

Two crap shooters are hanging on ladder upstage C. watching the dance.

BENNY, ANGIE THE OX, BIG JULE, SOCIETY MAX and one other crap shooter are standing on platform up L.C.

NATHAN DETROIT is standing in front of platform L.C.

When the dance is finished all the CRAP SHOOTERS move downstage, putting their coats on and some are putting ties on. They all wear red carnations. Most of them are getting ready to leave the game.

BIG JULE

Wait a minute. Where you all going. I came here to shoot crap.

PLAYER

We had enough.

(Ad libs from the crowd)

ANOTHER PLAYER

Let's go home.

NATHAN

You see, Big Jule, the boys are slightly fatigued from weariness, having been shooting crap for quite a while now, namely twenty four hours.

(Ad libs from crowd)

BIG JULE

I do not care who is tired. I am out twenty-five G's so nobody leaves.

(He moves to Nathan and pats his shoulder revolver threateningly)

NATHAN

Gentlemen, I begin to see the logic of Big Jule. It is not that Big Jule is a bad loser; it is merely that he prefers to win. Right, Big Jule?

BIG JULE

Give me the dice. I'm shooting five hundred.

BENNY

Take two hundred.

(The PLAYERS are a little slow in getting their money up and they all groan)

PLAYER

I'm half dead.

HARRY

If you do not shut up, Big Jule will arrange the other half.

(PLAYERS put their money up quickly)

BIG JULE

(As he rolls)

Hah!

NATHAN

And it's a one and a one. Snake eyes. You lose.

(Ad lib. Reaches for his take)

And fifty dollars for the house.

(Crosses to table)

But the dice are still yours, and your luck is bound to—

BIG JULE

Shut up! Another five.

BENNY

Two hundred more.

(The GUYS cover him again, but very reluctantly)

NATHAN

And here comes that big lucky roll.

BIG JULE

(As he throws)

Haaah!

NATHAN

And it's—snake eyes again.

(THEY all grab their money)

BENNY

Tough luck, Big Jule.

BIG JULE

Well, that cleans me.

(Ad lib and general relaxing, even expressions of pleasure)

But I ain't through yet.

(General apprehension. Ad lib)

I will now play on credit.

(Many groans—ad lib)

NATHAN

You see, Big Jule, the fellows are pretty tired. Of course me, personally, I am fresh as a daisy.