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A Streetcar Named Desire

By Tennessee Williams

Can I help you, ma'am?
Well, they told me to take
a streetcar named Desire...
...and then transfer
to one called Cemeteries...
...and ride six blocks
and get off at Elysian Fields.
There's your car now.
Thank you.
When he got home, she was waiting.
Boy, you never heard nothing like that.
What's the matter, honey?
You lost?
I'm looking for Elysian Fields.
This is Elysian Fields.
What number you looking for?
Six forty-two.
You don't need to look no further.
I'm looking for my sister, Stella DuBois.
I mean, Mrs. Stanley Kowalski.
Yeah, that's the party, all right.
You just did miss her, though.
This?
- Can this be her home?
- She got the downstairs. I got the up.
Oh, she's out?
You notice that bowling alley
up the street?
- I'm not sure I did.
- Well, that's where she's at, honey.
She's watching her husband bowl.
Blanche!
Blanche, honey!
- Stella. Oh, Stella for star!
- Blanche!
Oh, my darling. Now, let me look at you.
But don't you look at me, Stella. No, no!
- I won't be seen in this merciless glare.
- Did you find our place?
What are you doing in a place like that?
Never, never, never
in my worst dreams did I picture...
Only Poe. Only Mr. Edgar Allan Poe
could do justice to it.

What are you doing
in that horrible place?
Oh, what am I saying?
I didn't mean to say that.
I meant to be nice and say,
"What a convenient location," and such.
- You haven't said a word to me.
- You haven't given me a chance to.
- Open your pretty mouth and talk.
- Come say hello to Stanley first.
- No, not now. Not now.
- Just say hello.
Oh, which is he?
Which one is he?
- Is he the one that's...?
- The one that's making all the rhubarb.
Isn't he wonderful-looking?
Stella, I can't meet him now.
Not till I've bathed and rested.
- Would you like a cold drink?
- Oh, bless you for that lovely inspiration.
Oh, my baby, my baby.
Would you like some pop?
Honey. Pop?
Not with my nerves tonight.
Scotch for me, please.
Grape.
You haven't asked me how I got away
from school before the spring term ended.
I thought you'd volunteer that
information if you want to tell me.
You thought I'd been fired?
No. I thought you might have resigned.
Oh, I was so exhausted
by all I'd been through, my nerves broke.
I was on the verge of lunacy, almost.
So Mr. Graves...
Mr. Graves is the high school
superintendent.
Thank you. He suggested I...
I take a leave of absence.
I couldn't put all those
details into the wire.
This buzzes right through me

and feels so good.

- Would you like another?

- Uh-uh. One's my limit.

You haven't said a word
about my appearance.

- You look just fine.

- God love you for a liar.

Daylight never exposed so total a ruin.

But you...

You put on some weight. Yes.

You're just as plump as a little partridge.

It's so becoming to you too.

- Oh, Blanche.

- Yes, 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 10 years, Stella.

I weigh now what I weighed
the summer you left Belle Reve.

The summer Dad died...

...and you left us.

It's just incredible, Blanche,
how well you look.

- Sure you wouldn't like another?

- Well...

Well, maybe I will just
take one tiny 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.

Waiter.

- You want it hot?

- Scalding.

- Stella.

- What is it, hon?

There's only two rooms.

I don't see where you're gonna put me.

We'll put you right here.

What kind of a bed's this?

One of those collapsible beds?

- Feel all right?

- Wonderful, honey.

I don't like a bed that gives much.

Stella, there's no door between

the two rooms, and Stanley...

- Will it be decent?

- Oh, Stanley's Polish, you know.

Oh, yeah.

Something like Irish, isn't it?

Well...

I bought some nice clothes

to meet all your lovely friends in.

Well...

I'm afraid

you won't think they're lovely.

Well, anyway, I bought nice clothes

and I'll wear them.

I guess you're hoping I'll say

I'll put up at a hotel.

I'm not going to put up at a hotel.

I've got to be near you, Stella.

I've got to be with people.

I can't be alone because...

Because as you must have noticed, I...

I'm not very well.

You do seem a little...

Will Stanley like me...

...or will I just be a visiting in-law?

I couldn't stand that, Stella.

You'll get along fine together.

If you just try not to compare him...

- Oh, he was an officer?

- He was master sergeant...

...in the Engineers Corps,

decorated four times.

He had those on when you met him?

I assure you I wasn't just blinded

by all the brass.

- Oh, that's not what I...

- Of course, there...

There were things

to adjust myself to later on.

Such as his civilian background.

How did he take it
when you said I was coming?
- Oh, he's on the road a good deal.
- Oh, he travels?
- Mm-hm.
- Good. I mean, isn't it?
I can hardly stand it
when he's away for a night.
Oh, Stella.
When he's away for a week,
I nearly go wild.
- Gracious.
- When he comes back...
...I cry in his lap like a baby.
I guess that's what's meant
by being in love.
Stella.
I haven't asked you the things you
probably thought I was going to ask...
...so I'll expect you to be understanding
about what I have to tell you.
What, Blanche?
You'll 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 out for yourself.
I stayed at Belle Reve
and tried to hold it together.
Oh, I'm not meaning this
in any reproachful way.
- But the burden fell on my shoulders.
- Best I could do was make my own living.
But you were the one
that abandoned Belle Reve, not I.
I fought for it,
bled for it, almost died for it.
Stop this outburst.
Tell me what happened.
- I knew you'd take this attitude about it.
- About what? Please!
The loss.
Belle Reve? Lost, is it?

Yes, Stella.

But how did it go? What happened?

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

- Blanche.

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

- I won't stay in this house.

- Blanche!

- Blanche.

- I... I... I took the blows...
...on my face and my body.

All of those deaths,
the long parade to the graveyard.

Father, Mother,
Margaret, that dreadful way...

You just came home
in time for funerals, Stella.

And funerals are pretty
compared to deaths.

How do you think all that sickness
and dying was paid for?

Death is expensive, 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.

- Blanche, be still. That's enough.

- Stella. Stella, you're crying?

- Does that surprise you?

Mitch, we gonna play
at your house tomorrow?

No, not at my house.

My mother's still sick.

- All right, you bring the beer.

WOMAN:

- I made that spaghetti and ate it myself.

- Now, honey, I told you...

...and told you

we were playing Jack's beer.

What's so funny?

You never phoned me once.
I told you at breakfast.
I phoned you at lunch.
Why don't you get yourself in here!
Do you want it in the newspapers?
I'm sick and tired of chasing you.
You must be Stanley.
I'm Blanche.
Oh, you're Stella's sister.
Yes.
Oh, hiya.
Yeah, where's the little woman?
- In the bathroom.
- Oh.
- Well, where you from, Blanche?
- Why, I...
I live in Auriol.
In Auriol. Auriol, huh?
Oh, yeah, that's right. Auriol.
That's not my territory.
Man, liquor goes fast
in the hot weather.
- You want a shot?
- No, I rarely touch it.
Well, there's some people that rarely
touch it, but it touches them often.
Mind if I make myself
comfortable? My shirt is sticking...
Please. Please do.
"Be comfortable." That's my motto,
where I come from.
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.
You gotta be careful. You sitting around
in a damp thing, you catch a cold.
Especially when you been
exercising hard, like bowling is.
- Well, you're the teacher, aren't you?
- Yes.
- What do you teach?
- English.

Well, I never was
a very good English student.
- How long you here for?
- Why, I don't know yet.
You gonna shack up here?
I thought I would,
if it's not inconvenient for you all.
Good.
Traveling wears me out.
Well, take it easy.
What was that?
Oh, those cats.
Hey, Stella.
What did you do, fall asleep in there?
Huh?
Well, I guess I'm gonna strike you
as being the unrefined type, huh?
You know,
Stella spoke a good deal about you.
She said you were married once,
weren't you?
Yes.
When I was quite young.
Yeah? What happened?
The boy...
The boy died.
I'm afraid I...
I'm going to be sick.
Fresh fish! Fresh fish! Fresh fish!
- Looks like she's staying a while.
- Yeah.
- Hey, Stan, are we playing tonight?
- Yeah.
Well, I figured maybe we...
- Forget about maybe. It's the same.
- Stanley!
- Oh, hi, Steve.
- Put it down.
- Now I'll go get the other one?
- Yes.
- Thanks, darling.
- Stella?
Yes?
Is that Stanley back with my trunk?

- Yes, Blanche.

- Honey...

...will you get my blue net out for me?

- All right, Blanche.

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

He was glad to do it.

- I'll see you later.

- All right. Listen, don't forget.

Honey, I'm taking Blanche
to Galatoire's for supper tonight...

...and then to a show
because it's your poker night.

How about my supper?

I'm not going to Galatoire's tonight.

I put you a cold plate on ice.

I'm gonna try to keep Blanche
out until the party breaks up.

- I don't know how she'll take it.

- Isn't that just dandy?

So you'd better give me some money.

Hey, where is she now?

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

She's terribly upset.

Over what?

She's been through such an ordeal.

We lost Belle Reve.

- What, the place in the country?

- Uh-huh.

- Well, how?

- It had to be sacrificed or something.

Honey, look. When she comes in, say
something nice about her appearance.

And, oh, don't mention the baby.

I haven't said anything yet. I'm waiting
until she gets in a quieter condition.

- Try to understand her and be nice to her.

- All right.

She wasn't expecting
to find us in such a place.

- All right.

- I tried to gloss things over a little...
...in my letters.

Admire her dress.

Tell her she's looking wonderful.
It's important to Blanche.
Her little weakness.
Okay, honey, I get the idea, but...
Now, let's just skip back a little, the way
you said the place was disposed of.
Oh, yeah.
Well, how about
a few more details on that subject?
Honey, look, it's best not to talk much
about it until she's calmed down.
Is that gonna be the deal? Sister Blanche
can't be annoyed with details right now?
Well, you saw how she was last night.
I saw how she was. Now, let's
cop a gander at the bill of sale.
I haven't seen any.
What do you mean? She didn't show you
papers, deed of sale, nothing like that?
Seemed like it wasn't sold.
Well, now, what was it, then?
Giveaway to charity?
- Shh. She'll hear you.
- I don't care if she hears me.
- Now, let's see the papers.
- Honey, there weren't any papers.
She didn't show any papers.
I don't care about papers.
Wait. Now, listen, did you ever hear
of the Napoleonic Code, Stella?
- I haven't heard of the Napoleonic Code.
- All right. Okay, then.
- Let me enlighten you on a point or two.
- Yes?
We got here in the state of Louisiana
what's known as the Napoleonic Code.
According to which, what belongs to
the wife belongs to the husband also...
...and vice versa.
Will you listen.
Take, for instance, I had
that piece of property...
My head is swimming.
Oh, well, all right, dear.

Okay.

We'll wait till she's through
soaking in the hot tub...

...then I'm gonna inquire if she's
acquainted with the Napoleonic Code.

Oh, Stanley, don't be so silly.

It looks to me like you been swindled.

And when you get swindled...

...under Napoleonic Code, I get swindled
too. I don't like to get swindled.

Oh, Stanley...

...you've no idea how ridiculous
you're being...

...when you suggest that my sister...

...or I or anyone else of our family could
have perpetrated a swindle on anyone.

Oh, come on, now. Where's the money
if the place was sold?

Not sold. Lost!

- Lost.

- Come here.

- Stanley. Ow!

- Will you open your eyes to this stuff?

- What, she got this out of teacher's pay?

- Oh, hush.

Look at these fine feathers and furs
that she comes to preen herself in here?

What is this article?

That's a solid-gold dress, I believe.

- Oh, honest.

- This one here. What is that, a fox piece?

- Stanley!

- A genuine fur fox a half a mile long.

Where are your fox pieces?

This is bushy snow-white ones, no less.

Where are your white fox furs?

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

I have an acquaintance who deals
in this sort of merchandise.

- He's coming to make an appraisal.

- Don't be such an idiot, Stanley.

Listen, I'm gonna bet you there's
a thousand dollars invested in this stuff.

Well, now, what is that?
That's the treasure chest of a pirate?
- Oh, Stanley. Would you...?
- That's pearls, Stella. Ropes of them.
What is this sister of yours,
a deep-sea diver?
Bracelets, solid gold. Where are
your pearls and gold bracelets?
Be still, Stanley.
And here. Diamonds.
A crown for an empress.
A rhinestone tiara
she wore to a costume ball.
- What is rhinestone?
- Next door to glass.
Yeah.
I have an acquaintance who works in
a jewelry store and he's coming...
...to make an appraisal of that stuff.
- Here's your plantation fella, right here.
- You know I... Stupid and horrid.
You stay away from these things
before she comes out of the bathroom.
The Kowalskis and the DuBois
got a different notion on this.
Indeed they have, thank heavens.
I'm going outside.
Go ahead.
You come on out with me
while Blanche is getting dressed.
Now, since when
are you giving me orders?
Are you gonna stay here
and insult her?
You bet your life I'm gonna stay here.
Hello, Stanley.
Here I am, all freshly bathed and scented
and feeling like a brand-new human being.
Oh, that's good.
Will you excuse me
while I put on my pretty new dress?
Go ahead.
Oh.
Thank you.

I understand there's to be
a little card party here tonight...
...to which we ladies
are cordially not invited.
That's right.
Where...? Where is Stella?
She's out there on the porch.
I'm going to ask a favor of you
in a moment.
Well, now, what's that gonna be,
I wonder.
Some buttons in back.
You may enter.
How do I look?
You look okay.
Well, thanks. Now the button.
Well, I can't do no more with them.
You men with your big, clumsy fingers.
- May I have a drag on your cig?
- Yeah, have one for yourself.
Why, thank you. It...
It looks like my trunk has exploded.
Me and Stella was helping you unpack.
You certainly did a fast
and thorough job of it.
Well, certainly looks like you raided
some stylish shops in Paris, Blanche.
Clothes are my passion.
How much does it cost
for a string of furs like that?
Why, these were a tribute
from an admirer of mine.
He must have had a lot of admiration.
In my youth I excited some admiration,
but look at me now.
Would you think it possible that I
was once considered to be attractive?
Your looks are okay.
- I was fishing for a compliment.
- I don't go for that stuff.
- What stuff?
- Compliments to women about looks.
I never met a dame didn't know 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 told me, "I'm the glamorous type."
She says, "I am the glamorous type."
I says, "So what?"

- And what did she say then?
- She didn't say nothing.
- That shut her up like a clam.
- Did it end the romance?

Well, it ended the conversation,
that was all.

There's some men that are took in
by this Hollywood glamour stuff...
...and there's some men that aren't.

- You belong in the second category.
- That's right.
- I can't imagine any witch of a woman...
...casting a spell over you.
- That's right.

You're simple,
straightforward and honest.
A little bit on the primitive side,
I should think.

- To interest you a woman would have to...
- To lay her cards on the table.

Well, I never did care
for wishy-washy people.
That was why when you walked
in last night, I said to myself:
"My sister has married a man."

- Of course.
- That was all I could tell...
 - How about cutting the rebop!

Stanley!

- Come on outside with me
and let Blanche finish dressing.
- I'm finished dressing.
 - Then come on out.
 - Your sister and I are having a talk.
 - Honey...

...run to the drugstore and get me
a lemon Coke with chipped ice.
Will you do that for me,

sweetie, please? Please.

All right.

Poor 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, let us proceed without any more digression.

I'm ready to answer all questions.

I have nothing to hide.

What is it?

In the state of Louisiana we got here what's known as the Napoleonic Code. Which says, what belongs to the wife belongs to the husband and vice versa.

My, but you have

an impressive judicial air.

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

- Such as what?

- Don't play so dumb. You know what.

All right. Cards on the table.

I know I fib a good deal. After all, a woman's charm is 50 percent illusion.

But when a thing is important

I tell the truth.

And this is the truth:

I never cheated my sister, or you, or anyone else on earth as long as I lived.

- Where are the papers, in your trunk?

- Everything I own is in that trunk.

What are you thinking of? What's in the back of that little boy's mind of yours?

Let me do that.

It'll be faster and simple.

- I keep my papers mostly in this tin box.

- What are those underneath?

Those are love letters...

...yellowing with antiquity...

...all from one boy. Give those back.

- I'm just gonna have a look.

- The touch of your hands insults them.

- Now, don't pull that stuff.

Now that you've touched them,

I'll burn them.

What are they?
Poems the dead boy wrote.
I hurt him the way that you would
like to hurt me. But you can't.
I'm not young and vulnerable anymore,
but my young husband was, and I...
Never mind about that.
Just give them back to me.
Thank you.
What'd you mean by saying
you have to burn them up?
I'm sorry.
I must have lost my head for a moment.
Everyone has something they won't
let others touch because of their...
Their intimate nature.
Ambler and Ambler.
Crabtree.
- More Ambler and Ambler.
- What's Ambler and Ambler?
A firm that made loans on the place.
- It was lost on a mortgage.
- That must have been what happened.
I don't want if, ands or buts.
What's the rest of the papers?
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...
...to put it mildly.
Until finally, all that was left...
And Stella can verify that.
- Was the house itself.
And about 20 acres of ground,
including a graveyard...
...to which now all but Stella
and I have retreated.
Here they are, all of them.
All papers.
I endow you with them. Take them,
peruse them, commit them to memory.

I think it's wonderfully fitting
that Belle Reve...
...should finally be this bunch of old
papers in your big, capable hands.
I wonder if Stella's
come back with my lemon Coke.
I got a lawyer acquaintance,
we'll study this out.
Present them to him
with a box of aspirin tablets.
Under the Napoleonic Code a man has got
to take an interest in his wife's affairs.
And I mean especially now
that she's gonna have a baby.
Stella?
Stella, going to have a baby?
I didn't know
she was going to have a baby.
Stella.
Oh, Stella for star,
how lovely to have a baby.
Honey, everything's all right.
We thrashed it out.
I feel a bit shaky,
but I think I handled it nicely.
I laughed and treated it all as a joke.
I laughed and called him a little boy
and flirted. Here.
I was flirting with your husband, Stella.
The guests are gathering
for the poker party.
- Hi, Stella.
- Hi, Steve.
I'm sorry he did that to you.
Why, I guess he's just not the type
that goes for jasmine perfume.
Maybe he's what we need to mix with
our blood now we've lost Belle Reve...
...and have to go on
without Belle Reve to protect us.
Oh, how pretty the sky is.
I ought to go there on a rocket...
...that never comes down.
Which way do we go now, Stella?

This way?

No, hon, this way.

The blind are leading the blind.

Red hots!

Are you going upstairs

and tell her to cut that out?

If I go up, I won't come down.

Let's just forget it.

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

I gotta go home pretty soon.

- Come on, what do you say?

- No, I'm out.

Every time you win a big pot,
you're out like stout.

I got a sick mother
and she don't go to sleep...

...until I get in.

- What do you say?

I'm gonna wash up.

- Stella?

- Yes, Eunice?

You tell them guys

the kettle's on the stove.

I'm gonna break up the game.

- What did she mean by that?

- She'll pour it straight through the cracks.

Stella, wait. Wait till I powder.

I feel so hot and frazzled.

- Do I look done in?

- You look as fresh as a daisy.

One that's been picked a few days.

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

- I'm losing and you want to eat.

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

- Where you been?

- Blanche and I took in a show.

Blanche, honey, this is Mr. Gonzalez
and Mr. Hubbell.

How do you do?

Please don't get up.

Nobody's getting up here,
so don't get worried.

- Poker is so fascinating. Could I kibitz?

- You could not.

Why don't you women

go on up to Eunice's?

How long's this game going to continue?

Till we get ready to quit.

You should call it quits

after one more hand.

- Go up to Eunice's.

- Hey, that's my coat.

That's not fun, Stanley.

It makes me so mad

when he does that in front of people.

- I think I'll go bathe.

- Again?

My nerves are in knots.

Is the bathroom occupied?

I don't know.

- Oh, good evening.

- Oh, hello.

Blanche, this is Harold Mitchell.

- This is my sister, Blanche DuBois.

- How do you do.

- How do you do, Miss DuBois.

- How's your mother now, Mitch?

Oh, she's about the same, thanks.

She appreciated your

sending over that custard.

Oh, excuse me, please.

Excuse me.

- That one seems superior to the others.

- Does he?

- I thought he had a sort of sensitive look.

- His mother's sick.

- Is he married?

- No.

- Is he a wolf?

- Why, Blanche.

- Well, no, I don't think he would be.

- What does he do?

He's on the Precision Bench

in the Spare Parts Department.

The plant that Stanley travels for.

- Is that something much?

- No.

Stanley's the only one in his crowd
likely to get any work.

Hey, Blanche,
you're standing in the light.

Am I? Gracious.

You ought to see their wives.

Oh, I can imagine.

Big, beefy things, I suppose.

- Do you know that one upstairs?

- Oh, yes.

Well, one night...

And the plaster...!

Hey, you hens!

- Cut out that cackling in there.

- You can't hear us.

Well, you can hear me,
and I told you to hush up.

Stella.

Look, this is my house
and I'll talk as much as I want to.

- Stella, don't start a row.

- Oh, he's half-drunk.

I'll be out in a minute.

What do you say, Mitch?

- Come on, Mitch, are you in?

- Huh?

No, I'm out.

Who turned that on in there?

- I did. Do you mind?

- Well, turn it off!

Come on, will you?

Let the girls have their music?

Stanley!

There you are.

I didn't hear you name it!

- Didn't I name it?

- I wasn't listening.

What were you doing?

Looking through the drapes.

- I wasn't.

- We're gonna play.

We're gonna deal this hand again,
play cards or quit.

Deal me out.
All right, this game's gonna be
Spit in the Ocean.
Yes?
Oh, hello.
Excuse me.
The little boy's room
is occupied right now.
Oh, excuse me.
- Have you got any cigs?
- Oh, sure.
Oh, what a... What a pretty case.
- Silver?
- Yes.
Yes, read the inscription.
Oh, there is an inscription.
Why, I can't make it out.
"And if God choose...
...I shall but love thee better
after death."
Why, that's from my
favorite sonnet by Mrs. Browning.
- Why, you know it.
- Certainly, I do.
Well, there's a story connected
with this inscription.
It sounds like a romance.
No, no, it's a pretty sad one.
The girl's dead now.
She knew she was dying when she give
me this. A very strange girl, very sweet.
- Very...
- She must have been very fond of you.
Sick people have such
deep, sincere attachments.
- That's right. They certainly do.
- Sorrow makes for sincerity, I think.
It sure brings it out in people.
The little there is belongs to people
who have known some sorrow.
- I believe you're right about that.
- Oh, I'm positive I am.
- Hey, Mitch!
- Deal me out. I'm talking to Miss...?

DuBois.

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.

You are Stella's sister, are you not?

Yes. Stella is my precious little sister.

I call her little in spite of the fact

that she's somewhat older than I am.

Oh.

Oh, just slightly. Less than a year.

Will you do something for me?

Sure. Yes, what?

I bought this adorable little paper lantern

at a Chinese shop on Bourbon.

Put it over the light bulb.

Will you, please?

I'd be glad to.

I can't stand a naked light bulb

any more than I can a rude remark...

...or a vulgar action.

Well, I guess we strike you as being

a pretty rough bunch.

Oh, I'm very adaptable to circumstances.

Well, that's a good way to be.

- You're not...?

- Married?

Oh, no.

No, I'm an old maid schoolteacher.

You may be a schoolteacher,

but you're certainly not an old maid.

Why, thank you, sir.

I appreciate your gallantry.

So you're in the teaching profession.

Yes.

- Yes.

- Grade school or high school...?

- Hey, Mitch!

- Coming!

Gracious, what lung power.

I teach high school in Auriol.

Well, what do you teach?

What subject?

- You guess.

- Well, I bet you teach art or music.

- Ha, ha, ha.

- Well, of course, I could be wrong.

You might teach arithmetic.

Never arithmetic, sir.

Never arithmetic.

I don't know

my multiplication tables. Nope.

I have the misfortune

of being an English instructor.

I attempt to instill

a bunch of bobbysoxers...

...and drugstore Romeos

with a reverence for Hawthorne...

...and Whitman and Poe.

Well, I bet some of them

are more interested in other things.

How very right you are.

Their literary heritage is not

what they treasure above all else.

But they're sweet things...

...and in the spring it's touching to see

them making their first discovery of love...

...as if nobody had ever known it before.

Oh.

- Sorry. Oh, excuse me, excuse me.

- Have you finished?

- Oh, yes. Yes, I have.

- Wait, wait. I'll turn on the radio.

Turn on the light above now.

Oh, look.

We've made enchantment.

- Three bullets, mustache.

- Straight! I gotcha!

- Stanley! Stanley!

What are you doing with the radio?

Drunk! Drunk animal thing!

- Get out!

- Hey!

- Go on, get out!

- Hey!
Let go of her!
My sister is gonna have a baby!
You come on up to my place, honey.
Sister, did he hurt you, darling?
Poker should not be played
in a house with women.
- All right, take it easy, will you?
- Look out.
Get him in that shower.
- Look out.
- Get him in that shower, I said!
Come on, all right.
Get his feet, will you? Get his feet!
Grab his feet, come on, take it easy.
Come on, boy. Get under there.
Come on.
Get under there. There you go.
How do you feel, Stan?
Stanley, wake up!
Hey, Stanley!
We ought to get his clothes off and...

STANLEY:

Hey! What do you think...!
Poker should not be played
in a house with women!
Aw, come on!
Hey! Where's Steve? Come on.
Wait. Come here. Take it easy.
Stella.
Honey?
Hey, Stella?
Honey, where are you?
Stella?
Hey, baby...
Look, you can sleep over here, Stella.
Blanche can have Steve's place.
He ain't coming home tonight
if he knows what's good for him.
Is my baby up there? I want her...
Look, she ain't coming down
and she ain't gonna talk to you neither...
...so you might just as well

not call her!
Hey, Stella!
You quit that howling down there
and go to bed!
Eunice, I want my girl down here!
You shut up!
- You're gonna get the law on you.
- Stella!
You can't beat on a woman
and then call her back.
You're gonna have a baby.
I hope they haul you in, turn a fire hose
on you like the last time!
- I want my girl down here!
- You stinker!
Hey, Stella!
I wouldn't mix in this.
Don't ever leave me, baby.
Blanche, come back!
Miss DuBois?
Miss DuBois?
Oh.
All quiet along the Potomac now?
She ran down here
and went back in there with him.
- Sure she did.
- I'm terrified.
Nothing to be scared of.
They're crazy about each other.
It's a shame this had to happen
when you got here.
- Violence is so...
- Sit down on the steps...
...and have a cigarette with me.
- Why...
...I'm not properly dressed.
Well, that don't make no difference
in the Quarter.
Such a pretty silver case.
I showed you the inscription, didn't I?
Yes.
So much...
So much confusion in the world.
Thank you for being so kind.

I need kindness now.

Bananas!

Bananas!

Stella?

Hm?

Stella. Oh, my baby.

My baby sister.

Why, angel, what's the matter with you?

- He left?

- Stan? Mm-hm.

Will he be back?

- He's gone to get the car greased, why?

- Why?

I've been half-crazy, Stella. How could you come back to this place last night?

Please, Blanche. He was as good as a lamb when I came back.

- He's really very ashamed of himself.

- And that...

- That makes it all right?

- No.

Stanley's always smashed things.

On our wedding night,

as soon as we came in here...

...he snatched off one of my slippers...

...and rushed about the place smashing the light bulbs with it.

He did what?

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

And you let him?

Didn't run, didn't scream?

I was sort of thrilled by it.

Eunice and you had breakfast?

Oh, do you suppose

I wanted any breakfast?

You're so matter-of-fact

about it all, Stella.

What other can I be?

He's taken the radio to get it fixed.

It didn't land on the pavement, so only one tube was smashed.

And you standing there smiling.

What do you want me to do?

Pull yourself together. Face the facts.

What are they in your opinion?

In my opinion,

you're married to a madman.

I've got a plan for us both,

to get us both out of here.

I wish you'd stop taking it for granted

I'm in something I wanna get out of.

I take it you have sufficient

memory of Belle Reve to find this place...

...and these poker players impossible

to live with.

- You take too much for granted.

- I can't believe you're in earnest.

- No?

- I understand what happened a little.

You saw him first in uniform,

an officer, not here.

I'm not sure it makes

any difference where I saw him.

What you're talking about is desire,

just brutal desire.

The name of that rattletrap streetcar

that bangs through the Quarter.

Up one old, narrow street

and down another.

Haven't you ever ridden

on that streetcar?

It brought me here.

Where I'm not wanted...

...and where I'm ashamed to be.

Don't you think your superior attitude's

a little out of place?

- A man like that...

- I told you I love him.

I tremble for you, I just tremble.

- Hi, Stanley.

- Hi.

May I speak plainly?

Yes, do. Go ahead, as plainly

as you want to.

Well, if you'll forgive me...

...he's common.

Yes, I suppose he is.

Suppose?

Surely you can't have forgotten
that much of our upbringing, Stella...
...that you just suppose there's
any part of a gentleman in his nature.
Oh, you're hating me saying this,
aren't you?

Go on and say it all, Blanche.

He's like an animal.

Has an animal's habits.

There's even something
subhuman about him.

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 kill in the jungle. And you...
...you here waiting for him.

Maybe he'll strike you
or maybe grunt and kiss you.

That's if kisses have been discovered
yet. His "poker night," you call it.

His party of apes?

Maybe we are a long way
from being made in God's image.

But, Stella, my sister...

...there's been some progress
since then.

Such things as art, as poetry,
as music.

In some kinds of people...

...some tenderer feelings have had
some little beginning...

...that we have got to make grow
and to cling to...

...as our flag in this dark march
toward whatever it is we're approaching.

Don't, don't hang back
with the brutes.

Hey, Stell?

Hey, Stell?

- Hiya.

- Hi.

Hey, is Blanche back yet?

Yeah, she's back.

Oh, hi there, Blanche.

You look like you got under the car.

That mechanic down at Fritz's doesn't know his axle grease from third base.

Hey!

- Don't throw that thing at me! Eunice!

You brick redhead,

I'll play with you!

You wanna play with me,

I'll play games with you!

That's just what I gave your brother, you big redhead!

He hit me!

And I'm gonna call the police!

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

- Did Eunice get the police?

- No, she's getting a drink...

...at the Four Deuces.

- That's much more practical.

Blanche is making us some new slipcovers, honey.

Hey, is she here?

She went to the Four Deuces.

That no-good, rotten...

Hey, Stella, I can't find my other pair of shoes.

We cleaned in there.

I'll get them.

I can't find nothing around this dump anymore.

Oh, Stanley.

What sign were you born under?

- What sign?

- Astrological sign.

I bet you were born under Aries.

Aries people are forceful, dynamic, they dote on noise.

They love to bang things around.

Stanley was born just five minutes after Christmas.

Capricorn, the goat!

Say...

...do you happen to know
somebody named Shaw?

Why... Why, everybody knows
someone by the name of Shaw.

This somebody named Shaw is under
the impression that he met you in Auriol.

I figure he must have got you
mixed up with some other party...

...because this other party
is somebody...

...that he met at a hotel
called the Flamingo.

Why, I guess he does have me
mixed up with this other party.

The Hotel Flamingo is not a place
that I would dare to be seen in.

Oh, you know it then?

I've seen it and smelled it.

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

The odor of cheap perfume
is penetrating.

Is that stuff you use expensive?

Twelve dollars an ounce. I'm nearly out.

That's just a hint if you want to
remember my birthday.

I figure that he must have
got you mixed up...

...but he goes in and out
of Auriol all the time...

...so he can check and clear up
any mistake.

- I'll see you at the Four Deuces.

- Hey, don't I rate a kiss?

No, not in front of your sister.

Don't cry. I only do that with other girls
because I love you, baby.

Don't cry.

Stella.

You still scared of thunder?

What have you heard about me?

Huh?

What have people been

telling you about me?

- Telling?

- You haven't heard...

...any unkind gossip about me?

Why, no, Blanche. Of course not.

Honey, there was

quite a lot of talk in Auriol.

People talk, who cares?

I haven't been so awfully good

the last year or so, since...

Since Belle Reve started to slip
through my fingers.

Honey, all of us do things...

I never was hard

or self-sufficient enough.

Soft people...

Soft people have got to

court the favor of hard ones, Stella.

You've got to shimmer and glow.

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...

I'm fading now.

Have you been listening to me?

I never listen to you

when you're being morbid.

Oh.

Is that Coke for me?

- Not for anyone else.

- You precious lamb. Is it just a Coke?

- You mean you want a shot in it?

- A shot never did a Coke any harm.

Oh, let me.

You mustn't wait on me.

I like to wait on you, Blanche.

It makes it seem more like home.

I have to admit, I...

I love to be waited on.

Blanche.

Blanche, honey, what is it?

Oh, you're so good to me, and I...

- Now, 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.

- Now, Blanche.

- I'll go. I'll go soon.
I won't hang around
till he throws me out.

- Now, will you stop talking foolish?

- Yes.
Only watch how you pour it!
Heavens.
Right on my...
...pretty...
...pink skirt.

- Here. Use my hankie.

- Blot gently.

- I know.
Gently...
...gently...
...gently.
Did it stain?
No.
No, not a bit.
Isn't that lucky?
Why did you scream like that?
I don't know why I screamed.
Mitch...
Mitch is coming at 7.
I guess I'm a little nervous
about our relations.
He hasn't gotten anything more than a
good-night kiss. That's all I've given him.
I want his respect. And men don't want
anything they get too easy.
On the other hand, men lose interest
quickly, especially when a girl is over...
Over 30.
When I mentioned marriage
they even forgot where I lived, so...
So, you see, I haven't informed him
of my real age.
Honey, why are you so sensitive

about your age?
Because of hard knocks
my vanity has 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.
Darling...
...do you want him?
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.
Blanche, it will happen.
It will?
It will, honey, it will.
Only, don't take another drink.
Hey, Steve! Eunice!
Stell!
Oh, get away! Get away!
- Put me down!
- Oh, you...!
- Hiya, honey!
- Let go!
Oh, me.
Come in.
- Evening, ma'am.
- Oh.
Well, well.
- What can I do for you?
- Well, I'm collecting for the Evening Star.
I didn't know that stars
took up collections.
No, it's a paper, ma'am.
I know.
I was joking. Feebly.
Will you...? Will you have a drink?
No, ma'am.
No, thank you.
I can't drink on the job.
Oh.

Well, now, let me see.

No, no. I don't have a dime.

I'm not the lady of the house.

I'm her sister from Mississippi.

I'm one of those poor relations
you've heard tell about.

Oh, that's all right, ma'am.

I'll come back later.

Hey.

Have you...?

- Have you got a light?

- Sure.

- This doesn't always work.

- It's temperamental.

Why, thanks.

Thank you.

Hey.

What?

What time is it?

Fifteen of 7.

So late?

Don't you love these long,
rainy afternoons in New Orleans...

...when an hour isn't just an hour...

...but a little piece of eternity
dropped in our hands...

...and who knows what to do with it?

You...

You didn't get caught in the rain?

No, ma'am. I stepped inside.

- In a drugstore and had a soda.

- Mm-hm.

- Chocolate?

- No, ma'am. Cherry.

- Cherry. Heh, heh.

- Cherry.

Mmm. You make my mouth water.

I guess I...

Young man.

Young...

...young...

...young man.

Did anyone ever tell you, you look like a
young prince out of the Arabian Nights?

You do, honey lamb.
Come here.
Come on over here, like I told you.
I want to kiss you just once...
...softly...
...and sweetly on your mouth.
Run away now, quickly.
It'd be nice to keep you,
but I've got to be good...
...and keep my hands off children.
Adios.
Why, look who's here.
My Rosenkavalier.
Oh, bow to me first.
Now, prsentez. Ha, ha.
Merci.
Hiya, Mitch.
I'm afraid you haven't had much
fun out of this evening, Blanche.
- I spoiled it for you.
- No, you didn't.
I simply couldn't rise
to the occasion, that was all.
I don't think I've ever tried so hard to be
gay and made such a dismal mess of it.
I get ten points for trying.
I did try.
Hello, moon.
I'm looking for the Pleiades...
...the Seven Sisters...
...but these girls aren't out tonight.
Oh, yes, they are.
There they are, God bless them.
All in a bunch, going home
from their little bridge party.
May I kiss you?
Why do you always ask me if you may?
- I don't know if you want me to or not.
- Why should you be so doubtful?
We parked by the lake,
and I kissed you...
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.
Not that I resented it,
not a bit in the world.
In fact, I was somewhat flattered
that you desired me.
But 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.
- Lost?
I guess you're used to
the type of girl that likes to be lost.
I like you to be exactly
the way that you are...
...because in all my experience,
I have never known anyone like you.
Are you laughing at me?
No.
No, honey.
I'm not laughing at you.
Well, come on,
let's finish our nightcap.
You've been so anxious and solemn
all evening.
We've both been anxious and solemn.
And now for these last few remaining
moments of our lives together...
...I want to create joie de vivre.
I'm lighting this candle.
That's good.
We're going to be very bohemian.
We are gonna pretend we're sitting in an
artists' cafe on the Left Bank in Paris.
- Understand French?
- No, no, I don't understand French.
Oh. Well, why don't you sit down.
Take off your coat. Loosen your collar.
- No, I better leave it on.
- No. I want you to be comfortable.
No, I'm ashamed of the way I perspire.
My shirt is sticking to me.
Perspiration is healthy. If people didn't
perspire, they would die in five minutes.

Oh, this is a nice coat.

What...?

- What material is it?
- They call this stuff alpaca.
- Oh, alpaca.
- It's very lightweight alpaca.
- Oh, lightweight alpaca.
- Yes.

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

And it don't look neat on me.

A man with a heavy build is careful of what he wears so he don't look clumsy.

- Why, you're not too heavy.
- You don't think I am?

You're not the delicate type.

You have a massive bone structure and a very imposing physique.

I thank you.

At Christmas, I was given a membership to the New Orleans Sports Club.

- Oh, good.
- It's the finest present I was ever given.

I work out there with the weights and I swim. 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 a man can punch me in the belly and it don't hurt me.

Punch me.

Go ahead. Go on. Punch.

Come on.

- Gracious.
- Heh, heh. See?

Blanche.

Guess how much I weigh?

- I'd say in the vicinity of 180 pounds.
- No, guess again.
- Not so much?
- No, more.
- Well?
- I weigh 207 pounds.

I'm 6'1 " and one-half inches tall in my bare feet...

...without shoes on,
and that's what I weigh stripped.
Oh, my goodness, it's awe-inspiring.
Well, my weight's not a very
interesting subject to talk about.
What's yours?
- My weight?
- Yes.
- You guess.
- Let me lift you.
Samson. Go on, lift me.
- Why, you're light as a feather.
- You may release me now.
- Huh?
- I said unhand me, sir.
Mitch, Mitch, we're in public.
You must behave like a gentleman.
Just give me a slap
whenever I step out of bounds.
It won't be necessary. You're a natural
gentleman. One of the few left.
I don't want you to think that I'm
severe or old-maid schoolteacherish...
...or anything. It's just, well, I...
I guess I have old-fashioned ideals.
Where's Stanley and Stella tonight?
I think they were planning
to take in a midnight preview.
We all ought to go out together
some night.
That wouldn't be a good plan.
Why not?
You are an old friend of Stanley's?
We was together in the 241 st.
- I guess he talks to you pretty frankly.
- Sure.
Has he talked to you about me?
- No, not much.
- The way you say that...
...I suspect that he has.
- He hasn't said much.
Well, what he has said, what would
you say his attitude toward me was?
- What makes you ask that?

- Well...

Don't you get along with him?

What do you think?

I think he don't understand you.

That's putting it mildly. Surely he must have told you how much he hates me.

I don't think he hates you.

He hates me,

or why would he insult me?

Of course...

...there is such a thing as the hostility of...

Perhaps in some strange kind of way, he...

Oh, no.

To think of it makes me...

- Blanche.

- Yes, honey?

- Blanche, can I ask you a question?

- Yes, what?

How old are you?

What do you want to know that for?

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

- You talked to your mother about me?

- Yes.

Why?

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

Were you sincere about that?

You know I was.

Why did your mother

want to know my age?

- My mother is sick, and...

- Oh, I'm sorry to hear it. Badly?

She won't live long...

...maybe just a few months, and she worries because I'm not settled.

She wants to see me

settled down before she...

You love her very much, don't you?

You'll be lonely when she passes on, won't you?

I know what that means.

To be Ionely?
I loved someone once.
And the person I loved, I lost.
Dead?
He was a boy.
Just a boy,
when I was a very young girl.
When I was 16, I made the discovery:
Love.
All at once, and much...
...much too completely.
It was like you suddenly turned
a blinding light...
...on something that had
always been half in shadow.
That's how it struck the world for me.
But I was unlucky.
Deluded.
There was something about the boy.
A nervousness, a tenderness...
...an uncertainty.
And I didn't understand.
I didn't understand why this boy,
who wrote poetry...
...didn't seem able to do anything else.
He lost every job.
He came to me for help.
I didn't know that.
I didn't know anything...
...except that I loved him...
...unendurably.
At night I pretended to sleep.
I heard him crying.
Crying.
Crying the way a lost child cries.
I don't understand.
No.
No, neither did I.
And that's why I...
I killed him.
You...?
One night...
...we drove out to a place
called Moon Lake Casino.

We danced the Varsouviana.
Suddenly, in the middle of the dance,
the boy I married broke away from me...
...and ran out of the casino.
A few minutes later...
...a shot.
I ran.
All did.
All ran and gathered about
the terrible thing at the edge of the lake.
He'd stuck a revolver into his mouth...
...and fired.
It was because...
...on the dance floor...
...unable to stop myself, I'd said:
"You're weak.
I've lost respect for you.
I despise you."
And then...
...the searchlight
which had been turned on the world...
...was turned off again.
And never...
...for one moment since,
has there been any light stronger than...
Than this...
...yellow lantern.
You need somebody.
And I need somebody too.
Could it be you and me, Blanche?
Oh.
Sometimes...
...there's God...
...so quickly.
- You wanna mess with me,
sonny boy, come on!
All right, turn him loose!
You're gonna kill who? You don't even
know when you're getting wised up.
You don't have to wise me up!
Come on, here. Come on,
get to work here. We gotta get going.
We got some bucks
to make around here.

Go ahead and marry her,
but hurry it up.
She's been in my house
five months and her time is up.
It's only a paper moon
Sailing over a cardboard sea
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me
It's a Barnum and Bailey world
Just as phony as it...
Oh, hello, Stanley.
But it wouldn't be make-believe
If you believed in me
Some canary bird.
All right.
Please tell me quietly just what you think
you found out about my sister.
You know your sister Blanche
is no lily, don't you?
What have you heard,
and who from?
You should know the line
that she's been feeding to Mitch.
Our supply man at the plant's
been going through Auriol for years.
He knows all about her.
And everybody else in the town
of Auriol knows all about her.
She's as famous in Auriol as if she was
the president of the United States...
...only she's not respected by any party.
Without your love
It's a honky-tonk parade
So she moved to a hotel
called the Flamingo...
...which is a second-class hotel...
...and has the advantages...
...of not interfering with the private
and social life of the personalities there.
Now, the Flamingo is used to
all kinds of goings on.
But the management of the Flamingo
was impressed by Dame Blanche.
In fact, they were so impressed

that they requested her...
...to turn in her room key
for permanently.
And this happened a couple of weeks
before she showed here.
Honey, I know how
this is gonna upset you.
But listen, she pulled the wool
over your eyes just as much as Mitch's.
Pure invention.
Not a word of truth in it.
Baby, listen. I checked on every story.
The trouble was she couldn't
put on her act anymore in Auriol...
...because they wised up.
And after two, three days they quit,
then she goes on to another one.
The same old line, the same old act
and the same old hooey.
And as time went by,
she became the town character...
...regarded not just as different,
but downright loco and nuts...
...which brings us to lie number two...
Stella.
Baby, now...
She didn't resign temporarily because
of her nerves. She was kicked out...
...before the spring term ended.
And, now, I hate to tell you the reason
that step was taken.
A 17-year-old kid
she got mixed up with.
The boy's dad learned about it...
...and he got in touch
with the high school superintendent.
And it was practically a town ordinance
passed against her.

BLANCHE:

- Yes, Blanche?
Can I have another bath towel
to dry my hair with? I just washed it.
Yes, honey.

- What's the matter, honey?
- Matter, what?
You have such a strange
expression on your face.
- I guess I'm a little tired, is...
- Well...
...why don't you take a hot bath
as soon as I get out?
How soon is that gonna be, Blanche?
Not so terribly long,
possess your soul in patience.
It's not my soul I'm worried about.
Well?
How many candles
you sticking in the cake?
I stopped at 25.
You got company expected?
We asked Mitch to come over.
Well, don't expect Mitch
over here tonight.
Why?
Mitch is a buddy of mine.
We was together in the 241 st Engineers.
We work in the same plant,
we're on the same bowling team.
Stanley Kowalski, did you repeat
what that...?
You bet I told him.
I would have that on my conscience...
...if I knew all that
and let my best friend get caught.
- Is Mitch through with her?
- I don't know...
...but he's wised up.
- Mitch was gonna marry her.
He's not gonna marry her now.
He's not gonna jump into a tank
with a school of sharks.
- What'll she do? What will she do?
- Oh, her future is mapped out for her.
What do you mean?
Hey, toots! Canary bird,
will you get out of the bathroom!
Oh.

Oh, I feel so good
after a long, hot bath.
I feel so good and cool and rested.
- Do you, Blanche?
- Yes, I do. So refreshed.
Why, a hot bath
and a long, cold drink...
...always gives me
a brand-new outlook on life.
What's the matter?
What's happened.
- What is it?
- Nothing's happened, Blanche.
You're lying.
Something has.
Stanley?
Stanley, tell us a joke.
Tell us a funny little story
to make us all laugh.
I don't know what's the matter,
we're all so solemn.
Is it because I've been
stood up by my beau?
First time in my experience with men...
And I've had a good deal of all sorts.
- That I've been stood up by anyone.
Ha, ha.
I don't know how to take it.
Tell us a funny little story, Stanley.
Something to help us out.
I didn't think you liked
my stories, Blanche.
I like them when they're amusing,
but not indecent.
I don't know any refined enough
for your taste.
Well, then. Let me tell one.
Yes, tell one, Blanche.
You used to know a lot of good stories.
Now, let me see. I have to run
through my repertoire.
Oh, yes, I love parrot stories.
You all like parrot stories? This is about
the old maid and the parrot.

This old maid, she had a parrot
that cursed a blue streak...
...and knew more vulgar expressions
than Mr. Kowalski.
Well, the only way to hush the parrot up
was to put the cover...
Must be upstairs.
Well, the only way
to hush the parrot up was to put...
Go on, Blanche.
No.
I don't think
Mr. Kowalski will be amused.
Mr. Kowalski is too busy making
a pig of himself to think of anything else.
Your face and your fingers
are disgustingly greasy.
Go wash up
and then help me clear the table.
Now, that's how
I'm gonna clear the table.
Don't you ever talk that way to me.
Pig, Polack, disgusting, vulgar, greasy.
Those words have been on your tongue
and your sister's tongue...
...just too much around here.
Who do you think you are,
a pair of queens?
Remember Huey Long said: Every man's
a king, and I'm the king around here.
And don't you forget it.
My place is all cleared up now.
You want me to clear yours?
Stella...
...what happened while I was bathing?
- What did he tell you?
- Nothing. Nothing, nothing, Blanche.
- I think he told you about Mitch and me.
- No.
You know why Mitch didn't come,
but you won't tell.
- No.
- I'm gonna call him.
- Don't call him!

- Yes, I am. I'll call him on the phone.

Blanche, I wouldn't call him.

Got to be given some explanation
from someone.

Well, 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 that empty chair.

Hello? I want to talk
to Mr. Mitchell, please.

I'd like to leave a number, if I may.

- Honey.

- Tulane-4947.

And say it's important to call, please.

Honey, it's gonna be all right after
she goes and after you have the baby.

It's gonna be all right again
between you and me, the way it was.

Remember how it was?

It's gonna be so sweet when we can
get them colored lights going...

...with nobody's sister
behind the curtains to hear us.

Steve and Eunice.

Come on back in.

Blanche?

Blanche.

- Yes?

- Oh, come on, hon.

Oh, what pretty, pretty candles.

Don't burn them, Stella.

- I certainly will.

- No.

You ought to save them
for baby's birthdays.

Oh, I hope candles are gonna
glow in his life.

I hope his eyes are gonna be
like candles...

...like two blue candles...

Lining a white cake.

What poetry.

I shouldn't have called him.
Blanche. You know, it's hot in there
with the steam from that bathroom!
I said I was sorry three times!
I take hot baths for my nerves.
Hydrotherapy, they call it.
You healthy Polack,
without a nerve in your body.
How can you possibly know
what anxiety feels like?
I am not a Polack!
People from Poland are Poles,
they are not Polacks!
But what I am
is 100 percent American!
I'm born and raised in the greatest
country on earth and I'm proud of it!
- And don't you ever call me a Polack!
- That's for me, I'm sure!
Just keep your seat.
I'm not so sure.
- Hello.
- Stanley?
- Yeah, Mac.
- Listen, Stanley...
Take your hands off me, Stella.
What's the matter with you?
- Why do you give me that pitying look?
- Will you shut up!
No, we got a noisy woman in the place.
I told you I don't want to 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 bowl at the West Side
or at the Gate, and I'll see you.
Sister Blanche...
...I got a little birthday
remembrance for you.
I hope that you like it.
- Why, it's a...
- That's a bus ticket back to Auriol.
Tuesday.
Blanche.

You didn't need to do that.
Don't forget all that I took off of her.
You didn't need to be so cruel
to someone as alone as she is.
- A delicate article, she is.
- She is. She was.
You didn't know Blanche as a girl.
Nobody, nobody was as tender
and as trusting as she was.
But people like you abused her
and forced her to change.
- Do you think you're going bowling now?
- That's right.
You're not going bowling.
Why did you do this to her?
Let go of me.
I want to know why!
Hey, cool it!
Listen, baby, when we first met,
you and me, you thought I was common.
Well, how right you was.
I was common as dirt.
You showed me a snapshot
of a place with columns...
...and I pulled you down off them
columns and you loved it.
Having them colored lights going.
And wasn't we happy together?
Wasn't it all okay till she showed here?
Huh? Wasn't we happy together?
Wasn't it all okay till she showed here?
Hoity-toity, describing me like a ape.
Stella?
What's the matter with you?
Honey, what's the matter with you?
Honey, did I hurt you?
Baby, what is it?
Take me to the hospital.
Who is it, please?
It's me. Me, Mitch.
Mitch.
Just a minute, please.
Coming. Coming.
Hello, Mitch.

You know, I really shouldn't let you in
after the treatment I received from you.
So utterly uncavalier.
But, hello, beautiful.
Oh, my, my, what a cold shoulder.
And what uncouth apparel.
Why, you haven't even shaved.
But I forgive you,
because it's a relief to see you.
You stopped that polka tune
I had in my head.
Ever get anything caught in your head?
Of course not, you never get
anything awful caught in your head.
- We have to have that fan on?
- No.
- I don't like fans.
- Well, let's turn it off, honey.
I'm not partial to them.
I don't know what there is to drink,
I haven't investigated.
- I don't want Stan's liquor.
- It isn't Stan's!
Some things on the premises
are actually mine.
How's your mother?
- Is your mother well?
- Why?
Something the matter with you.
But never mind.
I won't cross-examine the witness, I'll just
pretend I didn't notice anything different.
It's that music again.
What music?
The polka tune they were playing
when Allan...
Wait.
There...
...the shot.
It always stops after that.
Yes.
Now it's stopped.
Are you boxed out of your mind?
Oh, I'll go and see what I can

find in the way of...

By the way, forgive me not being dressed. I'd practically given you up. Had you forgotten your invitation?

MITCH:

to see you anymore.

BLANCHE:

Wait, I can't hear what you're saying.

You talk so seldom,
when you do say anything...

...I don't want to miss
a single syllable of it.

What am I looking for around here?

Oh, yes. The liquor.

We've had so much excitement,
I am boxed out of my mind.

Here's something.

"Southern Cheer."

What can that be, I wonder?

Take your foot off the bed.

It has a clean cover on it.

You boys wouldn't notice
a thing like that.

- I've done so much to this place since I...

- Aren't you leaving here pretty soon?

I wonder if this ought to be
mixed with something.

Mmm. It's sweet, terribly sweet.

Why, I believe it's a liqueur.

Heh, heh, heh. Yes, that's what it is,
a liqueur. I don't think you'll like it, but try it.

- Maybe you will.

- I told you before...

...I don't want any of his liquor,
and I mean it.

He says you been lapping it up
all summer like a wildcat.

I won't descend to the level
of such a cheap accusation to answer...

What's in your mind?

- I see something in your eyes.

- It's dark in here.

I like the dark.
The dark is comforting to me.
I've never seen you in the light.
That's a fact.
I've never seen you in the afternoon.
I met you at the plant
in the afternoon.
Not on Sunday afternoon!
You never wanna go out till after 6, then
it's always someplace not lighted much.
Some obscure meaning
in this I fail to catch.
What it means is I've never had
a real good look at you.
- Let's turn the light on.
- Light? What for?
This one here with
this paper thing on it.
- What did you want to do that for?
- So I can see you, good and plain.
You don't really mean to be insulting.
No, just realistic.
- I don't want realism. I want magic.
- Magic.
Yes, yes, magic.
I try to give that to people. I do
misrepresent things, I don't tell truth.
I tell what ought to be truth and if that
is sinful, then let me be punished for it.
Don't turn the light on!
Oh, I don't mind you
being older than what I thought...
...but all the rest of it.
Why, that pitch about
your ideals being so old-fashioned...
...and all the malarkey that
you've been dishing out all summer.
I knew you weren't 16, but I was
fool enough to believe you was straight!
Who told you I wasn't straight?
My loving brother-in-law?
- And you believed him?
- No!
No, I called him a liar at first

and then I checked on the story.

I talked over long distance

to this merchant in Auriol.

- Who is this merchant?

- Kiefaber.

The merchant Kiefaber of Auriol.

I know the man. He whistled at me.

I put him in his place.

Now he makes up stories about me.

Didn't you stay at a hotel

called the Flamingo?

Flamingo? No!

Tarantula was the name of it.

- I stayed at a hotel called Tarantula Arms.

- Tarantula Arms?

Yes, a big spider. That's where

I brought my victims.

Yes.

I have had many meetings

with strangers.

After the death of Allan...

...meetings with strangers was all I
seemed able to fill my empty heart with.

I think it was panic, just panic...

...that drove me from one to another,
searching for some protection.

Here, there, and then

in the most unlikely places.

Even, at last, in a 17-year-old boy.

But 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.

I was played out.

You know what played out is?

My youth was gone up the waterspout.

Then I met you.

You said you needed someone.

Well, I needed someone too.

I thanked God for you.

You seemed gentle.
A cleft...
...in the rock of the world
that I could hide in.
But I suppose I was asking...
...hoping too much.
Kiefaber...
...Harris and Shaw have tied an old tin
can to the tail of the kite.
I thought you were straight.
Straight?
What's straight?
A line can be straight, or a street...
...but the heart of a human being?
- You lied to me, Blanche.
- Don't say I lied to you.
- Lies! Lies! Inside and out, all lies!
- Never inside.
I never lied in my heart!
What?
From outside.
Flowers.
Flowers for the dead.
No.
Not now.
I lived in a house where dying
old women remembered their dead men.
Crumble, then fade.
Regrets, recriminations.
"If you'd done this,
it wouldn't have cost me that."
Legacies...
...and other things...
...such as bloodstained pillowslips.
I used to sit here...
...and she used to sit there.
And death was as close as you are.
Death.
The opposite is desire.
So how could you wonder?
How could 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 in town to get drunk.
And on the way back, they would
stagger onto my lawn and call:
"Blanche."
What do you want?
Marry me, Mitch.
No, I don't think
I want to marry you anymore.
No?
No. You're not clean enough
to bring in the house with my mom...
Go, then!
Get out of here.
Quick, before I start screaming.
Get out of here quick,
before I start screaming!
Screaming! Screaming!
Are you all right, lady?
What's the matter, lady?
- She must be drunk.
- Somebody better get a policeman.
There's a cop now.
- What happened?
- I don't know.
It's a police officer. Open up.
Open up in there.
It's a police officer, open up.
What's the matter? Are you hurt, lady?
Are you all right, lady?
Yes. Go away.
- Go on.
- Are you hurt?
- Are you all right?
- I'll be good.
It's all right. Let's break it up.
I'll be good.
I'll be good. I'll be good.
Oh, no, my gracious. What a thing.
How about taking a swim,
a moonlight swim at the old rock quarry?
That's if anyone's sober enough
to drive a car.

The best way in the world
to stop your head from buzzing.
Only you have to be careful to dive
where the deep pool is.
If you hit a rock, you won't come up
till tomorrow. Heh, heh.
My goodness. They're playing
"Goodnight, Ladies."
May I rest my weary head
on your shoulder?
It's so...
...comforting.
Hi, Blanche.
- How's my sister?
- She's doing okay.
How's the baby?
The baby won't come till tomorrow,
so they told me to get a little shuteye.
Does that mean...
...we are to be alone in here?
Yeah, it's just you and me, Blanche.
Hey, what do you got
them fine feathers on for?
Oh. That's right.
You left before my wire came.
What, you got a wire?
I received a telegram
from an old admirer of mine.
- Anything good?
- I think so. An invitation.
What to?
A cruise of the Caribbean on a yacht.
Well, what do you know?
I was never so surprised in my life.
It came like a bolt from the blue.
Who'd you say it was from?
An old beau of mine.
Oh, the one that give you
the white fox fur pieces.
Shep Huntleigh.
I wore his ATO pin
my last year in college.
I hadn't seen him for a while,
then just now this wire...

...inviting me on a cruise of the
Caribbean. The problem is clothes.
I tore into my trunk to see what I had
that was suitable for the tropics.
And you come up
with a gorgeous diamond tiara.
This old relic? It's only rhinestones.
Oh, I thought it was
Tiffany's diamonds.
Well, anyhow,
I shall be entertained in style.
Well, it just goes to show you,
Blanche, you never know what's coming.
When I thought my luck
was beginning to fail me.
Into the picture
pops this Miami millionaire.
This man is not from Miami.
This man is from Dallas.
Just so he's from somewhere.
Close the curtains
before you undress any further.
No, this is all
I'm gonna undress right now.
Hey, Blanche,
you seen the bottle opener?
I used to have a cousin who could open
a bottle of beer with his teeth.
And that was all he could do.
He was just a human bottle-opener.
Then one time at a wedding party,
he broke his front teeth right off.
And then after that,
he was so ashamed of himself...
...that he used to sneak out of the house
when company came.
Rain from heaven.
What do you say, Blanche? You want to
bury the hatchet and make a loving cup?
No. No, thank you.
- Why don't you get with it?
- What are you doing in here?
Hey, wait a second.
I want to show you something.

Here's something I always break out
on special occasions:
Silk pajamas I wore
on my wedding night.
When they call on that phone
and say, "You got a son"...
...I'm gonna rip them off
and wave them like a flag!
I guess we're both entitled
to put on a dog.
You're having an oil millionaire
and I'm having the baby.
When I think of how divine it'll be to
have such a thing as privacy once more...
...I could weep with joy.
This millionaire isn't gonna interfere
with your privacy none?
It won't be the sort of thing
you have in mind.
This man is a gentleman.
He respects me.
What he wants is my companionship.
Having great wealth
sometimes makes people lonely.
A cultivated woman,
a woman of breeding and intelligence...
...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, richness
of the spirit, tenderness of the heart...
I have all those things... . Aren't taken
away, but grow, increase with the years.
Oh.
Strange that I should be called
a destitute woman...
...when I have all 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, huh?

Yes. Swine.

And I'm thinking not only of you but
of Mr. Mitchell. He came here tonight.
He dared to come in his work clothes to
repeat slander, vicious stories from you.

I gave him his walking papers.

But then he returned. He returned with
a box of roses to beg my forgiveness.

He implored my forgiveness.

But some things are not forgivable.

Deliberate cruelty is not forgivable!

It is one unforgivable thing,
in my opinion...

...and the one thing
of which I have never...

...never been guilty.

So I said to him, "Thank you.

It was foolish of me to think that
we could adapt ourselves to each other.

Our ways of life are too different,
our backgrounds are incompatible.

So farewell, my friend,
and let there be no hard feelings."

Was this before or after
you got the telegram?

Telegram? What telegram?

- Heh. As a matter of fact, my wire...

- As a matter of fact...

...there wasn't no wire at all.

And there isn't no millionaire.

And Mitch didn't come in here with
roses, because I know where he is.

And there isn't a thing but imagination
and lies and deceit and tricks.

And look at yourself.

Take a look at yourself here,
in a worn-out Mardi Gras outfit.

Rented for 50 cents from some
rag picker with a crazy crown on.

What kind of a queen
do you think you are?

You know that I've been on to you
from the start...

...and not once did you pull the wool
over this boy's eyes.
You come here and sprinkle the place
with powder and you spray perfume...
...and stick a paper lantern
over the light bulb.
And lo and behold,
place is turned into Egypt...
...and you're the queen of the Nile,
sitting on your throne...
...swilling down my liquor.
You know what I say?
Ha-ha!
You hear me?
Ha-ha-ha!
Flowers.
No.
Not now.
- Operator.
- What happened to long distance?
Never mind long distance.
Get me Western Union.
Western Union? Hear me?
Take down this message:
"Desperate, desperate circumstances.
Caught in a trap. Help me.
Caught in a trap."
Hello? Operator.
I can give you Western Union now.
Western Union.
Hello? Western Union.
This is Western Union.
Hello.
You left the phone
off the hook, Blanche.
This is Western Union.
What?
Let me...
Let me get by you.
You wanna get by me? Go ahead.
Stand over there.
You got plenty of room
to get by me now.
I've got to get out. Somehow.

You think I'm gonna
interfere with you?
You know, maybe you won't be bad
to interfere with.
Stand back. Don't you come
toward me another step, or I'll...
- You'll what?
- Some awful thing will happen. It will!
What are you putting on now?
I warn you. Don't. I'm in danger!
What did you do that for?
So I could twist the broken end
in your face.
- I bet you would do that.
- I would. I will, if you...
Oh.
You wanna have
a little roughhouse, huh?
All right, let's have a little roughhouse.
Tiger, tiger. Drop that bottle top.
Drop it!
Oh, inside straight, man!
Try it in English, mustache.
- I'm cursing your rotten luck.
- You know what luck is?
Luck is believing you're lucky,
that's all.
Take at Salerno. I believed I was lucky.
I figured that four out of five...
...wasn't gonna get through
but I would, and I did.
I stick that down as a rule: To hold
the front position in this rat race...
...you gotta believe you're lucky.
- You... You... You brag... Brag bull!
- What's the matter with you?
I always said men was callous things
with no feeling, but this beats anything.
- Sitting there making pigs of yourselves.
- What's the matter with her?
Come on, deal.
- Blanche?
- Bathing.
How's my baby?

Sleeping like a little angel.
I brought you some grapes.
- How is she?
- She wouldn't eat anything.
I keep telling her we made arrangements
for her to rest in the country.
She's got it all mixed-up in her mind
about a cruise to the islands...
...with Shep Huntleigh, an old beau...

BLANCHE:

STELLA:

- If anyone calls while I'm bathing...
...take the number,
tell them I'll call right back.
- Yes, Blanche.
- Oh, and Stella.
The... The cool yellow silk, the bouclé,
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 seahorse.
You'll find it in the heart-shaped box
I keep my accessories in.
Oh, and Stella, see if you can locate
a bunch of artificial...
...violets in that box. I'll wear it with
the seahorse on the lapel of the jacket.
I just don't know
if I've done the right thing.
What else could you do?
I couldn't believe her story
and go on living with Stanley.
Don't you never believe it.
You gotta keep on going, baby.
No matter what happens,
we all gotta keep on going.
- Stella?
- Yes, Blanche?
- Is the coast clear?
- Yes, honey.
Close the curtains before I come out.

Tell her how well she's looking.

They're closed, honey.

I just washed my hair.

- Oh, did you?

- I'm not sure I got all the soap out.

- Such fine hair.

- That's the problem.

- Did I get a call?

- Who from?

- Shep Huntleigh.

- No, honey, not yet.

- Strange.

- Come on, Mitch.

Mitch?

Oh.

What's happened here?

I want an explanation
of what's happened here!

- Hush, please, Blanche.

- Honey...

What are you two
looking at me like that for?

Is there something wrong with me?

You look wonderful, Blanche.

Don't she look wonderful?

- I understand you're going on a trip.

- Yes.

Yes. Blanche is.

She's going on a vacation.

I'm green with envy.

Help me, you two.

Help me get dressed.

- Is this what you wanted?

- Yes, that'll do.

I'm anxious to get out of this place.

This place is a trap.

- Such a pretty lavender jacket.

- It's lilac-colored.

You're, both of you, wrong.

It's Della Robbia blue.

Are these grapes washed?

- Washed, I said. Are they washed?

- From the French Market.

That doesn't mean to say

they've been washed.
The cathedral chimes.
They're the only...
...clean thing in the Quarter.
- I'm going now. I'm ready to go.
- She'll walk out before they get here.
Wait, Blanche!
Must we pass in front of those men?
Why don't you wait here
till that game breaks up.
Yes, honey, sit down.
Tell them to wait outside.
Would you mind waiting outside just a
couple of seconds? They'll be right out.
Someone is calling for Blanche.
It is for me, then.
Is it the gentleman
I was expecting from Dallas?
Yes.
Yes, honey, I believe it is.
Why...
I'm not quite ready.
Ask them to wait outside.
Everything packed?
Stanley.
She'll be out in a minute.
- They're waiting outside the house.
- "They"?
Who's "they"?
There's a lady with him.
I can't imagine who this lady can be.
How is she dressed?
Just a plain tailored outfit.
Possibly she?
Shall we go now, Blanche?
- Must we go through that room?
- I'll go with you.
- How do I look?
- Lovely.
Lovely.
Please don't get up.
I'm only passing through.
You...
...are not the gentleman...

...I was expecting.
This man isn't Shep Huntleigh.
You forget something, Blanche?
Yes. Yes, I forgot something.
What are they gonna do to her?
Don't let them hurt her.
- What are they gonna do to her?
- Shh. Honey...
Hello, Blanche.
She says she forgot something.
That's all right.
Well, what did you forget, Blanche?
- It don't matter. We can pick it up later.
- We'll send it along with your trunk.
I don't know you.
- I want to be left alone, please!
- Now, Blanche...
Blanche, you left nothing here
but spilt talcum and old perfume bottles.
Unless it's the paper lantern you want to
take with you. You want the lantern?

MITCH:

You done this to her.
- Come on, stop it.
- Stop it, will you!
He did this to her, I know...
He must be nuts.
What are you looking at?
I never once touched her.
These fingernails have to be trimmed.
Jacket, doctor?
Not unless necessary.
Miss DuBois.
Please...
It won't be necessary.
Ask her...
...to let go of me.
Yes. Let go.
Whoever you are...
...I have always depended
on the kindness...
...of strangers.
- Blanche.

- Come on, honey.

Don't you touch me.

Don't you ever touch me again.

Stella!

Come on, Stella.

No, I'm not. I'm not going back
in there again. Not this time.

Never going back. Never.

Hey, Stella!

Hey, Stella!