

1-2-18

JULIE

Even then I wouldn't go home.

BILLY

Do you know what you remind me of? A girl I know in Coney Island. Tell you how I met her. One night at closin' time – we had put out the lights in the carousel, and just as I was –

*(He breaks off suddenly as, during the above speech, a POLICEMAN has entered from down left and comes across stage. BILLY instinctively takes on an attitude of guilty silence. The POLICEMAN frowns down at them as he walks by. BILLY follows him with his eyes. At the same time that the POLICEMAN entered from left, MR. BASCOMBE has come in from right. He flourishes his cane and breathes in the night air as if he enjoyed it.)*

POLICEMAN

→ Evenin', Mr. Bascombe.

BASCOMBE

Good evening, Timony. Nice night.

POLICEMAN

'Deed it is.

*(Whispers into BASCOMBE'S left ear.)*

Er... Mr. Bascombe. That girl is one of your girls.

BASCOMBE

*(In a low voice.)*

One of my girls?

*(The POLICEMAN nods. BASCOMBE crosses in front of the POLICEMAN to the right of JULIE and peers at her in the darkness.)*

Is that you, Miss Jordan?

JULIE

Yes, Mr. Bascombe.

BASCOMBE

What ever are you doing out at this hour?

JULIE

I... I...

BASCOMBE

You know what time we close our doors at the mill boardinghouse. You couldn't be home on time now if you ran all the way.

JULIE

No, sir.

BILLY

*(To JULIE.)*

Who's old sideburns?

POLICEMAN

Here, now! Don't you go t' callin' Mr. Bascombe names - 'less you're fixin' t' git yerself into trouble.

*(BILLY shuts up. Policemen have this effect on him. The POLICEMAN turns to BASCOMBE.)*

We got a report on this feller from the police chief at Bangor. He's a pretty sly gazaybo. Come up from Coney Island.

BASCOMBE

New York, eh?

POLICEMAN

He works on carousels, makes a specialty of young things like this'n. Gets 'em all moony-eyed. Promises to marry 'em, them takes their money.

JULIE

*(Promptly and brightly.)*

I ain't got no money.

POLICEMAN

Speak when you're spoken to, miss!

BASCOMBE

Julie, you've heard what kind of blackguard this man is. You're an inexperienced girl and he's imposed on you and deluded you. That's why I'm inclined to give you one more chance.

POLICEMAN

*(To JULIE.)*

Y'hear that?

BASCOMBE

I'm meeting Mrs. Bascombe at the church. We'll drive you home and I'll explain everything to the house matron.

*(He holds out his hand.)*

Come, my child.

*(But she doesn't move.)*

POLICEMAN

Well, girl! Don't be settin' there like you didn't hev good sense!