

## A Streetcar Named Desire by Tennessee Williams

Blanche DuBois:

I haven't asked you the things you probably thought I was going to ask. And so I'll expect you to be understanding about what I have to tell you. Well, Stella - you're going to reproach me, I know that you're bound to reproach me - but before you do - take into consideration - you left! I stayed and struggled! You came to New Orleans and looked out for yourself! I stayed at Belle Reve and tried to hold it together! I'm not meaning this in any reproachful way but all the burden descended on my shoulders.

I know, I know. But you are the one that abandoned Belle Reve, not I! I stayed and fought for it, bled for it, almost died for it! I knew you would, Stella. I knew you would take this attitude about it! The loss - the loss... yes, Stella!

You're a fine one to ask me how it went! You're a fine one to sit there accusing me of it! I, I took the blows in my face and my body! All of those deaths! The long parade to the graveyard! Father, mother! Margaret, that dreadful way! So big with it, it couldn't be put in a coffin! But it had to be burned like rubbish! You came home in time for the funerals, Stella. And funerals are pretty compared to death. Funerals are quiet, but deaths - not always. Sometimes their breathing is hoarse, and sometimes it rattles, and sometimes they even cry out to you, 'don't let me go.' As if you were able to stop them. But funerals are quiet with pretty flowers. And, oh, what gorgeous boxes they pack them away in! Unless you were there at the bed when they cried out, 'hold me!' you'd never suspect there was the struggle for breath and bleeding. You didn't dream, but I saw! Saw! And now you sit there telling me with your eyes that I let the place go? How in hell do you think all that sickness and dying was paid for? Death is expensive, Miss Stella! Why, the grim reaper had put up his tent on our doorstep! Belle Reve was his headquarters!

Honey - that's how it slipped through my fingers! Which of them left us a fortune? Which of them left a cent of insurance even? And with my pitiful salary at the school. Yes accuse me! Sit there and stare at me, thinking I let the place go! I let the place go? Where were you? In bed with your - Polak!