

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.

MRS. MULLIN. Ain't goin' to let him get in your clutches. Everybody that gets mixed up with you finishes in the jailhouse - or the grave.

JIGGER. Tut-tut-t-t-t. Carnival blonde! Comin' between a man and his wife!

MRS. MULLIN. Comin' between nothin'! They don't belong together. Nobody knows him like I do. And nobody is goin' to get him away from me. And that goes fer you!

JIGGER. Who wants him? If he's goin' to let himself get tied up to an old wobbly-hipped slut like you, what good would he be to me?

MRS. MULLIN. He won't be *no* good to you! And he won't end up with a perliceman's bullet in his heart - like that Roberts boy you hung around with last year. Wisht the bullet hadda got you - you sleek-eyed wharf rat! You keep away from him, that's all, or I'll get the cops after you.

JIGGER. *(Holding cigarette high.)* Common woman!

MRS. MULLIN. Yeh! Call names! But I got him back just the same! And you're through!

JIGGER. Put on a new coat o' paint. You're starting to peel! Old pleasure boat!

(He exits. She looks off after him, then turns right and sees BILLY coming out of the house. She immediately shifts her attention to the essential job of holding his interest. She primps and walks center. He comes down by bait box. A change has come over him. There is a strange, firm dignity in his manner.)

BILLY. You still here?

(He picks up tray, and sits on box, tray in his lap.)

MRS. MULLIN. Didn't you tell me to come back?

(Taking money out of dress.)

Here! You'll be wantin' an advance on yer salary. Well, that's only fair. You been out o' work a long time.

(She offers him money.)

BILLY. *(Taking another sip of coffee.)* Go home Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN. What's the matter with you?

BILLY. Can't you see I'm havin' my breakfast? Go back to your carousel.

MRS. MULLIN. You mean you ain't comin' with me?

BILLY. *(Still holding cup.)* Get out of here. Get!

MRS. MULLIN. I'll never speak to you again - not if you were dyin', I wouldn't.

BILLY. That worries me a lot.

MRS. MULLIN. What did she tell you in there?

BILLY. *(Putting cup on tray.)* She told me...

MRS. MULLIN. Some lies about me, I bet!

BILLY. *(Proudly.)* No, Mrs. Mullin. Nothin' about you. Just about Julie and me - and...

(Looking up at her.)

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Mullin - I'm goin' to be a father!

MRS. MULLIN. You...! Julie...?

BILLY. Good-by, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN. You a father?

(She starts to laugh.)

BILLY. *(Giving her a good push.)* Get the hell away from here, Mrs. Mullin.