

Tom's final speech. The narrator is an undisguised convention of the play. He takes whatever license with dramatic convention as is convenient to his purposes.

Tom enters dressed as a Merchant sailor from alley, stage L. (stage R. if L. alley is omitted), and strolls across the front of the stage to the fire-escape. There he stops and lights a cigarette. (This is the fire-escape landing shown in diagram on p. 83. Tom may lean against grillwork of this as he lights cigarette.) He addresses the audience.

TOM. I have tricks in my pocket—I have things up my sleeve—but I am the opposite of the stage magician. He gives you illusion that has the appearance of truth. I give you truth in the pleasant disguise of illusion. I take you back to an alley in St. Louis. The time, that quaint period when the huge middle class of America was matriculating from a school for the blind. Their eyes had failed them, or they had failed their eyes, and so they were having their fingers pressed forcibly down on the fiery Braille alphabet of a dissolving economy.—In Spain there was revolution.—Here there was only shouting and confusion and labor disturbances, sometimes violent, in otherwise peaceful cities such as Cleveland—Chicago—Detroit... That is the social background of this play... The play is memory.

*MUSIC CUE #2.*

Being a memory play, it is dimly lighted, it is sentimental, it is not realistic.—In memory everything seems to happen to music.—That explains the fiddle in the wings. I am the narrator of the play, and also a character in it. The others characters in the play are my mother, Amanda, my sister, Laura, and a gentleman caller who appears in the final scenes. He is the most realistic character in the play, being an emissary from a world that we were somehow set apart from.—But having a poet's weakness for symbols, I am using this character as a symbol—as the long-delayed but always expected something that we live for.—There is a fifth character who doesn't appear other than in a photograph hanging on the wall. When you see the picture of this grinning gentleman, please remember this is our father who left us a long time ago. He was a telephone man who fell in love with long distance—so he gave up his job with the

telephone company and skipped the light fantastic out of town. ... The last we heard of him was a picture postcard from the Pacific coast of Mexico, containing a message of two words—"Hello—Goodbye!" and no address.

*LIGHTS UP IN DINING-ROOM. Through the scrim—gauze*  
*Amanda and Laura seated at the table in*

#1

Tom

*sits R. on day-bed. Inner curtain closes, light dims out.*

Why, sometimes there weren't chairs enough to accommodate them all and we had to send the colored boy over to the parish house to fetch the folding chairs.

TOM. How did you entertain all those gentlemen callers?

*He finally sits in armchair R.*

AMANDA. I happened to understand the art of conversation!

TOM. I bet you could talk!

AMANDA. Well, I could. All the girls in my day could, I tell you.

TOM. Yes?

AMANDA. They knew how to entertain their gentlemen callers. It wasn't enough for a girl to be possessed of a pretty face and a graceful figure—although I wasn't slighted in either respect. She also needed to have a nimble wit and a tongue to meet all occasions.

TOM. What did you talk about?

→ AMANDA. Why, we'd talk about things of importance going on in the world! Never anything common or coarse or vulgar. My callers were gentlemen—all! Some of the most prominent men on the Mississippi Delta—planters and sons of planters! There was young Champ Laughlin.

*MUSIC CUE #3.*

He later became Vice President of the Delta Planters' Bank. And Hadley Stevenson; he was drowned in Moon Lake.—My goodness, he certainly left his widow well provided for—a hundred and fifty thousand dollars in government bonds. And the Cutrere Brothers—Wesley and Bates. Bates was one of my own bright particular beaus! But he got in a quarrel with that wild Wainwright boy and they shot it out on the floor of Moon Lake Casino. Bates was shot through the stomach. He died in the ambulance on his way to Memphis. He certainly left his widow well provided for, too—eight or ten thousand acres, no less. He never loved that woman; she just caught him on the rebound. My picture was found on him the night he died. Oh and that boy, that boy that every girl in the Delta was setting her cap for! That beautiful brilliant young Fitzhugh boy from Greene County!

end

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#2

Amanda

#3  
Pg 1-  
Amanda + Laura

## SCENE 2

Scene is the same. Lights dim up on living-room. Laura discovered by menagerie, polishing glass. Crosses to phonograph, plays record.\* She times this business so as to put needle on record as MUSIC CUE #4 ends.

Enter Amanda down alley R. Rattles key in lock. Laura crosses guiltily to typewriter and types. (Small typewriter table with typewriter on it is still onstage in living-room L.) Amanda comes into room R. closing door. She has on one of those cheap or imitation velvety-looking cloth coats with imitation-fur collar. Her hat is five or six years old, one of those dreadful cloche hats that were worn in the late twenties, and she is clasping an enormous black patent-leather pocket-book with nickel clasps and initials. This is her full-dress outfit, the one she usually wears to the D.A.R. She crosses to armchair, putting hat, purse and gloves on it.

Something has happened to Amanda. It is written in her face: a look that is grim and hopeless and a little absurd. She purses her lips, opens her eyes very wide, rolls them upward and shakes her head. Seeing her mother's expression, Laura touches her lips with a nervous gesture.

LAURA. Hello, Mother, I was just...

AMANDA. I know. You were just practicing your typing, I suppose. (Behind chair R.)

LAURA. Yes.

AMANDA. Deception, deception, deception!

LAURA. (Shakily.) How was the D.A.R. meeting, Mother?

AMANDA. (Crosses to Laura.) D.A.R. meeting!

LAURA. Didn't you go to the D.A.R. meeting, Mother?

AMANDA. (Faintly, almost inaudibly.) No, I didn't go to any D.A.R. meeting. (Then more forcibly.) I didn't have the strength—I didn't

have the courage. I just wanted to find a hole in the ground and crawl in it and stay there the rest of my entire life.

Amanda tears type charts, throws them on floor.

LAURA. (Faintly.) Why did you do that, Mother?

AMANDA. (Sits on R. end of day-bed.) Why? Why? How old are you, Laura?

LAURA. Mother, you know my age.

AMANDA. I was under the impression that you were an adult, but evidently I was very much mistaken.

She stares at Laura.

LAURA. Please don't stare at me, Mother!

Amanda closes her eyes and lowers her head. Pause.

AMANDA. What are we going to do? What is going to become of us? What is the future?

Pause.

LAURA. Has something happened, Mother? Mother, has something happened?

AMANDA. I'll be all right in a minute. I'm just bewildered—by life...

LAURA. Mother, I wish that you would tell me what's happened!

AMANDA. I went to the D.A.R. this afternoon, as you know; I was to be inducted as an officer. I stopped off at Rubicam's Business College to tell them about your cold and to ask how you were progressing down there.

LAURA. Oh...

AMANDA. Yes, oh—oh—oh. I went straight to your typing instructor and introduced myself as your mother. She didn't even know who you were. "Wingfield?" she said. "We don't have any such scholar enrolled in this school." I assured her she did. I said my daughter Laura's been coming to classes since early January. "Well, I don't know," she said, "unless you mean that terribly shy little girl who dropped out of school after a few days' attendance?" No, I said, I don't mean that one. I mean my daughter, Laura, who's been coming here every single day for the past six weeks! "Excuse me," she said. And she took down the attendance book and there was your name, unmistakable, printed,

\* While Dardanella was used in the professional production, any other popular record of the '20s may be substituted. It should be a worn record.



#3 Page 2 Amanda + Laura

and all the dates you'd been absent. I still told her she was wrong. I still said, "No, there must have been some mistake! There must have been some mix-up in the records!" "No," she said, "I remember her perfectly now. She was so shy and her hands trembled so that her fingers couldn't touch the right keys! When we gave a speed-test—she just broke down completely—was sick at the stomach and had to be carried to the washroom! After that she never came back. We telephoned the house every single day and never got any answer." (*Rising from day-bed, crosses R. C.*) That was while I was working all day long down at that department store, I suppose, demonstrating those— (*With hands indicates brassiere.*) Oh! I felt so weak I couldn't stand up! (*Sits in armchair.*) I had to sit down while they got me a glass of water!

End

*Laura crosses up to phonograph.*

Fifty dollars' tuition. I don't care about the money so much, but all my hopes for any kind of future for you—gone up the spout, just gone up the spout like that.

*Laura winds phonograph up.*

Oh, don't do that, Laura!—Don't play that Victrola!

LAURA. Oh!

*She stops phonograph, crosses to typing table, sits.*

AMANDA. What have you been doing every day when you've gone out of the house pretending that you were going to business college?

LAURA. I've just been going out walking.

AMANDA. That's not true!

LAURA. Yes, it is, Mother, I just went walking.

AMANDA. Walking? Walking? In winter? Deliberately courting pneumonia in that light coat? Where did you walk to, Laura?

LAURA. All sorts of places—mostly in the park.

AMANDA. Even after you'd started catching that cold?

LAURA. It was the lesser of two evils, Mother. I couldn't go back. I threw up on the floor!

AMANDA. From half past seven till after five every day you mean to tell me you walked around in the park, because you wanted to make me think that you were still going to Rubicam's Business College?

LAURA. Oh, Mother, it wasn't as bad as it sounds. I went inside places to get warmed up.

AMANDA. Inside where?

LAURA. I went in the art museum and the bird-houses at the zoo. I visited the penguins every day! Sometimes I did without lunch and went to the movies. Lately I've been spending most of my afternoons in the Jewel-box, that big glass house where they raise the tropical flowers.

AMANDA. You did all that to deceive me, just for deception! Why? Why? Why? Why?

LAURA. Mother, when you're disappointed, you get that awful suffering look on your face, like the picture of Jesus' mother in the museum! (*Rises.*)

AMANDA. Hush!

LAURA. (*Crosses R. to menagerie.*) I couldn't face it. I couldn't.

*MUSIC CUE #5.*

AMANDA. (*Rising from day-bed.*) So what are we going to do now, honey, the rest of our lives? Just sit down in this house and watch the parades go by? Amuse ourselves with the glass menagerie? Eternally play those worn-out records your father left us as a painful reminder of him? (*Slams phonograph lid.*) We can't have a business career.

*END MUSIC CUE #5.*

No, we can't do that—that just gives us indigestion. (*Around R. day-bed.*) What is there left for us now but dependency all our lives? I tell you, Laura, I know so well what happens to unmarried women who aren't prepared to occupy a position in life.

*She crosses L., sits on day-bed.*

I've seen such pitiful cases in the South—barely tolerated spinsters living on some brother's wife or a sister's husband—tucked away in some mousetrap of a room—encouraged by one in-law to go on and visit the next in-law—little birdlike women—without any nest—eating the crust of humility all their lives! Is that the future that we've mapped out for ourselves? I swear I don't see any other alternative. And I don't think that's a very pleasant alternative. Of course—some girls do marry. My goodness, Laura, haven't you ever liked some boy?

preoccupied look and in my sister's frightened, apologetic manner. It hung like a sentence passed upon the Wingfields! But my mother was a woman of action as well as words.

*MUSIC CUE #7.*

She began to take logical steps in the planned direction. Late that winter and in the early spring—realizing that extra money would be needed to properly feather the nest and plume the bird—she began a vigorous campaign on the telephone, roping in subscribers to one of those magazines for matrons called *The Homemaker's Companion*, the type of journal that features the serialized sublimations of ladies of letters who think in terms of delicate cup-like breasts, slim, tapering waists, rich creamy thighs, eyes like wood-smoke in autumn, fingers that soothe and caress like soft, soft strains of music. Bodies as powerful as Etruscan sculpture.

*MUSIC CUE #7 ends as Tom stops speaking. He exits down R. into wings. Light in alley R. is blacked out, and a head-spot falls on Amanda, at phone in living-room.*

AMANDA. Ida Scott?

*During this speech Tom enters dining-room U. R. unseen by audience, not wearing overcoat or hat. There is an unlighted reading lamp on table. Sits C. of dining-room table with writing materials.*

This is Amanda Wingfield. We missed you at the D.A.R. last Monday. Oh, first I want to know how's your sinus condition? You're just a Christian martyr. That's what you are. You're just a Christian martyr. Well, I was just going through my little red book, and I saw that your subscription to the *Companion* is about to expire just when that wonderful new serial by Bessie Mae Harper is starting. It's the first thing she's written since *Honeymoon for Three*. Now, that was unusual, wasn't it? Why, Ida, this one is even lovelier. It's all about the horsey set on Long Island and a debutante is thrown from her horse while taking him over the jumps at the—regatta. Her spine—her spine is injured. That's what the horse did—he stepped on her. Now, there is only one surgeon in the entire world that can keep her from being completely paralyzed, and that's the man she's engaged to be married to and he's tall and he's blond and he's handsome. That's unusual,

too, huh? Oh, he's not perfect. Of course he has a weakness. He has the most terrible weakness in the entire world. He just drinks too much. What? Oh, no, honey, don't let them burn. You go take a look in the oven and I'll hold on... Why, that woman! Do you know what she did? She hung up on me.

*Dining-room and living-room lights dim in. Reading lamp lights up at same time.*

LAURA. Oh, Mother, Mother, Tom's trying to write.

*Laura rises from armchair where she was left at curtain of previous scene, goes to curtain between dining-room and living-room, which is already open.*

AMANDA. Oh! So he is. So he is.

*She crosses from phone, goes to dining-room and up to Tom.*

TOM. (At table.) Now what are you up to?

AMANDA. I'm trying to save your eyesight. (Business with lamp.) You've only got one pair of eyes and you've got to take care of them. Oh, I know that Milton was blind, but that's not what made him a genius.

TOM. Mother, will you please go away and let me finish my writing?

AMANDA. (Squares his shoulders.) Why can't you sit up straight? So your shoulders don't stick through like sparrows' wings?

TOM. Mother, please go busy yourself with something else. I'm trying to write.

AMANDA. (Business with Tom.) Now, I've seen a medical chart, and I know what that position does to your internal organs. You sit up and I'll show you. Your stomach presses against your lungs, and your lungs press against your heart, and that poor little heart gets discouraged because it hasn't got any room left to go on beating for you.

TOM. What in hell...!

*Inner curtains between living-room and dining-room close. Lights dim down in dining-room. Laura crosses, stands C. of curtains in living-room listening to following scene between Tom and Amanda.*

AMANDA. Don't you talk to me like that—

TOM. —am I supposed to do?

pg 1  
#4  
Amanda  
& Tom

AMANDA. What's the matter with you? Have you gone out of your senses?

TOM. Yes, I have. You've driven me out of them.

AMANDA. What is the matter with you lately, you big—big—idiot?

TOM. Look, Mother—I haven't got a thing, not a single thing left in this house that I can call my own.

AMANDA. Lower your voice!

TOM. Yesterday you confiscated my books! You had the nerve to—

AMANDA. I did. I took that horrible novel back to the library—that awful book by that insane Mr. Lawrence. I cannot control the output of a diseased mind or people who cater to them, but I won't allow such filth in my house. No, no, no, no, no!

TOM. House, house! Who pays the rent on the house, who makes a slave of himself to—!

AMANDA. Don't you dare talk to me like that!

*Laura crosses D. L. to back of armchair.*

TOM. No, I mustn't say anything! I've just got to keep quiet and let you do all the talking.

AMANDA. Let me tell you something!

TOM. I don't want to hear any more.

AMANDA. You will hear more—

*Laura crosses to phonograph. Tom crosses through curtains between dining-room and living-room. Goes upstage of door R. where, in a dark spot, there is supposedly a closet, as—*

TOM. Well, I'm not going to listen. I'm going out. *(Gets out coat.)*

AMANDA. *(Coming through curtains into living-room, stands c.)* You are going to listen to me, Tom Wingfield. I'm tired of your impudence.—And another thing—I'm right at the end of my patience!

TOM. *(Putting overcoat on back of armchair and crossing back to Amanda.)* What do you think I'm at the end of, Mother? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you, what I'm *doing*—what I'm trying to do—having a difference between them! You don't think that.

AMANDA. I think you're doing things that you're ashamed of, and

that's why you act like this.

*Tom crosses to day-bed and sits.*

I don't believe that you go every night to the movies. Nobody goes to the movies night after night. Nobody in their right minds goes to the movies as often as you pretend to. People don't go to the movies at nearly midnight and movies don't let out at two A.M. Come in stumbling, muttering to yourself like a maniac. You get three hours' sleep and then go to work. Oh, I can picture the way you're doing down there. Moping, doping, because you're in no condition.

TOM. That's true—that's very, very true. I'm in no condition!

AMANDA. How dare you jeopardize your job? Jeopardize our security? How do you think we'd manage—? *(Sits armchair R.)*

TOM. Look, Mother, do you think I'm *crazy* about the *warehouse*? You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty-five years of my life down there in that—*celotex interior!* with *fluorescent tubes*?! Honest to God, I'd rather somebody picked up a crow-bar and battered out my brains—than go back mornings! But I go! Sure, every time you come in yelling that bloody *Rise and Shine!* Rise and shine!! I think how lucky dead people are! But I get up. *(Rising from day-bed.)* I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being *ever!* And you say that is all I think of. Oh, God! Why, Mother, if self is all I ever thought of, Mother, I'd be where *he* is—*GONE!* *(Crossing to get overcoat on back of armchair.)* As far as the system of transportation reaches!

*Amanda rises, crosses to him and grabs his arm.*

Please don't grab at me, Mother!

AMANDA. *(Following him.)* I'm not grabbing at you. I want to know where you're going now.

TOM. *(Starts crossing to door R.)* I'm going to the movies!

AMANDA. *(Crosses c.)* I don't believe that lie!

TOM. *(Crosses back to Amanda.)* No? Well, you're right. For once in your life you're right. I'm not going to the movies. I'm going to opium dens! Yes, Mother, opium dens, dens of vice and criminals' hang-outs, Mother. I've joined the Hogan gang. I'm a hired assassin, I carry a Tommy gun in a violin case! I run a string of cathouses in

pg 2  
#4

the valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm really leading a double life. By day I'm a simple, honest warehouse worker, but at night I'm a dynamic czar of the underworld. Why, I go to gambling casinos and spin away a fortune on the roulette table! I wear a patch over one eye and a false moustache, sometimes I wear green whiskers. On those occasions they call me—El Diablo! Oh, I could tell you things to make you sleepless! My enemies plan to dynamite this place some night! Some night they're going to blow us all sky-high. And will I be glad! Will I be happy! And so will you be. You'll go up—up—over Blue Mountain on a broomstick! With seventeen gentlemen callers. You ugly babbling old witch!

End

*He goes through a series of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his overcoat, lunging to R. door, pulling it fiercely open. The women watch him, aghast. His arm catches in the sleeve of the coat as he struggles to pull it on. For a moment he is pinioned by the bulky garment. With an outraged groan he tears the coat off again, splitting the shoulder of it, and hurls it across the room. It strikes the shelf of Laura's glass collection, there is a tinkle of shattering glass. Laura cries out as if wounded.*

LAURA. My glass!—menagerie...

*She covers her face and turns away.*

*MUSIC CUE #8 through to end of scene.*

AMANDA. *(In an awful voice.)* I'll never speak to you again as long as you live unless you apologize to me!

*Amanda exits through living-room curtains. Tom is left with Laura. He stares at her stupidly for a moment. Then he crosses to shelf holding glass menagerie. Drops awkwardly on his knees to collect fallen glass, glancing at Laura as if he would speak, but couldn't.*

*Blackout.*

#4 P93

#### SCENE 4

*The interior is dark. Faint light in alley R. A deep-voiced bell in a church is tolling the hour of five as the scene commences.*

*Tom appears at the top of R. alley. After each solemn boom of the bell in the tower, he shakes a little toy noisemaker or rattle, as if to express the tiny spasm of man in contrast to the sustained power and dignity of the Almighty. This and the unsteadiness of his advance make it evident that he has been drinking.*

*As he climbs the few steps to the fire-escape landing, light steals up inside. Laura appears in night-dress, entering living-room from L. door of dining-room, observing Tom's empty bed (day-bed) in the living-room. Tom fishes in his pockets for door key, removing a motley assortment of articles in the search, including a perfect shower of movie-ticket stubs and an empty bottle. At last he finds the key, but just as he is about to insert it, it slips from his fingers. He strikes a match and crouches below the door.*

TOM. *(Bitterly.)* One crack—and it falls through!

*Laura opens door R. The next few speeches are spoken on fire-escape landing.*

LAURA. Tom! Tom, what are you doing?

TOM. Looking for a door key.

LAURA. Where have you been all this time?

TOM. I have been to the movies.

LAURA. All this time at the movies?

TOM. There was a very long program. There was a Garbo picture and a Mickey Mouse and a travelogue and a newsreel and a preview of coming attractions. And there was an organ solo and a collection for the milk-fund—simultaneously—which ended up in a terrible fight between a fat lady and an usher!

LAURA. *(Innocently.)* Did you have to stay through everything?

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LAURA. (Innocently.) Did you have to stay through everything?

TOM. Of course! And, oh, I forgot! There was a big stage show! The headliner on this stage show was Malvolio the Magician. He performed wonderful tricks, many of them, such as pouring water back and forth between pitchers. First it turned to wine and then it turned to beer and then it turned to whiskey. I know it was whiskey it finally turned into because he needed somebody to come up out of the audience to help him, and I came up—both shows! It was Kentucky straight bourbon. A very generous fellow, he gave souvenirs.

*He pulls from his back pocket a shimmering rainbow-colored scarf.*

He gave me this. This is his magic scarf. You can have it, Laura. You wave it over a canary cage and you get a bowl of goldfish. You wave it over the goldfish bowl and they fly away canaries... But the wonderfulest trick of all was the coffin trick. We nailed him into a coffin and he got out of the coffin without removing one nail.

*They enter the apartment.*

There is a trick that would come in handy for me—get me out of this two-by-four situation!

*Tom flops onto day-bed and starts removing shoes.*

LAURA. Tom—shhh!

TOM. What're you shushing me for?

LAURA. You'll wake up Mother.

TOM. Goody goody! Pay 'er back for all those "Rise an' Shines."

*He lies down, groaning.*

You know it don't take much intelligence to get yourself into a nailed-up coffin, Laura. But who in hell ever got himself out of one without removing one nail?

*As if in answer, the father's grinning photograph lights up.*

*Laura exits up L. Lights fade except for blue glow in dining-room. Pause after lights fade, then clock chimes six times. This is followed by the alarm clock. Dim in forestage.*

#5  
Tom &  
Laura



#6 - pg 1  
Tom + Amanda  
LAURA. (At door R.) Do what I asked you, will you, will you, Tom?

*He looks sullenly away.*

AMANDA. Laura, go now or just don't go at all!

LAURA. (Rushing out R.) Going—going!

*A second later she cries out, falls on fire-escape landing. Tom springs up and crosses to open door R. Amanda rushes anxiously in from dining-room.*

TOM. Laura?

LAURA. I'm all right. I slipped, but I'm all right.

*She goes up R. alley, out of sight.*

AMANDA. (On fire-escape.) I tell you if anybody falls down and breaks a leg on those fire-escape steps, the landlord ought to be sued for every cent he— (Sees Tom.) Who are you?

*Amanda leaves fire-escape landing, crosses to dining-room and returns with bowls, coffee cup, cream, etc. Puts them on small table R. of day-bed. MUSIC CUE #9.*

*As Tom reenters listlessly for his coffee, she turns her back to him, as she sits in armchair. The light on her face with its aged but childish features is cruelly sharp, satirical as a Daumier print. Tom glances sheepishly but sullenly at her averted figure and sits on day-bed next to the food. The coffee is scalding hot; he sips it and gasps and spits it back in the cup. At his gasp, Amanda catches her breath and half turns. Then catches herself and turns away. Tom blows on his coffee, glancing sidewise at his mother. She clears her throat. Tom clears his. He starts to rise. Sinks back down again, scratches his head, clears his throat again. Amanda coughs. Tom raises his cup in both hands to blow on it, his eyes staring over the rim of it at his mother for several moments. Then he slowly sets the cup down and awkwardly and hesitantly rises from day-bed.*

→ TOM. (Hoarsely.) I'm sorry, Mother. I'm sorry for all those things I said. I didn't mean it. I apologize.

AMANDA. (Sobbingly.) My devotion has made me a witch and so I make myself hateful to my children!

TOM. No, you don't.

AMANDA. I worry so much, I don't sleep, it makes me nervous!

TOM. (Gently.) I understand that.

AMANDA. You know I've had to put up a solitary battle all these years. But you're my right hand bower! Now don't fail me. Don't fall down.

TOM. (Gently.) I try, Mother.

AMANDA. (With great enthusiasm.) That's all right! You just keep on trying and you're bound to succeed. Why, you're—you're just full of natural endowments! Both my children are—they're very precious children and I've got an awful lot to be thankful for; you just must promise me one thing.

MUSIC CUE #9 STOPS.

TOM. What is it, Mother?

AMANDA. Promise me you're never going to become a drunkard!

TOM. I promise, Mother. I won't ever become a drunkard, Mother.

AMANDA. That's what frightened me so, that you'd be drinking! Eat a bowl of Purina.

TOM. Just coffee, Mother.

AMANDA. Shredded Wheat Biscuit?

TOM. No, no, Mother, just coffee.

AMANDA. You can't put in a day's work on an empty stomach. You've got ten minutes—don't gulp! Drinking too-hot liquids makes cancer of the stomach... Put cream in.

TOM. No, thank you.

AMANDA. To cool it.

TOM. No! No, thank you, I want it black.

AMANDA. I know, but it's not good for you. We have to do all that we can to build ourselves up. In these trying times we live in, all that we have to cling to is—each other... That's why it's so important to—Tom, I—I sent out your sister so I could discuss something with you. If you hadn't spoken I would have spoken to you.

TOM. (Gently.) What is it, Mother, that you want to discuss?

AMANDA. Laura!

#6  
Tom x  
Amanda  
pg 2

*Tom puts his cup down slowly. MUSIC CUE #10.*

TOM. —Oh.—Laura...

AMANDA. (*Touching his sleeve.*) You know how Laura is. So quiet but—still water runs deep! She notices things and I think she—broods about them.

*Tom looks up.*

A few days ago I came in and she was crying.

TOM. What about?

AMANDA. You.

TOM. Me?

AMANDA. She has an idea that you're not happy here.

*MUSIC CUE #10 STOPS.*

TOM. What gave her that idea?

AMANDA. What gives her any idea? However, you do act strangely.

*Tom slaps cup down on small table.*

I—I'm not criticizing, understand that! I know your ambitions do not lie in the warehouse, that like everybody in the whole wide world—you've had to—make sacrifices, but—Tom—Tom—life's not easy, it calls for—Spartan endurance! There's so many things in my heart that I cannot describe to you! I've never told you but I—loved your father...

TOM. (*Gently.*) I know that, Mother.

AMANDA. And you—when I see you taking after his ways! Staying out late—and—well, you had been drinking the night you were in that—terrifying condition! Laura says that you hate the apartment and that you go out nights to get away from it! Is that true, Tom?

TOM. No. You say there's so much in your heart that you can't describe to me. That's true of me, too. There's so much in my heart that I can't describe to you! So let's respect each other's—

AMANDA. But, why—why, Tom—are you always so restless? Where do you go to, nights?

→ TOM. I—go to the movies.

AMANDA. Why do you go to the movies so much, Tom?

TOM. I go to the movies because—I like adventure. Adventure is something I don't have much of at work, so I go to the movies.

AMANDA. But, Tom, you go to the movies entirely too much!

TOM. I like a lot of adventure.

*Amanda looks baffled, then hurt. As the familiar inquisition resumes he becomes hard and impatient again. Amanda slips back into her querulous attitude toward him.*

AMANDA. Most young men find adventure in their careers.

TOM. Then most young men are not employed in a warehouse.

AMANDA. The world is full of young men employed in warehouses and offices and factories.

TOM. Do all of them find adventure in their careers?

AMANDA. They do or they do without it! Not everybody has a craze for adventure.

TOM. Man is by instinct a lover, a hunter, a fighter, and none of those instincts are given much play at the warehouse!

AMANDA. Man is by instinct! Don't quote instinct to me! Instinct is something that people have got away from! It belongs to animals! Christian adults don't want it!

TOM. What do Christian adults want, then, Mother?

AMANDA. Superior things! Things of the mind and the spirit! Only animals have to satisfy instincts! Surely your aims are somewhat higher than theirs! Than monkeys—pigs—

TOM. I reckon they're not.

AMANDA. You're joking. However, that isn't what I wanted to discuss.

TOM. (*Rising.*) I haven't much time.

AMANDA. (*Pushing his shoulders.*) Sit down.

TOM. You want me to punch in red at the warehouse, Mother?

AMANDA. You have five minutes. I want to talk about Laura.

TOM. All right! What about Laura?

AMANDA. We have to be making some plans and provisions for her. She's older than you, two years, and nothing has happened. She just drifts along doing nothing. It frightens me terribly how she just drifts along.

#4  
Amanda  
+  
Laura

And so, after a time they began to smile at me too, as people smile at some oddly fashioned dog that trots across their path at some distance. I knew that Jim and Laura had known each other in high school because I had heard my sister Laura speak admiringly of Jim's voice. I didn't know if Jim would remember her or not. Because in high school Laura had been as unobtrusive as Jim had been astonishing. And, if he did remember Laura, it was not as my sister, for when I asked him home to dinner, he smiled and said, "You know, a funny thing, Shakespeare, I never thought of you as having folks!" Well, he was about to discover that I did...

MUSIC CUE #13. Tom exits R.

*Interior living-room lights dim in. Amanda has worked like a Turk in preparation for the gentleman caller. The results are astonishing. The new floor lamp with its rose-silk shade is in place, R. of living-room next to wall; a colored paper lantern conceals the broken light fixture in the ceiling; chintz covers are on chairs and sofa; a pair of new sofa pillows make their initial appearance.*

*Laura stands in the middle of room with lifted arms in a new dress, while Amanda crouches before her, adjusting and sewing the hem, devout and ritualistic. The dress is colored and designed by memory. The arrangement of Laura's hair is changed, it is softer and more becoming. A fragile, unearthly prettiness has come out in Laura; she is like a piece of translucent glass touched by light, given a momentary radiance, not actual, not lasting.*

→ AMANDA. Why are you trembling so, Laura?

LAURA. Mother, you've made me so nervous!

AMANDA. Why, how have I made you nervous?

LAURA. By all this fuss! You make it seem so important.

AMANDA. I don't understand you at all, honey. Every time I try to do anything for you that's the least bit different you just seem to set yourself against it. Now take a look at yourself.

*Laura starts for door R.*

No, wait! Wait just a minute—I forgot something.

*Amanda picks two powder puffs from day-bed.*

LAURA. What is it?

AMANDA. A couple of improvements. (*Business with powder puffs.*) When I was a girl we had round little lacy things like that and we called them "Gay Deceivers."

LAURA. I won't wear them!

AMANDA. Of course you'll wear them.

LAURA. Why should I?

AMANDA. Well, to tell you the truth, honey, you're just a little bit flat-chested.

LAURA. You make it seem like we were setting a trap.

AMANDA. We are. All pretty girls are a trap and men expect them to be traps. Now look at yourself in that glass.

*Laura crosses R. Looks at mirror, invisible to audience, which is in darkness up R. of R. door.*

See? You look just like an angel on a postcard. Isn't that lovely? Now you just wait. I'm going to dress myself up. You're going to be astonished at your mother's appearance.

*END OF MUSIC CUE, leads into dance music,\* which then leads in MUSIC CUE #14, a few lines below, at stage direction. Amanda exits through curtains upstage off L. in dining-room. Laura looks in mirror for a moment. Removes "Gay Deceivers," hides them under mattress of day-bed. Sits on small table R. of day-bed for a moment, goes out to fire-escape landing, listens to dance music, until Amanda's entrance. Amanda, off.*

I found an old dress in the trunk. But what do you know? I had to do a lot to it but it broke my heart when I had to let it out. Now, Laura, just look at your mother. Oh, no! Laura, come look at me now!

*Amanda enters dining-room L. door. Comes down through living-room curtain to living-room C. MUSIC CUE #14. Laura reenters from fire-escape landing, sits on L. arm of armchair.*

LAURA. Oh, Mother, how lovely!

*Amanda wears a girlish frock. She carries a bunch of jonquils.*

\* Optional. Not on regular records of incidental music to the play.

End

#8 Pg 1  
Jim + Tom

answer the door, don't make me do it!  
ge.  
asonable! What's all this fuss about—  
at's all—just one!  
gh living-room curtains. Tom and Jim  
fire-escape steps to landing and wait  
r. Hearing them approach, Laura rises  
e. She retreats to living-room curtains.  
ura catches her breath and touches her  
heard offstage. Amanda, offstage:  
  
go to the door!  
then back.  
e whisper.) What is the matter with you,  
  
ng-room curtains and stands by day-bed.  
t, please.  
osen this moment to lose your mind?  
  
d of day-bed and sits.  
I sick? You and your brother have me  
er act like normal children. Will you  
you should be afraid to open a door?  
gfield, you march straight to that door!  
Yes, Mother.  
I've got to put courage in you, honey,  
  
h living-room curtains and exits into  
loor. Tom and Jim enter. Laura remains  
door.  
t, this is my sister Laura.

JIM. I didn't know that Shakespeare had a sister! How are you, Laura?  
LAURA. (*Retreating stiff and trembling; shakes hands.*) How—how do you do?  
JIM. Well, I'm okay! Your hand's cold, Laura!  
Tom puts hats on phone table.  
LAURA. Yes, well—I've been playing the Victrola...  
JIM. Must have been playing classical music on it. You ought to play a little hot swing music to warm you up.  
Laura crosses to phonograph. Tom crosses up to Laura. Laura starts phonograph\*—looks at Jim. She exits through living-room curtains and goes off t.  
  
What's the matter?  
TOM. Oh—Laura? Laura is—is terribly shy.  
JIM. Shy, huh? Do you know it's unusual to meet a shy girl nowadays? I don't believe you ever mentioned you had a sister?  
TOM. Well, now you know I have one. You want a piece of the paper?  
JIM. Uh-huh.  
TOM. Comics?  
JIM. Comics? Sports!  
Jim takes paper. Crosses, sits chair R.  
I see that Dizzy Dean is on his bad behavior.  
TOM. (*Starts to door R., goes out.*) Really?  
JIM. Yeah. Where are you going? (*As Tom reaches steps of fire-escape landing.*)  
TOM. (*Calling from fire-escape.*) Out on the terrace to smoke.  
Jim rises, leaving newspaper in armchair, goes over to turn off Victrola. Exits to fire-escape landing.  
JIM. You know, Shakespeare—I'm going to sell you a bill of goods!  
TOM. What goods?  
JIM. A course I'm taking.  
TOM. What course?

\* A worn record of *Dardanella* or some other popular tune of the 1920s.



JIM. A course in public speaking! You know you and me, we're not the warehouse type.

TOM. Thanks—that's good news. What has public speaking got to do with it?

JIM. It fits you for—executive positions!

TOM. Oh.

JIM. I tell you it's done a helluva lot for me.

TOM. In what respect?

JIM. In all respects. Ask yourself: What's the difference between you and me and the guys in the office down front? Brains?—No!—Ability?—No! Then what? Primarily, it amounts to just one single thing—

TOM. What is that one thing?

JIM. Social poise! The ability to square up to somebody and hold your own on any social level!

AMANDA. (*Offstage.*) Tom?

TOM. Yes, Mother?

AMANDA. Is that you and Mr. O'Connor?

TOM. Yes, Mother.

AMANDA. Make yourselves comfortable.

TOM. We will.

AMANDA. Ask Mr. O'Connor if he would like to wash his hands?

JIM. No, thanks, ma'am—I took care of that down at the warehouse. Tom?

TOM. Huh?

JIM. Mr. Mendoza was speaking to me about you.

TOM. Favorably?

JIM. What do you think?

TOM. Well—

JIM. You're going to be out of a job if you don't wake up.

TOM. I'm waking up—

JIM. Yeah, but you show no signs.

TOM. The signs are interior. I'm just about to make a change. I'm

right at the point of committing myself to a future that doesn't include the warehouse or Mr. Mendoza, or even a night-school course in public speaking.

JIM. Now what are you gassing about?

TOM. I'm tired of the movies.

JIM. The movies! *END*

TOM. Yes, movies! Look at them. (*Waves his hands.*) All of those glamorous people—having adventures—hogging it all, gobbling the whole thing up! You know what happens? People go to the movies instead of *moving*. Hollywood characters are supposed to have all the adventures for everybody in America, while everybody in America sits in a dark room and watches them having it! Yes, until there's a war. That's when adventure becomes available to the masses! Everyone's dish, not only Gable's! Then the people in the dark room come out of the dark room to have some adventures themselves—goody—goody! It's our turn now to go to the South Sea Island—to make a safari—to be exotic, far off...! But I'm not patient. I don't want to wait till then. I'm tired of the movies and I'm about to move!

JIM. (*Incredulously.*) Move?

TOM. Yes.

JIM. When?

TOM. Soon!

JIM. Where? Where?

TOM. I'm starting to boil inside. I know I seem dreamy, but inside—well, I'm boiling! Whenever I pick up a shoe I shudder a little, thinking how short life is and what I am doing!—Whatever that means, I know it doesn't mean shoes—except as something to wear on a traveler's feet!

*Tom gets a card from inside coat pocket.*

Look!

JIM. What?

TOM. I'm a member.

JIM. (*Reading.*) The Union of Merchant Seamen.

TOM. I paid my dues this month, instead of the electric light bill.

AMANDA. (*As Laura lies down.*) Why, Laura, you are sick, darling! Laura—rest on the sofa. Well! (*To Jim.*) Standing over the hot stove made her ill!—I told her that it was just too warm this evening, but—(*To Tom.*) Is Laura all right now?

TOM. She's better, Mother.

*Tom sits chair L. in dining-room. Thunder offstage.*

AMANDA. (*Sitting at table, as Jim does.*) My goodness, I suppose we're going to have a little rain! Tom, you say grace.

TOM. What?

AMANDA. What do we generally do before we have something to eat? We say grace, don't we?

TOM. For these and all Thy mercies—God's Holy Name be praised.

*Lights dim out. MUSIC CUE #15.*

### SCENE 8

SCENE: *The same. A half-hour later. Dinner is coming to an end in dining-room. Amanda, Tom, and Jim sitting at table as at end of last scene. Lights dim up in both rooms, and CUE #15 ends.*

AMANDA. (*Laughing, as Jim laughs too.*) You know, Mr. O'Connor, I haven't had such a pleasant evening in a very long time.

JIM. (*Rises.*) Well, Mrs. Wingfield, let me give you a toast. Here's to the old South.

AMANDA. The old South.

*Blackout in both rooms.*

JIM. Hey, Mr. Light Bulb!

AMANDA. Where was Moses when the lights went out? Do you know the answer to that one, Mr. O'Connor?

JIM. No, ma'am, what's the answer to that one?

AMANDA. Well, I heard one answer, but it wasn't very nice. I thought you might know another one.

#9 pg. 1

Jim +  
Amanda

H-9  
Pg 2

JIM. No, ma'am.

AMANDA. It's lucky I put those candles on the table. I just put them on for ornamentation, but it's nice when they prove useful, too.

JIM. Yes, ma'am.

AMANDA. Now, if one of you gentlemen can provide me with a match we can have some illumination.

JIM. (*Lighting candles.*) I can, ma'am.

AMANDA. Thank you.

JIM. (*Crossing back to R. of dining-room table.*) Not at all, ma'am.

AMANDA. I guess it must be a burnt-out fuse. Mr. O'Connor, do you know anything about a burnt-out fuse?

JIM. I know a little about them, ma'am, but where's the fuse box?

AMANDA. Must you know that, too? Well, it's in the kitchen.

*Jim exits R. into kitchen.*

Be careful. It's dark. Don't stumble over anything.

*Sound of crash offstage.*

Oh, my goodness, wouldn't it be awful if we lost him! Are you all right, Mr. O'Connor?

→ JIM. (*Offstage.*) Yes, ma'am, I'm all right.

AMANDA. You know, electricity is a very mysterious thing. The whole universe is mysterious to me. Wasn't it Benjamin Franklin who tied a key to a kite? I'd like to have seen that—he might have looked mighty silly. Some people say that science clears up all the mysteries for us. In my opinion they just keep on adding more. Haven't you found it yet?

JIM. (*Reentering R.*) Yes, ma'am. I found it all right, but them fuses look okay to me.

*He sits as before.*

AMANDA. Tom.

TOM. Yes, Mother?

AMANDA. That light bill I gave you several days ago. The one I got the notice about?

TOM. Oh—yeah. You mean last month's bill?

AMANDA. You didn't neglect it by any chance?

TOM. Well, I—

AMANDA. You did! I might have known.

JIM. Oh, maybe Shakespeare wrote a poem about Wingfield?

AMANDA. Maybe he did, too. I might trust him with it! There's such a high price for a world today.

JIM. Maybe the poem will win a ten-dollar prize.

AMANDA. We'll just have to spend the nineteenth century, before Mr. Edison forges a new one.

JIM. Candlelight is my favorite kind of light.

AMANDA. That shows you're romantic. Tom. However, I think it was very nice of them to give us a dinner before they plunged us into everlasting darkness. As a penalty for your carelessness you can help them.

*Tom rises.*

JIM. (*Rising.*) Can I be of some help, ma'am?

AMANDA. (*Rising.*) Oh, no, I couldn't do that.

JIM. Well, I ought to be good for something.

AMANDA. What did I hear?

JIM. I just said, "I ought to be good for something."

AMANDA. That's what I thought you said. You're so lonesome out front. Maybe you'd like to give me this lovely old candelabrum for my collection.

*Jim takes candles.*

It used to be on the altar at the Church of St. Peter. It was melted a little out of shape when the church was struck by lightning one spring. It was holding a revival meeting in the vestibule when it was struck by lightning because the Episcopalian have card parties right in the church.

JIM. Is that so, ma'am?

AMANDA. I never say anything that isn't true.

JIM. I beg your pardon.

#10  
Jim + Laura

*Amanda is pouring wine into a glass—hands it to Jim.*

AMANDA. I'd like Laura to have a little dandelion wine. Do you think you can hold them both?

JIM. I can try, ma'am.

AMANDA. (*Exiting U. R. into kitchen.*) Now, Tom, you get into your apron.

TOM. Yes, Mother.

*Tom follows Amanda. Jim looks around, puts wine glass down, takes swig from wine decanter, replaces it with thud, takes wine glass and candelabrum—enters living-room. Inner curtains close as dining-room dims out.*

*Laura sits up nervously as Jim enters. In her speeches in this scene, before Jim's warmth overcomes her paralyzing shyness, Laura's voice is thin and breathless, as though she has just run up a steep flight of stairs, from the almost intolerable strain of being alone with a stranger.*

— JIM. How are you feeling now? Any better?

*Jim's attitude is gently humorous. In playing this scene it should be stressed that while the incident is apparently unimportant, it is to Laura the climax of her secret life.*

LAURA. Yes, thank you.

JIM. (*Gives her glass of wine.*) Oh, here, this is for you. It's a little dandelion wine.

LAURA. Thank you.

JIM. Well, drink it—but don't get drunk.

*He laughs heartily.*

Say, where'll I put the candles?

LAURA. Oh, anywhere...

JIM. Oh, how about right here on the floor? You got any objections?

LAURA. No.

JIM. I'll just spread a newspaper under it to catch the drippings.

*Jim gets newspaper from armchair. Puts candelabrum down on floor C.*

I like to sit on the floor.

*He sits on floor.*

Mind if I do?

LAURA. Oh, no.

JIM. Would you give me a pillow?

LAURA. What?

JIM. A pillow!

LAURA. Oh...

*Laura puts wine glass on telephone table, hands him pillow, sits L. on day-bed.*

JIM. How about you? Don't you like to sit on the floor?

LAURA. Oh, yes.

JIM. Well, why don't you?

LAURA. I—will.

JIM. Take a pillow!

*He throws her a pillow as she sits on floor.*

I can't see you sitting way over there.

LAURA. I can—see you.

JIM. Yeah, but that's not fair. I'm right here in the limelight.

*Laura moves a little closer to him.*

Good! Now I can see you! Are you comfortable?

LAURA. Yes. Thank you.

JIM. So am I. I'm comfortable as a cow! Say, would you care for a piece of chewing-gum? (*Offers gum.*)

LAURA. No, thank you.

JIM. I think that I will indulge.

*He musingly unwraps it and holds it up.*

Gee, think of the fortune made by the guy that invented the first piece of chewing-gum! It's amazing, huh? Do you know that the Wrigley Building is one of the sights of Chicago?—I saw it summer before last at the Century of Progress.—Did you take in the Century of Progress?



#10

pg 2

LAURA. No, I didn't.

JIM. Well, it was a wonderful exposition, believe me. You know what impressed me most? The Hall of Science. Gives you an idea of what the future will be like in America. Oh, it's more wonderful than the present time is! Say, your brother tells me you're shy. Is that right, Laura?

LAURA. I—don't know.

JIM. I judge you to be an old-fashioned type of girl. Oh, I think that's a wonderful type to be. I hope you don't think I'm being too personal—do you?

LAURA. Mr. O'Connor?

JIM. Huh?

LAURA. I believe I *will* take a piece of gum, if you don't mind.

*Jim peels gum—gets on knees, hands it to Laura. She breaks off a tiny piece. Jim looks at what remains, puts it in his mouth, and sits again.*

Mr. O'Connor, have you—kept up with your singing?

JIM. Singing? Me?

LAURA. Yes. I remember what a beautiful voice you had.

JIM. You heard me sing?

LAURA. Oh, yes! Very often... I—don't suppose—you remember me—at all?

JIM. (*Smiling doubtfully.*) You know, as a matter of fact I did have an idea I'd seen you before. Do you know it seemed almost like I was about to remember your name. But the name I was about to remember—wasn't a name! So I stopped myself before I said it.

LAURA. Wasn't it—Blue Roses?

JIM. (*Grinning.*) Blue Roses! Oh, my gosh, yes—Blue Roses! You know, I didn't connect you with high school somehow or other. But that's where it was, it was high school. Gosh, I didn't even know you were Shakespeare's sister! Gee, I'm sorry.

LAURA. I didn't expect you to.—You—barely knew me!

JIM. But, we did have a speaking acquaintance.

LAURA. Yes, we—spoke to each other.

JIM. Say, didn't we have a class in something together?

LAURA. Yes, we did.

JIM. What class was that?

LAURA. It was—singing—chorus!

JIM. Aw!

LAURA. I sat across the aisle from you in the auditorium. Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

JIM. Oh, yeah! I remember now—you're the one who always came in late.

LAURA. Yes, it was so hard for me, getting upstairs. I had that brace on my leg then—it clumped so loud!

JIM. I never heard any clumping.

LAURA. (*Wincing at recollection.*) To me it sounded like—thunder!

JIM. I never even noticed.

LAURA. Everybody was seated before I came in. I had to walk in front of all those people. My seat was in the back row. I had to go clumping up the aisle with everyone watching!

JIM. Oh, gee, you shouldn't have been self-conscious.

LAURA. I know, but I was. It was always such a relief when the singing started.

JIM. I remember now. And I used to call you Blue Roses. How did I ever get started calling you a name like that?

LAURA. I was out of school a little while with pleurosis. When I came back you asked me what was the matter. I said I had pleurosis and you thought I said Blue Roses. So that's what you always called me after that!

JIM. I hope you didn't mind?

LAURA. Oh, no—I liked it. You see, I wasn't acquainted with many—people...

JIM. Yeah. I remember you sort of stuck by yourself.

LAURA. I never did have much luck at making friends.

JIM. Well, I don't see why you wouldn't.

LAURA. Well, I started out badly.

#10  
Pg 3

JIM. You mean being—?

LAURA. Well, yes, it—sort of—stood between me...

JIM. You shouldn't have let it!

LAURA. I know, but it did, and I—

JIM. You mean you were shy with people!

LAURA. I tried not to be but never could—

JIM. Overcome it?

LAURA. No, I—never could!

JIM. Yeah. I guess being shy is something you have to work out of kind of gradually.

LAURA. Yes—I guess it—

JIM. Takes time!

LAURA. Yes...

JIM. Say, you know something, Laura?

*He rises to sit on day-bed r.*

People are not so dreadful when you know them. That's what you have to remember! And everybody has problems, not just you but practically everybody has problems. You think of yourself as being the only one who is disappointed. But just look around you and what do you see—a lot of people just as disappointed as you are. You take me, for instance. Boy, when I left high school I thought I'd be a lot further along at this time than I am now. Say, you remember that wonderful write-up I had in *The Torch*?

END

LAURA. Yes, I do!

*She gets yearbook from under pillow L. of day-bed.*

JIM. Said I was bound to succeed in anything I went into! Holy geez! *The Torch*!

*She opens book, shows it to him and sits next to him on day-bed.*

LAURA. Here you are in *The Pirates of Penzance*!

JIM. *The Pirates*! "Oh, better far to live and die under the brave black flag I fly!" I sang the lead in that operetta.

LAURA. So beautifully!

JIM. Aw...

LAURA. Yes, yes—beau

JIM. You heard me then

LAURA. I heard you all

JIM. No!

LAURA. Yes.

JIM. You mean all three

LAURA. Yes!

JIM. What for?

LAURA. I—wanted to

*She takes progr*

JIM. Why didn't you as!

LAURA. You were alway  
that I never had a chance

JIM. Aw, you should hav

LAURA. Well, I—thoug

JIM. Thought I might t

LAURA. Oh—

JIM. *(With reflective reli*  
in those days.

LAURA. You were terri

JIM. Yeah...

LAURA. You had such

JIM. Oh, I was spoiled

LAURA. Everybody lik

JIM. Including you?

LAURA. I—why, yes, I

JIM. Give me that prog

*She does so, an*

There you are—better l

LAURA. My—what a

JIM. My signature's in  
someday—it will increa