NO ONE WALKS ALONE: EMPOWERING VICTIM ART THROUGH

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN’S CAROUSEL

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No One Walks Alone: Empowering Victim Art through Rodgers and

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DEDICATION

For my incredible best friend, Jessica, and her brave brother Jared:
My inspiration and my guiding light throughout this process.
The core message for every audience member is that you are not alone – not in this room, not in this country, not in this world and not across time.

-Bryan Doerries,
*The Theatre of War*
ABSTRACT OF THE PROJECT

No One Walks Alone: Empowering Victim Art through Rodgers and Hammerstein’s Carousel
by
Kathryn M. Donovan
Master of Fine Arts in Theatre Arts with a Concentration in Musical Theatre
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The role of the dramaturg in the musical theatre is an oft-neglected and underestimated position. This analysis and case study seeks to defend the importance of musical theatre dramaturgy through a case study of Rodgers and Hammerstein’s Carousel. Since its inception at the turn of the twentieth century, the musical theatre has served an important function as a popular expression of an evolving American culture. In Carousel, American audiences encountered themselves, but unlike the harsh realities that life after World War II presented them at home, this version offered them a happy ending. With the war officially behind them, the musical marked a chance for Americans to begin again. As theatre historian Gerald Mast states in his book Can’t Help Singin’, “If Oklahoma! developed the moral argument for sending American boys overseas, Carousel offered consolation to those wives and mothers whose boys would only return in spirit.” Opening in April 1945, the very year that saw the conclusion of the Second World War, the musical became a voice for the shell-shocked and guilt-ridden soldiers coming home to a society in which they no longer knew how to integrate or participate. This analysis deconstructs Carousel, and specifically its leading man, Billy Bigelow, within the historical context of the musical’s original production and in light of its relationship to its source material, Ferenc Molnar’s 1921 play, Liliom. Within this framing, the analysis utilizes the diagnostic for Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder as described by Judith Herman in Trauma and Recovery: The Aftermath of Violence—from Domestic Abuse to Political Terror, and the lens of Pain Theory, as developed by Elaine Scarry. By investigating Rodgers and Hammerstein’s musical in this light, this deconstruction proposes a richer understanding of the musical as a cultural response to World War II with continued relevancy as a vehicle for theatre therapy as espoused by The Theatre of War in the aftermath of the Iraq “War on Terror.”.
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CHAPTER 1

MUSICAL THEATRE DRAMATURGY:
LEGITIMIZING THE POPULAR

To avoid what Ray Knapp calls the “What a guy!” and “Here’s some stuff!” approach to musical theatre (that is an unself-conscious listing of achievements and facts), we should stress how dramaturgical research includes practical, political and theoretical questions that inform production choices, each of which influences meaning and consequently reception.

- Stacy Ellen Wolf

The role of the dramaturg in the musical theatre is an oft-neglected and undervalued position. Since its inception at the turn of the twentieth century, the musical theatre has served an important function as a popular expression of an evolving American culture. With a rich but dichotomous lineage, the modern musical reflects an evolution of classical forms like court ballet, European opera and operetta, as well as indigenous American colloquial forms like minstrelsy, vaudeville and burlesque. The uniquely American form is a synthesis of high and lowbrow art forms, but because of its inherent status as a popular art, the musical genre has frequently been devalued as historical or literary texts of academic merit. “Within many theatre departments,” scholar Stacy Wolf writes, “musical theatre courses have an anxious relationship to the rest of the curriculum” (Wolf 52). Considering the lack of accreditation for the musical theatre as a topic worthy of artistic merit and academic pursuit, musical theatre scholars and dramaturgs seem, to many, a luxury rather than a necessity.

“If that’s the case,” writes dramaturg Michael Mark Chemers, “then so are designers and directors” (Chemers 5). In his 2010 introductory handbook for dramaturgy, Ghost Light, Chemers describes the role of the dramaturg as both a practitioner and artist, crucial to the creative team on any theatrical production. Aside from the actor and the space in which he or she acts, are any of the other members of a creative team necessary? Chemers compares the role of the dramaturg in modern theatrical production to the role of the director two centuries ago. “A dramaturg,” he writes, “is a member of the artistic team of a production who is a specialist in the transformation of a dramatic script into a meaningful living performance” (Chemers 5).
If the dramaturg has been accepted as a crucial component to the creation of non-musical theatre, then this project report seeks to defend the role of the musical theatre dramaturg and to promote the social and political possibilities of musical theatre dramaturgy as a method of outreach. Dramaturgy and musical theatre have long shared common ground in their intensely collaborative natures. “The study of Broadway musical theatre fosters a richly multivalent, multidisciplinary approach to US history, culture and society,” says Wolf (53). In an almost direct parallel, dramaturg Bert Cardullo describes the role of the dramaturg, saying:

“dramaturgy” today denotes the multi-faceted study of a given play: its author, content, style, and interpretive possibilities, together with its historical, theatrical, and intellectual background. (Cardullo 3)

To the general public, the study of musical theatre is a study of pleasure, but the politics of pleasure play an important role in the formation of American national identity. Valuing musical theatre dramaturgy as a key component of not only musical and non-musical theatre history but also of American history and liberal arts studies, could turn the tables on the cultural hierarchy of academic study that discounts the art form. As Wolf notes, most universities produce at least one musical within a theatrical season, and more often than not the musical is the university’s most profitable production. As seen in Table 1 (based on the theories of Dr. David Savran in “A Historiography of the Popular”), Musical theatre dramaturgy benefits more than just the academician; musical theatre dramaturgy benefits the general public and promotes cultural growth by enriching already pleasurable and lucrative expressions of the popular culture.

Because of their status as popular entertainments, [musicals] often take up—more explicitly and pointedly—many of the same historical and theoretical problematics that allegedly distinguish canonical modernist texts. (Savran 215)

This project report serves as a case study for musical theatre dramaturgy. It intersects in-depth theoretical scholarship with a dramaturgical concept for the practical application of that research in performance. The analysis also explores outreach possibilities for such a production, exposing the imperative nature of the dramaturg in the popular field of musical theatre. Focusing on one of the most important and controversial musicals in the canon of American musical theatre, this project report will deconstruct and historicize Rodgers and Hammerstein’s Carousel.
Table 1. Problematics and Representative Musicals

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<td>Strike Up the Band (1930)</td>
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<td>Hair (1968)</td>
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<td>Independent-minded women in the marketplace</td>
<td>Anything Goes (1934)</td>
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<td>Sweet Charity (1966)</td>
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<td>Popular versus elite traditions</td>
<td>On Your Toes (1926)</td>
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<td>Sunday in the Park with George (1984)</td>
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<td>Near obsessive reflexivity</td>
<td>Gypsy (1959)</td>
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<td>The Producers (2001)</td>
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<td>Lively, antirealist, formal experimentation</td>
<td>Candide (1956)</td>
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<td>Sophisticated estrangement devices</td>
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As theatre historian Gerald Mast states in his book *Can't Help Singin’*, “If *Oklahoma!* developed the moral argument for sending American boys overseas, *Carousel* offered consolation to those wives and mothers whose boys would only return in spirit.” (Mast 210) As the face of the nation underwent an epic metamorphoses in the wake of the second world war, musical theatre pioneers Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II seized a unique opportunity to introduce the American public to a new kind of Broadway musical that was as dark, complex and emotionally bereft as postwar society. Opening April 19th, 1945, a mere 19 days before Germany’s unconditional surrender and the conclusion of the European chapter of World War II, *Carousel* was at once a voice for the guilt-ridden soldiers returning home, and the American society in which they no longer understood how to participate.

This analysis seeks to deconstruct *Carousel* (specifically its leading man, Billy Bigelow) within the historical context of the musical’s original production and in light of its relationship to its source material, Ferenc Molnár’s 1921 play, *Liliom*. To this end, this investigation reads the musical’s frequently misunderstood antihero, Billy Bigelow, as a
surrogate veteran, whose dramatic through-line parallels the fundamental stages of recovery for veterans afflicted with PTSD.

The *Carousel* case study appears in chapters two through four. Chapter two, “A World at War,” contextualizes the musical within musical theatre as well as American history. Theatre theorist and historian, Thomas Postlewait describes this kind of analysis as “interpretive history,” which encompasses the “kind of historical report that not only places events in a descriptive sequence but also explains and interprets them; that is, besides providing who, what, where, and when, the report covers how and why.” (Postlewait 3) Chapter three, “Billy Makes a Journey,” takes the investigation a step further, utilizing the diagnostic for Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder as described by Judith Herman in *Trauma and Recovery: The Aftermath of Violence—From Domestic Abuse to Political Terror*, and the lens of Pain Theory, as developed by Elaine Scarry. In her book, *The Body in Pain: The Making and Unmaking of the World*, Scarry asserts that physical pain makes "overt precisely what is at stake in 'inexpressibility'- (it) begin(s) to expose by inversion the essential character of 'expressibility'” (Scarry 19). This is to say that physical pain serves as an agency of unmaking, and at the other end of the spectrum lies its antithesis, creation.

While Herman and Scarry’s books, along with Oscar Hammerstein II’s libretto for *Carousel* serve as major points of reference for this project report, each chapter branches out to incorporate a number of different types of sources. Chapter two includes citations from a number of biographies, theatrical reviews from major newspapers, and musical theatre history textbooks. In chapter four, the medium of sources expands to include musical score and archival video of the musical’s original choreography. The fifth chapter further expands sources to include more contemporary sources of information such as webpages, and electronic journals, magazines and blogs. As this report strives to historicize *Carousel* from a new perspective, it simultaneously strives to approach the analysis from a number of different perspectives, and through as many varied sources as possible.

The investigation in chapter three is macroscopic, and deconstructs the dramatic through line of antihero Billy Bigelow through the stages of recovery proposed by Herman for victims of post-traumatic stress disorder. While it is textually evident that Billy Bigelow is not a veteran, this analysis examines the characterization created by Molnár, and revived and reimagined by Hammerstein from the postwar perspective of the 1945 audience. In his

The social processes of memory and forgetting, familiarly known as culture, may be carried out by a variety of performance events, from stage plays to sacred rites… to the invisible rituals of everyday life. To perform in this sense means to bring forth, to make manifest, and to transmit. To perform also means, though often more secretly, to reinvent. (Roach xi)

The case study analysis of *Carousel* in this project report explores such a surrogation by Billy Bigelow, calling forth emotional and sociopolitical connections, making manifest the heart beat of the musical’s historical moment, and reinventing the musical as a device of dramatic therapy.

In Chapter Four, “The Soliloquies of Traumatic Neurosis,” the postwar perspective utilized to apply the lenses of pain theory and post-traumatic stress disorder moves from a macroscopic overview to a set of microscopic analyses. *Carousel* is framed by twin soliloquies that psychoanalyze Bigelow, one through music composed by Richard Rodgers, entitled “Soliloquy,” and one through dance, “Billy Makes a Journey,” choreographed by Agnes de Mille. This analysis deconstructs these two self-reflective moments in the musical textually, musically and theoretically, as a set of binaries that psychoanalyze Billy Bigelow from two opposing points of view: the masculine (androtext) and the feminine (gynotext).

Chapter five, “*Carousel*: An Awareness Project,” applies the scholarship developed in chapters two through four to a dramaturgical concept for production. By investigating Rogers and Hammerstein’s musical in this light, this case study proposes a richer understanding of the musical as a cultural response to World War II with continued relevancy in the aftermath of the Iraq “war on terror.”

Never has so great a burden been placed upon the shoulders of so few on behalf of so many for so long. We are not a nation at war. We are a nation with a volunteer army at war. Brig. Gen. Loree Sutton. (Doerries 1)

As more and more American veterans return home from war, the more important the role of the theatre becomes as a vehicle for change and healing, and as the power of the theatre increases, so too, does the importance of the dramaturg as a source of what Aristotle called, *phronesis*. For the ancient Greek philosopher, the term referred to “practical wisdom,” including everything that “one must know in order to live a good and harmonious life…”
employed to advance the greater good for oneself and one’s society in general” (Chemers 5). This knowledge worked in the pursuit of truth and the realization of happiness and societal harmony. “In the world of the theater,” dramaturg Michael Mark Chemers writes, “dramaturgs are the ‘phroneticists,’ keepers both of the knowledge of theater practice of the past and of the wisdom necessary to apply that knowledge to create the theater of the future” (5-6). In the world of American musical theatre, the dramaturg is an imperative phroneticist, serving not only the art form, but also the evolution of the national culture.
CHAPTER 2

A WORLD AT WAR: CAROUSEL, LILIOM, AND THE AMERICAN EXPERIENCE OF WORLD WAR II

I have seen war... I have seen blood running from the wounded.
I have seen men coughing out their gassed lungs.
I have seen the dead in the mud... I have seen children starving.
I have seen the agony of mothers and wives. I hate war.
– Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Chautauqua speech, 1936

In the early 1940s, American isolationism, a byproduct of World War I, remained popular. Secure in their neutrality, the United States remained disinterested in the wars taking place in Europe and Asia. As the conflict abroad escalated in scale and intensity, US involvement became inevitable. With the Lend Lease Act of 1941, America officially joined Great Britain, France, the USSR and thirteen other nations as the “Allies of World War II,” waging a war against fascism represented by the “Axis of Power,” naming countries such as Germany, Italy, and Japan in their ranks. With the attack on Pearl Harbor, the American population began to feel cost of war within their native population.

Unlike devastated Europe, the United States was relatively unscathed by World War II. From 1933 to 1945 approximately six million European people of Jewish decent were brutally mass-murdered in the German genocide known as the Holocaust. In its first year of engagement in the war, the United States suffered 32,000 casualties, “but as the war in both Europe and the Pacific reached its climax and American forces became fully engaged with the enemy, casualty figures had begun to rise alarmingly” (Callaghan et al.). In the three short months between December 1944 and March 1945, the number of war related deaths per month increased by 6,114%. The United States experienced 802,000 casualties, 159,000 of which were killed in active combat. Just as the composition of the national population underwent an epic metamorphoses in the first half of the 1940s, the Broadway musical (a
sociopolitical litmus test of the evolving American culture) experienced a similar transformation.

Noted scholar Dr. David Savran writes that “the musical is able to provide a virtual laboratory in which to study the circulation of the artwork-as-commodity” (Savran 213). The importance of the American musical as a form of social currency became even more germane in the years preceding and following the second world war. From the earliest days of American musical comedy, led by George M. Cohan and his innovative *Little Johnny Jones* in 1904, American musical theatre was a unique expression of popular culture. In the first two decades of the twentieth century, the musical evoked a sense of multiculturalism, reminiscent of the exciting melting pot culture in places like New York City’s Five Points District, and the clash of nationalities arriving on Ellis Island. The 1920s embodied the decadence, speed and spectacle enjoyed by Americans at the conclusion of the First World War. Impresarios like Florenz Ziegfeld produced enormous musical theatre extravaganzas meant to evoke the *Follies Bergére* of the late Victorian age, while up-and-coming partnerships like the songwriting team of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson brought forth a swath of collegiate musicals that hailed the new flapper generation.

With the stock market crash of 1929, Broadway endured the effects of the Great Depression. Composers like Harold Rome and Irving Berlin wrote union and labor-themed musical revues, injecting the social immediacy of the daily newspaper headlines into songs, scenes and dances. In 1940, composer Richard Rodgers and long-time collaborator, lyricist Lorenz Hart, introduced Broadway to a new form, with their “musical play,” *Pal Joey*. The musical was a contemporary piece about complex individuals that integrated song, scene and dance to explore psychological aspects of its characters. A new musical hybrid was on the rise: part Cohan-era patriotism, part lavish Ziegfeld-era gesamtkunstwerk, blending the 1930s’ imperative for social justice with the psychological interiority of *Pal Joey*. The Rodgers and Hammerstein Revolution, as it would later be called, began in 1943 with their groundbreaking musical, *Oklahoma!*, and welcomed the dawning of Broadway’s Golden Age.

Richard Charles Rodgers and Oscar Glendenning Hammerstein II came together at the suggestion of Theresa Helburn and Lawrence Langer of the Theatre Guild to collaborate on a new musical based on Lynn Rigg’s play, *Green Grown the Lilacs*. Having struggled
through a difficult, but immensely rewarding creative partnership for nearly two decades, Richard Rodgers was ready to move on when Lorenz Hart turned down the Theatre Guild offer. “Oscar was as different from Larry Hart in personality and technical style as it was possible to be,” Rodgers said of his new collaborator (Fordin 186). This proved to be a very good distinction. Rodgers’ inherent cynicism was counterbalanced by Hammerstein’s inherent optimism. Rodgers’ prodigious musical skill was beautifully tempered by Hammerstein’s folksy, colloquial style. Between the two of them, Rodgers and Hammerstein were America, and as such their musicals came to represent and define the country throughout their 1943 to 1959 collaboration.

After the runaway success of *Oklahoma!* (1943), Rodgers and Hammerstein were hungry to deepen their musical experiment, but wary of the pressures that their success implied. “Dick,” Langer began, “I think you ought to write something for posterity.” “I’d like to,” Rodgers replied, “but I have a family to support” (Block 113). After nine months of badgering, the Theatre Guild “brought forth another play out of which, it was suggested, they might make a musical” (Taylor 179). The work in question was Ferenc Molnár’s *Liliom*, a Hungarian tragedy. Helburn and Langer reasoned that the play’s central ideas of loss and redemption were bound to strike a chord with wartime audiences. Rodgers and Hammerstein responded instantly with a simultaneous and resounding, “no.”

*Liliom* debuted in Molnár’s native Hungary in 1909 to marked success. In 1921, the Theatre Guild produced *Liliom* on Broadway. Over twenty years later, the same group would approach Rodgers and Hammerstein to suggest a musical version. The production, translated by American screenwriter and director Benjamin Glazer, enjoyed a run of 65 performances. In 1932, Eva Le Gallienne, who both staged the piece and played Julie, revived the Glazer translation at the Civic Repertory Theatre. *Liliom* returned to Broadway in 1940, when producer Vinton Freedley assembled an all-star cast helmed by Burgess Merideth and Ingrid Bergman as the star-crossed lovers. The title character intrigued critics and playgoers alike. “It is strange how touching the story of this violent young scapegrace and his loyal wife can be, and it is a great tribute to Molnár, who has combined fantasy with realism amid so much romantic effectiveness,” concluded drama critic Richard Watts (Secrest 272).

The play’s sweeping romance and effective balance of realism and style caught the attention of a number of composers. It was rumored that both George Gershwin and Giacomo
Puccini had approached Molnár about musicalization, but the playwright declined all requests. “I wanted it to be Molnár’s Liliom, not Pucini’s Liliom” (Fordin 221). After attending a performance of Rodgers and Hammerstein’s Oklahoma!, however, he knew at once that these were the right artists to adapt the play. Rodgers’ musical style and Hammerstein’s folksy knack for realism would be the perfect anchor for the Liliom story.

In October of 1944, the New York Post reported that “after fifteen months, all the legal technicalities involved in the production of the musical version of Liliom were settled last week. The smallest percentage: eight tenths of one percent go to Ferenc Molnár, who merely wrote the play” (Nolan 128). From the onset of Carousel’s creation, Rodgers and Hammerstein exercised a strong creative hand, to which Molnár acquiesced. With the idea of musicalizing a genuine tragedy weighing heavy on his mind, Hammerstein began sneaking into the closing ten minutes of Wright and Forrest’s newest dramatic musical, Song of Norway. “They said they wanted to see whether something so daring could succeed. Night after night they saw these hard-bitten audiences wiping their eyes, and this was when Hammerstein decided to go ahead” (Secrest 273).

The first task for Rodgers and Hammerstein was to move the location of the story. In the heat of World War II, Budapest would have been too politically risky of a choice, said Hammerstein, “there was no way of knowing how the public would be thinking” (Secrest 287). Theresa Helbun proposed setting the musical in New Orleans, nodding to Hammerstein’s unique ability to write American dialects. The lyricist was worried about the effect that too many “zis, zat and zosewould have on the libretto” (Fordin 220). Recognizing the necessity for a strong ensemble in a musical, Hammerstein suggested turn of the century New England, which was known for its mill-working girls, sailors and fisherman. With the establishment of a strong community and an American setting, all but one of the play’s serious problems had been solved. All that remained was the theatrical hook.

“How do you sing Liliom?” Richard Rodgers asked. “Oscar and I kept reading and rereading the play, searching for clues” (Rodgers and Rodgers 238). The titular character proved hard to make believable in a musical setting. There had been antiheroes before Billy Bigelow, such as Shakespeare’s Falstaff, but in the musical theatre it was a new phenomenon and required a delicate approach. Rodgers recalled his work on 1940’s Pal Joey, a musical centered on a similarly flawed and unlikable character. He and lyricist Lorenz Hart made
Joey relatable by crafting for him a sort of soliloquy called, “I’m Talking to My Pal,” which Joey sang to himself. In a December 1944 meeting, Rodgers suggested such a song for Billy to close the first act of Carousel, “Soliloquy”: “a fine musical number for the end of the scene where Liliom discovers he is to be a father, in which he sings first with pride of the growth of a boy and then suddenly realizes it might be a girl, and changes completely with that thought” (Fordin 221).

Having crafted an acceptable musical version of Liliom, here to be called Billy Bigelow because “Bigelow” and “Liliom” would similarly scan, Rodgers and Hammerstein approached the last of their roadblocks in Carousel’s creation. Hammerstein referred to Liliom’s ending as “the tunnel” of the second act. For him, the play was unendingly gloomy from the crime scene, to Liliom’s death, to his eventual damnation. Hammerstein knew that he simply “couldn’t let Billy go down unchanged,” as he does in Molnár’s play (Citron 175). “It was not the anxiety to have a happy ending that made me shy away from that original, but because I can’t conceive of an unregenerate soul- and to indulge myself I changed the ending” (Citron 175).

Hammerstein enriched the father-daughter relationship in Carousel, something almost completely absent in Liliom, by adding a graduation scene where Billy is given one final chance to make good for his daughter. He also changed Molnár’s Heavenly Magistrate into more sympathetic characters. Initially the librettist conceived of a “straight-backed Yankee playing the harmonium” and his similarly austere wife to be known as Mr. and Mrs. God (Secrest 276). After strong objections from the composer, Hammerstein eventually settled on the now famous Starkeeper, neither here nor there, implying “not reality but escape from reality, not truth but escape from truth” (Secrest 276). Rodgers and Hammerstein’s revisions not only softened the tragic ending, but also added a new layer of complexity to Molnár’s characters. Understandably, the pair was nervous to present the reimagined version to the playwright. Hammerstein’s biographer, Hugh Fordin recalls the first time that Molnár saw the completed musical.

Molnár first saw Carousel at the “run-through,” a rehearsal with no stops for corrections, just two weeks into production. When Oscar saw Molnár in the theater, he was nervous about having the author see his adaptation: “We’re not ready for Molnár.” …Throughout the performance, he kept seeing it through Molnár’s eyes, hearing it through his ears… At the end of the performance Oscar
didn’t move… Soon Molnár was at his side, his eyes wet with tears as he told Oscar how much he liked the show. “What you have done is so beautiful!” He understood perfectly the reasons for the changes that had been made; he liked the music. “And you know what I like best? The ending.” (Fordin 231-232)

The production was a resounding success, running two years and winning the New York Critics’ Award as ‘best musical.’ “Carousel is one of the finest musical plays I have ever seen,” John Chapman of the News wrote, “and I shall remember it always”(Taylor 181). Reviews were similarly glowing from the Journal-American: “This Carousel for which I’m deliberately going off the deep end…opened triumphantly;” the Times: “delightful…sometimes fast and rousing, now nostalgic and moving;” and the Sun: “Carousel becomes something memorable in the theater…touching and affecting…something rare in the theatre” (Taylor 181). The inspired partnership had keyed in to the nation’s popular desires and presented a fairy-tale ending without irony or sarcasm just when they needed it. Rodgers and Hammerstein used Carousel to deal with “the fragility of life itself, the courage of ordinary people in extraordinary situations, and the longing for a belief in life after death” (Secrest 287).

In Carousel, American audiences encountered themselves, but unlike the harsh realities that postwar domestic life presented, this version offered a happy ending. In turn of the century New England, Americans recognized their own industrialized society, and in millworkers like Carrie and Nettie, Rosie the Riveter. Billy Bigelow’s belligerent aggression was reminiscent of the yet-undiagnosed Post Traumatic Stress Disorder that accompanied more than 850,000 soldiers home from the war. Americans sympathized with Julie and Louise’s struggle to begin again in a world without a husband and father. And everyone longed for a world with hope. “I can’t tell you any sure way to happiness,” the divine Doctor Sheldon suggests in Carousel’s closing graduation scene. “I only know that you’ve got to go out and find it for yourselves” (Hammerstein 178). With the war officially behind them, Carousel marked a chance for Americans to begin again. The future belonged to everyone.
CHAPTER 3

“BILLY MAKES A JOURNEY”: THE
FUNDAMENTAL STAGES OF RECOVERY

Talking meant remembering, so many veterans of World War II didn’t speak about the scenes of carnage and combat they saw more than sixty years ago. Not even to their wives or children. Suck it up, lock it away.
Problem was, there was more than one key.

-Brian Albrecht

In the three short months between December 1944 and March 1945, there were 802,000 US casualties. Another 850,000 soldiers were hospitalized for mental health disorders during the war. As the face of the nation underwent an epic metamorphoses, musical theatre pioneers Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II seized a unique opportunity to introduce the American public to a new kind of Broadway musical that was as dark, complex and emotionally bereft as postwar society. Opening April 19th, 1945- a mere 19 days before Germany’s unconditional surrender and the conclusion of the European chapter of World War II- Carousel was at once a voice for the shell-shocked, guilt-ridden soldiers returning home, and for the American society in which they no longer understood how to participate. As theatre historian Gerald Mast states in his book Can’t Help Singin’, “If Oklahoma! developed the moral argument for sending American boys overseas, Carousel offered consolation to those wives and mothers whose boys would only return in spirit” (Mast 210).

This analysis applies the lens of pain theory as developed by Elaine Scarry, in conjunction with Judith Herman’s conceptualization of Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder (CPTSD), to propose a richer understanding of the musical as a cultural response to World War II. Scarry’s theories on pain give the musical contemporary relevancy in the aftermath of the Iraq War on Terror. To this end, this investigation reads the musical’s frequently misunderstood antihero, Billy Bigelow, as a surrogate veteran, whose dramatic through-line parallels the fundamental stages of recovery for veterans afflicted with PTSD. In
the libretto, Billy Bigelow is not a veteran, but this analysis examines Molnár’s character and Hammerstein’s reimagined antihero from the postwar audience perspective.

“The 1945 vet came home to enjoy prosperity,” Michael Adams writes in The Best War Ever: America and World War II, “but some suffered an anguish that damaged their lives and that of their families. For some, the stress continues even today” (Adams 148). Elaine Scarry describes pain as a “deep subterranean fact, belonging to an invisible geography that however portentous, has no reality because it has not yet manifested itself on the visible surface of the earth” (Scarry 3). The alienation caused by the inability to express physical pain parallels the feeling of isolation associated with CPTSD that expresses itself in the disorder’s diagnostic symptoms (nightmares and flashbacks that re-live the traumatic experience, avoidance of “triggers” or stimuli associated with the trauma, increased arousal and anger, difficulty sleeping, hyper-vigilance and in some cases threats of suicide or murder).

As the curtain rises in the first moments of Carousel, the body of the archetypal leading man is revealed in Billy Bigelow: a godlike alpha male leaning against his barker stand, surveying his domain. His physical persona is aggressively masculine, reminiscent of the description of the coerced and performed body of the soldier in Michel Foucault’s essay on “Docile Bodies”:

The soldier was someone who could be recognized from afar… a lively, alert manner, an erect head, a taut stomach, broad shoulders, long arms, strong fingers, a small belly, thick thighs, slender legs, and dry feet because a man of such a figure could not fail to be agile and strong. (Counsell and Wolf 129)

As a representation of postwar veterans, Billy not only personifies the soldier’s body as defined by Foucault, but also embodies Herman’s psychosocial symptoms of CPTSD. Hammerstein’s stage directions for the opening scene reveal the size and strength of Billy’s physicality, stating “THE SAILOR turns to BILLY and is just about to take a good sock at him when he notices that BILLY towers over him” (Hammerstein, 92). For Billy, Foucault’s system of physical signifiers become a psychological mantra: the hyper-masculine male is the ideal male, and one who admits to experiencing “a traumatic neurosis (is) at best a constitutionally inferior human being, at worst a malingerer and a coward” (Herman 21). As a result of attempting to negotiate this stressful dichotomy, many veterans of active combat have a tendency to “alternate between feeling numb and reliving the event” (Herman 1). The
veterans are, in essence, balancing between Foucault’s version of their “soldier” selves, seemingly impervious to pain or weakness, and their emasculated, “shell-shocked” selves. In Act 1, Scene 3, Billy oscillates between boredom and aggression. Not long after Billy and Julie’s whirlwind courtship and marriage, Julie’s dearest friend Carrie and her intended, Mr. Enoch Snow, visit the newlyweds. The Snows are a direct foil to the Bigelows: chipper, proper middle-class Americans. After an extended conversation between Julie, Carrie and Enoch, Billy finally enters the scene, but is unwilling to join the conversation.

BILLY. How are you? (He starts up center)

SNOW. I’m pretty well. Jest gettin’ over a little chest cold. (As BILLY gets UC) 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. (Hammerstein 124)

The atrocities of combat produce, what Herman calls, a devastation of “the illusion of manly honor and glory” (Herman 20). For Billy, as for many World War II veterans, the thought of living in safety and domesticity, free from the terror of war jars him because it aligns him with the women who stayed home, with their un-soldier-like qualities, and leaves him devoid of any chance for Herman’s “manly honor (or) glory.”

Billy’s aggravated state is further expressed through the presence and absence of policemen in the story. By the close of World War II, it was known that “military authorities attempted to suppress reports of psychiatric casualties because of their demoralizing effect on the public” (Herman 20). In Molnár’s play, following Liliom’s suicide, two Heavenly Policemen accost Liliom and place him under arrest. In Hammerstein’s Carousel, however, the strong hand of the law is gone, and instead, Billy is posthumously greeted by two Heavenly Friends, who speak to Billy as if they were his war buddies trying to remove the fallen soldier from an active combat zone.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Get up, Billy.

BILLY. Huh?

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Get Up.

BILLY. (Straightening up) Who are you?
Due to his inability to control his anger, Billy is marginalized in his New England society. In the musical’s prologue, he is a freewheeling carnival barker. After marrying Julie, an act that inherently binds him to the community through sacramental ritual, Billy engages in a behavior commonly associated with PTSD, wherein the sufferer marginalizes himself. Billy pulls away from Julie, Carrie and Nettie, and instead associates himself with the transient Jigger, a relationship devoid of emotional or social responsibility. According to psychiatrist Johnathan Shay, “It’s not that they’ve lost their conscience, it’s not that they don’t care who they hurt. If they’re afraid of their own anger, their first impulse is to run and hide…. Many of them are doing that not to protect themselves but to protect us” (Shay).

Time and again, Billy’s angry outbursts occur in response to invitations to join the community. In Act 1, Scene 1 Billy threatens to give Carrie “a slap on the jaw” for attempting to comfort him after he is let go from his job, and again in Act 1 Scene 3, Billy instantly quashes Julie’s invitation to join the community clambake. Like war veterans, he wants to participate but he no longer knows how to do so without endangering himself and those around him. Hoping to acquire the requisite funds to support his unborn child, Billy assists Jigger in a robbery attempt that ends in the antihero’s suicide, and lands Billy under heavenly investigation.

STAR KEEPER. Why’d you beat her?
BILLY. I didn’t beat her- I wouldn’t beat a little thing like that- I hit her.
STAR KEEPER. Why?
BILLY. Well, y’see- we’d argue. And she’d say this and I’d say that- and she’d be right- so I’d hit her.
STAR KEEPER. Hmm! Are you sorry you hit her?
BILLY. Ain’t sorry fer anythin’. (Hammerstein 166)

In the source material *Liliom*, the title character’s traumatic neurosis similarly arises in his painful adjudication before the Magistrate:

THE MAGISTRATE. You beat that poor, frail girl; you beat her because she loved you. How could you do that?
LILIOM. We argued with each other- she said this and I said that- and because she was right I couldn’t answer her- and I got mad- and the anger rose up in me- until it reached here [points to his throat] and then I beat her.

THE MAGISTRATE. Are you sorry?

LILIOM. [Shakes his head, but cannot utter the word “no”; continues softly] When I touched her slender throat- then- if you like- you might say- [Falters, looks embarrassed at MAGISTRATE]

THE MAGISTRATE. [Confidently expectant] Are you sorry?

LILIOM. [With a stare] I’m not sorry for anything. (Molnár 159-160)

In 1945, it was less common for average Americans to seek psychiatric analysis. For veterans who needed to see themselves as self-sufficient and powerful men, seeking therapy for mental disorders was a stigmatized decision. “Remembering and telling the truth about tragic events,” however, says Herman, “are prerequisites both for the restoration of the social order and for the healing of individual victims” (Herman 1). In the stage directions silent responses (pregnant with the veteran’s “keyed-up” passions) Billy exhibits both the root of his problem and its solution within the musical’s story. Unable to articulate his emotions, Billy’s pain has murdered his use of language. Billy must acknowledge his pain and tell his story to be able to allay his unspeakable suffering, and so disburdened, to reintegrate.

For veterans diagnosed with PTSD, the pain of active combat enforces a social marginalization in its inherent “unsharability,” which is secured through pain’s ability to kill language. Scarry contends that:

The very temptation to invoke analogies to remote cosmologies… is itself a sign of pain’s triumph, for it achieves its aversiveness in part by bringing about… this absolute split between one’s sense of one’s own reality and the reality of the other person. (Scarry 4)

In Molnár’s Liliom, when the accused barker tries to respond to The Magistrate, his speech is disrupted and language fails him; Liliom cannot express himself in words. When Rodgers and Hammerstein translated the story from pre-war play to post-war musical, it was in this disintegration of the traditional mode of communication that the composer transmogrified Liliom’s inarticulate stammer into the musical embodiment of Billy’s pain. In Carousel’s music, Rodgers materializes the pre-linguistic sounds that pain theory says are born because “physical pain does not simply resist language, but actively destroys it, bringing about an immediate reversion to a state anterior to language” (Scarry 4). Throughout the famous
musical bench scene, Act 1 Scene 1, Billy and Julie move seamlessly between spoken or sung text and musical response. The musical underscore articulates the characters’ psychological interiority; that which cannot be put into words emerges in soaring musical lines and haunting melodies. Further, in Act 2, Scenes 3 and 4, Hammerstein’s libretto gives way to Rodgers’ score as the rush of emotion caused by the mention of Billy’s daughter renders the antihero speechless.

When Billy first learns of Julie’s pregnancy, his world is thrown into a tailspin. For Billy, as for the veteran, life is a fragile reminder of its binary other: violent, meaningless death. In that instant Billy is changed from life-taker into life-maker and his inability to integrate into society suddenly has consequences that extend indefinitely into the future.

Confronted with this ultimatum, Billy is finally able to seek the “treatment” that he so desperately needs to move forward, as evidenced by his self-psychoanalytic soliloquy. Centering the song’s focus not on the unborn child, but on the father-to-be, historian Scott Miller writes “it’s important to notice that Billy starts “Soliloquy” by speculating on what his child will think of him” (Miller 52). Through “Soliloquy,” Billy is adjudicated before the highest judge of all: himself. In “My Boy Bill,” he comes face to face with his vision of himself: “tall and as tough as a tree,” a fitting description of the ideal soldier (Hammerstein 137). The song comes to a sudden halt, however, with the intrusion of Billy’s dichotomous other self, buried deep within him: “my little girl” (Hammerstein 140).

Billy’s little girl (Louise) is described as bright and sweet, valuing intellect and sensitivity over physical prowess, and unlike the fierce independence drilled into American soldiers, she lacks survival skills, instead depending solely on assistance from others. Billy’s most authentic self, the man before he is made into the combatant, comes to him in female form as an antithesis to Foucault’s soldier. While drawing a stark contrast between the relaxed daydreaming associated with the son and the serious consideration associated with the daughter, Hammerstein’s stage directions describe the anguish with which Billy approaches this epiphany.

BILLY. (He sits on bait box and holds his head in his hands. The music becomes the original theme “I Wonder What He’ll Think of Me.” He speaks over it in a moaning voice.)

What would I do with her? What could I do for her?
A bum- with no money!
You can have fun with a son,
But you got to be a father
To a girl! (Hammerstein 139)

For Billy, Louise is a primordial representation of himself, dissociated with language and initially revealed to Billy through a more visceral level of communication: dance. In her essay, *Linguistics, Semiotics and Textuality*, Julia Kristeva addresses the linguistic world, formulated through patriarchal psychoanalytic theories. She inverts these methodologies back to the feminine in her “revolution in language” by asserting the absence of the phallus. For Kristeva, there is a feminist semiotic which is an emotional field of instinct, a pre-linguistic order associated with the mother’s body. Although the ballet features Louise and not Billy, it is titled, “Billy Makes a Journey”; through such a nomination, her experiences are immediately equated with his. In the ballet, Louise enacts the various stages of pain and abjection that Billy experienced in life.

One of the carnival boys is the type LOUISE’s father was when he was young. Of all the fascinating group, he interests her most. After the others dance off, he returns to her for a flirtation. It is much more than this to LOUISE. It is a first experience, overwhelmingly beautiful, painful and passionate. He leaves her abruptly. She’s too young. Thwarted, humiliated, she weeps alone. (Hammerstein, 169)

Because Billy watches the scene unfold from an objective distance, Louise’s tragic story has a galvanizing effect on him. He now understands that to care for Louise is to care for himself, and thus to save himself, Billy must save Louise.

In pain theory, the idea that the sufferer associates the “wound in the weapon” is used to heal patients with chronic pain.

As an actual fact, a weapon is an object that goes into the body and produces pain; as a perceptual fact, it can lift pain and its attributes out of the body and make them visible. The mental habit of recognizing pain in the weapon (despite experience) is both an ancient and an enduring one. (Scarry 16)

In *Carousel*, this concept arises both physically and conceptually. When Julie discovers Billy carrying the table knife in Act 2, Scene 1, she physically connects the weapon in her hand with the wound it will inflict on her husband.

JULIE. (Putting her hands to his chest and feeling the knife) Billy!
BILLY. I got no time to fool with women. Get out of my way! (Hammerstein 154)

Conceptually, the weapon is used as liminal grounds on which separate people can share an understanding of one another’s pain. While the community can never understand Billy’s pain, they can understand Louise as a victim of circumstance and in this way, Louise becomes the bridge through which Billy can reconnect with society.

In Carousel, Hammerstein makes significant changes to the ending of the Molnár play and to the Julie Jordan character. He transforms the piece from the tragedy of a disturbed man into a didactic fable promoting the absolution of veterans in post-war America. In Molnár’s Liliom, Julie is a sweet, young girl won by an exciting man, but by his death, she is also the first to admit that he was never good. In the final scene, Liliom returns to Earth, and while Julie is able to see him, she does not recognize him. When he mentions that he knew her husband, she kicks him out. Hammerstein’s Julie, on the other hand, is a Madonna figure, frequently described as “other-worldly,” and possessing a serenity that her non-musical counterpart lacks. In Act 2, Scene 1, she sings “What’s the Use of Wond’rin’” to Carrie, hoping to help her friend empathize and reconcile with her new husband. In light of the musical’s historical moment, the song takes on a greater moralistic imperative.

JULIE. Somethin’ made him the way that he is,
Whether he’s false or true.
And somethin’ gave him the things that are his-
One of those things is you. (Hammerstein 153)

The lyric implies that there is responsibility on the part of the loved ones back home to accept and forgive their veterans for the sake of societal harmony.

Elaine Scarry asserts that, “physical pain leads to destruction and the unmaking of the human world, whereas human creation at the opposite end of the spectrum leads to the making of the world” (Scarry 3). In light of this statement, it is understood that Billy comes to the conclusion that the opposite of war is creation. In order to absolve himself and heal his own pain, Billy has to make good for others. By saving Louise, and in turn the future of the community, Billy can save himself. Similarly, it is the responsibility of the community to embrace, accept and support Billy, here in the form of Louise, in order to heal themselves. Herman says that “the fundamental stages of recovery are establishing safety,” which Billy
does in his marriage to Julie, “reconstructing the trauma story,” which he does through
Louise’s Act II ballet, “and restoring the connection between survivors and their community”
as Billy at last does in his final act on Earth (Herman 3).

ALL. And don’t be afraid of the dark.

BILLY. (To LOUISE) Believe him, darling! Believe!

(LOUISE joins the others as they sing)…

BILLY. (To JULIE) I loved you Julie. Know that I loved you!

(JULIE’s face lights up and she starts singing with the rest)

ALL. Walk on,

Walk on,

With hope in your heart

And you’ll never walk alone.

(LOUISE moves in closer to the group. The girl to her right puts her arm around
her. Her eyes shine. The HEAVENLY FRIEND smiles and beckons BILLY to
follow him. BILLY does. As they pass the DOCTOR, he watches and smiles
wisely)

You’ll never walk alone. (Hammerstein 179)

In the last moments of *Carousel*, Billy, Louise and Julie — the veteran, his deepest self, and
his redeemer-Madonna — are all integrated back into the community of hopeful Americans.
The final lyric resounds as a soothing hymn for grieving widows, as well as a rallying cry of
support for a generation of men just embarking on a new war on the home front and deep
within themselves. In the America created by Rodgers and Hammerstein, they never have to
fight this battle alone.
CHAPTER 4

THE “SOLILOQUIES” OF TRAUMATIC NEUROSIS

The truest expression of a people is in its dance and in its music. Bodies never lie.
-Agnes de Mille

Describing the American experience at the end of World War II, choreographer Agnes de Mille wrote, “one leaned into anguish as a dancer leans against space, and the living balance within sustained.” (de Mille 241) The idea of balance described here suggests the equalizing tension that exists within a set of opposing binaries. Theorist Hélène Cixous describes this ideology, saying:

There has to be some ‘other’ – no master without a slave, no economico-political power without exploitation, no dominant class without cattle under the yoke…. If there were no other, one would invent it. (Counsell and Wolf 71)

Throughout Carousel, Rodgers, Hammerstein, and de Mille utilize the inherent tension between a desire for balance and the fear of its absence to plumb the depths of the complex interiority of the musical’s main character, Billy Bigelow. The musical is framed by a set of twin soliloquies that psychoanalyze Bigelow, one through music composed by Richard Rodgers, entitled “Soliloquy,” and one through dance, “Billy Makes a Journey,” choreographed by Agnes de Mille.

This analysis deconstructs these two self-reflective moments in the musical textually, musically and theoretically, as a set of binaries that psychoanalyze Billy Bigelow from two opposing points of view. As Rodgers’ “Soliloquy” is an “androtext1,” or a work written by a man, it will be deconstructed from the masculine point of view, utilizing the theories of psychoanalysis espoused by Sigmund Freud and Jaques Lacan. Conversely, the act two ballet, “Billy Makes a Journey,” was choreographed structured by Agnes de Mille, making it

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1 The terms “androtext” and “gynotext” come from the work of Julia Kristeva.
a “gynotext.” Of the process of collaboration with composer, Richard Rodgers, de Mille writes:

When I started rehearsals for Oklahoma! I asked for an interview with him about the ballet music and handed him a detailed scenario broken down into seconds as I had done for Aaron Copland. He nodded and stuffed it into his pocket, then proceeded without slackening step into his song rehearsal. ‘Aren’t you going to read this?’ I asked. ‘You have all the songs, haven’t you?’ he answered. And smiling, he hurried on. (de Mille 232-233)

This analysis will investigate the dance text through the lens of “French” feminist psychoanalyst Julia Kristeva. By creating side-by-side investigations of the two soliloquies, this analysis seeks to unearth a deeper understanding of the musical’s central character through an amalgamation of his diametrically opposed expressions of himself. Judith Herman writes, “It is as if time stops at the moment of trauma” (Herman 37). According to Scott McMillin, this divisive split in the unity of time is also present in the shift from real time to the metered time of song. “In Rodgers and Hammerstein musicals… It is more accurate to say that the plot is suspended for the time of the number, which carried the characters into new versions of themselves” (McMillin 41-42). The song “Soliloquy” which can be referenced in its entirety in Appendix A, reflects a masculine expression of self through the use of structured language, or a system that is not neutral but an “instrument through which patriarchy finds expression” (Barry 121) (Table 2).

According to Freud, projection occurs “when aspects of ourselves… are not recognized as part of ourselves but are perceived in or attributed to another.” (Barry 93) In “Soliloquy,” Billy Bigelow imagines a future for his unborn child. This analysis investigates the progression of the song as an exercise in projection for Bigelow, perceiving in his son, Bill, the attributes within him that are symbolically masculine and representative of the coerced soldier body, and in the daughter, Louise, the civilian within him which existed before he was made into a soldier. “Despite an unbroken tradition of violence and war, man is not by nature a killer.” (Grossman xvi) In the son Bill, Bigelow projects attributes of a highly militaristic connotation.

    BILLY. My boy, Bill!
    He’ll be tall
    And as tough
    As a tree,
Table 2. Musical Analysis- “Soliloquy”

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section of Song</th>
<th>Measure #s</th>
<th>Score Page #s</th>
<th>Tonal Center</th>
<th>Form</th>
<th>Musical Notes</th>
<th>Dramatic Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>I Wonder What He’ll Think of Me… (segment)</td>
<td>1-36</td>
<td>104-106</td>
<td>b minor; D Major (uses D Major to pivot from b minor to G Major mm 35-36)</td>
<td>XY</td>
<td>Billy sings a 2nd away from the tonic (a clashing tone).</td>
<td>Billy asserts his dominance. Optimism in mm 20 is shown in major harmonization.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Boy Bill (song)</td>
<td>37-147</td>
<td>106-112</td>
<td>G Major</td>
<td>AABCC*AB</td>
<td>Melodic line moves to the tonic; settles above it. Accompaniment descends scale in mm 57-62; 2nd from the tonic in mm 98-101.</td>
<td>Billy asserts his bravado above the tonic. Musically grounded: the chords lower incrementally. “carousel” moves a 2nd away from tonic.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>His Boss’ Daughter … (segment)</td>
<td>148-179</td>
<td>112-114</td>
<td>a minor; F Major</td>
<td>ZY</td>
<td>Recitative-like repeated notes on the 3rd tone of the scale.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spoken Section</td>
<td>180-192</td>
<td>114</td>
<td>F Major; C Major</td>
<td>Underscore</td>
<td>At the start of the spoken section Billy sings the dominant tone of F on a 2nd inversion of the one chord (C Major), an unstable harmonization.</td>
<td>The opening dissonance reveals Billy’s discomfort about the possibility of fathering a daughter, and so he changes modes and speaks.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Wonder What He’ll Think of Me (2) (fragment)</td>
<td>193-204</td>
<td>114-115</td>
<td>C Major</td>
<td>QX*</td>
<td>In mm 202-205, there is a harmonic shift as C Major is used to pivot to F Major.</td>
<td>As Billy sings about Julie, the key modulates and the musical texture changes from militarist to feminine. (mm 202-205)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>My Little Girl (song)</td>
<td>205-227</td>
<td>116-117</td>
<td>F Major</td>
<td>ABA</td>
<td>Music remains in common time, but the dominant rhythm used is the triplet, creating a softer feel.</td>
<td>As Billy sings about Julie, the key modulates and the musical texture changes from militarist to feminine. (mm 202-205)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Coda “I gotta get ready…”</td>
<td>228-253</td>
<td>117-118</td>
<td>Bb Major</td>
<td>ABC</td>
<td>Here the melody climbs higher and higher, eventually landing past the tonic on the dominant tone (F).</td>
<td>Billy vows to make the necessary changes to his life.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Will Bill!
Like a tree he’ll grow,
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground,
And you won’t see nobody
Dare to try
To boss him or toss him around!
No potbellied, baggy-eyed bully’ll boss him around. (Hammerstein 137-138)

In Richard Rodgers’ musical setting, one instantly feels the discomfort with which Billy asserts these masculine qualities. The musical sequence begins in b minor and creates an atmosphere of uncertainty- a tension seeking resolution. At the onset, Billy sings a major second away from the tonic note of the key, directly clashing with the accompaniment. He sings on C sharp, “I wonder what he’ll think of me,” suggesting that Billy has an instinctual reaction to his own question even before he asks it. His immediate discord suggests discomfort and unhappiness. Rather than sinking down below the key signature, however, Billy sings a note just above the tonic, establishing alongside his uneasiness, a constant desire for dominance (Figure 1).

![Figure 1. “Soliloquy” musical dominance.](image)

There is an immediate musical sense that Billy is trying to manipulate the situation, to inflate the positive attributes of the character. Unfortunately for Billy, this upward reaching melody is constantly counteracted by a downward pulling harmonic accompaniment. As the lyric implies in measure twenty, Billy sings, “I’ll teach him to wrassle and dive through a wave when we go in the morning for our swim,” he begins the phrase on the tonic note of the minor key signature’s relative major key, in this case, D (Hammerstein 137). He is
attempting to make a minor situation resolve to the relative major key. Unfortunately for Billy, this attempt is short-lived and a mere six measures later he has sunk back down to the minor tonic note, B (Figure 2).

Figure 2. “Soliloquy” transition.

Rodgers shifts tonality in measures twenty-eight to thirty-one, moving the last note of the phrase incrementally higher by half steps from the tonic B, to the relative major tonic, D. By measure thirty-five, the score shifts to G major for the soliloquy’s next major sequence, “My Boy Bill.” While the buoyant melody of this section is bright and confident, Rodgers’ music hasn’t changed its style. With the conclusion of each decisive phrase, Billy lands firmly on the tonic, but his deeper fears come through in a series of tags that follow every line, moving the final note away from the center of the phrase’s harmonic progression. This over-compensation concludes the phrase a major second away from the tonic again, and again Billy asserts his dominance by choosing a note that is slightly higher (Figure 3).

Figure 3. “Soliloquy” dissonance.

In measure one-hundred-and-seventy-nine, however, “Soliloquy” makes a sudden shift in tone, direction, and feeling at the conclusion of the “My Boy Bill” sequence. Singing the frequently repeated phrase, “I can tell him-” (Hammerstein 139) Billy lands on the dominant note of C in the key of F major, but the accompaniment below him warns of the new discovery bubbling to the top. The F chord under the last word of the phrase is in second
inversion, making it relatively unstable; this cannot be considered tonic territory. At the distressing uncertainty of this chord, Billy’s focus and intention also dramatically shift. The word, “him,” does not match the music of Billy’s song, forcing him to realign his projection to address not the masculine but the feminine (Figure 4).

Figure 4. “Soliloquy” dramatic harmonization.

As Billy considers the possibility of fathering a daughter, he instantaneously turns his attention from the unborn child back to himself. With the reemergence of the “I wonder what he’ll think of me” theme, Billy begins to deeply judge himself.

Billy. What would I do with her?
What could I do for her?
A bum with no money! (Hammerstein 139)

Billy reaches within himself to address the feminine side of his subconscious in the form of his daughter Louise. Throughout this section, his attention is pulled magnetically and musically toward Julie, a civilian and a mother- the polar opposite of Billy’s “soldier-self.” In measures two hundred through two-hundred-and-three, Billy sings of how like Julie this side of him is. He resonates on the dominant G within the key of C, eventually leading chromatically up to the tonic on the line, “what a pair!” (Hammerstein 140) Here he connects the idea that the resolution of his discomfiture lies in a reunion with his pre-soldier self. After measure number 205, Rodgers modulates fluidly into an enchanting lullaby, coaxing out the delicate ghost of Billy’s former self. The music transitions seamlessly from the strong one chord in the key of C, to strong one chord in the key of F by allowing Billy’s realization to live in both keys naturally, at once as both the dominant and the tonic tone (Figure 5).

Although the closing musical moments are definitive and compelling, the various internal sequences of the “Soliloquy” are never quite resolved. Throughout “Soliloquy,” both
the lyric and musical setting (melodic and harmonic) are unsettled and volatile. However, at the grand conclusion, Billy makes a strong and confident vow—promising to die for the hope of a better future. He sings:

BILLY. I never knew how to get money,
   But I’ll try—by God! I’ll try!
   I’ll go out and make it,
   Or steal it, or take it
   Or die! (Hammerstein 140)

Near the end of the “Soliloquy,” the vocal part avoids the tonic Bb. As he reaches the final lyric, for example, Billy eschews confidence while he sings the fifth tone of the scale (high F). The “Soliloquy” ends on the same tone—musically confident and dramatic.

If “Soliloquy” poses an ethical and moral question, then the act two ballet, “Billy Makes a Journey” provides an answer. In response to Rodgers’ masculine psychoanalytic investigation in the act one “Soliloquy,” de Mille’s act two ballet deconstructs and reimagines Bigelow through an abstract and feminine perspective. The ballet begins with a liquid musical setting that modulates up and down in undulating chromatic patterns. Mary Rodgers\(^2\) has said that “…[de Mille’s choreography] fills the stage with carousel images in circular patterns.” (de Mille, Rodgers vid.) The first moments of the ballet suggest what the audience and Billy see is not happening for the first time. The ballet develops in perpetual motion akin to a carousel— it becomes a reenactment (Table 3).

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\(^2\) Mary Rodgers is daughter of composer Richard Rodgers. She is also an established composer.
Table 3. “Billy Makes a Journey” Choreographic Analysis Chart

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section of Ballet</th>
<th>Measure #s</th>
<th>Score Page #s</th>
<th>Musical Notes</th>
<th>Dramatic Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Louise on the Beach</td>
<td>1-34</td>
<td>163-164</td>
<td>“If I Loved You” theme; <em>con moto</em>; common time</td>
<td>Here Louise dances on the beach, evoking psychoanalytic connotations of water and the unconscious. As with the involuntariness of reenacting traumatic events, Louise leaps forth like an airplane taking off.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Urchins Dance</td>
<td>35-90</td>
<td>165-166</td>
<td><em>Allegro giocoso</em>; cut time</td>
<td>Here, Louise’s vernacular dance with the male urchins recalls the obsessively repeated nature of the play of traumatized children.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Snow Children</td>
<td>91-187</td>
<td>166-169</td>
<td>“When the Children are Asleep” theme; common time</td>
<td>In this segment, the dress and movements of the Snow family foil both Louise and Billy. Miss Snow interrupts the dance (feminine) exploration with metered text (masculine). At the close of this choreographic beat, de Mille comments that Billy sees in the daughter himself; it is that realization that calls forth the next moment.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Carnival Troupe</td>
<td>188-341</td>
<td>170-174</td>
<td>“The Carousel Waltz” theme; waltz time; tempo moves between standard waltz tempo and “brutal and frenetic”</td>
<td>The carnival troupe enters a blank stage, recalling the frozen and wordless quality of traumatic dreams. This segment is the most stylized (least realistic). The movement orbits around Louise; Billy (as Louise) is the center.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Carnival Boy Pas de Deux</td>
<td>342-437</td>
<td>174-177</td>
<td>“Soliloquy” theme 1; common time; <em>andante, ma non troppo</em>; moves into “My Boy Bill” theme in 6/8 time; <em>dolce</em>; “If I Loved You” theme</td>
<td>This is the most visceral segment of the ballet, the core of it. Here Billy’s two senses of self (the soldier in the carnival boy and his true self in Louise) dance a seductive pas de deux. The carnival boy “wins” and, the trauma repeated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Children’s Party</td>
<td>438-526</td>
<td>178-180</td>
<td><em>Polonaise tempo</em>; <em>Polka tempo</em>; dynamically ends f to FF.</td>
<td>Here the children move in pairs, emphasizing the fact that Louise, a solo dancer, does not fit into the community. Dejected, she lashes out at them, and the cycle completes itself.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Note: This sequence is not considered one of the five traumatic events; it serves as a point of departure.
The ballet is a psychoanalytical reflection of Billy’s traumatic neurosis, but certainly not a literal one. “Traumatic memories lack verbal narrative and context,” Judith Herman writes; “Rather they are encoded in the form of vivid sensations and images…. The intense focus on fragmentary sensation, on image without context, gives traumatic memory a heightened reality.” (Herman 38) The ballet follows an encoded and disjointed narrative of Billy’s emotional past. It begins in the morning, at the water’s edge before a vast ocean. Symbolically, Billy’s deepest sense of himself (the fragile and innocent Louise) appears to be full of promise at the beginning (the morning), but on the precipice of a journey deep into the self (the ocean). “The daughter, Louise, is discovered standing alone on the beach in full morning light. She runs and leaps and tumbles in animal joy” (Hammerstein 163). De Mille describes these opening leaps as thrusts toward life, choreographed for Bambi Linn (the Louise in the original Broadway production) as the representation of an airplane taking off. Linn was told to leap as if she were on horseback, leaping right out of the sun. This insistent and excited forward motion recalls Herman’s description of traumatic reenactments. “Even when they are consciously chosen, they have a feeling of involuntariness. Even when they are not dangerous,” she writes, “they have a driven, tenacious quality” (Herman 41). Richard Rodgers music for the piece reflects this notion through the array of driving tempi (Con moto, Allegro giocoso, Piú mosso, and Allegro).

A feminist approach to the deconstruction of de Mille’s ballet cannot be strictly musical, however. “The dances are rooted into the score and dialogue and have become part of the flesh.” (de Mille 235) The choreography or dance text of “Billy Makes a Journey” is inherently feminine and as such reveals Billy’s pre-war sense of self through its use of écriture féminine.

There exists a form of language which is inherently feminine…. Écriture Féminine… associated with the feminine, and facilitating the free play of meanings within the framework of loosened grammatical structures…. A state of language anterior to the Word… Plato calls this the chora… linked with the

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3 For discussion of the ballet, “Billy Makes a Journey,” the citations reference the published score for Carousel, rather than the musical’s libretto.

4 Con moto – with motion; Allegro giocoso- Moderately fast, merrily; Piú mosso- more movement; Allegro- Fast or quickly
maternal rather than the paternal… the language of poetry as opposed to prose.
(Barry 121-123)

As Billy follows the vision of Louise through five traumatic episodes, the narrative oscillates wildly between realistic dance, pantomime, and surrealistic sequences that relate more directly to surrealism and expressionism, and are deeply encoded with the atmosphere of dreams.

The first episode of the dream ballet begins when “two ragged urchins come in leapfrogging.” (de Mille 165) At their entrance, the music shifts from common time to cut time, there is a quickening of pace and a heightened excitement. Louise “turns a somersault and lies down on the sand” (de Mille 165) before “join(ing) them in their rough play.” (de Mille 165) Compared to the opening solo segment, the movements in the boys’ section are more staccato and athletic, the trio jump, tumble and cartwheel. The movement vocabulary is distinctly vernacular and non-lyrical, revealing more influence from George M. Cohan than Martha Graham.

Well, she shouldn’t be playing just with two little guttersnipe beach boys who pick up whatever’s left over on the beach. She should be playing with nice boys and girls, but they won’t have her. She’s left alone. And she learns boy’s games… In those days (girls) were told ladies don’t do that, and they were curbed and hampered and beaten down to what the grown ups thought was proper for little ladies. She’s wild. She’s not that way. (de Mille and Rodgers)

The fact that Billy first envisions Louise as a child at play is key to the unearthing of his traumatic memories. The work of psychiatrist Leonore C. Terr investigates the differences between traditional children’s play and the “forbidden games” of traumatized children. “The play that follows from trauma is… monotonous…. Play does not stop easily when it is traumatically inspired, and it may not change much over time. As opposed to ordinary child’s play, post-traumatic play is obsessively repeated” (Herman 39). In only forty-one measures of briskly moving music, de Mille repeats sequences of dance steps two and three times, and even as the next episode of the dance begins, Louise and the guttersnipes linger in their own movement vocabulary, overlapping the change in time, place and event.

The second event of the dream ballet begins with the entrance of Mr. Snow and his gaggle of “little Snows in Sunday hats in single file” (de Mille 166). The Snow family is an immediate contrast to the guttersnipe boys and Louise. In their constricted, professionally constructed clothing, complete with shoes and hats, they represent the oppositional masculine
point of view. Their clothing, their movements and the middle class ideals that they represent are constructed, urban and patriarchal (they are literally lead on stage by their father). The Snow children move in strict, specific, unified movements, most of which occur on the beat. They stand in straight lines and move directly from one point in space to another. Louise’s gang, on the other hand, wears flowing rag-like garments and dance barefoot; they are in touch with the earth, the rural and thus the feminine *chora*.

Enoch Snow Sr. functions as a foil to Billy Bigelow throughout the libretto; he represents everything that Billy is not—responsibility, tradition, and social position. In this sequence, Enoch Snow and his children snub Louise just as Billy felt snubbed in his lifetime. They repeatedly wag their heads left and right, miming “no” to the young girl with outstretched hand, and tilt their heads sharply toward the sky as they parade off downstage left. “It’s objectionable,” says de Mille of this dance sequence, “they won’t let her in. They won’t play with her. She tries and tries to play with them…. They absolutely throw her away” (de Mille and Rodgers).

At the end of the sequence, one Snow child, referred to as Miss Snow lags behind for the sole purpose of adding insult to injury by attacking Louise. She disrupts the feminine dream vocabulary of de Mille and speaks to Louise through Hammerstein’s text.

**SNOW’S DAUGHTER.** My father bought me my pretty dress.

**LOUISE.** My father would have bought me a pretty dress, he was a barker on a carousel.

**SNOW’S DAUGHTER.** Your father was a thief. (Hammerstein 168)

The language is metered, and scans with a final downbeat on the word “thief,” like a parting blow from Miss Snow to Louise. Cued by the biting remark, the ballet music slowly seeps back in, *piú lento* (more slowly) with a series of ascending notes, in which five of the seven tones are accented. Louise does not respond verbally (through the masculine), but musically and then physically (through the feminine), chasing Miss Snow off stage left and then returning triumphantly in her Sunday hat.

Louise’s actions recall the tone in which Billy interacted with those who challenged him, such as Mrs. Mullin; it is the first moment in the ballet where the ghost of Billy is more present in Louise than the actions of the little girl. “He sees Louise, the daughter,” says de Mille. “Billy sees himself.” (de Mille and Rodgers) The moment of recognition, the
transitional beat between the second and third episodes of the dream ballet, is punctuated musically with a drum roll and the same low-tolling bells, the fragile, dissonant trilling of woodwinds that rose meekly from the darkness in the opening musical sequence. There is a stillness in the haunting “Carousel Waltz” motif, which is echoed in de Mille’s choreography. The stage is almost completely bare, save for Louise and an approaching carnival troupe. It has the “frozen and wordless quality of traumatic memory,” coupled with a sense of ritual and ceremony, as if the tide is coming in (Herman 37). The stage directions read, “A carnival troupe comes in, headed by a young man who is like what Louise believes her father to have been” (de Mille 170).

Louise is lost in fantasy, but the young man is not imaginary and shouldn’t be confused with her father…. He should be something like her idea of Billy-idealized Billy. Wonderful, strong, different, strange, imaginative…but gentle with her and taken by her. (de Mille and Rodgers)

The carnival troupe is the least realistic segment of the dance so far, with women representing carousel horses, and Louise herself dancing the cyclical motion of the spinning carousel, turning in the center of the circle of dancers with a parasol high above her head. If one considers Louise as the embodiment of Billy in this ballet, then here he places himself at the center of the carousel, the axis around which the sequence revolves. The dancers move from lyrical, suspended motions to percussive colloquial gestures, embodying the organ that haunted Billy’s dreams in act one. “BILLY. You can hear it from here. I listen to it every night” (Hammerstein 132)5. The dance of the carnival troupe is hypnotic and enchanting, but intensifies as it becomes “brutal and frenetic” (de Mille 170). As the sequence ends and the carnival troupe begins to leave, the seduced and abandoned Louise, makes a personal connection with the carousel Barker, who decides not to leave with his companions, but to stay behind with Louise. Alone together on the beach, the music transitions into an all too familiar tune, “Soliloquy,” and the most immediate embodiment of the dichotomous twin soliloquies begins: the pas de deux between the two sides of Billy Bigelow.

5 Here the libretto and not the musical score is referenced.
According to the *Comprehensive Textbook of Psychiatry*, the common denominator of psychological trauma is a feeling of ‘intense fear, helplessness, loss of control, and threat of annihilation.’ (Herman 33)

The close encounter with annihilation is represented in the magnetic dance between the masculine and feminine sides of Billy Bigelow. If Louise represents the tender side of the man, then the Carnival Boy represents the perfect “soldier,” a performance of the constructed sense of self created to replace the feminine other. The dance begins as a beckoning, as Louise draws this new projection into her world. She dances lightly, in flicks and dabs of movement, at times flirtatious and then quickly cautious, there is a sense of danger and an equal sense of involuntary attraction. As Louise reaches close to the Carnival Boy, the “I wonder what he’ll think of me” theme transforms into a lush variation on the “A kind of neat and petite little tintype of her mother” musical motif, and the stage directions read, “he makes love to her. In spite of herself, she is drawn toward him” (de Mille 175).

The movement vocabulary of this section alternates between the athletic, *en l’air* phrases that accompany the “My boy Bill” theme, and the passive and lethargic movements with the “neat and petite” theme. In the latter, one sees the sense of helplessness, the loss of control connected to Billy’s traumatic loss of self. “When a person is completely powerless, and any form of resistance is futile, she may go into a state of surrender,” Herman says (42). The pair of dancers melt together throughout the section with an intense feeling of surrender. Louise is either lifted completely from the ground, or her full body weight is supported for the greater portion of the sequence.

French feminist theorist, Hélène Cixous suggests that “women must write through their bodies,” which de Mille dancer, Gemze de Lappe echoes in her description of Louise within the *pas de deux* (Barry 122). “When Louise faces the carnival man, on her knees…. It’s always the vulnerable part of the arm” (de Mille and Rodgers). The dance is marked by contraction and extension, fall and release, strength and vulnerability. It embodies the binary tension set out between the twin soliloquies, and as such functions as the deepest, most important moment of the psychoanalysis.

Following the dance with the Carnival Boy, Louise is left alone, attempting to recreate the sense of self that she enjoyed at the opening of the ballet. She fights back tears, and is nearly unable to continue dancing. The altercation with the Carnival Boy was more
than she could bear. The Snow children reenter, this time in pairs, and there is a sense of community and harmony amongst their ranks. Louise expresses a yearning to join this community by attempting to dance with the Snow children, but she, inherently, has no partner. After futile attempts to become part of the group, Louise snaps violently, raising a furious fist at Miss Snow. She advances on the group threateningly and concludes the ballet with speech, crying out, “so viciously that they are frozen with awe and fear as she speaks to them in a voice full of deep injury and the fury of a hopeless outcast”: “LOUISE. I hate you! I hate all of you!” (Hammerstein 169).

In traumatic reenactment, psychoanalyst Paul Russell suggests that the sense of emotion rather than intellectual or narrative progression of memories are revealed to help the victim produce what they need “to feel in order to repair the injury” (Herman 42). In “Soliloquy,” Billy uses cognitive, linguistic and narrative devices to seek out that within him, which is keeping him from healing and rejoining the community. In “Billy Makes a Journey,” the antihero does just that. Beginning with his deepest sense of self, pre-trauma (Louise), Billy follows a series of abjections and rejections to what he knows he needs to face in order to repair his “self:”

On the creation of soldiers, Lt. Col. Dave Grossman writes in On Killing, “If you are conditioned to overcome these midbrain inhibitions, then you are a walking time bomb, a pseudo-sociopath, just waiting for the random factors of social interaction and forebrain rationalization to put you at the wrong place at the wrong time” (Grossman xxii). For veterans to repair this conditioning within them, following the stages of recovery for victims of post-traumatic stress disorder, they must “establish safety, reconstruct the trauma story, and restore the connection between survivors and their community” (Herman 3). DeMille describes this moment of American restoration after World War II, saying:

   The spring freshened and flickered...and everywhere women lifted their heads and wondered how their men would find them. For the waiting had dimmed and blurred all of us. This had been a time of wrestling to hold vigorously onto hope. And like any strong experience it had shadowed our faces.... It was time for the war to be over. It was the earth season for a new way. (de Mille 240)

The necessary binary established and resolved by “Soliloquy” and “Billy Makes a Journey” function as the second and most crucial step on this road to recovery. The theatre has a unique power to expose and incite. By telling people their own stories, it also has the power
to reveal and heal. *Carousel* as a whole is a reconstruction of a trauma story, the story of Americans attempting to reconstruct both personal and national identities in the wake of a shattering war.
CHAPTER 5

CAROUSEL: AN AWARENESS PROJECT

Funded by the Department of Defense, The Theater of War:

Uses theatrical readings as a platform for open discussions about pressing social issues, including post-traumatic stress disorder, the reintegration of soldiers into the civilian population, and the high rate of suicide in America’s military today. (Helms 1)

Through presentation of Greek dramas like *Philoctetes* (409 BC) and *Ajax* (approx. 450 BC), both penned by playwright and philosopher Sophocles, this theater outreach organization works to give a voice to soldiers who sacrificed so much for this country. Their performances all follow a format that includes an hour-long production of the selected play, followed by a town hall-style meeting. In the second half of the event, Theater of War opens discussion about the play’s themes between active military, veterans, military psychiatrists, military spouses and civilians. Founder Bryan Doerries describes the event, saying:

People in our audiences, especially military audiences, see their own stories reflected in tales over 2,500 years old, and because they see themselves in these depictions, something very powerful happens…. Audience members feel empowered to speak about their personal tribulations associated with military life and Theatre of War provides an honest and sincere platform for those discussions. (Ailes 1)

This case study proposes such a performance and town-hall forum centered on Rodgers and Hammerstein’s *Carousel*. As with the Theater of War, *Carousel: An Awareness Project* would begin with an abridged reading of the musical, and conclude with a town hall platform discussion about its themes and the connection between them and the experience of military life. For the purpose of the project, the libretto would be abridged and contextualized so that the audience could receive the story and themes through a militaristic lens. While The Theater of War utilizes the translation from Sophocles’ Greek as an opportunity to introduce a militaristic vocabulary, *Carousel* would strive to retain Oscar Hammerstein’s libretto, Richard Rodgers’ musical score and Agnes de Mille’s choreography. The contextualization
happens through the application of a dramaturgical concept and a shift of the original time period.

For the Awareness Project, the action of *Carousel* would be transported from 1873-1888 to 1945-1960, though the location would remain on the New England coast. The abridged musical would be presented as a staged reading, much like New York City Center’s Encores! Series, where actors read and sing from the script, rather than presenting a fully staged version. Because this presentation of Rodgers and Hammerstein’s musical values the musical score and original choreography as elements of the dramatic text, actors would move away from the script to physically dance Agnes de Mille’s ballets, just as they move away to sing Richard Rodgers’ score. In this presentational style the setting would be achieved through a series of projections, which alternately suggest location and present video of the American experience of WWII where noted in the libretto. As with The Theater of War, the *Carousel* project would also double-cast actors to bring the meaning of the piece to the forefront rather than the individual performances. All of the performers in the cast would dance Agnes de Mille’s ballets as a dance ensemble to emphasize the role of the community in the musical. The only actor not to double roles would be that which covers Billy Bigelow, singling him out as the thematic center of the piece. The double casting, demarcated in Table 4, would require seven actors portraying the following roles:

**Table 4. Casting Breakdown**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ACTOR ONE</th>
<th>Billy Bigelow</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>ACTOR TWO</td>
<td>Julié Jordan, Starkeeper</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACTOR THREE</td>
<td>Carrie Pipperidge, Louise Bigelow</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACTOR FOUR</td>
<td>Mrs. Mullin, Nettie Fowler</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACTOR FIVE</td>
<td>Enoch Snow Sr., Dr. Sheldon, Heavenly Friend #2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACTOR SIX</td>
<td>Jigger Craigin, Policeman, Carnival Boy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ACTOR SEVEN</td>
<td>Enoch Snow Jr., Mr. Bascombe, Heavenly Friend #1</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The awareness project would begin with the musical prologue, “The Carousel Waltz,” but instead of the scene that takes place at Mrs. Mullin’s carousel in the original staging, the scene would begin as a silent film. The video projected would depict images of the American experience in WWII, beginning with images of patriotism and soldiers in training, and progressing chronologically through the evolving experience of the war. The first video would be a victorious experience, depicting positive images of war and American victory.
When “The Carousel Waltz” music changes to the calliope-sounding carousel music, the scene would shift to Mrs. Mullin’s carousel, (represented through video-projection and actor pantomime) with Billy standing at his barker stand, keeping watch over all. The mime of the carousel would be much like it appears in the Rodgers and Hammerstein version, except that the crowd would include a number of WWII veterans, newly arrived home and sharing a night out with their loved ones.

At the surge of the waltz, just as in Hammerstein’s original stage directions, Billy would personally place Julie on the carousel, infuriating Mrs. Mullin. Billy would move steadily closer and closer to Julie as the carousel circles around until he could get no closer and finishes the rides alongside of her. As the carousel comes to a stop, Julie would step off and move to walk away with Carrie, as Mrs. Mullin storms past Billy to chase her out. A gut reaction, Billy would move to follow Mrs. Mullin but she would stop him before he could move offstage after Julie. Infuriated by her demeaning demonstration of power, he would slap her and turn back to the carousel. The music continues here, but the action would stop completely and everyone, the soldiers and the civilians alike, would stand frozen, to stare at him. The lighting would change sharply and immediately and in turn, the projections would also change instantly to show the traumas specific to the American soldiers’ experience of WWII. The images of the film would be powerful and shift dramatically, at a very fast pace in time with the music swelling in intensity; on the last note the projections would shut off, instantly, to reveal Billy alone on a blank stage.

Moving into the first scene of the musical, the libretto would follow with only a few small cuts, until Billy asks the girls how much money they each have on them. To foreground the developing relationship between Billy and Julie, as a way of focusing the piece around Billy, the song “Mr. Snow,” and the scene surrounding it would be removed. The following iconic bench scene, containing the integrated musical scene, “If I Loved You,” would remain unedited, because the scene reveals the tension between Billy and the community through the entrance of Mr. Bascombe and the worrying policeman, as well as through the delicate ways in which he and Julie come together. In act one, scene three, the abridged version would skip the sung portion of “June is Bustin’ Out All Over” in an effort to decrease the amount of material that doesn’t focus on Billy. The music and dance of the “June” ballet would,
however, remain in the project to emphasize the power of the community, and to keep a through experience of dance text in conjunction with the spoken and musical texts. 

In this scene, again, the Carrie Pipperidge/Enoch Snow subplot would be minimized, and those characters’ songs, “Mr. Snow” (reprise) and “When the Children Are Asleep” would be removed. In the full version of the musical, these characters and songs serve to represent the emerging middle class and to provide a foil for Bigelow. With the action transported over 70 years into the future, the dramaturgical energies do not resonate the same way in reference to the growth of the middle class as they do in the late 19th century. In this production of *Carousel*, the Snow family would be present in the story to forward the Bigelows’ plot, not to further their own. The song “Blow High, Blow Low” would remain in this version as a testament to the phenomenon of male bonding surrounding the war in the 1940s. The emphasis on brotherhood would be emphasized in the number by including both sailors, like Jigger, and WWII vets, like Billy. In this way the song would also function like the missing portions of “June is Bustin’ Out All Over,” presenting the unified community.

With a few small internal cuts, working to focus the material on Billy Bigelow, there is no need for an intermission, and so without song or pause the action would continue from “Soliloquy” to the end of the clambake as Nettie begins the treasure hunt. The Carrie/Jigger scene would stay intact in this version, even though it does not mention Billy Bigelow, because it provides the dramatic impetus for Julie’s song, “What’s the Use of Wond’rin’,” which has everything to do with Billy’s story. The greater portion of the second act would follow as written, with the small exception of the scene between Julie, Carrie and Enoch outside of Julie’s cottage in act two, scene five. The ballet, “Billy Makes a Journey,” would be staged just as Agnes de Mille choreographed it, with every actor dancing in the number variously, except for Billy. In the musical’s final scene, as the song “You’ll Never Walk Alone” plays, the video footage would pick up again, much as it did in the opening and in the ballet, “Billy Makes a Journey,” bookmarking the experience, and serving as a platform for the discussion that would occur just after the performance. The text that follows in Appendix B is the abridged libretto for *Carousel: An Awareness Project*. 
CHAPTER 6

EMPOWERING VICTIM ART: MUSICAL THEATRE DRAMATURGY AND THE THEATRE OF WAR

Sometimes the arts can express some things that science can’t.
- Navy Captain Paul Hammer, psychiatrist

Since its inception at the turn of the twentieth century, the musical theatre has served the evolving American culture in a number of different ways. As a collaborative art form, it fostered a sense of community in early American culture; as an affordable and accessible art form it stimulated the American economy; and as an artistic expression of the masses, it served as a social and political tool for change. At the heart of the form, sit composer Richard Rodgers and lyricist and librettist Oscar Hammerstein II. Their transformation of form and content not only came to define the musical, as it is known today, but also came to represent American idealism and national politics during the Second World War. The Rodgers and Hammerstein Revolution, as it would later be called, began in 1943 with their groundbreaking musical, Oklahoma!, and welcomed the dawning of Broadway’s Golden Age. By fully incorporating scene, character, song and dance, the team coined the term “the integrated musical,” and broke box office records by presenting a musical about national pride that reminded young American soldiers what they were being asked to fight for overseas.

In 1945, Rodgers and Hammerstein furthered their musical experiment with the revolutionary, Carousel, a musicalization of Ferenc Molnár’s 1921 play, Liliom. In the evocative, nearly operatic musical, Rodgers and Hammerstein present the tragic story of a troubled carnival barker who beats his wife, steals for his child, commits suicide and is given a precious chance to come back to earth to make right his wrongs. This analysis deconstructs the heartbreaking musical from the perspective of its opening night audience who first encountered the musical only nineteen days before Germany’s unconditional surrender and
the conclusion of the European chapter of World War II. Contextualized thus, the musical presents the tale of troubled veterans given the chance to come home again through the dramatic through-line of its troubled antihero, Billy Bigelow. A proposed re-envision of the musical synthesizes this analysis. This presentation of *Carousel* would utilize the format established by Bryan Doerries and Phyllis Kaufman’s Outside the Wire program, the Theatre of War, which:

> Uses theatrical readings as a platform for open discussions about pressing social issues, including post-traumatic stress disorder, the reintegration of soldiers into the civilian population, and the high rate of suicide in America’s military today. (Helms 1)

Through presentation of Sophocles’ Greek dramas like *Philoctetes* (409 BC) and *Ajax* (approx. 450 BC), the theater outreach organization funded by the Department of Defense works to give a voice to soldiers who gave so much for the American population. Their performance format includes an hour-long production of the selected play, followed by a town hall-style meeting. In the second half of the theatrical event, Theater of War opens discussion about the play’s themes between active military, veterans, military psychiatrists, military spouses and civilians. Founder Bryan Doerries describes the event, saying:

> People in our audiences, especially military audiences, see their own stories reflected in tales over 2,500 years old, and because they see themselves in these depiction, something very powerful happens…. Audience members feel empowered to speak about their personal tribulations associated with military life and Theatre of War provides an honest and sincere platform for those discussions. (Ailes 1)

Regrettably, America is not known for a strong tradition of this kind of “honest and sincere” open platform discussions. It took The American Psychiatric Association thirty-five years after the conclusion of World War Two to recognize Post Traumatic Stress Disorder as a legitimate mental diagnosis, worthy of inclusion in the 1980 DSMV manual. Misunderstood veterans suffered in silence. From its inception in Greek festivals over two thousand years ago, the theatre has told the stories of soldiers, and opened dialogue about their precarious place in society. It has taken quite seriously the responsibility it has to ask hard, important questions.

> Theatre has a unique power to transcend experiences of day-to-day reality. Through transformative experiences of drama from *Ajax* to *Carousel*, people transcend the limits of
their day-to-day humanity and rejoin the union of a community. The theatre has the power to bring together actor and audience member, past and present, real and surreal and amalgamate in a collective experience. For a few brief minutes in the dark of the theatre, civilians and soldiers alike come together and give over to an art that is greater, richer and deeper than anything they could accomplish or express on their own. This becomes the manifesto of a musical theatre dramaturg: the voice for the most collaborative of all art forms, working to support and promote a spiritual theatre, a social theatre, and a theatre worthy of salvation- not exploitation.

Dramaturgy enriches and empowers the musical theatre. As a phronetic art, musical theatre has a unique power to ensure societal harmony, through expressions that both uphold and subvert popular sentiment, maintain legacy through historicization and fulfill a responsibility to create performances that “reveal what it means to live through memory.” (Roach xii) In the globalized twenty-first century, this kind of theatrical endeavor is more than luxurious artistry, it is imperative for the growth of cultures and the connections made between them. The musical erases boundaries of language, history and style by communicating through non-linguistic sounds as well as through dance. It stresses collaboration and catharsis. Dramaturgical musical theatre has the power to restore a sense of humanity. And, as an anonymous soldier responded at the conclusion of a Theater of War performance, “Without our humanity, none of this means anything” (Doerries 1).
BIBLIOGRAPHY

WORKS CITED


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APPENDIX A

“SOLILOQUY” FROM CAROUSEL
No. 15

**Soliloquy**

**Voice**

**Piano**

---

"wonder what he'll think of me! I guess he'll call me "The old man!" I guess he'll think I don't look like Ev'y other fellow's father. Well, I can't..."

"Let that he'll turn out to be The epit-omy of his Dad! But he'll have..."
more common seems
than his puddin' head ed father ever had

21 Pli mosso

22

23

24

25

26

27

28 rel

29

30

28 rel

29

30

won't make a sissy out of him.

Not him! Not my boy! Not
31 a tempo

32

33

34

35 (sforzato)

36

Bill!

Bill!

Bill!

Bill!

37 Allegro + F.L. - BSN.

38

39

40

41

My boy, Bill! (I will see that he's named after me,

42

I will!) My boy, Bill! Hail be

43

44

45 F.L. - BSN. 46

47 tall And as tough as a tree,

48

49

50

51

Will Bill! Will Bill! Will Bill!
Like a tree he'll grow, With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground.

Nobody dare to try To boss him or toss him around!

No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully 'll boss him around.
Con moto

round. I don't give a damn what he does. As long as he does what he likes! He can sit on his tail. Or work on a rail With a hammer, a hammer-in' spikes. He can ferry a boat on a river. Or peddle a pack on his
back. Or work up and down the streets of a town. With a whip and a horse and a back. He can haul a scow a long a can-
vi. Run a cow a-round a cor-
al. Or may-be bark for a car-
rou-sel. Of course it takes tal-
ent to do that well. He
himself. Or President of the United States. That'd be all right.

His mother would like that. But he wouldn't be President unless he wanted to be.
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall And as tough As a tree.

Will Bill! Like a tree hell' grow. With his

head held high, And his feet planted firm on the ground.

And you won't see nobody dare to try To
No fat bottomed, flabby-faced, pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bastard 'Il boss him a
round. And I'm damned if he'll marry his boss's daughter, A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water. Who'll
give him a peck And call it a kiss, And look in his eyes through a long-net Say.

Why am I tak-in' on like this? My kid aint ev-en been born ye-

I can see him when he's sev-en-teen or so____ And start-in' in to

go with a girl____ I can give him Lots of point-ers,
174 very sound. On the way to get round any girl.

180 (Speaks) I can tell him—Wait a minute!—Could it be?—What the

185 (Speaks utterly heart-broken by the thought)

190 What would I do with her? What could I do for her? A bum with no money!

You can have
fun with a son, But you got to be a father To a girl

She mightn't be so bad at that, A kid with ribbons In her hair! A kind of neat and petite Little
tin-type of her mother! What a pair!

(Spoken) I can just hear myself bragging about her!
Broader (with warmth)

My little girl, pink and white
As peach-seas and cream is she.

Refrain

My little girl is half again as bright
As girls are meant to be!

Dozens of boys pursue her,
Many a likely lad

Dons what he can to woo her
From her faithful dad.
She has a few Pink and white young felines of two and three. But

my little girl Gets hungry every night and she comes home to

Poco più mosso. (Sung) My little girl, my little girl!

fore she comes! I got to make certain that she Won't be dragged up in slums. Why?
237 (Stds.)

238

239

240

with growing expression

She's got to be sheltered And

Walt.-Stds.-mm.

241

242

243

244

Quasi grandioso

fed and dressed In the best that money can buy.

I never knew how to get

245

246

247

248

money, But I'll try, By God! I'll try! I'll go out and make it Or

sempre crescendo

249

250

251

252

253

a tempo

a tempo molto cresc.

steal it, Or take it or die!

TUTTI!

TIME.

Allience Finale
APPENDIX B

ABRIDGED LIBRETTO FOR CAROUSEL:
AN AWARENESS PROJECT
ACT ONE

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.

AT RISE: There is a park bench just right of center. Soon after
   the curtain opens, CARRIE backs onto the stage from down right, followed by JULIE.

SCENE ONE

CARRIE. C’mon, Julie, it’s gettin’ late… Julie! That’s right! Don’t you pay her no mind. (Looking off stage)
   Look! She’s comin’ 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?

BILLY. (Enters shouting) Shut up!
   Jabber jabber jabber!... (They stand before him like three guilty schoolgirls.
   He makes his voice shrill to imitate them) 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. (Backing away a step) I didn’t yell.

BILLY. Well- don’t. (To MRS. MULLIN) 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 tried to get in- if she ever dares- I want you to throw her out! Understand? Throw her out!

BILLY. (Turning to JULIE) All right. You heard what the lady said. Run home now.

CARRIE. C’mon Julie.

JULIE. (Speaking very earnestly, as if it meant a great deal to her) Mr. Bigelow, tell me please- honest and
   truly- if I came to the carousel, would you throw me out?
(He looks at MRS. MULLIN, then at JULIE, then back at MRS. MULLIN)

BILLY. What did she do, anyway?

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

BILLY. (The light dawning on him) So that’s it! (Turning to MRS. MULLIN) Here’s something new! Can’t put my arm around a girl without I ask your permission! That how it is?

MRS. MULLIN. (For the first time defensive) I just don’t want that one around no more.

BILLY. (Turning to JULIE) You come round all you want, see? And if y’ain’t got the price Billy Bigelow’ll treat you to a ride.

MRS. MULLIN. Big talker, ain’t you, Mr. Bigelow? I suppose you think I can’t throw you out too, if I wanna! (BILLY, ignoring her, looks straight ahead of him, complacently) You’re such a good barker I can’t get along without you. That it? Well, just for that you’re discharged. Your services are no longer required. You’re bounced! See?

BILLY. Very well, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN. (In retreat) You know I could bounce you if I felt like it!

BILLY. And you felt like it just now. So I’m bounced.

MRS. MULLIN. Do you have to pick up every word I say? I only said-

BILLY. That my services were no longer required. Very good. We’ll let it go at that, Mrs. Mullin.

MRS. MULLIN. All right, you devil! (Shouting) We’ll let it go at that!

JULIE. Mr. Bigelow, if she’s willin’ to say she’ll change her mind-

BILLY. You keep out of it.

JULIE. I don’t want this to happen ‘count of me.

BILLY. (Suddenly to MRS. MULLIN, pointing at JULIE) Apologize to her!

CARRIE. A-ha!

MRS. MULLIN. Me apologize to her! Fer what? Fer spoilin’ the good name of my carousel- the business that was left to me by my dear, saintly, departed husband, Mr. Mullin? (Led toward tears by her own eloquence) I only wish my poor husband was alive this minute.

BILLY. I bet he don’t.

MRS. MULLIN. He’d give you such a smack on the jaw-!

BILLY. That’s just what I’m goin’ to give you if you don’t dry up! (He advances threateningly)

MRS. MULLIN. (Backing away) You upstart! After all I done for you! Now I’m through with you for good! Y’hear?

BILLY. (Making as if to take a swipe at her with the back of his hand) Get!
MRS. MULLIN. (As she goes off) Through fer good. I won’t take you back like before!

(BILLY watches her go, then crosses back to JULIE. There is a moment of awkward silence)

CARRIE. Mr. Bigelow-

BILLY. Don’t get sorry for me or I’ll give you a slap on the jaw! (More silence. He looks at JULIE. She lowers her eyes) And don’t you feel sorry for me either!

JULIE. (Frightened) I don’t feel sorry for you, Mr. Bigelow.

BILLY. You’re a liar, you are feelin’ sorry for me. I can see it in your face. (Faces front, throws out chest, proud) You think, now that she fired me, I won’t be able to get another job…

JULIE. What will you do now, Mr. Bigelow?

BILLY. First of all, I’ll go get myself- a glass of beer. Whenever anything bothers me I always drink a glass of beer.

JULIE. Then you are bothered about losing your job.

BILLY. No. Only about how I’m goin’ t’pay fer the beer. (To CARRIE, gesturing with right hand) Will you pay for it? (CARRIE looks doubtful. He speaks to JULIE) Will you? (JULIE doesn’t answer) How much money have you got?

JULIE. Forty-three cents.

BILLY. (To CARRIE) And you? (CARRIE lowers her eyes and turns left) I asked you how much you’ve got? (CARRIE begins to weep softly) Uh, I understand. Well you needn’t cry about it… One of you goes home. (To CARRIE) Where do you work?

CARRIE. Bascombe’s Cotton Mill, a little ways up the river.

BILLY. And you?

JULIE. I work there, too.

BILLY. Well, one of you goes home. Which of you wants to stay? (No answer) Come on, speak up! Which of you stays?

CARRIE. Whoever stays loses her job.

BILLY. How do you mean?

CARRIE. All Bascombe’s girls hev to be respectable. We all hev to live in the mill boarding-hosue, and if we’re late they lock us out and we can’t go back to work there any more.

BILLY. Is that true? Will they bounce you if you’re not home on time?

(Both girls nod)

JULIE. That’s right.

CARRIE. Julie, should I go?
JULIE. I- can’t tell you what to do.

CARRIE. All right- you stay, if y’like.

BILLY. That right, you’ll be discharged if you stay?

(JULIE nods)

CARRIE. Julie, should I go?

JULIE. (Embarrassed) Why do you keep askin’ me that?

CARRIE. You know what’s best to do.

JULIE. (Profoundly moved, slowly) All right, Carrie, you can go home.
(Pause. Then reluctantly CARRIE starts off. As she gets left center, she turns and says, uncertainly:)

CARRIE. Well, good night. (She waits a moment to see if JULIE will follow her. JULIE doesn’t move. CARRIE exits)

BILLY. Now we’re both out of a job. (No answer. He whistles softly) Have you had your supper?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Want to eat out on the pier?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Anywhere’s else?

JULIE. No.

(He whistles a few more bars. He sits on the bench, looking her over, up and down)

BILLY. You don’t come to the carousel much. Only see you three times before today.

JULIE. (Breathless, she crosses to bench and sits beside him) I been there much more than that.

BILLY. That right? Did you see me?

JULIE. Yes.

BILLY. Did you know I was Billy Bigelow?

JULIE. They told me.

(He whistles again, then turns to her)

BILLY. Have you got a sweetheart?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Ah, don’t lie to me.

JULIE. I heven’t anybody.
BILLY. You stayed here with me first time I asked you. You know your way around all right, all right!

JULIE. No, I don’t, Mr. Bigelow.

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 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. Er- Mr. Bascombe. That girl is one of your girls.

BASCOMBE. 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 boarding-house. 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) We got a report on this feller from the police chief at Bagnor. He’s a pretty fly gazaybo. Come up from Coney Island.

BASCOMBE. 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 any 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. Goodnight Mr. Bascombe. (To BILLY) You! You low-down scalawag! I oughta throw you in jail.

BILLY. What for?

POLICEMAN. (After a pause) Dunno. Wish I did. (He exits)

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 light went out, someone came along. A little girl with a shawl- you know, she- (puzzled) Say, tell me somethin’—ain’t you scared of me? (Music starts here) 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) 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 eyes)
I recon that I keer t’choose t’stay.
You couldn’t take my money
If I didn’t hev any,
And I don’t have a penny, that’s true!
And if I did hev money
You couldn’t take any
‘Cause you’d ask, and I’d give it to you!

BILLY. (singing) You’re a queer one, Julie Jordan…
Ain’t y’ever had a feller you give money to?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Ain’t y’ever had a feller at all?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Well, y’musta had a feller you went walkin’ with-

JULIE. Yes.

BILLY. Where’d you walk?

JULIE. Nowhere special I recall.

BILLY. In the woods?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. On the beach?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Did you love him?

JULIE. No! I never loved no one- I told you that!

BILLY. Say, you’re a funny kid. Want to go into town and dance maybe? Or-

JULIE. No. I have to be keerful.

BILLY. Of what?
JULIE. My character. Y’see, I’m never goin’ to marry. (singing)
I’m never goin’ to marry.
If I was goin’ to marry,
I wouldn’t hev t’be sech a stickler.
But I’m never goin’ to marry,
And a girl who don’t marry
Has got to be much more pertickler!
(following lines spoken)

BILLY. Suppose I was to say to you that I’d marry you?

JULIE. You?

BILLY. That scares you, don’t it? You’re thinkin’ what that cop said.

JULIE. No, I ain’t. I never paid no mind to what he said.

BILLY. But you wouldn’t marry anyone like me, would you?

JULIE. Yes, I would, if I loved you. It wouldn’t make any difference what you- even if I died fer it.

BILLY. How do you know what you’d do if you loved me? Or how you’d feel- or anythin’?

JULIE. I dunno how I know.

BILLY. Ah-

JULIE. Jes the same, I know how I- how it’d be- if I loved you. (singing)
When I worked in the mill, weavin’ at the loom,
I’d gaze absent minded at the roof,
And half the time the shuttle’d get tangled in the threads,
And the warp’d get mixed with the woof…
If I loved you-

BILLY. (spoken) But you don’t.

JULIE. (spoken) No I don’t… (smiles and sings)
But somehow I ken see
Jest exakly how I’d be…

If I loved you,
Time and again I would try to say
All I’d want you to know.
If I loved you,
Words wouldn’t come in an easy way-
Round in circles I’d go!
Longin’ to tell you, but afraid and shy,
I’d let my golden chances pass me by.
Soon you’d leave me,
Off you would go in the mist of day,
Never, never to know
How I loved you-
If I loved you.
(pause)

BILLY. Well, anyway- You don’t love me. That’s what you said.

JULIE. Yes… I can smell them, can you? The blossoms. (BILLY picks some blossoms up and drops them) The wind brings them down.
BILLY. Ain’t much wind tonight. Hardly any. (singing)
You can’t hear a sound- not the turn of a leaf,
Nor the fall of a wave, hittin’ the sand.
The tide’s creepin’ up on the beach like a thief,
Afraid to be caught stealin’ the land.
On a night like this I start to wonder what life is all about.

JULIE. And I always say two heads are better than one, to figger it out.

BILLY. I don’t need you or anyone to help me. I got it all figgered out for myself. We ain’t important. What are we? A couple of specks of nothin’. Look up there. (He points up. Hey both look up. He sings)
There’s a helluva lot o’ stars in the sky,
And the sky’s so big the sea looks small,
And two little people-
You and I-
We don’t count at all.

JULIE. There’s a feathery little cloud floatin’ by
Like a lonely leaf on a big blue stream.

BILLY. And two little people- you and I-
Who cares what we dream? 
(T hey are silent for a while, the music continuing. Then BILLY looks down at her an speaks)
You’re a funny kid. Don’t remember ever meetin’ a girl like you. (A though strikes him suddenly. He looks suspicious. He lets her hand go and backs away) You- are you tryin’ to get me to marry you?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. Then what’s puttin’ it into my head? (He thinks it out. She smiles. He looks down at her.) You’re different all right. Don’t know what it is. You look up at me with that little kid face like- like you trusted me. (She looks at him steadily, smiling sadly, as if she were sorry for him and wanted to help him. He looks thoughtful, then talks to himself, but audibly) I wonder what it’d be like.

JULIE. What?

BILLY. Nothin’ I know what it’d be like. It’d be awful. I can just see myself- (he sings)
Kinda scrawny and pale, pickin’ at my food,
And lovesick like any other guy-
I’d throw away my sweater and dress up like a dude
In a dickey and a collar and a tie…
If I loved you-

JULIE. (speaking) But you don’t.

BILLY. (speaking) No I don’t.
(singing)
But somehow I can see
Just exactly how I’d be.

If I loved you,
Time and again I would try to say
All I’d want you to know.
If I loved you,
Words wouldn’t come in an easy way-
Round in circles I’d go!
Longin’ to tell you, but afraid and shy,
I’d let my golden chances pass me by.
Soon you’d leave me,
Off you would go in the mist of day,
Never, never to know
How I loved you-
If I loved you.

(He thinks it over for a few silent moments. Then he shakes his head ruefully. He turns to JULIE and frowns at her. The rest of the scene is spoken over music)

BILLY. I’m not a feller to marry anybody. Even if a girl was foolish enough to want me to, I wouldn’t.

JULIE. (looking right up at him) Don’t worry about it- Billy.

BILLY. Who’s worried!

(She smiles and looks up at the trees)

JULIE. You were right about there bein’ no wind. The blossoms are jest comin’ down by theirselves. Jest their time to, I reckon.

(BILLY looks straight ahead of him, a troubled expression in his eyes. JULIE looks up at him smiling, patient. The music rises ecstatically. He crosses nearer to her and looks down at her. She doesn’t move her eyes from his. He takes her face in his hands, leans down, and kisses her gently. The lights dim.)

SCENE TWO
SCENE: Nettie Fowler’s Spa on the oceanfront. June. Up right if Nettie’s establishment (and residence combined) of gray, weathered clapboard and a shingled roof. Just left of the door, on the porch, there is a good-sized arbor, overhung with wisteria.

(Dance. After the dance all exit except NETTIE, and CARRIE)

CARRIE. Hello, Julie.

NETTIE. Did you find him?

JULIE. No. He went out with Jigger Craigin last night and he didn’t come home.

CARRIE. Jigger Craigin?

JULIE. His new friend- he’s a sailor on that big whaler, the Nancy B. She’s sailing tomorrow. I’ll be glad.

NETTIE. Why don’t you two visit for a while. (She exits.)

CARRIE. Is he workin’ yet?

JULIE. No. Nettie’s been awful kind to us, lettin’ us stay here with her.

CARRIE. Mr. Snow says a man that can’t find work these days is jest bone lazy.

JULIE. Billy don’t know any trade. He’s only good at what he used to do. So now he jest don’t do anythin’.

CARRIE. Wouldn’t the carousel woman take him back?

JULIE. I think she would, but he won’t go. I ask him why and he won’t tell me…Last Monday, he hit me.
CARRIE. Did you hit him back?

JULIE. No.

CARRIE. Why don’t you leave him?

JULIE. I don’t want to.

CARRIE. I would. I’d leave him. Thinks he ken do whatever he likes jest because he’s Billy Bigelow. Don’t support you! Beats you!... He’s a bad’n.

JULIE. He ain’t willin’ly er meanin’ly bad.

CARRIE. (Afraid she’s hurting JULIE) Mebbe he ain’t. That night you set on the bench together- he was gentle then, you told me.

JULIE. Yes, he was.

CARRIE. But now he’s alw’ys actin’ up-

JULIE. Not alw’ys. Sometimes he’s gentle- even now. After supper, when he stands out here and listens to the music from the carousel- somethin’ comes over him- and he’s gentle.

CARRIE. What’s he say?

JULIE. Nothin’. He jest sets and gets thoughtful. Y’see he’s unhappy cause he ain’t workin’. That’s really why he hit me on Monday.

CARRIE. Fine reason fer hittin’ you. Beats his wife ‘cause he ain’t workin’.

JULIE. It preys on his mind.

CARRIE. Did he hurt you?

JULIE. (Very eagerly) Oh, no- no.

CARRIE. Julie, I got some good news to tell you about me- about Mr. Snow and me. We’re goin’ to be cried in church nex’ Sunday! (ENOCH SNOW enters, surprising CARRIE) Oh, Enoch!

SNOW. Surprised?

CARRIE. Surprised? I’m mortified.

SNOW. He-he!

CARRIE. Well, this is him.

(SNOW bows and smiles. There is a moment of awkward silence.)

JULIE. Carrie told me a lot about you.

(CARRIE and JULIE nod to each other. CARRIE and SNOW nod)

CARRIE. I told you a lot about Julie, didn’t I?

(CARRIE and SNOW nod to each other. CARRIE and JULIE nod)
JULIE. Carrie tells me you’re comin’ to the clambake.
(He nods.)

CARRIE. Looks like we’ll hev good weather fer it, too.
(The nod.)

JULIE. Not a cloud in the sky.

SNOW. You’re right.

CARRIE. (To JULIE) He don’t say much, but what he does say is awful pithy! (JULIE nods.) Is he anythin’ like I told you he was?

JULIE. Jest like.

SNOW. Oh, Carrie. I nearly forgot. I brought you some flowers.

CARRIE. (Thrilled) Flowers? Where are they? (SNOW hands her a small envelope from his inside pocket. She reads what is written on the package) Geranium seeds!

SNOW. (Handing her another envelope) And this’n here is hydrangea. Thought we might plant ‘em in front of the cottage. They do good in the salt air.

JULIE. That’ll be beautiful.

SNOW. 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?

SNOW. Oh, come Carrie!

CARRIE. Stiddy and reliable, too.- Well ain’t you goin’ to wish us luck?

JULIE. Of course I wish you luck, Carrie. (JULIE and CARRIE embrace)

CARRIE. You ken kiss Encoh, too- us bein’ sech good friends, and me bein’ right here lookin’ on at you. (JULIE lets ENOCH kiss her on the cheek, which he shyly does. For a moment she clings to him, letting her hand rest on his shoulder, as if it needed a shoulder very badly. JULIE starts to cry.)

SNOW. Why are you crying, Mrs. –er- Mrs.-

CARRIE. It’s because she has such a good heart.

SNOW. Well 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.

SNOW. Mr. Bigelow! I almost feel like I know you-

BILLY. How are you? (He starts up center)
SNOW. I’m pretty well. Jest getting’ 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 yet 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. (JIGGER, who has been slinking upstage out of the picture, joins BILLY. JULIE stands, turns to CARRIE, then darts into the house to hide her humiliation. CARRIE and SNOW exit)

JIGGER. Stick with me. Got an idea, for you and me to make money. I tell you it’s safe as sellin’ cakes.

BILLY. You say this old sideburns who owns the mill is also the owner of your ship?

JIGGER. That’s right. And tonight he’ll be takin’ three of four thousands dollars down to the captain- by hisself. He’ll walk along the waterfront by hisself- with all that money. (He pauses to let this sink in)

BILLY. You’d think he’d have somebody go with him.

JIGGER. Not him! Not the last three times, anyway. I watched him from the same spot and see him pass me. Once I nearly jumped him.

BILLY. Why didn’t you?

JIGGER. Don’t like to do a job less it’s air-tight. This one needs two to pull it off proper. Besides, there was a moon- shinin’ on him like a torch. (Spits) Don’t like moons. That’s why I wanted you to tell yer wife we’d go to that clambake.

BILLY. Clambake? Why?

JIGGER. Suppose we’re all over on the island and you and me get lost in the fog for hald an hour. And suppose we got in a boat and come over here and – and did whatever we had to do, and then got back? There’s yer alibi! We just say we were lost on the island all that time.

BILLY. Just what would we have to do? I mean me. What would I have to do?

JIGGER. You go up to old sideburns and say: “Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?”

BILLY. “Excuse me, sir. Could you tell me the time?” Then what?

JIGGER. Then? Well, by then I got my knife in his ribs. Then you take your knife-

BILLY. Me? I ain’t got a knife.

JIGGER. You can get one, can’t you?

BILLY. Does he have to be killed?
JIGGER. No, he don’t have to be. He can give up the money without bein’ killed. But these New Englanders are funny. They’d rather be killed- well?

BILLY. I won’t do it. It’s dirty.

JIGGER. What’s dirty about it?

BILLY. The knife.

JIGGER. All right. Ferget the knife.

BILLY. I ain’t goin’ to do it.

JIGGER. Of course, if you got all the money you want and don’t need-

BILLY. I ain’t got a cent. Money thinks I’m dead. (MRS. MULLIN is seen entering)

JIGGER. That’s what I thought. And you’re out of a job and you got a wife to support-

BILLY. Shut up about my wife. (To MRS. MULLIN) What d’you want?

MRS. MULLIN. Come to talk business.

BILLY. You got a new barker, ain’t you?

MRS. MULLIN. Whyn’t you stay home and sleep at night? You look awful.

BILLY. He’s as good as me, ain’t he?

MRS. MULLIN. Push yer hair back off yer forehead-

BILLY. Let my hair be.

MRS. MULLIN. I hear you been beatin’ her. If you’re sick of her, why don’t you leave her? No use beatin’ the poor, skinny little-

BILLY. Leave her, eh? You’d like that, wouldn’t you?

MRS. MULLIN. Don’t flatter yourself! If I had any sense I wouldn’t of come here. The things you do when you’re in business!...I’d sell the damn carousel if I could.

BILLY. Ain’t it crowded without me?

MRS. MULLIN. Those fool girls keep askin’ for you. They miss you see? Are you going to be sensible and come back?

BILLY. And leave Julie?

MRS. MULLIN. You beat her, don’t you?

BILLY. (Exasperated) No, I don’t beat her. What’s all this damn-fool talk about beatin’? I hit her once, and now the whole town is- the next one I hear- I’ll smash-

MRS. MULLIN. (Backing away from him) All right! All right! I take it back. I don’t want to get mixed up in it.

BILLY. Beatin’ her! As if I’d beat her!
MRS. MULLIN. What’s the odds one way er another? Look at the thing straight. You been married two months and you’re sick of it. Out there’s the carousel. Show booths, young girls, all the beer you want, a good livin’- and you’re throwin’ it all away. Know what? I got a new organ.

BILLY. I know.

MRS. MULLIN. How do you know?

BILLY. (His voice softer) You can hear it from here. I listen to it every night. (Pause) I ain’t happy here, and that’s the truth.

MRS. MULLIN. Of course you ain’t.

(JULIE enters)

BILLY. Do you want anythin’?

JULIE. I brought you your coffee.

MRS. MULLIN. Whyn’t you have a talk with her? She’ll understand. Maybe she’ll be glad to get rid of you.

BILLY. (Without conviction) Maybe.

JULIE. Billy- before I ferget. I got somthin’ to tell you.

BILLY. Alright.

JULIE. I been wantin’ to tell you- in fact, I was goin’ to yesterday-

BILLY. Well, go ahead.

JULIE. I can’t- we got to be alone.

BILLY. Don’t you see I’m busy? Here, I’m talking business and-

JULIE. It’ll only take a minute.

BILLY. Get out o’ here, or-

JULIE. I tell you it’ll only take a minute.

BILLY. Will you get out of here?

JULIE. No.

BILLY. What did you say?

MRS. MULLIN. Let her alone, Billy. I’ll drop in at Bascombe’s bank and get some small change for the carousel. I’ll be back for your answer to my proposition. (exits)

JULIE. Don’t look at me like that. I ain’t afraid of you- ain’t afraid of anyone. I hev something to tell you.

BILLY. Well then tell me, and make it quick.

JULIE. I can’t tell it so quick. Why don’t you drink yer coffee?
BILLY. That what you wanted to tell me?

JULIE. No. By the time ou drink it, I’ll hev told you.

BILLY. *(Starts to drink coffee)* Well?

JULIE. Yesterday my head ached and you asked me-

BILLY. Yes-

JULIE. Well- you see- that’s what it is.

BILLY. You sick?

JULIE. No. It’s nothin’ like that. *(He puts the cup down)* It’s awful hard to tell you- I’m not a bit skeered, because it’s a perfectly natural thing-

BILLY. What is?

JULIE. Well- when two people live together-

BILLY. Yes-

JULIE. I’m goin’ to hev a baby. *(She turns away. He sits still and stunned. Then he rises, crosses to her, and puts his arms around her. She leans her head back on his shoulders. Then she leaves and starts for the house. As she gets to the steps, BILLY runs and helps her very solicitously. He turns toward Nettie’s house, smiles. He starts to contemplate the future. He sings softly.)*

BILLY.
I wonder what he'll think of me!
I guess he'll call me “the old man"
I guess he'll think I can lick
Ev'ry other feller's father-
Well, I can!
I bet that he'll turn out to be
The spittin' image of his dad
But he'll have more common sense
Than his puddin-headed father ever had
I'll teach him to wrestle
And dive through a wave
When we go in the mornin's for our swim
His mother can teach him
The way to behave
But she won't make a sissy out o' him
Not him! Not my boy! Not Bill!

Bill... My boy Bill
(I will see that he is named after me, I will!)
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall
And tough as a tree, will Bill!!
Like a tree he'll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss or toss him around!
No pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully
Will boss him around.

I don't give a hang what he does
As long as he does what he likes!
He can sit on his tail
Or work on a rail
With a hammer, hammering spikes!
He can ferry a boat on a river
Or peddle a pack on his back
Or work up and down
The streets of a town
With a whip and a horse and a hack.

He can haul a scow along a canal
Run a cow around a corral
Or maybe bark for a carousel
Of course it takes talent to do that well.

Aha-ha-ha-ha!
He might be a champ of the heavyweights,
Or a feller that sells you glue,
Or President of the United States,
That'd be all right, too

(Orchestra picks up the theme of “My Boy Bill.” BILLY speaks over the music)
His mother would like that
But he wouldn't be President if he didn't wanna be!

(singing)
Not Bill!
My boy, Bill! He'll be tall
And as tough as a tree, will Bill
Like a tree he'll grow
With his head held high
And his feet planted firm on the ground
And you won't see nobody dare to try
To boss him or toss him around!
No fat-bottomed, flabby-faced,
Pot-bellied, baggy-eyed bully
Will boss him around.

And I'm hanged if he'll marry his boss' daughter
A skinny-lipped virgin with blood like water
Who'll give him a peck
And call it a kiss
And look in his eyes through a lorgnette...

Hey, why am I talkin' on like this?
My kid ain't even been born, yet!
I can see him when he's seventeen or so,
And startin' to go with a girl
I can give him lots of pointers, very sound
On the way to get 'round any girl
I can tell him ...
Wait a minute!
Could it be?
What the hell!
What if he is a girl!
(He rises in anguish)
Bill! Oh, Bill!

(He sits on a bait box and holds his head in his hands. The music becomes the original theme, “I Wonder What He’ll Think of Me.” He speaks over it in a moaning voice.)
What would I do with her?
What could I do for her?
A bum with no money!

(singing)
You can have fun with a son
But you gotta be a father to a girl
She mightn't be so bad at that
A kid with ribbons in her hair!
A kind o' sweett and petite
Little tin-type of her mother!
What a pair!

(speaks)
I can just hear myself braggin’ about her!

(singing)
My little girl
Pink and white
As peaches and cream is she
My little girl
Is half again as bright
As girls are meant to be!
Dozens of boys pursue her
Many a likely lad does what he can to woo her
From her faithful dad
She has a few
Pink and white young fellers of two or three
But my little girl
Gets hungry ev'ry night and she comes home to me!

I-I got to get ready before she comes!
I got to make certain that she
Won't be dragged up in slums
With a lot o' bums like me
She's got to be sheltered
In a fair hand dressed
In the best that money can buy!
I never knew how to get money,
But, I'll try, I'll try! I'll try!
I'll go out and make it or steal it
Or take it or die!

(NETTIE enters)

NETTIE. Hey, Billy! What’s this Julie says about you not goin’ to the clambake?
BILLY. Clambake? (*suddenly gets an idea from the word*) Mebbe I will go, after all! There’s Jigger. I gotta talk to him. Hey, Jigger! Come here- quick!

NETTIE. I’ll tell Julie you’re comin’. She’ll be tickled pink.

BILLY. Jigger, I changed my mind! You know- about goin’ to the clambake, and- I’ll do everythin’ like you said. Gotta get money on account of the baby, see.

JIGGER. Sure, the baby. Did you get the knife?

BILLY. Knife?

JIGGER. I only got a pocket knife. If he shows a fight we’ll need a real one.

BILLY. But I ain’t got-

JIGGER. Go inside and take the kitchen knife.

BILLY. Somebody might see me.

JIGGER. Take it so they don’t see you! (*BILLY looks indecisive. JULIE runs in to BILLY*)

JULIE. Billy, is it true? Are you comin’?

BILLY. I think so. Yes.

JULIE. (*Puts her arm around his waist. He puts his arms around her.*) We’ll hev a barrel of fun.

JIGGER. Billy! Y’better go and get that-

JULIE. Get what, Billy?

BILLY. Why-

JIGGER. The shawl. Billy said you oughter have a shawl. Gets cold at nights. Ain’t that what you said?

BILLY. Y-yes. I better go and get it- the shawl.

JULIE. Now, that was real thoughtful, Billy.

BILLY. I’ll go and get it.

NETTIE. C’mon, all!

*END OF ACT.*

*ACT TWO*

*SCENE:* On an island across the bay. That night. Several couples recline in chosen isolation at the edge of the trees.

CARRIE. Hey, Nettie! Ain’t it about time the boys started their treasure hunt?

NETTIE. Jest a minute! Nobody’s goin’ treasure-huntin’ till we get this island cleaned up. Can’t leave it like this fer the next picnickers that come. Bogue in and get to work! They whole kit and caboodle of you! Burn that rubbish! Gather up those bottles!
ALL MEN. (ad libs) All right, all right. Needn’t have a catnip fit.

(JULIE exits; all start to exit the stage in all directions)

NETTIE. Hey, Enoch! While they’re cleanin’ up, you go hide the treasure. (She exits)

JIGGER. Why should he get out of workin’?

CARRIE. (proudly) ‘Cause he found the treasure last year. One that finds it hides it the next year. That’s the way we do!

BILLY. Why should he get out of workin’?

JIGGER. ‘Cause he found the treasure last year. One that finds it hides it the next year. That’s the way we do!

CARRIE. (proudly) ‘Cause he found the treasure last year. One that finds it hides it the next year. That’s the way we do!

BILLY. Hey, Jigger!

JIGGER. (looking off after CARRIE) That’s a well-set-up little piece, that Carrie.

BILLY. Ain’t it near time fer us to start?

JIGGER. No. We’ll wait till they’re ready fer that treasure-hunt. That’ll be a good way fer you and me to leave. We’ll be a team, see? Then we’ll get lost together like I said. (BILLY is moving around nervously) Stop jumping from one foot to the other. Go along to yer wife- and tell that little Carrie to come and talk to me.

BILLY. Look, Jigger, you ain’t got time fer girls tonight.

JIGGER. Sure I have. You know me- quick or nothin’!

BILLY. Jigger-after we do it- what do we do then?

JIGGER. Bury the money- and go on like nothin’ happened for six months. Wait another six months and then buy passage on a ship.

BILLY. The baby’ll be born by then.

JIGGER. We’ll take it along with us.

BILLY. Maybe we’ll sail to San Francisco.

JIGGER. Why do you keep puttin’ yer hand on yer chest?

BILLY. My heart’s bumpin’ up and down under the knife.

JIGGER. Put the knife on the other side. (CARRIE enters)

CARRIE. Mr. Bigelow, Julie says you should come and help her. (BILLY exits) Why ain’t you workin’?

JIGGER. I don’t feel so well.

CARRIE. It’s mebbe the calms not settin’ so good on yer stummick.

JIGGER. I don’t feel so well.

CARRIE. It’s mebbe the calms not settin’ so good on yer stummick.

JIGGER. Thank you, Miss Pipperidge, thank you kindly. There’s just one thing that worries me and it worries me a lot. Yer such a little innercent. Every girl ought to know how to defend herself. Now, there are certain grips in wrestlin’ I could teach you- tricks that’ll land a masher flat on his face in two minutes.

CARRIE. But I ain’t strong enough.
JIGGER. It doesn’t take strength- it’s all in balance. Right! Here’s how you can pick a feller up and send him sprawlin’. Now I’ll stand here, and you get a hold of- wait a minute. I’ll do it to you first. Then you can do it to me. Stand still and relax. *(He takes her hand and foot and slings her quickly over his shoulders)* This is the way firemen carry people.

CARRIE. *(a little breathless and stunned)* Is it?

JIGGER. See how helpless you can make a feller if he gets fresh with you? *(He starts to walk off with her)*

CARRIE. *(She stops because something terrible has happened. SNOW has entered. After a terrifying second)* SNOW has entered. *(No answer)* This is the way fireman carry people.

SNOW. *(grimly)* Where’s the fire?

CARRIE. He was only showin’ me how to defend myself.

SNOW. It didn’t look like you had learned very much by the time I came!

CARRIE. SNOW- Say you forgive me! Say somethin’ sweet to me, Enoch- somethin’ soft and sweet. *(He remains silent and she becomes exasperated)* Say somethin’ soft and sweet.

SNOW. *(Turning to CARRIE, fiercely)* Boston cream pie! *(Turns and exits. BILLY enters and crosses to JIGGER)*

BILLY. Hey, Jigger- don’t you think?

JIGGER. Huh? *(Catches on, raises his voice to all)* When are we goin’ to start that treasure hunt?

NETTIE. Right now! Y’all got yer partners? Two men to each team. You got half and hour to find the treasure. The winners can kiss any girls they want! *(A whoop and a holler goes up and all the MEN and the GIRLS start out. JULIE enters from down left and sees BILLY starting out with JIGGER)*

JULIE. Billy- are you goin’ with JIGGER? Don’t you think that’s foolish?

BILLY. Why?

JULIE. Neither one of you knows the island good. You ought to split up and each go with-

BILLY. *(Brushing her aside)* We’re partners, see? C’mon, Jigger. *(the men exit)*

CARRIE. I don’t know what gets into men. Enoch put on a new suit today and he was a different person.

JULIE. *(smiles, singing)* What’s the use of wond’rin’
If he’s good or if he’s bad,
Or if you like the way he wears his hat?
Oh, what’s the use of wond’rin’
If he’s good or if he's bad?
He's your feller and you love him-
That's all there is to that.

Common sense may tell you
That the ending will be sad,
And now's the time to break and run away.
But what's the use of wond'rin’
If the ending will be sad?
He's your feller and you love him-
There's nothing more to say.

Somethin' made him the way that he is,
Whether he's false or true.
And somethin' gave him the things that are his-
One of those things is you.
So
When he wants your kisses
You will give them to the lad,
And anywhere he leads you, you will walk.
And anytime he needs you,
You'll go running there like mad!
You're his girl and he's your feller-
And all the rest is talk.

(As JULIE finishes her song, we see BILLY and JIGGER entering, crouching behind the sand dunes. JULIE turns just in time to see them as they get up center and JULIE turns to BILLY)

JULIE. Billy! Billy! Where you going?

BILLY. Where we going?

JIGGER: We're looking for the treasure.

JULIE: I don't want you to, Billy. Let me come with you.

JIGGER: No.

JULIE: (putting her hands to his chest and feeling the knife) Billy!

BILLY: I got no time to fool with women. Get out of my way! (he succeeds in shoving her aside)

JULIE: Let me have that. Oh, Billy. Please- (he exits and JIGGER follows. NETTIE puts her arms around JULIE to comfort her)

SCENE TWO: Mainland waterfront. An hour later. Extreme left there is an upright pile, a box and a bale. At center is a longer bale. Up right center is an assorted head consisting of a crate, a trunk, a sack, and other warfside oddments. JIGGER is seated on the pile extreme left, smoking. BILLY is pacing back and forth, right center.

BILLY. Suppose he don’t come.

JIGGER. He’ll come. What will you say to him?

BILLY. I say: “Good evening, sir. Excuse me, sur. Can you tell me the time?” And suppose he answers me. What do I say?

JIGGER. He won’t answer you. (JIGGER throws his knife into the top of the box so that the point sticks and the knife quivers there)

BILLY. Have you ever- killed a man before?

JIGGER. If I did, I wouldn’t be likely to say so, would I?

BILLY. No, guess you wouldn’t. If you did- if tonight we- I mean- suppose some day when we die we’ll have to come up before- before-
JIGGER. Before who?

BILLY. Well- before God.

JIGGER. You and me? Not a chance!

BILLY. Why not?

JIGGER. What’s the highest court they ever dragged you into?

BILLY. Just perlice magistrates, I guess.

JIGGER. Sure. Never been before a supreme-court judge, have you?

BILLY. No.

JIGGER. Same thing in the next world. For rich folks, the heavenly court and the high judge. For you and me, perlice magistrates. Fer the rich, fine music and chubby little angels.

BILLY. Won’t we get any music?

JIGGER. Not a note. All we’ll get is justice! There’ll be plenty of that for you and me. Yes, sir! Nothin’ but justice.

BILLY. It’s getting’ late- they’ll be comin’ back from the clambake. I wish he’d come. –Suppose he don’t.

JIGGER. He will. What do you say we play some cards while we’re waitin’? Time’ll pass quicker that way.

BILLY. All right.

JIGGER. Got any money?

BILLY. Eighty cents. (Crosses to JIGGER, sits on small bale and puts his money on table.)

JIGGER. (puts money on table, shuffles cards) All right, eighty cents. We’ll play twenty-one. I’ll bank.

BILLY. I’ll bet the bank.

JIGGER. Sounds like he’s got an ace.

BILLY. I’ll take another. (JIGGER deals a card) Come again! (JIGGER deals a card) Over! (Throws cards down. JIGGER gathers in the money. BILLY rises, crosses right center and looks off right) Wish old sideburns would come and have it over with.

JIGGER. He’s a little late. Don’t you want to go on with the game?

BILLY. Ain’t got any more money. I told you.

JIGGER. Want to play on credit?

BILLY. You mean you’ll trust me?

JIGGER. No- but I’ll deduct it.

BILLY. From what?
JIGGER. From your share of the money. If you win, you deduct it from my share.

BILLY. (crossing and sitting on bale) All right. Can’t wait here doin’ nothin’. Drive a feller crazy. How much is the bank?

JIGGER. Sideburns’ll have three thousand on him. That’s what he always brings the captain. Tonight the captain don’t get it. We get it. Fifteen hundred to you. Fifteen hundred to me.

BILLY. Go ahead and deal. Fifty dollars. (Looks at his cards) No, a hundred dollars. (JIGGER gives him a card) Enough.

JIGGER. Twenty-one.

BILLY. All right! This time double or nothing’!

JIGGER. Double or nothin’ it is.

BILLY. (Looking at cards) Enough.

JIGGER. Twenty-one.

BILLY. Hey- are you cheatin’?

JIGGER. (so innocent) Me? Do I look like a cheat?

BILLY. (raps the box impatiently. JIGGER deals) Five hundred!

JIGGER. Dollars?

BILLY. Dollars.

JIGGER. Say, you’re a plunger, ain’t you? Yes, sir.

BILLY. (getting a card) Another. (he gets it) Too much.

JIGGER. That makes seven hundred you owe me.

BILLY. Seven hundred! Double or nothin’. (JIGGER deals) I’ll stand pat!

JIGGER. (laying down his cards in pretend amazement) Twenty-one! A natural!

BILLY. (rising and taking hold of JIGGER by the coat lapels) You- you- damn you, you’re a dirty crook! You-

(BASCOMBE enters from left, JIGGER coughs, warning. BILLY addresses BASCOMBE) Excuse me, sir. Can you tell me the time?

(BASCOMBE turns to BILLY and JIGGER leaps out from behind the crates and tries to stab BASCOMBE. BASCOMBE gets hold of JIGGER’s knife hand and twists his wrist, forcing him into a helpless position. BASCOMBE takes his gun from its holster with his free hand, holding BILLY off)

BASCOMBE. Now don’t budge, either one of you. Drop that knife. Ahoy, up there on the Nancy B! Captain Watson! Anybody up there?

CAPTAIN. (off) Ahoy down there! (JIGGER twists himself loose and runs off right. BASCOMBE turns and fires a shot at JIGGER as he runs, then turns, holding BILLY off) There’s another bullet in here. Don’t forget that- you. Look behind you! What do you see comin’?
BILLY. Two perlicemen.

BASCOMBE. You wanted to know what time it was. I’ll tell you- the time for you will be ten or twenty years in prison.

BILLY. Oh no it won’t. *(He clammers up on the pile with his knife drawn)*

BASCOMBE. Where do you think you’re escapin’ to- the sky?

BILLY. They won’t put me in prison. *(He raises his knife high in the air)* Julie! *(He topples off the pile of crates, falling behind them. POLICEMAN enters, rushes behind the crates and removes him coat.)*

POLICEMAN. You alright Mr. Bascombe?

BASCOMBE. Yes, I’m all right. Lucky, though. Very lucky. This is the first time I ever took a pistol with me. Is he dead?

POLICEMAN. I don’t think so, he’s still breathing.

BASCOMBE. Bring him out where we can lay him flat. Those fools- the silly fools. They didn’t even notice I was comin’ from the ship, not to it. The money they tried to kill me for is locked up in the captain’s desk. *(hearing off stage singing)* What’s that?

POLICEMAN. The folks comin’ back from the clambake. *(the people enter left)*

BASCOMBE. You’d better stop them.

POLICEMAN. Yes sir.

1st VOICE. Who is it?

2nd VOICE. Billy.

3rd VOICE. Billy Bigelow.

4th VOICE. Poor Julie.

*(The crowd opens up for JULIE who goes straight to BILLY up behind the bales. )*

JULIE. Billy-

BILLY. Little Julie- somethin’ I want to tell you- I couldn’t see anythin’ ahead, and Jigger told me how we could get a hold of a lot of money- and maybe sail to San Francisco.- See?

JULIE. Yes.

BILLY. Tell the baby, if you want, say I had this idea about San Francisco. Julie-

JULIE. Yes.

BILLY. Hold my hand tight.

JULIE. I am holdin’ it tight- all the time.

BILLY. Tighter- still tighter! *(pause) Julie!*
JULIE. Good-by. *(He sinks back. JULIE kisses his hand; CARRIE enters followed by SNOW)*

CARRIE. Julie- don’t be mad at me fer sayin’ it- but you’re better off this way.

SNOW. Carrie’s right.

CARRIE. Julie, tell me, am I right?

JULIE. You’re right Carrie.

CARRIE. *(looking down at BILLY)* He’s better off too, poor feller. Believe me, Julie, he’s better off too.

JULIE. Don’t cry, Carrie.

CARRIE. God be with you, Julie.

JULIE. Sleep, Billy- sleep. Sleep peaceful, like a good boy. I knew why you hit me. You were quick-tempered and unhappy. I always knew everythin’ you were thinkin’. But you didn’t always know what I was thinkin’. One thing I never told you- skeered you’d laugh at me. I’ll tell you now- *(Even now she has to make an effort to overcome her shyness in saying it)* I love you. I love you. *(in a whisper)* I love- you. *(smiles)* I was always ashamed to say it out loud. But now I said it. Didn’t I? *(she takes the shawl off her shoulders and drapes it over BILLY. NETTIE comes in from left. JULIE looks up and sees her, lets out a cry, and runs to her)* What am I goin’ to do?

NETTIE. Do? Why you gotta stay on here with me- so’s I ken be with you when you hev the baby. *(JULIE buries her head in NETTIE’s shoulder and holds tightly to her)* Main thing is to keep on livin’- keep on keerin’ what’s goin’ to happen. ‘Member that sampler you gave me? ‘Member what it says?

JULIE. The words? Sure. Used to sing ‘em in school.

NETTIE. Sing ‘em now- see if you know what they mean.

JULIE. *(singing)*
When you walk through a storm
Keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark. *(JULIE breaks off, sobbing)*

NETTIE. *(singing)* When you walk through a storm
Keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark.
At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of a lark.

Walk on through the wind,
Walk on through the rain,
Tho' your dreams be tossed and blown.
Walk on, walk on
With hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone,
You'll never walk alone!
*(JULIE and NETTIE kneel in prayer. The two HEAVENLY FRIENDS enter and cross to BILLY)*

1ST HEAVENLY FRIEND. Get up, Billy.
BILLY. Huh?

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. Get up.

BILLY. (*straightening up*) Who are you?

2<sup>nd</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. Shake yourself up. Got to get goin’.

BILLY. (*looking at them and turning front, still sitting*) Goin’? Where?

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. Never mind where. Important thing is you can’t stay here.

BILLY. (*turning left*) Julie!

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. She can’t hear you.

BILLY. Who decided that?

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. You did. When you killed yourself.

BILLY. I see! So it’s over!

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. It isn’t as simple as that. As long as there is one person on earth who remembers you- it isn’t over.

BILLY. What’re you goin’ to do to me?

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. We aren’t going to do anything. We jest came down to fetch you- take you up to the jedge.

BILLY. Judge! Am I goin’ before the Lord God Himself?

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. What hev you ever done thet you should come before Him?

BILLY. (*his anger rising*) So that’s it. Just like Jigger said: “No supreme court for little people- just perlice magistrates”!

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. Who said anythin’ about-

BILLY. I tell you if they kick me around up there like they did on earth, I’m goin’ to do somethin’ about it! I’m dead and I got nothin’ to lose. I’m goin’ to stand up for my rights! I tell you I’m goin’ before the Lord God Himself- straight to the top! Y’hear? (*1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND gestures for BILLY to follow*)

SCENE THREE: *Up there. A celestial clothes-line is seen stretching back through infinity, but one portion of its strung across as far downstage as possible. There is a celestial stepladder standing right center upstage of the line. It shimmers with a silvery light. The clothesline is full with shimmering stars. The STARKEEPER is seated on the top of the stepladder, and he can be seen hanging out stars and dusting them with a silver-handled white feather duster. BILLY and the two HEAVENLY FRIENDS are seen making their way through the clouds from stage left to right, emerging moment later through entrance down right into the backyard.*

1<sup>st</sup> HEAVENLY FRIEND. Billy!

BILLY. Hey, what is this! (*to STARKEEPER*) Who are you?

STARKEEPER. Never mind who I am, Bigelow.
BILLY. Where am I?

STARKEEPER. You’re in the backyard of heaven. There’s the gates over there.

BILLY. The pearly gates!

STARKEEPER. Nope. The pearly gates are in front. Those are the back gates. They’re just mother-of-pearly.

BILLY. I don’t wanta go in no back gate. I wanta go before the highest-

STARKEEPER. You’ll go where we send you, young man.

BILLY. Now look here!

STARKEEPER. Don’t yell.

BILLY. I didn’t yell.

STARKEEPER. Well, don’t. (He takes a star off the line and hands it to the HEAVENLY FRIEND) This one’s finished. Brother Joshua, please hang it over Salem, Mass.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. A-yah. (exits)

STARKEEPER. (taking a notebook out of his pocket) Now, this is a routine question I gotta ask everybody. Is there anythin’ on earth you left unfinished? The reason I ask you is you’re entitled to go back fer one day- if you want to.

BILLY. I don’t know. Guess as long as I’m here, I won’t go back.

STARKEEPER. (jotting down in the notebook) “Waives his right to go back.”

BILLY. Can I ask you somethin’? I’d like to know if the baby will be a boy or a girl?

STARKEEPER. We’ll come to that later.

BILLY. But I’m only askin’-

STARKEEPER. Jest let me do the askin’- you do the answerin’. I got my orders.- You left yer wife hevin’ that baby comin’- with nothin’ fer ‘em to live on. Why’d you do thet?

BILLY. I couldn’t get work and I couldn’t bear to see her- (pause)

STARKEEPER. You couldn’t bear to see her cry. Why not come right out and say it? Why are you afraid of sayin’ the right word? Why are you ashamed you loved Julie?

BILLY. I ain’t ashamed of anything.

STARKEEPER. Why’d you beat her?

BILLY. I didn’t beat her- I wouldn’t beat a little thing like that- I hit her.

STARKEEPER. Why?

BILLY. Well, y’see- we’d argue. And she’d say this and I’d say that- and she’d be right- so I’d hit her.

STARKEEPER. Hmm! Are you sorry you hit her?
BILLY. Ain’t sorry fer anythin’.

STARKEEPER. (taking his basket and coming down off of the ladder) You ken be as sot and pernickety as you want. Up here patience is as endless as time. We ken wait. (He turns to BILLY in a more friendly way) Now look here, son, it’s only fair to tell you- you’re in a pretty tight corner. Fact is you haven’t done enough good in yer life to get in there- Not even through the back door.

BILLY. (turning away) All right. If I can’t get in – I can’t.

STARKEEPER. (testily) I didn’t say you can’t. Said you ain’t done enough so far. You might still make it- if you tried hard enough.

BILLY. How?

STARKEEPER. Why don’t you go down to earth fer a day like I said you could. Do sometin’ real fine fer someone.

BILLY. Aw- what could I do?

STARKEEPER. Well, fer one thing you might do yer little daughter some good.

BILLY. (turning to STARKEEPER, elated) A daughter! It’s a girl- my baby!

STARKEEPER. Ain’t a baby no more. She’s fifteen years old.

BILLY. How could that be? I just come from there.

STARKEEPER. You got to get used to a new way of tellin’ time, Billy. A year on earth is just a minute up here. Would you like to look down and see her?

BILLY. Could I? Could I see her from here?

STARKEEPER. Sure could. Follow me.

BILLY. Tell me- is she happy?

STARKEEPER. No, she ain’t, Billy. She’s a lot like you. That’s why I figure you’re the one could help her most- if you was there.

BILLY. If she ain’t happy, I don’t want to look.

STARKEEPER. Well, right this minute she appears to be hevin’ a fine time. Yes, sir! There she is, runnin’ on the beach. Got her shoes and stockin’s off.

BILLY. Like I used to do!

STARKEEPER. Don’t you think you better take a look?

BILLY. Where is she? What do I have to do to see her?

STARKEEPER. Jest look and wait. The power to see her will comet o you. (He puts his hand lightly on BILLY’s shoulder)

BILLY. Is that her? Little kid with straw-colored hair?
STARKEEPER. Pretty, ain’t she?

BILLY. My little girl!

SCENE FOUR: Down here. On a beach. Fifteen years later. (“Billy Makes a Journey” ballet) LOUISE is romping on the beach. Two little RUFFIAN BOYS join her. Presently ENOCH SNOW enters, leading his six very well-behaved CHILDREN. LOUISE invites them to join in her play, but taking their cure from their father’s horrified face, they snub her. They exit with their father, all except one little horror in a big hat who remains to taunt LOUISE.

SNOW’S DAUGHTER. My father bought me a pretty dress.

LOUISE. My father would have bought me a pretty dress, too. He was a Barker on a carousel.

SNOW’S DAUGHTER. Your father was a thief.

(Her nasty work accomplished, she assumes an impish, satisfied look and starts away. LOUISE goes after her. Their pace increases. LOUISE finally chasing her off, returning soon with a trophy- the big hat. Now a CARNIVAL TROUPE dances on. The RUFFIANS are frightened by them. Failing to persuade LOUISE to run away with them, they leave her there. One of the carnival boys is the type LOUISE’s father was when he was young. Of all this fascinating group, he interests her most. After the others dance off, he returns to her for a flirtation. Is it much more than this to LOUISE. It is a first experience, overwhelmingly beautiful, painful and passionate. He leaves her abruptly. She’s too young. Thwarted, humiliated, she weeps alone. Now a group of CHILDREN enter, dressed for a party. LOUISE seeks consolation with them. She tries to join in their dancing. They reject her and make fun of her. She turns on them so viciously that they are frozen with awe and fear as she speaks to them in a voice full of deep injury and the fury of a hopeless outcast)

LOUISE. I hate you- I hate all of you!

(They back away, then dance away, leaving her heartbroken and alone- terribly alone.)

BILLY. Why did you make me look?

STARKEEPER. You said you wanted to.

BILLY. I know what she’s goin’ through.

STARKEEPER. Somethin’ like what happened to you when you was a kid, ain’t it?

BILLY. Somebody ought to help her.

STARKEEPER. Ay-ah. Somebody ought to. You ken go down any time. Offer’s still open. (The 1st HEAVENLY FRIEND comes to guide BILLY if he wants to go. BILLY starts toward him, then gets a sudden idea, turns back and stealthily takes a star from the basket. The STARKEEPER pretends not to notice. They exit)

SCENE FIVE: Outside Julie’s cottage.

CARRIE. See you at the graduation.

(She exits; JULIE exits into house)

LOUISE. I wish I could go to New York.

ENOCH JR. What are you goin’ to do after you graduate?

LOUISE. (lowering her voice, as BILLY and HEAVENLY FRIEND enter) Listen Enoch, can you keep a secret?
BILLY. Can she see me?

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Only if you want her to.

ENOCH JR. Well, what’s the secret?

LOUISE. I’m goin’ to be an actress. There’s a troupe comin’ through here next week. I met a feller- says he’s the advance man or somethin’- says he’ll help me!

ENOCH JR. (horrified) You mean run away? (she shushes him; BILLY winces) I won’t let you do it, Louise.

LOUISE. How’ll you stop me?

ENOCH JR. I’ll marry you. That’s how. The hardest thing’ll be to persuade Papa to let me marry beneath my station.

LOUISE. You needn’t bother about marryin’ beneath your station! I wouldn’t have you. And I wouldn’t have that stuck-up buzzard for a father-in-law if you give me a million dollars!

(BILLY looks at FRIEND and smiles, happy over this)

ENOCH JR. (outraged, this hit a tender spot) You’re a fine one to talk about my father! What about yer own? A cheaparker on a carousel- and he beat your mother!

LOUISE. (giving JUNIOR a good punch) You get out of here! You sleeky little la-de-da! (spins him around and gives him a good kick. BILLY seeing all of this puts out his foot and trips JUNIOR just as he is passing him) I’ll – I’ll kill you- you- (JUNIOR runs off; LOUISE sobs. BILLY looks over at LOUISE who is a very heartbroken little girl.)

BILLY. If I want her to see me, she will? (The HEAVENLY FRIEND nods) Little girl- Louise!

LOUISE. (She looks up through her tears) Who are you?

BILLY. I- I- (He’s nearly as rattled as he was the night he suddenly faced BASCOMBE on the wharf)

LOUISE. How did you know my name?

BILLY. Somebody told me you lived here. I knew your father.

LOUISE. My father!

BILLY. I heard what that little whippersnapper said. It ain’t true- any of it.

LOUISE. It is true. All of it. (pause. He is stunned)

BILLY. Did your mother tell you that?

LOUISE. No, but every kid in town knows it. They’ve been throwin’ it up at me ever since I kin remember. I wish I was dead.

BILLY. (softly) What- what did yer mother say about- him?

LOUISE. Oh, she’s told me a lot of fairy stories about how he died in San Francisco- and she’s always sayin’ what a handsome fellow he was-
BILLY. Well, he was!

LOUISE. (hopefully, rising) Was he- really?

BILLY. He was the handsomest feller around here.

LOUISE. You really knew him, did you? And he was handsome. (he nods his head) What else about him? Know anythin’ else good about him?

BILLY. Well-ll- he used to tell funny jokes at the carousel and make people laugh.

LOUISE. (her face lighting up) Did he? (they both laugh) What else? (a pause. He is stuck and changes the subject)

BILLY. Look- I want to give you a present.

LOUISE. (backing up, suspicious) Don’t come in, mister. My mother wouldn’t like it.

BILLY. I don’t mean you any harm, child. I want to give you somethin’.

LOUISE. Don’t you come any closer. You go ‘way with yer white face. You scare me.

BILLY. Don’t chase me away. I want to give you a present- somethin’ pretty- somethin’ wonderful- (BILLY takes the star from his pocket)

LOUISE. What’s that?

BILLY. Pst! A star. (he points up to the sky to indicate from whence it came)

LOUISE. Go away!

BILLY. (growing panicky and taking her arm) Darling, please- I want to help you.

LOUISE. (trying to pull arm away) Don’t call me darling. Let go my arm!

BILLY. I want to make you happy. Take this-

LOUISE. No!

BILLY. Please! (she pulls away from him, holding out her right hand to keep him away from her) Please-dear- (impulsively, involuntarily, he slaps her hand. She is startled)

LOUISE. Mother! (she runs into the house) Mother!

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Failure! You struck out blinkly again. All you ever do to get out of a difficulty- hit someone you love! Failure!

BILLY. (as JULIE enters) I don’t want her to see me.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Then she doesn’t.

BILLY. She looks like she saw me before I said that.

LOUISE. (coming out of house) Oh, he’s gone! I didn’t make it up, Mother. Honest there was a strange man here and he hit me- hard-I heard the sound of it- but it didn’t hurt, Mother! It didn’t hurt at all- it was jest as if he- kissed my hand!
JULIE. Go into the house, child.

LOUISE. What’s happened Mother? (JULIE stares at where BILLY was) Don’t you believe me?

JULIE. Yes, I believe you.

LOUISE. Then why don’t you tell me why you’re actin’ so funny?

JULIE. It’s nothin’, dear.

LOUISE. But it is possible, Mother, fer someone to hit you hard like that- real loud and hard- and not hurt you at all?

JULIE. It is possible, dear- fer someone to hit you- hit you hard –and it not hurt at all. (JULIE and LOUISE embrace. LOUISE exits into the house, but JULIE sees the star that BILLY had placed on the chair and goes toward it. She picks up the star and holds it to her breast.)

BILLY. Julie- Julie! (she stands transfixed- he sings)
Longing to tell you,
But afraid and shy,
I let my golden chances pass me by.
Now I’ve lost you;
Soon I will go in the mist of day,
And you never will know
How I loved you,
How I loved you.

(JULIE exits into the house; BILLY speaks) She took the star- she took it! Seems like she knew I was here.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Julie would always know.

BILLY. She never changes.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. No, Julie never changes.

BILLY. But my little girl- my Louise- I gotta do somethin’ fer her.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. So far you haven’t done much.

BILLY. I know. I know.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. Time’s running out.

BILLY. But it ain’t over yet. I want an extension! I gotta see her graduation.

1st HEAVENLY FRIEND. All right, Billy. (they exit)

SCENE SIX: Outside a school house, the same day. The graduating class sits massed on rows of benches. The BOYS wearing blue serge suits, sit behind. Stage right there is a small platform on which is a speaker’s stand. DR SELDON stands behind the stand.)

BILLY. Say! He reminds me of that feller up on the ladder.

HEAVENLY FRIEND. Yes, a lot of these country doctors and ministers remind you of him.
DOCTOR. It’s the custom at these graduations to pick out some old duck like me to preach at the kids. (laughter) I can’t preach at you. Know you all too well. Brought most of you into the world. Rubbed liniment on yer backs, poured castor oil down yer throats. Well, all I hope is that now I got you this far, you’ll turn out to be worth all the trouble I took with you! I can’t tell you any sure way to happiness. All I know if you got to go out and find it fer yourselves. (BILLY goes over to LOUISE) You can’t lean on the success of your parents. That’s their success. (directing this toward LOUISE) And don’t be held back by their failures! Makes no difference what they did or didn’t do. You jest stand on your own two feet.

BILLY. (to LOUISE) Listen to him. Believe him. (she looks up suddenly)

DOCTOR. The world belongs to you as much as to the next feller. Don’t give it up! And try not to be skeered o’people not likin’ you- jest you try likin’ them. Jest keep yer faith and courage, and you’ll come out all right. It’s like what we used to sing every mornin’ when I went to school. Mebbe you still sing it- I dunno. (he recites) “When you walk through a storm, Keep your chin up high.”
(to the kids) Know that one? (they nod eagerly)

ALL. And don’t be afraid of the dark.

BILLY. (to LOUISE) Believe him, darling! Believe. (LOUISE joins the others as they sing)

ALL. At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song
Of the lark.
(BILLY crosses and stands behind JULIE)
Walk on
Through the wind,
Walk on
Through the rain,
Though your dreams be tossed and blown.

BILLY. (to JULIE) I loved you, Julie. Know that I loved you! (JULIE’s face lights up and she starts singing with the rest)

ALL. Walk on,
Walk on,
With hope in your heart,
And you’ll never walk alone.

(LOUISE moves in closer to the group. The girl to her right puts her arm around her. Her eyes shine. The HEAVENLY FRIEND smiles and beckons BILLY to follow him. BILLY does. As they pass the DOCTOR, he watches and smiles wisely.)

You’ll never walk alone.

CURTAIN.