

**Scene Two:**  
**A Tree-Lined Path Along The Shore,**  
**A Few Minutes Later**

**[MUSIC NO. 03 "OPENING ACT I, SCENE TWO"]**

*(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. There is a park bench just right of center. Soon after the curtain opens, CARRIE backs on to the stage from down right.)*

**CARRIE.** C'mon, Julie, it's gettin' late... Julie!

*(JULIE enters right.)*

That's right! Don't you pay her no mind.

*(Looking offstage.)*

Look! She's comin' around 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 Innercence! And he didn't put his arm around yer waist neither.

**CARRIE.** And suppose he did. Is that reason to hev a capuluptic 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.** Chippie, yerself!

**JULIE.** Yes, chippie 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 sputt'rin' – 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 around 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 wanta!

(**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 crosses to bench left of JULIE and sits.)*

**[MUSIC NO. 04 "MISTER SNOW"]**

**CARRIE.** *(Spoken in rhythm, timidly.)* JULIE -

*(No answer.)*

*(Spoken in rhythm.)* JULIE - DO YOU LIKE HIM?

**JULIE.** *(Dreaming, spoken in rhythm.)* I DUNNO.

*(JULIE sits on bench.)*

**CARRIE.** *(Spoken in rhythm.)* DID YOU LIKE IT WHEN HE TALKED TO YOU TODAY?

WHEN HE PUT YOU ON THE CAROUSEL, THAT WAY?

DID YOU LIKE THAT?

**JULIE.** *(Spoken in rhythm.)* 'DRUTHER NOT SAY.

**CARRIE.** *(Shakes her head and chides her, sung.)*

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,

ALW'YS 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.*)  
'TAIN'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!

(*The music continues under dialogue.*)

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) SPINX.

**CARRIE.** Huh?

**JULIE.** Spinx.

**CARRIE.** Uh-uh. Spink.

**JULIE.** Y'spell it with an "x."

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

**JULIE.** (*Out-bluffed.*) Oh.

**CARRIE.** (*Looking sly.*) Julie, I been bustin' t'tell *you*  
somethin' 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'RITE 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:  
*(Spoken in rhythm.)* "WELL, MISTER SNOW, HERE I AM!"  
*(Sung.)* 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 respectable. We all hev to live in the mill boardinghouse, 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. Anywheres else?

JULIE. No.

(*He whistles a few more bars. He sits on the bench, looking 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 the 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. (*Conspiratorially.*) Er... Mr. Bascombe. That one of your girls?

**BASCOMBE.** (*Taken aback, 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 boardinghouse. 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 sly gazaybo. Come up from Coney Island.

**BASCOMBE.** (*Knowingly.*) 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 no 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?

*(After a pause.)*

**POLICEMAN.** 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 NO. 05 "IF I LOVED YOU"]

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 his 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.**

YOU'RE A QUEER ONE, JULIE JORDAN.  
AIN'T Y'EVER HAD A FELLER YOU GIVE MONEY TO?

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) NO.

**BILLY.**

AIN'T Y'EVER HAD A FELLER AT ALL?

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) NO.

**BILLY.**

WELL Y'MUSTA HAD A FELLER YOU WENT WALKIN' WITH -

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) YES.

**BILLY.**

WHERE'D YOU WALK?

**JULIE.**

NOWHERE SPECIAL I RECALL.

**BILLY.**

IN THE WOODS?

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) NO.

**BILLY.**

ON THE BEACH?

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) NO.

**BILLY.**

DID YOU LOVE HIM?

**JULIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) 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 hev to be keerful.

**BILLY.** Of what?

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

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  
HAS GOT TO BE MUCH MORE PERTICKLER!

**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.

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.** But you don't.

JULIE. No, I don't. *(Smiles.)*

BUT SOMEHOW I KEN SEE  
JEST EXACK'LY 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.

*(They sit in silence; he studies her for a moment, then turns away.)*

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

JULIE. Yes...

*(Some blossoms drift down to their feet.)*

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.

YOU CAN'T HEAR A SOUND - NOT THE TURN OF A LEAF,  
NOR THE FALL OF A WAVE HITIN' 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.** 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.)*

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.

*(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, 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. 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 -

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.** But you don't.

**BILLY.** No, I don't. *(Smiles.)*

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.

*(The music continues as he thinks it over for a few silent moments. Then he shakes his head ruefully. He turns to JULIE and frowns at her.)*

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.)*

[MUSIC NO. 06 "OPENING ACT I, SCENE THREE"]