

BILLY. My heart's jumpin' 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.)

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 for 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.)* Carrie!

(She stops; he crosses to her.)

Miss Pipperidge! Just one word, please.

(He becomes quite humble.)

I know I don't deserve yer fergiveness. 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 slyly 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. ENOCH has entered. JIGGER sees him and stops, still holding CARRIE over his shoulders, fireman style. After a terrifying pause, CARRIE speaks.)

Hello, Enoch.

(No answer.)

This is the way firemen carry people.

ENOCH. (*Grimly.*) Where's the fire?

(JIGGER puts her down between ENOCH and himself.)

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

ENOCH. 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?

ENOCH. 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 ENOCH.*) The same – side view!

ENOCH. 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!

ENOCH. 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!

ENOCH. Leave me, please. Leave me alone with my shattered dreams. They are all I hev left – memories of what didn't happen!

[MUSIC NO. 20 "GERANIUMS IN THE WINDER" & "STONECUTTERS CUT IT ON STONE"]

(*CARRIE turns upstage and crosses to JIGGER. He puts his arms around her. She starts to whimper. ENOCH looks out into space with pained eyes, and sings broad and emphatically.*)

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.*)

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. (*Spoken in rhythm.*) WHAT?!

ENOCH. (*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 buries 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, NETTIE is with them.*)

ENOCH. Nice talk!