

**Scene Three:**  
**Nettie Fowler's Spa on the Oceanfront in June**

*(Up right is NETTIE's residence and establishment of gray, weathered clapboard and shingled roof. Just left of the door, on the porch, there is a good-sized arbor, overhung with wisteria. Under the arbor are a table and three chairs. From the house to offstage left platforms are built up and appear to be docks. The backdrop, painted blue, depicts the bay. On the drop is painted a moored ketch and other sailing craft. MEN are carrying bushel baskets of clams and piling them on the dock, preparatory to loading the boats. During the scene more MEN come on. A group stands outside the spa to heckle NETTIE and the WOMEN who are inside, cooking. Other MEN enter and join the hecklers. The music begins to fade as the dialogue continues.)*

**1ST MAN.** Nettie!

**2ND MAN.** *(Cupping his hands and calling.)* Oh, Nettie Fowler!

**NETTIE.** *(In the house.)* Hold yer horses!

**1ST MAN.** Got any of them doughnuts fried yet?

**3RD MAN.** How 'bout some apple turnovers.

**NETTIE.** *(Still inside, getting irritated.)* Hold yer horses!

*(The MEN laugh, now that they're getting a rise out of her.)*

**2ND MAN.** *(Crossing up to porch.)* Hey, what're you and them women doin' in there?

**WOMEN.** *(Offstage.)* Hold yer horses!

*(The MEN slap their thighs, and one another's backs. This is rich!)*

1ST MAN. Are y'cookin' the ice cream?

*(This convulses them. Throws his arm on 3RD MAN's shoulders.)*

3RD MAN. Roastin' the lemonade?

ALL MEN. Nettie Fowler...! Yoo-hoo...! Nettie Fow-w-w-w-ler...!

*(Some WOMEN come out of the house. CARRIE follows, pushing her way through the crowd and coming up front. The GIRLS carry rolling-pins and spoons – a formidable crowd of angry females interrupted at their work in the kitchen. Their stern looks soon reduce the male laughter to faint snickers and sheepish grins.)*

SEVERAL GIRLS. Will you stop that racket!

CARRIE. Git away you passel o' demons!

1ST MAN. Where's Nettie?

CARRIE. In the kitchen busier'n a bee in a bucket o' tar – and y'oughter be ashamed, makin' yersel's a plague and a nuisance with yer yellin' and screamin' and carryin' on.

[MUSIC NO. 07 "JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER"]

WOMEN. *(Spoken in rhythm.)* GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD, CARRIE,  
GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD!

CARRIE.

GET AWAY, YOU NO-ACCOUNT NOTHIN'S  
WITH YER SILLY JOKES AND PRATTLE!

IF Y'PACKED ALL YER BRAINS IN A BUTTERFLY'S HEAD  
THEY'D STILL HEV ROOM TO RATTLE.

**WOMEN.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD, CARRIE,  
GIVE IT TO 'EM GOOD!  
TELL 'EM SOMETHIN' THAT'LL L'ARN 'EM!

**CARRIE.**

GET AWAY, YOU ROUSTABOUT RIFF-RAFF  
WITH YER BELLIES FULL OF GROG.  
IF Y'PACKED ALL YER BRAINS IN A POLLYWOG'S HEAD,  
HE'D NEVER EVEN GROW TO BE A FROG!

**WOMEN.**

THE POLLYWOG'D NEVER BE A FROG!  
(*Spoken in rhythm.*) THAT'LL L'ARN 'EM,  
DARN 'EM!

**MEN.**

NOW JEST A MINUTE, LADIES,  
YOU GOT NO CALL TO FRET.  
WE ONLY ASKED PERLITELY  
IF YOU WAS READY YET.  
WE'D KINDA LIKE THIS CLAMBAKE  
TO GET AN EARLY START,  
AND WANTED FER TO TELL YOU  
WE WENT AND DONE OUR PART.

**BASSES.** (*Pointing to pile of baskets.*)  
LOOK AT THEM CLAMS!

**BARITONES.**

BEEN DIGGIN' 'EM SINCE SUNUP!

**BASSES.**

LOOK AT THEM CLAMS!

**2ND TENORS.**

ALL READY FER THE BOATS.

**BASSES.**

LOOK AT THEM CLAMS!

**1ST TENORS.**

WE'RE ALL WORE OUT AND DONE UP -

**ALL MEN.**

AND WHAT'S MORE, WE'RE HUNGRY AS GOATS!

**ALL WOMEN.**

YOU'LL GET NO DRINKS ER VITTLES  
TILL WE GET ACROSS THE BAY,  
SO PULL IN YER BELTS AND LOAD THEM BOATS  
AND LET'S GET UNDERWAY.  
THE SOONER WE SAIL, THE SOONER WE START  
THE CLAMBAKE 'CROSS THE BAY!

*(The music continues as they snap their fingers and turn. But the BOYS' attention has been caught by the entrance of NETTIE, coming out of the house carrying a tray piled high with doughnuts. She is followed by a LITTLE GIRL, carrying a large tray of coffee cups.)*

**NETTIE.** Here, boys! Here's some doughnuts and coffee.  
Fall to!

*(Crosses to center.)*

**MEN.** *(As they fall to, speeches overlapping.)* Doughnuts, hooray...! That's our Nettie...! Yer heart's in the right place, Nettie...! Lemme in there...! Quit yer shovin'...!

**NETTIE.** Here now, don't jump at it like you was a lotta animals in a menag'ry!

*(She laughs as she crosses over to the GIRLS.)*

**WOMEN.** Nettie...! After us jest tellin' 'em...! Watchere doin' that fer...?

**NETTIE.** They been diggin' clams since five this mornin' - I see 'em myself, down on the beach.

**WOMEN.** After the way they been pesterin' and annoyin' you...!



**CARRIE.** Nettie, yer a soft-hearted ninny!

**NETTIE.** Oh, y'can't blame 'em. First clambake o' the year they're always like this. It's like unlockin' a door, and all the crazy notions they kep' shet up fer the winter come whoopin' out into the sunshine. This year's jest like ev'ry other.

MARCH WENT OUT LIKE A LION,  
A-WHIPPIN' UP THE WATER IN THE BAY.  
THEN APRIL CRIED  
AND STEPPED ASIDE,  
AND ALONG COME PRETTY LITTLE MAY!  
MAY WAS FULL OF PROMISES  
BUT SHE DIDN'T KEEP 'EM QUICK ENOUGH FER SOME,  
AND A CROWD OF DOUBTIN' THOMASES  
WAS PREDICTIN' THAT THE SUMMER'D NEVER COME!

**MEN.**

BUT IT'S COMIN', BY GUM!  
Y'KEN FEEL IT COME!  
Y'KEN FEEL IT IN YER HEART,  
Y'KEN SEE IT IN THE GROUND!

**WOMEN.**

Y'KEN HEAR IT IN THE TREES,  
Y'KEN SMELL IT IN THE BREEZE -

**ALL.**

LOOK AROUND, LOOK AROUND, LOOK AROUND!

**NETTIE.**

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER,  
ALL OVER THE MEADOW AND THE HILL!  
BUDS'RE BUSTIN' OUTA BUSHES,  
AND THE ROMPIN' RIVER PUSHES  
EV'RY LITTLE WHEEL THAT WHEELS BESIDE A MILL.

**ALL.**

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER.

**NETTIE.**

THE FEELIN' IS GETTIN' SO INTENSE  
THAT THE YOUNG VIRGINIA CREEPERS  
HEV BEEN HUGGIN' THE BEJEEPERS  
OUTA ALL THE MORNIN'-GLORIES ON THE FENCE!  
BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!

**WOMEN & MEN.**

JUNE - JUNE - JUNE -

**ALL.**

JEST BECAUSE IT'S JUNE - JUNE - JUNE!

**NETTIE.**

FRESH AND ALIVE AND GAY AND YOUNG,  
JUNE IS A LOVE SONG, SWEETLY SUNG.

**ALL.** (*Softly.*)

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER!

**1ST MAN.**

THE SAPLIN'S ARE BUSTIN' OUT WITH SAP!

**1ST WOMAN.**

LOVE HAS FOUND MY BROTHER, JUNIOR.

**2ND MAN.**

AND MY SISTER'S EVEN LUNIER!

**2ND WOMAN.**

AND MY MA IS GETTIN' KITTENISH WITH PAP!

**ALL.**

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER!

**NETTIE.**

TO LADIES THE MEN ARE PAYIN' COURT.  
LOTSA SHIPS ARE KEPT AT ANCHOR  
JEST BECAUSE THE CAPTAINS HANKER  
FER A COMFORT THEY KEN ONLY GET IN PORT!

**ALL.**

BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!

JUNE - JUNE - JUNE -  
JEST BECAUSE IT'S JUNE - JUNE - JUNE!

**NETTIE.**

JUNE MAKES THE BAY LOOK BRIGHT AND NEW,  
SAILS GLEAMIN' WHITE ON SUNLIT BLUE.

**CARRIE.**

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER,  
THE OCEAN IS FULL OF JACKS AND JILLS.  
WITH HER LITTLE TAIL A-SWISHIN'  
EV'RY LADY FISH IS WISHIN'  
THAT A MALE WOULD COME AND GRAB HER BY THE  
GILLS!

**ALL.**

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER!

**NETTIE.**

THE SHEEP AREN'T SLEEPIN' ANY MORE.  
ALL THE RAMS THAT CHASE THE EWE SHEEP  
ARE DETERMINED THERE'LL BE NEW SHEEP  
AND THE EWE SHEEP AREN'T EVEN KEEPIN' SCORE!

**ALL.**

ON ACCOUNTA IT'S JUNE!  
JUNE - JUNE - JUNE -  
JEST BECAUSE IT'S JUNE - JUNE - JUNE!

**[MUSIC NO. 08 "ENCORE: JUNE IS BUSTIN'  
OUT ALL OVER"]**

JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER!

**NETTIE.**

THE BEACHES ARE CROWDED EV'RY NIGHT.  
FROM PENNOBSCOT TO AUGUSTY  
ALL THE BOYS ARE FEELIN' LUSTY,  
AND THE *GIRLS* AIN'T EVEN PUTTIN' UP A FIGHT.

*(The MEN begin to clear the baskets of clams as the FEMALE SINGERS settle in groups around the stage.)*

ALL.

BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!

JUNE - JUNE - JUNE -

JEST BECAUSE IT'S JUNE - JUNE - JUNE!

*(On the last "June" one GIRL begins to dance. OTHERS gradually join in.)*

[MUSIC NO. 09 "GIRLS' DANCE: JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER"]

*(The music becomes light-hearted and airy as the girls dance in celebration of this glorious June day. They welcome the warmth of the sun, opening themselves to all that nature has in store, as if experiencing everything for the first time. The DANCERS seem to be pressing toward the sky, as do so many living things in June, on the verge of bursting into full bloom. After the dance all exit except NETTIE, CARRIE, and a small group of GIRLS. JULIE enters.)*

[MUSIC NO. 10 "JULIE'S ENTRANCE"]

CARRIE. Hello, Julie.

NETTIE. Did you find him?

JULIE. No. *(Explaining to CARRIE.)* He went out with Jigger Craigin last night and he didn't come home.

CARRIE. Jigger Craigin?

JULIE. His new friend - he's a sailor on that big whaler, the *Nancy B.* She's sailing tomorrow. I'll be glad.

NETTIE. Why don't you two visit for a while.

*(Necks are craned, ears cocked. NETTIE notices this.)*

Look, girls, we got work to do. C'mon. You sweep those steps up there.

*(Herding the GIRLS upstage.)*

You set up there and keep outa the way and don't poke yer noses in other people's business.

**JULIE.** You need me, Cousin Nettie?

**NETTIE.** No. You stay out here and visit with Carrie. You haven't seen each other fer a long time. Do you good.

*(She exits into the house. JULIE and CARRIE sit on the bait box, JULIE right of CARRIE. All ears are open upstage.)*

**CARRIE.** Is he workin' yet?

**JULIE.** No. Nettie's been awful kind to us, lettin' us stay here with her.

**CARRIE.** Mr. Snow says a man that can't find work these days is jest bone lazy.

**JULIE.** Billy don't know any trade. He's only good at what he used to do. So now he jest don't do anythin'.

**CARRIE.** Wouldn't the carousel woman take him back?

**JULIE.** I think she would, but he won't go. I ask him why and he won't tell me... Last Monday he hit me.

**CARRIE.** Did you hit him back?

**JULIE.** No.

**CARRIE.** Whyn't you leave him?

**JULIE.** I don't want to.

**CARRIE.** I would. I'd leave him. Thinks he ken do whatever he likes jest because he's Billy Bigelow. Don't support you! Beats you...! He's a bad'n.

**JULIE.** He ain't willin'ly er meanin'ly bad.

**CARRIE.** (*Afraid she's hurting JULIE.*) Mebbe he ain't. That night you set on the bench together – he was gentle then, you told me.

**JULIE.** Yes, he was.

**CARRIE.** But now he's alw'ys actin' up...

**JULIE.** Not alw'ys. Sometimes he's gentle – even now. After supper, when he stands out here and listens to the music from the carousel – somethin' comes over him – and he's gentle.

**CARRIE.** What's he say?

**JULIE.** Nothin'. He jest sets and gets thoughtful. Y'see he's unhappy 'cause he ain't workin'. That's really why he hit me on Monday.

**CARRIE.** Fine reason fer hittin' you. Beats his wife 'cause he ain't workin'.

*(She turns her head up left. GIRLS, caught eavesdropping, start to sweep vigorously.)*

**JULIE.** It preys on his mind.

**CARRIE.** Did he hurt you?

**JULIE.** (*Very eagerly.*) Oh, no – no.

**CARRIE.** Julie, I got some good news to tell you about me – about Mr. Snow and me. We're goin' to be cried in church nex' Sunday!

*(The GIRLS who have been upstage turn quickly, come down and cluster around CARRIE, proving they haven't missed a thing. CARRIE rises.)*

**ALL WOMEN.** (*Ad libs of excitement.*) What's thet you say, Carrie...? Carrie...! Honest and truly...? You fixin' t'get hitched...? Well, I never...! Do tell...!

**CARRIE.** Jest a minute! Stop yer racket! Don't all come at me together!

*(But she is really pleased.)*

**1ST WOMAN.** Well, tell us! How long hev you been bespoke?

**CARRIE.** Near on t'two months. Julie was the fust t'know.

**1ST WOMAN.** What's he like, Julie?

**CARRIE.** Julie has never seen him. But you all will soon. He's comin' here. I asked him to the clambake.

**1ST WOMAN.** Can't hardly wait'll I see him.

**2ND WOMAN.** I can't hardly wait fer the weddin'.

*(All look at each other and giggle.)*

**CARRIE.** *(Giggling.)* Me neither.

**JULIE.** What a day that'll be fer ya!

### [MUSIC NO. 11 "MISTER SNOW - REPRISE"]

**WOMEN.**

WHEN YOU WALK DOWN THE AISLE  
ALL THE HEADS WILL TURN.  
WHAT A RUSTLIN' OF BONNETS THERE'LL BE!  
AND YOU'LL TRY TO SMILE,  
BUT YOUR CHEEKS WILL BURN,  
AND YOUR EYES'LL GET SO DIM, YOU KEN HARDLY SEE!  
WITH YOUR ORANGE BLOSSOMS QUIVERIN' IN YOUR  
HAND,  
YOU WILL STUMBLE TO THE SPOT WHERE THE PARSON IS.  
THEN YOUR FINGER WILL BE RINGED WITH A GOLDEN  
BAND,  
AND YOU'LL KNOW THE FELLER'S YOURS - AND YOU ARE  
HIS.

**CARRIE.**

WHEN I MARRY MISTER SNOW -

**WOMEN.**

WHAT A DAY!

WHAT A DAY!

**CARRIE.**

THE FLOWERS'LL BE BUZZIN' WITH THE HUM OF BEES -

**WOMEN.**

THE BIRDS'LL MAKE A RACKET IN THE CHURCHYARD  
TREES -

**CARRIE.**

WHEN I MARRY MISTER SNOW.

**WOMEN.**

HEIGH-HO!

**CARRIE.**

THEN IT'S OFF TO HOME WE'LL GO -

**WOMEN.**

SPILLIN' RICE

ON THE WAY!

**CARRIE.**

AND BOTH OF US'LL LOOK A LITTLE DREAMY-EYED,  
A-DRIVIN' TO A COTTAGE BY THE OCEANSIDE  
WHERE THE SALTY BREEZES BLOW -

*(ENOCH enters up left. He just couldn't be  
anyone else.)*

**WOMEN.**

YOU AND MISTER SNOW!

*(Hearing his name, ENOCH preens.)*

**CARRIE.**

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!"

*(Now ENOCH is very pleased. He makes his presence known by singing.)*

**ENOCH.**

THEN I'LL KISS HER SO SHE'LL KNOW -

**CARRIE.** *(Mortified.)*

MISTER SNOW!

**WOMEN.** *(Thrilled.)*

MISTER SNOW!

**ENOCH.**

THAT EVERYTHIN'LL BE AS RIGHT AS RIGHT KEN BE,  
A-LIVIN' IN A COTTAGE BY THE SEA WITH ME,  
WHERE THE SALTY BREEZES BLOW!

*(CARRIE squeals and hides her head on JULIE's shoulder. The GIRLS are delighted.)*

I LOVE MISS PIPP'RIDGE AND I AIM TO  
MAKE MISS PIPP'RIDGE CHANGE HER NAME TO  
MISSUS ENOCH SNOW!

**WOMEN.** *(Ad libs.)* Carrie...! My lands, he give me sech a start...! Well...! I never...!

**CARRIE.** *(Looking up at JULIE.)* I'll never look him in the face again! Never!

*(Laughs, shouts, whoops, and squeals from the GIRLS.)*

**WOMEN.** C'mon inside and leave the two love-birds alone!

*(They exit into the house. CARRIE clings to JULIE and won't let her go.)*

**CARRIE.** *(Not turning to face him yet.)* Oh, Enoch!

**ENOCH.** Surprised?

**CARRIE.** Surprised? I'm mortified!

**ENOCH.** He-he!

*(This, we are afraid, is the way he laughs. CARRIE straightens out, looks at him, then beams back at JULIE.)*

**CARRIE.** Well, this is him.

*(ENOCH bows and smiles. There is a moment of awkward silence.)*

**JULIE.** Carrie told me a lot about you.

*(CARRIE and JULIE nod to each other. CARRIE and ENOCH nod.)*

**CARRIE.** I told you a lot about Julie, didn't I?

*(CARRIE and ENOCH nod. CARRIE and JULIE nod.)*

**JULIE.** Carrie tells me you're comin' to the clambake.

*(He nods.)*

**CARRIE.** Looks like we'll hev good weather fer it, too.

*(They nod.)*

**JULIE.** Not a cloud in the sky.

**ENOCH.** You're right.

**CARRIE.** *(To JULIE.)* He don't say much, but what he does say is awful pithy!

*(JULIE nods. CARRIE looks over toward her love.)*

*(Still addressing JULIE.)* Is he anythin' like I told you he was?

**JULIE.** Jest like.

**ENOCH.** Oh, Carrie, I near fergot. I brought you some flowers.

**CARRIE.** (*Thrilled.*) Flowers? Where are they?

(**ENOCH** hands her a small envelope from his inside pocket. She reads what is written on the package.)

Geranium seeds!

**ENOCH.** (*Handing her another envelope.*) And this'n here is hydrangea. Thought we might plant 'em in front of the cottage. (*To JULIE.*) They do good in the salt air.

**JULIE.** That'll be beautiful!

**ENOCH.** I like diggin' around a garden in my spare time – like t'plant flowers and take keer o' them. Does your husband like that too?

**JULIE.** N-no. I couldn't rightly say if Billy likes to take *keer* of flowers. He likes t'smell 'em, though.

**CARRIE.** Enoch's nice lookin', ain't he?

**ENOCH.** Oh come, Carrie!

**CARRIE.** Stiddy and reliable too. Well, ain't you goin' to wish us luck?

**JULIE.** (*Warmly.*) Of course I wish you luck, Carrie.

(**JULIE** and **CARRIE** embrace.)

**CARRIE.** You ken kiss Enoch, too – us bein' sech good friends, and me bein' right here lookin' at you.

(**JULIE** lets **ENOCH** kiss her on the cheek, which he shyly does. For a moment she clings to him, letting her head rest on this shoulder, as if it needed a shoulder very badly. **JULIE** starts to cry.)

**ENOCH.** Why are you crying, Mrs... Er... Mrs...

**CARRIE.** It's because she has such a good heart.

**ENOCH.** We thank you for your heartfelt sympathy. We thank you Mrs... Er... Mrs...

**JULIE.** Mrs. Bigelow. Mrs. Billy Bigelow. That's my name – Mrs. B...

*(She breaks off and starts to run into the house, but as she gets a little right of center, BILLY enters. He is followed by JIGGER. JULIE is embarrassed, recovers, and goes mechanically through the convention of introduction.)*

Billy, you know Carrie. This is her intended – Mr. Snow.

*(JIGGER crosses up to the porch, standing under the arbor.)*

**ENOCH.** Mr. Bigelow! I almost feel like I know you.

**BILLY.** How are you?

*(He starts up center.)*

**ENOCH.** I'm pretty well. Jest gettin' over a little chest cold.

*(As BILLY gets up center.)*

This time of year – you know.

*(He stops, seeing that BILLY isn't listening.)*

**JULIE.** *(Turning to BILLY.)* Billy!

**BILLY.** *(He stops and turns to JULIE, crosses down to her in a defiant manner.)* Well, all right, say it. I stayed out all night – and I ain't workin' – and I'm livin' off yer Cousin Nettie.

**JULIE.** I didn't say anything.

**BILLY.** No, but it was on the tip of yer tongue!

*(He starts upstage center again.)*

**JULIE.** Billy!

*(He turns.)*

Be sure and come back in time to go to the clambake.

**BILLY.** Ain't goin' to no clambake. Come on, Jigger.

*(JIGGER, who has been slinking upstage out of the picture, joins BILLY and they exit upstage center and off left. JULIE stands watching them, turns to CARRIE, then darts into the house to hide her humiliation.)*

**CARRIE.** *(To ENOCH, after a pause.)* I'm glad you ain't got no whoop-jamboree notions like Billy.

**ENOCH.** Well, Carrie, it alw'ys seemed t'me a man had enough to worry about, gettin' a good sleep o' nights so's to get in a good day's work the next day, without goin' out an' lookin' fer any special trouble.

**CARRIE.** That's true, Enoch.

**ENOCH.** A man's got to make plans fer his life – and then he's got to stick to 'em.

**CARRIE.** Your plans are turnin' out fine, ain't they, Enoch?

**[MUSIC NO. 12 “WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP”]**

**ENOCH.** All accordin' to schedule, so far.

I OWN A LITTLE HOUSE, AND I SAIL A LITTLE BOAT,  
AND THE FISH I KETCH I SELL –  
AND, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKIN',  
I'M DOIN' VERY WELL.

I LOVE A LITTLE GIRL AND SHE'S IN LOVE WITH ME,  
AND SOON SHE'LL BE MY BRIDE.  
AND, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKIN',

I SHOULD BE SATISFIED.

**CARRIE.** (*Spoken in rhythm.*) WELL, AIN'T YOU?

**ENOCH.**

IF I TOLD YOU MY PLANS, AND THE THINGS I INTEND,  
IT'D MAKE EV'RY CURL ON YER HEAD STAND ON END!

*(He takes her hand and becomes more intense,  
the gleam of ambition coming into his eye.)*

WHEN I MAKE ENOUGH MONEY OUTA ONE LITTLE BOAT,  
I'LL PUT ALL MY MONEY IN ANOTHER LITTLE BOAT.  
I'LL MAKE TWIC'T AS MUCH OUTA TWO LITTLE BOATS,  
AND THE FUST THING YOU KNOW I'LL HEV FOUR LITTLE  
BOATS!

THEN EIGHT LITTLE BOATS,  
THEN A FLEET OF LITTLE BOATS!  
THEN A GREAT BIG FLEET OF GREAT BIG BOATS!  
ALL KETCHIN' HERRING,  
BRINGIN' IT TO SHORE,  
SAILIN' OUT AGAIN  
AND BRINGIN' IN MORE,  
AND MORE, AND MORE,  
AND MORE!

*(The music has become very operatic, rising  
in a crescendo far beyond what would  
ordinarily be justified by several boatloads of  
fish. But to this singer, boatloads of fish are  
kingdom come. The music continues under  
dialogue.)*

**CARRIE.** Who's goin' t'eat all thet herring?

**ENOCH.** They ain't goin' to *be* herring! Goin' to put 'em  
in cans and call 'em sardines. Goin' to build a little  
sardine cannery – then a big one – then the biggest one  
in the country. Carrie, I'm goin' to get rich on sardines.  
I mean *we're* goin' t'get rich – you and me. I mean you  
and me...and...all of us.

(**CARRIE** raises her eyes. Is the man bold enough to be meaning "children"?)

THE FUST YEAR WE'RE MARRIED WE'LL HEV ONE LITTLE  
KID,  
THE SECOND YEAR WE'LL GO AND HEV ANOTHER LITTLE  
KID.  
YOU'LL SOON BE DARNIN' SOCKS FER EIGHT LITTLE  
FEET -

**CARRIE.** (*Enough is enough.*)

ARE YOU BUILDIN' UP TO ANOTHER FLEET?

**ENOCH.** (*Blissfully proceeding with his dream.*)

WE'LL BUILD A LOT MORE ROOMS,  
OUR DEAR LITTLE HOUSE'LL GET BIGGER,  
OUR DEAR LITTLE HOUSE'LL GET BIGGER.

**CARRIE.** (*To herself.*)

AND SO WILL MY FIGGER!

(*Music continues under dialogue.*)

**ENOCH.** Carrie, ken y'imagine how it'll be when all the  
kids are upstairs in bed, and you and me sit alone by  
the fireside - me in my armchair, you on my knee -  
mebbe?

**CARRIE.** Mebbe.

(*And, to his great delight, CARRIE sits on his  
knee. Both heave a deep, contented sigh, and  
he starts to sing softly.*)

**ENOCH.**

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP, WE'LL SIT AND  
DREAM  
THE THINGS THAT EV'RY OTHER DAD AND MOTHER  
DREAM.  
WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP AND LIGHTS ARE LOW,  
IF I STILL LOVE YOU THE WAY

I LOVE YOU TODAY,  
 YOU'LL PARDON MY SAYING, "I TOLD YOU SO!"  
 WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP, I'LL DREAM WITH  
 YOU.  
 WE'LL THINK, "WHAT FUN WE HEV HAD!"  
 AND BE GLAD THAT IT ALL CAME TRUE.

**CARRIE.**

WHEN CHILDREN ARE AWAKE, A-ROMPIN' THROUGH THE  
 ROOMS  
 OR RUNNIN' ON THE STAIRS,  
 THEN, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKIN',  
 THE HOUSE IS REALLY THEIRS.  
 BUT ONCE THEY CLOSE THEIR EYES AND WE ARE LEFT  
 ALONE  
 AND FREE FROM ALL THEIR FUSS,  
 THEN, IN A MANNER OF SPEAKIN',  
 WE KEN BE REALLY US.  
 WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP, WE'LL SIT AND

**ENOCH.**

DREAM - DREAM ALL ALONE -  
 THE THINGS THAT EV'RY OTHER DAD AND MOTHER

**ENOCH.**

DREAM. DREAMS THAT WON'T BE  
 INTERRUPTED.

**ENOCH.**

WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP AND LIGHTS ARE

**CARRIE.**

LOW, LO AND BEHOLD!

**CARRIE.**

IF I STILL LOVE YOU THE WAY  
 I LOVE YOU TODAY,  
 YOU'LL PARDON MY SAYING,  
 "I TOLD YOU SO!"  
 WHEN THE CHILDREN ARE ASLEEP, I'LL DREAM WITH



**CARRIE.**

YOU.

**ENOCH.**

YOU'LL DREAM WITH ME.

WE'LL THINK, "WHAT FUN WE HEV HAD!"

AND BE GLAD THAT IT ALL CAME TRUE!

**ENOCH.**

WHEN TODAY IS A LONG TIME AGO -

**CARRIE & ENOCH.**YOU'LL STILL HEAR ME SAY THAT THE BEST DREAM I  
KNOW IS -**ENOCH.**

YOU!

**CARRIE.**WHEN THE CHILDREN  
ARE ASLEEP, I'LL  
DREAM WITH YOU.**[MUSIC NO. 13 "BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW"]**

*("Blow High, Blow Low" begins offstage. ENOCH looks off left, then up right, takes CARRIE's chin in his hands and kisses her gently on the forehead, as the MEN - including the DANCERS - enter singing, he looks up, takes his hat, which he left on the bait box. Then he and CARRIE exit.)*

**MEN.** (*Offstage.*)

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!

A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!

WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.

AWAY WE'LL GO,

BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!

*(BILLY and JIGGER enter, followed by FRIENDS from JIGGER's whaler.)*

FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

*(During the following refrain BILLY looks toward the house. He is hesitant. Maybe*

*he should go in to JULIE. He crosses center.*  
**JIGGER** *sees this, crosses over to BILLY.*

**MEN.** *(Very softly under dialogue.)*

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW! **JIGGER.** Hey, Billy!  
 A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!

*(BILLY turns.)*

WE'LL GO A-WHALIN',  
 A-SAILIN' AWAY.

Where are you goin'?

*(BILLY looks indecisive.)*

AWAY WE'LL GO,

*(JIGGER takes his arm and brings him downstage.)*

BLOW ME HIGH  
 AND LOW!

Stick with me. After we get rid of my shipmates, I wanna talk to you. Got an idea, for you and me to make money.

FOR MANY AND MANY  
 A LONG, LONG DAY!

**BILLY.** How much?

**JIGGER.** More'n you ever saw in yer life.

FOR MANY AND MANY  
 A LONG, LONG DAY!

**A MAN.** Hey, Jigger, come back here!

LONG, LONG DAY!

*(BILLY and JIGGER go back to the boys.)*

**JIGGER.**

THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON LAND

ARE HARD TO UNDERSTAND –  
WHEN YOU'RE LOOKIN' FOR FUN, THEY CLAP YOU INTO  
JAIL!  
SO I'M SHIPPIN' OFF TO SEA,  
WHERE LIFE IS GAY AND FREE,  
AND A FELLER CAN FLIP  
A HOOK IN THE HIP OF A WHALE.

**ALL.**

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!  
A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!  
WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.  
AWAY WE'LL GO,  
BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!  
FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!  
FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

**BILLY.**

IT'S WONDERFUL JUST TO FEEL  
YOUR HANDS UPON A WHEEL  
AND TO LISTEN TO WIND A-WHISTIN' IN A SAIL!  
OR TO CLIMB ALOFT AND BE  
THE VERY FIRST TO SEE  
A CHRYSANTHEMUM SPOUT  
COME OUT O' THE SNOUT OF A WHALE!

**ALL.**

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!  
A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!  
WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.  
AWAY WE'LL GO,  
BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!  
FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!  
FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

*(JIGGER draws BILLY and the MEN around him. They go down to the footlights, crouch low and JIGGER sings another verse.)*

**JIGGER.**

A-ROCKIN' UPON THE SEA,  
 YOUR BOAT WILL SEEM TO BE  
 LIKE A DEAR LITTLE BABY IN HER BASSINET,  
 FOR SHE HASN'T LEARNED TO WALK,  
 AND SHE HASN'T LEARNED TO TALK,  
 AND HER LITTLE BEHIND  
 IS KIND OF INCLINED TO BE WET!

**ALL.**

BLOW HIGH, BLOW LOW!  
 A-WHALIN' WE WILL GO!  
 WE'LL GO A-WHALIN', A-SAILIN' AWAY.  
 AWAY WE'LL GO,  
 BLOW ME HIGH AND LOW!  
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!  
 FOR MANY AND MANY A LONG, LONG DAY!

*(The song ends, and the music segues into the "Hornpipe." As the MEN begin dancing, JIGGER takes BILLY off left.)*

**[MUSIC NO. 14 "HORNPIPE"]**

*(SAILORS and FISHERMEN start to dance a Hornpipe. The WOMEN try to get their attention and join the dance, but are ignored and snubbed by the MEN.)*

*(The WOMEN wave their handkerchiefs and coquette with the MEN, but withdraw timidly. Both groups stand watching one another at opposite ends of the stage.)*

*(At bar 115, the SAILORS and WOMEN ad lib taunts, urging HANNAH and the tallest SAILOR to dance together. These "ad libs" were indicated in the original published Vocal Score of Carousel but were not included in the*

*published libretto. Customers may use them as a guide as desired.)*

**1ST VOICE [MAN].** Thar she blows!

**ALL MEN.** H'ist yer mud 'ook!

**2ND VOICE [MAN].** Spread you sails and get underway!

**3RD VOICE [MAN].** Looks like a rowboat ridin' up to a lighthouse!

**4TH, 5TH, & 6TH VOICES [MEN].** Kidge!

Luff!

Scud!

**7TH VOICE [WOMAN].** Go it, Hannah!

**8TH VOICE [WOMAN].** Release your davits and jump!

**9TH VOICE [WOMAN].** Keep afloat!

**1ST VOICE [MAN].** Climb aloft!

*(The tallest SAILOR steps out of the group to dance with HANNAH. After they dance, the MEN leave. They run back to the sea. The WOMEN, left deserted, wave forlornly. HANNAH continues dancing in hope her SAILOR will return. At the last moment, the SAILOR returns and carries her off.)*

**[MUSIC NO. 14A "HORNPIPE - EXIT"]**

*(BILLY and JIGGER enter.)*

**JIGGER.** I tell you it's safe as sellin' cakes.

**BILLY.** You say this old sideburns who owns the mill is also the owner of your ship?

**JIGGER.** That's right. And tonight he'll be takin' three or four thousand dollars down to the captain - by hisself.

He'll walk along the waterfront by hisself – with all that money.

*(He pauses to let this sink in.)*

**BILLY.** You'd think he'd have somebody go with him.

**JIGGER.** Not him! Not the last three times, anyway. I watched him from the same spot and see him pass me. Once I nearly jumped him.

**BILLY.** Why didn't you?

**JIGGER.** Don't like to do a job 'less it's air-tight. This one needs two to pull it off proper. Besides, there was a moon – shinin' on him like a torch.

*(Spits.)*

Don't like moons.

*(This is good news.)*

Lately, the nights have been runnin' to fog. And it's ten to one we'll have fog tonight. That's why I wanted you to tell yer wife we'd go to that clambake.

**BILLY.** Clambake? Why?

**JIGGER.** Suppose we're all over on the island and you and me get lost in the fog for a half an hour. And suppose we got in a boat and come over here and...and did whatever we had to do, and then got back? There's yer alibi! We just say we were lost on the island all that time.

**BILLY.** Just what would we have to do? I mean me. What would *I* have to do?

**JIGGER.** You go up to old sideburns and say, "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?"

**BILLY.** "Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?" Then what?

**JIGGER.** Then? Well, by that time I got my knife in his ribs.  
Then you take *your* knife...

**BILLY.** Me? I ain't got a knife.

**JIGGER.** You can get one, can't you?

**BILLY.** (*After a pause, turning to JIGGER.*) Does he have to be killed?

**JIGGER.** No, he don't have to be. He can give up the money without bein' killed. But these New Englanders are funny. They'd rather be killed. Well?

**BILLY.** I won't do it! It's dirty.

**JIGGER.** What's dirty about it?

**BILLY.** The knife.

**JIGGER.** All right. Ferget the knife. Just go up to him with a tin cup and say, "Please, sir, will you give me three thousand dollars?" See what he does fer you.

**BILLY.** I ain't goin' to do it.

**JIGGER.** Of course, if you got all the money you want, and don't need...

**BILLY.** I ain't got a cent. Money thinks I'm dead.

(*MRS. MULLIN is seen entering from up left, unnoticed by BILLY and JIGGER.*)

**JIGGER.** That's what I thought. And you're out of a job and you got a wife to support -

**BILLY.** Shut up about my wife.

(*He sees MRS. MULLIN.*)

What do you want?

**MRS. MULLIN.** Hello, Billy.

**BILLY.** What did you come fer?

**MRS. MULLIN.** Come to talk business.

**JIGGER.** Business!

*(He spits.)*

**MRS. MULLIN.** I see you're still hangin' around yer jailbird friend.

**BILLY.** What's it to you who I hang around with?

**JIGGER.** If there's one thing I can't abide, it's the common type of woman.

*(He saunters upstage left and stands looking out to sea.)*

**BILLY.** What are you doin' here? You got a new barker ain't you?

**MRS. MULLIN.** *(Looking him over.)* Whyn't you stay home and sleep at night? You look awful!

**BILLY.** He's as good as me, ain't he?

**MRS. MULLIN.** Push yer hair back off yer forehead...

**BILLY.** *(Pushing her hand away and turning away from her.)* Let my hair be.

**MRS. MULLIN.** If I told you to let it hang down over yer eyes you'd push it back. I hear you been beatin' her. If you're sick of her, why don't you leave her? No use beatin' the poor, skinny little...

**BILLY.** Leave her, eh? You'd like that, wouldn't you?

**MRS. MULLIN.** Don't flatter yourself!

*(Her pride stung, she paces to center stage.)*

If I had any sense I wouldn' of come here. The things you got to do when you're in business...! I'd sell the damn carousel if I could.

**BILLY.** Ain't it crowded without me?



MRS. MULLIN. Those fool girls keep askin' for you. They miss you, see? Are you goin' to be sensible and come back?

BILLY. And leave Julie?

MRS. MULLIN. You beat her, don't you?

BILLY. (*Exasperated.*) No, I don't beat her. What's all this damn-fool talk about beatin'? I hit her once, and now the whole town is... The next one I hear... I'll smash...

MRS. MULLIN. (*Backing away from him.*) All right! All right! I take it back. I don't want to get mixed up in it.

BILLY. Beatin' her! As if I'd beat her!

MRS. MULLIN. What's the odds one way er another? Look at the thing straight. You been married two months and you're sick of it. Out there's the carousel. Show booths, young girls, all the beer you want, a good livin' – and you're throwin' it all away. Know what? I got a new organ.

BILLY. I know.

MRS. MULLIN. How do you know?

BILLY. (*His voice softer.*) You can hear it from here. I listen to it every night.

MRS. MULLIN. Good one, ain't it?

BILLY. Jim dandy. Got a nice tone.

MRS. MULLIN. Y'ought to come up close and hear it. Makes you think the carousel is goin' faster. You belong out there and you know it. You ain't cut out fer a respectable married man. You're an artist type. You belong among artists. Tell you what – you come back and I'll give you a ruby ring my husband left me.

BILLY. I dunno – I might go back. I could still go on livin' here with Julie.

MRS. MULLIN. Holy Moses!

BILLY. What's wrong?

MRS. MULLIN. Can y' imagine how the girls'd love that? A barker who runs home to his wife every night! Why, people'd laugh theirselves sick.

BILLY. I know what *you* want.

MRS. MULLIN. Don't be so stuck on yerself.

BILLY. I ain't happy here, and *that's* the truth.

MRS. MULLIN. 'Course you ain't.

*(She strokes his hair back off his forehead, and this time he lets her. JULIE enters from house, carrying a tray with a cup of coffee and a plate of cakes on it. MRS. MULLIN pulls her hand away. There is a slight pause.)*

BILLY. Do you want anythin'?

JULIE. I brought you your coffee.

MRS. MULLIN. *(To BILLY in a low voice.)* Whyn't you have a talk with her? She'll understand. Maybe she'll be glad to get rid of you.

BILLY. *(Without conviction.)* Maybe.

JULIE. Billy – before I ferget. I got somethin' to tell you.

BILLY. All right.

JULIE. I been wantin' to tell you – in fact, I was goin' to yesterday.

BILLY. Well, go ahead.

JULIE. I can't – we got to be alone.

BILLY. Don't you see I'm busy? Here, I'm talkin' business and...

JULIE. It'll only take a minute.

BILLY. Get out o' here, or...

**JULIE.** I tell you it'll only take a minute.

**BILLY.** Will you get out of here?

**JULIE.** No.

**BILLY.** What did you say?

**MRS. MULLIN.** Let her alone, Billy. I'll drop in at Bascombe's bank and get some small change for the carousel. I'll be back in a few minutes for your answer to my proposition.

*(Exits above JIGGER. She looks at JIGGER as she goes. JIGGER looks at BILLY, then follows MRS. MULLIN off.)*

**JULIE.** Don't look at me like that. I ain't afraid of you – ain't afraid of anyone. I hev somethin' to tell you.

**BILLY.** Well then, tell me, and make it quick.

**JULIE.** I can't tell it so quick. Why don't you drink yer coffee?

**BILLY.** That what you wanted to tell me?

**JULIE.** No. By the time you drink it, I'll hev told you.

**BILLY.** *(Stirs coffee and takes a quick sip.)* Well?

**JULIE.** Yesterday my head ached and you asked me...

**BILLY.** Yes...

**JULIE.** Well – you see – that's what it is.

**BILLY.** You sick?

**JULIE.** No. It's nothin' like that.

*(He puts cup down.)*

It's awful hard to tell you – I'm not a bit skeered, because it's a perfectly natural thing –

**BILLY.** What is?

**JULIE.** Well – when two people live together –

**BILLY.** Yes –

**JULIE.** I'm goin' to hev a baby.

*(She turns away. He sits still and stunned. Then he rises, crosses to her, and puts his arms around her. She leans her head back on his shoulders. Then she leaves and starts for the house. As she goes to the steps, BILLY runs and helps her very solicitously. JIGGER has re-entered and calls to BILLY with two short whistles.)*

**JIGGER.** Hey, Billy!

**BILLY.** *(Turning to JIGGER.)* Hey, Jigger! Julie... Julie's goin' to have a baby.

**JIGGER.** *(Calmly smoking his cigarette.)* Yeh? What about it?

**BILLY.** *(Disgusted at JIGGER.)* Nothin'.

*(He goes into the house.)*

**JIGGER.** *(Ruminating.)* My mother had a baby once.

*(He smiles angelically and puffs on his cigarette. MRS. MULLIN enters.)*

**MRS. MULLIN.** He in there with her?

*(JIGGER ignores the question.)*

They're havin' it out, I bet.

*(JIGGER impudently blows a puff of smoke in her direction.)*

When he comes back to me I ain't goin' to let him hang around with you any more. You know that, don't you?

**JIGGER.** Common woman.

**MRS. MULLIN.** Ain't goin' to let him get in your clutches. Everybody that gets mixed up with you finishes in the jailhouse – or the grave.

**JIGGER.** Tut-tut-t-t. Carnival blonde! Comin' between a man and his wife!

**MRS. MULLIN.** Comin' between nothin'! They don't belong together. Nobody knows him like I do. And nobody is goin' to get him away from me. And that goes fer you!

**JIGGER.** Who wants him? If he's goin' to let himself get tied up to an old wobbly-hipped slut like you, what good would he be to me?

**MRS. MULLIN.** He won't be *no* good to you! And he won't end up with a perliceman's bullet in his heart – like that Roberts boy you hung around with last year. Wisht the bullet hadda got you – you sleek-eyed wharf rat! You keep away from him, that's all, or I'll get the cops after you.

**JIGGER.** (*Holding cigarette high.*) Common woman!

**MRS. MULLIN.** Yeh! Call names! But I got him back just the same! And you're through!

**JIGGER.** Put on a new coat o' paint. You're starting to peel! Old pleasure boat!

*(He exits. She looks off after him, then turns right and sees BILLY coming out of the house. She immediately shifts her attention to the essential job of holding his interest. She primps and walks center. He comes down by bait box. A change has come over him. There is a strange, firm dignity in his manner.)*

**BILLY.** You still here?

*(He picks up tray, and sits on box, tray in his lap.)*

**MRS. MULLIN.** Didn't you tell me to come back?

*(Taking money out of dress.)*

Here! You'll be wantin' an advance on yer salary. Well, that's only fair. You been out o' work a long time.

*(She offers him money.)*

BILLY. *(Taking another sip of coffee.)* Go home Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN. What's the matter with you?

BILLY. Can't you see I'm havin' my breakfast? Go back to your carousel.

MRS. MULLIN. You mean you ain't comin' with me?

BILLY. *(Still holding cup.)* Get out of here. Get!

MRS. MULLIN. I'll never speak to you again - not if you were dyin', I wouldn't.

BILLY. That worries me a lot.

MRS. MULLIN. What did she tell you in there?

BILLY. *(Putting cup on tray.)* She told me...

MRS. MULLIN. Some lies about me, I bet!

BILLY. *(Proudly.)* No, Mrs. Mullin. Nothin' about you. Just about Julie and me - and...

*(Looking up at her.)*

As a matter of fact, Mrs. Mullin - I'm goin' to be a father!

MRS. MULLIN. You...! Julie...?

BILLY. Good-by, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN. You a father?

*(She starts to laugh.)*

BILLY. *(Giving her a good push.)* Get the hell away from here, Mrs. Mullin.

*(She continues to laugh.)*

Good-by, Mrs. Mullin!

**[MUSIC NO. 15 "SOLILOQUY"]**

*(He pushes her again, and as she reaches the left portal, he gives her a good kick in the bustle. Then he turns, looks toward NETTIE's house, smiles. He starts to contemplate the future. He starts to sing softly.)*

I WONDER WHAT HE'LL THINK OF ME!  
I GUESS HE'LL CALL ME "THE OLD MAN!"  
I GUESS HE'LL THINK I CAN LICK  
EV'RY OTHER FELLER'S FATHER -  
WELL, I CAN!

*(He gives his belt a hitch.)*

I BET THAT HE'LL TURN OUT TO BE  
THE SPIT AN' IMAGE  
OF HIS DAD,  
BUT HE'LL HAVE MORE COMMON SENSE  
THAN HIS PUDDIN'-HEADED FATHER  
EVER HAD.  
I'LL TEACH HIM TO WRASSLE,  
AND DIVE THROUGH A WAVE,  
WHEN WE GO IN THE MORNIN'S FOR OUR SWIM.  
HIS MOTHER CAN TEACH HIM  
THE WAY TO BEHAVE,  
BUT SHE WON'T MAKE A SISSY OUT O' HIM -  
NOT HIM!  
NOT MY BOY!  
NOT BILL...

*(The name, coming to his lips involuntarily,  
pleases him very much.)*

*(Spoken in rhythm.)* BILL!

*(He loves saying it. He straightens up proudly.)*

MY BOY, BILL!

I WILL SEE THAT HE'S NAMED

AFTER ME,

I WILL!

MY BOY, BILL -

HE'LL BE TALL.

AND AS TOUGH AS A TREE,

WILL BILL!

LIKE A TREE HE'LL GROW,

WITH HIS HEAD HELD HIGH

AND HIS FEET PLANTED FIRM ON THE GROUND,

AND YOU WON'T SEE NO -

BODY DARE TO TRY

TO BOSS HIM OR TOSS HIM AROUND!

NO POT-BELLIED, BAGGY-EYED BULLY'LL BOSS HIM  
AROUND!

*(Having worked himself up to a high pitch of indignation, he relaxes into a more philosophical manner.)*

I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT HE DOES,

AS LONG AS HE DOES WHAT HE LIKES.

HE CAN SIT ON HIS TAIL

OR WORK ON A RAIL

WITH A HAMMER, A-HAMMERIN' SPIKES.

HE CAN FERRY A BOAT ON A RIVER

OR PEDDLE A PACK ON HIS BACK

OR WORK UP AND DOWN

THE STREETS OF A TOWN

WITH A WHIP AND A HORSE AND A HACK.

HE CAN HAUL A SCOW ALONG A CANAL,

RUN A COW AROUND A CORRAL,

OR MAYBE BARK FOR A CAROUSEL -



*(This worries him.)*

OF COURSE IT TAKES TALENT TO DO *THAT* WELL.  
HE MIGHT BE A CHAMP OF THE HEAVYWEIGHTS  
OR A FELLER THAT SELLS YOU GLUE,  
OR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES -  
THAT'D BE ALL RIGHT, TOO.

*(Orchestra picks up the theme of "My boy, Bill." BILLY speaks over music.)*

His mother'd like that. But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be!

NOT BILL!  
MY BOY, BILL -  
HE'LL BE TALL.  
AND AS TOUGH AS A TREE,  
WILL BILL!  
LIKE A TREE HE'LL GROW  
WITH HIS HEAD HELD HIGH,  
AND HIS FEET PLANTED FIRM ON THE GROUND,  
AND YOU WON'T SEE NO -  
BODY DARE TO TRY  
TO BOSS HIM OR TOSS HIM AROUND!  
NO FAT-BOTTOMED, FLABBY-FACE, POT-BELLIED, BAGGY-  
EYED BASTARD'LL BOSS HIM AROUND!

*(He paces the stage angrily.)*

AND I'M DAMNED IF HE'LL MARRY HIS BOSS'S DAUGHTER,  
A SKINNY-LIPPED VIRGIN WITH BLOOD LIKE WATER,  
WHO'LL GIVE HIM A PECK AND CALL IT A KISS  
AND LOOK IN HIS EYES THROUGH A LORGNETTE...

*(Spoken in rhythm.)* SAY! WHY AM I TAKIN' ON LIKE THIS?  
*(Sung.)* MY KID AIN'T EVEN BEEN BORN YET!

*(He laughs loudly at himself, crosses up to bait box, and sits. Then he returns to more agreeable daydreaming.)*

I CAN SEE HIM  
WHEN HE'S SEVENTEEN OR SO  
AND STARTIN' IN TO GO  
WITH A GIRL!  
I CAN GIVE HIM  
LOTS O' POINTERS, VERY SOUND,  
ON THE WAY TO GET ROUND  
ANY GIRL.  
I CAN TELL HIM -

*(Spoken in rhythm.)* WAIT A MINUTE! COULD IT BE?  
WHAT THE HELL! WHAT IF HE IS A GIRL!

*(Rises in anguish.)*

Bill! Oh, Bill...!

*(He sits on bait box and holds his head in his hands. The music becomes the original theme "I wonder what he'll think of me." He speaks over it in a moaning voice.)*

What would I do with her? What could I do *for* her? A  
bum - with no money!

YOU CAN HAVE FUN WITH A SON,  
BUT YOU GOT TO BE A FATHER  
TO A GIRL!

*(Thinking it over, he begins to be reconciled.)*

SHE MIGHTN'T BE SO BAD AT THAT -  
A KID WITH RIBBONS IN HER HAIR!  
A KIND O' SWEET AND PETITE  
LITTLE TINTYPE OF HER MOTHER -  
WHAT A PAIR!

I can just hear myself braggin' about her!

*(In the original Broadway production the lyrics from "When I have a daughter" to "Things that I always say" were omitted; if*

*the licensee chooses to do that, also omit the line "I can just hear myself braggin' about her!")*

WHEN I HAVE A DAUGHTER,  
I'LL STAND AROUND IN BARROOMS,  
OH, HOW I'LL BOAST AND BLOW!  
FRIENDS'LL SEE ME COMIN'  
AND EMPTY ALL THE BARROOMS,  
THROUGH EV'RY DOOR THEY'LL GO,  
WEARY OF HEARIN' DAY AFTER DAY,  
THE SAME OLD THINGS THAT I ALWAYS SAY...  
MY LITTLE GIRL,  
SWEET AND LIGHT  
AS PEACHES AND CREAM IS SHE.  
MY LITTLE GIRL  
IS HALF AGAIN AS BRIGHT  
AS GIRLS ARE MEANT TO BE!  
DOZENS OF BOYS PURSUE HER,  
MANY A LIKELY LAD  
DOES WHAT HE CAN TO WOO HER  
FROM HER FAITHFUL DAD.  
SHE HAS A FEW  
SWEET AND LIGHT  
YOUNG FELLERS OF TWO OR THREE -  
BUT MY LITTLE GIRL  
GETS HUNGRY EV'RY NIGHT  
AND SHE COMES HOME TO ME...

My little girl!

*(More thoughtful, and serious.)*

My little girl!

*(Suddenly panicky.)*

I GOT TO GET READY BEFORE SHE COMES,

I GOT TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT SHE  
WON'T BE DRAGGED UP IN SLUMS  
WITH A LOT O' BUMS -  
LIKE ME!

SHE'S GOT TO BE SHELTERED AND FED, AND DRESSED  
IN THE BEST THAT MONEY CAN BUY!  
I NEVER KNEW HOW TO GET MONEY,  
BUT I'LL TRY -  
BY GOD! I'LL TRY!  
I'LL GO OUT AND MAKE IT,  
OR STEAL IT, OR TAKE IT  
OR DIE!

*(Finishing, he stands still and thoughtful. Then he turns right and walks slowly up to the bait box and gazes off right. As he does, NETTIE comes out of the house, carrying a large jug.)*

[MUSIC NO. 16 "FINALE ACT I"]

*(She crosses up center and puts the jug on the steps left center, then calls off.)*

NETTIE. Hey, you roustabouts! Time to get goin'! Come and help us carry everythin' on the boats!

1ST MAN. *(Offstage.)* All right, Nettie, we're comin'!

2ND MAN. Don't need to hev a fit about it.

NETTIE. Hey, Billy! What's this Julie says about you not goin' to the clambake?

BILLY. Clambake?

*(Suddenly getting an idea from the word.)*

Mebbe I will go, after all!

*(General laughter offstage. JIGGER enters down left. BILLY sees him.)*

(To **NETTIE**.) There's Jigger. I got to talk to him. Jigger! Hey, Jigger! Come here – quick!

**NETTIE**. I'll tell Julie you're comin'. She'll be tickled pink.

*(She goes into the house.)*

**BILLY**. Jigger, I changed my mind! You know – about goin' to the clambake, and... I'll do everythin' like you said. Gotta get money on account of the baby, see.

**JIGGER**. Sure, the baby!

*(He pulls **BILLY** closer and lowers his voice.)*

Did you get the knife?

**BILLY**. Knife?

**JIGGER**. I only got a pocket knife. If he shows fight we'll need a real one.

**BILLY**. But I ain't got...

**JIGGER**. Go inside and take the kitchen knife.

**BILLY**. Somebody might see me.

**JIGGER**. Take it so they don't see you!

*(**BILLY** looks indecisive. **JULIE** enters on the run to **BILLY** from the house.)*

**JULIE**. Billy, is it true? Are you comin' to the clambake?

**BILLY**. I think so. Yes.

*(Puts her arm around his waist. He puts his arms around her.)*

**JULIE**. We'll hev a barrel of fun. I'll show you all over the island. Know every inch of it. Been goin' to picnics there since I been a little girl.

**JIGGER**. Billy! Billy! Y'better go and get that...

**JULIE**. Get what, Billy?

**BILLY.** Why...

**JIGGER.** The shawl. Billy said you oughter have a shawl.  
Gets cold at nights. Fog comes up – ain't that what you said?

*(PEOPLE start entering with baskets, pies, jugs, etc., ready to go to the clambake.)*

**BILLY.** Y-yes. I better go and get it – the shawl.

**JULIE.** Now, that was real thoughtful, Billy.

*(We see NETTIE coming out of the house. The stage is pretty well crowded by now.)*

**BILLY.** I'll go and get it.

*(He exits into the house quickly.)*

**NETTIE.** C'mon, all!

*(From the house come girls carrying cakes, pies, butter crocks; MEN carrying baskets.)*

**JUNE IS BUSTIN' OUT ALL OVER!**

**WOMEN.**

**THE FLOWERS ARE BUSTIN' FROM THEIR SEED!**

**NETTIE.**

**AND THE PLEASANT LIFE OF RILEY,  
THAT IS SPOKEN OF SO HIGHLY,  
IS THE LIFE THAT EV'RYBODY WANTS TO LEAD!**

**ALL.**

**BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!  
JUNE – JUNE – JUNE!  
JEST BECAUSE IT'S JUNE – JUNE – JUNE!  
BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!  
BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!  
BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!  
BECAUSE IT'S JUNE!**



*(During this singing chorus, ENOCH and CARRIE have entered from the house. JULIE is seen running over to CARRIE to tell her the good news that BILLY is going to the clambake. JIGGER crosses to JULIE and is introduced to CARRIE. JIGGER looks her over. JULIE also introduces JIGGER to ENOCH, but JIGGER just brushes him off. ENOCH tries to smile, but misses by a good margin. On the last "June" of the refrain, everyone but JULIE and JIGGER has exited. BILLY comes out of the house carrying the shawl. He crosses to JULIE, who is now a little left of center and downstage. JIGGER is right stage. As BILLY is putting the shawl over JULIE's shoulder, JIGGER works his way over to BILLY as if to say, "Did you get the knife?" BILLY pantomimes that it's in the inside pocket of his vest. JULIE turns in time to see this. BILLY quickly takes her arm and walks her off. JIGGER has his pocket knife in his hand and is testing the sharpness of the blade and is following BILLY off as...)*

### The Curtain Falls