SCENE SIX

[Amanda crosses through the portieres, humming gaily. Laura moves slowly to the long mirror and stares solemnly at herself. A wind blows the white curtains inward in a slow, graceful motion and with a faint, sorrowful sighing.]

AMANDA [from somewhere behind the portieres]: It isn't dark enough yet.

[Laura turns slowly before the mirror with a troubled look.]

[Legend on screen: "This is my sister: Celebrate her with strings!" Music plays.]

AMANDA [laughing, still not visible]: I'm going to show you something. I'm going to make a spectacular appearance!

LAURA: What is it, Mother? \[/

AMANDA: Possess your soul in patience—you will see! Something I've resurrected from that old trunk! Styles haven't changed so terribly much after all... [She parts the portieres.] Now just look at your mother! [She wears a girlish frock of yellowed voile with a blue silk sash. She carries a bunch of jonquils—the legend of her youth is nearly revived. Now she speaks feverishly:] This is the dress in which I led the cotillion. Won the cakewalk twice at Sunset Hill, wore one Spring to the Governor's Ball in Jackson! See how I sashayed around the ballroom, Laura? [She raises her skirt and does a mincing step around the room.] I wore it on Sundays for my gentlemen callers! I had it on the day I met your father.... I had malaria fever all that Spring. The change of climate from East Tennessee to the Delta—weakened resistance. I had a little temperature all the time—not enough to be serious—just enough to make me restless and giddy! Invitations poured in—parties all over the Delta! "Stay in bed," said Mother, "you have a fever!"—but I just wouldn't. I took quinine but kept on going, going! Evenings, dances!
THE GLASS MENAGERIE

Afternoons, long, long rides! Picnics—lovely! So lovely, that country in May—all lacy with dogwood, literally flooded with jonquils! That was the spring I had the craze for jonquils. Jonquils became an absolute obsession. Mother said, "Honey, there's no more room for jonquils." And still I kept on bringing in more jonquils. Whenever, wherever I saw them, I'd say, "Stop! Stop! I see jonquils!" I made the young men help me gather the jonquils! It was a joke, Amanda and her jonquils. Finally there were no more vases to hold them, every available space was filled with jonquils. No vases to hold them? All right, I'll hold them myself! And then I—[She stops in front of the picture. Music plays.] met your father! Malaria fever and jonquils and then—this—boy... [She switches on the rose-colored lamp.] I hope they get here before it starts to rain. [She crosses the room and places the jonquils in a bowl on the table.] I gave your brother a little extra change so he and Mr. O'Connor could take the service car home.

LAURA [with an altered look]: What did you say his name was?

AMANDA: O'Connor.

LAURA: What is his first name?

AMANDA: I don't remember. Oh, yes, I do. It was—Jim!

[Laura sways slightly and catches hold of a chair.]

[Legend on screen: "Not Jim!"]

LAURA [faintly]: Not—Jim!

AMANDA: Yes, that was it, it was Jim! I've never known a Jim that wasn't nice!

[The music becomes ominous.]