

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.

POLICEMAN. Speak when you're spoken to, miss!

BASCOMBE. Julie, you've heard what kind of blackguard this man is. You're an inexperienced girl and he's imposed on you and deluded you. That's why I'm inclined to give you one more chance.

POLICEMAN. (*To JULIE.*) Y'hear that?

BASCOMBE. I'm meeting Mrs. Bascombe at the church. We'll drive you home and I'll explain everything to the house matron.

(He holds out his hand.)

Come, my child.

(But she doesn't move.)

POLICEMAN. Well, girl! Don't be settin' there like you didn't hev good sense!

JULIE. Do I *hev* to go with you?


BASCOMBE. No. You don't have to.

JULIE. Then I'll stay.

POLICEMAN. After I warned you!

BASCOMBE. You see, Timony! There are some of them you just can't help. Good night!

(He exits.)



POLICEMAN. Good night, Mr. Bascombe.

(He looks down at BILLY, starts to go, then turns to BILLY and speaks.)

You! You low-down scalawag! I oughta throw you in jail.

BILLY. What for?

(After a pause.)

POLICEMAN. Dunno. Wish I did.

(He exits. BILLY looks after him.)

JULIE. Well, and then what?

BILLY. Huh?

JULIE. You were startin' to tell me a story.

BILLY. Me?

JULIE. About that girl in Coney Island. You said you just put out the lights in the carousel – that's as far as you got.

BILLY. Oh, yes. Yes, well, just as the lights went out, someone came along. A little girl with a shawl – you know, she... *(Fuzzled.)* Say, tell me somethin' – ain't you scared of me?

[MUSIC NO. 25 "IF I LOVED YOU"]

I mean, after what the cop said about me takin' money from girls.

JULIE. I ain't skeered.

BILLY. That your name? Julie? Julie somethin'?

JULIE.

JULIE JORDAN.

(BILLY whistles reflectively.)

BILLY. *(Singing softly, shaking his head.)*

YOU'RE A QUEER ONE, JULIE JORDAN.

AIN'T YOU SORRY THAT YOU DIDN'T RUN AWAY?

YOU CAN STILL GO, IF YOU WANTA –

JULIE. *(Singing, looking away so as not to meet his eye.)*

I RECKON THAT I KEER T'CHOOSE T'STAY.

YOU COULDN'T TAKE MY MONEY

IF I DIDN'T HEV ANY,