**A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE 2**by Tennessee Williams *BLANCHE*

I understand what it is to be lonely. I loved someone, too, and the person I loved I lost. He was a boy, just a boy, when I was a very young girl. When I was sixteen, I made the discovery--love. All at once and much, much too completely. It was like you suddenly turned a blinding light on something that had always been half in shadow, that's how it struck the world for me. But I was unlucky. Deluded. There was something different about the boy, a nervousness, a softness, tenderness which wasn't like a man's although he wasn't the least bit effeminate looking-- still--that thing was there...He came to me for help. I didn't know that. I didn't find out anything till after our marriage when we'd run away and come back and all I knew was I'd failed him in some mysterious way and wasn't able to give him the help he needed, but couldn't speak of! He was in the quicksands clutching at me--but I wasn't holding him out, I was slipping in with him! I didn't know that. I didn't know anything except I loved him unendurably but without being able to help him or help myself. Then I found out. In the worst of all possible ways. By suddenly coming into a room that I thought was empty--which wasn't empty, but had two people in it...the boy I married and an older man who had been his friend for years. Afterwards we pretended that nothing had been discovered. Yes, we all drove out to Moon Lake Casino, very drunk and laughing all the way. We danced the Varsouviana! Suddenly, in the middle of the dance, the boy I had married broke away from me and ran out of the Casino. A few moments later--a shot! I ran out, all did--all ran and gathered around this terrible thing at the edge of the lake! I couldn't get near for the crowding. Then somebody caught my arm.--"Don't go any closer! Come Back! You don't want to see!" See? See what? Then I heard voices say, "Allan! Allan! The Gray boy!" He'd stuck a revolver into his mouth and fired!--so that the back of his head had been blown away! It was because, on the dance floor--unable to stop myself--I'd suddenly said--"I know! I saw! You disgust me!" And then the searchlight which had been turned on the world was turned off again and never for one moment since has there been any light stronger than this kitchen candle.