**MITCH:** Put him under the shower!

 [*The men talk quietly as they lead him to the bathroom.]*

**STANLEY:** Let the rut go of me, you sons of bitches!

 [*Sounds of blows are heard. The water goes on full tilt.]*

**STEVE**: Let’s get quick out of here!

 [*They rush to the poker table and sweep up their winnings on their way out.]*

**MITCH** [*sadly but firly*]: Poker should not be played in a house with women.

*The door closes on them and the place is still. The Negro entertainers in the bar around the corner play “Paper Doll” slow and blue. After a moment STANLEY comes out of the bathroom dripping water and sill in his clinging wet polka dot drawers.*

**STANLEY**: Stella! [*There is a pause]* My baby doll’s left me!

 [*He breaks into sobs. Then he goes to the phone and dials, still shuddering with sobs.]*

Eunice? I want my baby! [*He waits a moment; then he hangs up and dials again.]* Eunice! I’ll keep on ringin’ until I talk with my baby!

*[An indistinguishable shrill voice is heard. He hurls phone to floor. Dissonant brass and piano sounds as the rooms dim out to darkness and the outer walls appear in the night light. The “blue piano” plans for a brief interval.*

*Finally, STANLEY stumbles half-dressed out to the porch and down the wooden steps to the pavement before the building. There he throws back his head like a baying hound and bellows his wife’s name: “Stella! Stella, sweetheart! Stella”]*

**STANLEY**: Stell-lahhhhh!

**EUNICE** [*calling down from the door of her upper apartment*]: Quit that howling out there an’ go back to bed!

**STANLEY**: I want my baby down here. Stella, Stella!

**EUNICE**: She ain’t comin’ down so you quit! Or you’ll git th’ law on you!

**STANLEY**: Stella!

**EUNICE**: You can’t beat ona woman an’ then call ‘er back! She won’t come! And her goin’ t’ have a baby! . . . You stinker! You whelp of a Polack, you! I hope they do haul you in and turn the fire hose on you, same as the last time!

**STANLEY**: [*humbly*]: Eunice, I want my girl to come down with me!

**EUNICE**: Hah! [*She slams her door].*

**STANLEY** [*with heaven-splitting violence*]: STELL-LAHHHHHHH!

*The low-tone clarinet moans . The door upstairs opens again. STELLA slips down the rickety stairs in her robe. Her eyes are glistening with tears and her hair loose about her throat and shoulders. They stare at each other. Then they come together with low, animal moans. He falls to his knees on the steps and presses his face to her belly, curving a little with maternity. Her eyes go blind with tenderness as she catches his head and raises him level with her. He snatches the screen door open and lifts her off her feet and bears her into the dark flat. BLANCHE comes out on the upper landing in her robe and slips fearfully down the steps.*

**BLANCHE:**Where is my little sister? Stella? Stella?

*[She stops before the dark entrance of her sister’s flat. Then catches her breath as if struck. She rushes down to the walk before the house. She looks right and left as if for a sanctuary.*

*[The music fades away. Mitch appears from around the corner.]*

**MITCH:** Miss DuBois?

**BLANCHE**: Oh!

**MITCH:** All quiet on the Potomac now?

**BLANCHE:** She ran downstairs and went back in there with him.

**MITCH:** Sure she did.

**BLANCHE:** I’m terrified!

**MITCH:** Ho-ho! There’s nothing to be scared of. They’re crazy about each other.

**BLANCHE:** I’m not used to such—

**MITCH:** Naw, it’s a shame this had to happen when you just got here. But don’t take it serious.

**BLANCHE:** Violence! Is so—

**MITCH:** Set down on the steps and have a cigarette with me.

**BLANCHE:** I’m not properly dressed.

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

**BLANCHE:** Such a pretty silver case.

**MITCH:** I showed you the inscription, didn’t i?

**BLANCHE:** Yes *[During the pause, she looks up at the sky*] There’s so much—so much confusion in the world…[*He coughs diffidently]* Thank you for being so kind. I need kindness now.