

TOM: What in Christ's name am I—

AMANDA: 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. I cannot control the output of diseased minds or people who cater to them - 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: 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!

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 —

AMANDA: Come back here, Tom Wingfield ! I'm not through talking to you!

TOM: Oh, go —

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

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? 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 -GONE ! [Pointing to fathers picture.] As far as the system of transportation reaches! [

AMANDA: Where are you going?

TOM: I'm going to the movies!

AMANDA: I don't believe that lie!

TOM: 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 cathouses 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.