

published libretto. Customers may use them as a guide as desired.)

1ST VOICE [MAN]. Thar she blows!

ALL MEN. H'ist yer mud 'ook!

2ND VOICE [MAN]. Spread you sails and get underway!

3RD VOICE [MAN]. Looks like a rowboat ridin' up to a lighthouse!

4TH, 5TH, & 6TH VOICES [MEN]. Kidge!

Luff!

Scud!

7TH VOICE [WOMAN]. Go it, Hannah!

8TH VOICE [WOMAN]. Release your davits and jump!

9TH VOICE [WOMAN]. Keep afloat!

1ST VOICE [MAN]. Climb aloft!

(The tallest SAILOR steps out of the group to dance with HANNAH. After they dance, the MEN leave. They run back to the sea. The WOMEN, left deserted, wave forlornly. HANNAH continues dancing in hope her SAILOR will return. At the last moment, the SAILOR returns and carries her off.)

[MUSIC NO. 14A "HORNPIPE - EXIT"]

(BILLY and JIGGER enter.)

JIGGER. I tell you it's safe as sellin' cakes.

BILLY. You say this old sideburns who owns the mill is also the owner of your ship?

JIGGER. That's right. And tonight he'll be takin' three or four thousand dollars down to the captain - by hisself.

He'll walk along the waterfront by hisself - with all that money.

(He pauses to let this sink in.)

BILLY. You'd think he'd have somebody go with him.

JIGGER. Not him! Not the last three times, anyway. I watched him from the same spot and see him pass me. Once I nearly jumped him.

BILLY. Why didn't you?

JIGGER. Don't like to do a job 'less it's air-tight. This one needs two to pull it off proper. Besides, there was a moon - shinin' on him like a torch.

(Spits.)

Don't like moons.

(This is good news.)

Lately, the nights have been runnin' to fog. And it's ten to one we'll have fog tonight. That's why I wanted you to tell yer wife we'd go to that clambake.

BILLY. Clambake? Why?

JIGGER. Suppose we're all over on the island and you and me get lost in the fog for a half an hour. And suppose we got in a boat and come over here and...and did whatever we had to do, and then got back? There's yer alibi! We just say we were lost on the island all that time.

BILLY. Just what would we have to do? I mean me. What would I have to do?

JIGGER. You go up to old sideburns and say, "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?"

BILLY. "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?" Then what?

JIGGER. Then? Well, by that time I got my knife in his ribs.
Then you take *your* knife...

BILLY. Me? I ain't got a knife.

JIGGER. You can get one, can't you?

BILLY. *(After a pause, turning to JIGGER.)* Does he have to be killed?

JIGGER. No, he don't have to be. He can give up the money without bein' killed. But these New Englanders are funny. They'd rather be killed. Well?

BILLY. I won't do it! It's dirty.

JIGGER. What's dirty about it?

BILLY. The knife.

JIGGER. All right. Ferget the knife. Just go up to him with a tin cup and say, "Please, sir, will you give me three thousand dollars?" See what he does fer you.

BILLY. I ain't goin' to do it.

JIGGER. Of course, if you got all the money you want, and don't need...

BILLY. I ain't got a cent. Money thinks I'm dead.

(MRS. MULLIN is seen entering from up left, unnoticed by BILLY and JIGGER.)

JIGGER. That's what I thought. And you're out of a job and you got a wife to support -

BILLY. Shut up about my wife.

(He sees MRS. MULLIN.)

What do you want?

MRS. MULLIN. Hello, Billy.

BILLY. What did you come fer?

MRS. MULLIN. Come to talk business.

JIGGER. Business!

(He spits.)

MRS. MULLIN. I see you're still hangin' around yer jailbird friend.

BILLY. What's it to you who I hang around with?

JIGGER. If there's one thing I can't abide, it's the common type of woman.

(He saunters upstage left and stands looking out to sea.)

BILLY. What are you doin' here? You got a new barker ain't you?

MRS. MULLIN. *(Looking him over.)* Whyn't you stay home and sleep at night? You look awful!

BILLY. He's as good as me, ain't he?

MRS. MULLIN. Push yer hair back off yer forehead...

BILLY. *(Pushing her hand away and turning away from her.)* Let my hair be.

MRS. MULLIN. If I told you to let it hang down over yer eyes you'd push it back. I hear you been beatin' her. If you're sick of her, why don't you leave her? No use beatin' the poor, skinny little...

BILLY. Leave her, eh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

MRS. MULLIN. Don't flatter yourself!

(Her pride stung, she paces to center stage.)

If I had any sense I wouldn' of come here. The things you got to do when you're in business...! I'd sell the damn carousel if I could.

BILLY. Ain't it crowded without me?

MRS. MULLIN. Those fool girls keep askin' for you. They miss you, see? Are you goin' to be sensible and come back?

BILLY. And leave Julie?

MRS. MULLIN. You beat her, don't you?

BILLY. (*Exasperated.*) No, I don't beat her. What's all this damn-fool talk about beatin'? I hit her once, and now the whole town is... The next one I hear... I'll smash...

MRS. MULLIN. (*Backing away from him.*) All right! All right! I take it back. I don't want to get mixed up in it.

BILLY. Beatin' her! As if I'd beat her!

MRS. MULLIN. What's the odds one way er another? Look at the thing straight. You been married two months and you're sick of it. Out there's the carousel. Show booths, young girls, all the beer you want, a good livin' – and you're throwin' it all away. Know what? I got a new organ.

BILLY. I know.

MRS. MULLIN. How do you know?

BILLY. (*His voice softer.*) You can hear it from here. I listen to it every night.

MRS. MULLIN. Good one, ain't it?

BILLY. Jim dandy. Got a nice tone.

MRS. MULLIN. Y'ought to come up close and hear it. Makes you think the carousel is goin' faster. You belong out there and you know it. You ain't cut out fer a respectable married man. You're an artist type. You belong among artists. Tell you what – you come back and I'll give you a ruby ring my husband left me.

BILLY. I dunno – I might go back. I could still go on livin' here with Julie.

MRS. MULLIN. Holy Moses!

BILLY. What's wrong?

MRS. MULLIN. Can y' imagine how the girls'd love that? A barker who runs home to his wife every night! Why, people'd laugh theirselves sick.

BILLY. I know what *you* want.

MRS. MULLIN. Don't be so stuck on yerself.

BILLY. I ain't happy here, and *that's* the truth.

MRS. MULLIN. 'Course you ain't.

(She strokes his hair back off his forehead, and this time he lets her. JULIE enters from house, carrying a tray with a cup of coffee and a plate of cakes on it. MRS. MULLIN pulls her hand away. There is a slight pause.)

BILLY. Do you want anythin'?

JULIE. I brought you your coffee.

MRS. MULLIN. (*To BILLY in a low voice.*) Whyn't you have a talk with her? She'll understand. Maybe she'll be glad to get rid of you.

BILLY. (*Without conviction.*) Maybe.

JULIE. Billy – before I ferget. I got somethin' to tell you.

BILLY. All right.

JULIE. I been wantin' to tell you – in fact, I was goin' to yesterday.

BILLY. Well, go ahead.

JULIE. I can't – we got to be alone.

BILLY. Don't you see I'm busy? Here, I'm talkin' business and...

JULIE. It'll only take a minute.

BILLY. Get out o' here, or...

JULIE. I tell you it'll only take a minute.

BILLY. Will you get out of here?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. What did you say?

MRS. MULLIN. Let her alone, Billy. I'll drop in at Bascombe's bank and get some small change for the carousel. I'll be back in a few minutes for your answer to my proposition.

(Exits above JIGGER. She looks at JIGGER as she goes. JIGGER looks at BILLY, then follows MRS. MULLIN off.)

JULIE. Don't look at me like that. I ain't afraid of you – ain't afraid of anyone. I hev somethin' to tell you.

BILLY. Well then, tell me, and make it quick.

JULIE. I can't tell it so quick. Why don't you drink yer coffee?

BILLY. That what you wanted to tell me?

JULIE. No. By the time you drink it, I'll hev told you.

BILLY. *(Stirs coffee and takes a quick sip.)* Well?

JULIE. Yesterday my head ached and you asked me...

BILLY. Yes...

JULIE. Well – you see – that's what it is.

BILLY. You sick?

JULIE. No. It's nothin' like that.

(He puts cup down.)

It's awful hard to tell you – I'm not a bit skeered, because it's a perfectly natural thing –

BILLY. What is?

JULIE. Well – when two people live together –

BILLY. Yes –

JULIE. I'm goin' to hev a baby.

(She turns away. He sits still and stunned. Then he rises, crosses to her, and puts his arms around her. She leans her head back on his shoulders. Then she leaves and starts for the house. As she goes to the steps, BILLY runs and helps her very solicitously. JIGGER has re-entered and calls to BILLY with two short whistles.)

JIGGER. Hey, Billy!

BILLY. *(Turning to JIGGER.)* Hey, Jigger! Julie... Julie's goin' to have a baby.

JIGGER. *(Calmly smoking his cigarette.)* Yeh? What about it?

BILLY. *(Disgusted at JIGGER.)* Nothin'.

(He goes into the house.)

JIGGER. *(Ruminating.)* My mother had a baby once.

(He smiles angelically and puffs on his cigarette. MRS. MULLIN enters.)

MRS. MULLIN. He in there with her?

(JIGGER ignores the question.)

They're havin' it out, I bet.

(JIGGER impudently blows a puff of smoke in her direction.)

When he comes back to me I ain't goin' to let him hang around with you any more. You know that, don't you?

JIGGER. Common woman.