**BLANCHE:** What you are talking about is brutal desire—just—Desire! – the name of that rattle-trap street-car that bangs through the Quarter, up one old narrow street and down another…

**STELLA:** Haven’t you ever ridden on that street-car?

**BLANCHE:** It brought me here.—Where I’m not wanted and where I’m ashamed to be…

**STELLA:** Then don’t you think your superior attitude is a bit out of place?

**BLANCHE:** I am not being or feeling at all superior, Stella Believe me, I’m not! It’s just this. This is how I look at it. A man like that is someone to go out with—once—twice—three times when the devil is in you. But live with? Have a child by?

**STELLA:** I have told you I love him.

**BLANCHE:** Then I *tremble* for you! I just—tremble for you…

**STELLA:** I can’t help your trembling if you insist on trembling! [*There is a pause*.]

**BLANCHE**: May I –speak---*plainly*?

**STELLA**: Yes, do. Go ahead. As plainly as you want to.

[*Outside, a train approaches. They are silent till the noise subsides. They are both in the bedroom. [Under cover of the train’s noise STANLEY enters from outside. He stands unseen by the women, holding some packages in his arms, and overhears their following conversation. He wears an undershirt and grease-stained seersucker pants.]*

**BLANCHE**: Well—if you’ll forgive me—he’s *common*!

**STELLA**: Why, yes, I suppose he is.

**BLANCHE**: Suppose! You can’t have forgotten that much of our upbringing, Stella, that you just *suppose* that any part of a gentleman’s in his nature! *Not one particle, no!* Oh, if he was just –*ordinary!* Just *plain*—but good and wholesome, but –*no*. There’s something downright –*bestial*—about him! You’re hating me saying this aren’t you?

**STELLA** [*coldly]:* Go on and say it all, Blanche.

**BLANCHE**: He acts like an animal, has animal’s habits! Eats like one, moves like one, talks like one! There’s even something—sub-human—something not quite to the stage of humanity yet! Yes, something—ape-like about him, like one of those pictures I’ve seen in –anthropological studies! Thousands and thousands of years have passed him right by, and there he is—Stanley Kowalski—survivor of the stone age! Bearing the raw meat home from the kill in the jungle! And you—*you* here--*waiting* for him! Maybe he’ll strike you or maybe grunt and kiss you! That is, if kisses have been discovered yet! Night falls and the other apes gather! There in the front of the cave, all grunting like him, and swilling and gnawing and hulking! His poker night! –you call it—this party of apes! Somebody growls—some creature snatches at something—the fight is on! *God*! Maybe we are a long way from being made in God’s image, but Stella—my sister—there has been *some* progress since then! Such things as art—as poetry and music—such kinds of new light have come into the world since the! In some kinds of people some tenderer feelings have had some little beginning! That we have got to make *grow*! And cling to, and hold as our flag! In this dark march toward whatever it is we’re approaching… *Don’t—don’t hang back with the brutes!*

*[Another train passes outside. Stanley hesitates, licking his lips. Then suddenly he turns stealthily about and withdraws through the front door. The women are still unaware of his presence. When the train has passed he calls through the closed front door.]*

**STANLEY:** Hey! Hey, Stella!

**STELLA** *[who has listened gravely to Blanche]:* Stanley!

**BLANCHE:** Stell, I—

 *[But Stella has gone to the front door. Stanley enters casually with his packages.]*

**STANLEY:** Hiyuh, Stella. Blanche back?

**STELLA:** Yes, she’s back.

**STANLEY:** Hiyuh, Blanche. [*He grins at her.]*

**STELLA:** You must’ve got under the car.

**STANLEY:** Them darn mechanics at Fritz’s don’t know their ass fr’m—*Hey!*

*[Stella has embraced him with both arms, fiercely, and full in the view of Blanche. He laughs and clasps her head to him. Over her head he grins through the curtains at Blanche.*

*[As the lights fade away, with a lingering brightness on their embrace, the music of the “blue piano” and trumpet and drums is heard.]*