

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.

~~TOWN 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' VEEERY 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',~~