

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.

START

(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 – thet's what it is.

BILLY. You sick?

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

(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.

END

(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.