

**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 capulptic 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