

# ACT I - Scene 2

SCENE: A tree-lined path along the shore. A few minutes later. 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.

Music No. 3

## [OPENING ACT I - Scene 2]

AT RISE: There is a park bench just R. of C. Ad lib noises off R. CARRIE, JULIE, MRS. MULLIN arguing. Soon after the curtain opens, (ad lib curtain music), CARRIE backs on to the stage from D.R. to R.C.

CARRIE C'mon, Julie, it's gettin' late . . . Julie!  
That's right! Don't you pay her no mind. Look!  
She's comin' at you again. Let's run!

*(JULIE enters)*

JULIE I ain't skeered o'her.

MRS. MULLIN [To JULIE.] 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 out on your little pink behind!

CARRIE You go no call t'talk t'her like that! She ain't doin' you no harm.

MRS. MULLIN [To CARRIE.] 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 Lettin' my barker food with you! Ain't you ashamed.  
[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 Innercense! And he didn't put his arm around yer waist neither.

CARRIE And suppose he did. Is that a reason to hev a capuluptic 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?

*(BILLY BIGELOW enters)*

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 hears and sees argument, he turns and tell the girls with him to leave, they exit. He then takes in the scene. MULLIN, JULIE, and CARRIE are not aware of his presence.)*

**MRS. MULLIN** [To CARRIE.] You mind yer business, hussy!

**CARRIE** Go back to her carousel and leave us alone!

**JULIE** Yes. Leave us alone, y'old -- y'old --

**MRS. MULLIN** I don't run my business fer a lot o'chippies!

**CARRIE** Chippie, yerself!

**JULIE** Yes, Chippie, yerself!

**BILLY** Shut up! Jabber jabber jabber! . . . 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** I didn't yell.

**BILLY** Well, don't.  
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** All right. You heard what the lady said? Run home now.

**CARRIE** C'mon, Julie.

**JULIE** No, I won't.

**MRS. MULLIN** [To BILLY.] Like a drink?

**BILLY** Sure.

**JULIE** Mr. Bigelow, tell me please -- honest and truly -- if I came to the carousel again, would you throw me out?

*(BILLY looks at MULLIN, then JULIE, then MULLIN)*

**BILLY** What did she do, anyway?

**JULIE** She says you put your arm around my waist.