It is six o'clock the following evening. BLANCHE is bathing. STELLA is completing her toilette. BLANCHE's dress, a flowered print, is laid out on STELLA's bed.

[STANLEY enters the kitchen from outside, leaving the door open on the perpetual 'blue piano' around the corner.]
STELLA: It seems like it wasn't sold.
STANLEY: Well, what in hell was it then, give away? To charity?
STELLA: Shhh! She'll hear you.
STANLEY: I don't care if she hears me. Let's see the papers!
STELLA: There weren't any papers, she didn't show any papers, I don't care about papers.
STANLEY: Have you ever heard of the Napoleonic code?
STELLA: No, Stanley, I haven't heard of the Napoleonic code and if I have, I don't see what it--
STANLEY: Let me enlighten you on a point or two, baby.
STELLA: Yes?
STANLEY: In the state of Louisiana we have the Napoleonic code according to which what belongs to the wife belongs to the husband and vice versa. For instance, if I had a piece of property, or you had a piece of property--
STELLA: My head is swimming!
STANLEY: All right. I'll wait till she gets through soaking in a hot tub and then I'll inquire if she is acquainted with the Napoleonic code. It looks to me like you have been swindled, baby, and when you're swindled under the Napoleonic code I'm swindled too. And I don't like to be swindled.
STELLA: There's plenty of time to ask her questions later but if you do now she'll go to pieces again. I don't understand what happened to Belle Reve but you don't know how ridiculous you are being when you suggest that my sister or I or anyone of our family could have perpetrated a swindle on anyone else.
STANLEY: Then where's the money if the place was sold?
STELLA: Not sold--lost, lost!
[He stalks into bedroom, and she follows him.]
STANLEY: Open your eyes to this stuff! You think she got them out of a teacher's pay?
STELLA: Hush!
STANLEY: Look at these feathers and furs that she come here to preen herself in! What's this here? A solid-gold dress, I believe! And this one! What is these here? Fox-pieces! [He blows on them.] Genuine fox fur-pieces, a half a mile long! Where are your fox-pieces, Stella? Bushy snow-white ones, no less! Where are your white fox-pieces?
STELLA: Those are inexpensive summer furs that Blanche has had a long time.
STANLEY: I got an acquaintance who deals in this sort of merchandise. I'll have him in here to appraise it. I'm willing to bet you there's thousands of dollars invested in this stuff here!
STELLA: Don't be such an idiot, Stanley!
[He hurls the furs to the daybed. Then he jerks open a small drawer in the trunk and pulls up a fistful of costume jewellery.]
STANLEY: And what have we here? The treasure chest of a pirate!
STELLA: Oh, Stanley!
STANLEY: Pearls! Ropes of them! What is this sister of yours, a deep-sea diver who brings up sunken treasures? Or is she the champion safe-cracker of all time! Bracelets of solid gold, too! Where are your pearls and gold bracelets?
STELLA: Shhh! Be still, Stanley!
STANLEY: And diamonds! A crown for an empress!
STELLA: A rhinestone tiara she wore to a costume ball.
STANLEY: What's rhinestone?
STELLA: Next door to glass.
STANLEY: Are you kidding? I have an acquaintance that works in a jewellery store. I'll have him in here to make an appraisal of this. Here's your plantation, or what was left of it, here!
STELLA: You have no idea how stupid and horrid you're being! Now close that trunk before she comes out of the bathroom!

[He kicks the trunk partly closed and sits on the kitchen table.]

STANLEY: The Kowalskis and the DuBois have different notions.

STELLA [angrily]: Indeed they have, thank heavens!—I'm going outside. [She snatches up her white hat and gloves and crosses to the outside door.] You come out with me while Blanche is getting dressed.

STANLEY: Since when do you give me orders?

STELLA: Are you going to stay here and insult her?

STANLEY: You're damn tootin' I'm going to stay here.

[STELLA goes out on the porch. BLANCHE comes out of the bathroom in a red satin robe.]

BLANCHE [airily]: Hello, Stanley! Here I am, all freshly bathed and scented, and feeling like a brand-new human being!

[He lights a cigarette.]

STANLEY: That's good.

BLANCHE [drawing the curtains at the windows]: Excuse me while I slip on my pretty new dress!!

STANLEY: Go right ahead, Blanche.

[She closes the drapes between the rooms.]

BLANCHE: I understand there's to be a little card party to which we ladies are cordially not invited.

STANLEY [ominously]: Yeah?

[BLANCHE throws off her robe and slips into a flowered print dress.]

BLANCHE: Where's Stella?

STANLEY: Out on the porch.

BLANCHE: I'm going to ask a favour of you in a moment.

STANLEY: What could that be, I wonder?

BLANCHE: Some buttons in back! You may enter!

[He crosses through drapes with a smouldering look.] How do I look?

STANLEY: You look all right.

BLANCHE: Many thanks! Now the buttons!

STANLEY: I can't do nothing with them.

BLANCHE: You men with your big clumsy fingers. May I have a drag on your cig?

STANLEY: Have one for yourself.

BLANCHE: Why, thanks! ... It looks like my trunk has exploded.

STANLEY: Me an' Stella were helping you unpack.

BLANCHE: Well, you certainly did a fast and thorough job of it!

STANLEY: It looks like you raided some stylish shops in Paris.

BLANCHE: Ha-ha! Yes--clothes are my passion!

STANLEY: What does it cost for a string of fur-pieces like that?

BLANCHE: Why, those were a tribute from an admirer of mine!

STANLEY: He must have had a lot of--admiration!

BLANCHE: Oh, in my youth I excited some admiration. But look at me now! [She smiles at him radiantly.] Would you think it possible that I was once considered to be--attractive?

STANLEY: Your looks are okay.

BLANCHE: I was fishing for a compliment, Stanley.

STANLEY: I don't go in for that stuff.

BLANCHE: What--stuff?

STANLEY: Compliments to women about their looks. I never met a woman that didn't know if she was good-looking or not without being told, and some of them give themselves credit for more than they've got. I once went out with a doll who said to me, 'I am the glamorous type, I am the glamorous type!' I said, 'So what?'
BLANCHE: And what did she say then?
STANLEY: She didn't say nothing. That shut her up like a clam.
BLANCHE: Did it end the romance?
STANLEY: It ended the conversation—that was all. Some men are took in by this Hollywood glamour stuff and some men are not.
BLANCHE: I'm sure you belong to the second category.
STANLEY: That's right.
BLANCHE: I cannot imagine any witch of a woman casting a spell over you.
STANLEY: That's right.
BLANCHE: You're simple, straightforward and honest, a little bit on the primitive side I should think. To interest you a woman would have to—[She pauses with an indefinite gesture.]
STANLEY [slowly]: Lay ... her cards on the table.
BLANCHE [smiling]: Yes—yes—cards on the table. ... Well, life is too full of evasions and ambiguities, I think. I like an artist who paints in strong, bold colours, primary colours. I don't like pinks and creams and I never cared for wishy-washy people. That was why, when you walked in here last night, I said to myself—'My sister has married a man!'--Of course that was all that I could tell about you.
STANLEY [booming]: Now let's cut the re-bop!
BLANCHE [pressing hands to her ears]: Ouuuuu!
STELLA [calling from the steps]: Stanley! You come out here and let Blanche finish dressing!
BLANCHE: I'm through dressing, honey.
STELLA: Well, you come out, then.
STANLEY: Your sister and I are having a little talk.
BLANCHE [lightly]: Honey, do me a favour. Run to the drugstore and get me a lemon-coke with plenty of chipped ice in it!—Will you do that for me, Sweetie?