**SCENE : AMANDA, TOM**

THE GLASS MENAGERIE

By Tenesee Williams

[LEGEND ON SCREEN: 'YOU THINK I'M IN LOVE WITH CONTINENTAL

SHOEMAKERS?']

[Before the stage is lighted, the violent voices Of TOM and AMANDA are heard.

They are quarrelling behind the portières. In front of them stands LAURA with clenched hands

and panicky expression. A clear pool of light on her figure throughout this scene.]

TOM: What in Christ's name am !

AMANDA [shrilly]: Don't you use that -

TOM: Supposed to do !

AMANDA: Expression !Not in my -

TOM: Ohhh! !

AMANDA: Presence ! Have you gone out of your senses?

TOM: I have, that's true, driven out !

AMANDA: What is the matter with you, you - big - big IDIOT !

TOM: Look !- I've got no thing, no single thing !

AMANDA: Lower Your Voice !

TOM: In my life here that I can call my OWN ! Everything is -

AMANDA: Stop that shouting !

TOM: Yesterday you confiscated my books ! You had the nerve to -

AMANDA: I took that horrible novel back to the library- yes ! That hideous book by that insane

Mr. Lawrence. [Tom laughs wildly.] I cannot control the output of diseased minds or people who

cater to them - [Tom laughs still more wildly.] BUT I WON'T ALLOW SUCH FILTH

BROUGHT INTO MY HOUSE ! NO, no, no, no, no !

TOM: House, house ! Who pays rent on it, who makes a slave of himself to -

AMANDA [fairly screeching]: Don't you DARE to -

TOM: No, no, I mustn't say things ! I've got to just -

AMANDA: Let me tell you-

TOM: I don't want to hear any more! [He tears the portières open. The upstage area is lit with a

turgid smoky red glow.]

[AMANDA's hair is in metal curlers and she wears a very old bathrobe much too large for her

slight figure, a relic of the faithless Mr Wingfield. An upright typewriter and a wild disarray of

manuscripts are on the drop-leaf table. The quarrel was probably precipitated by his creative

labour. A chair lying overthrown on the floor.

Their gesticulating shadows are cast on the ceiling by the fiery glow.]

AMANDA: You will hear more, you -

TOM: No, I won' t hear more, I'm going out !

AMANDA: You come right back in -

TOM: Out, out, out ! Because I'm -

A M A N D A: Come back here, Tom Wingfield ! I'm not through talking to you !

TOM: Oh, go -

LAURA [desperately]: Tom !

AMANDA: You're going to listen, and no more insolence from you ! I'm at the end of my

patience !

[He comes back toward her.]

TOM: What do you think I'm at? Aren't I supposed to have any patience to reach the end of,

Mother? I know, I know. It seems unimportant to you, what I'm doing - what I want to do -

having a little difference between them !You don't think that -

AMANDA: I think you've been doing things that you're ashamed of. That's why you act like this.

I don't believe that you go every night to the movies. Nobody goes to the movies night after

night. Nobody in their right mind 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 [wildly]: No, I'm in no condition !

AMANDA: What right have you got to jeopardize your job - jeopardize the security of us all?

How do you think we'd manage if you were -

TOM: Listen !You think I'm crazy about the warehouse? [He bonds fiercely toward her slight

figure.] You think I'm in love with the Continental Shoemakers? You think I want to spend fifty

five years down there in that - celotex interior! with - fluorescent - tubes! Look! I'd rather

somebody picked up a crowbar and battered out my brains - than go back mornings! I go ! Every

time you come in yelling………

that God damn 'Rise and Shine!'- 'Rise and Shine!' I say to myself, 'How lucky dead people are !

'But I get up. I go! For sixty-five dollars a month I give up all that I dream of doing and being

ever! And you say self - selfs' all I ever think of. Why, listen, if self is what I thought of, Mother,

I'd be where he is -G 0 N E ! [Pointing to fathers picture.] As far as the system of transportation

reaches ! [He starts past her. She grabs his arm.] Don't grab at me, Mother !

AMANDA: Where are you going?

TOM: I'm going to the movies!

AMANDA: I don't believe that lie !

TOM [crouching toward her, overtowering her tiny figure. She backs away, gasping]: I'm going

to opium dens ! Yes, 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 cat

houses in the Valley! They call me Killer, Killer Wingfield, I'm leading a double-life, a simple,

honest warehouse worker by day, by night a dynamic tsar of the underworld, Mother. I go to

gambling casinos, I spin away fortunes on the roulette table ! I wear a patch over one eye and a

false moustache, sometimes I put on 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.

They're going to blow us all sky-high some night ! I'll be glad, very happy, and so will you !

You'll go up, up on a broomstick, over Blue Mountain with seventeen gentlemen callers! You

ugly - babbling old - witch. [He goes through a series of violent, clumsy movements, seizing his

overcoat, lunging to do 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 of again, splitting the shoulder of it, and

hurls it across the room. It strikes against the shelf of Laura's glass collection, there is a tinkle of

shattering glass. LAURA cries out as if wounded.]

[MUSIC. LEGEND: 'THE GLASS MENAGERIE'.]

L A U R A [shrilly] : My glass ! - menagerie. . . . [She covers her face and turns away

[But AMANDA is still stunned and stupefied by the 'ugly witch' so that she barely notices this

occurrence. Now she recovers her speech.]

AMANDA [in an awful voice]: I won't speak to you - until you apologize ! [She crosses through

portières and draws them together behind her. TOM is left with LAURA. LAURA Clings weakly

to the mantel with her face averted. TOM stares at her stupidly for a moment. Then he crosses to

shelf. Drops awkwardly on his knees to collect the fallen glass, glancing at LAURA as if he

would speak but couldn't.]