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Cat on a Hot Tin Roof

By Richard Brooks

We want Pollitt. Brick Pollitt.
We want Pollitt.
Brick Pollitt.
Don't you do that!
I'm warning you, Trixie.
Gooper!
Can't you stop your child
from putting her hands in the ice cream?
Couldn't you at least wash your hands
before you did that?
Maggie!
You stop that!
How could you do that to a child?
Like this, honey.
Did you see what she did?
I told her to wash her hands first.
One of those no-neck monsters
hit me with some ice cream.
Why do you call Gooper's kiddies
"no-neck monsters"?
Because your brother's children
have got no necks.
Their fat little heads sit on their fat bodies
without a bit of connection.
That's too bad.
Especially 'cause, if they have no necks
you can't wring them. Right, honey?
Here we are!
Come on, Buster, Sonny.
Go get in the car. We're all going to go.
Did you ever hear so many dog's names
tagged on to children?
They've got five monsters
and number six coming up.
They've brought the whole bunch here
like animals to display at a county fair.
It's so obvious, it's disgusting.
It's obvious what they're up to.
What are they up to, Maggie?
I'll tell you what they're up to, boy of mine.
They're up to cutting you out
of your father's estate.
Everybody knows Big Daddy's...
...dying of...

I ought to send Sister Woman a bill
for a new pair of stockings.
Do we?
Do we what?
Know that Big Daddy is dying of...
Don't you believe it?
You'll know soon enough.
Suppose he is?
There's some things you've got to face.
There's some things in this world
you've simply got to face.
Why was Big Daddy in that horrible clinic
for six weeks...
...if the examination didn't show anything?
Why did Brother Man bring his whole tribe
down here in this sticky heat?
And why so many allusions
to you and Rainbow Hill?
You know what Rainbow Hill is?
It's a place that's famous for treating
famous alcoholics and dope fiends.
I'm not famous.
No...
...and you don't take dope.
Otherwise you'd be a perfect candidate
for Rainbow Hill.
That's where Brother Man's
going to tell Big Daddy to ship you.
Over my dead body!
Rainbow Hill.
With you out of the way,
Gooper gets hold of the estate...
...signs the checks, and cuts off our credit
whenever he wants.
How'd you like that, baby?
You're doing just about everything...
...to aid and abet them
in grabbing control, after Big Daddy...
Well, you are.
Quitting work,
devoting yourself to drinking!
Breaking your ankle last night
on the high school field.
Brick?

We've got one thing on our side.
No, two things.
Are my seams straight?
Big Daddy dotes on you, honey.
He just can't stand Brother Man
and his wife...
...that fertility monster.
She's odious to him.
I can tell.
Just like I can tell he likes me.
That's the second thing
we've got on our side.
He likes me.
The way he looks me up and down,
and over...
He's still got an eye for girls.
That kind of talk is disgusting.
Anybody ever tell you
you were a back-aching Puritan?
I think it's mighty fine how that old fellow,
on death's doorstep...
...takes in my shape with what
I consider deserved appreciation.
Gooper still cherishes the illusion
he took a giant step up the social ladder...
...when he married Mae Flynn
of the no-neck Memphis Flynnns...
...because she was queen
of the Cotton Carnival.
I can just see Gooper
falling for Her Majesty...
...sitting on that brass throne,
riding that tacky float down Main Street...
...smiling and bowing, and blowing kisses
to all the trash on the street.
You know what happened to her?
No, what happened to her?
Somebody spat tobacco juice in her face.
Some drunk at the Hotel Gayoso
leaned out the window and said:
"Hey, Queenie!"
Sister Mae looked up and smiled
and waved...
...and that drunk shot a squirt

of tobacco juice...
...right in her face.
Why are you looking at me like that?
Like what?
Like you were just looking.
I wasn't conscious of looking at you.
I was conscious of it.
- If you were thinking the same thing...
- No, Maggie!
- Why not?
- Will you please keep your voice down?
No!
I know you better than you think.
I've seen that look before...
...and I know what it used to mean.
- And it still means the same thing now.
- You're not the same woman now, Maggie.
Don't you think I know that?
- Don't you think I know...
- Know what, Maggie?
That I've gone through
this horrible transformation.
I've become hard and frantic and cruel.
Are you planning on meeting
Big Daddy's plane?
I get so lonely.
Everybody gets that.
Living with somebody you love can be...
...lonelier than living entirely alone...
...when the one you love doesn't love you.
You can't even stand
drinking out of the same glass, can you?
Would you like to live alone?
No!
No, I wouldn't.
Why can't you lose your good looks, Brick?
Most drinking men lose theirs.
Why can't you?
I think you've even got better looking
since you went on the bottle.
You were such a wonderful lover.
You'll be late!
You were so exciting to be in love with.
Mostly, I guess, because you were...

If I thought you'd...
...never make love to me again...
...I'd find the longest, sharpest knife
and stick it straight into my heart.
I'd do that.
How long does this have to go on,
this punishment?
Haven't I served my term?
Can I get a pardon?
Your finishing-school voice sounds like
you were running upstairs to say, "Fire!"
Is it any wonder?
You know what I feel like?
I feel all the time like a cat
on a hot tin roof.
Then jump off the roof, Maggie.
Cats jump off roofs and land uninjured.
Do it. Jump.
Jump where?
Into what?
Take a lover.
I don't deserve that!
I can't see any man but you.
Even with my eyes closed, I just see you.
Why can't you get ugly, Brick?
Why can't you get fat or ugly or something,
so I can stand it?
You'll make out fine.
Your kind always does.
I'm more determined than you think.
I'll win all right.
Win what?
What is the victory
of a cat on a hot tin roof?
Just staying on it, I guess...
...as long as she can.
Calm down. Not yet. Now wait a minute.
Where are the flowers?
Aren't you putting it on a little thick?
Get ready, now!
Mama, she didn't bring anything
for Big Daddy.
Pretty seedy looking flowers
for Big Daddy, huh, Gooper?

I picked them myself.
Looks like she picked them off a grave.
Don't talk about graves when we don't
know if Big Daddy's going to live or die.
Get ready.
Hello, Mae.
Hello, children.
Doc, isn't it great?
Kiss me!
Kiss your grandmother.
Darling Big Daddy!
You look fine, Big Daddy.
Doc, do you want to tell them the news?
The exploratory operation proved
there's nothing wrong with Big Daddy.
Nothing at all!
Just a spastic colon. And that's all.
- Great news!
- Isn't that great news?
That's the best birthday present of all.
Where's Brick?
Uncle Brick got drunk and broke his leg.
- How?
- What's that?
Got drunk again and tried to jump
the high hurdles at 3:00 AM.
That poor boy still thinks he's an athlete.
Couldn't keep it out of the local paper.
AP got hold of it too.
Yeah, and UP...
...and thanks to your professional
legal advice, every other P.
Let's go home.
Don't you want to ride with the children?
No!
He's his sassy old self again, all right!
Be quiet, woman!
Hush up!
Welcome home, Cap'n Pollitt.
I'm going to live, Maggie. I'm going to live.
They had me real scared.
I've wasted so much time.
I've got a million different kinds
of feelings left in me.

And I'm going to use them.
I'm going to use them all.
Why did you and Brick
suddenly drive up from New Orleans?
For your birthday, what else?
I had one last year and the year before.
Didn't see you then.
You know how Brick is sometimes.
Maybe he thought he was coming
to my funeral instead.
Brick loves you! He does!
But does he love you?
What do you want? Proof?
If I was married to you three years...
...you'd have the living proof.
You'd have three kids
and a fourth in the oven.
Get me out of this. I want to talk to Brick.
He wants some more ice, Miss Margaret.
"We love you when we're with you
"And we love you out of sight
"Big Mama, too"
I've got news, honey!
Big news.
Big Daddy's going to live.
That's right, he's a well man.
That's what Big Mama said and Dr. Baugh
was right there with them.
You should've seen Mae and Gooper's face.
They almost dropped dead
from shock themselves.
He's all right?
Feeling like 40...
...and talking like 20.
And we can drive back
to New Orleans tonight.
- I'm taking no chances on moving you.
- I won't break.
Or letting them poison
Big Daddy's mind against you.
I just want you to get dressed
and come to Big Daddy's birthday party.
First thing Big Daddy asked about was you.
Big Daddy! Now what makes him so big?

His big heart, his big belly...
...or his big money?
The heat has made you cross.
Give me my crutch.
Why don't you put on
your silk pajamas, honey...
...and come on down to the party?
There's a lovely cool breeze.
Give me my crutch, Maggie.
Lean on me, baby.
You've got a nice smell about you.
- Was your bathwater cool?
- No.
I know something
that would make you cool and fresh.
Alcohol rub.
Cologne.
No thanks. We'd smell alike.
Like a couple of cats in the heat.
It's cool on the lawn.
I am not going down there.
Not for you and not for Big Daddy!
At least give him this present...
...that I remembered to buy for you,
for his birthday.
Just write a few words on this card.
You write something.
It's got to be your handwriting.
It's your present.
I didn't get him a present.
What's the difference?
If there's no difference, you write the card!
- And have him know you didn't remember?
- I didn't remember!
You don't have to prove it to him!
Just write, "Love, Brick"...
...for heaven's sake!
- You've got to.
- I don't have to do anything!
You forget the conditions I agreed on
to stay living with you!
I'm not living with you.
We occupy the same cage, that's all!
That's the first time you've raised

your voice in a long time.
A crack in the stone wall?
I think that's a fine sign. Mighty fine.
What did you do that for?
To give us a little privacy for a while.
Don't make a fool of yourself.
I don't mind making a fool
of myself over you.
I mind. I feel embarrassed for you.
Feel embarrassed!
I can't live on this way.
- You agreed to accept that condition!
- I know I did, but I can't!
Let go.
Let go, Maggie!
Son!
We've got the most wonderful news
about Big Daddy!
What's this door doing locked?
You think there's robbers in the house?
Brick's getting dressed, Big Mama.
He's still getting dressed.
It won't be the first time
I've seen Brick not dressed.
Open this door.
Brick, honey!
Sweetheart, how does your leg feel?
Come out of there. I want to give you
the news about Big Daddy.
I told him already.
I just hate locked doors in the house.
I know you do
but people need privacy, don't they?
No, ma'am, not in my house.
What did you take this off for?
It looked so sweet on you.
Not sweet enough
for Big Daddy's birthday party.
Out!
Out, you little monster!
Mae and Gooper are so touchy
about their children.
You hardly even dare suggest
there's any room for improvement.

Brick, hurry on out!
Shoot, Maggie, you just don't like children.
Why that's not true. I adore them.
Well brought up.
Why not have some, then,
and bring them up well?
- Instead of picking on theirs?
- Big Mama!
Hugh and Betsy have got to go.
They're waiting to say goodbye.
I'll be right down.
Tell them to hold their horses.
Where's Brick?
What you said about having children...
It's still kind of a secret, but...
Shoot, Maggie! Stop playing so dumb.
Is he still drinking this stuff much?
- He may have had a little highball.
- Don't laugh about it.
Some men stop drinking when they marry.
Others start.
- He never drank before...
- That's not fair!
Fair or not, I want to ask you a question.
Do you make Brick happy?
Well?
- Why don't you ask if he makes me happy?
- I know...
It works both ways.
Something ain't right.
You're childless and my son drinks.
- We're leaving, Big Mama.
- I'm coming!
When a marriage goes on the rocks...
...the rocks are there, right there!
Goodbye, Ida.
I'm coming.
That's not fair.
All right, I'm coming.
Is Brick here?
I thought I'd check his ankle.
Is it giving him much pain?
You know how Brick is, Doc.
He hardly ever complains.

Even when he had
that awful back injury in football.
Brick's birthday present for Big Daddy.
I think they're fixing
to sit down at the table.
You forgot to write out the card, honey.
Thanks, Doc.
Can I get you something cool?
No, thanks.
How's the ankle?
Itches some.
Funny, that's the same leg
you tore a muscle in the...
'Bama State.
Twenty-one to...
Nothing.
You miss football, don't you?
Hurt much when you put weight on it?
Some.
Yeah, you were quite a team,
you and Skipper.
What is it, Doc?
You didn't leave that party
to come up and discuss my health.
That's right.
- I've already heard the good news...
- It's bad news.
It's what we expected.
It's malignant and it's terminal.
He hasn't a chance.
- But Maggie said, and Big Mama...
- Lies.
I lied to them.
I lied to him, too.
Professional ethics.
Gooper?
I told him the truth
coming in from the airfield.
He's going to die.
He's going to die.
"Jesus wants me for a sunbeam"
What kind of truth is that?
"Jesus wants me for a sunbeam"
"To shine for him each day"

"In every way try to please him

"At home, at school, at play

"A sunbeam

"Jesus wants me for a sunbeam

"A sunbeam, a sunbeam

"I'll be a sunbeam for him"

Amen!

- Did you like the singing, Big Daddy?

- Pass the black-eyed peas.

Look at Big Daddy eat!

Ain't it something to thank your stars for?

They've been practicing just for you.

Tell them to sit and eat.

- Children, come on.

- Over there!

Yeah. Over there.

Look here. Telegrams!

Hundreds of them from every corner
of this great state...

Wishing you happy birthday.

Do you want me to read them?

One from the governor and the senator...

It must be getting on to election time,
hey, Deacon?

Let's remember,

we're all lambs in the same pasture.

Everybody, including Big Daddy,

owes thanks to those in high places who...

Gave us nothing!

Every scrap on this table was raised
right here on this place, Deacon.

I made a pastureland out of this place
when it was nothing but a swamp.

And it was done with the help of God,
and not any governor.

Amen.

"Boom, boom and it makes me crazy"

Great balls of fire!

Surprise!

- What are they up to now?

- It's part of the entertainment.

Don't they get any intermission?

That's funny!

That's very funny!

He don't mean it, Sister Woman.
- He loves children!
- Of course he does!
Will you put some honey on this?
They're all Pollitts,
I'm proud to say, every one of them.
I know Big Daddy's
just as proud as we are...
...that there's a flesh-and-blood dynasty...
...waiting to take over.
That's no way to talk.
What way?
"Take over." When we all know...
...Big Daddy's going to live
to be at least 100.
I'll drink to that!
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere!
To Big Daddy!
In the name of every person
in this county...
...in the name of the church
and school board, the board of trustees...
...felicitations on your 65th birthday.
Brick, honey,
I brought you something to eat.
I'm not hungry.
What's that supposed to mean?
We're leaving.
- We can't.
- I can.
- The party's coming up here to you.
- I'll get one of the boys to drive me.
You just can't walk out
on Big Daddy's birthday party!
Don't you care nothing about him?
Get out of my way.
Get out of my way, Maggie!
You've got no cause to dislike him.
Do I dislike him?
It's obvious to everybody.
Especially to him.
What's he ever done to you?
What?
Why do you hate him so much?

What's he ever done to you?
Nothing.
What was Dr. Baugh doing up here?
What did he...
That's right. Big Daddy is going to die.
I don't believe that.
Dr. Baugh wouldn't lie to Big Daddy.
Wouldn't he, Maggie?
Poor Big Daddy.
I'm fond of him.
I'm genuinely fond of that old man.
I really am, you know.
When he finds out...
I wouldn't want to be the one to tell him.
That's why you want to go now.
Yeah, that's why I want to leave now.
You've got to do this for me, Maggie.
And leave the field to Gooper and his wife?
No, sir!
Let's face facts, baby.
You're a drinker. That takes money.
I don't want his money!
Are you ready to settle for ten-cent beer?
That's what Gooper'll dole out to you
when they freeze you out.
They've got a plan, baby.
You should've heard them
laying it on to Big Daddy. A mile a minute!
Big Mama's already on their side.
You're a drinker and I'm childless.
We've got to beat that plan,
we've just got to!
I've been so...
...disgustingly poor all my life.
That's the truth, Brick.
Have you, Maggie?
You don't know what it's like to have to...
...suck up to people you can't stand,
just because they have money.
You don't know what it's like...
...never having any clothes.
That dress I married you in...
...was a hand-me-down
from a snotty, rich cousin I hated.

You can be young without money.
But you can't be old without it.
Where did I fail you?
Where did I make my mistake?
Make that your last drink
until after the party...
...please, honey.
I think I made my mistake
when I tried to tell you about Skipper.
That's my fatal error.
- I never should...
- Shut up about Skipper!
I mean it! Shut up!
The laws of silence won't work about that!
Not about Skipper and us.
It's like locking the door on a fire
to forget the house is burning.
Hey, everybody!
But not looking at a fire doesn't put it out.
This time I'm going to finish.
That night in the hotel room, Skipper...
I don't want to hear about it!
Why won't you face the truth, just once...
...about Skipper, about me, about yourself?
Are you bringing that party up here or not?
Kit and caboodle, son.
That won't do any good.
I'm going to say this...
...and I don't care if it's in front of them.
Do you want to be hit with this crutch?
Are you still blaming me
for Skipper's death?
I could kill you with this crutch.
Good Lord! Do you think I'd care?
Skipper and I had a friendship.
Why won't you let it alone?
- It's got to be told!
- I don't want to hear it!
It's got to be told
and you never let me tell it. I love you...
...and that's worth fighting for.
Not Skipper!
Skipper was no good!
Maybe I'm no good.

Nobody's good.
But Skipper is dead!
And I'm alive!
Maggie the cat is alive!
I'm alive!
Why are you afraid of the truth?
Truth?
Little girl, somebody ought to teach you...
...to knock before you open a door.
Otherwise, people might think
you're lacking in good breeding.
What's Uncle Brick doing on the floor?
I tried to kill your Aunt Maggie...
...but I failed...
...and I fell. Little girl,
would you hand me my crutch, please?
What were you jumping high hurdles for?
Because I used to, and people like to do
what they used to do...
...after they've stopped being able to do it.
That's right. And that's your answer.
Now go away.
Stop that, you little no-neck monster!
You're just jealous
because you can't have babies.
You see?
Mae and Gooper gloat over us
being childless...
...even in front of their little
no-neck monsters.
I went to a doctor in Memphis.
A gynecologist.
He says there's no reason
why we can't have a child...
...whenever we want.
- Are you listening?
- Yes, Maggie, I hear you.
But how in hell do you imagine
you're going to have a child...
...by a man who cannot stand you?
That, boy of mine...
...is a problem I'll just have to work out.
Here comes that party, here we come!
Here comes that birthday party!

That's nice.

The preacher almost cried when I told him
I got a stained-glass memorial window.

Who gave you that window, Deacon?

Clyde Fletcher's widow,
a generous woman of fine character.

What someone should give our church
is a cooling system.

Yes, sir. Exactly my thought.

Let's see, they've had the typhoid shots
and the tetanus shots...

...diphtheria shots, hepatitis shots,
polio shots.

Gooper, what have all the kiddies
been shot for?

Everything but stealing chickens.

Well, Brick?

Congratulations, Big Daddy,
on your birthday.

- Bull!

- Guess what memorial Gus's family gave?

- A new house and basketball court...

- Deacon!

What's all this talk about
memorial stained-glass windows?
Figuring on somebody kicking off
around here?

How about some nice music
to start the party off with?

Turn that damn thing off!

Where's my Brick?

- Where's my precious baby?

- Sorry, turn it back on.

How does your leg feel, honey?
Your hand was made for holding
something better! Put that liquor down.

- He is putting it down, all right!

- Turn that off!

How about a birthday kiss, honey?

Hey, everybody, you know the first time
Big Daddy kissed me, I fainted.

It's a fact. Ain't that so, honey?

Do you all know how he proposed to me?

I was four months swole with Gooper...

...and Big Daddy said,
"That's my kid, ain't it?"
It was kind of funny.
I'd never had a beau...
...till I met your father.
He said, "I want that kid.
"I need him.
"He ain't going to have nobody else's name
but mine. Let's get the preacher.
"That's what marriage is for. Family."
Children were mighty important
to Big Daddy, even then.
Ida, will you stop that yammering?
That's just his manner of talking.
He don't mean it.
I've been his one and only lover,
haven't I, sweetheart?
Ida, will you keep quiet?
Children, come on!
Here comes Big Daddy's birthday!
"Big Daddy's a jolly good fellow
"Big Daddy's a jolly good fellow
"And so is Big Mama, too
"Big Daddy's a jolly good fellow
"And so is Big Mama, too"
- Ida, what the hell's the matter with you?
- She's just so happy.
I'm so happy.
I've just got to cry or something.
Big Daddy's 100 percent...
...healthy!
Aren't you going to give Big Daddy
his birthday present?
- You can open up your birthday present.
- You open it. I want to talk to Brick.
Brick, come over here.
Big Daddy's calling you.
Big Mama, take them out for me.
- It's a cashmere robe!
- You sound surprised.
- I've never seen a cashmere robe before.
- That's funny!
What's so funny about it?
All my family ever had was family.

Quiet!

- You bought it yourself last Saturday.

- I said quiet!

The salesgirl that sold it to you
waited on me and she told me about it.

- Sister Woman!

- Quiet!

- Stork and the Grim Reaper, neck and neck.

- Deacon!

Deacon!

I'm not butting in on more talk about
memorial stained-glass windows, am I?

Not at all.

What do you get out
of this charity work, anyway?

I love humanity. That's my reward.

And if humanity returns your love,
you might get elected...

...councilman or mayor, hey, Deacon?

Don't start picking on Deacon.

- That's all right. I was...

- Good night, Deacon.

That's exactly what I was about to say.

I better go before it starts raining.

Good night, everybody.

Bless each and every one in this place.

They tell me you were indulging in
some athletics last night.

- I was trying to, yes, sir.

- At 3:

What were you doing on the high school
athletic field at 3:00 in the morning?

I was running and jumping the hurdles.

They've got too high for me now.

Because you were drunk!

Sober, I would not have tried
to jump even the low ones.

It's time to blow out the candles!

A toast to Big Daddy Pollitt...

...on his 65th birthday.

- To the biggest cotton planter...

- I told you, quit this bull!

I won't let you talk this way,

not even on your birthday.
I'll talk like I want to on my birthday,
or any other rotten day.
Anybody don't like it,
they know what they can do about it.
- I know you don't mean that.
- You don't know nothing, never did.
- You don't mean that.
- Yes, I do mean it.
I've put up with a lot of bull around here
because I thought I was dying.
That's when you started taking over.
Your loud voice and busybody butting in
here and there and everywhere.
Sashaying around here,
making a big noise like a boss.
I'm the only boss around here.
I built this place with no help from you.
And I'll run this place till the day I die.
Is that plain to you, Ida?
Is that perfectly clear to you?
I ain't going to die.
Ain't nothing wrong with me
but a spastic colon!
Made spastic, I reckon,
by all the lies and liars...
...I've had to put up with around here.
And all the hypocrisy I've had to live with
these 40 years I've lived with you.
Now blow out them candles.
Go on. Blow out them candles
on that stupid cake.
In all these years
you never believed I loved you.
And I did.
I did so much.
I did love you.
I even loved your hate and your hardness.
- Big Daddy should make plans.
- If he should die before...
Excuse me.
Son!
I was calling Brick.
I was just delivering him to you.

- What did you do that for?

- Do what?

Wipe off her kiss?

Did I?

Your woman's got a better shape on her...

...than Gooper's got on his.

- Is that the only difference you've noticed?

- Difference in shape is pretty important.

- But in a way, they're a lot alike.

- How's that?

They don't look peaceful. How's that?

They're a couple of cats...

...sitting in the middle of 28,000 acres
of land. That's a lot of land.

They're both squaring off, determined
to get a bigger piece whenever you let go.

Yeah, well, I've got a surprise
for them babies.

I ain't letting go for a long time yet,
if they're waiting for that.

You just sit tight and let them
scratch each other's eyes out.

You bet your life.

Gooper's wife, she's a good breeder.

You'll have to admit she's fertile.

Five head of them already
and more coming.

6-0. She'll probably drop a litter next time.

- Are you stuck out there?

- I was just passing by.

You were just sneaking and spying.

Do I have to lock all the doors around here
to have a private conversation?

- Why hurt those that really love you?

- Bull!

I'm going to move you and Gooper
out of that room.

It's none of your business what goes on
in here between Brick and Maggie.

I hate sneaking and spying!

It makes me puke!

They listen, do they?

Yeah, they listen.

They run and tell Big Mama

everything they hear.

They say Maggie sleeps on the bed
and you sleep on the sofa. Is that true?
If you don't like Maggie, get rid of her!
- What are you doing now?
- Freshening up my drink.
- You know you've a real liquor problem?
- Yes, sir.
- Is that why you quit sports announcing?
- I guess so. Yes, sir, that's it.

Don't guess!

It's too important!

So you quit.

- Some kind of a disappointment?

- I don't know. Do you?

I'm asking you.

How should I know if you don't?

Do you think a shot of that whisky
would injure my spastic condition?

No, sir.

It might do it some good.

The sky is open again, boy. It's open!

That's the way to feel.

I can breathe.

All my life I've been like a doubled-up fist...
...pounding and smashing and driving!

But now I'm going

to take things easy with them.

Do you know what I'm thinking?

What's that, sir?

Pleasure!

I'll tell you, I still have a feeling for women,
and I'm 65.

- That's mighty remarkable.

- Remarkable?

Admirable.

It's not only remarkable and admirable,
it's downright satisfying.

- I'm going to have me a ball.

- A ball?

I'm going to pick me a choice woman...

...and I'm going to smother her in minks
and choke her with diamonds.

I'm going to be happy!

Why are you so restless?

You got ants in your britches?

- Yes, sir.

- Why?

- Something hasn't happened yet.

- What's that?

- A click in my head.

- Did you say, "click"?

Yes, sir. That click in my head
that makes me feel peaceful.

Boy, sometimes you worry me.

Like a switch clicking off in my head.

Turns the hot light off and the cool one on.

All of a sudden, there's peace.

You're a real alcoholic!

That is the truth.

Yes, sir, I am an alcoholic.

So, if you'll just excuse me.

- No, I won't!

- I'm waiting for that click...

...and I don't get it unless I'm alone!

I'm not talking. When it's quiet!

You'll hear plenty of that in the grave.

Right now we're going to talk.

This talk is like all the others.

It gets nowhere and it's painful!

- Let it be painful.

- I can crawl and hop if I have to.

If you aren't careful, you'll crawl out
this family and be drinking on skid row.

Yeah, that will come too.

No. Now that I'm straightened out,

I'm going to straighten you out.

Sit down!

It's no use. We talk in circles.

We have nothing to say to each other!

- Where are you going?

- To get another bottle.

No, you're not, you drunken whelp!

- Why are you shouting? I can't stand it!

- Get out of here!

Leave us alone! Why do you drink?

You had better know why you drink
or give it up!

Give me my crutch.

Why do you drink?

I stepped on that foot and now I'm in pain.

Good!

At least you're not too numb...

...with liquor to feel pain.

- Why do you drink?

- Give me my crutch.

- Tell me first.

- No, give me a drink first.

- First you've got to tell me!

- All right! Disgust!

- Disgust with what?

- You strike a hard bargain.

- Boy, do you want liquor that bad?

- Yes, sir, I want liquor that bad.

What are you disgusted with?

Mendacity! Do you know what that is?

It's lies and liars!

Who's been lying to you? Maggie?

No, not one lie or one person.

The whole thing.

- You got a headache?

- No, I'm trying...

Trying to concentrate, but you can't
because your brain is soaked with liquor.

Wet brain!

Mendacity!

What do you know about mendacity?

I could write a book on it.

- It's your sister calling from Memphis.

- To hell with her!

Get out of there!

Go on. Close the door after you.

Mendacity!

Look at the lies I've got to put up with.

Pretenses, hypocrisy!

Pretending like I care for Big Mama.

I haven't tolerated her in 40 years.

Church! It bores me, but I go.

All those swindling lodges, social clubs,
and money-grabbing auxiliaries...

...that's got me on their number one
sucker list.

Boy, I've lived with mendacity.
Why can't you live with it?
You've got to. There's nothing to live with
but mendacity. Is there?
Yes, sir, you can live with this.
That's not living.
- That's dodging away from life.
- I want to dodge away from it.
Then why not kill yourself?
Because I like to drink.
I can't talk to you!
I'm sorry.
Do you expect me to turn over
28,000 acres of the richest land...
...this side of the Nile to a drunk fool?
No, sir.
I like you, son, but why should I subsidize
worthless behavior?
Give it to Gooper and Mae.
I can't stand Gooper and Mae
and those five screaming monkeys.
I don't have to turn it over to any of you!
To this day, I ain't made no will.
Now I don't have to, the pressure's off.
I can wait and see
if you pull yourself together or not.
That's right.
- I'm not kidding.
- No, sir, I know you're not kidding.
You don't care?
No, sir, I don't care.
Tell Lacey to drive me to the station.
- Now wait a minute!
- Or I'll drive myself.
I'm going home tonight. Now!
- This is your home.
- Is it? Since when?
Let's not leave it like this.
Like all them other talks we've had.
We always seem to talk around things.
Seem to leave things unsaid and unspoken.
- Now we've got to talk straight.
- It's too late for talk.
Why?

What are you disgusted about?
Because you can't play football anymore?
Because you lost your job?
I'll get it back for you!
What? Sit in a glass box
watching games that I can't play?
Describing what I can't do
while others do it?
Filling my Coke with bourbon so I can
stand it? You'll get that back for me?
I think you're passing the buck.
Do you know many drinking men?
I've known a good number.
Could any of them they tell you
why they drank?
You're passing the buck?
You're passing the buck
to things like disgust and mendacity.
If you've got to use that kind of language...
...it's 90 proof bull and I ain't buying any!
You started drinking with your friend
Skipper's death. Ain't that the truth?
What are you suggesting?
Nothing. But...
But what?
Say your mind.
Say it!
- Why are you so excited?
- Go ahead, say it!
Why are you shouting like that?
Skipper and I were friends, understand?
Gooper said that Skipper was...
Skipper is the only thing
that I've got left to believe in!
And you drag it through the gutter!
- Just a minute!
- You make it shameful and filthy!
Give me your hand.
I don't want your hand.
To hell with all lies and liars!
Didn't you ever look up to anybody?
Anybody at all in your whole life?
Didn't you ever believe in anything,
anybody?

No, sir, I guess you didn't.
Nothing and nobody
except Big Daddy himself.
You and Skipper played football together.
Made a few touchdowns.
Does that make him God Almighty?
I could depend on him.
- On the football field!
- Anytime, anywhere, anyplace!
- Are you sure of that?
- Yes.
Bull!
Why did your big strong man fall apart?
Why did Skipper crack up?
All right.
You're asking for it,
we're going to have that talk.
That straight, true talk.
It's too late to stop now.
Can you say it without a drink?
I haven't heard that mechanical click yet.
You need a lot of crutches, don't you?
Clicks. Whisky.
What else do you need?
Skipper?
- He was a crutch for you too, wasn't he?
- Yes, sir.
I could lean on him, in school and out of it.
How did Maggie take
this great and true friendship?
Ask her.
I'm asking you.
If you want to know why Skipper
cracked up, ask Maggie the cat.
What did she do?
Chase him out of the window
of that Chicago hotel?
Did that little bitty girl shove
your big hero out all by herself?
Why?
What went on
between Skipper and Maggie?
Ask her.
Maggie, come here.

Can I be of assistance, Big Daddy?
Trixie's ready to play the piano for you!
Go ahead, play.
What was going on
between you and Skipper?
Well, you see, Big Daddy...
Well?
Come on, Maggie!
You wanted to talk truth upstairs.
Go ahead!
Big Daddy wants to know. Tell him!
Skipper didn't like me.
Why didn't Skipper like you?
- You know he was against our marriage.
- Why?
- Because it meant less freedom for you.
- Freedom to do what?
Freedom to run from town to town.
Planes, trains, always running!
- Football practice, dirty stories...
- Nobody forced you to come along with us!
I didn't expect to spend my honeymoon
in the locker room with the boys.
Since when did a man's smell
ever injure your sensitive feelings?
Football, baby!
The idea of football smelled.
Especially the notions
of a professional team.
He didn't need any team of his own.
He could've gotten a spot
on any pro team in the country.
You organized your own team
on account of Skipper.
- You're a liar!
- He wasn't good enough on his own.
Professional football is a business...
...not a social club!
You mean the business of making money?
Yeah, money!
The stuff your dreams are made of!
The Dixie Stars never made a nickel!
Not from the first day to the last.
It wasn't the money, it was the cheers.

He lapped them up.
The cheers didn't mean anything to me.
But they did to you!
Because they shut you out
and you hated that.
Not by the crowds, baby, by you.
By the man I worshiped.
That's why I hated Skipper.
You hated him so much you got him drunk
and went to bed with him.
Is that true?
You don't think I ravished a football hero?
Skipper was drunk.
So are you most of the time.
I don't seem to make out so well with you.
Are you saying nothing happened
between you and Skipper?
- You know what happened.
- I don't know!
I wasn't there.
I couldn't play that Sunday.
I wasn't in Chicago.
- I was in the hospital...
- Skipper played.
He played all right!
His first professional game without Brick.
Tell Big Daddy what happened.
Go on, tell him.
You're a sports announcer.
Give us a running account
of the all-American bust.
Tell him how many times
Skipper fumbled...
...and stumbled and fell apart.
On offensive he was useless.
On defensive he was a coward.
And it was all over:

Chicago:

Bad breaks. An off day.
No, baby.
Without you, Skipper was nothing.

Outside:

Inside:

You saw the game on TV.
You saw what happened.
But I didn't see what happened
in Skipper's hotel room.
That little episode was not on TV.
Tell Big Daddy
why you were in Skipper's room.
He was sick.
Sick with drink.
He wouldn't come out.
He'd busted some furniture...
...and the hotel manager said to stop him
before he called the police.
So I went to his room.
I scratched on his door
and begged him to let me in.
He was half crazy.
Violent and screaming one minute...
...weak and crying the next.
And all the time, scared stiff about you.
So I said to him maybe it was time
we forgot about football.
Maybe he ought to get a job
and let me and Brick alone.
I thought he'd hit me.
He walked toward me...
...with a funny sort of smile on his face.
Then he did the strangest thing.
He kissed me.
That was the first time
he'd ever touched me.
And then I knew what I was going to do.
I'd get rid of Skipper.
I'd show Brick that their deep,
true friendship was a big lie.
I'd prove it by showing...
...that Skipper would make love
to his best friend's wife.
He didn't need any coaxing.
He was more than willing.
He even seemed to have the same idea.
You're just trying to whitewash it.

I'm not!
I was trying to win back my husband.
It didn't matter how.
I would've done anything.
Even that.
But at the last second...
...I got panicky.
Supposing I lost you instead?
Supposing you'd hate me
instead of Skipper?
So I ran.
Nothing happened!
I've tried to tell him a hundred times
but he won't let me.
Nothing happened!
Hallelujah, St. Maggie.
I wanted to get rid of Skipper.
But not if it meant losing you.
He blames me for Skipper's death.
Maybe I got rid of Skipper.
Skipper won out anyway.
I didn't get rid of him at all.
Isn't it an awful joke, honey?
I lost you anyway.
- You didn't talk to him again before he...
- No.
- But Brick did.
- How do you know?
- Skipper told me.
- When?
When they put his broken body
in the ambulance.
I rode with him to the hospital.
He kept saying,
"Why did Brick hang up on me?"
Why, Brick?
- Where are you going?
- Home.
- You can't drive. You're drunk.
- Not yet, Big Daddy.
Not yet. Now, give me that bottle.
What are you running away from?
Why did you hang up on Skipper
when he called you?

Answer me!

What did he say?

Was it about him and Maggie?

- He said they'd made love.

- And you believed him?

Yes.

Then why haven't you thrown her out?

Something's missing here.

Why did Skipper kill himself?

Because somebody let him down.

I let him down.

When he called that night...

...I couldn't make sense out of...

But there was one thing that was sure.

Skipper was scared.

Scared...

...about what happened that day
on the football field.

That I'd blame him.

Scared that I'd walk out on him.

Skipper afraid! I couldn't believe that.

I mean, inside he was real
deep-down scared...

...and he broke like a rotten stick.

He started crying:

"I need you."

He kept babbling, "Help me."

Me help him?

How does one drowning man...

...help another drowning man?

So you hung up on him.

And then that phone...

...started to ring again.

It rang and it rang

and it wouldn't stop ringing.

And I lay in that hospital bed,
unable to move or run from that sound.

It kept ringing louder and louder.

And the sound of that
was like Skipper screaming for help.

And I couldn't pick it up.

So that's when he killed himself?

Yes.

Because I let him down.

So that disgust with mendacity
is really disgust with myself.
When I hear that click I don't hear
the sound of that phone ringing anymore.
And I can stop thinking.
I'm ashamed!
That's why I'm a drunk.
When I'm drunk I can stand myself.
But the truth is always there
in the morning, isn't it?
And it's here right now.
You're just feeling sorry for yourself.
That's all it is. Self-pity!
You didn't kill Skipper. He killed himself.
You, Skipper and lots like you,
living in a kid's world...
...playing games, touchdowns,
no worries, no responsibilities.
Life ain't no damn football game.
Life ain't just a bunch of high spots.
You're a 30-year-old kid.
Soon you'll be a 50-year-old kid...
...pretending you hear cheers
when there ain't any.
Dreaming and drinking your life away.
Heroes in the real world...
...live 24 hours a day,
not just two hours in a game.
Mendacity! You won't...
You won't live with mendacity,
but you're an expert at it.
The truth is pain and sweat...
...paying bills and making love to a woman
that you don't love anymore.
The truth is dreams that don't come true...
...and nobody prints your name
in the paper till you die.
Now, here.
The truth is you never grewed up.
- Grown-ups don't hang up on friends.
- Get away.
And they don't hang up on their wives.
They don't hang up on life.
Now that's the truth that you can't face.

- Can you face the truth?

- Try me.

Sure, somebody else's truth!

- You're running again.

- Yeah, I am.

Running from lies,

like birthday congratulations...

...and many happy returns of the day

when there won't be any, and...

Please, let me go home.

- What did you say?

- I don't remember.

- There won't be any happy returns?

- Forget it.

Let me go home.

Leave the place to Gooper and Mae.

Who said I was going to leave

the place or anything?

I'll outlive you.

I'll bury you.

- I'll buy your coffin.

- That's right.

Many happy returns.

They were lying...

...weren't they, son...

...about that report from the clinic?

This pain...

...that keeps grabbing at me...

It's death...

...ain't it?

Answer me!

The truth!

You said it yourself.

Mendacity is a system we live in.

Brick, wait!

Look at us, Maggie.

The great Pollitt Enterprises...

...stuck in the...

I hurt him, Maggie.

I hurt him really bad.

What's the matter? What's happened?

- Why is Big Daddy...

- We've got to talk to you.

- Get Dr. Baugh!

- Where is he?
I don't know, just find him.
Doc!
I wouldn't go down to him right now.
Sweetheart!
Big Daddy, can you hear me?
What are you doing?
I'm coming down.
No need to, Ida.
We'll be coming up in a minute.
If that pain gets too bad...
...this is morphine...
...and a syringe.
The instructions are written out.
It's no use pretending anymore.
When that pain hits, it'll hit hard.
Make it easy on yourself.
Here.
You'd better take off those wet clothes.
Why?
You afraid I might catch cold and die?
Why can't I go down to him?
Well, he's...
His stomach's upset, Ida.
All he needs is a peppermint.
It's time we had that talk, Doc.
- It'll be painful.
- Painful things can't always be avoided.
So I've noticed. But there are times...
It's time we all had our talk.
What talk are you talking about?
- What were they fighting about?
- We didn't discuss it.
What's he doing in the cellar all alone?
Why can't Big Mama see him?
You heard why.
He's got the stomach upset.
It's made him irritable.
When couples have been together
as long as me and Big Daddy...
...they get irritable with each other
from too much devotion.
Isn't that so?
Of course that's so.

He loves his family.
He loves them around,
but it strains his nerves.
He wasn't himself.
I could tell he was all worked-up.
It's the party and the excitement.
He's probably just a little worn out,
that's all.
Did you notice how he ate?
He ate like a P-1-G hog.
I hope he doesn't regret it.
Who?
Big Daddy?
He helped himself twice to hopping John.
He just loves hopping John.
We had a real country dinner.
And candied yams.
That man put away
enough to stuff a field hand.
I hope he doesn't have
to pay for it later on.
What's that?
Gooper say he hopes...
Shoot! Gooper says!
There ain't nothing wrong
with Big Daddy but nerves.
Ain't that so?
He's as sound as a dollar.
And now he knows he is.
That's why he ate such a supper.
He had a load off his mind, knowing he...
...he wasn't doomed to...
...what he thought he was doomed to.
Nothing's going to hurt Big Daddy.
We won't allow anything to happen to him.
Doc, come here!
I don't need any doctor.
He's something to say about Big Daddy.
I want Brick.
He'll be down directly.
Sticky rain always makes me sick.
Give me something
to wash this tablet down with.
What's wrong?

You've all got such long faces.
Big Mama needs you.
They'll tell her without me.
Please, Brick.
I just can't stand the way
that Mae and Gooper are...
What? Trying to grab this place
for themselves?
Let them have it all.
If you want to fight for a piece
of his carcass...
...you go ahead,
but you'll do it without me.
I deserved that. But not this time.
This time you're wrong.
What I can't stand is...
It's not losing this place, it's Big Mama.
I know what it's like
to lose somebody you love.
Careful, your claws are showing.
Close that door.
Don't close that door.
Let a little air circulate.
We shouldn't risk Big Daddy
hearing this discussion.
What discussion of what?
- Maggie, Brick!
- Now, now, Big Mama...
There won't be a word said
in Big Daddy's house...
...that he can't hear if he wants to.
Brick, where are you?
Where do you think?
Gone to pieces, that's where!
Doc, ain't there a cure for drinkers?
- He don't need no cure.
- Of course not.
He'll just drink all the whisky in the state.
Stop that kind of talk!
Big Daddy takes a drink now and then.
I don't trust a man who don't drink.
Good for you!
Sit down and hold Big Mama's hand
while we talk.

What are you all surrounding me for?
I don't need anyone to hold my hand.
Are you all crazy?
- You calm yourself, sweetheart.
- You calm yourself, Sister Woman!
How can I calm myself...
...with everyone staring at me
as if blood was on my face?
What's all this about?
Sit down, Mae.
Big Mama wants to know the truth
about the clinic report.
Truth!
Everybody keeps hollering about the truth.
The truth is as dirty...
...as lies!
Is there something I don't know, Doc?
Well, Ida...
I want to know!
- Somebody must be lying.
- Sit down, Mama, please.
I want to know about my husband.
He had the most thorough examination
at the Oppenheim Clinic.
One of the best clinics in the country.
The best in the country, bar none.
They were 99.9 percent sure
before they even started.
Right, Doc?
Sure of what?
- Not now!
- The test was positive!
Shut up.
It's hopeless. He knows it, too.
Hopeless?
- Now, now, darling.
- You had to know.
Why didn't they cut it out of him?
- It's gone past the knife.
- He's dying, Big Mama.
You get away from me, Mae!
I want Brick.
Where's my Brick? Where's my only son?
Mama, please.

- I'm your son, too.
- Gooper's your firstborn.
- Now, listen to me!
- No!
- He'll be in pain.
- Gooper and I think...

Shut up!

Do you want to see him suffer?

Then he's got to be started on morphine.

Nobody's going to give
my husband morphine.

Why don't you give her a while
to adjust to the idea?

It's Maggie who's upsetting her.

Instead of the needle, haven't you got a pill
to make the pain disappear?

Sometimes I wish I had a pill
to make people disappear.

Thanks for everything, Doc.

We sure do appreciate...

Does Brick know?

You know, honey...

...we was never a very happy family.

There wasn't much joy in this house.

It wasn't Big Daddy's fault. It was just...

You know how some homes are happy.

I thought, coming home from the clinic
today, "Now we'll be happy here."

You and Brick will live with us
and have your children here.

And we'll help each other be happy.

Nothing's ever the way you plan, is it?

Margaret, honey...

...you've got to help Brick.

Make him pull himself together.

- He's going to take hold of things.

- What things?

The place.

Big Mama, you've had a shock.

We've all had a shock.

- Let's be realistic.

- Big Daddy wouldn't be foolish enough...

He'd never put this place
in irresponsible hands!

He ain't putting this place
in anybody's hands.
My husband is not going to die!
I want you to get that in your heads.
Both of you.
- We're hoping too.
- We intend to pray for him.
I won't let you persuade Big Daddy to...
Gooper is your firstborn!
He's always had to carry a bigger load
of the responsibilities than Brick.
Brick never carried a thing in his life
but a football or a highball.
Will you let me talk, please?
Yes, of course.
A 28,000 acre plantation
is a mighty big thing to run.
Almost single-handed.
You had your law practice in Memphis.
When did you run this place?
Mama, let's be fair.
Ever since Big Daddy's health
started failing...
...Gooper's worked like a fool
to keep this place up.
Gooper won't admit it.
He never thought of it as a duty.
Big Daddy don't know what he owns.
The point is I won't see this place ruined
by a drunken ex-football hero.
Shut up about my husband!
You shut up!
He has no right to slander...
I can discuss my brother
with my family members...
...which don't include you!
Why not go up and drink with Brick?
If the hero hadn't passed out already.
He may have to pass up
the Sugar Bowl this year.
Or was it the Rose Bowl
he made his run in?
It was the punch bowl, honey.
The cut-glass punch bowl.

I always get that boy's bowls mixed up.
I have never seen such malice
toward a brother.

What about his malice toward Gooper?

He can't even stand being
in the same room with me.

Can I help you, Mr. Brick?

No, thank you, Lacey.

- Where's my father?

- He's in the cellar.

And he's alone.

And he's...

Thank you, Lacey.

- It's a deliberate campaign to ruin Brick.

- He don't need help.

For the most disgusting,
sordid reasons on earth.

Avarice.

Avarice and greed!

No, Margaret.

Don't cry.

That takes the cake!

Who are the tears for?

Brick?

Big Daddy?

Or for yourself?

Are you crying 'cause you're childless?

You know why she's got no kids?

Ask her big, beautiful husband.

You just won't let me do this
the nice way, will you?

You always said I never loved Big Daddy.

How would you know?

How would he know?

Did he ever let anyone love him?

It was always Brick.

From the day he was born...

...he was always partial to Brick. Why?

Big Daddy wanted me to become a lawyer.

I did.

He said get married. I did.

He said have kids. I did.

He said live in Memphis. I did.

Whatever he said to do, I did.

I don't give a damn
whether Big Daddy likes me...
...or did or never did...
...or will or will never.
I've appealed for common decency
and fair play.
Now I'm telling you!
I intend to protect my interests.
I'm not a corporation lawyer for nothing.
Go get my briefcase out of our bedroom.
It was...
It was the Cotton Bowl, Sister Woman.
Pa?
- Give me your hand.
- I don't want your hand!
No.
It's my pain.
That makes it my business.
I thought you went and hid yourself.
What do you want?
I came to apologize.
What for, telling me the truth?
- There must a dozen reasons.
- Save them.
I hate apologies. Especially for the truth.
Whatever you did, don't apologize.
Just don't do it again.
If you didn't do it, start doing it.
Start by getting me a cigar
out of that coat.
- You think you ought to...
- Get me the cigar, boy!
It's wet from rain.
You're all wet yourself.
It's a lousy joke, but it's true.
Modern science!
Get me that...
...that robe.
- There's a bottle in that desk.
- I don't want a drink.
I do.
I want a drink.
I've got a million clicks in my guts.
Knives sharpening themselves.

You know about clicks, don't you?
So you bought me a birthday present, huh?
No, Maggie bought it.
- She's got good taste that girl.
- In some things, yes...
...but not in men.
Nice soft material.
This is my soft birthday.
Not my gold or silver.
This is my soft birthday.
Here's to my...
...last birthday.
Aren't you drinking to that?
Clickety-click.
You know what I'm going to do
before I die?
I'm going to open up all these boxes.
Will you look at this stuff?
Bought most of it...
...when I took your mother to Europe
on that tour.
Never had such a lousy time in my life.
That Europe is nothing
but a great big auction.
Bunch of old worn-out places.
It's just a big fire sale.
Big Mama went wild in it.
She just bought and bought.
She was lucky I'm a rich man.
Yes, it sure is lucky.
Got any idea what I'm worth? Ask Gooper.
He knows to the penny
unless I miss my guess.
Close on \$10 million in cash
and blue-chip stocks...
...besides some 28,000 acres
of the richest land...
...this side of the Valley Nile.
That is pretty rich to be.
There's one thing you can't buy
in a Europe fire sale...
...or any other market on earth.
That's your life.
You can't buy back your life

when it's finished.
No, sir. Nobody can do that.
Feeling sorry for me or you?
For you, Papa.
That's good,
because you're going to miss me.
Why did you let Ma buy all this stuff?
The human animal is a beast
that eventually has to die.
If he's got money, he buys and he buys.
The reason why he buys everything he can,
is because...
...of a crazy hope that one of the things
he buys will be life everlasting...
...which it never can be.
I've suddenly noticed you don't call me
Big Daddy anymore.
If you needed a Big Daddy,
why didn't you come to me?
If you wanted someone to lean on, why
Skipper? Why not me? I'm your father.
You should've come to your kinfolk.
Those who love you.
You don't know what love means.
To you it's another four-letter word.
You've got a short memory.
- What did you want that I didn't buy?
- You can't buy love!
You bought \$1 million worth of junk!
Does it love you?
Who do you think I bought it for?
It's yours, the place, the money!
I don't want things!
We drew this up...
- We drew this up with the advice...
- Get out of the way.
- Get out of my way.
- We're settling this first.
- I don't want to see it.
- It's a sort of a plan. A preliminary.
Waste!
Worthless!
Worthless!
Don't, son.

Please don't cry.
That's funny.
I never saw you cry before.
Did you ever cry as a kid?
Can't you understand?
I never wanted your place or money.
I don't want to own anything!
All I wanted was a father, not a boss!
I wanted you to love me.
I did and I do.
Not me and not Gooper,
and not even Mama.
That's a lie.
I loved her. I gave her...
Things, Papa, you gave her things.
A house, a trip to Europe, all this junk.
Some jewelry.
You gave her things, not love.
I gave her an empire.
I've seen you out there on your empire...
...with the men who run it for you.
You don't know their names...
...or if they've kids or are happy.
You've never looked into their faces.
What are faces? You don't build an empire
by remembering faces.
Next week,
I'll start building that textile plant.
I'll not only grow my own cotton,
I'll weave it and market it.
I'll tell you...
...in a year or two from now...
The men who build empires die,
and empires die too.
No, it won't.
That's why I've got you and Gooper.
Look at Gooper.
Look at what he's become.
Is that what you wanted him to be?
Look at me.
You were right. I am a 30-year-old kid.
And pretty soon I'll be a 50-year-old kid.
I don't know what to believe in.
What's the good of living?

There's got to be some purpose in life,
some meaning.
Look at me, for the sake of God,
before it's too late!
For once, look at me as I really am.
Look at me!
I'm a failure. I'm a drunk.
On my own in the open market,
I'm not worth the price of a decent burial.
- All of you blame me for everything, huh?
- No, Papa.
We've known each other all my life
and we're strangers.
You own 28,000 acres.
You own \$10 million.
You own a wife and two children.
You own us, but you don't love us.
- In my own way...
- No, sir.
You don't even like people.
You wanted Gooper and me to have kids.
Why?
I want a part of me to keep living.
I won't have it end with the grave.
Look!
This is what my father left me.
This lousy old suitcase!
On the inside was nothing...
...but his uniform
from the Spanish-American War.
This was his legacy to me.
Nothing at all!
And I built this place from nothing.
And that's all he left you?
Yeah, he was a hobo.
Best-known tramp on the boxcar circuit.
He worked once in a while as a field hand.
I'd tag along.
Sat on my bare bottom, in the dirt,
waiting for him.
Outside of hunger...
...first thing I could remember is shame.
I was ashamed
of that miserable, old tramp.

I was riding boxcars when I was nine,
something you never had to do.
And you'll never have to bury me
like I did him.
I buried him in a meadow,
alongside a railroad track.
We were running to catch a freight
and his heart gave out.
You know something?
That lousy old tramp died laughing.
Laughing at what?
Himself, I guess.
A hobo tramp...
...not a nickel in his jeans.
No future, no past.
Or maybe he was laughing
because he was happy.
Happy at having you with him.
He took you everywhere
and he kept you with him.
I don't want to talk about that.
Yeah, I loved him.
I reckon I never loved anything
as much as that...
...lousy old tramp.
And you say...
...he left you nothing but a suitcase...
...with a uniform in it
from the Spanish-American War?
And some memories.
And love.
Did I tell you all them stories
about my old man?
About fifty times.
It's a plan to protect the Delta's
biggest estate from irresponsibility.
You have to sign.
Where is it?
What?
What the doctor left
to make his pain easier.
Brick's down there with him.
He'll help Big Daddy.
Help him? How?

By running the 100-yard dash?
Maybe he'll cheer him up
by kicking some field goals.
One more crack, Queenie...
...and I will not only spit in your eye
but I will punch it black and blue.
Hold on a minute!
- I'm not listening to any more...
- Mae was only saying...
I know what she said,
and I know exactly what she meant.
The only world that Brick knows...
It's not a world he made.
Ladies!
- No.
- Why won't you take it?
- It'll kill the pain, that's all.
- It'll kill the senses, too.
When you've got pain
at least you know you're alive.
It's easing somewhat now.
When you've got pain...
...it's better to judge yourself,
a lot of things.
I'm not going to stupefy myself
with that stuff.
I want to think clear.
I want to see everything
and feel everything.
Then I won't mind going.
I've got the guts to die.
What I want to know is,
have you got the guts to live?
I don't know.
We can try.
We could start by helping each other
up these stairs.
Yes, sir.
At least read them.
Put those papers away
before I tear them up.
I don't want to know what's in them.
I'm talking in Big Daddy's language.
I'm his wife, not his widow. His wife!

- What I've got here...
- He said it's just a plan.
Plan basis. What I'll say to your plan is...
What is it Big Daddy says
when he's disgusted?
He says "bull" when he's disgusted.
That's right. I say "bull" like Big Daddy.
- Coarse language don't seem called for.
- Bull!
I am outraged by this kind of talk.
Then stop talking like your father's dead
and me along with him.
What about her? She wants her share, too.
As far as Brick is concerned...
...nobody's going to take nothing.
Not till Big Daddy lets go...
...and maybe just possibly, not even then!
No, Mama, not even then.
Hello, Bucky!
Looks like the wind took some liberties
with this place.
- Evening, Cap'n!
- Evening, Cap'n!
- Storm cross over the river?
- Gone to Arkansas.
Rain do some good, Cap'n?
Some good, I reckon.
Some good.
You could at least read them.
Put them away before I tear them up.
I don't know what's in them.
I don't want to know.
Can I come in?
Has the storm done any damage?
Which storm are you talking about?
The one outside...
...or that hullabaloo going on in here?
Excuse me, sir.
Heard some mighty loud talking.
What's the powwow about?
Nothing, Big Daddy. Nothing at all.
What's in them important-looking
documents you've got there?
Nothing. Nothing much of anything at all.

Then what are you and Sister Woman
scurrying and scrounging around for?
Looks like a whole lot of nothing to me.
What's that smell in this room?
Didn't you notice it, Brick?
Didn't you notice the powerful
and obnoxious odor of mendacity?
Yes, sir, I think I did.
Ain't nothing more powerful
than the odor of mendacity.
- Didn't you notice it, Gooper?
- What, sir?
What about you, Sister Woman?
Didn't you notice an unpleasant smell
of mendacity in this room?
I don't even know what that is.
You can smell it. It smells like death.
What's the matter with that woman?
What's-your-name, what's wrong?
She just had a slight dizzy spell.
You'd better watch that.
A stroke's a bad way to go.
Look, he's wearing
Brick's birthday present.
I haven't given you my present yet
but I will now.
I have an announcement.
What kind of an announcement?
An announcement of life beginning.
A child is coming...
...sired by Brick out of Maggie the cat.
I have Brick's child in my body.
And that is my present to you.
Did you ever in your born days
hear such a bald-faced lie?
Shut up.
Thank you.
Thank you very much.
Yes, indeed, this girl has life in her body.
And that's no lie.
I want my lawyer in the morning.
My lawyer!
- Brick?
- Yes, Big Daddy?

I'm going out to look this place over
before I give it up.

The place and the people on it.

You want to come with me?

What were you two talking about
down there?

Us.

Me, too?

Yeah.

You ripped your own brother apart.

Do you believe that, Gooper?

- No.

- Well, I do!

Keep still.

A family crisis brings out the best
and the worst in every member.

That's the truth.

Amen.

You want to talk about the truth?

You're not pregnant.

- Be still.

- She made it up.

- I said shut up.

- Don't you try to kid us.

She's not kidding you.

How can she have a child by you,
when you won't even...

Keep quiet!

We occupy the next room
and the walls aren't soundproof.

We hear the nightly pleading
and the nightly refusals!

Not everybody makes as much noise
about love as you do.

I never thought you would stoop
to her level!

You heard what Big Daddy said,
"That girl's got life in her body."

- That's a lie!

- No.

No, truth is something desperate,
and Maggie's got it.

Believe me, it is desperate,
and she has got it.

Why don't you say something, honey?

All right, honey.

Shut up!

Yes?

Come on up here.

Yes, sir!

That girl's got life in her, all right.

Thank you for keeping still.

For backing me up in my lie.

We are through with lies

and liars in this house.

Lock the door.