

(There are footsteps in hall.)

MAE (outside): May I enter a moment?

MARGARET: Oh, *you!* Sure. Come in, Mae.

(Mae enters bearing aloft the bow of a young lady's archery set)

MAE: Brick, is this thing yours?

MARGARET: Why, Sister Woman—that's my Diana Trophy. Won it at the intercollegiate archery contest on the O Miss campus.

MAE: It's a mighty dangerous thing to leave exposed round house full of nawmal rid-blooded children attracted weapons.

MARGARET: "Nawmal rid-blooded children attracted weapons" ought t' be taught to keep their hands off things that don't belong to them.

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CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF

MAE: Maggie, honey, if you had children of your own you'd know how funny that is. Will you please lock this up and put the key out of reach?

MARGARET: Sister Woman, nobody is plotting the destruction of your kiddies.—Brick and I still have our special archers' license. We're goin' deer-huntin' on Moon Lake as soon as the season starts. I love to run with dogs through chilly woods, run, run leap over obstructions—

(She goes into the closet carrying the bow.)

MAE: How's the injured ankle, Brick?

BRICK: Doesn't hurt. Just itches.

MAE: Oh, my! Brick—Brick, you should've been downstairs after supper! Kiddies put on a show. Polly played the piano, Buster an' Sonny drums, an' then they turned out the lights an' Dixie an' Trixie puhfawmed a toe dance in fairy costume with *spahkluls!* Big Daddy just beamed! He just beamed!

MARGARET (from the closet with a sharp laugh): Oh, I bet. It breaks my heart that we missed it!

(She reenters.)

But Mae? Why did y'give dawgs' names to all your kiddies?

MAE: *Dogs'* names?

(Margaret has made this observation as she goes to raise the bamboo blinds, since the sunset glare has diminished. In crossing she winks at Brick.)

MARGARET (sweetly): Dixie, Trixie, Buster, Sonny, Polly!—Sounds like four dogs and a parrot . . . animal act in a circus!

MAE: Maggie?

(Margaret turns with a smile.)

Why are you so catty?

MARGARET: Cause I'm a cat! But why can't *you* take a joke, Sister Woman?

MAE: Nothin' pleases me more than a joke that's funny. You know the real names of our kiddies. Buster's real name is Robert. Sonny's real name is Saunders. Trixie's real name is Marlene and Dixie's—

(Someone downstairs calls for her. "Hey, Mae!"—She rushes to door, saying:)

Intermission is over!

MARGARET (as Mae closes door): I wonder what Dixie's real name is?

BRICK: Maggie, being catty doesn't help things any . . .

MARGARET: I know! *WHY!*—Am I so catty?—Cause I'm consumed with envy an' eaten up with longing?—Brick, I've laid out your beautiful Shantung silk suit from Rome and one of your monogrammed silk shirts. I'll put your cuff-links in it, those lovely star sapphires I get you to wear so