces*. Mitch turns the corner.

MITCH:

Miss DuBois?

BLANCHE:

Oh! . . .

MITCH:

All quiet on the Potomac now?

BLANCHE:

She went back in there with him!

MITCH:

Sure she did.

BLANCHE:

I'm terrified!

MITCH:

There's nothing to be scared of.
They're crazy about each other.

BLANCHE:

I'm not used to such --

MITCH:

It's a shame this had to happen.

BLANCHE:

Violence is so --

MITCH:

Sit down on the steps and have

MITCH: (Cont.)
a cigarette with me.

BLANCHE:
I'm not properly dressed.

MITCH:
That don't make no difference in
the Quarter.

They sit on the steps.

BLANCHE:
Such a pretty silver case.

MITCH:
I showed you the inscription,
didn't I?

BLANCHE:
Yes.
(she looks at him)
There's so much confusion in
the world. Thank you for being
so kind. I need kindness now.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

62. INT. STELLA'S FLAT

SUNDAY MORNING

Stella is lying in bed eating a plum and very contented. Her eyes and lips have that narcotized tranquility that is in the faces of Eastern idols. Street cries are heard, and some vendors pass the window. These are traditional cries: A man -- "Young fryers!" -- 2nd Man -- "Blackberries! 10¢ a quart." 1st Woman -- "Nice fresh roas'n ears." 3rd Man -- "Watermelons!" 4th Man -- "Irish potatoes!" -- 2nd Woman -- "Tender young snap beans!" 5th Man -- "Fresh country eggs!"

BLANCHE'S VOICE O.S.:
(panicky with fear)
Stella!

STELLA:
(stirring lazily)
Hmmm?

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Blanche runs into the room with a moaning cry and embraces Stella in a rush of hysterical tenderness.

BLANCHE:
Baby, my baby sister!

STELLA:
Blanche, what is the matter
with you?
(she draws away)

BLANCHE:
He left?

STELLA:
Stan? Yes.

BLANCHE:
Will he be back?

STELLA:
He went to get the car greased.
Why?

BLANCHE:
Why! I've been half crazy, Stella.
How could you come back in this
place last night?

STELLA:
Please, Blanche. He was as good
as a lamb when I came back, and
he's really very, very ashamed
of himself.

She goes into the kitchen.

63. KITCHEN

BLANCHE:
(following her)
And that makes it all right?

STELLA:
No, but Stanley's always smashed
things. Why on our wedding night
soon as we came in here he snatched

STELLA: (Cont.)

off one of my slippers and rushed about the place smashing the light bulbs with it.

BLANCHE:

He did what?

STELLA:

He smashed all the light bulbs with the heel of my slipper.

BLANCHE:

And you let him? You didn't run, didn't scream?

STELLA:

I was sort of thrilled by it. Eunice and you have breakfast?

BLANCHE:

You suppose I wanted any breakfast? You're so matter of fact about it.

STELLA:

What other can I be? Oh, he's taken the radio to get it fixed. It didn't land on the pavement so only one tube was smashed.

BLANCHE:

And you're standing there smiling?

STELLA:

What do you want me to do?

BLANCHE:

Pull yourself together and face the facts.

STELLA:

What are they in your opinion?

BLANCHE:

In my opinion you are married to a mad man.

STELLA:

No.

BLANCHE:

Yes you are. Your fix is worse than mine is but you can get out.

STELLA:

I'm not in anything I want to get out of. Look at the mess in this room -- and those empty beer bottles. They went through two cases last night. He promised this morning he was going to quit having these poker parties, but you know how long such a promise is going to keep. Oh, well, it's his pleasure like mine is bridge and movies. People have got to tolerate each other's habits, I guess.

BLANCHE:

I don't understand you. I don't understand your indifference. Is this some Chinese philosophy you've cultivated?

STELLA:

Is what what?

BLANCHE:

This shuffling about and mumbling -- one tube smashed -- beer bottles -- mess in the kitchen, as if nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Are you deliberately shaking that thing in my face?

STELLA:

No!

BLANCHE:

Well, put it down. I won't have you cleaning up after him.

STELLA:

Then who's going to do it? Are you?

BLANCHE:

I? . . . I? . . .

STELLA:

No, I didn't think so.

BLANCHE:

Let me think. If only my mind would function. We've got to get hold of some money -- that's the way out.

STELLA:

I guess money's always nice to get hold of.

BLANCHE:

Listen to me. I have an idea of some kind. Do you remember Shep Huntleigh?

STELLA:

No.

BLANCHE:

Of course you remember Shep Huntleigh. I went out with him my last year at college. Well I ran into him last winter, you know I went to Miami for the Christmas holidays?

STELLA:

No.

BLANCHE:

Well, I did. I took the trip as an investment, thinking I'd meet someone with a million dollars.

STELLA:

Did you?

BLANCHE:

Yes, I ran into Shep Huntleigh -- I ran into him on Biscayne Boulevard on Christmas Eve just about dusk -- getting into his car -- Lincoln convertible, must have been a block long!

STELLA:

I should think it would have been inconvenient in traffic.

BLANCHE:

You've heard of oil wells? Well, he has them. Texas is

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

literally spouting gold in his pocket.

STELLA:

My, my.

BLANCHE:

You know how indifferent I am to money. I think of money only in terms of what it does for you. But he could do it, he could certainly do it!

STELLA:

Do what, Blanche?

BLANCHE:

Why -- set us up in a shop!

STELLA:

What kind of a shop?

BLANCHE:

Oh, a -- shop of some kind. He could do it with half of what his wife throws away at the races.

STELLA:

Oh, he's married?

BLANCHE:

Honey, would I be here if the man weren't married?

(Stella laughs)

Oh. Don't laugh at me, Stella!

Please, please, don't laugh at me --

(picks up her purse)

I want you to look at the contents of my purse! Here's what's in it.

(takes out coins)

Sixty-five measly cents in coin of the realm!

(she throws them out of the window)

64. SUNNY DAY THE ALLEY ALONGSIDE THE HOUSE

as the coins fall in, Stanley, returning from his errands, sees them fall. He is greasy from assisting with the car job, and he carries the radio, now repaired. He stoops and slowly picks up coins. He gives no sign of hearing the voices which continue without a break.

STELLA O.S.:

Blanche, after you've rested
a little --

BLANCHE O.S.:

I can't live with him! I have
a plan to get us both out of here.

STELLA O.S.:

I wish you'd stop taking it for
granted I'm in something I want
to get out of.

BLANCHE O.S.:

I take it for granted that you
still have a sufficient memory
of Belle Reve to find this place
and these poker players impossible
to live with.

STELLA O.S.:

Well, you're taking entirely too
much for granted.

65. THE STREET

Stanley moves on slowly, rounding the corner. A passerby hails him.

PASSERBY:

Hi-yuh, Stanley!

STANLEY:

Al!

The voices come to him again, from the window on the street:

BLANCHE O.S.:

Stella, a man like that is some-

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

one to go out with once -- twice --
three times when the devil is
in you. But live with? Have
a child by?

STELLA O.S.:

I have told you I love him.

BLANCHE O.S.:

Then I tremble for you! I just
tremble for you.

STELLA O.S.:

I can't help your trembling
if you insist on trembling.

ANOTHER PASSERBY:

You bowlin' tonight?

STANLEY:

E-yah --

BLANCHE O.S.:

If you'll forgive me -- he's
common!

STELLA O.S.:

Why, yes, I suppose he is.

Stanley's face darkens. He leans against the side of the house.

66. KITCHEN

BLANCHE:

You're hating me for saying
this, aren't you?

STELLA:

(coldly)

Go on and say it all,
Blanche.

BLANCHE:

He acts like an animal! Has
an animal's habits. There's
even something -- something

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

ape-like about him! Thousands and thousands of years have passed him right by, and there he is -- Stanley Kowalski -- Survivor of the Stone Age. Bearing the raw meat home from the jungle! And you -- you here, here waiting for him! . . . Night falls, and the other apes gather -- There in the front of the cave -- his poker night you call it -- this party of apes! Somebody growls - some creature snatches at something -- the fight is on! Maybe we are a long way from being made in God's image, but Stella, my sister -- there has been some progress since then -- Such things as art -- as poetry and music -- In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! That we have to make grow and cling to. In this dark march toward whatever it is we're approaching . . . don't -- don't hang back with the brutes!

The door slams. Stanley has entered. He sets the radio down.

STANLEY:

Stella. . . . Hiyuh, Blanche.
(he grins
at Blanche)

STELLA:

Looks like -- you got under the car.

STANLEY:

Them darn mechanics at Fritz's don't know their axle grease from third base!

Slowly Stella moves past Blanche, then with a quick little run she is in his arms.

STANLEY:

(as Stella throws
herself fiercely
at him)

Hey!

(he swings her
up with his body)

67. CLOSEUP BLANCHE'S FACE

alarmed, left out.

DISSOLVE TO:

68. CLOSE SHOT STELLA ON BLANCHE'S COT

It has been freshly covered and provided with new pillows. In fact the entire corner of the room has been transformed into a little personal corner for Blanche. Stella is lying there, propped up, looking pregnant, sewing. There is a laugh O.S.

STELLA:

What are you laughing at honey?

69. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM

Blanche is writing at a table. This side of the room also has been redecorated in a style definitely not Stanley's.

BLANCHE:

Myself for being such a liar. I'm writing a letter to Shep. "Darling Shep, I'm spending the summer on the wing, making flying visits here and there. And who knows -- perhaps I shall take a sudden notion to sweep down on Dallas! How would you feel about that?

(laughs -- as if she
were actually talking
to Shep)

Forewarned is forearmed, as they say!" How does that sound?

STELLA:

Huh, huh.

BLANCHE:

"Most of my sister's friends go
north in the summer."

They are interrupted by a disturbance from above.

EUNICE'S VOICE:

I been on to you for a long time.
You and that blonde.

STEVE'S VOICE:

That's a lie. . . .

The girls look up. . . .

69A. DOOR TO EUNICE'S FLAT

We are shooting through the screen door that is open.

STEVE:

Don't you throw that at me.

Suddenly the door to the apartment is thrown open and Steve jumps out clad in his pajamas. As he closes the door a pot of metal hits it. He leaps back into the room. There is the OS sound of a blow, and immediately Eunice appears rubbing the side of her upper leg!

EUNICE:

Call the police. I'm going to
call the police. . . .

STEVE'S VOICE:

Eunice you come back here.

EUNICE:

I'm going to call the police. . . .

Having reached the bottom of the stairs, she is crossing towards the gate of the courtyard. We see at this moment, Stanley getting out of a station wagon. He slams the door, saying, "Thanks, Mac," and walks towards us. . . .

EUNICE:

(as she goes by
Stanley)

He hit me. I'm going to call the
police.

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Stanley pays her little mind. He has something on his mind and continues towards his flat. . . .

69B. STELLA'S FLAT

The girls are laughing together. . . .

STELLA:

Some of your sister's friends have stayed in the city. . . .

The girls laugh again. At this moment Stanley appears in the doorway. The laughter suddenly dies out. Blanche takes off her glasses. Stella, trying to "cover" says:

STELLA:

Is Eunice getting the police?

STANLEY:

Nah, she's getting a drink at the Four Deuces!

STELLA:

That's much more practical.

Stanley has been taking in the newly redone room, and the disorder of feminine frillery. Now he starts on his way through the room.

STELLA:

Blanche is going to make new curtains too, Stanley.

Behind Stanley there is a rush at the door . . . he turns. . . . Steve appears . . . now fully dressed.

STEVE:

She here. . . ?

69C. CLOSE SHOT STANLEY (STEVE'S VIEWPOINT)

STANLEY:

At the Four Deuces.

Steve exits with an oath not heard. Stanley goes into the bedroom. He begins to fling things around and make a racket. We

get the girls' reactions.

STANLEY'S VOICE:

Stella, I can't find my other shoes.

Stella hurries into the bedroom.

STELLA'S VOICE:

We cleaned in there -- I'll find them.

STANLEY:

(coming to the opening
between the two rooms)

I can't find anything anymore. . . .

He looks straight at Blanche.

70. BLANCHE

BLANCHE:

What sign were you born under?

STANLEY:

Sign?

BLANCHE:

I bet you were born under Aries.
Aries people dote on noise. They
love to bang things around.

STELLA'S VOICE:

(from inside)

Stanley was born just five minutes
after Christmas.

BLANCHE:

Capricorn, the goat!

From inside we hear Stella laugh. Stanley does not laugh.
Stanley comes close to Blanche.

STANLEY:

Say, do you happen to know somebody
named Shaw?

(her face shows
faint shock)

BLANCHE:

Why, everybody knows somebody
named Shaw.

STANLEY:

(leaning over the
table)

Well, this somebody named Shaw
is under the impression he met
you in Auriol but I figure he
must have got you mixed up with
some other party, because this
other party is someone he met at
a hotel called The Flamingo.

(he puts on his
tie)

BLANCHE:

(laughing breath-
lessly)

The Hotel Flamingo is not the
sort of place I would dare to be
seen in!

(she dabs cologne
on her temples)

STANLEY:

You know it?

BLANCHE:

I've seen it and smelled it.

STANLEY:

You must've got pretty close if
you could smell it.

BLANCHE:

The odor of cheap perfume is pene-
trating.

STANLEY:

That stuff you use is expensive?

(he takes her hand-
kerchief, smells
it, tosses it back)

BLANCHE:

Twelve dollars an ounce! That's

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
just a hint, in case you want to
remember my birthday.
(she speaks lightly,
but there is a note of
fear in her voice)

STANLEY:
I figure he must have got you mixed
up -- but he goes in and out of
Auriol all the time so he can check
on it.
(calls to Stella)
I'll see you at the Four Deuces!

STELLA:
Hey! Don't I rate a kiss?

STANLEY:
Not in front of your sister.
(he goes out)

71. ON THE VERANDA STEVE AND EUNICE PASS HIM

Steve's arm is around Eunice and she is sobbing luxuriously
and he is cooing love words.

STEVE:
I only do that with other girls
because I love you, Baby.

As they go upstairs, a big clap of thunder.

72. INT. STELLA'S FLAT BEDROOM

Blanche running to Stella.

BLANCHE:
Stella!

STELLA:
Blanche, are you still frightened
of thunder?

BLANCHE:
Stella, what have people been
telling you about me?

STELLA:

Telling?

BLANCHE:

Honey, there was quite a lot of talk in Auriol.

STELLA:

People talk. Who cares?

BLANCHE:

I haven't been so good the last year or so. Since Belle Reve started to slip through my fingers. I never was hard or self-sufficient enough. Soft people, soft people have got to court the favor of hard ones, have got to shimmer and glow, put on soft colors, the colors of butterfly wings, and put a paper lantern over the light just to create a little temporary magic, to pay for protection. That's why I haven't been so awfully good lately. I've run for protection, Stella, but I'm scared now, awfully scared.

LIGHTNING. She clings to her sister.

BLANCHE:

I don't know how much longer I can turn the trick. It isn't enough to be soft -- you've got to be soft and attractive -- and I'm fading now.

Stella goes to the icebox. She is frightened.

BLANCHE:

Have you been listening to me?

STELLA:

I never listen to you when you're being morbid.

BLANCHE:

Is that coke for me?

STELLA:

Not for anyone else!

BLANCHE:

Why you precious lamb, you! Is it just coke?

STELLA:

You mean you want a shot in it?

BLANCHE:

Well, honey, a shot never did a coke any harm. Let me! You mustn't wait on me.

STELLA:

I like to wait on you, Blanche. It makes it seem more like home.

BLANCHE:

I have to admit I love to be waited on. . . .

Suddenly, overwhelmed by an emotion, she runs into the bedroom. Stella finishes pouring whiskey into the coke and follows Blanche.

73. BEDROOM

STELLA:

Blanche --

BLANCHE:

I know. You hate me to talk sentimental! But, believe me, honey, I feel more than I tell you! I won't stay long. I won't, I promise. I'll go.

STELLA:

Blanche. . . .

BLANCHE:

(hysterically)
I'll go soon! I won't hang around until he -- throws me out. . . .

STELLA:

Now will you stop talking foolish. . . .

BLANCHE:

Yes, baby, yes! Watch how you pour

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
-- That fizzy stuff spills over.

Stella pours coke -- it overflows. Blanche gives a piercing cry.

STELLA:
(shocked by the cry)
Heavens!

BLANCHE:
Right on my pretty white skirt.

STELLA:
Oh. . . . Use my hanky. Blot it gently, gently.

BLANCHE:
I know . . . gently -- gently --

STELLA:
Did it stain?

BLANCHE:
Not a bit. Ha-ha! Isn't that lucky?

STELLA:
Why did you scream like that --

BLANCHE:
I don't know why I screamed . . . Mitch . . .
Mitch is coming at seven. I guess I
am a little nervous about our relations.
He hasn't gotten anything more than a
good night kiss. I want his respect,
Stella, and men don't want anything
they get too easy. But on the other
hand men lose interest quickly, especially
when a girl is over thirty.
(she laughs)
Whenever I mentioned marriage -- they
forgot my telephone number. They didn't
even remember where I lived. So you see,
I haven't informed him of my real age. . . .

STELLA:
Why are you so sensitive about your age?

BLANCHE:

Because of hard knocks my vanity's been given. What I mean is -- he thinks I'm sort of prim and proper. You know . . . I want to deceive him just enough to make him want me.

STELLA:

Blanche, do you want him?

BLANCHE:

I want to rest. I want to breathe quietly again. Yes -- I want Mitch very badly! Just think! If it happens! I can go away from here and not be anyone's problem.

STANLEY:

(o.s.)

Hey, Steve . . . Hey, Eunice. Hey, Stella!

There are joyous calls from Steve and Eunice o.s.

STELLA:

It will happen.

BLANCHE:

It will. . . ?

STELLA:

It will! It will, honey, it will.

(she kisses Blanche's head)

But don't take another drink.

Stella goes to meet her husband.

74. EXT. THE VERANDA AND FOOT OF THE STAIRS LATE AFTERNOON

As Stella comes out, Eunice shrieks with laughter and runs down the stairs. Steve bounds after her with goat-like cries. Stanley looks at Stella and laughs. Then he puts his arm around her waist. She pulls away and follows after Eunice and Steve. Stanley follows.

75. INSIDE FLAT BLANCHE

416 *A Streetcar Named Desire*

sitting on the floor, fanning herself. We HEAR church bells. Evening is coming. Suddenly Blanche gives a great stretch of loneliness and hunger of love.

BLANCHE:

Ah me, ah me, ah me. . . . !

At this moment of longing, the doorbell rings. . . . She crosses and looks, and there in the doorway is a handsome young man of twenty. He might very well look like her husband.

COLLECTOR:

Good evening, ma'am.

BLANCHE:

Well, well! What can I do for you?

COLLECTOR:

I'm collecting for the Evening Star.

BLANCHE:

I didn't know that stars took up collections.

COLLECTOR:

It's the paper, ma'am.

BLANCHE:

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

COLLECTOR:

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

BLANCHE:

(taking her purse)

Oh, well, now let me see. No. I haven't got 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 tell about.

COLLECTOR:

That's all right, ma'am -- I'll drop by later.

(he starts out)

BLANCHE:

Hey!

The young man turns.

BLANCHE:

Have you got a light?

COLLECTOR:

Sure.

(produces a lighter)

This doesn't always work.

BLANCHE:

It's temperamental?

(lighter flares)

Ah, thank you.

COLLECTOR:

(moving away)

Thank you!

BLANCHE:

Hey!

(he pauses)

What time is it?

COLLECTOR:

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 in your hands --
and who knows what to do with it?

(touching his shoulders)

You -- uh -- didn't get caught in
the rain?

COLLECTOR:

No, ma'am. I stepped inside.

BLANCHE:

In a drug store? And had a soda?

COLLECTOR:

Uh-huh.

BLANCHE:
Chocolate?

COLLECTOR:
No, ma'am. Cherry.

BLANCHE:
(laughs)
Cherry!

COLLECTOR:
A cherry soda.

BLANCHE:
You make my mouth water.
(she goes to the trunk)

COLLECTOR:
(starting out)
Well, I'd better be going --

BLANCHE:
(stopping him)
Young man!
(she takes a large
gossamer scarf
from the trunk)
Young, young, young, young -- man!
Did anyone ever tell you that you
look like a young prince out of
the Arabian Nights?

COLLECTOR:
No, ma'am.

BLANCHE:
Well, you do, honey lamb. Come
here! Come on over here like
I told you!

She drapes herself in the scarf; gripping his arms, looking
into his face, her expression one of almost ineffable sweetness.

BLANCHE:
I want to kiss you -- just once --
softly and sweetly on your mouth. . . .
(she does)
Run along now quickly. It would

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
be nice to keep you, but I've got
to be good and keep my hands off
children.
(he goes, rather
dazed, to the door)
Adios!

76. THE VERANDA

COLLECTOR:
(looking back)
Huh?

BLANCHE:
(gaily -- from
the doorway)
Why look who's here! My Rosen-
kavalier!

Mitch enters, carrying a tight little bunch of flowers which he
offers.

BLANCHE:
No. Bow to me first!

He is embarrassed. Shakes his head. She is adamant. He looks
around to see if anyone is watching, then ducks a quick little
bow, the flowers extended to Blanche.

BLANCHE:
And now present them!
(he does. She
curtseys low)
Ahhhh! Merciiiiii!

FADE OUT.

77. AN OPEN PAVILLION ON LAKE PONTCHARTRAIN

Couples are waiting between dances. The Music begins. They
couple. Blanche and Mitch are seen coming towards us. The
impression is that they are not ideal dancing partners. They
look rather guiltily at each other. We PULL BACK with them,
revealing a piece of the railing along the edge of the
Pavillion.

MITCH:

I'm afraid that you haven't
gotten much fun out of this
evening, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

I spoiled it for you.

MITCH:

No you didn't. . . .

BLANCHE:

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 law that says the lady must
entertain the gentleman or no
dice.

(she looks up. They're
at the rail)

Hello Moon. . . . I am looking for the
Pleides. The seven sisters -- but
those 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. . . .

MITCH:

May I kiss you, Blanche?

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:

Lost.

BLANCHE:

I guess you're used to girls that
like to get lost. . . .

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 laughs.

MITCH:

Are you laughing at me?

BLANCHE:

No, no, no honey, I'm not laughing
at you.

(she takes his hand)

Come on, let's finish our drink. . . .
We've both been so anxious and solemn

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

tonight that for these last remaining moments of our lives together I want to create -- joie de vivre. . . . We're going to pretend that we are sitting in a little artists cafe on the left bank in Paris. Je suis la Dame aux Camellias. Vous êtes Armand. Do you understand French?

MITCH:

No . . . no, I don't.

BLANCHE:

Why don't you sit down . . . take off your coat -- loosen your collar.

MITCH:

I better leave it on.

BLANCHE:

I want you to be comfortable. . . .

MITCH:

No, I'm ashamed of the way I perspire. My shirt's stickin' to me. . . .

BLANCHE:

Perspiration is healthy. If people didn't perspire they would die in five minutes. This is a nice coat! What kind of material is it?

MITCH:

They call this stuff alpaca.

BLANCHE:

Oh, alpaca!

MITCH:

It's very light weight alpaca.

BLANCHE:

Oh, light weight alpaca.

MITCH:

I don't like to wear a wash coat even in summer because I sweat through it.

BLANCHE:

Oh. . . .

MITCH:

And it don't look neat on me. A man with a heavy build has got to be careful of what he puts on him so that he don't look too clumsy.

BLANCHE:

You're not too heavy.

MITCH:

You don't think I am?

BLANCHE:

You're not the delicate type. You have a massive bone structure and a very imposing physique.

MITCH:

I thank you. . . . Last Christmas I was given a membership in the New Orleans Sports Club.

BLANCHE:

Oh . . . good.

MITCH:

It was the finest present I ever was given. I work out there with the weights. And I swim and I keep myself fit. When I started there I was soft in the belly, but now my belly is hard. It's so hard now that a man can punch me in the belly and it don't hurt me. Punch me! Go on!

She punches lightly at him.

BLANCHE:

Gracious!

MITCH:

See? . . . Blanche, guess how much I weigh?

BLANCHE:

Oh, I'd say in the vicinity of
one hundred and eighty pounds.

MITCH:

Oh, no -- Guess again.

BLANCHE:

Not so much?

MITCH:

No -- more. . . . I weigh two hundred and
seven pounds and I'm six feet one
and one half inches tall in my bare
feet -- without shoes on. And that is
what I weigh stripped!

BLANCHE:

Oh, my goodness! That's awe-inspiring.

MITCH:

(embarrassed)

My weight is not a very interesting
subject to talk about.

(a pause)

What's yours?

BLANCHE:

You guess!

MITCH:

Let me lift you!

BLANCHE:

Samson! . . . Go on -- lift me!

Mitch lifts her -- holds her up.

MITCH:

You're as light as a feather.

He lowers her, but keeps his hands on her waist.

BLANCHE:

You may release me now.

MITCH:

Huh?

BLANCHE:

I said -- unhand me, sir!
(he crudely embraces
her)
Mitch, we're in public! Mitch!

MITCH:

Just give me a slap when I step
out of bounds.

BLANCHE:

That won't be necessary. You're a
natural gentleman, one of the very
few that are left in the world. I
don't want you to think that I'm
old-maid schoolteacherish or anything
like that. It's just -- well -- I
guess it's just that I have old-
fashioned ideals.

He slowly releases her and walks away from her, goes to the
rail and puts one foot on it. She follows.

MITCH:

(his voice strained)
Where did Stanley and Stella go tonight?

BLANCHE:

I think they were going to a midnight
prevue.

MITCH:

We should all go out together some
night.

BLANCHE:

(avoiding his suggestion)
You are an old friend of Stanley's?

MITCH:

We was together in the Two Forty-
First.

BLANCHE:

Has he talked to you about me?

MITCH:

Not very much.

BLANCHE:

The way you say that, I suspect that he has.

MITCH:

Don't you get along with him?

BLANCHE:

What do you think?

MITCH:

I think he don't understand you.

BLANCHE:

That is putting it mildly.
Surely he must have told you how much he hates me!

She walks down the pier as if alone. Mitch following.

79. THE PIER. IT IS NARROW-RICKETY CLOSE TO THE MISTY WATER

MITCH:

I don't think he hates you.

BLANCHE:

He hates me -- or why would he insult me? The first time I laid eyes on him, I thought to myself -- that man is my executioner! That man will destroy me!

She moves away from him on a wave of feeling. He holds a moment, looking after her. He is very moved by her plight.

MITCH:

Blanche. . . . Blanche. . . .

BLANCHE:

Yes, honey?

MITCH:

Can I ask you a question?

BLANCHE:

Yes -- what?

MITCH:

How old . . .
(gently)
are you?

BLANCHE:

Why do you want to know that?

MITCH:

I talked to my mother about you
and she said, "How old is Blanche?"

BLANCHE:

You talked to your mother about
me?

MITCH:

Yes.

BLANCHE:

Why?

MITCH:

Because I told her how nice you
were, and I liked you.

BLANCHE:

Were you sincere about that?

MITCH:

You know I was.

* * *

BLANCHE:

Why did your mother want to know my age?

MITCH:

Mother is sick.

BLANCHE:

I'm sorry to hear that -- Badly?

MITCH:

She won't live long -- maybe just a
few months, and she worries because
I'm not settled down before she is --
(his voice is hoarse
with emotion)

BLANCHE:

You love her very much, don't you?

Mitch nods miserably.

BLANCHE:

I think you have a great capacity for devotion. You'll be lonely when she passes on, won't you?

Mitch looks at her, nods.

BLANCHE:

I know what that means.

MITCH:

(incredulous)

To be lonely?

BLANCHE:

I loved someone, and the person I loved, I lost.

MITCH:

Dead? A man?

BLANCHE:

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.

(moonlight falls full
on her face for moment;
then is clouded again)

-- 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 about the boy -- a nervousness, a tenderness, an uncertainty. And I didn't understand. I didn't understand why this boy that wrote poetry didn't seem to be able to do anything else. Lost every job. He

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

came to me for help. I didn't know that. I didn't know anything except that I loved him unendurably. And that I had failed him in some mysterious way. We were very young. Oh! And his poems -- they all came back -- little white cards saying 'sorry'. He became silent with me. At night I pretended to sleep and I heard him crying. Crying -- the way a lost child cries.

MITCH:

I don't understand.

BLANCHE:

No. Neither did I -- that's why -- I killed him --

MITCH:

You -- !

BLANCHE:

(tearing violently
at the vines)

We drove out one night to a place
called Moon Lake Casino. . . .

(fade in Varsouviana)

We danced the Varsouviana. Suddenly,
in the middle of the dance floor, the
boy I had married broke away from me
and ran out of the casino. A few
moments later, a shot!

(Varsouviana cuts off
abruptly)

-- I ran out, all did, all ran out and
gathered about the terrible thing on
the edge of the lake.

(her speech becomes
breathless)

-- 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 Grey boy!" -- He'd stuck
a revolver in his mouth and fired! --
So that the back of his head had been --

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

blown away. . . .

(Varsouviana again,
building)

-- It was because on the dance floor, unable to stop myself, I'd said to the boy, "You're weak. I've lost respect for you. I can't pretend that I haven't." -- And then the searchlight that had been turned on the world was turned off again and never for one moment since has there been any light stronger than that yellow lamp.

Mitch goes to her, stands behind her.

MITCH:

You need somebody. And I need somebody, too. Could it be you and me, Blanche?

She turns to him. They embrace, kiss. CUT VARSOUVIANA.

BLANCHE:

Sometimes -- there's God -- so quickly.

DISSOLVE TO:

80. CLOSE SHOT MITCH

He is in a rage and is being held back by the group of workers, among them Pablo, who are having difficulty restraining them from rushing at the CAMERA.

MITCH:

Lemme go! I'm going to kill you! I'm going to kill you! Lemme go -- do you hear -- lemme go!

80A. SHOOTING PAST MITCH AND THE GROUP OF WORKING MEN WHO ARE RESTRAINING HIM --

-- we see Stanley standing alone and at a little distance behind and near him a circle of men have paused at work at their machines, watching the disturbance.

STANLEY:

Go on -- turn him loose! Go on --
turn him loose! Let him go -- I'm
ready!

FIRST MAN:

(holding Mitch --
simultaneously)

Come on, Mitch -- come on, Mitch!
Let's get out of here -- cool off!

MITCH:

(to the men holding
him)

I'm going to kill him!

STANLEY:

You're going to kill who? You're
too dumb to even know when you're
gettin' wisened up!

MITCH:

Lies! Everyone of 'em -- lies!

STANLEY:

You don't believe me -- ?

MITCH:

No.

STANLEY:

Ask Harry Shaw!

MITCH:

No -- !

STANLEY:

Call up Kiefaber in Auriol.

MITCH:

I don't have to call him up!

STANLEY:

All right -- don't call anybody!

A Foreman enters from the rear and yells:

FOREMAN:

Come on -- cut it out. Fight on
your own time! Let's go -- let's
make a buck around here!

Silence. The men turn, start back to their machines. Stanley
takes a couple of steps toward Mitch and says:

STANLEY:

Okay -- go ahead and marry her --
only hurry it up -- because she's
been in my house for five months
now and her time is up!

Stanley turns and walks away. As he does the machines start
going loud and fast. Mitch turns and walks into a HEAD SIZE
CLOSEUP IN CAMERA.

81. CLOSE SHOT BLANCHE BATHROOM

She is singing as she dries her hair. "PAPER MOON." She
reaches for something. She can't find it. She looks around,
then steps out of the bathroom into the bedroom.

82. BEDROOM

She spies her glass, full of ice and drink, and she crosses to
it. As she does so, she passes by the opening to the front
room. There she sees Stanley and Stella, who look like they
have been interrupted in an intense conversation.

BLANCHE:

Hello, Stanley.
(her tone is so gay
that it is almost mocking)

She returns to the bathroom, singing. We stay with Stanley and
Stella.

83. KITCHEN

STANLEY:

Some canary bird. . . .

STELLA:

Now please tell me quietly what

STELLA: (Cont.)
you think you've found out about
my sister.

STANLEY:
You know your Sister Blanche is
no Lily.

STELLA:
What have you heard and from whom?

STANLEY:
That line she's been feeding Mitch.
Our supply man down at the plant
knows all about her and everybody
in the town of Auriol knows about
her. She is as famous in Auriol as
if she was President of the United
States, only she is not respected
by any party.

84. CLOSE OF BLANCHE IN FRONT OF MIRROR HAPPY

She is brushing her hair up to fluff it, as she sings:

BLANCHE:
"It's only a paper moon.
Shining over a cardboard sea . . .
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me."

85. THE KITCHEN

STANLEY:
So she moved to the Flamingo, a
second-class hotel which has the
advantage of not interfering with
the private social life of the
personalities there. The Flamingo
is used to all kinds of goings on. . . .
But even the management of the
Flamingo was impressed by Dame Blanche.
In fact they were so impressed they
requested her to turn in her room key --
for permanently. This happened a
couple of weeks before she showed here.

BLANCHE'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

It's a Barnum and Bailey world --
Just as phoney as it can be.
But it wouldn't be make-believe,
If you believed in me."

During this Stella walks away towards the verandah. Stanley follows Stella out.

86. THE VERANDAH

STANLEY:

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

STELLA:

It's pure invention. There's not . . .

STANLEY:

Honey, I checked every single story.
The trouble with Dame Blanche was that
she couldn't put on her act any more
in Auriol. They got wised up after two
or three dates with her and they quit,
and she goes on to another, the same
old line, the same old act, the
same old honey! And as time went
by, she became the town character.
Regarded as not just different,
but downright loco -- nuts.

BLANCHE'S VOICE O.S.:

"It's only a paper moon,
Just as phoney as it can be
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me!"

87. KITCHEN

Stanley still following Stella.

STANLEY:

Which brings me to lie number two.

STANLEY: (Cont.)

She didn't resign temporarily because of her nerves! No siree, bob! She didn't. She was kicked out before the Spring term ended because she got mixed up with a seventeen-year-old boy. Well . . . when the boy's dad learned about it and got in touch with the High School superintendent. . . . It was practically a town ordinance passed against her.

88. THE BATHROOM

door is suddenly thrown open. Clouds of steam pour out.
Blanche thrusts her head out.

BLANCHE:
(in doorway)

Stella!

STELLA:
Yes, Blanche.

BLANCHE:
Can I have another bath towel to dry my hair with? I just washed it.

STELLA:
Yes, honey.

She crosses to where the towels are kept, going past Stanley who mutters.

STANLEY:
Her Majesty.

She takes the towel to Blanche.

89. BEDROOM

BLANCHE:
What's the matter, honey?

STELLA:
Matter? Why?

BLANCHE:

You have such a strange expression
on your face.

STELLA:

Oh . . . I guess I'm a little tired. . . .

BLANCHE:

Why don't you take a nice hot bath
as soon as I get out?

STANLEY:

How long is that going to be,
Blanche?

BLANCHE:

Not so terribly long. Possess
your soul in patience!

STANLEY:

It's not my soul I'm worried about.

Blanche laughs gaily, closes the door.

90. KITCHEN

as Stella returns.

STANLEY:

Well?

Stella doesn't answer. Crosses to the cake and begins to put
the candles on it.

STANLEY:

How many candles you sticking in
that cake?

STELLA:

I'll stop at twenty-five.

STANLEY:

Is company expected?

STELLA:

We asked Mitch to come over.

STANLEY:
(uncomfortably)
Don't expect Mitch over tonight.

STELLA:
Why?

STANLEY:
Stella, Mitch and I were in the same outfit together; the Two Forty-First Engineers. We work in the same plant, and now on the same Bowling-

STELLA:
Stanley Kowalski, did you . . . did you repeat what . . . that . . . ?

STANLEY:
You bet your life I told him! I'd have it on my conscience the rest of my life if I knew all that stuff and let my best friend get caught.

STELLA:
Is Mitch thru with her?

Blanche's voice is lifted again, serene as a bell.

STANLEY:
I don't know if he's thru with her or not -- but he's wised up. . . .

STELLA:
But Stanley -- Mitch was going to -- to marry her.

STANLEY:
Well, he's not going to marry her now. He's not going to jump in a tank with a school of sharks. . . .

STELLA:
What'll she do . . . what on earth will she -- do?

STANLEY:
Her future is mapped out for her.

STELLA:
What do you mean?

91. BEDROOM

Without answer Stanley crosses over to the bathroom door and pounds on it.

STANLEY:
Hey, canary bird! Toots! Get
out of the bathroom!

The bathroom door flies open, and Blanche emerges with a gay laugh. Stanley brushes past her, enters the bathroom, and closes the door. Blanche is left at the threshold. She shakes her head with mock sadness about Stanley, and then laughs. . . .

BLANCHE:
Oh, I feel so good after my long
hot bath! I feel so good and cool
and rested!

She brushes her hair and twirls around the room in a movement reminiscent of the one she did before Mitch the first time they met, on the night of the poker party.

O.S. Stella watching . . . troubled . . . she ducks away.

DISSOLVE TO:

92. KITCHEN

THE BIRTHDAY PARTY IS SET UP. Stella, Stanley and Blanche are completing a dismal birthday dinner. Stanley is chewing sullenly on a chicken bone, etc. Stella is embarrassed and sad. Blanche has a tight artificial smile. Mitch's place is empty.

BLANCHE:
Stanley, tell us a joke. Tell us a
funny little story to make us all
laugh. . . . It's the first time in my
entire experience with men, and I've
had a good deal of all sorts, that
I've actually been stood up by any-
body! I don't know how to take it.
Tell us a funny story, Stanley.
Just to help us out!

STANLEY:

(licking his fingers)

I didn't think you liked my stories,
Blanche.

BLANCHE:

I like them when they're amusing,
but not indecent.

STANLEY:

I don't know any refined enough
for your taste.

BLANCHE:

Well -- then let me tell one.

STELLA:

Yes, Blanche. You used to know
lots of good stories.

BLANCHE:

Let me see now. I have to run
through my repertoire. . . . Do you
all like parrot stories? Well,
this one is about the old maid who
had a parrot that cursed a blue
streak and knew more vulgar expressions
than Mr. Kowalski.

(she pauses, smiling at
Stanley. No reaction)

And the only way to hush the parrot
up was to put the cover back --

ugs distantly.

BLANCHE:

(springs up, listening)

Oh, that must be upstairs.

(she sits)

STELLA:

Go on, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

Mr. Kowalski will not be amused.

STELLA:

Mr. Kowalski is too busy making a

STELLA: (Cont.)
pig of himself to think of anything else.
(to Stanley, viciously)
Your face and your fingers are
disgustingly greasy. Go and wash
up and then help me clear the table.

Stanley hurls a plate to the floor.

STANLEY:
That's how I'll clear the table.
(on his feet, angrily)
Don't ever talk that way to me!
"Pig -- Polack -- disgusting -- vulgar --
greasy!" -- them kind of words have
been on your tongue and your sister's
too much around here! What do you
two think you are. A pair of queens?
Remember what Huey Long said --
"Every Man is a King." And I am the
king around here, so don't you forget
it!

He hurls a cup and saucer to the floor.

STANLEY:
My place is cleared! You want me
to clear your places?

He stalks out onto the verandah.

BLANCHE:
Stella, what happened while I was
bathing? What did he tell you,
Stella?

STELLA:
Nothing, nothing, nothing.

BLANCHE:
I think he told you something
about Mitch and me! You know
why Mitch didn't come.

Stella shakes her head helplessly.

BLANCHE:
I'm going to call him.

STELLA:
I wouldn't call him, Blanche.

BLANCHE:
(going to the phone)
Yes I am, I'm going to call him
on the phone. I intend to be given
some explanation from someone!

Blanche starts dialing. Stella looks at her miserably then slowly exits onto the verandah.

93. EXT. VERANDAH OUTSIDE STELLA'S FLAT

Stanley is smoking a cigarette. Stella comes out.

STELLA:
I hope you're pleased with your
doings. I never had so much
trouble swallowing food in my
life, looking at that girl's face
and the empty chair!

BLANCHE'S VOICE O.S.:
Hello . . . Mr. Mitchell please.
Oh . . . I would like to leave a
number if I may. Tulane 2121.
And say it's important. Yes, very
important. . . . Thank you. . . .

Stella cries quietly. Stanley takes her in his arms.

STANLEY:
Stella, it's gonna be all right
after she goes and after you've
had the baby. It's gonna be all
right again between you and me the
way it was. You remember the way
it was? Ah honey, it's gonna be
sweet just like it used to be.
We'll get those colored lights
going again -- the two of us --
with nobody's sister behind the
curtain.

O.S. the sound of bellowing laughter comes from the Hubbell's
apartment. Stanley and Stella look up.

STANLEY:
(chuckling)
Steve an' Eunice. . . .

STELLA:
(warming to him)
Come on back in.

She starts back into the kitchen.

94. INT. KITCHEN FULL SHOT

Stella enters and starts lighting the candles on the birthday cake.

STELLA:
Blanche?

BLANCHE:
(entering from the bedroom)
Yes. Oh, those pretty, pretty candles.
Oh, don't burn them, Stella.

STELLA:
I certainly will.

Stanley enters from the veranda. He picks up pieces of dishes.

BLANCHE:
No, you ought to save them for baby's birthdays. Oh, I hope candles are going to glow in his life and I hope that his eyes are going to be like candles, like two blue candles lighted in a white cake!

STANLEY:
What poetry!
(he crosses to bedroom door)

BLANCHE:
I shouldn't have called him. . . .

STANLEY:
Hey, Blanche, you know it's hot in here with the steam from the bathroom.

BLANCHE:

(exploding)

I've said I was sorry three times.
I take hot baths for my nerves. Hydro-
therapy, they call it. You healthy
Polack, without a nerve in your body,
how could you possibly know what
anxiety feels like!

STANLEY:

I am not a Polack. People from
Poland are Poles, not Polacks. But
what I am is one hundred percent
American, born and raised in the
greatest country on earth and proud
of it, so don't ever call me a Polack.

The phone RINGS, Blanche rises expectantly.

BLANCHE:

That's for me, I'm sure.

STANLEY:

I'm not sure. You just keep your
seat.

(answers the phone)

H'lo. Aw. Yeh, hello, Mac.

Blanche has followed and hovers near Stanley, hoping it is for
her. Stella comes up beside her, touches her sympathetically.

BLANCHE:

(turning on her)

Oh, keep your hands off me, Stella.
What is the matter with you? Why do
you look at me with that pitying look?

STANLEY:

(bawling as he
turns on them)

Will you shut up in there!

(then into phone)

We've got a noisy woman on the place.
No, I don't wanta bowl at Riley's.
I had a little trouble with Riley
last week. I'm the team captain,
ain't I? All right, then, we're not
gonna bowl at Riley's, we're gonna

STANLEY: (Cont.)
bowl at the West Side or the Gala. . . .
See you!

He hangs up and returns to the table. He reaches in a pocket, speaks with false amiability.

STANLEY:
Sister Blanche, I've got a little
birthday remembrance for you.

BLANCHE:
Oh, have you, Stanley? I wasn't
expecting any.

STANLEY:
(holding a little
envelope toward her)
I hope you like it.

BLANCHE:
Why, why -- why, it's a --

STANLEY:
Ticket! . . . Back to Auriol. On the
bus! Tuesday!

The Varsouviana music steals softly in, o.s. Stella rises abruptly and turns her back. Blanche tries to smile, then she tries to laugh. Then she gives up both and springs up from the table. She gasps, sways, then stumbling against furniture, moves to bedroom.

STELLA:
You didn't need to do that.

STANLEY:
Don't forget all that I took
off her.

STELLA:
You needn't have been so cruel
to someone alone as she is.

STANLEY:
Delicate she is.

STELLA:

She is. She was. You didn't know Blanche as a girl. Nobody, nobody, was tender and trusting as she was. But people like you abused her, and forced her to change.

* * * STANLEY:
Oh look out will you.

He turns from her, goes to the bureau, and gets his bowling shirt. Stella follows him.

STELLA:

Do you think you're going bowling now?

STANLEY:

Sure.

STELLA:

You're not going bowling.
(she catches hold
of his shirt)
Why did you do this to her?

STANLEY:

Let go of my shirt.
(he tries to twist
out of her grasp,
but Stella holds on
and the shirt tears)
You've torn it.

STELLA:

I want to know why? Tell me why?

STANLEY:

(seizing her roughly)
When we first met, me and you, you thought I was common. How right you was, baby. I was common as dirt! You showed me the snapshot of the place with the columns. I pulled you down off them columns and how you loved it, having them colored lights going! And wasn't

STANLEY: (Cont.)
we happy together, wasn't it all
okay till she showed here?

He releases her and she turns and walks away from him her body tense with pain. She reaches for the back of a chair steadying herself.

STANLEY:
And wasn't we happy together?
Wasn't it all okay until she
showed here? Hoity-toity --
describing me like an ape.
(he suddenly notices
the change in Stella)
Hey, what is it, Stel? Did I hurt
you? What's a matter, baby?

He has crossed to her, is holding her arms to steady her.

STELLA:
(quietly)
Take me to the hospital.

Stanley's arm goes around her supporting her.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN

95. INT. KITCHEN STELLA'S FLAT FULL SHOT NIGHT

Blanche is on the floor, her head resting in the lap of the chair, but she is deep in a troubled sleep now. Her hair is tousled, the bottle of whiskey is empty. O.S. we hear the Varsouviana ghostly and far away, as Blanche would hear it, tangling through her dreams. Suddenly there is a LOUD, PREEMP-TORY KNOCKING at the door. Blanche stirs uneasily. The Var-souviana stops. The KNOCKING CONTINUES. Blanche opens her eyes, startled and confused.

BLANCHE:
Who is it, please?

96. EXT. STELLA'S FLAT FULL SHOT MITCH NIGHT

at the door. He is dressed as we saw him in the plant, and is

unshaved. His face shows all the agony he has gone through in the last few hours.

MITCH:

Me. Mitch.

97. INT. KITCHEN FULL SHOT

BLANCHE:

Mitch! -- Just a minute.

She rushes about frantically, hiding the bottle in a closet, crouching at the mirror and dabbing her face with cologne and powder. . . . She is so excited that her breath is audible as she dashes about. At last she rushes to the door and lets him in.

BLANCHE:

(as he comes in)

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!

She offers him her lips. He ignores her and pushes past her into the flat.

BLANCHE:

My, my what a cold shoulder!
And such uncouth apparel! Why, you haven't even shaved! 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 not, you dumb angel-puss, you'd never get anything awful caught in your head!

He has stalked into the bedroom through the alcove, Blanche following him and talking as he stares at her.

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'm not partial to them!

(she presses the switch

-- turning it off)

I don't know what there is to

drink. I -- haven't investigated.

(she starts for kitchen)

MITCH:

I don't want Stan's liquor.

BLANCHE:

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

MITCH:

Why?

BLANCHE:

Something's the matter tonight, but never mind. I won't cross-examine the witness. I'll just. . . .

(she touches her forehead

vaguely. O.S. the Varsou-

viana STARTS UP AGAIN)

-- pretend I don't notice anything different about you. That -- music again. . . .

MITCH:

What music?

BLANCHE:

The polka tune they were playing when Allan --

O.S. we HEAR a distant REVOLVER SHOT.

BLANCHE:

There, the shot! It always stops after that.

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
(the polka MUSIC
DIES out)
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. . . .
(she has crossed to the
closet and found a
glass and bottle)
Oh, by the way, forgive 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 seldom
that when you do say something, I don't
want to miss a single syllable of it!
What am I looking for around here?
Oh, yes, liquor. Here's something.
Southern Cheer. What can that be I wonder?
(she comes to him
with the liquor)
Take your foot off the bed. This room
is almost dainty now. I want to keep
it that way.

MITCH:
Aren't you leaving here pretty soon?

BLANCHE:
I wonder if this ought to be mixed with
something? But it's sweet, terribly
sweet. It's a liqueur, that's what it is.
I don't think you'll like it, but maybe
you will, try it.

MITCH:
I told you already I don't want none of

MITCH: (Cont.)
his liquor. He says you been lapping
it up all summer like a wildcat!

BLANCHE:
What's in your mind? I see some-
thing in your eyes!

MITCH:
It's dark in here.

BLANCHE:
I like the 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:
You never want to go out in the
afternoon.

BLANCHE:
Why, Mitch, you're at the plant
in the afternoon.

MITCH:
Not Sunday afternoon. You never
want to go out till after six and
then it's always to 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:
Light? Which light? What for?

MITCH:

This one with the paper thing on it.

He tears the lantern off the light bulb, and throws it to the floor.

BLANCHE:

(picking it up)

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.

BLANCHE:

I don't want realism, I want magic.

MITCH:

Magic?

BLANCHE:

Yes, yes, magic. I try to give that to people. I do misrepresent things to them. I don't tell truth. I tell what ought to be truth. And if that's sinful - then let me be punished for it! Don't turn the light on. . . .

Blanche tries to run into the kitchen, but Mitch grabs her, forces her into the arc of harsh light that spills from the naked bulb. Her hands cover her face. He pulls them down. He looks at her in silence.

98. CLOSE SHOT BLANCHE

Her eyes closed, her head thrown back. Her hair is somewhat dishevelled and her makeup is in disrepair. She looks like what she is, a once lovely girl, now in her middle thirties, who has gone through an agonizingly tortured day. Her skin is lustreless, the lines of fatigue pull deep around her mouth and eyes.

99. BACK TO SCENE

Mitch releases Blanche. He shakes his head slowly in puzzlement as he looks at her. Finally --

MITCH:

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

BLANCHE:

Who told you I wasn't straight? My loving brother-in-law?

MITCH:

No! I called him a liar at first. Then I checked on the story. I talked directly over long distance to this merchant in Auriol.

BLANCHE:

Who is this merchant?

MITCH:

Kiefaber.

BLANCHE:

The merchant Kiefaber of Auriol. 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:

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

BLANCHE:

Flamingo? No! Tarantula was the name of it.

MITCH:

Tarantula?

BLANCHE:

Yes . . . a big spider! That's where I

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
brought my victims.

(pause)

Yes -- I had many meetings with strangers. After the death of Allan, meetings with strangers were all that I seemed able to fill my empty heart with. I think it was panic, just panic, that drove me from one to another, searching for some protection here and there -- in the most unlikely places. Even at last to a seventeen-year-old boy. Then somebody wrote the superintendent, "This woman is morally unfit for her position." True? Yes -- unfit somehow -- anyway. . . . So I came here. There was nowhere else I could go. And I met you. You said you needed somebody, I needed somebody, too. I thanked God for you. You seemed so gentle. A cleft in the rock of the world that I could hide in. I guess I was asking, hoping too much.

MITCH:
I thought you were straight.

BLANCHE:
What's straight? A line can be straight or a street. . . . But the heart of a human being?

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 never lied in my heart. I was true in my heart to all of you . . . always, always!

OUTSIDE THRU WINDOWS WE SEE STREET VENDOR PASS BY.

MEXICAN WOMAN:
Flowers. . . .

A Streetcar Named Desire

BLANCHE:

What?

MEXICAN WOMAN:

Flowers. . . .

BLANCHE:

Oh, somebody outside.

She goes to door, opens it, stares at the woman.

MEXICAN WOMAN:

Flowers. . . . Flowers for the dead. . . .

BLANCHE:

No! No! Not now! Not now!

(she darts back into
apartment, slamming door)

I lived in a house where dying old
women remembered their dead men.

MEXICAN WOMAN:

(o.s.)

Wreaths. Wreaths for the dead. . . .

BLANCHE:

Crumble and fade -- regrets -- recrimina-
tions -- "If you'd done this, it wouldn't
have cost me that!"

MEXICAN WOMAN:

(o.s.)

Flowers for the dead. . . .

BLANCHE:

And other things, such as blood-stained
pillow slips. "Her linen needs changing."
"Yes, Mother!" But couldn't we get a
colored girl to do it? No, we couldn't
of course -- Everything gone -- but --

MEXICAN WOMAN:

(o.s.)

Flowers. . . .

BLANCHE:

Death. I used to sit here and she
used to sit over there, and death

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
was as close as you are. . . .

MEXICAN WOMAN:
(crossing the window)
Flowers for the dead. . . .

BLANCHE:
Death. The opposite is desire.
So how can you wonder? How can
you possibly wonder? Not far from
Belle Reve, before we lost Belle Reve,
was a camp where they trained young soldiers.
On Saturday nights they would go into
town to get drunk. And on the way back
they would stagger onto my lawn and
call. "Blanche! Blanche!" (a pause)
Later the paddy wagon would gather them
up like daisies . . . the long way home. . . .

Mitch crosses quickly to behind Blanche, places his arms about
her waist and turns her about. At first she takes him passion-
ately, then she pushes him away.

BLANCHE:
What do you want?
(he reaches for her.
She throws herself
into his arms)
Marry me, Mitch!

MITCH:
No! You're not clean enough to
bring in the house with my mother.

BLANCHE:
(loudly)
Go away then. Get out of here
quick, before I start screaming!

He stands still, staring at her. She runs to the door, throws
it open.

BLANCHE:
Get out of here quick, before I
start screaming!

He backs towards the door.

BLANCHE:
Screaming!

100. EXT. VERANDAH OUTSIDE STELLA'S FLAT NIGHT

Mitch runs out of the house and clutters down the steps and off into the street. Blanche's screams pursue him!

BLANCHE:
(o.s.)
Screaming! Screaming!

People peer in from the street and a crowd begins to collect and explore into the courtyard. Among them are the customers from The Four Deuces, convivial and grateful for excitement. The music from the bar is behind them, pulsing and agitating for climax.

PEOPLE IN THE CROWD:
There? . . . What is it? . . . What's the excitement? . . . Look at her! . . . Look at her face! Lady, where is it? . . .

101. MEDIUM SHOT BLANCHE IN DOORWAY

suddenly aware of the crowd.

102. THE CROWD FEATURING BLANCHE A POLICEMAN IN B.G.

pushing his way through.

POLICEMAN:
What is it? What is it?

Blanche runs into the flat, slamming the door behind her.

103. INT. STELLA'S FLAT AS BLANCHE ENTERS

She bolts the door. Runs to close the courtyard window. The Policeman's club strikes against the door.

VOICES:
(o.s.)
She was screaming like a maniac. . . .

VOICES: (Cont.)

She was screaming murder, Officer. . . .

104. AT THE COURTYARD WINDOW INT. AS BLANCHE STRUGGLES

To pull the shutters in, shut the window, bolt it. The voices are continuous:

POLICEMAN:

(o.s. -- pounding)

Lady, open up! This is a police officer! Open up!

BLANCHE:

Please -- Go away -- I'll be good --

VOICES:

You ought to go in there, Officer. . . .
Maybe she killed somebody.

The music beats louder. She turns to the window on the alley. There are faces there. Shadows are big on the walls. She is like a bird behind bars with the cats looking in.

105. BLANCHE AT THE WINDOW TO THE ALLEY INT.

Faces, and the lights of The Four Deuces behind. She pulls this window down with difficulty as:

VOICES:

(o.s.)

What happened? . . . What's the
matter? . . . What happened? . . .
Lady, somebody bother you? . . .
Who are they after? . . . Come
on out, lady! . . .

Then she is met by:

VOICES:

(o.s.)

There she is! . . . There she is! . . .
I can see her! I see her! . . .

These are at the street window. She goes to it, pulls down the shade, which blows in at her. She runs to the light, the naked

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bulb exposed by Mitch, and turns it off. The only light now comes from the lamp in the kitchen. She goes there furtively and crouches by the telephone.

106. KITCHEN BLANCHE AT TELEPHONE

BLANCHE:
Hello, Hello, Operator!
 (realizes it is a
 dial phone. Dials)
Operator? Operator! Please
give me Long Distance. . . .

VOICES:
 (o.s.)
Come on out, lady. . . . Oh, leave
her alone! I'll take care of
you, honey! Come on out! . . .

BLANCHE:
Long Distance! I want to talk
to Mr. Shep Huntleigh of Dallas.
Huntleigh. He's so well known
he doesn't require any address.
Please understand, I can't, I
can't. Hurry, please hurry.

DISSOLVE TO:

107. INT. STELLA'S FLAT

NIGHT

The bottle, now empty, is still in Blanche's hand. A goodly amount of her fancy clothing is strewn around the apartment. Blanche is dressed now in a somewhat soiled and crumpled white satin evening gown and a pair of scuffed slippers. She wears a rhinestone tiara in her disarranged hair. A mood of hysterical exhilaration possesses her and she fancies she hears the applause of her old friends at a party at Belle Reve. Light laughter and voices and nostalgic garden party violins are heard o.s.

BLANCHE:
Listen to me, listen, all of you!

She sets down the bottle. The laughter and voices die down, only the violins continuing softly o.s.

BLANCHE:

How about taking a swim, a moonlight swim at the old rock quarry? If anyone's sober enough to drive a car! Best way in the world to stop your head buzzing! Only you've got to be careful to dive where the deep pool is -- if you hit a rock you don't come up till tomorrow.

"Good Night Ladies" is heard on the strings.

BLANCHE:

Oh, my goodness! They're playing "Good Night Ladies." May I rest my weary head on your shoulders? It's so comforting. . . .

O.S. we hear the sound of someone trying the door. There is the sound of a key turning in the lock and the door opens. Stanley comes in.

STANLEY:

Hiyah, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

How is my sister?

STANLEY:

(getting beer glasses)
She is doing okay.

BLANCHE:

And how is the baby?

STANLEY:

(grinning amiably)
The baby won't come before morning, so they told me to go home and get a little shut-eye.

BLANCHE:

Does that mean we are to be alone in here?

STANLEY:

Yep. Just me and you, Blanche.

STANLEY: (Cont.)
What've you got these fine feathers
on for?

BLANCHE:
Oh, that's right, you left before
my wire came.

STANLEY:
You got a wire?

BLANCHE:
I received a telegram from an
old admirer of mine.

STANLEY:
Anything good?

BLANCHE:
I think so. An invitation.

STANLEY:
What to?

BLANCHE:
A cruise of the Carribean on
a yacht!

STANLEY:
Well, well! What do you know!

BLANCHE:
It came like a bolt from the blue!

STANLEY:
Who did you say it was from?

BLANCHE:
An old beau of mine.

STANLEY:
The one that give you the white
fox-pieces?

BLANCHE:
Mr. Shep Huntleigh. I wore his
ATO pin my last year at college.
I hadn't seen him for a while

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
until last Christmas. Then --
just now -- this wire inviting me
on a cruise of the Carribean!
The problem is clothes. I tore
into my trunk to see what I have
that's suitable for the tropics!

STANLEY:
And come up with that -- gorgeous --
diamond -- tiara?

BLANCHE:
This old relic! It's only
rhinestones.

STANLEY:
Gosh. I thought it was Tiffany's
diamonds.

BLANCHE:
Well, anyhow, I shall be enter-
tained in style.

STANLEY:
It goes to show, you never know
what is coming.

BLANCHE:
Just when I thought my luck had
begun to fail me --

STANLEY:
Into the picture pops this Miami
millionaire.

BLANCHE:
This man is not from Miami.
This man is from Dallas.

STANLEY:
Well, just so he's from somewhere.

He takes off his shirt and tosses it down.

BLANCHE:
Close the curtains before you
undress any further.

STANLEY:

(amiably)

This is all I'm going to undress
right now. . . . Seen a bottle-opener?

(peering into cabinet)

I used to have a cousin could
open a beer-bottle with his teeth.

That was his only accomplishment,
all he could do -- he was just a
human bottle-opener. And then
one time at a wedding-party --

(he finds an opener)

he broke his front teeth off.

After that he was so ashamed
of himself, he used t'sneak

out of the house when company came. . . .

He opens the beer-bottle. Foam gushes forth. Stanley laughs
happily, letting the beer cascade over his arms and person.

STANLEY:

Rain from heaven!

(drinks)

What'ya say, Blanche?

(starts into bedroom)

Shall we bury the hatchet and
make it a loving-cup?

BLANCHE:

(terrified)

No, thank you!

STANLEY:

Aw, get with it, Blanche!

BLANCHE:

What are you doing in here?

STANLEY:

(reaching under
the bed)

Here's something I always break
out on special occasions like this.
The silk pajamas I wore on my
wedding night.

BLANCHE:

Oh.

STANLEY:

And when the telephone rings and they say "You've got a son!" I'll tear this off and wave it like a flag! I guess we're both entitled to put on the dog. . . .

(she moves again
to avoid him)

You having a Texas millionaire, and me having a baby.

BLANCHE:

When I think how divine it is going to be to have such a thing as privacy once more -- I could weep with joy!

STANLEY:

This millionaire from Dallas is not going to interfere with your privacy any?

BLANCHE:

It won't be the sort of thing you have in mind. This man is a gentleman and he respects me.
(improvising fever-
ishly)

What he wants is my companionship. Having great wealth sometimes makes people lonely. . . .

STANLEY:

I wouldn't know about that. . . .

BLANCHE:

A cultivated woman, a woman of intelligence and breeding can enrich a man's life -- immeasurably. I have those things to offer and time doesn't take them away. Physical beauty is passing. A transitory possession. . . . But beauty of the mind and richness of the spirit and tenderness of the heart -- and I have all those things -- aren't taken away, but grow! Increase with the years! How strange that I should be called a destitute

BLANCHE: (Cont.)

woman! When I have all of these treasures locked in my heart. I think of myself as a very, very rich woman! But I have been foolish -- casting my pearls before swine.

STANLEY:

Swine, huh?

BLANCHE:

Yes, swine. And I'm thinking not only of you, but your friend Mr. Mitchell. He came here tonight. He dared to come here in his work clothes, to repeat slander, vicious stories he had gotten from you! I gave him his walking papers. . . .

STANLEY:

You did, huh?

BLANCHE:

Then he returned. He returned with a box of roses to implore my forgiveness. But some things are not forgiveable. Deliberate cruelty is not forgiveable. It is the one unforgiveable thing in my opinion, and the one thing of which I have never, never been guilty. So I said to him: "Thank you, but it was foolish of me to think that we could ever adapt ourselves to each other. Our backgrounds are incompatible. So farewell, my friend! And let there be no hard feelings."

STANLEY:

Was this before or after the telegram?

BLANCHE:

What telegram? No! No after! As a matter of fact, the wire. . . .

STANLEY:

As a matter of fact there wasn't

STANLEY: (Cont.)
no wire at all.

BLANCHE:
Oh. Oh!

STANLEY:
And there isn't no millionaire.
And Mitch didn't come back here
with no roses because I know where
he is --

BLANCHE:
Oh!

STANLEY:
There isn't a thing, but imagination
and lies and conceit and tricks! And
look at yourself! Take a look at your-
self in that worn-out Mardi Gras outfit,
rented for fifty cents from some rag
picker! And with that crazy crown on!
What kind of a queen do you think you
are --

(he flings her tiara
into a corner)
I've been on to you from the start!
You come in here and sprinkle the
place with powder and spray perfume
and cover the light bulb with a
paper lantern and lo and behold
the place has turned into Egypt
and you are the Queen of the Nile
sitting on your throne and swilling
down my liquor! I say Ha! Ha! Ha!
Do you hear me! Ha ha ha!

(he crosses into
the bedroom)

BLANCHE:
Don't come in here --
(Stanley goes into
the bathroom)

Now Blanche madly begins to collect her most precious possessions to make an escape. The jewel box, some of her best dresses, furs -- Then she wildly moves towards the door -- as she opens it --

108. THE STREET OUTSIDE STELLA'S FLAT

NIGHT

There is a wild altercation. A drunken white man catches a negro woman who has stolen his girl's purse. He snatches at it . . . but she beats him on the head . . . and escapes, rooting into it. Meantime two men fall on the drunk and proceed to manhandle him and strip him of his wallet, watch, etc. . . . Blanche slams the door.

109. THE KITCHEN

Blanche enters and rushes to the telephone.

BLANCHE:

Hello! Hel . . . Operator . . . Operator . . .
What happened to Long Distance . . . What
happened? Never mind Long Distance . . .
give me Western Union -- Hurry, do
hurry -- There isn't time to be -- Western
Union? Yes! Take down this message!
"In desperate, desperate circumstances.
Caught in a trap! Help me! Caught in . . ."
Oh --

She drops the phone. . . . Standing beside her, clad in red pajamas is Stanley. . . . He has overheard her call for help.

She shrinks away from the phone. It clicks . . . steadily . . . clicks . . .

STANLEY:

You left the phone off the hook.

Stanley hangs it up . . . and then advances toward her. He is going to close the front door.

BLANCHE:

What are you doing?

Stanley stops.

BLANCHE:

Let me . . . let me get by you. . . .

STANLEY:

Get by me? Sure Blanche. . . . Go ahead. . . .

BLANCHE:
You -- You stand over there!

STANLEY:
You got plenty of room to walk
by me now.

BLANCHE:
Not with you there! But I've got
to get out somehow!

STANLEY:
You think I'll interfere with you?

He closes the front door.

STANLEY:
Come to think of it -- maybe you
wouldn't be bad to interfere with. . . .

Blanche runs into the other room. Stanley advances toward her.

BLANCHE:
Stay back. Don't you come near
me another step or I'll --

STANLEY:
You'll what?

BLANCHE:
Some awful thing will happen!
It will!

STANLEY:
What are you putting on now?

He's advancing on her.

BLANCHE:
I warn you, don't. . . . I'm in
danger!

He takes another step. She smashes a bottle on the table.

STANLEY:
What did you do that for?

BLANCHE:

So I could twist the broken end
in your face!

STANLEY:

I bet you would do that!

BLANCHE:

I would! I will if --

STANLEY:

Oh! You want some rough house! All
right, let's have some rough house!

They have advanced so that we are now able to see the action
in a large mirror only.

STANLEY:

Tiger -- Tiger!

He is feigning -- Suddenly he leaps in and seizes her arm --
then he has her --

STANLEY:

Drop that bottle-top. Drop it!

He has managed to wrest the bottle top from her -- He throws
it. . . . It smashes into the mirror and the glass shatters --
and the tortured face of Blanche which was big, with it.

STANLEY:

We've had this date with each
other from the beginning!

And on the broken glass we dissolve.

110. THE STORE

HOT DAY -- SUMMER

Garbage is being collected. Someone is cleaning the front of a
store with a hose. Eunice walks towards the entrance to the
courtyard -- she has a brown paper bag. She enters the court-
yard and we see the baby carriage.

110A. CLOSE SHOT

She parts the fly-net. Leans in and kisses a rather pale look-

ing baby -- then starts into the house.

111. KITCHEN -- STELLA'S FLAT

Eunice enters and listens. A shout from Stanley. He is at the poker table with Steve, Pablo, Mitch.

STANLEY:

Drew to an inside straight and made it!

PABLO:

Maldita sea tu suerte!

STANLEY:

Put it in English!

PABLO:

I'm cursing your lousy luck.

STANLEY:

(aggressively) -

You know what luck is? Luck is believing that you're lucky. Take at Salerno. I believed I was lucky. I figured that four out of five would not come through - but I would . . . and I did. I put that down as a rule. To hold a front position in this rat race you've got to believe you're lucky.

MITCH:

(furiously)

You . . . you . . . you . . . brag . . .
brag . . . bull . . . bull . . .

(turns away from
the game -- rests his
chin on his arm on back
of his chair)

STANLEY:

What's the matter with him?

EUNICE:

(walking towards bedroom)

I always did say that men were callous things with no feelings, but this does beat everything. Making pigs of yourselves.

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She goes through the curtains into the bedroom.

STANLEY:
What's the matter with her? Come
on. . . . Let's play!

The game resumes in silence.

112. BEDROOM AS EUNICE ENTERS.

STELLA:
How's my baby?

EUNICE:
Sleeping like a little angel. Brought
you some grapes. Where is she?

STELLA:
Bathing.

EUNICE:
How is she?

STELLA:
She wouldn't eat anything. I keep
telling her we made arrangements
for her to rest in the country, but
she's got it mixed up in her mind
with a cruise to the Islands with
Shep Huntleigh, an old beau.

BLANCHE:
(opening the bathroom
door and calling)
Stella!

STELLA:
Yes, Blanche?

BLANCHE:
If anyone calls, take the number and
tell him I'll call right back.

STELLA:
Yes.

BLANCHE:

And Stella, that cool yellow silk, the
boucle, see if it's crushed. If it's
not too crushed I'll wear it -- and
on the lapel that silver and turquoise
pin in the shape of a sea horse. You'll
find it in the heart-shaped box I keep
my accessories in, and, oh, Stella, try
and locate that bunch of artificial --
 (long, difficult effort
 to remember the name)
-- violets in that box, too, to pin with
the sea-horse on the lapel of the jacket.
 (closes the door)

STELLA:

 (going to jewel box)
I just don't know if I did the right
thing.

EUNICE:

What else could you do?

STELLA:

I couldn't believe her story and
go on living with Stanley.

EUNICE:

 (holding Stella close)
Don't you ever believe it. You've
got to keep on goin', honey. No
matter what happens, we've all got
to keep on going.

BLANCHE:

 (opening door - peeking
 out of bathroom)
Stella? Is the coast clear?

STELLA:

Yes, Blanche.
 (she waits - to
 Eunice hurriedly)
Tell her how well she's looking.

BLANCHE:

 (steppping out of
 the bathroom)

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
Please close the curtains before
I come out.

STELLA:
(going to the curtains)
They're closed.
(she shows Blanche
that they are closed)

STANLEY:
(speaking low, at
the game)
Hey, Mitch, come to!

Blanche steps out. She is in her bathrobe and carries a hair-
brush and brushes her hair. There is a tragic radiance about
her. She speaks with a faintly hysterical vivacity.

BLANCHE:
I have just washed my hair.

STELLA:
Did you?

BLANCHE:
I'm not sure I got the soap out.

EUNICE:
Such fine hair.

BLANCHE:
It's a problem. Didn't I get a call?

STELLA:
Who from, Blanche?

BLANCHE:
Shep Huntleigh . . .

STELLA:
Why, not yet, honey!

BLANCHE:
How strange! I --

At the sound of Blanche's voice, Mitch's arm has sagged and his
gaze is dissolved into space. Stanley barks at him.

STANLEY:
Hey, Mitch!

Mitch returns to the game. The sound of this new voice shocks Blanche. She makes a little gesture, forming Mitch's name with her lips, questioningly. Stella nods, and looks quickly away. Blanche looks perplexed. She glances from Stella to Eunice. Stella glances away.

BLANCHE:
(with sudden hysteria)
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 two looking at me like
that? Is something wrong with me?

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

STELLA:
Yes.

EUNICE:
I understand you're going on a trip

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

EUNICE:
I'm green with envy.

BLANCHE:
(exasperated)

BLANCHE: (Cont.)
Help me, you two! Help me get
dressed.

STELLA:
(taking up dress)
Is this what you want?

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

EUNICE:
Such a pretty lavender jacket.

STELLA:
It's lilac-colored.

BLANCHE:
You're both of you wrong. It's
Della Robbia blue.

Blanche is near the table. She sees the grapes.

BLANCHE:
Are these grapes washed?

(CHIMES)

EUNICE:
Huh?

BLANCHE:
Washed! I said -- are they washed?

EUNICE:
I got them from the French Market.

BLANCHE:
That doesn't mean they've been washed.
(listens to chimes)
Ah, those cathedral bells, they're the
only clean thing in the quarter. Well,
I'm going now.
(picks up jacket)
I'm ready to go.

(CHIMES FADE)

EUNICE:

(whispering to Stella)

She's going to walk out before they
get here.

STELLA:

Wait, Blanche.

BLANCHE:

(glancing towards
living room)

I don't want to pass in front of those
men.

EUNICE:

(helping Stella
bring her back)

Then wait till the game breaks up.

STELLA:

Yes, yes, sit down.

(leading her to armchair)

BLANCHE:

(suddenly listening
as she sits)

I can smell the sea air. My element
is the earth, but it should have been
water -- water -- the blessedest thing
that God created in those seven days.
The rest of my days I'm going to spend
on the sea, and when I die I'm going to
die on the sea. One day out on the ocean
I will die -- with my hand in the hand of
some nice-looking ship's doctor -- a
very young one with a small blonde moustache
and a big silver watch. "Poor lady", they'll
say, "The quinine did her no good. That
unwashed grape has transported her soul to
heaven". And I'll be buried at sea sewn up
in a clean white sack and dropped over-
board at noon -- in a blaze of summer -- and
into an ocean as blue as -- the blue of my
first lover's eyes!

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A STRANGE MAN appears on the porch, and rings the doorbell. He is followed by a STRANGE WOMAN, severely dressed in a dark tailored suit, and carrying a small black, professional-looking bag.

(DOOR BELL SOUNDS)

114. BEDROOM

EUNICE:
(to Stella, when
doorbell rings)
That must be them.

BLANCHE:
(on hearing the bell)
What is it?

EUNICE:
(covering)
Excuse me while I see who's at the door.
(goes through curtains
into living room)

STELLA:
Yes.

BLANCHE:
I wonder if it's for me.

115. LIVING ROOM

Stanley rises, goes to the door to answer the bell. There is a low exchange between him and the Strange Man.

STANLEY:
Doctor?

STRANGE MAN:
Yes.

STANLEY:
(nods)
Just a minute. Would you mind
waiting outside for just a

STANLEY: (Cont.)
couple of seconds. She'll be
right out.
(turns back into living room)

EUNICE:
(at curtain)
Someone is calling for Blanche.
(enters bedroom)

116. BEDROOM

BLANCHE:
It is for me, then! Is it the gentleman
I was expecting from Dallas?

EUNICE:
(looking at Stella)
I think it is, Blanche.

BLANCHE:
I'm not quite ready.

STELLA:
(to Eunice)
Ask him to wait outside.
(to Blanche)
Everything packed?

BLANCHE:
My silver toilet articles are still out.

Stella hurries to get them, puts them in a hatbox, closes it.
Eunice returns to living room.

117. LIVING ROOM

Eunice nods to Stanley.

STANLEY:
(turns to Doctor)
She'll be here in a minute.

Doctor nods, turns to Strange Woman and tells her the same
thing.

118. BEDROOM

Eunice is re-entering.

EUNICE:
They're waiting in front of the house.

BLANCHE:
They? Who's they?

EUNICE:
There's a lady with him.

BLANCHE:
I can't imagine who this "lady" could be!
(Stella averts her eyes)
How is she dressed?

EUNICE:
Just -- just a sort of plain-tailored outfit.

BLANCHE:
Possibly she's --
(her voice dies out nervously)

STELLA:
Shall we go, Blanche?

BLANCHE:
Yes.

They start out of bedroom, carrying bags.

BLANCHE:
Must we go through that room?

STELLA:
I will go with you.

BLANCHE:
How do I look?

STELLA:
Lovely!

EUNICE:
(echoing)
Lovely!

Blanche starts into living room, Stella follows. Eunice is passed, then follows.

119. LIVING ROOM.

BLANCHE:

(to men at table)

Now, please don't get up. I'm only passing through.

(goes to door)

STRANGE MAN:

How do you do.

BLANCHE:

(steps onto porch --

stares at Strange Man)

You are not the gentleman I was expecting.

(to Stella)

That man isn't Shep Huntleigh!

Stella turns quickly into Eunice's arms. Blanche runs into flat. Doctor enters living room, motioning Strange Woman, who also enters.

STANLEY:

(as Blanche passes him)

Did you forget something.

BLANCHE:

(shrilly, running

into bedroom)

Yes, Yes, I forgot something!

Strange Man has stepped into room. Stands at door. Strange Woman crosses through living room into bedroom.

120. BEDROOM

STRANGE WOMAN:

(confronting Blanche)

Hello, Blanche.

STANLEY'S VOICE:

(o.s.)

She says she forgot something.

STRANGE WOMAN:
That's all right.

Stanley enters bedroom.

121. C.U. STANLEY BEDROOM

STANLEY:
(very close. Seen
from Blanche's angle)
What did you forget, Blanche?

122. MEDIUM SHOT

BLANCHE:
I -- I --

STRANGE WOMAN:
It don't matter. We can pick it up
later.

STANLEY:
Sure, we can send it along with the
trunk.

BLANCHE:
(retreating)
I don't know you! I don't know
you! I want to be -- left alone --
please!

STRANGE WOMAN:
Now, Blanche!

VOICES:
(echoing and re-echoing)
Now, Blanche! Now Blanche!
Now, Blanche!

STANLEY:
You left nothing here but split talcum
and old empty perfume bottles, unless
it's the lantern you want to take with
you.

(he tears the lantern
off the light bulb)

STANLEY: (Cont.)

You want the lantern?

Blanche cries out, grabs lantern. Strange Woman steps boldly towards her. Blanche screams and tries to break past the strange woman. Strange Woman catches her arm. Blanche turns and wildly scratches at the Woman, who pinions her arms, expertly. Blanche falls, the Woman kneels beside her, holding her.

CUT TO:

123. KITCHEN STELLA AND EUNICE EUNICE IS HOLDING HER

STELLA:

Eunice, don't let them do that to her. Don't let them hurt her! What are they doing?

(tries to go toward
bedroom)

EUNICE:

No, honey. Stay here. Don't go in there. Don't look.

Mitch springs at Stanley who is standing in the doorway between the two rooms.

MITCH:

You! You done this!

CUT TO:

124. BEDROOM THE FIGHT SEEN FROM THE OTHER SIDE

STANLEY:

Quit the blubber!

MITCH:

I'll kill you.

STANLEY:

Hold this bonehead!

STEVE:

Stop it, Mitch.

PABLO:

Yeah. Take it easy.

Pablo and Steve pull Mitch off Stan and out of sight.

STANLEY:

I tell you it aint true what
she said! She asked for some
rough house! I gave her some
rough house!

The Strange Man comes into the shot and kneels beside the
prostrate Blanche. The Woman is still holding her.

STRANGE WOMAN:

These finger-nails will have to be
trimmed. Jacket, Doctor?

STRANGE MAN:

Not unless necessary.
(he kneels close
to Blanche)
Miss Du Bois --

BLANCHE:

Please --

STRANGE MAN:

It won't be necessary.

BLANCHE:

(faintly)
Ask her to let go of me.

STRANGE MAN:

(to the Woman)
Yes -- let go.

The Woman releases Blanche then rises. Blanche extends her
hands. The man raises her up. He takes off his hat and smiles
at her. She looks at him, wavering at first, then smiling, as
she would at a new beau.

BLANCHE:

Whoever you are -- I have always
depended on the kindness of strangers.

Blanche comes out of the house on the doctor's arm. She walks

by Stella who is on the porch, then past Stanley and out of Camera. . . . Stella goes to follow her. Stanley intercepts her and says . . .

STANLEY:

Come on honey. . . .

STELLA:

(shrinking from him)

Don't you touch me. Don't you
ever touch me again. . . .

125. ON THE STREET

Blanche gets into the car with the doctor. It drives off and we pan with it holding on the courtyard gate - Stella appears there looking after the car.

126. HIGH SHOT THE STREET

Blanche's car drives around the corner and disappears.

127. THE COURTYARD

Stella is in tears . . . she goes back slowly towards the baby carriage, throws back the netting and picks up the infant. . . . Then she starts back into her home. We hear O.S.

STANLEY:

(O.S.)

Stella!

His tone is harsh and demanding. It is reminiscent (in the reading) of the cry he gave at the bottom of the steps at the end of the poker night.

Stella stops. Stanley is heard again from inside the house . . . more demanding.

STANLEY:

Stella!!

Stella looks down at the infant. Crying, she whispers to the child these words of promise and reassurance.

STELLA:

We're not going back in there. Not
this time. We're never going back.
Never, never back, never back again.

And then Stella turns and proceeds with strength and confidence
up the stairs to Eunice's apartment.

128. STREET IN NEW ORLEANS

At the back of the shot is the silhouette of the cathedral.
The Cathedral bells that Blanche has referred to as the only
clean thing in the quarter are ringing. The black car carrying
Blanche is coming towards us, turns the corner and goes down a
long dark New Orleans street. It is lost from view.

THE END

