

ACT II

[MUSIC NO. 17 "ENTR'ACTE"]

Scene One:
On An Island Across The Bay, That Night

[MUSIC NO. 18 "OPENING ACT II"]

(The backdrop depicts the bay, seen between two sand dunes. 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, ENOCH, 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 a groaning sigh rolls like a wave through the entire crowd.)

NETTIE. Dunno as I should hev et those last four dozen clams!

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

[MUSIC NO. 19 "A REAL NICE CLAMBAKE"]

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.

THROWED IN RIBBONS OF SALTED PORK -

MEN.

AN OLD NEW ENGLAND TRICK!

JULIE.

AND LAPPED IT ALL UP WITH A CLAMSHELL,
TIED ONTO A BAYBERRY STICK!

ALL.

OH...
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
ENOCH's spirit and he rises and crosses to
center and sings very soulfully.)*

ENOCH.

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.

WOMEN. *(Whisper.)*

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!

WOMEN. *(Whisper.)*

FITTEN FER AN ANGELS',
FITTEN FER AN ANGELS',
FITTEN FER AN ANGELS' CHOIR!

A MAN (BARITONE SOLO).

THEN, AT LAST, COME THE CLAMS -

ALL MEN.

STEAMED UNDER ROCKWEED
AN' POPPIN' FROM THEIR SHELLS -

ALL.

JEST HOW MANY OF 'EM
GALLOPED DOWN OUR GULLETS -
WE COULDN'T SAY OURSEL'S!
OH...
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!

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

MEN. (*Ad libs.*) Sure...! Feel like I'm goin' to win 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.

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. (*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' 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 ENOCH 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 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 want a 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 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 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!

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 & CHORUS.

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!

(From here on, the CHORUS takes sides.)

ENOCH.

'TAIN'T SO!

JIGGER.

'TIS TOO!

ENOCH'S CHORUS.

'TAIN'T SO!

JIGGER'S CHORUS.

'TIS TOO!

(ENOCH 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!

ENOCH. *(Turning to CARRIE, fiercely.)* Boston cream pie!

(He 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.)

1ST WOMAN.

I NEVER SEE IT YET TO FAIL.

ALL WOMEN.

I NEVER SEE IT FAIL.

A GIRL WHO'S IN LOVE WITH ANY MAN

IS DOOMED TO WEEP AND WAIL.

1ST WOMAN. And it's even worse after they marry you.

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

3RD WOMAN. Here's Arminy* – been married a year. She'll tell you!

* Pronounced Ar-MINE-y.

ARMY. (*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 WOMEN.

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. It makes you wonder, don't it?

1ST WOMAN. Now you tell her, Julie.

2ND WOMAN. She's your best girlfriend.

**[MUSIC NO. 21 "WHAT'S THE USE OF
WOND'RIN'"]**

ALL WOMEN. (*Spoken in rhythm.*) TELL IT TO HER
GOOD, JULIE,
TELL IT TO HER GOOD!

(JULIE smiles as the GIRLS group surround 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. (*Softly and earnestly.*)

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' 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 lookin' for the treasure.

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

JIGGER. No!

JULIE. Billy!

(Putting her hands to his chest and feeling the knife.)

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.)

WOMEN.

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.)

[MUSIC NO. 22 "CHANGE OF SCENE (ACT II, SCENE TWO)"]