

[Sings.]

Ball Ha'I [Crosses to R. of CABLE—behind him.]  
 May call you [Crosses behind CABLE to L.]  
 Any night any day  
 In your heart you'll hear it call you. [Tugs at CABLE'S  
 shirt sleeve.]  
 "Come away—Come away" [In CABLE'S ear.]  
 Huh? Lieutenant?

CABLE. No.

BILLIS [Moving L. closer to STEWPOT and PROFESSOR]. I see what you mean,  
 being out of bounds and all. It would take a lot of persuading to get me  
 to go over there.

PROFESSOR nudges STEWPOT and indicates the boar's  
 tooth bracelet on BILLIS'S L. arm. STEWPOT nudges  
 BILLIS, points to bracelet, this gives BILLIS another idea.  
 He moves closer to CABLE.

But, another thing goes on over there—the ceremonial of the boar's  
 tooth. After they kill the boar they pass around some of that coconut  
 liquor and women dance with just skirts on and everybody gets to know  
 everybody pretty well . . . It's just a little tribal ceremonial, primitive  
 but Astonishing and . . . I thought . . . you being up in the shooting  
 war for such a long time without getting any . . . recreation—I thought  
 you might be interested.

CABLE [Turns and looks at BILLIS]. I am. But right now I've got to  
 report to the Island Commander.

BILLIS. Oh, Professor, take the Lieutenant up in the truck.

PROFESSOR moves to cross U.C.

CABLE. Professor? [Music stops]

BILLIS. That's because he went to college. You go to college?

CABLE [Embarrassed]. Er . . . yes.

BILLIS [Delighted]. Where?

CABLE. Princeton University.

BILLIS. Oh. Folks got money, eh, Lieutenant,

CABLE turns away D.R. BILLIS pats him on the back.

Don't be ashamed of it. We understand. Say maybe you'd like to hear  
 the Professor talk some language. What would you like to hear? Latin?  
 Grecian? [Crosses D.S. to L. of PROFESSOR.] Aw, give him some Latin.

The PROFESSOR is pulled to L. of CABLE by STEWPOT.  
 BILLIS calls the men to gather round. The PROFESSOR,  
 unsmiling, speaks straight to front.

PROFESSOR. Rectius lives Licini.

BILLIS. Ain't that sensational.

PROFESSOR. . . . neque altum Sempiter urgendo dum procillas.

Turns, looks at CABLE, shrugs helplessly. BILLIS  
 crosses R., between PROFESSOR and CABLE, pats  
 PROFESSOR on the back as he passes him.

BILLIS [To CABLE]. Now, Lieutenant, what did he say?

CABLE. I'm afraid I haven't the slightest idea.

BILLIS [Disgusted]. What's the matter, didn't you graduate? [Crosses  
 L. to L.C.] Take the Lieutenant to the buildings.

The group of men break up, follow BILLIS to L.

PROFESSOR. Aye, aye! [Crossing U.S.C. to steps.]

MARY enters 2 E.R. stands just below kiosk.

BILLIS. He'll never make Captain.

The PROFESSOR reaches the top step and is about to  
 exit L. when he sees something off stage, he turns and  
 quickly crosses D.S.L. CABLE has followed the PROFESSOR

*and just has his foot on the bottom step when PROFESSOR turns back. CABLE drops to R. he stands just left of kiosk. MARY also looks off L., sees who is coming, crosses down to R.C.*

PROFESSOR [*Crossing down steps*]. **Whoop-whoop-whoop.** [*In a hoarse whisper.*] **Iron belly! Iron Belly! Iron Belly!**

*All men make a general move to L., dressing stage D.L. to U.L. BILLIS is L.C. on stage of the main group. STEWPOT is U.S.L., ready to hop up on to washing machine. PROFESSOR is on stage of the main group but D.L. Some of the men make bird noises and all assume casual and innocent attitudes. CAPT. BRACKETT enters from L.4. followed by COMMDR. HARBISON. HARBISON crosses to C. BRACKETT to L.C. trying to see what the men are whistling at. As soon as BRACKETT and HARBISON are on, STEWPOT hops up by washing machine and picks up bucket.*

COMMANDER WILLIAM HARBISON [*Pointing to MARY*]. **Here she is, sir.**

*BRACKETT crosses slowly over to her, HARBISON crosses L. towards the men, the men edge away closer into the wings L.*

CAPT. GEORGE BRACKETT [*U.C. pointing to MARY, and with suppressed anger*]. **You are causing an economic revolution on this island. These French planters . . . can't find a native . . . to pick a coconut . . . or milk a cow . . . because you're paying them ten times as much to make these ridiculous grass skirts.**

MARY. **French planters . . . Stingy bastards!**

*With a terrific crash, STEWPOT drops the bucket. General reactions from the men. STEWPOT tries to cover the confusion but makes a hopeless mess of it. BRACKETT and HARBISON turn U.S., STEWPOT feels their eyes on him, puts the bucket down, and shading his eyes with his hand, looks out at the horizon. He then grabs a wiping cloth and proceeds to wipe down the washing machine. As the hubbub subsides BRACKETT turns back to MARY, and with finger raised pointing at her is about to speak when he is interrupted.*

BILLIS [*Step forward and salutes*]. **Sir! May I make a suggestion sir?**

BRACKETT [*Turning slowly to L., returns salute*]. **Who are you?**

BILLIS [*Astonished, rocks back on his heels*]. **Billis sir, Luther Billis. I got your situation well in hand, sir. The natives can now go back to work on the farms. The demand for grass skirts can now be met by us Seabees.**

BRACKETT. **Dressmakers! Do you mean to tell me that the Construction Engineers of the United States Navy are now sitting around in sewing circles . . .**

BILLIS. **If the idea does not appeal to you sir. We can drop it right here. Right this minute . . . just say the word.** [*BRACKETT glares at him, he moves quickly D.L.*] **Just pretend I never brought it up.**

HARBISON [*Dropping D.S. to L.C.*]. **Luther Billis.**

BILLIS [*Crossing up smartly level with BRACKETT, salutes*]. **Yes, sir.**

HARBISON. **Nothing. Just making a mental note. I want to be sure not to forget your name.**

*BILLIS, hand still at salute, slowly dissolves, his hand drops, he starts to turn away from HARBISON, then reaches in his pocket, offers HARBISON a cigarette. HARBISON nearly explodes. BILLIS quickly crosses D.L. to try and hide in amongst group of men. The men don't want to hurt him. Quietly edge away from him.*