

JIGGER LIB

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JIGGER

→ Ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fer you. Why, jest to see yer lovely smile - I'd swim through beer with my mouth closed. You're the only girl fer me. How about a little kiss?

CARRIE

Mr. Craigin, I couldn't.

JIGGER

Didn't you hear me say I loved you?

CARRIE

I'm awful sorry for you, but what can I do? Enoch and me are goin' to be cried in church next Sunday.

JIGGER

Next Sunday I'll be far out at sea lookin' at the icy gray water. Mebbe I'll jump in and drown myself!

CARRIE

Oh, don't!

JIGGER

Well, then, give me a kiss.

*(Grabbing her arm. Good and sore now.)*

One measly little kiss!

CARRIE

*(Pushing his arm away.)*

Enoch wouldn't like it.

JIGGER

I don't wanta kiss Enoch.

CARRIE

*(Drawing herself up resolutely.)*

I'll thank you not to yell at me, Mr. Craigin. If you love me like you say you do, then please show me the same respect like you would if you didn't love me.

*(She starts to stalk off left. JIGGER is a stayer and not easily shaken off. He decides to try one more method. It worked once long ago on a girl in Liverpool.)*

JIGGER

*(In despair.)*

Carrie!

*(She stops; he crosses to her.)*

Miss Pipperidge! Just one word, please.

*(He becomes quite humble.)*

I know I don't deserve yer forgiveness. Only, I couldn't help myself. Fer a few awful minutes I... I let the brute come out in me.

CARRIE

I think I understand, Mr. Craigin.

JIGGER

Thank you, Miss Pipperidge, thank you kindly. There's just one thing that worries me and it worries me a lot - it's about you.

CARRIE

About me?

JIGGER

You're such a little innercent. You had no right to stay here alone and talk with a man you hardly knew. Suppose I was a different type of feller - you know, unprincipled - a feller who'd use his physical strength to have his will. There are such men, you know.

CARRIE

I know, but...

JIGGER

Every girl ought to know how to defend herself against beasts like that.

*(Proceeding slyly up to his point.)*

Now, there are certain grips in wrestlin' I could teach you - tricks that'll land a masher flat on his face in two minutes.

CARRIE

But I ain't strong enough -

JIGGER

It don't take strength - it's all in balance - a twist of the wrist and a dig with the elbow. Here, just let me show you a simple one. This might save yer life some day. Suppose a feller grabs you like this.

*(Puts both arms around her waist.)*

Now you put yer two hands on my neck.

*(She does.)*

Now pull me toward you.

*(She does.)*

That's it. Now pull my head down. Good! Now put yer left arm all the way around my neck. Now squeeze - hard! Tighter!

*(Slides his right hand down her back and pats her bustle.)*

Good girl!

