

(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.

START

(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 that 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?

END

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