

*(Enter NICELY, eating sandwich, from R.1. NATHAN crosses to him)*

Where's the dough?

NICELY

It hasn't come yet.

NATHAN

I told you to wait for it.

NICELY

*(Indicating sandwich)*

I had to get some groceries. I felt a little faint.

NATHAN

Get back to the hotel and wait for the money from Sky and don't come back here without it even if you starve to death.

NICELY

Okay, Nathan.

*(NATHAN pushes NICELY off R.1. HARRY THE HORSE crosses over to Nathan R. BENNY crosses to L. of Harry)*

HARRY

Where's the game, Detroit?

NATHAN

Hey, Harry the Horse, how are you, Harry. How's everything in Brooklyn?

HARRY

Detroit, if you do not have no place for your game, tell us, and we will seek elsewhere for entertainment.

NATHAN

Now take it easy, Harry.

HARRY

I hope, Detroit, you will not spoil our evening, inasmuch as I happen to be entertaining a very prominent guest tonight. I think you might have heard of him.

*(He points to a big tough looking guy)*

I would like you to meet Big Jule from Chicago.

*(NATHAN crosses to Big Jule, HARRY follows. BENNY holds —)*

NATHAN

*(Very ingratiating)*

Why, how do you do, Big Jule.

*(Shakes hands perfunctorily)*

(NATHAN)

Welcome to our fair city, in which as you know the heat is on. But just be patient and you'll get some action.

*(BIG JULE just stands there looking at Nathan)*

HARRY

What do you say, Big Jule, shall we stick around or shall we blow?

BIG JULE

*(Positively)*

I came here to shoot crap. Let's shoot crap.

NATHAN

Sure, sure.

HARRY

Nathan—

*(NATHAN crosses to Harry)*

—if there is no crap game tonight I am sure Big Jule will be considerably displeased; and Big Jule does not like to be displeased, as you can find out from those citizens who at one time or another displeased him. Although I will admit it is very hard to find such citizens in view of the fact that they are no longer around and about.

NATHAN

Why, Harry, you don't think I would be so rude as to displease a gentleman like Big Jule here, do you?

*(He puts his hand on Big Jule's arm)*

Big Jule, believe me when I tell you that when Nathan Detroit—Nathan Detroit—

*(He moves his hand and pats Big Jule on the chest. His words slow down as he feels Jule's gun. He removes his hand as though he touched a hot stove)*

—When Nathan Detroit arranges something—you can count on it that—

*(He peters out as BRANNIGAN enters from L.1 and crosses to the group. They are practically lined up for him and he looks them over very carefully)*

BRANNIGAN

Well!—Well!—an interesting gathering indeed: The cream of society—Angie the Ox—Society Max—Rusty Charlie—Liver Lips Louie.

*(He walks up looking them over—goes down the line but nobody says anything)*

Hey, Harry the Horse, all the way from Brooklyn, and—

*(Steps up—stops in front of Big Jule)*

Pardon me, I'm very bad on names, but your face looks familiar. Mind telling me where you're from?