

(JIM cleans up around the bar. BLACK DOG slides in unnoticed.)

BLACK DOG, JIM, BILLY BONES

BLACK DOG: Excuse me there, lad. Did I startle ya, there?

JIM: I — I didn't hear you come in.

BLACK DOG: My apologies.

JIM: I'll be right with you.

BLACK DOG: Just a minute, sonny. Come over here. Nearer to me. Nearer.

JIM: Yes, sir?

BLACK DOG: Is this here glass of rum for my mate Bill?

JIM: I don't know your mate Bill, sir. That's for a fella called the captain.

BLACK DOG: Well, my mate Bill would be called captain, as like as not. Is he in this here house?

JIM: Ay, sir. I'll fetch him for you.

BLACK DOG: No, boy.

JIM: But I have to —

BLACK DOG: Did you not here me say no?! Not to be feared of me, boy. (A noise. BLACK DOG grabs JIM.) Well, sure enough, I think I hear 'im right now. You and me'll just step this way, sonny, and give of Bill a little surprise. (MRS. HAWKINS sets out the food for BILLY BLACK DOG puts a hand over JIM's mouth.) Shhh!

MRS. HAWKINS: Captain?! You're eggs is getting cold! (She exits.)

BLACK DOG: That your mum? (JIM shakes his head yes.) Be there anyone else in the house, boy? (JIM shakes head no. BILLY enters. BLACK DOG steps forward.) Hello, Bill. Little jumpy this evenin', Bill? What's the matter? Surely you know your old shipmate?

BILLY: Black Dog!

BLACK DOG: And who else? Come for to see his old pal, Billy. Don't let your eggs get cold now, Billy.

BILLY: What is it you want?

BLACK DOG: Nothin' that's not rightly mine already.

BILLY: Out with it.

BLACK DOG: First I'll have a glass of rum from this dear child here, who I've taking such a liking to, and we'll sit down, if you please, and talk square, like old shipmates. (JIM fills the glasses.) Ah, Bill, Bill, we have seen a sight of times, us two, since I lost them two talons, haven't we? (Holding up his three-fingered hand)

BILLY: Look, Black Dog, you've run me down, here I am; well then, speak up. What is it?

BLACK DOG: Run along, sonny. (To BILLY) You have a thing, Bill, a thing that belongs to all of us. We'd like it back.

BILLY: I have nothin' that's yours.

BLACK DOG: Don't you believe in sharing now, Bill? Your shipmates are very disappointed in you.

BILLY: Hang you an' the lot of them! You'll get nothin' from me but an early grave! (They fight. Black dog gets wounded and runs off)