

*(No answer.)*

Come on, speak up! Which of you stays?

**CARRIE.** Whoever stays loses her job.

**BILLY.** How do you mean?

**CARRIE.** All Bascombe's girls hev to be respectable. We all hev to live in the mill boardinghouse, and if we're late they lock us out and we can't go back to work there any more.

**BILLY.** Is that true? Will they bounce you if you're not home on time?

*(Both GIRLS nod.)*

**JULIE.** That's right.

**CARRIE.** Julie, should I go?

**JULIE.** I...can't tell you what to do.

**CARRIE.** All right - you stay, if y'like.

**BILLY.** That right, you'll be discharged if you stay?

*(JULIE nods.)*

**CARRIE.** Julie, should I go?

**JULIE.** *(Embarrassed.)* Why do you keep askin' me that?

**CARRIE.** You know what's best to do.

**JULIE.** *(Profoundly moved, slowly.)* All right, Carrie, you can go home.

*(Pause. Then reluctantly CARRIE starts off. As she gets left center, she turns and says, uncertainly:)*

**CARRIE.** Well, good night.

*(She waits a moment to see if JULIE will follow her. JULIE doesn't move. CARRIE exits.)*

**BILLY.** *(Speaking as he crosses to left center.)* Now we're both out of a job.

*(No answer. He whistles softly.)*

Have you had your supper?

**JULIE.** No.

**BILLY.** Want to eat out on the pier?

**JULIE.** No.

**BILLY.** Anywheres else?

**JULIE.** No.

*(He whistles a few more bars. He sits on the bench, looking her over, up and down.)*

**BILLY.** You don't come to the carousel much. Only see you three times before today.

**JULIE.** *(Breathless, she crosses to bench and sits beside him.)* I been there much more than that.

**BILLY.** That right? Did you see me?

**JULIE.** Yes.

**BILLY.** Did you know I was Billy Bigelow?

**JULIE.** They told me.

*(He whistles again, then turns to her.)*

**BILLY.** Have you got a sweetheart?

**JULIE.** No.

**BILLY.** Ah, don't lie to me.

**JULIE.** I heven't anybody.

**BILLY.** You stayed here with me the first time I asked you. You know your way around all right, all right!

**JULIE.** No, I don't Mr. Bigelow.

**BILLY.** And I suppose you don't know why you're sittin' here – like this – alone with me. You wouldn' of stayed so quick if you hadna done it before... What did you stay for anyway?

**JULIE.** So you wouldn't be left alone.

**BILLY.** Alone! God, you're dumb! I don't need to be alone. I can have all the girls I want. Don't you know that?

**JULIE.** I know, Mr. Bigelow.

**BILLY.** What do you know?

**JULIE.** That all the girls are crazy fer you. But that's not why *I* stayed. I stayed because you been so good to me.

**BILLY.** Well, then you can go home.

**JULIE.** I don't want to go home now.

**BILLY.** And suppose I go away and leave you sittin' here?

**JULIE.** Even then I wouldn't go home.

**BILLY.** Do you know what you remind me of? A girl I knew in Coney Island. Tell you how I met her. One night at closin' time – we had put out the lights in the carousel, and just as I was –

*(He breaks off suddenly as, during the above speech, a POLICEMAN has entered from down left and comes across stage. BILLY instinctively takes on an attitude of guilty silence. The POLICEMAN frowns down at them as he walks by. BILLY follows him with his eyes.)*

*(At the same time that the POLICEMAN entered from left, MR. BASCOMBE has come in from right. He flourishes his cane and breathes in the night air as if he enjoyed it.)*

**POLICEMAN.** Evenin', Mr. Bascombe.

**BASCOMBE.** Good evening, Timony. Nice night.

**POLICEMAN.** 'Deed it is. *(Conspiritorially.)* Er... Mr. Bascombe. That one of your girls?

**BASCOMBE.** *(Taken aback, in a low voice.)* One of my girls?

*(The POLICEMAN nods. BASCOMBE crosses in front of the POLICEMAN to the right of JULIE and peers at her in the darkness.)*

Is that *you*, Miss Jordan?

**JULIE.** Yes, Mr. Bascombe.

**BASCOMBE.** What ever are you doing out at this hour?

**JULIE.** I... I...

**BASCOMBE.** You know what time we close our doors at the mill boardinghouse. You couldn't be home on time now if you ran all the way.

**JULIE.** No, sir.

**BILLY.** *(To JULIE.)* Who's old sideburns?

**POLICEMAN.** Here, now! Don't you go t'callin' Mr. Bascombe names – 'less you're fixin' t'git yerself into trouble.

*(BILLY shuts up. Policemen have this effect on him. The POLICEMAN turns to BASCOMBE.)*

We got a report on this feller from the police chief at Bangor. He's a pretty sly gazaybo. Come up from Coney Island.

**BASCOMBE.** *(Knowingly.)* New York, eh?

**POLICEMAN.** He works on carousels, makes a specialty of young things like this'n. Gets 'em all moony-eyed. Promises to marry 'em, then takes their money.

**JULIE.** *(Promptly and brightly.)* I ain't got no money.