**CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF #2**by Tennessee Williams *Margaret*

Brick, y'know, I've been so God damn disgustingly poor all my life!- that's the truth, Brick! Always had to suck up to people I couldn't stand because they had money and I was poor as Job's turkey. You don't know what that's like. Well, I'll tell you, its like you would feel a thousand miles away from Echo Spring!- And had to get back to it on that broken ankle? without a crutch! That's how it feels to be as poor as Job's turkey and have to suck up to relatives that you hated because they had money and all you had was a bunch of hand-me-down clothes and a few old moldy three-per-cent government bonds. My daddy loved his liquor, he fell in love with his liquor the way you've fallen in love with Echo Spring!- And my poor Mama, having to maintain some semblance of social position, to keep appearances up, on an income of one hundred and fifty dollars a month on those old government bonds! When I came out, the year that I made my debut, I had just two evening dresses! One, mother made me from a pattern in Vogue, the other a hand-me-down from a snotty rich cousin I hated! - The dress that I married you in was my grandmother's weddin' gown? So that's why I'm like a cat on a hot tin roof! You can be young without money, but you can't be old without it. You've got to be old with money because to be old without it is just too awful, you've got to be one or the other, either young or with money, you cant be old and without it. - That's the truth, Brick? Well, now I'm dressed, I'm all dressed, there's nothing else for me to do. (*Forlornly, almost fearfully*) I'm dressed, all dressed, nothing else for me to do? (*She moves about restlessly, aimlessly, and speaks, as if to herself.*) What am I-? Oh!-my bracelets? (*She starts working a collection of bracelets over her hands onto her wrists, about six on each, as she talks*.) I've thought a whole lot about it and now I know when I made my mistake. Yes, I made a mistake when I told you the truth about that thing with Skipper. Never should have confessed it, a fatal error, tellin' you about that thing with Skipper.