

JIM: What have you done since high school? Huh? I said what have you done since high school, Laura?

LAURA: Nothing much.

JIM: You must have been doing something these six long years.

LAURA: Yes.

JIM: Well, then, such as what?

LAURA: I took a business course at business college

JIM: How did that work out?

LAURA: Well, not very - well - I had to drop out, it gave me - indigestion.

JIM: What are you doing now?

LAURA: I don't do anything - much. Oh, please don't think I sit around doing nothing! My glass collection takes up a good deal of time. Glass is something you have to take good care of

JIM: What did you say - about glass?

LAURA: Collection I said - I have one -

JIM: You know what I judge to be the trouble with you? Inferiority complex I know what that is? That's what they call it when someone low-rates himself! I understand it because I had it, too. Although my case was not so aggravated as yours seems to be. I had it until I took up public speaking, developed my voice, and learned that I had an aptitude for science. Before that time, I never thought of myself as being outstanding in any way whatsoever! Now I've never made a regular study of it, but I have a friend who says I can analyze people better than doctors that make a profession of it. I don't claim that to be necessarily true, but I can sure guess a person's psychology. Yep - that's what I judge to be your principal trouble. A lack of amount of faith in yourself as a person. You don't have the proper amount of faith in yourself. I'm basing that fact on a number of your remarks and also on certain observations I've made. For instance, that clumping you thought was so awful in high school. You say that you even dreaded to walk into class. You see what you did? You dropped out of school, you gave up an education because of a clump, which as far as I know was practically non-existent! A little physical defect is what you have. Hardly noticeable even! Magnified thousands of times by imagination! You know what my strong advice to you is? Think of yourself as superior in some way!

LAURA: In what way would I think?

JIM: Why, man alive, Laura! Just look about you a little. What do you see? A world full of common people! All of 'em born and all of 'em going to die! Which of them has one-tenth of your good points! Or mine! Or anyone else's, as far as that goes - Gosh! Everybody excels in some one thing. Some in many! All you've got to do is discover in what! Take me, for instance. My interest happens to lie in electro-dynamics. I'm taking a course in radio engineering at night school, Laura, on top of a fairly responsible job at the warehouse. I'm taking that course and studying public speaking.

LAURA: Ohhhh.

JIM: Because I believe in the future of television! I wish to be ready to go up right along with it. Therefore, I'm planning to get in on the ground floor. In fact, I've already made the right connections and all that remains is for the industry itself to get under way! Full steam. Knowledge - Zzzzzp! Money - Zzzzzp! - Power! That's the cycle democracy is built on! I guess you think I think a lot of myself!

LAURA: No - o-o-o!

JIM: Now how about you? Isn't there something you, take more interest in than anything else?

LAURA: Well, I do - as I said - have my - glass collection.

JIM: I'm not right sure I know what you're talking about. What kind of glass is it?

LAURA: Little articles of it, they're ornaments mostly! Most of them are little animals made out of glass, the tiniest little animals in the world. Mother calls them A glass menagerie! Here's an example of one, if you'd like to see it! This one is one of the oldest. It's nearly thirteen. Oh, be careful - if you breathe, it breaks!

JIM: I'd better not take it. I'm pretty clumsy with things.

LAURA: Go on, I trust you with him! [Places it in his palm.] There now - you're holding him gently! Hold him over the light, he loves the light! You see how the light shines through him?

JIM: It sure does shine!

LAURA: I shouldn't be partial, but he is my favourite one.

JIM: What kind of a thing is this one supposed to be?

LAURA: Haven't you noticed the single horn on his forehead head?

JIM: A unicorn, huh?

LAURA: Mmmm-hmmm!

JIM: Unicorns, aren't they extinct in the modern world?

LAURA: I know!

JIM: Poor little fellow, he must feel sort of lonesome.

LAURA: Well, if he does he doesn't complain about it. He stays on a shelf with some horses that don't have horns and all of them seem to get along nicely together.

JIM: How do you know?

LAURA: I haven't heard any arguments among them!

JIM: No arguments, huh? Well, that's a pretty good sign! Where shall I set him?

LAURA: Put him on the table. They all like a change of scenery once in a while!

JIM: Well, well, well, well Look how big my shadow is when I stretch!

LAURA: Oh, oh, yes - it stretches across the ceiling!

JIM: I think it's stopped raining. Where does the music come from?

LAURA: From the Paradise Dance Hall across the alley.

JIM: How about cutting the rug a little, Miss Wingfield?

LAURA: Oh.

JIM: Or is your programme filled up? Let me have a look at it. [Grasps imaginary card.] Why, every dance is taken! I'll just have to scratch some out. Ahhh, a waltz!

LAURA: I - can't dance!

JIM: There you go, that inferiority stuff! Come on, try!

LAURA: Oh, but I'd step on you !

JIM: I'm not made out of glass.

LAURA: How - how - how do we start?

JIM: Just leave it to me. You hold your arms out a little.

LAURA: Like this?

JIM: A little bit higher. Right. Now don't tighten up, that's the main thing about it - relax.

LAURA: It's hard not to. I'm afraid you can't budge me.

JIM: What do you bet I can't? [He swings her into motion.]

LAURA: Goodness, yes, you can!

JIM: Let yourself go, now, Laura, just let yourself go.