

**LADY from ORPHEUS DESCENDING by TENNESSEE WILLIAMS**

LADY: If one of those birds ever dies and falls on the ground and you happen to find it, I wish you would show it to me because I think maybe you just imagine there is a bird of that kind in existence. Because I don't think nothing living has ever been that free, not even nearly. Show me one of them birds and I'll say, Yes, God's made one perfect creature! I sure would give this mercantile store and every bit of stock in it to be that tiny bird the colour of the sky . . . For one night to sleep on the wind and ---- Float! ---- around under th'stars . . . Because I live with a son of a bitch who bought me at a fire sale, and not in fifteen years have I had a single good dream, not one --- oh! --- Hell . . . I don't know why I'm---telling a stranger---this . . . (*She draws away from him abruptly and rings the cash box open*) Take this dollar and go eat at the Al-Night on the Highway and come back here in the morning and I'll put you to work. I'll break you in clerking here and when the new confectionary opens, well, maybe I can use you in there. But let's get one thing straight. I'm not interested in your perfect functions, in fact you don't interest me no more than the air you stand in. If that's understood we'll have a good working relation, but otherwise trouble! Now go. Go eat, you're hungry.