

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.)

START

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 Innercense! And he didn't put his arm around yer waist neither.

CARRIE. And suppose he did. Is that 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?

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!

END

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.)