

I-3-56

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.

MRS. MULLIN

Ain't goin' to let him get in your clutches. Everybody that gets mixed up with you finishes in the jailhouse – or the grave.

JIGGER

Tut-tut-t-t-t-. Carnival blond! Comin' between a man and his wife!

MRS. MULLIN

Comin' between nothin'! They don't belong together. Nobody knows him like I do. And nobody is goin' to get him away from me. And that goes fer you!

JIGGER

Who wants him? If he's goin' to let himself get tied up to an old wobbly-hipped slut like you, what good would he be to me?

MRS. MULLIN

He won't be *no* good to you! And he won't end up with a perliceman's bullet in his heart – like that Roberts boy you hung around with last year. Wisht the bullet hadda got you – you sleek-eyed wharf rat! You keep away from him, that's all, or I'll get the cops after you.