

Scene Two:
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 the box. JIGGER takes out cards and his change.)

JIGGER. *(Putting money on box and shuffling 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. (Offstage.) 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 policemen.

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 the 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, and puts the smaller end to end with the larger one center. 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 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 folk comin' back from the clambake.

(The PEOPLE enter left.)

BASCOMBE. *(To the POLICEMAN.)* 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 POLICEMAN gets to these and speaks. The singing stops.)

Get back there. Stand back.

(VOICES are 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 ENOCH. They cross to JULIE's left.)

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

ENOCH. 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. ENOCH takes CARRIE by the arm and leads her off down left. We hear VOICES off left.)

MRS. MULLIN. *(Offstage.)* 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 POLICEMEN 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's
I ken 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.

**[MUSIC NO. 23 “YOU’LL NEVER WALK
ALONE”]**

JULIE.

WHEN YOU WALK THROUGH A STORM
KEEP YOUR CHIN UP HIGH,
AND DON'T BE AFRAID OF THE...

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

NETTIE.

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!
YOU'LL NEVER WALK ALONE.

[MUSIC NO. 24 “INCIDENTAL”]

(JULIE and NETTIE kneel in prayer. The TWO HEAVENLY FRIENDS enter from right and cross to BILLY. The chorus hums through the rest of the scene from offstage.)

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND. Get up, Billy.

BILLY. Huh?

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND. Get up.

BILLY. *(Straightening up.)* Who are you?

2ND HEAVENLY FRIEND. Shake yourself up. Got to get goin'.

BILLY. *(Looking up at them and turning front, still sitting.)* Goin'? 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 weren'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 thet 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. Simmer down.

[MUSIC NO. 25 “THE HIGHEST JUDGE OF ALL”]

BILLY.

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 BE JUDGED BY THE HIGHEST JUDGE OF ALL!

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

[MUSIC NO. 26 "EXIT OF BILLY AND
HEAVENLY FRIENDS (CHANGE OF
SCENE)"]