

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.)*

START [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 –

END

BILLY. Shut up about my wife.

(He sees MRS. MULLIN.)

What do you want?

MRS. MULLIN. Hello, Billy.

BILLY. What did you come fer?