

(He succeeds in shoving her aside.)

JULIE. Let me have that. Oh, Billy. Please...

(He exits. JIGGER follows. NETTIE puts her arms around JULIE to comfort her. The GIRLS group around them.)

WOMEN.

COMMON SENSE MAY TELL YOU
 THAT THE ENDIN' WILL BE SAD,
 AND NOW'S THE TIME TO BREAK AND RUN AWAY.
 BUT WHAT'S THE USE OF WOND'RIN'
 IF THE ENDIN' WILL BE SAD?
 HE'S YOUR FELLER AND YOU LOVE HIM -
 THERE'S NOTHIN' MORE TO SAY.

(The lights dim and the curtains close.)

[MUSIC NO. 22 "CHANGE OF SCENE (ACT II, SCENE TWO)"]

**Scene Two:
 Mainland Waterfront, An Hour Later**

(Extreme left there is an upright pile, a box, and a bale. At center is a longer bale. Up right center is an assorted heap consisting of a crate, a trunk, a sack and other wharfside oddments.)

(AT RISE: JIGGER is seated on the pile extreme left, smoking. BILLY is pacing back and forth, right center.)

BILLY. Suppose he don't come.

JIGGER. He'll come. What will you say to him?

BILLY. I say: "Good evening, sir. Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me the time?" And suppose he answers me. What do I say?

JIGGER. He won't answer you.

(JIGGER throws his knife into the top of the box so that the point sticks and the knife quivers there.)

BILLY. Have you ever - killed a man before?

JIGGER. If I did, I wouldn't be likely to say so, would I?

BILLY. No, guess you wouldn't. If you did - if tonight we - I mean - suppose some day when *we* die we'll have to come up before - before -

JIGGER. Before who?

BILLY. Well - before God.

JIGGER. You and me? Not a chance!

BILLY. Why not?

JIGGER. What's the highest court they ever dragged you into?

BILLY. Just perlice magistrates, I guess.

JIGGER. Sure. Never been before a Supreme Court judge, have you?

BILLY. No.

JIGGER. Same thing in the next world. For rich folks, the heavenly court and the high judge. For you and me, perlice magistrates. Fer the rich, fine music and chubby little angels -

BILLY. Won't we get any music?

JIGGER. Not a note. All we'll get is justice! There'll be plenty of that for you and me. Yes, sir! Nothin' but justice.

BILLY. It's gettin' late - they'll be comin' back from the clambake. I wish he'd come. Suppose he don't.

JIGGER. He will. What do you say we play some cards while we're waitin'? Time'll pass quicker that way.

BILLY. All right.

JIGGER. Got any money?

BILLY. Eighty cents.

(Crosses to JIGGER, sits on small bale, and puts his money on the box. JIGGER takes out cards and his change.)

JIGGER. *(Putting money on box and shuffling cards.)* All right, eighty cents. We'll play twenty-one. I'll bank.

(Deals the necessary cards out.)

BILLY. *(Looking at his cards.)* I'll bet the bank.

JIGGER. *(Aloud, to himself.)* Sounds like he's got an ace.

BILLY. I'll take another.

(JIGGER deals another card to BILLY.)

Come again!

(JIGGER deals a fourth card.)

Over!

(Throws cards down. JIGGER gathers in the money. BILLY rises, crosses right center, looks off right.)

Wish old sideburns would come and have it over with.

JIGGER. He's a little late.

(Looking up at BILLY.)

Don't you want to go on with the game?

BILLY. Ain't got any more money. I told you.

JIGGER. Want to play on credit?

BILLY. You mean you'll trust me?

JIGGER. No - but I'll deduct it.

BILLY. From what?

JIGGER. From your share of the money. If you win, you deduct it from my share.

BILLY. *(Crossing and sitting on bale.)* All right. Can't wait here doin' nothin'. Drive a feller crazy. How much is the bank?

JIGGER. Sideburns'll have three thousand on him. That's what he always brings the captain. Tonight the captain don't get it. We get it. Fifteen hundred to you. Fifteen hundred to me.

BILLY. Go ahead and deal.

(JIGGER deals.)

Fifty dollars.

(Looks at his card.)

No, a hundred dollars.

(*JIGGER gives him a card.*)

Enough.

JIGGER. (*Laying down stack and looking at his own cards.*) Twenty-one.

BILLY. All right! This time double or nothin'!

JIGGER. (*Dealing.*) Double or nothin' it is.

BILLY. (*Looking at cards.*) Enough.

JIGGER. (*Laying down his cards.*) Twenty-one.

BILLY. Hey – are you cheatin'?

JIGGER. (*So innocent.*) Me? Do I look like a cheat?

BILLY. (*BILLY raps the box impatiently. JIGGER deals.*) Five hundred!

JIGGER. Dollars?

BILLY. Dollars.

JIGGER. Say, you're a plunger, ain't you? Yes, sir.

BILLY. (*Getting a card.*) Another.

(*He gets it.*)

Too much.

JIGGER. That makes seven hundred you owe me.

BILLY. Seven hundred! Double or nothin'.

(*JIGGER deals.*)

I'll stand pat!

JIGGER. (*Laying down his cards in pretended amazement.*)
Twenty-one! A natural!

BILLY. (*Rising and taking hold of JIGGER by the coat lapels.*)
You – you – damn you, you're a dirty crook! You –

(*BASCOMBE enters from left. JIGGER coughs, warning BILLY, and then nudges BILLY into action as BASCOMBE crosses to right center. JIGGER runs behind crates. BILLY addresses BASCOMBE.*)

Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me the time?

(*BASCOMBE turns to BILLY and JIGGER leaps out from behind the crates and tries to stab BASCOMBE. BASCOMBE gets hold of JIGGER's knife hand and twists his wrist, forcing him into a helpless position. BASCOMBE takes his gun from its holster with his free hand, holding BILLY off.*)

BASCOMBE. Now don't budge, either one of you. (*To JIGGER.*) Drop that knife.

(*JIGGER drops the knife.*)

Ahoy, up there on the *Nancy B*! Captain Watson!
Anybody up there?

CAPTAIN. (*Offstage.*) Ahoy, down there!

(*JIGGER twists himself loose and runs off right. A SAILOR enters from left. BASCOMBE turns and fires a shot at JIGGER as he runs, then turns, holding BILLY off, as the SAILOR gets to BASCOMBE.*)

BASCOMBE. (*To the SAILOR.*) Go after that one. He's runnin' up Maple Street. I'll cover the other one.

(*The SAILOR runs off after JIGGER.*)

There's another bullet in here. Don't forget that – you.
Look behind you! What do you see comin'?

BILLY. (*Slowly turning and looking off left.*) Two perlicemen.