

Carousel

BASED ON *Ferenc Molnár's*

LILIOM

AS ADAPTED BY BENJAMIN GLAZER

Cast

IN ORDER OF APPEARANCE

CARRIE PIPPERIDGE

JULIE JORDAN

MRS. MULLIN

BILLY BIGELOW

BESSIE

JESSIE

JUGGLER

1ST POLICEMAN

DAVID BASCOMBE

NETTIE FOWLER

JUNE GIRL

ENOCH SNOW

JIGGER CRAIGIN

HANNAH

BOATSWAIN

ARMY

PENNY

JENNIE

VIRGINIA

SUSAN

JONATHAN

2ND POLICEMAN

CAPTAIN

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND

(BROTHER JOSHUA)

2ND HEAVENLY FRIEND

STARKEEPER

LOUISE

CARNIVAL BOY

ENOCH SNOW, JR.

PRINCIPAL

Jean Darling

Jan Clayton

Jean Casto

John Raitt

Mimi Strong

Jimsie Somers

Lew Foldes

Robert Byrnes

Franklyn Foye

Christine Johnson

Pearl Lang

Eric Mattson

Murvyn Vye

Annabelle Lee

Peter Birch

Connie Baxter

Marilyn Meyer

Joan Keenan

Ginna Moisander

Suzanne Telford

Richard H. Kline

Larry Evers

Blake Ritter

Jay Velie

Tom McDermott

Russell Collins

Bambi Linn

Robert Page

Ralph Linn

Lester Free

CAROUSEL

PRODUCTION DIRECTED BY Rouben Mamoulian

DANCES BY Agnes De Mille

SETTINGS BY Jo Mielziner

COSTUMES BY Miles White

PRODUCTION SUPERVISED BY Lawrence Langner and Theresa Helburn

WITH

John Raitt

Jean Darling

Christine Johnson

Murvyn Vye

Peter Birch

Robert Pagent

MUSICAL DIRECTOR, Joseph Littau

ORCHESTRATIONS BY Don Walker

Jan Clayton

Eric Mattson

Jean Casto

Bambi Linn

Annabelle Lyon

Synopsis of Scenes

TIME: 1873-1888

PREL-
UDE

An Amusement Park on the New England Coast. May.

ACT
ONE

SCENE I. *A tree-lined path along the shore. A few minutes later.*

SCENE II. *Nettle Fowler's Spa on the ocean front. June.*

ACT
TWO

SCENE I. *On an island across the bay. That night.*

SCENE II. *Mainland waterfront. An hour later.*

SCENE III. *Up there.*

SCENE IV. *Down here. On a beach. Fifteen years later.*

SCENE V. *Outside Julie's cottage.*

SCENE VI. *Outside a schoolhouse. Same day.*

ACT ONE | Scene One

WALTZ PRELUDE: *Carousel.*

SCENE: *An Amusement Park on the New England Coast.*

TIME: *Late afternoon.*

Extending from stage right to the center is a merry-go-round labeled "Mullin's Carousel." Below the merry-go-round, right center, is the stand of BILLY BIGELOW, the barker for the carousel. Left center is the ticket-seller's stand where MRS. MULLIN herself presides. Up on the extreme left is a platform backed by an ornate show tent occupied by "The Beauties of Europe." Below this platform, down left, is another stand occupied by the barker for the "Beauties." The two barker stands are elevated so that these two characters can be easily seen above the heads of the crowd. MRS. MULLIN is seated on a high stool behind her stand so that she is also visible at all times. Downstage extreme right is a Hoky Poky Ice Cream wagon; a MAN standing upstage from it is selling ice-cream cornucopias.

NOTE: *This scene is set to the music of a waltz suite. The only sound comes from the orchestra pit. The pantomimic action is synchronized to the music, but it is in no sense a ballet treatment.*

AT RISE: *FISHERMEN, SAILORS, their WIVES, CHILDREN, GIRLS from the local mill, and other types of a coastal town are seen moving about the park, patronizing the various concessions and in general "seeing the sights." The carousel is in full motion as the curtain rises, the "Three Beauties of Europe" are dancing on the platform, a juggler is busy juggling downstage left. BILLY is standing downstage of his stand and leaning against the stand just watching the proceedings. The whole stage seems to be alive and everyone is having a good time.*

Almost immediately we see the JUGGLER cross to the

center of the stage to juggle a *hoo* on one stick and a plate on another. As he does this the carousel comes to a stop. The RIDERS descend from their animals and leave the platform in all directions to mill around with the crowd. The "Three Beauties of Europe" stop dancing. They slip into robes for their rest period. One KID on the carousel during all this movement has stubbornly clung to his horse, and neither his MOTHER nor his big SISTER can get him off. The SISTER, a tattletale type, skips happily across to her father, who is talking to another gentleman. She pulls at his sleeve and points to her rebellious brother DAVID. MR. BASCOMBE, a formidable fellow with sideburns on his cheeks and a heavy gold watch-chain across his belly, starts out with his daughter to aid his wife against his recalcitrant son. When he gets there he stands in back of DAVID, JR., with that stern look he reserves for such occasions. That's all there is to it. DAVID knows the jig is up. He gets off the horse, and the family now walk across the stage with the pomp that befits the richest clan in the locality. They own the Bascombe Cotton Mills, "a little ways up the river." Several people greet them with respectful awe, and they return a gracious but dignified bow to all.

The JUGGLER, center stage, has by this time stopped juggling and one of the dancers on the platform has come down and is passing a hat among the crowd for a little collection. As the JUGGLER goes back to his corner down left, we see a GIRL and a SAILOR enter from right. They cross down in front of BILLY, and as they pass him the GIRL turns to look at BILLY. She decides she wants to talk to him, so she crosses to her sailor friend and asks him to buy her some ice cream. The SAILOR crosses to the ice-cream wagon to buy the cones, and as he does, the GIRL crosses to BILLY and talks to him. The SAILOR, having bought the cones, crosses back to the spot where he was, but sees no girl. He turns upstage, sees her flirting with BILLY. Crossing up between the two, he looks angrily at BILLY, turns to his girl, and tells her to hold the cones. She does. The SAILOR turns to BILLY and is just about to take a good sock at him when he notices that BILLY towers over him. BILLY smiles and the SAILOR'S look is now one of "I'd better leave this guy alone." He saunters off to the left with his girl. BILLY then crosses up to MRS. MULLIN, a small group of adoring

young females following his every movement with worshipful eyes. MRS. MULLIN is completely mollified by the little attention and gives him a nice big hug.

CARRIE and JULIE enter from down left. CARRIE is a naïve, direct, and normal young woman of the period. JULIE is more complex, quieter, deeper. They look around at the gay sights, two mill girls on an afternoon off. JULIE crosses to right center. CARRIE is mixing in with the crowd left center when BILLY crosses to go back to his stand down right. On the way he nearly bumps into JULIE. Their eyes meet for a moment. Then he goes on.

About this time the BARKER of "The Beauties of Europe" comes out and gets on his stand and tries to attract the crowd by pointing to his weary dancers. But now BILLY starts his spiel and the entire stageful turns toward him and the carousel while MRS. MULLIN, the proprietress, beams above them. Everyone on the stage starts to sway unconsciously with the rhythm of BILLY'S words (unheard by the audience)—all but JULIE. JULIE just stands, looking at him over the heads of the others, her gaze steady, her body motionless. BILLY becomes conscious of her. He looks curiously at her. She takes his mind off his work. He mechanically repeats his spiel. The heads turned up at him now follow his eyes and turn slowly toward JULIE. This is also the direction of "The Beauties of Europe," and the enterprising BARKER of that attraction immediately takes advantage of this and starts his dancers dancing feverishly, doing bumps that they probably learned at Coney Island. The crowd is now completely "Beauty"-conscious. BILLY is JULIE-conscious and gets down off his stand. MRS. MULLIN, realizing the situation, runs over to BILLY and seems to shout up at him.

BILLY comes to. His barker's pride reawakened, he mounts his stand and proceeds to win back his public. He starts his regular spiel. The girls all turn back to BILLY and sway with his rhythm again. Some of the men go along with the "Beauties"—all except the ones whose wives pull them away.

When BILLY finishes, there is a stampede of girls to buy tickets for the carousel. JULIE tries too, but she gets crowded out. BILLY notices this; pretty soon there will be no more places left. He smiles and with exaggerated gal-

lantry walks over to her and offers his arm. With a frightened little grin she accepts it and he leads her grandly toward the carousel. MRS. MULLIN, her nose out of joint, yells at JULIE, motioning to her that she wants her five-cent fare.

JULIE fumbles in her purse. After some delay, occasioned by her excitement, she finally produces a nickel. Then MRS. MULLIN takes her time about giving her a ticket. In fact, she stalls until the carousel actually gets started. When she has her ticket, JULIE dashes back to the carousel. It is going slowly and she is afraid to get on. BILLY laughs and suddenly lifts her up and puts her on the only remaining horse on the carousel.

(It must be understood that BILLY's attitude to JULIE throughout this scene is one of only casual and laconic interest. He can get all the girls he wants. One is like another. This one is a cute little thing. Like hundreds of others.)

Once he has got her on the carousel, he dismisses her from his mind. He turns back to MRS. MULLIN, but for some reason that lady gives him an icy glare. He shrugs his shoulders, looks again to the carousel, and collects the tickets from the people seated on the various animals. JULIE comes around again. He waves at her patronizingly. It means nothing to him. She waves back. It means so much to her that she nearly falls off! He laughs. The carousel is revolving faster now, but he hops on and leans against the horse on which JULIE is seated. MRS. MULLIN, seeing this, is so furious that she gets down from her stand and starts to pace the stage angrily. Great excitement is stirring down right. A group of KIDS herald the approach of a BEAR being led on stage by a BALLERINA in a short ruffy skirt. (The BEAR is a small man in a well-made bearskin.)

Arriving stage center, the girl in the ruffy skirt executes a few dance steps. Then, to the great delight of all, the BEAR does exactly the same steps. A CLOWN now enters from down right, goes on stage next to the BEAR, and does some acrobatic tricks. The JUGGLER starts juggling again, the dancers dance. The entire stage is in a bedlam of excitement, the carousel keeps turning at full speed, BILLY is leaning closer to JULIE, the music rises in an ecstatic crescendo, but the lights, as if they sensed that we have accomplished all we wanted to in this scene, black out and the curtains close.

ACT ONE | Scene Two

SCENE: A tree-lined path along the shore. A few minutes later. Near sundown. Through the trees the lights of the amusement park can be seen on the curves of the bay.

The music of the merry-go-round is heard faintly in the distance.

AT RISE: There is a park bench just right of center. Soon after the curtain opens, CARRIE backs on to the stage from down right, followed by JULIE.

CARRIE C'mon, Julie, it's gettin' late. . . . Julie! That's right! Don't you pay her no mind. (Looking off stage) Look! She's comin' at you again. Let's run!

JULIE (Holding her ground) I ain't skeered o' her. (But she is a little)

MRS. MULLIN (Entering, in no mood to be trifled with) I got one more thing to tell you, young woman. If y'ever so much as poke your nose in my carousel again, you'll be thrown out. Right on your little pink behind!

CARRIE You got no call t'talk t'her like that! She ain't doin' you no harm.

MRS. MULLIN Oh, ain't she? Think I wanta get in trouble with the police and lose my license?

JULIE (To CARRIE) What is the woman talkin' about?

MRS. MULLIN (Scornfully) Lettin' my barker fool with you! Ain't you ashamed?

JULIE I don't let no man . . .

MRS. MULLIN (To CARRIE) He leaned against her all through the ride.

JULIE (To CARRIE) He leaned against the horse. (To MRS. MULLIN) But he didn't lay a hand on me!

MRS. MULLIN Oh no, Miss Inncence! And he didn't put his arm around yer waist neither.

CARRIE And suppose he did. Is that a reason to hev a capu-luptic fit?

MRS. MULLIN You keep out o' this, you rip! (To JULIE) You've had my warnin'. If you come back you'll be thrown out!

JULIE Who'll throw me out?

MRS. MULLIN Billy Bigelow—the barker. Same feller you let get so free with you.

JULIE I—I bet he wouldn't. He wouldn't throw me out!

CARRIE I bet the same thing.

(BILLY BIGELOW enters, followed by TWO GIRLS. He hears and sees the argument; he turns and tells the girls to leave. They exit)

MRS. MULLIN (To CARRIE) You mind yer business, hussy!

CARRIE Go back to yer carousel and leave us alone!

JULIE Yes. Leave us alone, y'old—y'old—

MRS. MULLIN I don't run my business for a lot o' chippies.

CARRIE Chippy, yerself!

JULIE Yes, Chippy yerself!

BILLY (Shouting) Shut up! Jabber jabber jabber! . . . (They stand before him like three guilty schoolgirls. He makes his voice shrill to imitate them) Jabber jabber jabber jabber jabber. . . . What's goin' on anyway? Spittin' and sputtin'—like three lumps of corn poppin' on a shovel!

JULIE Mr. Bigelow, please—

BILLY Don't yell!

JULIE (Backing away a step) I didn't yell.

BILLY Well—don't. (To MRS. MULLIN) What's the matter?

MRS. MULLIN Take a look at that girl, Billy. She ain't ever to be allowed on my carousel again. Next time she tries to get in—if she ever dares—I want you to throw her out! Understand? Throw her out!

BILLY (Turning to JULIE) All right. You heard what the lady said. Run home now.

CARRIE C'mon, Julie.

JULIE (Looking at BILLY, amazed) No, I won't.

MRS. MULLIN (To BILLY) Like a drink?

BILLY Sure.

JULIE (Speaking very earnestly, as if it meant a great deal to her) Mr. Bigelow, tell me please—honest and truly—if I came to the carousel, would you throw me out?

(He looks at MRS. MULLIN, then at JULIE, then back at MRS. MULLIN)

BILLY What did she do, anyway?

JULIE She says you put your arm around my waist.

BILLY (The light dawning on him) So that's it! (Turning to MRS. MULLIN) Here's something new! Can't put my arm around a girl without I ask your permission! That how it is?

MRS. MULLIN (For the first time on the defensive) I just don't want that one around no more.

BILLY (Turning to JULIE) You come round all you want, see? And if y'ain't got the price Billy Bigelow'll treat you to a ride.

MRS. MULLIN Big talker, ain't you, Mr. Bigelow? I suppose you think I can't throw you out too, if I want! (BILLY, ignoring her, looks straight ahead of him, complacently) You're such a good barker I can't get along without you. That it? Well, just for that you're discharged. Your services are no longer required. You're bounced! See?

BILLY Very well, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN (In retreat) You know I could bounce you if I felt like it!

BILLY And you felt like it just now. So I'm bounced.

MRS. MULLIN Do you have to pick up every word I say? I only said—

BILLY That my services were no longer required. Very good. We'll let it go at that, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN All right, you devil! (*Shouting*) We'll let it go at that!

JULIE Mr. Bigelow, if she's willin' to say she'll change her mind—

BILLY You keep out of it.

JULIE I don't want this to happen 'count of me.

BILLY (*Suddenly, to MRS. MULLIN, pointing at JULIE*) Apologize to her!

CARRIE A—ha!

MRS. MULLIN Me apologize to her! Fer what? Fer spoilin' the good name of my carousel—the business that was left to me by my dear, saintly, departed husband, Mr. Mullin? (*Led toward tears by her own eloquence*) I only wish my poor husband was alive this minute.

BILLY I bet he don't.

MRS. MULLIN He'd give you such a smack on the jaw—!

BILLY That's just what I'm goin' to give you if you don't dry up! (*He advances threateningly*)

MRS. MULLIN (*Backing away*) You upstart! After all I done for you! Now I'm through with you for good! Y'hear?

BILLY (*Making as if to take a swipe at her with the back of his hand*) Get!

MRS. MULLIN (*As she goes off*) Through fer good! I won't take you back like before!

(*BILLY watches her go, then crosses back to JULIE. There is a moment of awkward silence*)

CARRIE Mr. Bigelow—

BILLY Don't get sorry for me or I'll give you a slap on the jaw! (*More silence. He looks at JULIE. She lowers her eyes*) And don't you feel sorry for me either!

JULIE (*Frightened*) I don't feel sorry for you, Mr. Bigelow.

BILLY You're a liar, you *are* feelin' sorry for me. I can see it in your face. (*Faces front, throws out chest, proud*) You think, now that she fired me, I won't be able to get another job. . . .

JULIE What *will* you do now, Mr. Bigelow?

BILLY First of all, I'll go get myself—a glass of beer. Whenever anything bothers me I always drink a glass of beer.

JULIE Then you *are* bothered about losing your job!

BILLY No. Only about how I'm goin' t'pay fer the beer. (*To CARRIE, gesturing with right hand*) Will you pay for it? (*CARRIE looks doubtful. He speaks to JULIE*) Will you? (*JULIE doesn't answer*) How much money have you got?

JULIE Forty-three cents.

BILLY (*To CARRIE*) And you? (*CARRIE lowers her eyes and turns left*) I asked you how much you've got? (*CARRIE begins to weep softly*) Uh, I understand. Well, you needn't cry about it. . . . I'm goin' to the carousel to get my things. Stay here till I come back. Then we'll go have a drink. (*JULIE is fumbling for change. She holds it up to BILLY*) It's all right. (*He pushes her hand gently away*) Keep your money. I'll pay.

(*He exits whistling down right. JULIE continues to look silently off at the departing figure of BILLY. CARRIE studies her for a moment, then timidly opens the subject of her interest by calling JULIE's name. She crosses to bench left of JULIE and sits*)

CARRIE Julie— (*No answer. From here the lines are synchronized to music*) Julie— Do you like him?

JULIE (*Dreaming*) I dunno.
(*She sits on bench*)

CARRIE
Did you like it when he talked to you today?
When he put you on the carousel, that way?
Did you like that?

JULIE
'D ruther not say.

CARRIE (*Shakes her head and chides her*)
You're a queer one, Julie Jordan!

You are quieter and deeper than a well,
And you never tell me nothin'—

JULIE
There's nothin' that I keer t'choose t'tell!

CARRIE
You been actin' most peculiar!
Ev'ry mornin' you're awake ahead of me,
Alwys settin' by the winder—

JULIE
I like to watch the river meet the sea.

CARRIE
When we work in the mill, weavin' at the loom,
Y'gaze absent-minded at the roof,
And half the time yer shuttle gets twisted in the threads
Till y'can't tell the warp from the woof!

JULIE (*Looking away and smiling. She knows it's true*)
'T ain't so!

CARRIE
You're a queer one, Julie Jordan!
You won't ever tell a body what you think.
You're as tight-lipped as an oyster,
And as silent as an old Sahaira Spink!

JULIE Spinx.
(*These lines are spoken over music*)

CARRIE Huh?

JULIE Spinx.

CARRIE Uh-uh. Spinx.

JULIE Y'spell it with an "x."

CARRIE That's only when there's more than one.

JULIE (*Outbluffed*) Oh.

CARRIE (*Looking sly*) Julie, I been bustin' t'tell you some-
thin' lately.

JULIE Y'hev?

CARRIE Reason I didn't keer t'tell you before was 'cause

you didn't hev a feller of yer own. Now y'got one, I ken tell
y'about mine.

JULIE (*Quietly and thoughtfully*) I'm glad you got a feller,
Carrie. What's his name?

CARRIE (*Now she sings, almost reverently*)
His name is Mister Snow,
And an upstandin' man is he.
He comes home ev'ry night in his round-bottomed boat
With a net full of herring from the sea.

An almost perfect beau,
As refined as a girl could wish,
But he spends so much time in his round-bottomed boat
That he can't seem to lose the smell of fish!

The fust time he kissed me, the whiff of his clo'es
Knocked me flat on the floor of the room;
But now that I love him, my heart's in my nose,
And fish is my fav'rit perfume!
Last night he spoke quite low,
And a fair-spoken man is he,
(*Memorizing exactly what he said*)
And he said, "Miss Pipperidge, I'd like it fine
If I could be wed with a wife.
And, indeed, Miss Pipperidge, if you'll be mine,
I'll be yours fer the rest of my life."

Next moment we were promised!
And now my mind's in a maze,
Fer all I ken do is look forward to
That wonderful day of days. . . .

When I marry Mister Snow,
The flowers'll be buzzin' with the hum of bees,
The birds'll make a racket in the churchyard trees,
When I marry Mister Snow.

Then it's off to home we'll go,
And both of us'll look a little dreamy-eyed,
A-drivin' to a cottage by the oceanside
Where the salty breezes blow.
He'll carry me 'cross the threshold,
And I'll be as meek as a lamb.

Then he'll set me on my feet
And I'll say, kinda sweet:
"Well, Mister Snow, here I am!"

Then I'll kiss him so he'll know
That ev'rythin'll be as right as right ken be
A-livin' in a cottage by the sea with me,
For I love that Mister Snow—
That young, seafarin', bold and darin'
Big, bewhiskered, overbearin' darlin', *Mister Snow!*
(*She looks soulfully ahead of her, and sits down, in a
trance of her own making*)

JULIE Carrie! I'm so happy fer you!

CARRIE So y'see I ken understand now how you feel about
Billy Bigelow.

(*BILLY enters down right, carrying a suitcase and with a
coat on his arm. He puts the suitcase down and the coat on
top of it*)

BILLY You still here?
(*They both rise, looking at BILLY*)

CARRIE You told us to wait fer you.

BILLY What you think I want with two of you? I meant
that *one* of you was to wait. The other can go home.

CARRIE All right.

JULIE (*Almost simultaneously*) All right.
(*They look at each other, then at BILLY, smiling inanely*)

BILLY One of you goes home. (*To CARRIE*) Where do you
work?

CARRIE Bascombe's Cotton Mill, a little ways up the river.

BILLY And you?

JULIE I work there, too.

BILLY Well, one of you goes home. Which of you wants to
stay? (*No answer*) Come on, speak up! Which of you stays?

CARRIE Whoever stays loses her job.

BILLY How do you mean?

CARRIE All Bascombe's girls hev to be respectabla. We all
hev to live in the mill boarding-house, and if we're late they
lock us out and we can't go back to work there any more.

BILLY Is that true? Will they bounce you if you're not home
on time?

(*Both girls nod*)

JULIE That's right.

CARRIE Julie, should I go?

JULIE I—can't tell you what to do.

CARRIE All right—you stay, if y'like.

BILLY That right, you'll be discharged if you stay?
(*JULIE nods*)

CARRIE Julie, should I go?

JULIE (*Embarrassed*) Why do you keep askin' me that?

CARRIE You know what's best to do.

JULIE (*Profoundly moved, slowly*) All right, Carrie, you
can go home.

(*Pause. Then reluctantly CARRIE starts off. As she gets left
center, she turns and says, uncertainly:*)

CARRIE Well, good night.

(*She waits a moment to see if JULIE will follow her. JULIE
doesn't move. CARRIE exits*)

BILLY (*Speaking as he crosses to left center*) Now we're
both out of a job. (*No answer. He whistles softly*) Have you
had your supper?

JULIE No.

BILLY Want to eat out on the pier?

JULIE No.

BILLY Anywhere's else?

JULIE No.

(*He whistles a few more bars. He sits on the bench, look-
ing her over, up and down*)

BILLY You don't come to the carousel much. Only see you
three times before today.

JULIE (*Breathless, she crosses to bench and sits beside him*)
I been there much more than that.

BILLY That right? Did you see me?

JULIE Yes.

BILLY Did you know I was Billy Bigelow?

JULIE They told me.

(*He whistles again, then turns to her*)

BILLY Have you got a sweetheart?

JULIE No.

BILLY Ah, don't lie to me.

JULIE I heven't anybody.

BILLY You stayed here with me first time I asked you. You know your way around all right, all right!

JULIE No, I don't, Mr. Bigelow.

BILLY And I suppose you don't know why you're sittin' here—like this—alone with me. You wouldn' of stayed so quick if you hadna done it before. . . . What did you stay for, anyway?

JULIE So you wouldn't be left alone.

BILLY Alone! God, you're dumb! I don't need to be alone. I can have all the girls I want. Don't you know that?

JULIE I know, Mr. Bigelow.

BILLY What do you know?

JULIE That all the girls are crazy fer you. But that's not why I stayed. I stayed because you been so good to me.

BILLY Well, then you can go home.

JULIE I don't want to go home now.

BILLY And suppose I go away and leave you sittin' here?

JULIE Even then I wouldn't go home.

BILLY Do you know what you remind me of? A girl I knew in Coney Island. Tell you how I met her. One night at

closin' time—we had put out the lights in the carousel, and just as I was—

(*He breaks off suddenly as, during the above speech, a POLICEMAN has entered from down left and comes across stage. BILLY instinctively takes on an attitude of guilty silence. The POLICEMAN frowns down at them as he walks by. BILLY follows him with his eyes. At the same time that the POLICEMAN entered from left, MR. BASCOMBE has come in from right. He flourishes his cane and breathes in the night air as if he enjoyed it*)

POLICEMAN Evenin', Mr. Bascombe.

BASCOMBE Good evening, Timony. Nice night.

POLICEMAN 'Deed it is. (*Whispers into BASCOMBE's left ear*) Er—Mr. Bascombe. That girl is one of your girls.

BASCOMBE (*In a low voice*) One of my girls? (*The POLICEMAN nods. BASCOMBE crosses in front of the POLICEMAN to the right of JULIE and peers at her in the darkness*) Is that you, Miss Jordan?

JULIE Yes, Mr. Bascombe.

BASCOMBE What ever are you doing out at this hour?

JULIE I—I—

BASCOMBE You know what time we close our doors at the mill boarding-house. You couldn't be home on time now if you ran all the way.

JULIE No, sir.

BILLY (*To JULIE*) Who's old sideburns?

POLICEMAN Here, now! Don't you go t'callin' Mr. Bascombe names—'Less you're fixin' t'git yerself into trouble. (*BILLY shuts up. Policemen have this effect on him. The POLICEMAN turns to BASCOMBE*) We got a report on this feller from the police chief at Bangor. He's a pretty fly gazaybo. Come up from Coney Island.

BASCOMBE New York, eh?

POLICEMAN He works on carousels, makes a specialty of young things like this'n. Gets 'em all moony-eyed. Promises to marry 'em, then takes their money..

JULIE (*Promptly and brightly*) I ain't got any money.

POLICEMAN Speak when you're spoken to, miss!

BASCOMBE Julie, you've heard what kind of blackguard this man is. You're an inexperienced girl and he's imposed on you and deluded you. That's why I'm inclined to give you one more chance.

POLICEMAN (*To JULIE*) Y'hear that?

BASCOMBE I'm meeting Mrs. Bascombe at the church. We'll drive you home and I'll explain everything to the house matron. (*He holds out his hand*) Come, my child.

(*But she doesn't move*)

POLICEMAN Well, girl! Don't be settin' there like you didn't hev good sense!

JULIE Do I hev to go with you?

BASCOMBE No. You don't have to.

JULIE Then I'll stay.

POLICEMAN After I warned you!

BASCOMBE You see, Timony! There are some of them you just can't help. Good night!

(*He exits*)

POLICEMAN Good night, Mr. Bascombe. (*He looks down at BILLY, starts to go, then turns to BILLY and speaks*) You! You low-down scalawag! I oughta throw you in jail.

BILLY What for?

POLICEMAN (*After a pause*) Dunno. Wish I did. (*He exits. BILLY looks after him*)

JULIE Well, and then what?

BILLY Huh?

JULIE You were startin' to tell me a story.

BILLY Me?

JULIE About that girl in Coney Island. You said you just put out the lights in the carousel—that's as far as you got.

BILLY Oh, yes. Yes, well, just as the lights went out, someone came along. A little girl with a shawl—you know, she—

(*Puzzled*) Say, tell me somethin'—ain't you scared of me? (*Music starts here*) I mean, after what the cop said about me takin' money from girls.

JULIE I ain't skeered.

BILLY That your name? Julie? Julie somethin'?

JULIE Julie Jordan.

(*BILLY whistles reflectively*)

BILLY (*Singing softly, shaking head*)

You're a queer one, Julie Jordan.

Ain't you sorry that you didn't run away?

You can still go, if you wanta—

JULIE (*Singing, looking away so as not to meet his eye*)

I reckon that I keer t'choose t'stay.

You couldn't take my money

If I didn't hev any,

And I don't hev a penny, that's true!

And if I *did* hev money

You couldn't take any

'Cause you'd ask, and I'd give it to you!

BILLY (*Singing*)

You're a queer one, Julie Jordan. . . .

Ain't y'ever had a feller you give money to?

JULIE No.

BILLY Ain't y'ever had a feller at all?

JULIE No.

BILLY Well y'musta had a feller you went walkin' with—

JULIE Yes.

BILLY Where'd you walk?

JULIE Nowhere special I recall.

BILLY In the woods?

JULIE No.

BILLY On the beach?

JULIE No.

BILLY Did you love him?

JULIE No! Never loved no one—I *told* you that!

BILLY Say, you're a funny kid. Want to go into town and dance maybe? Or—

JULIE No. I have to be keerful.

BILLY Of what?

JULIE My character. Y'see, I'm never goin' to marry. (*Singing*)

I'm never goin' to marry.

If I was goin' to marry,

I wouldn't hev t'be sech a stickler.

But I'm never goin' to marry,

And a girl who don't marry

Hes got to be much more pertickler!

(*Following lines spoken*)

BILLY Suppose I was to say to you that I'd marry you?

JULIE You?

BILLY That scares you, don't it? You're thinkin' what that cop said.

JULIE No, I ain't. I never paid no mind to what he said.

BILLY But you wouldn't marry anyone like me, would you?

JULIE Yes, I would, if I loved you. It wouldn't make any difference what you—even if I died fer it.

BILLY How do you know what you'd do if you loved me? Or how you'd feel—or anythin'?

JULIE I dunno how I know.

BILLY Ah—

JULIE Jest the same, I know how I—how it'd be—if I loved you. (*Singing*)

When I worked in the mill, weavin' at the loom,

I'd gaze absent-minded at the roof,

And half the time the shuttle'd tangle in the threads,

And the warp'd get mixed with the woof . . .

If I loved you—

BILLY (*Spoken*) But you don't.

JULIE (*Spoken*) No I don't. . . . (*Smiles and sings*)
But somehow I ken see
Jest exackly how I'd be . . .

If I loved you,

Time and again I would try to say

All I'd want you to know.

If I loved you,

Words wouldn't come in an easy way—

Round in circles I'd go!

Longin' to tell you, but afraid and shy,

I'd let my golden chances pass me by.

Soon you'd leave me,

Off you would go in the mist of day,

Never, never to know

How I loved you—

If I loved you.

(*Pause*)

BILLY Well, anyway— You don't love me. That's what you said.

JULIE Yes. . . . I can smell them, can you? The blossoms.
(*BILLY picks some blossoms up and drops them*) The wind brings them down.

BILLY Ain't *much* wind tonight. Hardly any. (*Singing*)

You can't hear a sound—not the turn of a leaf,

Nor the fall of a wave, hittin' the sand.

The tide's creepin' up on the beach like a thief,

Afraid to be caught stealin' the land.

On a night like this I start to wonder what life is all about.

JULIE And I always say two heads are better than one, to figger it out.

BILLY (*Spoken over short musical interlude*) I don't need you or anyone to help me. I got it figgered out for myself.

We ain't important. What are we? A couple of specks of nothin'. Look up there. (*He points up. They both look up*)

(*He sings*)

There's a helluva lot o' stars in the sky,

And the sky's so big the sea looks small,

And two little people—

You and I—

We don't count at all.

JULIE

There's a feathery little cloud floatin' by
Like a lonely leaf on a big blue stream.

BILLY

And two little people—you and I—
Who cares what we dream?

(They are silent for a while, the music continuing. BILLY looks down at her and speaks)

You're a funny kid. Don't remember ever meetin' a girl like you. *(A thought strikes him suddenly. He looks suspicious. He lets her hand go and backs away)* You—are you tryin' t'get me to marry you?

JULIE No.

BILLY Then what's puttin' it into my head? *(He thinks it out. She smiles. He looks down at her)* You're different all right. Don't know what it is. *(Holds her chin in his right hand)* You look up at me with that little kid face like—like you trusted me. *(She looks at him steadily, smiling sadly, as if she were sorry for him and wanted to help him. He looks thoughtful, then talks to himself, but audibly)* I wonder what it'd be like.

JULIE What?

BILLY Nothin'. *(To himself again)* I know what it'd be like. It'd be awful. I can just see myself— *(He sings)*
Kinda scrawny and pale, pickin' at my food,
And lovesick like any other guy—
I'd throw away my sweater and dress up like a dude
In a dickey and a collar and a tie . . .
If I loved you—

JULIE *(Speaking)* But you don't.

BILLY *(Speaking)* No I don't. *(Singing)*
But somehow I can see
Just exactly how I'd be.

If I loved you,
Time and again I would try to say
All I'd want you to know.
If I loved you,
Words wouldn't come in an easy way—
Round in circles I'd go!

Longing to tell you, but afraid and shy,
I'd let my golden chances pass me by.
Soon you'd leave me,
Off you would go in the mist of day,
Never, never to know
How I loved you—
If I loved you.

(He thinks it over for a few silent moments. Then he shakes his head ruefully. He turns to JULIE and frowns at her. The rest of the scene is spoken over music)
I'm not a feller to marry anybody. Even if a girl was foolish enough to want me to, I wouldn't.

JULIE *(Looking right up at him)* Don't worry about it—
Billy.

BILLY Who's worried!

(She smiles and looks up at the trees)

JULIE You're right about there bein' no wind. The blossoms are jest comin' down by theirselves. Jest their time to, I reckon.

(BILLY looks straight ahead of him, a troubled expression in his eyes. JULIE looks up at him, smiling, patient. The music rises ecstatically. He crosses nearer to her and looks down at her. She doesn't move her eyes from his. He takes her face in his hands, leans down, and kisses her gently. The curtains close as the lights dim)

ACT ONE | Scene Three

SCENE: *Nettie Fowler's Spa on the ocean front. June. Up right is Nettie's establishment (and residence combined) of gray, weathered clapboard and shingled roof. Just left of the door, on the porch, there is a good-sized arbor, overhung with wistaria. Under the arbor are a table and*

three chairs. From the house to off-stage left platforms are built up and appear to be docks. The backdrop, painted blue, depicts the bay. On the drop is painted a moored ketch and other sailing craft.

AT RISE: Men carrying bushel baskets of clams and piling them on the dock, preparatory to loading the boats. During the scene more men come on.

A group stand outside the spa to heckle NETTIE and the women who are inside, cooking. Other men enter and join the hecklers.

Music continues, but the first lines are not sung or metrically synchronized.

1ST MAN Nettie!

2ND MAN (Cupping his hands and calling off) Oh, Nettie Fowler!

NETTIE (In the house) Hold yer horses!

1ST MAN Got any of them doughnuts fried yet?

3RD MAN How 'bout some apple turnovers?

NETTIE (Still inside, getting irritated) Hold yer horses!
(The MEN laugh, now that they're getting a rise out of her)

2ND MAN (Crossing up to porch) Hey, what're you and them women doin' in there?

WOMEN (Off) Hold yer horses!
(The MEN slap their thighs, and one another's backs. This is rich!)

1ST MAN Are y'cookin' the ice cream?
(This convulses them. Throws his arm on 3RD MAN'S shoulders)

3RD MAN Roastin' the lemonade?

ALL MEN
Nettie Fowler!
Yoo-hoo!
Nettie Fow-w-w-w-ler!

(Some WOMEN come out of the house. CARRIE follows.

pushing her way through the crowd and coming up front. The GIRLS carry rolling-pins and spoons—a formidable crowd of angry females interrupted at their work in the kitchen. Their stern looks soon reduce the male laughter to faint snickers and sheepish grins)

SEVERAL GIRLS Will you stop that racket!

CARRIE Git away you passel o' demons!

1ST MAN Where's Nettie?

CARRIE In the kitchen busier'n a bee in a bucket o' tar—and y'oughter be ashamed, makin' yersel's a plague and a nuisance with yer yellin' and screamin' and carryin' on.

(From here on, the dialogue is sung, unless otherwise indicated)

GIRLS

Give it to 'em good, Carrie,
Give it to 'em good!

CARRIE

Get away, you no-account nothin's
With yer silly jokes and prattle!
If y'packed all yer brains in a butterfly's head
They'd still hev room to rattle.

GIRLS

Give it to 'em good, Carrie,
Give it to 'em good!
Tell 'em somethin' that'll l'arn 'em!

CARRIE

Get away you roustabout riff-raff,
With yer bellies full of grog.
If y'packed all yer brains in a pollywog's head,
He'd never even grow to be a frog!

GIRLS

The pollywog'd never be a frog!
That'll l'arn 'em, darn 'em!

ALL MEN

Now jest a minute, ladies,
You got no call to fret.
We only asked perlitely
If you was ready yet.

We'd kinda like this clambake
To get an early start,
And wanted fer to tell you
We went and done our part.

BASSES (*Pointing to pile of baskets*)
Look at them clams!

BARITONES
Been diggin' 'em since sunup!

BASSES
Look at them clams!

TENORS
All ready fer the boats.

ALL MEN
Diggin' them clams,

TENORS
We're all wore out and done up—

ALL
And what's more we're as hungry as goats!

ALL GIRLS
You'll get no drinks er vittles
Till we get across the bay,
So pull in yer belts
And load them boats
And let's get under way.

The sooner we sail,
The sooner we start
The clambake across the bay!

(They snap their fingers and turn. But the boys' attention has been caught by the entrance of NETTIE, coming out of the house carrying a tray piled high with doughnuts. She is followed by a LITTLE GIRL, carrying a large tray of coffee cups)

(The following lines are spoken)

NETTIE Here, boys: Here's some doughnuts and coffee. Fall to! (*Crosses to center*)

MEN (*As they fall to, speeches overlapping*)
Doughnuts, hooray!

That's our Nettie!
Yer heart's in the right place, Nettie!
Lemme in there!
Quit yer shovin'!

NETTIE Here now, don't jump at it like you was a lotta animals in a menag'ry!
(She laughs as she crosses over to the GIRLS)

GIRLS Nettie! After us jest tellin' 'em! Whatcher doin' that fer?

NETTIE They been diggin' clams since five this mornin'—I see 'em myself, down on the beach.

GIRLS After the way they been pesterin' and annoyin' you!

CARRIE Nettie, yer a soft-hearted ninnyl!

NETTIE Oh, y'can't blame 'em. First clambake o' the year they're always like this. It's like unlockin' a door, and all the crazy notions they kep' shet up fer the winter come whoopin' out into the sunshine. This year's jest like ev'ry other. (*The following lines are sung*)

March went out like a lion,
A-whippin' up the water in the bay.
Then April cried
And stepped aside,
And along come pretty little May!

May was full of promises
But she didn't keep 'em quick enough fer some,
And a crowd of doubtin' Thomases
Was predictin' that the summer'd never come!

MEN SINGERS
But it's comin', by gum!
Y'ken feel it come!
Y'ken feel it in yer heart,
Y'ken see it in the ground!

GIRLS
Y'ken hear it in the trees,
Y'ken smell it in the breeze—

ALL
Look around, look around, look around!

NETTIE

June is bustin' out all over,
All over the meadow and the hill!
Buds're bustin' outa bushes,
And the rompin' river pushes
Ev'ry little wheel that wheels beside a mill.

ALL

June is bustin' out all over.

NETTIE

The feelin' is gettin' so intense, *enter*
That the young Virginia creepers
Hev been huggin' the bejeeper
Outa all the mornin'-glories on the fence.
Because it's June!

*DSR cross
to base*

MEN

June, June, June—

ALL

Jest because it's June—
June—Ju-u-une!

NETTIE

Fresh and alive and gay and young,
June is a love song, sweetly sung.

ALL (*Softly*)

June is bustin' out all over!

MAN

The saplin's are bustin' out with sap!

GIRL

Love hes found my brother, junior—

2ND MAN

And my sister's even lunier!

2ND GIRL

And my ma is gettin' kittenish with Pap!

ALL

June is bustin' out all over!

NETTIE

To ladies the men are payin' court.
Lotsa ships are kept at anchor

Jest because the captains hanker
Fer a comfort they ken only get in port!

ALL

Because it's June!
June—June—June—
Jest because it's June—June—Ju-u-une!

NETTIE

June makes the bay look bright and new,
Sails gleaming white on sunlit blue—

CARRIE

June is bustin' out all over,
The ocean is full of Jacks and Jills.
With her little tail a-swishin'
Ev'ry lady fish is wishin'
That a male would come and grab her by the gillst!

ALL

June is bustin' out all over!

NETTIE

The sheep aren't sleepin' any more.
All the rams that chase the ewe sheep
Are determined there'll be new sheep
And the ewe sheep aren't even keepin' score!

ALL

On accounta it's June!
June—June—June—
Jest because it's June—
June—
June!

NETTIE

June is bustin' out all over,
All over the beaches ev'ry night.
From Pennobscot to Augusty
All the boys are feelin' lusty,
And the girls ain't even puttin' up a fight.

ALL

Because it's June,
June, June, June,
Jest because it's June! June! June!

(Dance. After the dance all exit except NETTIE, CARRIE, and a small group of GIRLS. JULIE enters)

CARRIE Hello, Julie.

NETTIE Did you find him?

JULIE No. *(Explaining to CARRIE)* He went out with Jigger Craigin last night and he didn't come home.

CARRIE Jigger Craigin?

JULIE His new friend—he's a sailor on that big whaler, the *Nancy B.* She's sailing tomorrow. I'll be glad.

NETTIE Why don't you two visit for a while. *(Necks are craned, ears cocked. NETTIE notices this)* Look, girls, we got work to do. C'mon. You sweep those steps up there. *(Herding the GIRLS upstage)* You set up there and keep outa the way and don't poke yer noses in other people's business.

JULIE You need me, Cousin Nettie?

NETTIE No. You stay out here and visit with Carrie. You haven't seen each other fer a long time. Do you good.

(She exits into the house. JULIE and CARRIE sit on the bait box, JULIE right of CARRIE. All ears are open upstage)

CARRIE Is he workin' yet?

JULIE No. Nettie's been awful kind to us, lettin' us stay here with her.

CARRIE Mr. Snow says a man that can't find work these days is jest bone lazy.

JULIE Billy don't know any trade. He's only good at what he used to do. So now he jest don't do anythin'.

CARRIE Wouldn't the carousel woman take him back?

JULIE I think she would, but he won't go. I ask him why and he won't tell me. . . . Last Monday he hit me.

CARRIE Did you hit him back?

JULIE No.

CARRIE Whyn't you leave him?

JULIE I don't want to.

CARRIE I would. I'd leave him. Thinks he ken do whatever he likes jest because he's Billy Bigelow. Don't support you! Beats you! . . . He's a bad'n.

JULIE He ain't willin'ly er meanin'ly bad.

CARRIE *(Afraid she's hurting JULIE)* Mebbe he ain't. That night you set on the bench together—he was gentle then, you told me.

JULIE Yes, he was.

CARRIE But now he's alw'ys actin' up—

JULIE Not alw'ys. Sometimes he's gentle—even now. After supper, when he stands out here and listens to the music from the carousel—somethin' comes over him—and he's gentle.

CARRIE What's he say?

JULIE Nothin'. He jest sets and gets thoughtful. Y'see he's unhappy 'cause he ain't workin'. That's really why he hit me on Monday.

CARRIE Fine reason fer hittin' you. Beats his wife 'cause he ain't workin'.

(She turns her head up left. GIRLS, caught eavesdropping, start to sweep vigorously)

JULIE It preys on his mind.

CARRIE Did he hurt you?

JULIE *(Very eagerly)* Oh, no—no.

CARRIE Julie, I got some good news to tell you about me—about Mr. Snow and me. We're goin' to be cried in church nex' Sunday!

(The GIRLS who have been upstage turn quickly, come down and cluster around CARRIE, proving they haven't missed a thing. CARRIE rises)

ALL GIRLS What's thet you say, Carrie? *(Ad libs of excitement)*

Carrie!

Honest and truly?

You fixin' t'get hitched?

Well, I never!
Do tell!

CARRIE Jest a minute! Stop yer racket! Don't all come at me together! (*But she is really pleased*)

GIRL Well, tell us! How long hev you been bespoke?

CARRIE Near on t'two months. Julie was the fust t'know.

GIRL What's he like, Julie?

CARRIE Julie hes never seen him. But you all will soon. He's comin' here. I asked him to the clambake.

GIRL Can't hardly wait'll I see him.

2ND GIRL I can't hardly wait fer the weddin'.
(*All look at each other and giggle*)

CARRIE (*Giggling*) Me neither.

JULIE What a day that'll be fer you!

GIRLS (*Singing*)

When you walk down the aisle
All the heads will turn.

What a rustlin' of bonnets there'll be!

And you'll try to smile,
But your cheeks will burn,

And your eyes'll get so dim you ken hardly see!

With your orange blossoms quiverin' in your hand,
You will stumble to the spot where the parson is.
Then your finger will be ringed with a golden band,
And you'll know the feller's yours—and you are his.

CARRIE
When I marry Mr. Snow—

GIRLS
What a day!
What a day!

CARRIE
The flowers'll be buzzin' with the hum of bees,

GIRLS
The birds'll make a racket in the churchyard trees,

CARRIE
When I marry Mr. Snow.

GIRLS
Heigh-ho!

CARRIE
Then it's off to home we'll go—

GIRLS
Spillin' rice
On the way!

CARRIE
And both of us'll look a little dreamy-eyed,
A-drivin' to a cottage by the oceanside
Where the salty breezes blow—
(SNOW enters up left. He just couldn't be anyone else)

GIRLS
You and Mr. Snow!
(*Hearing his name, MR. SNOW preens*)

CARRIE
He'll carry me cross the threshold,
And I'll be as meek as a lamb.
Then he'll set me on my feet
And I'll say, kinda sweet:
"Well, Mr. Snow, here I am!"
(*Now MR. SNOW is very pleased. He makes his presence known by singing*)

SNOW
Then I'll kiss her so she'll know,

CARRIE (*Mortified*)
Mr. Snow!

GIRLS (*Thrilled*)
Mr. Snow!

SNOW
That everythin'll be as right as right ken be,
A-livin' in a cottage by the sea with me,
Where the salty breezes blow!
(*CARRIE squeals and hides her head on JULIE'S shoulder. The GIRLS are delighted.*)

I love Miss Pipp'ridge and I aim to
Make Miss Pipp'ridge change her name to
Missus Enoch Snow!

GIRLS (*Ad lib*)

Carrie!

My lands, he give me sech a start!
Well! I never!

CARRIE (*Looking up at JULIE*) I'll never look him in the
face again! Never!

(*Laughs, shouts, whoops, and squeals from the GIRLS*)

GIRL C'mon inside and leave the two love-birds alone!
(*They exit into the house. CARRIE clings to JULIE and won't
let her go*)

CARRIE (*Not turning to face him yet*) Oh, Enoch!

SNOW Surprised?

CARRIE Surprised? I'm mortified!

SNOW He-he!

(*This, we are afraid, is the way he laughs. CARRIE straight-
ens out, looks at him, then beams back at JULIE*)

CARRIE Well, this is him.

(*SNOW bows and smiles. There is a moment of awkward
silence*)

JULIE Carrie told me a lot about you.

(*CARRIE and JULIE nod to each other. CARRIE and SNOW
nod*)

CARRIE I told you a lot about Julie, didn't I?

(*CARRIE and SNOW nod. CARRIE and JULIE nod*)

JULIE Carrie tells me you're comin' to the clambake.
(*He nods*)

CARRIE Looks like we'll hev good weather fer it, too.
(*They nod*)

JULIE Not a cloud in the sky.

SNOW You're right.

CARRIE (*To JULIE*) He don't say much, but what he does
say is awful pithy! (*JULIE nods. CARRIE looks over toward her*)

love. *Still addressing JULIE*) Is he anythin' like I told you he
was?

JULIE Jest like.

SNOW Oh, Carrie, I near fergot. I brought you some flowers.

CARRIE (*Thrilled*) Flowers? Where are they? (*SNOW hands
her a small envelope from his inside pocket. She reads what
is written on the package*) Geranium seeds!

SNOW (*Handing her another envelope*) And this'n here is
hydrangea. Thought we might plant 'em in front of the
cottage. (*To JULIE*) They do good in the salt air.

JULIE That'll be beautifull

SNOW I like diggin' around a garden in my spare time—
Like t'plant flowers and take keer o' them. Does your husband
like that too?

JULIE N-no. I couldn't rightly say if Billy likes to take keer
of flowers. He likes t'smell 'em, though.

CARRIE Enoch's nice-lookin', ain't he?

SNOW Oh come, Carrie!

CARRIE Stiddy and reliable too.—Well, ain't you goin' to
wish us luck?

JULIE (*Warmly*) Of course I wish you luck, Carrie.

(*JULIE and CARRIE embrace*)

CARRIE You ken kiss Enoch, too—us bein' sech good friends,
and me bein' right here lookin' on at you.

(*JULIE lets ENOCH kiss her on the cheek, which he shyly
does. For a moment she clings to him, letting her head
rest on his shoulder, as if it needed a shoulder very badly.*)

JULIE starts to cry)

SNOW Why are you crying, Mrs.—er—Mrs.—

CARRIE It's because she has such a good heart.

SNOW We thank you for your heartfelt sympathy. We thank
you Mrs.—er—Mrs.—

JULIE Mrs. Bigelow. Mrs. Billy Bigelow. That's my name
—Mrs. B— (*She breaks off and starts to run into the house,
but as she gets a little right of center, BILLY enters. He is*)

cross
to
Julie

followed by JIGGER. JULIE is embarrassed, recovers, and goes mechanically through the convention of introduction) Billy, you know Carrie. This is her intended—Mr. Snow.

(JIGGER crosses up to the porch, standing under the arbor)

SNOW Mr. Bigelow! I almost feel like I know you—

BILLY How are you? (He starts up center)

SNOW I'm pretty well. Jest gettin' over a little chest cold. (As BILLY gets up center) This time of year—you know. (He stops, seeing that BILLY isn't listening)

JULIE (Turning to BILLY) Billy!

BILLY (He stops and turns to JULIE, crosses down to her in a defiant manner) Well, all right, say it. I stayed out all night—and I ain't workin'—and I'm livin' off yer Cousin Nettie.

JULIE I didn't say anything.

BILLY No, but it was on the tip of yer tongue! (He starts upstage center again)

JULIE Billy! (He turns) Be sure and come back in time to go to the clambake.

BILLY Ain't goin' to no clambake. Come on, Jigger.
(JIGGER, who has been slinking upstage out of the picture, joins BILLY and they exit upstage center and off left.
JULIE stands watching them, turns to CARRIE, then darts into the house to hide her humiliation)

CARRIE (To SNOW, after a pause) I'm glad you ain't got no whoop-jamboree notions like Billy.

SNOW Well, Carrie, it alw'ys seemed t'me a man had enough to worry about, gettin' a good sleep o' nights so's to get in a good day's work the next day, without goin' out an' lookin' fer any special trouble.

CARRIE That's true, Enoch.

SNOW A man's got to make plans fer his life—and then he's got to stick to 'em.

CARRIE Your plans are turnin' out fine, ain't they, Enoch?

SNOW All accordin' to schedule, so far. (Singing)

I own a little house,
And I sail a little boat,
And the fish I ketch I sell—
And, in a manner of speakin',
I'm doin' very well.

I love a little girl ⁶⁻⁵⁷
And she's in love with me,
And soon she'll be my bride
And, in a manner of speakin',
I should be satisfied.

CARRIE (Spoken) Well, ain't you?

SNOW
If I told you my plans, and the things I intend,
It'd make ev'ry curl on yer head stand on end!
(He takes her hand and becomes more intense, the gleam of ambition coming into his eye)

When I make enough money outa one little boat,
I'll put all my money in another little boat.
I'll make twic't as much outa two little boats,
And the fust thing you know I'll hev four little boats!
Then eight little boats,
Then a fleet of little boats!
Then a great big fleet of great big boats!

All ketchin' herring,
Bringing it to shore,
Sailin' out again
And bringin' in more,
And more, and more,
And more!

(The music has become very operatic, rising in a crescendo far beyond what would ordinarily be justified by several boatloads of fish. But to this singer, boatloads of fish are kingdom come)
(The following lines are spoken)

CARRIE Who's goin' t'eat all that herring?

SNOW They ain't goin' to be herring! Goin' to put 'em in cans and call 'em sardines. Goin' to build a little sardine cannery—then a big one—then the biggest one in the country. Carrie, I'm goin' to get rich on sardines. I mean we're goin' t'get rich—you and me. I mean you and me—and—all of us.

CARRIE raises her eyes. Is the man bold enough to be meaning "children"? (SNOW sings)

The fust year we're married we'll hev *one* little kid,
The second year we'll go and hev *another* little kid,
You'll soon be darnin' socks fer eight little feet—

CARRIE (*Enough is enough*) Are you buildin' up to another fleet?

SNOW (*Blissfully proceeding with his dream*)
We'll build a lot more rooms,
Our dear little house'll get bigger,
Our dear little house'll get bigger.

CARRIE (*To herself*) And so will my figger!

SNOW (*Spoken*) ^{Carrie to bench} Carrie, ken y' imagine how it'll be when all the kids are upstairs in bed, and you and me sit alone by the fireside—me in my armchair, you on my knee—mebbe.

CARRIE Mebbe.

(*And, to his great delight, CARRIE sits on his knee. Both heave a deep, contented sigh, and he starts to sing softly*)

SNOW
When the children are asleep, we'll sit and dream
The things that ev'ry other
Dad and mother dream.
When the children are asleep and lights are low,
If I still love you the way
I love you today,
You'll pardon my saying: "I told you so!"
When the children are asleep, I'll dream with you.
We'll think: "What fun we have had!"
And be glad that it all came true.

CARRIE
When children are awake,
A-rompin' through the rooms
Or runnin' on the stairs,
Then, in a manner of speakin',
The house is really theirs.
But once they close their eyes
And we are left alone
And free from all their fuss.

Then, in a manner of speakin',
We ken be really us. . . .

CARRIE
When the children are asleep
We'll sit and dream
The things that ev'ry other
Dad and mother dream—

Lo and behold!
If I still love you the way
I love you today,
You'll pardon my saying:
"I told you so!"

When the children are asleep,
I'll dream with you.
We'll think: "What fun we
hev had!"
And be glad that it all came
true.

You'll still hear me say
That the best dream I know
Is—When the children are
asleep
I'll dream with you.

(*"Blow High, Blow Low" starts off stage. SNOW looks off left, then up right, takes CARRIE's chin in his hands and kisses her gently on the forehead. As the men enter singing, he looks up, takes his hat, which he left on the bait box. Then he and CARRIE exit*)

MEN (*Off stage, singing*)
Blow high, blow low!
A-whalin' we will go!
We'll go a-whalin', a-sailin' away,
Away we'll go,
Blow me high and low!

(*BILLY and JIGGER enter, followed by friends from JIGGER's whaler*)
For many and many a long, long day!
For many and many a long, long day!

SNOW

^{Rise}
Dream all alone,

Dreams that won't be inter-
rupted
When the children are asleep
And lights are low.

You'll dream with me.

When today
Is a long time ago,
You'll still hear me say
That the best dream I know
Is you. . . .

(They sing another refrain. During this refrain BILLY looks toward the house. He is hesitant. Maybe he should go in to JULIE. He crosses to center. JIGGER sees this, crosses over to BILLY)

JIGGER Hey, Billy! (BILLY turns) Where are you goin'? (BILLY looks indecisive. JIGGER takes his arm and brings him downstage) Stick with me. After we get rid of my shipmates, I wanna talk to you. Got an idea, for you and me to make money.

BILLY How much?

JIGGER More'n you ever saw in yer life.

MAN Hey, Jigger, come back here!

(BILLY and JIGGER go back to the boys. JIGGER sings)

JIGGER

The people who live on land
Are hard to understand.
When you're lookin' for fun they clap you into jail!
So I'm shippin' off to sea,
Where life is gay and free,
And a feller can flip
A hook in the hip of a whale.

ALL

Blow high, blow low!
A-whalin' we will go!
We'll go a-whalin', a-sailin' away,
Away we'll go,
Blow me high and low!
For many and many a long, long day!
For many and many a long, long day!

BILLY

It's wonderful just to feel
Your hands upon a wheel
And to listen to wind a-whistlin' in a sail!
Or to climb aloft and be
The very first to see
A chrysanthemum spout come out o' the snout of a whale!

ALL

Blow high, blow low!
A-whalin' we will go!

We'll go a-whalin', a-sailin' away,
Away we'll go,
Blow me high and low!

For many and many a long, long day!

For many and many a long, long day!

(JIGGER draws BILLY and the MEN around him. They go down to the footlights, crouch low and JIGGER sings another verse)

JIGGER

A-rockin' upon the sea,
Your boat will seem to be
Like a dear little baby in her bassinet,
For she hasn't learned to walk,
And she hasn't learned to talk,
And her little behind
Is kind of inclined to be wet!

(During the next refrain, more SINGERS come on, followed by DANCERS)

ALL MEN

Blow high, blow low!
A-whalin' we will go!
We'll go a-whalin', a-sailin' away,
Away we'll go,
Blow me high and low!
For many and many a long, long day!
For many and many a long, long day!

(Finish with big vocal climax. JIGGER takes BILLY off left, and the DANCERS do)

Hornpipe.

At the finish of the number, all DANCERS clear the stage as BILLY and JIGGER enter)

JIGGER I tell you it's safe as sellin' cakes.

BILLY You say this old sideburns who owns the mill is also the owner of your ship?

JIGGER That's right. And tonight he'll be takin' three or four thousands dollars down to the captain—by hisself. He'll walk along the waterfront by himself—with all that money.

(He pauses to let this sink in)

BILLY You'd think he'd have somebody go with him.

JIGGER Not him! Not the last three times, anyway. I watched him from the same spot and see him pass me. Once I nearly jumped him.

BILLY Why didn't you?

JIGGER Don't like to do a job less it's air-tight. This one needs two to pull it off proper. Besides, there was a moon—shinin' on him like a torch. (*Spits*) Don't like moons. (*This is good news*) Lately the nights have been runnin' to fog. And it's ten to one we'll have fog tonight. That's why I wanted you to tell yer wife we'd go to that clambake.

BILLY Clambake? Why?

JIGGER Suppose we're all over on the island and you and me get lost in the fog for a half an hour. And suppose we got in a boat and come over here and—and did whatever we had to do, and then got back? There's yer alibi! We just say we were lost on the island all that time.

BILLY Just what would we have to do? I mean me. What would I have to do?

JIGGER You go up to old sideburns and say: "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?"

BILLY "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?" Then what?

JIGGER Then? Well, by that time I got my knife in his ribs. Then you take *your* knife—

BILLY Me? I ain't got a knife.

JIGGER You can get one, can't you?

BILLY (*After a pause, turning to JIGGER*) Does he have to be killed?

JIGGER No, he don't have to be. He can give up the money without bein' killed. But these New Englanders are funny. They'd rather be killed— Well?

BILLY I won't do it! It's dirty.

JIGGER What's dirty about it?

BILLY The knife.

JIGGER All right. Forget the knife. Just go up to him with a tin cup and say: "Please, sir, will you give me three thousand dollars?" See what he does fer you.

BILLY I ain't goin' to do it.

JIGGER Of course, if you got all the money you want, and don't need—

BILLY I ain't got a cent. Money thinks I'm dead.

(*MRS. MULLIN is seen entering from up left, unnoticed by BILLY and JIGGER*)

JIGGER That's what I thought. And you're out of a job and you got a wife to support—

BILLY Shut up about my wife. (*He sees MRS. MULLIN*) What do you want?

MRS. MULLIN Hello, Billy.

BILLY What did you come fer?

MRS. MULLIN Come to talk business.

JIGGER Business! (*He spits*)

MRS. MULLIN I see you're still hangin' around yer jailbird friend.

BILLY What's it to you who I hang around with?

JIGGER If there's one thing I can't abide, it's the common type of woman.

(*He saunters upstage left and stands looking out to sea*)

BILLY What are you doin' here? You got a new barker, ain't you?

MRS. MULLIN (*Looking him over*) Whyn't you stay home and sleep at night? You look awfull

BILLY He's as good as me, ain't he?

MRS. MULLIN Push yer hair back off yer forehead—

BILLY (*Pushing her hand away and turning away from her*) Let my hair be.

MRS. MULLIN If I told you to let it hang down over yer eyes you'd push it back. I hear you been beatin' her. If you're sick

of her, why don't you leave her? No use beatin' the poor, skinny little—

BILLY Leave her, eh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

MRS. MULLIN Don't flatter yourself! (*Her pride stung, she paces to center stage*) If I had any sense I wouldn't of come here. The things you got to do when you're in business! . . . I'd sell the damn carousel if I could.

BILLY Ain't it crowded without me?

MRS. MULLIN Those fool girls keep askin' for you. They miss you, see? Are you goin' to be sensible and come back?

BILLY And leave Julie?

MRS. MULLIN You beat her, don't you?

BILLY (*Exasperated*) No, I don't beat her. What's all this damn-fool talk about beatin'? I hit her once, and now the while town is—the next one I hear—I'll smash—

MRS. MULLIN (*Backing away from him*) All right! All right! I take it back. I don't want to get mixed up in it.

BILLY Beatin' her! As if I'd beat her!

MRS. MULLIN What's the odds one way er another? Look at the thing straight. You been married two months and you're sick of it. Out there's the carousel. Show booths, young girls, all the beer you want, a good livin'—and you're throwin' it all away. Know what? I got a new organ.

BILLY I know.

MRS. MULLIN How do you know?

BILLY (*His voice softer*) You can hear it from here. I listen to it every night.

MRS. MULLIN Good one, ain't it?

BILLY Jim dandy. Got a nice tone.

MRS. MULLIN Y'ought to come up close and hear it. Makes you think the carousel is goin' faster. . . . You belong out there and you know it. You ain't cut out fer a respectable married man. You're an artist type. You belong among artists. Tell you what: you come back and I'll give you a rubv ring my husband left me.

BILLY I dunno—I might go back. I could still go on livin' here with Julie.

MRS. MULLIN Holy Moses!

BILLY What's wrong?

MRS. MULLIN Can y' imagine how the girls'd love that? A barker who runs home to his wife every night! Why, people'd laugh theirselves sick.

BILLY I know what you want.

MRS. MULLIN Don't be so stuck on yerself.

BILLY I ain't happy here, and *that's* the truth.

MRS. MULLIN Course you ain't.

(*She strokes his hair back off his forehead, and this time he lets her. JULIE enters from house, carrying a tray with a cup of coffee and a plate of cakes on it. MRS. MULLIN pulls her hand away. There is a slight pause*)

BILLY Do you want anythin'?

JULIE I brought you your coffee.

MRS. MULLIN (*To BILLY in a low voice*) Whyn't you have a talk with her? She'll understand. Maybe she'll be glad to get rid of you.

BILLY (*Without conviction*) Maybe.

JULIE Billy—before I ferget. I got somethin' to tell you.

BILLY All right.

JULIE I been wantin' to tell you—in fact, I was goin' to yesterday—

BILLY Well, go ahead.

JULIE I can't—we got to be alone.

BILLY Don't you see I'm busy? Here, I'm talkin' business and—

JULIE It'll only take a minute.

BILLY Get out o' here, or—

JULIE I tell you it'll only take a minute.

BILLY Will you get out of here?

JULIE No.

BILLY What did you say?

MRS. MULLIN *Let her alone, Billy. I'll drop in at Bascombe's bank and get some small change for the carousel. I'll be back in a few minutes for your answer to my proposition.*

(Exits above JIGGER. She looks at JIGGER as she goes.

JIGGER *looks at BILLY, then follows MRS. MULLIN off)*

JULIE Don't look at me like that. I ain't afraid of you—ain't afraid of anyone. I hev somethin' to tell you.

BILLY Well then, tell me, and make it quick.

JULIE I can't tell it so quick. Why don't you drink yer coffee?

BILLY That what you wanted to tell me?

JULIE No. By the time you drink it, I'll hev told you.

BILLY *(Stirs coffee and takes a quick sip)* Well?

JULIE Yesterday my head ached and you asked me—

BILLY Yes—

JULIE Well—you see—that's what it is.

BILLY You sick?

JULIE No. It's nothin' like thet. *(He puts cup down)* It's awful hard to tell you—I'm not a bit skeered, because it's a perfectly natural thing—

BILLY What is?

JULIE Well—when two people live together—

BILLY Yes—

JULIE I'm goin' to hev a baby.

(She turns away. He sits still and stunned. Then he rises, crosses to her, and puts his arms around her. She leans her head back on his shoulders. Then she leaves and starts for the house. As she gets to the steps, BILLY runs and helps her very solicitously. JIGGER has re-entered and calls to BILLY)

JIGGER *(Two short whistles)* Hey, Billy!

BILLY *(Turning to JIGGER)* Hey, Jigger! Julie—Julie's goin' to have a baby.

JIGGER *(Calmly smoking his cigarette)* Yeh? What about it?

BILLY *(Disgusted at JIGGER)* Nothin'. *(He goes into the house)*

JIGGER *(Ruminating)* My mother had a baby once.

(He smiles angelically and puffs on his cigarette. MRS. MULLIN enters)

MRS. MULLIN He in there with her? *(JIGGER ignores the question)* They're havin' it out, I bet. *(JIGGER impudently blows a puff of smoke in her direction)* When he comes back to me I ain't goin' to let him hang around with you any more. You know that, don't you?

JIGGER Common woman.

MRS. MULLIN Ain't goin' to let him get in your clutches. Everybody that gets mixed up with you finishes in the jail-house—or the grave.

JIGGER Tut-tut-t-t-. Carnival blond! Comin' between a man and his wife!

MRS. MULLIN Comin' between nothin'! They don't belong together. Nobody knows him like I do. And nobody is goin' to get him away from me. And that goes fer you!

JIGGER Who wants him? If he's goin' to let himself get tied up to an old wobbly-hipped slut like you, what good would he be to me?

MRS. MULLIN He won't be no good to you! And he won't end up with a perliceman's bullet in his heart—like that Roberts boy you hung around with last year. Wisht the bullet hadda got you—you sleek-eyed wharf rat! You keep away from him that's all, or I'll get the cops after you.

JIGGER *(Holding his cigarette high)* Common woman!

MRS. MULLIN Yeh! Call names! But I got him back just the same! And you're through!

JIGGER Put on a new coat o' paint. You're starting to peel! Old pleasure boat!

(He exits. She looks off after him, then turns right and sees

BILLY *coming out of the house. She immediately shifts all her attention to the essential job of holding his interest. She primps and walks center. He comes down by bait box)*

BILLY *(A change has come over him. There is a strange, firm dignity in his manner)* You still here? *(He picks up tray, and sits on box, tray in his lap)*

MRS. MULLIN Didn't you tell me to come back? *(Taking money out of dress)* Herel You'll be wantin' an advance on yer salary. Well, that's only fair. You been out o' work a long time. *(She offers him money)*

BILLY *(Taking another sip of coffee)* Go home, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN What's the matter with you?

BILLY Can't you see I'm havin' my breakfast? Go back to your carousel.

MRS. MULLIN You mean you ain't comin' with me?

BILLY *(Still holding cup)* Get out of here. Get!

MRS. MULLIN I'll never speak to you again—not if you were dyin', I wouldn't.

BILLY That worries me a lot.

MRS. MULLIN What did she tell you in there?

BILLY *(Putting cup on tray)* She told me—

MRS. MULLIN Some lies about me, I bet!

BILLY *(Proudly)* No, Mrs. Mullin. Nothin' about you. Just about Julie and me—and— *(Looking up at her)* as a matter of fact, Mrs. Mullin—I'm goin' to be a father!

MRS. MULLIN You!—Julie—?

BILLY Good-by, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN You a father? *(She starts to laugh)*

BILLY *(Giving her a good push)* Get the hell away from here, Mrs. Mullin. *(She continues to laugh)* Good-by, Mrs. Mullin!

(He pushes her again, and as she reaches the left portal, he gives her a good kick in the bustle. Then he turns, looks

toward Nettie's house, smiles. He starts to contemplate the future. He starts to sing softly.)

BILLY

I wonder what he'll think of me!

I guess he'll call me

"The old man."

I guess he'll think I can lick

Ev'ry other feller's father—

Well, I can!

(He gives his belt a hitch)

I bet that he'll turn out to be

The spit an' image

Of his dad.

But he'll have more common sense

Than his puddin'-headed father

Ever had.

I'll teach him to wrassle

And dive through a wave,

When we go in the mornin's for our swim.

His mother can teach him

The way to behave,

But she won't make a sissy out o' him—

Not him!

Not my boy!

Not Bill. . . .

(The name, coming to his lips involuntarily, pleases him very much)

Bill!

(He loves saying it. He straightens up proudly)

My boy, Bill!

(I will see

that he's named

After me,

I will!)

My boy, Bill—

He'll be tall

And as tough

As a tree,

Will Bill!

Like a tree he'll grow,

With his head held high

And his feet planted firm on the ground,
And you won't see no-
body dare to try

To boss him or toss him around!
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully'll boss him around!

*(Having worked himself up to a high pitch of indignation,
he relaxes into a more philosophical manner)*

I don't give a damn what he does,
As long as he does what he likes.
He can sit on his tail
Or work on a rail
With a hammer, a-hammerin' spikes.

He can ferry a boat on the river
Or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down
The streets of a town
With a whip and a horse and a hack.

He can haul a scow along a canal,
Run a cow around a corral,
Or maybe bark for a carousel—

(This worries him)

Of course it takes talent to do *that* well.

He might be a champ of the heavyweights
Or a feller that sells you glue,
Or President of the United States—
That'd be all right, too.

*(Orchestra picks up the theme of "My Boy, Bill." BILLY
speaks over music)*

His mother'd like that. But he wouldn't be President unless he
wanted to be!

(Singing)

Not Bill!
My boy, Bill—
He'll be tall
And as tough
As a tree,
Will Bill!

Like a tree he'll grow,
With his head held high,
And his feet planted firm on the ground,
And you won't see no-

body dare to try
To boss him or toss him around!
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bas-
tard'll boss him around!

(He paces the stage angrily)

And I'm damned if he'll marry his boss's daughter,
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water,
Who'll give him a peck and call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a lorgnette—
Say!

Why am I takin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born yet!

*(He laughs loudly at himself, crosses up to bait box, and
sits. Then he returns to more agreeable daydreaming)*

I can see him
When he's seventeen or so
And startin' in to go
With a girl.

I can give him
Lots o' pointers, very sound,
On the way to get round
Any girl.

I can tell him—
Wait a minute! Could it be—?
What the hell! What if he
Is a girl!

(Rises in anguish)

Bill!

Oh, Bill!

*(He sits on bait box and holds his head in his hands. The
music becomes the original theme, "I Wonder What He'll
Think of Me." He speaks over it in a moaning voice)*

What would I do with her? What could I do for her?
A bum—with no money!

(Singing the last lines of the first stanza)

You can have fun with a son,
But you got to be a father
To a girl!

(Thinking it over, he begins to be reconciled)

She mightn't be so bad at that—
A kid with ribbons
In her hair,

A kind o' sweet and petite
Little tintype of her mother—
What a pair!

(Warming up to the idea, speaking over music)

I can just hear myself braggin' about her!

(Singing)

My little girl,
Pink and white

As peaches and cream is she.

My little girl

Is half again as bright

As girls are meant to be!

Dozens of boys pursue her,

Many a likely lad

Does what he can to woo her

From her faithful dad.

She has a few

Pink and white young fellers of two or three—

But my little girl

Gets hungry ev'ry night

And she comes home to me!

My little girl!

(More thoughtful, and serious)

My little girl!

(Suddenly panicky)

I got to get ready before she comes!

I got to make certain that she

Won't be dragged up in slums

With a lot o' bums—

Like me!

She's got to be sheltered and fed, and dressed

In the best that money can buy!

I never knew how to get money,

But I'll try—

By God! I'll try!

I'll go out and make it

Or steal it or take it

Or die!

(Finishing, he stands still and thoughtful. Then he turns right and walks slowly up to the bait box and gazes off right. As he does, NETTIE comes out of the house, carrying a large jug. She crosses up center and puts the jug on the steps left center, then calls off)

NETTIE Hey, you roustabouts! Time to get goin'! Come and help us carry everythin' on the boats!

MAN *(Off)* All right, Nettie, we're comin'!

2ND MAN Don't need to have a fit about it.

NETTIE Hey, Billy! What's this Julie says about you not goin' to the clambake?

BILLY Clambake? *(Suddenly getting an idea from the word)* Mebbe I will go, after all! *(General laughter off stage. JIGGER enters down left. BILLY sees him. To NETTIE)* There's Jigger. I got to talk to him. Jigger! Hey, Jigger! Come here—quick!

NETTIE I'll tell Julie you're comin'. She'll be tickled pink.
(She goes into the house)

BILLY Jigger, I changed my mind! You know—about goin' to the clambake, and— I'll do everythin' like you said. Gotta get money on account of the baby, see.

JIGGER Sure, the baby. *(He pulls BILLY closer and lowers his voice)* Did you get the knife?

BILLY Knife?

JIGGER I only got a pocket knife. If he shows fight we'll need a real one.

BILLY But I ain't got—

JIGGER Go inside and take the kitchen knife.

BILLY Somebody might see me.

JIGGER Take it so they don't see you!

(BILLY looks indecisive. JULIE enters on the run to BILLY from the house)

JULIE Billy, is it true? Are you comin'?

BILLY I think so. Yes.

JULIE *(Puts her arm around his waist. He puts his arms around her)* We'll hev a barrel of fun. I'll show you all over the island. Know every inch of it. Been goin' to picnics there since I been a little girl.

JIGGER Billy! Billy! Y'better go and get that—

JULIE Get what, Billy?

BILLY Why—

JIGGER The shawl. Billy said you oughter have a shawl. Gets cold at nights. Fog comes up—ain't that what you said?

(People start entering with baskets, pies, jugs, etc., ready to go to the clambake)

BILLY Y-yes. I better go and get it—the shawl.

JULIE Now, that was real thoughtful, Billy.

(We see NETTIE coming out of the house. The stage is pretty well crowded by now)

BILLY I'll go and get it.

(He exits into the house quickly)

NETTIE C'mon, all!

(From the house come GIRLS carrying cakes, pies, butter crocks; MEN carrying baskets. NETTIE sings)

June is bustin' out all over!

ALL

The flowers are bustin' from their seed!

NETTIE

And the pleasant life of Riley

That is spoken of so highly

Is the life that ev'rybody wants to lead!

ALL

Because it's June!

June—June—June!

Jest because it's June—June—June!

(During this singing chorus, SNOW and CARRIE have entered from the house. JULIE is seen running over to CARRIE to tell her the good news that BILLY is going to the clambake. JIGGER crosses to JULIE and is introduced to CARRIE. JIGGER looks her over. JULIE also introduces JIGGER to SNOW, but JIGGER just brushes him off. SNOW tries to smile; but misses by a good margin. On the last "June" of the refrain, everyone but JULIE and JIGGER exit. BILLY comes out of the house carrying the shawl. He crosses to JULIE, who is now a little left of center and downstage. JIGGER is right stage. As BILLY is putting the shawl over JULIE's shoulders, JIGGER works his way over to BILLY as if to say "Did you get the knife?" BILLY pantomimes that it's in the inside pocket of his vest. JULIE turns in time to see this.

BILLY quickly takes her arm and walks her off. JIGGER has his pocket knife in his hand and is testing the sharpness of the blade and is following BILLY off as

THE CURTAIN FALLS)

ACT TWO | Scene One

SCENE: On an island across the bay. That night.

The backdrop depicts the bay, seen between two sand dunes.

AT RISE: It is too dark to define the characters until a moment after the rise of the curtain when the lights start a gradual "dim-up" as if a cloud were unveiling the moon. Down left BILLY is seen lying stretched at full length, his head on JULIE's lap. There is a small group right center dominated by NETTIE, SNOW, and CARRIE. Upstage several couples recline in chosen isolation at the edge of the trees.

The mood of the scene is the languorous contentment that comes to people who have just had a good meal in the open air.

The curtain is up several seconds before the first speech is heard.

NETTIE (After a loud sigh) Dunno as I should hev et those last four dozen clams!

GIRL Look here, Orrin Peasely! You jest keep your hands in yer pockets if they're so cold.

ALL (Softly)

This was a real nice clambake,
We're mighty glad we came.
The vittles we et

Were good, you bet!
The company was the same.
Our hearts are warm,
Our bellies are full,
And we are feelin' prime.
This was a real nice clambake
And we all had a real good time!

NETTIE

Fust come codfish chowder,
Cooked in iron kettles,
Onions floatin' on the top,
Curlin' up in petals!

JULIE

Threwed in ribbons of salted pork.

ALL

An old New England trick.

JULIE

And lapped it all up with a clamshell,
Tied on to a bayberry stick!

ALL

Oh-h-h—

This was a real nice clambake,
We're mighty glad we came.
The vittles we et
Were good, you bet!
The company was the same.
Our hearts are warm,
Our bellies are full,
And we are feelin' prime.
This was a real nice clambake
And we all had a real good time!

*(The memory of the delectable feast restores SNOW's spirit
and he rises and crosses to center and sings very soulfully:)*

SNOW

Remember when we raked
Them red-hot lobsters
Out of the driftwood fire?
They sizzled and crackled
And sputtered a song,
Fitten for an angels' choir.

CROSS to center
fire
MOVE DSL
& wait
for Carrie

ALL GIRLS

Fitten fer an angels',
Fitten fer an angels',
Fitten fer an angels' choir!

NETTIE

We slit 'em down the back
And peppered 'em good,
And doused 'em in melted butter—

CARRIE (*Savagely*)

Then we tore away the claws
And cracked 'em with our teeth
'Cause we weren't in the mood to putter!

ALL

Fitten fer an angels',
Fitten fer an angels',
Fitten fer an angels' choir!

MAN

Then at last come the clams—

ALL

Steamed under rockweed
And poppin' from their shells,
Jest how many of 'em
Galloped down our gullets—
We couldn't say oursel's!
Oh-h-h-h—
This was a real nice clambake,
We're mighty glad we came!
The vittles we et
Were good, you bet!
The company was the same.
Our hearts are warm,
Our bellies are full,
And we are feelin' prime.
This was a real nice clambake,
And we all had a real good time!

We said it afore—

And we'll say it agen—

We all had a real good time!

CROSS
back behind
ouch

CARRIE Hey, Nettie! Ain't it 'bout time the boys started their treasure-hunt?

MEN (*Ad lib*)

Sure!

Feel like I'm goin' to win it this year.

Let's get goin'.

NETTIE Jest a minute! Nobody's goin' treasure-huntin' till we get this island cleaned up. Can't leave it like this fer the next picnickers that come.

ALL MEN Ah, Nettie—

NETTIE Bogue in and get to work! The whole kit and kaboodle of you! Burn that rubbish! Gather up those bottles!

ALL MEN AND WOMEN (*Ad libs*)

All right, all right.

Needn't hev a catnip fit!

(*JULIE exits. All start to leave the stage in all directions*)

NETTIE Hey, Enoch! While they're cleanin' ^{CROSS to DSC} up, you go hide the treasure.

(*She exits*)

JIGGER Why should *he* get out of workin'?

CARRIE (*Proudly*) 'Cause he found the treasure last year. One that finds it hides it the next year. That's the way we do!

(*CARRIE and SNOW cross upstage of BILLY and JIGGER and exit. JIGGER starts to follow*)

BILLY Hey, Jigger!

JIGGER (*Looking off after CARRIE*) That's a well-set-up little piece, that Carrie.

BILLY Ain't it near time fer us to start?

JIGGER No. We'll wait till they're ready fer that treasure-hunt. That'll be a good way fer you and me to leave. We'll be a team, see? Then we'll get lost together like I said. (*BILLY is moving about nervously*) Stop jumping from one foot to the other. Go along to yer wife—and tell that little Carrie to come and talk to me.

BILLY Look, Jigger, you ain't got time fer girls tonight.

JIGGER Sure I have. You know me—quick or nothin'!

BILLY Jigger—after we do it—what do we do then?

JIGGER Bury the money—and go on like nothin' happened for six months. Wait another six months and then buy passage on a ship.

BILLY The baby'll be born by then.

JIGGER We'll take it along with us.

BILLY Maybe we'll sail to San Francisco.

JIGGER Why do you keep puttin' yer hand on yer chest?

BILLY My heart's bumpin' up and down under the knife.

JIGGER Put the knife on the other side.

(*CARRIE enters*)

CARRIE Mr. Bigelow, Julie says you should come and help her. (*BILLY exits. CARRIE turns to JIGGER*) Why ain't you workin'?

JIGGER I don't feel so well.

CARRIE It's mebbe the clams not settin' so good on yer stummick.

JIGGER Nope. It's nothin' on my stummick. It's somethin' on my mind. (*He takes CARRIE's arm*) Sit down here with me a minute. I want yer advice.

CARRIE (*Sitting on an upturned basket*) Now, look here, Mr. Craigin, I ain't got no time fer no wharf yarns or spoondrift.

JIGGER (*Squashing out his cigarette*) I want yer advice. (*Suddenly throws his arms around her*) You're sweeter than sugar and I'm crazy fer you. Never had this feelin' before fer anyone—

CARRIE Mr. Craigin!

JIGGER Ain't nothin' I wouldn't do fer you. Why, jest to see yer lovely smile—I'd swim through beer with my mouth closed. You're the only girl fer me. How about a little kiss?

CARRIE Mr. Craigin, I couldn't.

JIGGER Didn't you hear me say I loved you?

CARRIE I'm awful sorry fer you, but what can I do? Enoch and me are goin' to be cried in church next Sunday.

JIGGER Next Sunday I'll be far out at sea lookin' at the icy gray water. Mebbe I'll jump in and drown myself!

CARRIE Oh, don't!

JIGGER Well, then, give me a kiss. (*Grabbing her arm. Good and sore now*) One measly little kiss!

CARRIE (*Pushing his arm away*) Enoch wouldn't like it.

JIGGER I don't wanta kiss Enoch.

CARRIE (*Drawing herself up resolutely*) I'll thank you not to yell at me, Mr. Craigin. If you love me like you say you do, then please show me the same respect like you would if you didn't love me.

(*She starts to stalk off left. JIGGER is a stayer and not easily shaken off. He decides to try one more method. It worked once long ago on a girl in Liverpool*)

JIGGER (*In despair*) Carriel (*She stops; he crosses to her*) Miss Pipperidge! Just one word, please. (*He becomes quite humble*) I know I don't deserve yer forgiveness. Only, I couldn't help myself. Fer a few awful minutes I—I let the brute come out in me.

CARRIE I think I understand, Mr. Craigin.

JIGGER Thank you, Miss Pipperidge, thank you kindly. There's just one thing that worries me and it worries me a lot—it's about you.

CARRIE About me?

JIGGER You're such a little innercent. You had no right to stay here alone and talk with a man you hardly knew. Suppose I was a different type of feller—you know, unprincipled—a feller who'd use his physical strength to have his will—there are such men, you know.

CARRIE I know, but—

JIGGER Every girl ought to know how to defend herself against beasts like that. (*Proceeding stily up to his point*) Now, there are certain grips in wrestlin' I could teach you—tricks that'll land a masher flat on his face in two minutes.

CARRIE But I ain't strong enough—

JIGGER It don't take strength—it's all in balance—a twist of the wrist and a dig with the elbow—Here, just let me show you a simple one. This might save yer life some day. Suppose a feller grabs you like this. (*Puts both arms around her waist*) Now you put yer two hands on my neck. (*She does*) Now pull me toward you. (*She does*) That's it. Now pull my head down. Good! Now put yer left arm all the way around my neck. Now squeeze—hard! Tighter! (*Slides his right hand down her back and pats her bustle*) Good girl!

CARRIE (*Holding him tight*) Does it hurt?

JIGGER (*Having the time of his life*) You got me helpless!

CARRIE Show me another one! (*She lets him go*)

JIGGER Right! Here's how you can pick a feller up and send him sprawlin'. Now I'll stand here, and you get hold of—Wait a minute. I'll do it to you first. Then you can do it to me. Stand still and relax. (*He takes her hand and foot and slings her quickly over his shoulders*) This is the way firemen carry people.

CARRIE (*A little breathless and stunned*) Is it?

JIGGER See how helpless you can make a feller if he gets fresh with you? (*He starts to walk off with her*)

CARRIE Mr. Craig—(*She stops, because something terrible has happened. SNOW has entered. JIGGER sees him and stops, still holding CARRIE over his shoulders, firemen style. After a terrifying pause, CARRIE speaks:*) Hello, Enoch. (*No answer*) This is the way firemen carry people.

SNOW (*Grimly*) Where's the fire?

(*JIGGER puts her down between SNOW and himself*)

CARRIE (*Crossing to SNOW*) He was only showin' me how to defend myself.

SNOW It didn't look like you had learned very much by the time I came!

JIGGER Oh, what's all the fussin' and fuzzlin' and wuzzlin' about?

SNOW In my opinion, sir, you are as scurvy a hunk o' scum as I ever see near the water's edge at low tide!

JIGGER (*Turning his profile to SNOW*) The same—side view!

SNOW I—I never thought I'd see the woman I am engaged to bein' carried out o' the woods like a fallen deer!

CARRIE He wasn't carryin' me out o' the woods. He was carryin' me *into* the woods. No, I don't mean that!

SNOW I think we hev said all we hev to say. I can't abide women who are free, loose, and lallygaggin'—and I certainly would never marry one.

CARRIE But, Enoch!

SNOW Leave me, please. Leave me alone with my shattered dreams. They are all I hev left—memories of what didn't happen! (CARRIE turns upstage and crosses to JIGGER. He puts his arms around her. She starts to whimper. SNOW looks out into space with pained eyes, and sings)

Geraniums in the winder,
Hydrangeas on the lawn,
And breakfast in the kitchen
In the timid pink of dawn,
And you to blow me kisses
When I headed fer the sea—
We might hev been
A happy pair
Of lovers—
Mightn't hev we?

(Another sob from CARRIE. SNOW continues)

And comin' home at twilight,
It might hev been so sweet
To take my ketch of herring
And lay them at your feet!
(Swallowing hard)
I might hev hed a baby—

JIGGER What!

SNOW (*Glares at JIGGER, then out front again*)
To dandle on my knee,
But all these things
That might hev been
Are never,
Never to be!

(At this point CARRIE just lets loose and bawls, and burles

her head in JIGGER's shoulder. Some people hear this and enter, as JIGGER consoles her)

JIGGER

I never see it yet to fail,
I never see it fail!

A girl who's in love with a virtuous man
Is doomed to weep and wail.

(More people enter and get into the scene)

Stonecutters cut it on stone,
Woodpeckers peck it on wood;
There's nothin' so bad fer a woman
As a man who thinks he's good!

(CARRIE bawls out one loud note. More people enter)

SNOW Nice talk!

JIGGER

My mother used to say to me:
"When you grow up, my son,
I hope you're a bum like yer father was,
'Cause a good man ain't no fun."

JIGGER AND CHORUS

Stonecutters cut it on stone,
Woodpeckers peck it on wood;
There's nothin' so bad for a woman
As a man who thinks he's good!

(From here on, the CHORUS takes sides)

SNOW

'Tain't so!

JIGGER

'Tis too!

SNOW'S CHORUS

'Tain't so!

JIGGER'S CHORUS

'Tis too!

(SNOW crosses to right, followed by CARRIE)

CARRIE Enoch— Say you forgive me! Say somethin' sweet to me, Enoch—somethin' soft and sweet. *(He remains silent and she becomes exasperated)* Say somethin' soft and sweet!

SNOW (*Turning to CARRIE, fiercely*) Boston cream pie!
(*Turns and exits. CARRIE cries. BILLY enters and crosses to JIGGER*)

BILLY Hey, Jigger—don't you think!

JIGGER Huh? (*Catches on, raises his voice to all*) When are we goin' to start that treasure-hunt?

NETTIE Right now! Y'all got yer partners? Two men to each team. You got half an hour to find the treasure. The winners can kiss any girls they want!

(*A whoop and a holler goes up and all the MEN and the DANCING GIRLS start out. JULIE enters from down left and sees BILLY starting out with JIGGER*)

JULIE Billy—are you goin' with JIGGER? Don't you think that's foolish?

BILLY Why?

JULIE Neither one of you knows the island good. You ought to split up and each go with—

BILLY (*Brushing her aside*) We're partners, see? C'mon, Jigger.

CARRIE I don't know what gets into men. Enoch put on a new suit today and he was a different person.

(*They all group around JULIE*)

GIRL (*Singing*)

I never see it yet to fail.

ALL GIRLS

I never see it fail.

A girl who's in love with any man
Is doomed to weep and wail.

1ST GIRL (*Spoken*) And it's even worse after they marry you.

2ND GIRL You ought to give him back that ring, Carrie. You'd be better off.

3RD GIRL Here's Arminy—been married a year. She'll tell you.

ARMINY (*Singing with a feeling of futility*)
The clock jest ticks yer life away,

There's no relief in sight.
It's cookin' and scrubbin' and sewin' all day
And Gawd-knows-whatin' all night!

ALL

Stonecutters cut it on stone,
Woodpeckers peck it on wood;
There's nothin' so bad fer a woman
As a man who's bad or good!

CARRIE (*Spoken*) It makes you wonder, don't it?

GIRL Now you tell her, Julie.

2ND GIRL She's your best girl friend.

ALL GIRLS (*Singing*)

Tell it to her good, Julie,

Tell it to her good!

(*JULIE smiles. The GIRLS group around her expectantly. JULIE starts singing softly and earnestly to CARRIE, but as she goes on, she quite obviously becomes autobiographical in her philosophy. Her singing is quiet, almost recited. The orchestration is light. The GIRLS hold the picture, perfectly still, like figures in a painting*)

JULIE (*Singing*)

What's the use of wond'rin'
If he's good or if he's bad,
Or if you like the way he wears his hat?
Oh, what's the use of wond'rin'
If he's good or if he's bad?
He's your feller and you love him—
That's all there is to that.

Common sense may tell you
That the endin' will be sad
And now's the time to break and run away.
But what's the use of wond'rin'
If the endin' will be sad?
He's your feller and you love him—
There's nothin' more to say.

Somethin' made him the way that he is,
Whether he's false or true.
And somethin' gave him the things that are his—

One of those things is you.

So

When he wants your kisses

You will give them to the lad,

And anywhere he leads you, you will walk.

And anytime he needs you,

You'll go runnin' there like mad!

You're his girl and he's your feller—

And all the rest is talk.

(As JULIE finishes her song, we see BILLY and JIGGER entering, crouching behind the sand dunes. JULIE turns just in time to see them as they get up center. JULIE crosses to BILLY)

JULIE Billy! Billy! Where you goin'?

BILLY Where we goin'?

JIGGER We're looking for the treasure.

JULIE I don't want you to, Billy. Let me come with you.

JIGGER No.

JULIE *(Putting her hands to his chest and feeling the knife)*
Billy!

BILLY I got no time to fool with women. Get out of my way!

(He succeeds in shoving her aside)

JULIE Let me have that. Oh, Billy. Please—

(He exits. JIGGER follows. NETTIE puts her arms around JULIE to comfort her. The GIRLS group around them)

GIRLS

Common sense may tell you

That the endin' will be sad

And now's the time to break and run away,

But what's the use of wond'rin'

If the endin' will be sad?

He's your feller and you love him—

There's nothin' more to say.

(The lights dim and the curtains close)

ACT TWO | Scene Two

SCENE: *Mainland Waterfront. An hour later. Extreme left there is an upright pile, a box, and a bale. At center is a longer bale. Up right center is an assorted heap consisting of a crate, a trunk, a sack, and other wharfside oddments.*

AT RISE: *JIGGER is seated on the pile extreme left, smoking. BILLY is pacing back and forth, right center.*

BILLY Suppose he don't come.

JIGGER He'll come. What will you say to him?

BILLY I say: "Good evening, sir. Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me the time?" And suppose he answers me. What do I say?

JIGGER He won't answer you.

(JIGGER throws his knife into the top of the box so that the point sticks and the knife quivers there)

BILLY Have you ever—killed a man before?

JIGGER If I did, I wouldn't be likely to say so, would I?

BILLY No, guess you wouldn't. If you did—if tonight we—I mean—suppose some day when we die we'll have to come up before—before—

JIGGER Before who?

BILLY Well—before God.

JIGGER You and me? Not a chance!

BILLY Why not?

JIGGER What's the highest court they ever dragged you into?

BILLY Just perlice magistrates, I guess.

JIGGER Sure. Never been before a supreme-court judge, have you?

BILLY No.

JIGGER Same thing in the next world. For rich folks, the heavenly court and the high judge. For you and me, perlice magistrates. Fer the rich, fine music and chubby little angels—

BILLY Won't we get any music?

JIGGER Not a note. All we'll get is justice! There'll be plenty of that for you and me. Yes, sir! Nothin' but justice.

BILLY It's gettin' late—they'll be comin' back from the clambake. I wish he'd come.—Suppose he don't.

JIGGER He will. What do you say we play some cards while we're waitin'? Time'll pass quicker that way.

BILLY All right.

JIGGER Got any money?

BILLY Eighty cents.

(Crosses to JIGGER, sits on small bale, and puts his money on table. JIGGER takes out cards and his change)

JIGGER (Puts money on box top, shuffles cards) All right, eighty cents. We'll play twenty-one. I'll bank. (Deals the necessary cards out)

BILLY (Looking at his cards) I'll bet the bank.

JIGGER (Aloud, to himself) Sounds like he's got an ace.

BILLY I'll take another. (JIGGER deals another card to BILLY) Come again! (JIGGER deals a fourth card) Over! (Throws cards down. JIGGER gathers in the money. BILLY rises, crosses right center, looks off right) Wish old sideburns would come and have it over with.

JIGGER He's a little late. (Looking up at BILLY) Don't you want to go on with the game?

BILLY Ain't got any more money. I told you.

JIGGER Want to play on credit?

BILLY You mean you'll trust me?

JIGGER No—but I'll deduct it.

BILLY From what?

JIGGER From your share of the money. If you win, you deduct it from my share.

BILLY (Crossing and sitting on bale) All right. Can't wait here doin' nothin'. Drive a feller crazy. How much is the bank?

JIGGER Sideburns'll have three thousand on him. That's what he always brings the captain. Tonight the captain don't get it. We get it. Fifteen hundred to you. Fifteen hundred to me.

BILLY Go ahead and deal. (JIGGER deals) Fifty dollars. (Looks at his card) No, a hundred dollars. (JIGGER gives him a card) Enough.

JIGGER (Laying down stack and looking at his own cards) Twenty-one.

BILLY All right! This time double or nothin'!

JIGGER (Dealing) Double or nothin' it is.

BILLY (Looking at cards) Enough.

JIGGER (Laying down his cards) Twenty-one.

BILLY Hey—are you cheatin'?

JIGGER (So innocent) Me? Do I look like a cheat?

BILLY (BILLY raps the box impatiently. JIGGER deals) Five hundred!

JIGGER Dollars?

BILLY Dollars.

JIGGER Say, you're a plunger, ain't you? Yes, sir.

BILLY (Getting a card) Another. (He gets it) Too much.

JIGGER That makes seven hundred you owe me.

BILLY Seven hundred! Double or nothin'. (JIGGER deals) I'll stand pat!

JIGGER (*Laying down his cards in pretended amazement*)
Twenty-one! A natural!

BILLY (*Rising and taking hold of JIGGER by the coat lapels*)
You—you—damn you, you're a dirty crook! You— (BASCOMBE enters from left. JIGGER coughs, warning BILLY, and then nudges BILLY into action as BASCOMBE crosses to right center. JIGGER runs behind crates. BILLY addresses BASCOMBE)
Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me the time?

(BASCOMBE turns to BILLY, and JIGGER leaps out from behind the crates and tries to stab BASCOMBE. BASCOMBE gets hold of JIGGER's knife hand and twists his wrist, forcing him into a helpless position. BASCOMBE takes his gun from its holster with his free hand, holding BILLY off)

BASCOMBE Now don't budge, either one of you. (*To JIGGER*)
Drop that knife. (*JIGGER drops the knife*) Ahoy, up there on the Nancy B! Captain Watson! Anybody up there?

CAPTAIN (*Off*) Ahoy, down there!
(JIGGER twists himself loose and runs off right. A SAILOR enters from left. BASCOMBE turns and fires a shot at JIGGER as he runs, then turns, holding BILLY off, as the SAILOR gets to BASCOMBE)

BASCOMBE (*To the SAILOR*) Go after that one. He's runnin' up Maple Street. I'll cover the other one. (*The SAILOR runs off after JIGGER*) There's another bullet in here. Don't forget that—you. Look behind you! What do you see comin'?

BILLY (*Slowly turning and looking off left*) Two perlicemen.

BASCOMBE You wanted to know what time it was. I'll tell you—the time for you will be ten or twenty years in prison.
(*The TWO POLICEMEN enter from left*)

BILLY Oh, no it won't.
(*He clambers up on the pile with his knife drawn*)

BASCOMBE (*Jeering and covering him with his pistol*) Where do you think you're escapin' to—the sky?

BILLY They won't put me in no prison.
(*He raises the knife high in air*)

POLICEMAN Stop him!

BILLY (*Stabbing himself in the stomach*) Julie!
(*He topples off the pile of crates, falling behind them. The TWO POLICEMEN, who have made a vain attempt to stop him, rush behind the crates, where they proceed to remove his coat, which is later to be used for his pillow. The CAPTAIN and ANOTHER SAILOR come on the run from left. The CAPTAIN is carrying a lantern, which he puts on the pile, right center*)

CAPTAIN (*To BASCOMBE*) How about you, Mr. Bascombe? You all right?

BASCOMBE Yes, I'm all right. Lucky, though. Very lucky. This is the first time I ever took a pistol with me.

CAPTAIN (*Looking over crates at BILLY*) Is he dead?

1ST POLICEMAN I don't think so, he's still breathing.

CAPTAIN Bring him out here where we can lay him out flat. (*The CAPTAIN looks around to see what can be used for a bed for BILLY. He spots the bales, crosses to left, takes the small bale, and puts it end to end with a larger one. The TWO POLICEMEN and the SAILOR carry BILLY out and lay him on the bales. The CAPTAIN speaks to the SAILOR*) You go for a doctor. (*To the POLICEMAN who is holding BILLY's coat*) Put that under his head.

(*The POLICEMAN does this. When BILLY is set, the TWO POLICEMEN rise; one stands left end of bale, the other right end*)

BASCOMBE The fools—the silly fools. They didn't even notice I was comin' from the ship, not to it.

(*The CAPTAIN is covering BILLY with a tarpaulin he found on the top of crates at right center*)

CAPTAIN The money they tried to kill you for is locked up in my desk!

(*Voices off left are heard to be singing "June Is Bustin' Out All Over," very softly, as if in the distance*)

BASCOMBE The fools.

1ST SAILOR (*The one who chased JIGGER, returning*) He got away.

BASCOMBE (*Hearing the offstage singing as it has become louder*) What's that?

CAPTAIN The folks comin' back from the clambake.

(The people enter left)

BASCOMBE *(To the POLICEMEN)* You'd better stop them.
(BASCOMBE exits)

POLICEMAN Yes, sir. *(They cross over and stop the crowd from reaching BILLY, but one or two get through and see the tragedy, and they recognize BILLY. The POLICEMEN get to these and speak. The singing stops)* Get back there. Stand back.

(A voice is heard from behind the crowd)

1ST VOICE Who is it?

2ND VOICE Billy.

3RD VOICE Billy Bigelow.

4TH VOICE Poor Julie.

(The crowd opens up for JULIE, who goes straight to BILLY, up behind the bales. NETTIE and the POLICEMEN hurry the crowd off quietly. They exit left. The CAPTAIN remains on right of the crates looking upstage. The POLICEMEN and NETTIE also remain)

JULIE *(As she is crossing to him)* Billy—

BILLY Little Julie—somethin' I want to tell you— *(Pause)* I couldn't see anythin' ahead, and Jigger told me how we could get a hold of a lot of money—and maybe sail to San Francisco.—See?

JULIE Yes.

BILLY Tell the baby, if you want, say I had this idea about San Francisco. *(His voice grows weaker)* Julie—

JULIE Yes.

BILLY Hold my hand tight.

JULIE I am holdin' it tight—all the time.

BILLY Tighter—still tighter! *(Pause)* Julie!

JULIE Good-by.

(He sinks back. JULIE kisses his hand. The CAPTAIN crosses over, picks JULIE up gently. He then bends down and inspects BILLY. He rises, looks at JULIE)

CAPTAIN The good Lord will help him now, ma'am.

(CARRIE enters, followed by SNOW. They cross to JULIE'S left)

CARRIE Julie—don't be mad at me fer sayin' it—but you're better off this way.

SNOW Carrie's right.

CARRIE Julie, tell me, am I right?

JULIE You're right, Carrie.

CARRIE *(Looking down at BILLY)* He's better off too, poor feller. Believe me, Julie, he's better off too. *(She embraces JULIE, weeping)*

JULIE Don't cry, Carrie.

CARRIE God be with you, Julie.

(JULIE smiles at her wearily. SNOW takes CARRIE by the arm and leads her off down left. We hear voices off left)

MRS. MULLIN *(Off left)* Where is he? No, no, please.

(MRS. MULLIN comes in on the run from left, followed by TWO GIRLS, who try to stop her)

GIRL Don't let her!

(MRS. MULLIN stops left center, looks at BILLY, then at JULIE questioningly. JULIE steps back—a silent invitation to come and pass in front of her. MRS. MULLIN walks slowly to where BILLY lies. After a moment she brushes BILLY'S hair off his forehead, as she used to do. Then NETTIE, the POLICEMAN and all exit, leaving only JULIE and MRS. MULLIN on the stage with BILLY. MRS. MULLIN gets up and turns slowly to look at JULIE, who looks back at her. MRS. MULLIN tries a faint little smile, then turns and exits left. JULIE returns to BILLY, leans over, and restores the stray lock to where it was before MRS. MULLIN took the liberty to brush it back)

JULIE Sleep, Billy—sleep. Sleep peaceful, like a good boy. I knew why you hit me. You were quick-tempered and unhappy. I always knew everythin' you were thinkin'. But you didn't always know what I was thinkin'. One thing I never told you—skeered you'd laugh at me. I'll tell you now—*(Even now she has to make an effort to overcome her shyness in saying it)* I love you. I love you. *(In a whisper)* I love—

you. (Smiles) I was always ashamed to say it out loud. But now I said it. Didn't I? (She takes the shawl off her shoulders and drapes it over BILLY. NETTIE comes in from left. JULIE looks up and sees her, lets out a cry, and runs to her) What am I goin' to do?

NETTIE Do? Why, you gotta stay on here with me—so I can be with you when you hev the baby. (JULIE buries her head in NETTIE's shoulder and holds tightly to her) Main thing is to keep on livin'—keep on keerin' what's goin' to happen. 'Member that sampler you gave me? 'Member what it says?

JULIE The words? Sure. Used to sing 'em in school.

NETTIE Sing 'em now—see if you know what they mean.

JULIE (Singing)

When you walk

Through a storm

Keep your chin up high,

And don't be afraid—of—the—dar—

(JULIE breaks off, sobbing. NETTIE starts the song)

NETTIE (Singing)

When you walk

Through a storm

Keep your chin up high,

And don't be afraid of the dark.

At the end

Of the storm

Is a golden sky

And the sweet

Silver song

Of a lark.

Walk on

Through the wind,

Walk on

Through the rain,

Though your dreams be tossed and blown,

Walk on, walk on,

With hope in your heart,

And you'll never walk alone!

(JULIE and NETTIE kneel in prayer. The TWO HEAVENLY FRIENDS enter from right and cross to BILLY)

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Get up, Billy.

BILLY Huh?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Get up.

BILLY (Straightening up) Who are you?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Shake yourself up. Got to get goin'.

BILLY (Looking up at them and turning front, still sitting) Whinn? Where?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Never mind where. Important thing is you can't stay here.

BILLY (Turning left, looks at JULIE) Julie!

(The lights dim, and a cloud gauze drop comes in behind BILLY and the HEAVENLY FRIENDS)

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND She can't hear you.

BILLY Who decided that?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND You did. When you killed yourself.

BILLY I see! So it's over!

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND It isn't as simple as that. As long as there is one person on earth who remembers you—it isn't over.

BILLY What're you goin' to do to me?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND We aren't going to do anything. We jest came down to fetch you—take you up to the jedge.

BILLY Judge! Am I goin' before the Lord God Himself?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND What hev you ever done that you should come before Him?

BILLY (His anger rising) So that's it. Just like Jigger said; "No supreme court for little people—just perlice magistrates!"

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Who said anythin' about—

BILLY I tell you if they kick me around up there like they did on earth, I'm goin' to do somethin' about it! I'm dead and I got nothin' to lose. I'm goin' to stand up for my rights! I tell you I'm goin' before the Lord God Himself—straight to the top! Y'hear?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND *Simmer down, Billy.*

BILLY (*Singing*)

Take me beyond the pearly gates
Through a beautiful marble hall.
Take me before the highest throne
And let me judged by the highest Judge of all!

Let the Lord shout and yell,
Let His eyes flash flame,
I promise not to quiver when He calls my name,
Let Him send me to hell,
But before I go,
I feel that I'm entitled to a hell of a show!
Want pink-faced angels on a purple cloud,
Twangin' on their harps till their fingers get red,
Want organ music—let it roll out loud,
Rollin' like a wave, washin' over my head!
Want ev'ry star in heaven
Hangin' in the room,
Shinin' in my eyes
When I hear my doom!

Reckon my sins are good big sins,
And the punishment won't be small;
So take me before the highest throne
And let me judged by the highest Judge of all.

(1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND *gestures to BILLY to follow. They exit!*)

ACT TWO | Scene Three

SCENE: *Up there.*

A celestial clothes-line is seen stretching back through infinity, but one portion of it is strung across as far downstage as possible. There is a celestial stepladder standing

right center upstage of the line. It resembles our own stepladders except that it shimmers with a silvery light. The clothes-line is quite full of shimmering stars. There is a basket full of stars on the shelf behind the ladder.

AT RISE: *The STARKEEPER is seated on the top of the stepladder, and as the lights come up, he can be seen hanging out stars and dusting them with a silver-handled white feather duster.*

BILLY and the TWO HEAVENLY FRIENDS are seen making their way through the clouds from stage left to right, emerging a moment later through entrance down right into the back yard. The 1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND enters, He stops, stage right center, faces front, and speaks.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND *Billy!*

BILLY (*Entering*) *Hey, what is this! (Crossing and speaking to STARKEEPER) Who are you?*

STARKEEPER *Never mind who I am, Bigelow.*

BILLY (*To FRIEND*) *Where am I?*

STARKEEPER (*Although question was not addressed to him*) *You're in the back yard of heaven. (Pointing off right) There's the gates over there.*

BILLY *The pearly gates!*

STARKEEPER *Nope. The pearly gates are in front. Those are the back gates. They're just mother-of-pearly.*

BILLY *I don't wanta go in no back gate. I wanta go before the highest—*

STARKEEPER *You'll go where we send you, young man.*

BILLY *Now look here!*

STARKEEPER *Don't yell.*

BILLY *I didn't yell.*

STARKEEPER *Well, don't. (He takes a star off the line. To FRIEND) This one's finished. Brother Joshua, please hang it over Salem, Mass.*

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND (*Crossing over and taking star*)
A-yah. (*Exits off left*)

STARKEEPER (*Taking a notebook out of his pocket*) Now, this is a routine question I gotta ask everybody. Is there anythin' on earth you left unfinished? The reason I ask you is you're entitled to go back fer one day—if you want to.

BILLY I don't know. (*Doggedly*) Guess as long as I'm here, I won't go back.

STARKEEPER (*Jotting down in a notebook*) "Waives his right to go back."

BILLY Can I ask you somethin'? I'd like to know if the baby will be a boy or a girl.

STARKEEPER We'll come to that later.

BILLY But I'm only askin'—

STARKEEPER Jest let me do the askin'—you do the answerin'. I got my orders.—You left yer wife hevin' thet baby comin'—with nothin' fer 'em to live on. Why'd you do that?

BILLY I couldn't get work and I couldn't bear to see her—
(*Pause*)

STARKEEPER You couldn't bear to see her cry. Why not come right out and say it? Why are you afraid of sayin' the right word? Why are you ashamed you loved Julie?

BILLY I ain't ashamed of anything.

STARKEEPER Why'd you beat her?

BILLY I didn't beat her—I wouldn't beat a little thing like that—I hit her.

STARKEEPER Why?

BILLY Well, y'see—we'd argue. And she'd say this and I'd say that—and she'd be right—so I'd hit her.

STARKEEPER Hmm! Are you sorry you hit her?

BILLY Ain't sorry fer anythin'.

STARKEEPER (*Taking his basket and coming down off the ladder*) You ken be as sot and pernicketty as you want. Up here patience is as endless as time. We ken wait. (*He turns*

to BILLY in a more friendly way) Now look here, son, it's only fair to tell you—you're in a pretty tight corner. Fact is you haven't done enough good in yer life to get in there—not even through the back door.

BILLY (*Turning away*) All right. If I can't get in—I can't.

STARKEEPER (*Testily*) I didn't say you can't. Said you ain't done enough so far. You might still make it—if you tried hard enough.

BILLY How?

STARKEEPER Why don't you go down to earth fer a day like I said you could. Do somethin' real fine fer someone.

BILLY Aw—what could I do?

STARKEEPER Well, fer one thing you might do yer little daughter some good.

BILLY (*Turning to STARKEEPER, elated*) A daughter! It's a girl—my baby!

STARKEEPER Ain't a baby any more. She's fifteen years old.

BILLY How could that be? I just come from there.

STARKEEPER You got to get used to a new way of tellin' time, Billy. A year on earth is just a minute up here. Would you like to look down and see her?

BILLY Could I? Could I see her from here?

STARKEEPER Sure could. Follow me.

(*STARKEEPER and BILLY cross down right. The lights dim and the gauze cloud curtain descends behind them*)

BILLY Tell me—is she happy?

STARKEEPER No, she ain't, Billy. She's a lot like you. That's why I figure you're the one could help her most—if you was there.

BILLY If she ain't happy, I don't want to look.

STARKEEPER (*Looking off left, as if toward the earth*) Well, right this minute she appears to be hevin' a fine time. Yes, sirl! There she is, runnin' on the beach. Got her shoes and stockin's off.

BILLY Like I used to do!

STARKEEPER Don't you think you better take a look?

BILLY Where is she? What do I have to do to see her?

STARKEEPER Jest look and wait. The power to see her will come to you. *(He puts his hand lightly on BILLY's shoulder)*

BILLY Is that her? Little kid with straw-colored hair?
(The lights dim. The curtain goes up on a dark stage)

STARKEEPER *(As the lights are dimming)* Pretty—ain't she?

BILLY My little girl!

(BILLY and the STARKEEPER back off down right and the entire stage is suddenly flooded with light)

ACT TWO | Scene Four

SCENE: *Down here. On a beach. Fifteen years later.*

AT RISE: LOUISE is romping on the beach. Two little RUFFIAN BOYS join her. Presently ENOCH SNOW enters, leading his six very well-behaved CHILDREN. LOUISE invites them to join in her play, but, taking their cue from their father's horrified face, they snub her. They exit with their father, all except one little horror in a big hat who remains to taunt LOUISE.

SNOW'S DAUGHTER My father bought me my pretty dress.

LOUISE My father would have bought me a pretty dress, too. He was a barker on a carousel.

SNOW'S DAUGHTER Your father was a thief.

(Her nasty work accomplished, she assumes an impish, satisfied look and starts away. LOUISE goes after her. Their pace increases. LOUISE finally chasing her off, returning soon with a trophy—the big hat.)

(Now a CARNIVAL TROUPE dances on. The RUFFIANS are frightened by them. Failing to persuade LOUISE to run away with them, they leave her there. One of the carnival boys is the type LOUISE's father was when he was young. Of all this fascinating group, he interests her most. After the others dance off, he returns to her for a flirtation. It is much more than this to LOUISE. It is a first experience, overwhelmingly beautiful, painful and passionate. He leaves her abruptly. She's too young. Thwarted, humiliated, she weeps alone.)

(Now a group of CHILDREN enter, dressed for a party. LOUISE seeks consolation with them. She tries to join in their dancing. They reject her and make fun of her. She turns on them so viciously that they are frozen with awe and fear as she speaks to them in a voice full of deep injury and the fury of a hopeless outcast)

LOUISE I hate you—I hate all of you!
(They back away, then dance away, leaving her heart-broken and alone—terribly alone.)

(The gauze cloud curtain falls, revealing BILLY and the STARKEEPER, who have been watching all this from "up there.")

BILLY Why did you make me look?

STARKEEPER You said you wanted to.

BILLY I know what she's goin' through.

STARKEEPER Somethin' like what happened to you when you was a kid, ain't it?

BILLY Somebody ought to help her.

STARKEEPER Ay-ah. Somebody ought to. You ken go down any time. Offer's still open.

(The 1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND enters to guide BILLY if he wants to go. BILLY starts toward him; then, getting a sudden idea, he turns back and stealthily takes a star from the STARKEEPER's basket. Both the STARKEEPER and the HEAV-

ONLY FRIEND are aware of this, but pretend not to notice. BILLY waves an elaborate good-by to the STARKEEPER and, whistling casually to quell suspicion, he starts away with the HEAVENLY FRIEND)

ACT TWO | Scene Five

SCENE: *Outside Julie's cottage.*

AT RISE: JULIE and CARRIE are seated outside the cottage, having coffee.

CARRIE (*Seated left of JULIE, continuing a narrative*) —and so the next day we all climbed to the top of the Statue of Liberty—Enoch and me and the nine kids.

JULIE Did you go to any theaters in New York?

CARRIE Course we did!

JULIE Did you see any of them there "extravaganzas"?

CARRIE Enoch took me to one of them things. The curtain went up and the fust thing y'see is twelve hussies with nothin' on their legs but tights!

JULIE What happened then?

CARRIE Well! Enoch jest grabbed hold o' my arm and dragged me out of the theater! But I went back the next day—to a matinee—to see how the story come out.

JULIE All by yerself? (*CARRIE nods*) Lucky you didn't see anybody you know.

CARRIE I did.

JULIE Who?

CARRIE Enoch!

(*JULIE clasps her hand over her mouth to keep from laughing. Then she gets the cups together. CARRIE gets up*)

CARRIE (*Animatedly*) There was one girl who sung an awful ketchy song. (*She walks to the back of her chair. LOUISE enters from the house, unnoticed*) She threw her leg over a fence like this— (*As she is swinging her leg over the chair, she sees LOUISE and hastily puts her leg down*)—and it rained all day!

(*JULIE, her back toward LOUISE, stares at CARRIE in wonder. She gathers that something is up, turns right, and sees LOUISE*)

JULIE Oh-h-h. Louise, take these cups right into the kitchen, dear. That's a good girl.

(*LOUISE takes the cups into the house*)

CARRIE She threw her leg over a fence like this— (*She swings her leg over the chair and pulls her skirt up over her knee*) and she sung: (*She sings:*)

I'm a tomboy,

Jest a tomboy!

I'm a madcap maiden from Broadway!

(*ENOCH enters, followed by their ELDEST SON, but CARRIE does not see them. JULIE tries to warn her*)

I'm a tomboy,

A merry tomboy!

ENOCH (*Taking his son by the shoulders*) Turn yer eyes away, Junior! (*Turns his son's face away*)

CARRIE (*Taking her leg off the chair and standing there guiltily*) I was jest tellin' Julie about that show—*Madcap Maidens*.

ENOCH We also saw *Julius Caesar*. Wouldn't that be a better play to quote from?

CARRIE I don't remember much of that one. All the men was dressed in nightgowns and it made me sleepy.

JULIE (*Trying to change the subject*) Won't you set down and visit with us?

ENOCH Afeared we hev'n't time. Mrs. Snow and I hev to stop at the minister's on our way to the graduation. (*To*

CARRIE) And I'll thank you not to sing "I'm a tomboy" to the minister's wife.

CARRIE I already did.

ENOCH (*Giving his son a good slap on the back with right hand*) Come, Junior!

(*LOUISE comes out of the house just as JUNIOR turns to his father. JUNIOR sees LOUISE and gets a new idea*)

ENOCH, JR. Pa, ken I stay and talk to Louise? (ENOCH looks stern. CARRIE crosses to ENOCH) Jest fer five minutes.

ENOCH No!

CARRIE (*Slapping ENOCH's back in the same manner as ENOCH slapped JUNIOR*) Aw, let him!

ENOCH All right. Five minutes. No more.

JULIE (*Going into house*) Good-by.

CARRIE See you at the graduation.

(*JULIE exits into house*)

ENOCH (*Taking CARRIE to exit*) Still lallygaggin'. You'd think a woman with nine children'd hev more sense.

CARRIE If I hed more sense I wouldn't hev nine children! (*She crosses in front of ENOCH and exits. He follows*)

LOUISE I wish I could go to New York.

ENOCH, JR. What are you goin' to do after you graduate?

LOUISE (*Lowering her voice, as BILLY and FRIEND enter left*). Listen, Enoch—ken you keep a secret?

(*JUNIOR solemnly crosses his heart and spits*)

BILLY (*To HEAVENLY FRIEND*) Can she see me?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Only if you want her to.

(*They remain silent observers of the scene, BILLY standing by the trellis, HEAVENLY FRIEND extreme downstage left*)

ENOCH, JR. Well, what's the secret?

LOUISE I'm goin' to be an actress. There's a troupe comin' through here next week. I met a feller—says he's the advance man, or somethin'—says he'll help me!

ENOCH, JR. (*Horrified*) You mean run away? (*She puts her fingers to her lips to shush him. BILLY winces. 1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND watches BILLY*) I won't let you do it, Louise.

LOUISE How'll you stop me?

ENOCH, JR. I'll marry you. That's how. The hardest thing I be to persuade Papa to let me marry beneath my station.

LOUISE You needn't bother about marryin' beneath your station! I wouldn't have you. And I wouldn't have that stuck-up buzzard for a father-in-law if you give me a million dollars!

(*BILLY looks at FRIEND and smiles, happy over this*)

ENOCH, JR. (*Outraged, hit in a tender spot*) You're a fine one to talk about my father! What about yer own? A cheap barker on a carousel—and he beat your mother!

LOUISE (*Giving JUNIOR a good punch*) You get out of here! You alecky little la-de-dal (*Spins him around, gives him a well-directed kick. BILLY, seeing all this, puts out his foot and trips JUNIOR just as he is passing him*) I'll—I'll kill you—you—

(*JUNIOR runs off left. LOUISE suddenly turns, crosses to her chair, sinks on it, and sobs. BILLY looks over at LOUISE, who is a very heartbroken little girl. He turns to the HEAVENLY FRIEND*)

BILLY If I want her to see me, she will? (*The HEAVENLY FRIEND nods. BILLY approaches LOUISE timidly*) Little girl—Louise!

(*She looks up through her tears*)

LOUISE Who are you?

BILLY I—I— (*He's nearly as rattled as he was the night he suddenly faced BASCOMBE on the wharf*)

LOUISE How did you know my name?

BILLY Somebody told me you lived here. I knew your father.

LOUISE My father!

BILLY I heard what that little whippersnapper said. It ain't true—any of it.

LOUISE It is Luc—all of it.
(Pause. He is stunned)

BILLY Did your mother tell you that?

LOUISE No, but every kid in town knows it. They've been throwin' it up at me ever since I kin remember. I wish I was dead. (She looks away to hide her tears)

BILLY (Softly) What—what did yer mother say about—him?

LOUISE Oh, she's told me a lot of fairy stories about how he died in San Francisco—and she's always sayin' what a handsome fellow he was—

BILLY Well, he was!

LOUISE (Hopefully, rising) Was he—really?

BILLY He was the handsomest feller around here.

LOUISE You really knew him, did you? And he was handsome. (He nods his head) What else about him? Know anythin' else good about him?

BILLY (Passing right hand through his hair) Well—ll—he used to tell funny jokes at the carousel and make people laugh.

LOUISE (Her face lighting up) Did he? (They both laugh) What else?

(Pause. He's stuck and changes the subject)

BILLY Look—I want to give you a present.

LOUISE (Backing up right, immediately suspicious) Don't come in, mister. My mother wouldn't like it.

BILLY I don't mean you any harm, child. I want to give you somethin'.

LOUISE Don't you come any closer. You go 'way with yer white face. You scare me.

BILLY Don't chase me away. I want to give you a present—somethin' pretty—somethin' wonderful—

(He looks at HEAVENLY FRIEND, who turns front and smiles. BILLY takes the star from his inside vest pocket. LOUISE looks at star, then at BILLY)

LOUISE What's that?

BILLY Pst! A star.

(He points up to the sky with right hand to indicate whence it came. LOUISE is terrified now)

LOUISE (Backing up right) Go away!

BILLY (Growing panicky and taking her arm) Darling, please—I want to help you.

LOUISE (Trying to pull arm away) Don't call me darling. Let go my arm!

BILLY I want to make you happy. Take this—

LOUISE No!

BILLY Please! (She pulls away from him, holding out her right hand to keep him away from her) Please—dear—
(Impulsively, involuntarily, he slaps her hand. She is startled)

LOUISE Mother! (She runs into the house) Mother!

(BILLY puts star on the chair nearest center. Then he looks at FRIEND guiltily)

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Failure! You struck out blindly again. All you ever do to get out of a difficulty—hit someone you love! Failure!

JULIE (Coming out of house, agitated) Where is he?

(She stops suddenly. BILLY turns to her. She stares at him)

BILLY (To HEAVENLY FRIEND, but looking at JULIE) I don't want her to see me.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Then she doesn't.

BILLY She looks like she saw me before I said that.

LOUISE (Coming out of the house and crossing downstage of BILLY, almost touching him) Oh, he's gone! (Turning to JULIE) I didn't make it up, Mother. Honest there was a strange man here and he hit me—hard—I heard the sound of it—but it didn't hurt, Mother! It didn't hurt at all—it was jest as if he—kissed my hand!

JULIE Go into the house, child.

LOUISE What's happened, Mother? (JULIE just stares at the same place) Don't you believe me?

JULIE Yes, I believe you.

LOUISE (Coming closer to JULIE) Then why don't you tell me why you're actin' so funny?

JULIE It's nothin', darlin'.

LOUISE But is it possible, Mother, fer someone to hit you hard like that—real loud and hard—and not hurt you at all?

JULIE It is possible, dear—fer someone to hit you—hit you hard—and not hurt at all.

(JULIE and LOUISE embrace and start for the house.

LOUISE exits into house, but JULIE sees the star that BILLY had placed on the chair and goes toward it. As she does so, the lights dim slowly. She picks up the star and holds it to her breast)

BILLY Julie—Julie! (She stands transfixed. He sings:)

Longing to tell you,
But afraid and shy,
I let my golden chances pass me by.
Now I've lost you;
Soon I will go in the mist of day,
And you never will know
How I loved you,
How I loved you.

(The lights fade out as JULIE goes into the house. As BILLY crosses to the HEAVENLY FRIEND, the cloud curtain falls behind him)

She took the star—she took it! Seems like she knew I was here.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Julie would always know.

BILLY She never changes.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND No, Julie never changes.

BILLY But my little girl—my Louise—I gotta do somethin' fer her.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND So far you haven't done much.

BILLY I know. I know.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND Time's running out.

BILLY But it ain't over yet. I want an extension! I gotta see her graduation.

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND All right, Billy.

(They exit. The blue lights dim on the curtain. The curtain rises in the dark. The lights flash up on the next scene)

ACT TWO | Scene Six

SCENE: Outside a schoolhouse. Same day.

AT RISE: The graduating class sits massed on three rows of benches. The GIRLS, all dressed alike in white, are seated on the first two benches. The BOYS, wearing blue serge suits, sit on the third bench. The BOYS who cannot be seated on the third bench are standing on the steps of the schoolhouse, behind the benches. Stage left is a bench standing at an angle. JULIE is seated on the downstage end of this bench, NETTIE is seated alongside of her. There are two other persons on this bench and other relatives of the graduating class are lined up behind it. Stage right, there is a small platform on which is a speakers' stand. Upstage of this stand, DR. SELDON is seated on a chair. MR. BASCOMBE is seated on a chair downstage of the stand. MR. AND MRS. SNOW and their entire family are standing downstage right. LOUISE is seated on the extreme left end of the first bench with the graduating GIRLS.

As the lights come up, the PRINCIPAL is standing behind the speakers' stand. All are applauding and A YOUNG GIRL has just received her diploma. She goes up and joins the others.

PRINCIPAL Enoch Snow, Junior!

(ENOCH, JR., comes up. His applause is led by his not inconsiderable family—ENOCH, SR., CARRIE and his BROTHERS and SISTERS. They form a solid cheering section. As ENOCH returns to his place, one of the girls sitting in the first row puts out her foot and trips him. He looks around, and she applauds vigorously. He walks on)

BABY SISTER Yahl

(CARRIE pulls her back in line with rest of family)

PRINCIPAL Miss Louise Bigelow. (JULIE steps out and applauds. CARRIE claps her hands a few times, and there is not much more. LOUISE walks up, receives her diploma sullenly, and joins the group again. BILLY and the HEAVENLY FRIEND have come in, down right, in time to see this. The PRINCIPAL introduces the doctor) Our speaker this year is the most popular, best-loved man in our town—Dr. Seldon.

(The PRINCIPAL steps down from the speakers' stand and stands behind MR. BASCOMBE. DR. SELDON now takes his place on the stand. He adjusts his spectacles, and as he does so, BILLY speaks to the HEAVENLY FRIEND)

BILLY Say! He reminds me of that feller up on the ladder.

HEAVENLY FRIEND Yes, a lot of these country doctors and ministers remind you of him.

DOCTOR It's the custom at these graduations to pick out some old duck like me to preach at the kids. (Laughter) I can't preach at you. Know you all too well. Brought most of you into the world. Rubbed liniment on yer backs, poured castor oil down yer throats. (A shudder runs through them, and a girl laughs. All look at her and she is mortified) Well, all I hope is that now I got you this far, you'll turn out to be worth all the trouble I took with you! (He pauses, looks steadily at them, his voice more earnest) I can't tell you any sure way to happiness. All I know is you got to go out and find it fer yourselves. (BILLY goes over to LOUISE) You can't lean on the success of your parents. That's their success. (Directing his words to LOUISE) And don't be held back by their failures! Makes no difference what they did or didn't do. You jest stand on yer own two feet.

BILLY (To LOUISE) Listen to him. Believe him.

(She looks up suddenly)

DOCTOR The world belongs to you as much as to the next feller. Don't give it up! And try not to be skeered o' people not likin' you—jest you try likin' them. Jest keep yer faith and courage, and you'll come out all right. It's like what we used to sing every mornin' when I went to school. Mebbe you still sing it—I dunno. (He recites)

"When you walk through a storm,
Keep yer chin up high—"

(To the kids) Know that one?

(They nod eagerly and go on with the song)

ALL

And don't be afraid of the dark.

BILLY (To LOUISE) Believe him, darling! Believe.

(LOUISE joins the others as they sing)

ALL

At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song
Of the lark.

(BILLY crosses back of bench left and stands behind JULIE)

Walk on

Through the wind,

Walk on

Through the rain,

Though your dreams be tossed and blown.

BILLY (To JULIE) I loved you, Julie. Know that I loved you!

(JULIE's face lights up and she starts singing with the rest)

ALL

Walk on,

Walk on,

With hope in your heart,

And you'll never walk alone.

(LOUISE moves in closer to the group. The girl to her right puts her arm around her. Her eyes shine. The HEAVENLY FRIEND smiles and beckons BILLY to follow him. BILLY does. As they pass the DOCTOR, he watches and smiles wisely)

You'll never walk alone.

CURTAIN