

BILLY BONES, MRS HAWKINS

(The Admiral Benbow Inn on the coast road to Bristol. BILLY BONES enters.)

BILLY: Rum.

MRS. HAWKINS: Clear away, Jim, and haul me up another bottle. Quick about it now, we've a customer waiting. (To BILLY) Would you be wanting anything else then?

BILLY: More rum after the first maybe.

MRS. HAWKINS: In the way of food.

BILLY: Might I have a word with your husband?

MRS. HAWKINS: A word with me'll have to do. He's dead these eight months.

BILLY My 'pologies. Might I speak to the landlord then?

MRS. HAWKINS: You're speaking to her.

BILLY: Be it just you and the boy that run the place?

MRS. HAWKINS: Aye.

BILLY: Just the pair of ya?

MRS. HAWKINS: Aye. (JIM enters with the rum.) There on the table, Jim.

BILLY: Thank ye, lad.

MRS. HAWKINS: Back to the kitchen now, Jim.

BILLY: What are you staring at, boy?

MRS. HAWKINS: James! (He exits.) Don't mind him. He's full'a sea dreams.

BILLY: He your boy?

MRS. HAWKINS: He is.

BILLY: Clever looking lad. This'a handy cove to be sittuated on. Much company come in here?

MRS. HAWKINS: No. More the pity for us.

BILLY: Well, then...this is the berth for me.

MRS. HAWKINS: You'll be taking a room then?

BILLY: I'll give it back when I'm done. I'm a plain man. Rum, bacon and eggs is all I ask, which I'll take now, and the room aloft that overlooks the cove. It cheers my heart to watch the ships off. (She exits.)

