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A Pilgrim, An Outlaw: Features of Dramatic Adaptation and Theodore Dreiser's Sister Carrie

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts at Virginia Commonwealth University.

by

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Abstract

A PILGRIM, AN OUTLAW: FEATURES OF DRAMATIC ADAPTATION AND THEODORE DREISER'S SISTER CARRIE

By Matt DiCintio, M.F.A.

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Although there are countless manuals devoted to playwriting, very few take up the craft of dramatic adaptation in a practical context. My rendering of Theodore Dreiser's Sister Carrie is an exploration of fundamental elements that require consideration when adapting for the stage. My approach to the characters' inarticulateness reveals an inherent theatricality in the novel, which both respects Dreiser's themes and makes them accessible through the conventions of the stage. I suggest the craft of dramatic adaptation should strike a delicate balance between being a "pilgrim" toward the intentions of the source and an "outlaw" in its innovative theatrical representation of them.

INTRODUCTION

On the shelves of bookstore drama sections, after manuals on acting and plays themselves, books on playwriting often make up the largest share. Jeffrey Hatcher, Julie Jensen and Jeffrey Sweet are among successful playwrights who have authored successful playwriting manuals. Their handbooks, like many, provide guidelines on character development, exposition, setting, dialogue and conflict, among other stuff of drama. In addition to that ever-growing category are the millions of words that thinkers and practitioners from Aristotle, Horace and Bharata to Eric Bentley and David Ball have devoted to dramatic theories. On no shelf will one find much about dramatic adaptation.

Adaptations seem ubiquitous on stages across the country, from dozens of versions of *A Christmas Carol* to coveted estate-sanctioned world premieres. They are popular with audiences as well as artists: they typically do well at the box office, and first class exclusive rights are highly prized by playwrights (and by producers who secure subsidiary rights). Still, discussions of adaptation often remain restricted to questions of textual fidelity, charges of intellectual theft and dreams of marketability. Whereas Hatcher, Jensen and Sweet, not to mention Aristotle and Bharata, strive to make the theoretical practical, rarely do any writers (as theorists or as adapters) make their tools, nuts and bolts accessible for adaptation.

The act of adaptation may receive more attention in theory than in practice because the act invites semantic questions with elusive answers. How do we define adaptation? Is it a “reinvention” (Babbage 15)? Is it a “revisitation” (Hutcheon xiv)? Is it a “translation” (Cobb 30)? Perhaps it is a

“semiotic transposition” or “transmutation” (Hutcheon 16), “a kind of extended palimpsest and, at the same time, often a transcoding into a different set of conventions” (Hutcheon 33).

What are the rules of such a new code? The Oxford English Dictionary defines theatrical as “pertaining to or connected with the theatre or ‘stage,’” as something “that ‘plays a part’” and “simulates, or is simulated; artificial, affected, assumed,” as “having the style of dramatic performance; extravagantly or irrelevantly histrionic; ‘stagy;’ calculated for display, showy, spectacular.” In short, the OED reminds us, adapting for the stage has something to do with the stage, and apparently it requires quotation marks for many of its terms.

Moreover, how much faithfulness is required in adaptation? What does fidelity entail? What happens between the page and the stage? In A Theory of Adaptation, Linda Hutcheon insists that “a novel, in order to be dramatized, has to be distilled, reduced in size, and thus, inevitably, complexity” (36). Does an adapter owe more loyalty to the source or to an audience? Does it make a difference if the audience knows the source? Is it, as Frances Babbage suggests, a “problem” of “preventing an excess of noise, color and corporeality – an overabundance of presence – from trampling too heavily upon the mental images that haunt spectators who (re-)receive such texts through performance” (19)? Clearly adaptation, however we connote it, provides ample opportunity to take up theoretical inquiries, but contemplating these questions makes the craft a means to end, without foremost considering the means.

In rereading Sister Carrie to “transcode” the novel for the stage, one particular passage struck me as revelatory. In Chapter XXXV (in the Pennsylvania edition, the variants of which are discussed below), Carrie receives advice from her neighbor and new friend Mrs. Vance about purchasing fashionable clothing neither she nor Hurstwood can afford.

Carrie listened with eager ears. These things never came up between her and

Hurstwood. Nevertheless, she began to suggest one thing and another, which Hurstwood agreed to without any expression of opinion. He noticed the new tendency on Carrie's part, and finally, hearing much of Mrs. Vance and her delightful ways, suspected whence the change came. He was not inclined to offer the slightest objection so soon, but he felt that Carrie's wants were expanding. This did not appeal to him exactly, but he cared for her in his own way, and so the thing stood. Still, there was something in the details of the transactions which caused Carrie to feel that her requests were not a delight to him. He did not enthuse over the purchases. This led her to believe that neglect was creeping in, and so another small wedge was entered. (Penguin, 328)

Though the passage is devoid of dialogue-proper, it moves sentence-by-sentence between the conflicting thoughts and feelings of the two characters, culminating with the small climax of "another small wedge." In this sense, it takes the form of traditional stage dialogue, with escalating desires providing escalating clashes. In the novel, however, such dialogue goes unspoken, and Richard Poirer suggests why:

No direct confrontation, with its inherent possibilities of conversational drama, is allowed to take place between his people. Instead, his characters reveal their feelings in a manner – notes of departure, soliloquies, primitive interior monologue, all of these in the simplest grammatical structure – that expresses the impossibility or, perhaps one should say, the lack of necessity for dialogue. (580)

In How Fiction Works, James Wood writes of "a marvelous alchemical transfer" (10) in which a novel's narrative "belongs both to the author and the character" (11). The passage above is composed of just such a transfer: the "narrative seems to want to merge with that character, to take

on his or her way of thinking and speaking” (Wood 7-8). That Carrie’s ears are “eager” is that kind of union, in which the description seems both by her and about her. The specific use of the verb “enthuse” to describe Hurstwood’s reaction to Carrie’s purchases is both Dreiser’s word and Hurstwood’s, both by him and about him. Wood notes that in this “free indirect style,” the “narrative seems to float away from the novelist and take on the properties of the character, who now seems to ‘own’ the words” (9). As a result, we “inhabit omniscience and partiality at once. A gap opens between author and character, and the bridge – which is free indirect style itself – between them simultaneously closes that gap and draws attention to its distance” (Wood 11).

Poirier and I are hardly alone in noticing that the unspoken is a prominent feature of the novel. In “Dreiser and the Plotting of Inarticulate Experience,” Julian Markels notes of the title character:

Nothing in her life has equipped her to stand apart from each moment and locate it in some larger system of expectations or judgments. Her consciousness of her identity does not precede, but arises out of, the ebb and flow of her experience. And this makes us feel that only by submitting to this ebb and flow, only by being loyal and responsive to each of her facts as it presents itself in turn, may Carrie attain her identity. (438)

Alan Trachtenberg, in “Who Narrates? Dreiser’s Presence in Sister Carrie,” refers to “Dreiser’s typical discursive practice” of giving the reader

an account [...] of intersubjective awareness of the other, which neither Carrie nor Drouet nor Hurstwood is capable of supplying in a conversational or meditational voice – yet which constitutes the form and content of each character’s self-awareness. They cannot say so for themselves; it takes the narrator to say it to us for

them. (102)

Writing specifically about the novel's urban environments, Richard Lehan concludes,

What we get is human experience as an amoral process; characters moved around like driftwood caught in the oceans' tide, never able to contextualize their place in the process, always being spoken through by a larger self, which is the voice of the city itself, and by the desire its materiality produces. (67)

According to Wood, the free indirect style is “capable of inhabiting different levels of comprehension” (15). Thus, it is possible, if not necessarily theatrical, literally to stage the gaps in those different levels. I have tried to do so by allowing the three principal characters to voice their inarticulate experience – to have them say aloud, to us, what they may not recognize themselves. As Marvin Carlson writes, “Theatricality, like the closely related (and equally complex) term mimesis, has built into it a doubleness, or a play between two types of reality” (243). (Little wonder the OED needs all those quotation marks.) I contend the doubleness inherent in inarticulate characters speaking aloud is this adaptation's connotation of “theatrical.” That is why I have placed in bold the lines in “close third person” (Wood 8). I have dramatized the “eager ears” passage as:

CARRIE. Carrie listened with eager ears.

HURSTWOOD. Hurstwood did not enthuse over the purchases.

CARRIE. This led her to believe that neglect was creeping in.

To draw further attention to the gaps, I have used “signs” throughout the adaptation, also in bold, to chart the characters' “doubled” journeys. Indeed, Markels notes, “Carrie is overwhelmed by the sheer weight of accumulated details” (435), so when she enters a department store for the first time, signs above her read:

Remarkable displays of trinkets, dress goods, shoes, stationery, jewelry

and

Slippers and stockings, skirts and petticoats, laces, ribbons, hair-combs, purses.

I use a similar “overwhelming” (among several instances) when Carrie and Mrs. Vance walk down Broadway in Part Two, with nine individual and Carrie in effect reacting to them:

SIGN: Rouged lips

SIGN: Powdered cheeks

SIGN: Scented hair

SIGN: Languorous eyes

SIGN: Straight smiles

CARRIE. Men in flawless top-coats, high hats, and silver-headed walking sticks elbowed near. Ladies rustled by in dresses of stiff cloth, shedding affected smiles and perfume.

SIGN: Florist shops

SIGN: Furriers

SIGN: Haberdashers

SIGN: Confectioners

CARRIE. The whole street bore the flavor of riches and show. She refused to come here again until she looked better. She longed to feel the delight of parading here as an equal. Ah, then she would be happy!

I have not resisted the theoretical explorations of adaptation generally or the critical considerations by Dreiser scholars in particular. The publication history of Sister Carrie is among the best known in American literary history, and I could not fail to take into consideration that, as one scholar has written, “There will never be a truly ‘definitive’ text of Sister Carrie” (West, Note xix).

Theodore Dreiser published Sister Carrie in 1900 after a “notorious scandal of suppression” (Trachtenberg 87), as he himself later embellished. Dreiser’s friend, Arthur Henry, served as negotiator between the author and representatives of the publisher Doubleday, Page and Company. In a July 14, 1900, letter to Dreiser, Henry writes of a meeting with reader Frank Norris, who was enthusiastic about the work but suggested the use of real names and places was “a straining after realism.” According to a July 19 letter from Henry to Dreiser, Frank Doubleday expressed a “violent dislike” about Sister Carrie and did not “think the story ought to be published by anybody first of all because it is immoral.” This was in spite of the fact that the publisher had already signed a contract with Dreiser. In a letter one week later, Henry informed Dreiser that Doubleday also believed his book was “badly written.” The first line of that July 26 letter opens with, “Hold Doubleday and Page to their agreement.” Dreiser did; Doubleday barely marketed the book. It did not sell well; Dreiser’s first royalty report was less than one hundred dollars (West, Portfolio 76). On July 31, 1900, Henry wrote to his friend that Doubleday “is mistaken and the public will prove him so and you surely should not suffer for his narrowness.” In that, Henry was correct.

In 1981, the University of Pennsylvania published an “unexpurgated” version of the novel, for which its editor James L.W. West, III, used the holograph preserved at the New York Public Library. In justifying his selection, West notes briefly, “No other choice was possible: the original typescript as corrupted in 1900 by Dreiser’s typists and was revised and cut by his wife, Sara, and his friend, Arthur Henry” (Note xix). Changes made by Sara Dreiser, known as Jug, “bordered on censorship as she toned down mild profanity and removed suggestive references to Carrie’s body or clothing” (Dowell 137). Among the more than two-hundred changes she made to her husband’s manuscript, Jug worked to improve Carrie’s dialogue: “the Carrie that emerged may well have become a bit more refined than the Carrie that Dreiser originally created” (Dowell 137).

West is not the only supporter of the 1981 republication to suggest that censorship by Doubleday, Jug or Arthur Henry played a substantial role in the novel's reduction of 20,000 words between composition and publication. There is even an apocryphal story of Mrs. Doubleday expressing her own moral outrage. However, according to Richard Dowell, "Dreiser had several opportunities during his lifetime to 'restore' Sister Carrie, had he chosen to do so, but did not" (157). The version published in 1907 was identical to the first 1900 printing. Indeed, in a letter back to Henry that July, Dreiser wrote:

Surely there were never better friends than we. If words were anything I think I would tell you how I feel, but it is of no use. You know. You are to me my other self a very excellent Dreiser minus some of my defects, and plus many laughable errors which I would not have. If I could not be what I am, I would be you.

These seem hardly the words of an author cajoled into self-censorship.

Ultimately, regardless of who changed what at what point precisely, and whether anything was truly unexpurgated or authorized, the longer University of Pennsylvania edition provided more material to sculpt, so I worked from that primarily. There were a few notable exceptions: I went back to the 1900 printing to use some chapter titles for signs (the chapter titles were removed in the Pennsylvania edition). Also, I used the 1900 version of the scene in which Hurstwood takes the money from Hannah and Hogg's safe; Hurstwood's deliberation is more streamlined, as a stage version requires. Finally, the 1900 and the 1981 versions have different endings, as the former closes with Carrie's dreams of happiness she may never feel, while the latter closes with Hurstwood's suicide. In this case, I did not have to choose: theatrical reality can contain both endings simultaneously, and so they play together here.

In A Theory of Adaptation, Linda Hutcheon writes, "Another way to think about this

distillation is in terms of narrative redundancy giving way to narrative pertinence” (36). She elucidates her understanding of such pertinence: “[...] the adapter might impose on a loosely episodic or picaresque narrative a familiarly patterned plot of rising and falling action, with a clear beginning, middle and end” (37). What Hutcheon describes as pertinence, we understand as dramatic action. Richard Lehan is convinced of the novel’s “pure mechanistic process” and “progressive sequence [...] Reverse any one scene in Sister Carrie and the action stops” (73). I suggest this is only true of Sister Carrie in its form as a novel. In The Essence of Drama Martin Esslin writes:

All dramatic performance is basically iconic: every moment of dramatic action is a direct visual and aural sign of a fictional or otherwise reproduced reality. All other types of signs that are present in a dramatic performance operate within that basic iconic mimesis [...]. (44)

In dramatizing and distilling Sister Carrie, I believe I have located ways to enact, not reduce, the novel’s complexity with a different sign system. Also, I believe I remain faithful to Dreiser, when he said in a 1902 interview of his novel, “What I sought to do was to show two little beings, or more, playing in and out among the giant legs of circumstance” (qtd. Dowell 139).

In Sister Carrie, after Hurstwood steals the money, he coaxes the title character onto a train, telling her it is the fastest route to the hospital where they will visit her injured and supposed husband. Dreiser titles his chapter, “A Pilgrim, An Outlaw: The Spirit Detained.” I believe my “transcoding” strikes the delicate balance between being a “pilgrim” toward the novel’s intentions and an “outlaw” in its innovative theatrical representation of them.

Sister Carrie

adapted from the novel by Theodore Dreiser

by Matt DiCintio

CHARACTERS

A CROWD

CARRIE (MEEBER)

CHARLES S. DROUET

MINNIE HANSON

SVEN HANSON

THREE BUSINESS GENTLEMEN

GEORGE M. HURSTWOOD

A FACTORY FOREMAN

TWO FACTORY GIRLS

A FACTORY YOUTH

JESSICA HURSTWOOD

GEORGE HURSTWOOD, JR.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

MRS. HALE

A BEGGAR

MR. MILLICE

MR. BAMBERGER

MRS. MORGAN

MRS. HOAGLAND

AN ACTOR PLAYING BYKE

AN ACTOR PLAYING SNORKEY

DR. BEALE

MR. TAYLOR

JAMES H. MCGREGGOR, ESQ.

HOTEL CLERK

DETECTIVE

SHAUGHNESSY

MRS. VANCE

A CROWD ON BROADWAY

AN ACQUAINTANCE

ROBERT AMES

ALSBERY

TWO MEN IN A HOTEL

AN OLD MAN

A TAMMANY YOUTH

THREE MEN OF THE THEATRE

TWO MEN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE

THREE THEATRE MANAGERS

COMPANY GIRLS

LOLA OSBORNE

THE "VIZIER"

A TROLLEY WORKER

TWO SCABS

OFFICER SCHAEFFER

A CROWD OF UNION SUPPORTERS

A FURNITURE BUYER

MR. WITHERS

NOTES

Double, of course, but leave **Carrie**, **Drouet**, and **Hurstwood** alone.

There are three uses of **boldface** in the script.

- 1) The first designates **signs** that are projected on or above the stage.
- 2) The second designates the **inside** of Carrie, Drouet, and Hurstwood. These are not soliloquies in the traditional sense of the internal made external; Carrie, Drouet, and Hurstwood are not always aware of what they are saying and feeling in those particular moments. Still, they are speaking always in character, always in the movement, always moving forward.
- 3) The third designates **performances** in which Carrie acts, including Under the Gaslight and her career in New York. Consider gas footlights, pearl-powder and rouge.

PROLOGUE

SIGN: Sister Carrie

(The sounds of a large, crowded city in the late 19th century. From black, a large, gilt-framed poster-board blazes incandescent: a life-size lithograph advertises a play, showing a well-dressed woman in a dramatic pose. A CROWD moves by and around the board, before parting to reveal a MAN, a weak-looking object, snuffling and hunching one shoulder, as if something were scratching him. His face, thin and pale, is hardly visible. His hands are white; his body is flabby. HE wears a cheap brown coat and a misfit pair of trousers. HE painfully reaches a hand up to the poster, which disappears. The CROWD overtakes him.)

PART ONE: CHICAGO

SCENE ONE

(The loud sounds of a train. A trunk is on stage.)

SIGN: Any change, however great, might be remedied.

(The trunk is pushed open from within, and from it appears a woman, CARRIE, in a plain blue dress.)

CARRIE

When Caroline Meeber boarded the afternoon train for Chicago, she was eighteen years of age, bright, timid, and full of the illusions of ignorance and youth.

(SHE climbs out; her shoes are worn. SHE reaches back into the trunk and takes a yellow snap purse.)

CARRIE

A gush of tears at her mother's farewell kiss, a touch in the throat when the cars clacked by the flour mill where her father worked, a sigh as the familiar green of the village passed...

SIGN: August, 1889

CARRIE

There is the great city.

(CHARLES DROUET appears in a suit of striped brown wool, a stiff white shirt with pink stripes, a tie of distinct pattern, linen cuffs fastened with gold-plate buttons with yellow agates; grey felt fedora. HE selects her.)

DROUET

A half-equipped little knight she is, venturing to reconnoiter the mysterious city and dreaming wild dreams of some vague, far-off supremacy. You're not familiar with this part of the country, are you?

CARRIE

Oh yes I am. I come from Columbia City.

DROUET

I know quite a number of people in your town – a Morgenroth the clothier and Gibson the dry-goods man. This is your first visit to Chicago?

CARRIE

I didn't say that.

DROUET

You'll enjoy it immensely. You'll want to see Lincoln Park, and Michigan Avenue. They're putting up great buildings there. It's a second New York, really. So much to see – theatres, crowds, fine houses. Do you like the theatre?

CARRIE

There is something satisfactory in the attention of this individual with his good clothes.

DROUET

You bear such a strong resemblance to so many of the great actresses I've seen.

CARRIE

She couldn't help smiling.

DROUET

I'm going to be here several weeks. I'm getting new stock and samples. I might show you 'round.

CARRIE

I'll be living with my sister and—

DROUET

Well, if she minds, we'll fix that.

(HE produces a card.)

DROUET

That's me. Drew-eh. Our family was French on my father's side. Charles H.

CARRIE

She felt they were somehow associated.

DROUET

What's your address?

CARRIE

Carrie Meeber. 354 West Van Buren St., care of S.C. Hanson.

DROUET

You'll be at home if I come around Monday night?

CARRIE

She couldn't realize that she was drifting, until he had her address.

DROUET

Her manner was relaxed.

CARRIE

His words were easy.

DROUET

He gained a victory. Let me carry your grip.

CARRIE

Oh no, I'd rather you wouldn't be with me when I meet my sister.

DROUET

I'll be near, though, in case she doesn't show. Goodbye, till Monday.

(MINNIE appears.)

MINNIE

Why Sister Carrie!

(THEY share a perfunctory embrace.)

DROUET

Down the aisle he stands, looking back.

CARRIE

She feels something lost to her when he moves away.

(DROUET disappears. HANSON appears rocking in a chair, reading a newspaper.)

HANSON

It's a big city. You can get work somewhere in a few days. Everybody does.

SIGN: The drag of a lean and narrow life

HANSON

Well? You oughtn't stand out there by yourself.

MINNIE

You'll want to see the city first, won't you? We'll go out Sunday and see Lincoln Park.

HANSON

Four dollars a week, then, that's what we've said?

CARRIE

I think I'll look around tomorrow. Which way is the business part?

HANSON

It's that way. East. You'd better look in those big manufacturing houses along Franklin Street. Lots of girls work there.

(HANSON exits.)

MINNIE

He works way down at the stockyards, so he's got to get up at half-past five.

CARRIE

What time do you get up to get breakfast?

MINNIE

Twenty minutes to five.

(MINNIE exits. CARRIE sits in the rocking chair.)

CARRIE

The walls were discordantly papered. The floors were covered with matting and the hall laid with a thin rag carpet. The furniture was that poor, hurriedly patched-together quality being sold by installment houses.

(DROUET appears.)

DROUET

He recognized the indescribable thing that made for fascination and beauty in her.

(SHE rocks in the chair.)

CARRIE

No, he can't come here. You'll have to wait until you hear from me again.

(DROUET goes.)

CARRIE

My sister's place is too small.

SIGN: A shop girl was the destiny for a newcomer.

(An OLD GENTLEMAN appears.)

OLD GENTLEMAN

Well, young lady. What is it you want?

CARRIE

I am, that is, do you – I mean do you need any help?

OLD GENTLEMAN

Not just at present. Come in next week. Occasionally we need someone.

(A SHORT GENTLEMAN appears.)

SHORT GENTLEMAN

Who is it you wish to see?

CARRIE

I want to know if I can get a position.

SHORT GENTLEMAN

Just what sort of position?

CARRIE

I—

SHORT GENTLEMAN

Any experience in the wholesale dry good business?

CARRIE

No sir.

SHORT GENTLEMAN

Try the department stores. They often need young women who've never done anything.

SIGN: Remarkable displays of trinkets, dress goods, shoes, stationery, jewelry

CARRIE

She realized how much the city held – wealth, fashion, ease – every adornment for women.

SIGN: Slippers and stockings, skirts and petticoats, laces, ribbons, hair-combs, purses

(A QUICK-MANNERED GENTLEMAN appears.)

QUICK-MANNERED GENTLEMAN

Now, have you ever worked in any other store?

CARRIE

No sir.

QUICK-MANNERED GENTLEMAN

We prefer young women with some experience.

(SHE stands there. HE leers.)

QUICK-MANNERED GENTLEMAN

What kind of experience do you have?

CARRIE

The struggle was fierce.

(Another GENTLEMAN appears.)

GENTLEMAN

You're not a typewriter, are you? Ever been employed in a shoe factory before?

CARRIE

Oh, no sir.

GENTLEMAN

What's your name?

CARRIE

Carrie Meeber.

GENTLEMAN

Well, I don't know as I have anything for you. Would you work for four and a half a week?

CARRIE

Oh.

GENTLEMAN

We're not exactly in need of anybody.

CARRIE.

Four and a half?

GENTLEMAN

Eight o'clock Monday morning. I think I can find something for you to do.

CARRIE

She was revived by the possibilities.

SIGN: A great, pleasing metropolis

CARRIE

Ah, long the winter – the lights, the crowd, the amusement. She would live in Chicago. She would be happy.

(HANSON and MINNIE appear.)

HANSON

You didn't lose any time, did you?

CARRIE

It seems to be such a large company. Great big plate glass windows and lots of clerks. The man I saw said they hired ever so many people.

MINNIE

How much?

CARRIE

Four and half.

HANSON

It's not very hard to get work now, if you look right.

MINNIE

Would you like to see some things tomorrow then? You'd like Michigan Avenue – such fine houses.

CARRIE

Where is H.R. Jacob's?

HANSON

What's that?

MINNIE

The melodrama theatre on Halstead Street. It's not very far from here.

CARRIE

I crossed Halstead Street today, didn't I? Why don't we go tonight? I have some money.

HANSON

I don't care to.

CARRIE

We'll all enjoy a show.

HANSON

I don't go out.

CARRIE

Let's you and me go.

MINNIE

We'll go some other time.

CARRIE

They exchanged a mild look. I think I'll go down and stand at the foot of the stairs.

HANSON

Where is she going?

MINNIE

I guess she just wants to look out for a while.

HANSON

She oughtn't to be thinking about spending her money on theatres, do you think?

MINNIE

She just feels a little curious, I guess. Everything is so new.

CARRIE

She knew the flat was a narrow, humdrum place. She knew that interest and joy lay elsewhere.

SIGN: Two pictures of fastidious comfort

(GEORGE HURSTWOOD appears in a tailored suit, a solitaire ring, a blue diamond in his tie, a vest of some striking pattern, and a watch-chain of solid gold. Jaunty piano music.)

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood looked the part of the man about town. He was just under forty, but altogether a very acceptable individual of our great new American upper class. A manager of Hannah and Hogg's, the finest club in town, Hurstwood had his wife and two children well established on the North Side near Lincoln Park. He had a good, stout constitution, an active manner, and a horse.

(DROUET enters.)

HURSTWOOD

Why, hello, Charlie, old man.

DROUET

He was lured by his longing for pleasure as much as by his desire to shine among his betters. He could mistake it for an omen of a better social order.

HURSTWOOD

Here come the moths in endless procession to bask in the light of the flame. I haven't seen you in six weeks.

DROUET

Got in Friday. Had a fine trip.

HURSTWOOD

What are you going to take?

DROUET

Old Pepper.

HURSTWOOD

A little of the same for me. On the house. How long are you in town this time?

DROUET

Only until Wednesday. I'm going up to St. Paul.

HURSTWOOD

George Evans was in here Saturday. Said he saw you in Milwaukee last week.

DROUET

Great old boy, isn't he? We had quite a time there together. I struck a little peach coming in on the train Friday.

HURSTWOOD

Is that so?

DROUET

By George, that's so. I ought to call on her before I go away.

HURSTWOOD

The love of light and show and finery is a strange and shiny thing.

DROUET

She was a little dandy, I tell you.

HURSTWOOD

In his fine clothes he had a strong sense of his own importance.

DROUET

He loved to go out and have a good time.

SIGN: The maiden and the machine

(CARRIE appears.)

CARRIE

She dressed herself in a worn shirtwaist of dotted blue cotton, a skirt of light brown serge rather faded, and a small straw hat she had worn all summer at Columbia City. A very average-looking shop girl.

(The FOREMAN enters. The sounds of a shoe factory.)

FOREMAN

You've never worked at anything like this before, have you?

CARRIE

No, sir.

(TWO FACTORY GIRLS enters.)

FOREMAN

You, show this girl how to do what you're doing.

(HE exits.)

FACTORY GIRL 1

It isn't hard to do. You just take this so, fasten it with this clamp, and start the machine.

CARRIE

Yes?

FACTORY GIRL 2

We might slow down till she catches on.

CARRIE

She had no time to look about, and bent anxiously to her task, managing to do fairly well.

FACTORY GIRL 1

We shouldn't slow down that much.

CARRIE

She labored incessantly, finding relief from her own nervous fears and imaginings in the humdrum, mechanical movement of the machine.

(CARRIE might repeat under the following.)

Did you see Harry last night?
FACTORY GIRL 1

No.
FACTORY GIRL 2

You ought to have seen the tie he had on. Gee – he was a mark.
FACTORY GIRL 1

(The FOREMAN comes by.)

S-s-s-t.
FACTORY GIRL 2

Don't keep the line waiting.
FOREMAN

Stand up, why don't you. They won't care.
FACTORY GIRL 1

CARRIE
Her neck and shoulders ached in bending over.

Say, what jeh think he told me.
FACTORY GIRL 1

What?
FACTORY GIRL 2

He said he saw us with Edie Harris at Martin's that night.
FACTORY GIRL 1

No!
FACTORY GIRL 2

(THEY giggle. A YOUTH shuffles by. HE grips one of the GIRLS under the arm.)

Aw, let go! Duffer!
FACTORY GIRL 2

(HE laughs.)

FACTORY YOUTH

Rubber!

CARRIE

She got so at last that she could scarcely sit still.

FACTORY GIRL 1

You're concentrating too hard.

CARRIE

Her hands ached at the wrists and then in the fingers. She seemed one mass of dull complaining muscles, fixed in an eternal position until at last it was absolutely nauseating.

(A dull-sounding bell clangs. The whirr of the machines stops. The FOREMAN passes by.)

FOREMAN

Well, did you get along alright?

CARRIE

I think so.

FOREMAN

Huh.

(HE continues along.)

FACTORY YOUTH

Say, Kitty, are you goin' to the ball with me?

FACTORY GIRL 2

Go on, rubber!

FACTORY YOUTH

You'll pull your back hair?

(HE laughs and pokes CARRIE in the ribs with his thumb. SHE cries out.)

FACTORY GIRL 1

Don't you mind. He's too fresh.

CARRIE

The place smelled of old oil and new leather. The wash rooms and lavatories were disagreeable, crude, if not foul places.

(DROUET appears.)

DROUET

He recognized the indescribable thing that made for fascination and beauty in her.

CARRIE

The men were true ogres.

(DROUET disappears.)

FACTORY YOUTH

Say, if you'll wait I'll walk with you.

(SHE moves away.)

FACTORY YOUTH

Ain't goin' my way, are you?

CARRIE

I don't know you.

FACTORY YOUTH

Ah, that don't matter, do it?

CARRIE

She felt as though she should be better served, and her heart revolted.

SIGN: The blood of youth and imagination

(HANSON and MINNIE appear.)

HANSON

What sort of work is it?

CARRIE

Running a machine. It's pretty hard.

MINNIE

You ought to keep it for a while anyhow.

CARRIE

She studied over the problem of finding clothes and amusement on the fifty cents a week she'd have left over.

HANSON

I wouldn't go stand in the door down there.

CARRIE

I'm going up the street for a walk.

HANSON

Not alone, are you?

CARRIE

I want to see something.

HANSON

She ought to know better.

MINNIE

I'll tell her.

CARRIE

She hated to think of going back there every night. She was moving through a thick of strangers.

SIGN: The little soldier of fortune

(DROUET appears.)

DROUET

Well, well. How are you, Carrie? You're a daisy. Where have you been?

CARRIE

I've been at home.

DROUET

You're not going anywhere in particular, are you?

CARRIE

Not just now.

DROUET

Let's go up here and have something to eat. George! but I'm glad to see you again.

CARRIE

She felt so relieved in his radiant presence, so much looked after and cared for.

DROUET

Waiter! Spring chicken. Stuffed tomatoes. Hashed brown potatoes. Asparagus. And a pot of coffee. —I haven't had a thing since breakfast. Just got in from Rock Island. I was going to dine when I saw you.

CARRIE

She smiled and smiled.

DROUET

Tell me all about yourself. What have you been doing?

CARRIE

Working.

DROUET

I thought you looked a little pale. At what?

CARRIE

Rhodes, Morgenthau, and Scott.

DROUET

I know that house. Close-fisted bunch of cobblers.

CARRIE

I couldn't get anything else.

DROUET

You don't want to work at anything like that, those girls don't get anything. You can't live on it, can you?

CARRIE

He was a brotherly sort of creature in his demeanor.

DROUET

That little soldier of fortune took her good turn in an easy way.

CARRIE

The view of the well-dressed throng outside seemed a splendid thing.

DROUET

Why don't you stay downtown and go to the theatre with me?

CARRIE

Oh, I can't.

DROUET

You don't like out there where you are, do you?

CARRIE

Oh, I don't know—

DROUET

What are you going to do if you don't get on someplace else?

CARRIE

Go back home. **Her voice quivered.**

DROUET

He knew it.

CARRIE

She knew he knew it.

DROUET

Let me help you. Take some of my money.

CARRIE

Oh, no.

DROUET

Come on, I'll see you through alright. Get yourself some clothes.

CARRIE

Loose bills in his vest pocket.

DROUET

He slipped the greenbacks into her palm. Don't bother with those people out there.

(MINNIE appears.)

MINNIE

How'd you come out?

CARRIE

I have the promise of something better.

MINNIE

Is it sure?

CARRIE

I'll find out soon

MINNIE

If you shouldn't get it—

CARRIE

If I don't get something good pretty soon I think I'll go home.

MINNIE

Sven thinks it might be best, for the winter anyhow.

CARRIE

Yes, I thought of that.

(MINNIE goes.)

DROUET

How about a jacket and some nice shoes?

CARRIE

Oh, I couldn't wear those things out.

DROUET

What do you want to do? Go without them?

CARRIE

She would have a nice new jacket. She would buy a nice pair of pretty button shoes. She would get stockings, too, and a skirt.

DROUET

Surely no sinister soul with ulterior motives could have given her twenty dollars under the guise of friendship.

CARRIE

An elegant coach with a pair of horses pranced by, carrying a young lady in its upholstered depths.

DROUET

She was not the common type of store-girl. I know a place in Wabash Avenue where they let rooms. Say you're my sister. And move in tonight.

CARRIE

The deeper she sank into the entanglement, the more she imagined all the ways she could take out of it.

DROUET

Go back and get whatever you want and come away. Eight o'clock.

(MINNIE appears.)

MINNIE

So you didn't get it?

CARRIE
Hm?

MINNIE
A new position.

CARRIE
No.

MINNIE
I don't think you'd better try anymore this fall.

(HANSON has entered.)

HANSON
Didn't find anything else, eh?

CARRIE
No.

HANSON
Spring, maybe.

CARRIE
There would be no more coming back in the spring. I'll go stand down at the door a little while.

MINNIE
Sven doesn't think it looks good to stand down there.

CARRIE
Doesn't he? I won't do it anymore after this.

HANSON
Is Carrie down at the door again?

MINNIE
She said she wasn't going to do it anymore.

DROUET
Got here safe, did you. We'll take a car.

CARRIE
Good-bye, Minnie. I'm not going home. I'm going to stay in Chicago a little while and look for work. Don't worry. I'll be alright.

HANSON

What?

MINNIE

Sister Carrie has gone to live somewhere else.

HANSON

Now she's gone and done it.

MINNIE

Poor Sister Carriel!

(SHE and HANSON disappear. CARRIE has slipped into a new jacket.)

SIGN: More mirrors than engines

DROUET

What's the matter? You must be thinking.

CARRIE

She was the victim of the city's hypnotic influence, like the strange power of Niagara, the influence of the hypnotic ball – scientific fact. We are more mirrors than engines, the drag of the unexplainable—

DROUET

We'd better be going.

CARRIE

The lights, the crowd, the amusement. She would be happy in Chicago.

(THEY go.)

SCENE TWO

SIGN: His nature was not to trouble for something better

HURSTWOOD

A lovely home atmosphere is one of the flowers of the world; there is nothing more tender. Hurstwood's residence was not infused with this spirit.

(MRS. HURSTWOOD appears.)

MRS. HURSTWOOD

George, I let Mary go today. She couldn't do a thing with the rugs.

HURSTWOOD

She was a cold, self-centered woman, with unexpressed thoughts and long stares.

(JESSICA appears.)

JESSICA

They're going to give a performance in the school hall upstairs, and I'm going to be in it.

HURSTWOOD

There was a time when he had been considerably enamored of his daughter, who now liked nice clothes.

JESSICA

I'll need a new dress for it. That Martha Griswold's in it. She thinks she can act.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Her family doesn't amount to anything, does it?

JESSICA

They're as poor as church mice.

(GEORGE JR. appears.)

GEORGE JR.

I'm going up to Fox Lake tomorrow.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood Junior was already connected in a promising way with a large real estate firm. His considerable vanity and love of pleasure had not infringed upon his duties – yet.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

What's going on up there?

GEORGE JR.

Eddie Fahrway's got a new steam launch, and he wants me to come up and see how it works.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

How much did that cost him?

GEORGE JR.

Oh, over two thousand dollars. He says it's a dandy.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Old Fahrway must be making money.

GEORGE JR.

Jack said they're shipping to Australia now.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Just think of that. And only four years ago they had that basement in Madison Street.

HURSTWOOD

Mrs. Hurstwood hoped for better things and privilege through her daughter's rise and her son's success. There was no love lost between them, no great feeling of dissatisfaction.

JESSICA

What do you think of Herbert Crane trying to make friends with me?

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Who is he, my dear?

JESSICA

Oh, no one. He's just a student. He doesn't have anything.

GEORGE JR.

I'm going out.

JESSICA

I'm going out.

(The CHILDREN are gone.)

MRS. HURSTWOOD

George, will you be busy this evening?

HURSTWOOD

They didn't talk enough to argue about a thing at all.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

You promised me the theatre.

HURSTWOOD

He found her company dull.

(MRS. HURSTWOOD goes. DROUET appears.)

HURSTWOOD

The life of the club he managed was his life.

DROUET

Hello, George.

HURSTWOOD

When do you go out on the road again?

DROUET

Pretty soon.

HURSTWOOD

Haven't seen you much of you this trip.

DROUET

I want you to come out to my house some evening.

HURSTWOOD

Be glad to.

DROUET

We'll have a nice game of euchre.

HURSTWOOD

May I bring a nice little bottle of something?

DROUET

Certainly. I'll introduce you.

(HURSTWOOD goes.)

SIGN: The true answer to what is right

(CARRIE appears in new clothes.)

CARRIE

She looked into her mirror and saw a prettier Carrie there than she had seen before. She

looked into her mind, and saw a worse.

DROUET

Oh, how delicious is my conquest.

CARRIE

What have I lost?

DROUET

My, but you're a little beauty! You know it, don't you?

CARRIE

I was in danger of being hungry. I have nice clothes. I am safe. The world is not so bad now.

DROUET

Say, Cad. I've invited a friend to come spend the evening with us.

CARRIE

Have you?

DROUET

He's a nice man. Manager of Hannah and Hogg's. It's a swell place.

CARRIE

She puzzled.

DROUET

He doesn't know anything. You're Mrs. Drouet now.

CARRIE

Why don't we get married?

DROUET

We will, just as soon as I get that little property of mine sold.

(A piano plays in the next apartment.)

CARRIE

There's a new woman in the apartment next door. Doesn't she play well? **There was something lonely in her voice, but he couldn't hear it.**

DROUET

Say, is that crying? **It was probably his absence that made her lonely.** Come on now, it's alright. Let's waltz a little to that music.

CARRIE

That was his first mistake.

(DROUET takes her up, and THEY dance. CARRIE moves poorly at first but quickly catches on. THEY move well for a moment, enjoying themselves and laughing.)

CARRIE

If she could only be like that!

DROUET

You look fine that way, Cad.

CARRIE

Do I?

SIGN: His shoes were soft black suede

(HURSTWOOD appears.)

HURSTWOOD

You ought to have a piano here, Drouet, so your wife can play.

CARRIE

Mr. Hurstwood.

HURSTWOOD

He looked into her pretty face and felt the subtle waves of young life radiating there.

DROUET

Supposing we have a little game of euchre.

HURSTWOOD

It was the attraction of the stale to the fresh.

CARRIE

She couldn't help feeling there was a distinction in the soft leather of his shoes.

DROUET

Do you like cards much, Cad?

CARRIE

I don't know how to play.

HURSTWOOD

Charlie, you're neglecting a part of your duty. We can show you. **And so he was dexterous in**

avoiding anything about Carrie's past.

CARRIE

And she asked nothing about his.

DROUET

He felt closer to his friend than ever before.

HURSTWOOD

Now let me see, what do you have? —You're lucky. Now I'll show you how to trounce your husband.

DROUET

If you two are going to scheme together, I won't stand a chance. Hurstwood's a regular sharp.

HURSTWOOD

Your wife's the one with all the luck.

CARRIE

In his eyes not a shade of anything but geniality and kindness.

HURSTWOOD

We shouldn't let all this go without earning something. Let's play for dimes.

DROUET

I've only got bills.

CARRIE

That's gambling.

HURSTWOOD

No, only for fun.

DROUET

If you never play for more than what you have you still go to heaven.

HURSTWOOD

If you're husband loses, then he'll tell you what a sin it is.

CARRIE

The insinuation in his voice was just perceptible.

HURSTWOOD

When do you leave?

DROUET

On Wednesday.

HURSTWOOD

You must both come to the theatre with me before you go. Something new's got to be on at McVicker's.

DROUET

Certainly, eh, Carrie?

CARRIE

I'd like it ever so much.

HURSTWOOD

Now, Charlie, when you leave next week you must let me show your wife around a little. To break up her loneliness.

DROUET

He was pleased with all his friend's attention.

CARRIE

You're so kind.

HURSTWOOD

Not at all. I would want your husband to do as much for me.

CARRIE

Such a grace she had never come in contact with.

DROUET

There's a nice man. Good friend of mine, too.

CARRIE

He seems to be.

HURSTWOOD

I wonder how Drouet came to win her.

SIGN: Their misery in a mansion

CARRIE

In the same house with her lived an official of one of theatres, and his wife, a pleasing-looking brunette of thirty-five. They were people of a sort very common in America today, who live respectably from hand to mouth.

(MRS. HALE has appeared.)

MRS. HALE

Spring is threatening, Carrie. I've secured a buggy for an afternoon drive if you'd like to come.

CARRIE

She felt it was a lovely day.

MRS. HALE

Look how beautiful the windows are, Carrie! I hear there's a man Tiffany who makes them like that in New York. If we could have such a home as that!

CARRIE

They do say that no one is ever happy.

MRS. HALE

I notice they all try mighty hard, though, to take their misery in a mansion.

SIGN: The siren voice of the unrestful

CARRIE

Such childish fancies as she had had of fairy palaces and kingly quarters now came back.

MRS. HALE

Won't you come with me to the Exposition this Saturday?

CARRIE

Oh, thank you, but Charlie and I have been invited to the theatre.

SIGN: The gleam of the rival

DROUET

Women were made for men, Charles S. Drouet knew, and that's all there was to it.

HURSTWOOD

But George W. Hurstwood was beginning to learn about the great forces of nature.

DROUET

One day about town he encountered a well-dressed lady acquaintance. Let's go to dinner.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood caught his eye.

DROUET

Hurstwood was pretending not to see the little situation.

HURSTWOOD

The rascal. That's pretty hard on the little girl.

DROUET

He shouldn't think I'm knocking around since I've just introduced him.

HURSTWOOD

I saw you.

DROUET

An old acquaintance of mine that I ran into just as I was coming up from the station. She used to be quite a beauty.

HURSTWOOD

Used to be, eh?

DROUET

Oh, no, no, I just couldn't escape her this time. And how is your wife?

HURSTWOOD

She's swell. What about Saturday, then? I've gotten a box for Joe Jefferson's new show. You and the girl will have dinner with me.

DROUET

Drouet felt nothing.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood examined him with the eye of a hawk.

(CARRIE appears, very well-dressed: finishing touches.)

SIGN: A good play

CARRIE

The sight of wealth and the merry life of the city had awakened in her a desire to reach for something higher, to live better.

HURSTWOOD

Have you ever seen Joe Jefferson?

CARRIE

I never have.

HURSTWOOD

Delightful, just delightful.

CARRIE

She was pleased beyond expression. Hypnotized. The trappings of the theatre. The elegance of her companion.

HURSTWOOD

Their eyes met accidentally.

CARRIE.

A flood of feeling as she had never before experienced.

DROUET

Drouet babbled on as if he were the host.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood paid him no attention at all.

CARRIE

She watched his every movement with pleasure.

DROUET

Drouet could never notice he wasn't listened to.

CARRIE

You mustn't look at me like that.

HURSTWOOD

You mustn't look back.

CARRIE

He brushed her hand in the dark.

DROUET

Serves that lead character fellow right. I haven't any pity for a man who would be that kind of chump.

HURSTWOOD

You never can tell.

DROUET

A man ought to keep more attentive than that to his wife if he wants to keep her.

(A BEGGAR approaches HURSTWOOD.)

BEGGAR

Say, mister, would you mind giving me the price of a bed?

HURSTWOOD

Well, there isn't anything better than a good play, is there?

BEGGAR

Honest to God, mister, I'm without a place to sleep.

DROUET

My good man.

(DROUET has handed a dime to the BEGGAR, who goes.)

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood hardly noticed.

DROUET

That evening was alright, wasn't it?

CARRIE

He looked at her like that.

(GEORGE JR. and MRS. HURSTWOOD appear.)

GEORGE JR.

I saw you, Governor. I saw you last night.

HURSTWOOD

Were you at McVicker's?

GEORGE JR.

Yes.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Who with?

GEORGE JR.

Miss Carmichael.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

How was the play?

HURSTWOOD

Very good, just the same old Rip van Winkle.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Who did you go with?

HURSTWOOD

Charles Drouet and his wife. Friend of Hogg's visiting here.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

And will you be busy this evening?

HURSTWOOD

I've got some bills to make out tonight.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I want you to come over to Kinsley's downtown and meet Mr. Phillips and his wife.

HURSTWOOD

My dear, I haven't time, I'm too busy.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

You find time to go with other people.

(MRS. HURSTWOOD turns and goes.)

GEORGE JR.

Uh oh, Governor.

(GEORGE JR. goes.)

(CARRIE is in the rocking chair.)

SIGN: Longed and longed and longed

CARRIE

Carrie was not so dull she couldn't see these were only three small rooms in a boarding-house. It was different from the glow of palatial doors – the roll of cushioned carriages. What was Drouet? What was she?

(HURSTWOOD enters.)

HURSTWOOD

I forgot Charlie is out of town.

CARRIE

She'd kept him constantly in mind.

HURSTWOOD

He devoted himself to the more general topics he thought would interest Carrie.

CARRIE

He drew up his chair and modulated his voice.

HURSTWOOD

He confined himself almost exclusively to his observation of men and pleasures.

CARRIE

He made Carrie wish to see similar things.

HURSTWOOD

Once he touched her hand for emphasis and she only smiled.

CARRIE

She was no talker.

HURSTWOOD

His glance was as effective as the spoken words of a lover.

CARRIE

It was always a matter of feeling with her, strong and deep.

HURSTWOOD

Have you ever seen the houses along the lake shore on the North Side?

CARRIE

I was over there once – Mrs. Hale and I. Aren't they beautiful?

HURSTWOOD

They're very fine.

CARRIE

I wish I could live in such a place.

HURSTWOOD

You're not satisfied with life, are you?

CARRIE

No.

HURSTWOOD

He reached over and took her hand.

CARRIE

You mustn't.

HURSTWOOD

I didn't intend to.

CARRIE

He continued his steady gaze.

HURSTWOOD

He looked and looked.

CARRIE

The little shop girl was getting into deep water.

HURSTWOOD

When do I see you again?

CARRIE

I can't promise.

HURSTWOOD

You have to be more generous than that. Make it soon, Carrie. Make it soon.

(MRS. HURSTWOOD appears.)

SIGN: A chain which bound his feet

MRS. HURSTWOOD

George. We want you to get us a season ticket to the races.

HURSTWOOD

You've never wanted a whole season ticket before.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I do now. Your daughter ought to be around the right men.

HURSTWOOD

You're sure separate tickets wouldn't do just as well?

MRS. HURSTWOOD

No.

HURSTWOOD

You needn't get mad, I was just asking.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I'm not mad, I'm asking.

HURSTWOOD

And I'm telling it's no easy thing to get. I'm not sure Hogg will give it to me.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Then we'll buy them!

HURSTWOOD

A season family ticket costs one hundred and fifty dollars.

(JESSICA appears.)

JESSICA

Did you know, Mother, the Spencers are getting ready to go to Europe? I saw Georgine yesterday. She just put on more airs about it. They'll get a notice in the papers again, they always do.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Never mind them. We'll go one of these days.

JESSICA

"We sail for Liverpool from New York! – Expect to spend most of the summah in France" – vain thing. As if it was anything to go to Europe.

HURSTWOOD

It must be if you envy her so much.

JESSICA

Did George get off?

HURSTWOOD

Where's he gone?

JESSICA

Wheaton. Tennis match.

(SHE turns and goes.)

HURSTWOOD

He didn't say anything to me.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Must have slipped his mind. George, I want that ticket, and that's all there is to it.

(SHE goes.)

HURSTWOOD

In the past he'd always commanded a certain amount of respect and awe.

SIGN: The morning worthwhile

CARRIE

She had learned much about laces and those little neckpieces that add so much to a woman's appearance.

HURSTWOOD

He found a rustic bench beneath the green leaves of a lilac bush.

CARRIE

Her teeth were white, her nails rosy, her hair always done up clear of her forehead. She had some color in her cheeks. Altogether, and at all times, she was pleasing to look upon.

HURSTWOOD

You came.

CARRIE

Have you been waiting long?

HURSTWOOD

Sit down and cool off. **He took out his soft, scented silk handkerchief and touched her face here and there.**

CARRIE

They were very happy looking into each other's eyes.

HURSTWOOD

He's coming back soon, isn't he?

CARRIE

He wrote and said he has some things to do in town this week.

HURSTWOOD

Carrie. Have you ever thought of going away?

CARRIE

Where would I go?

HURSTWOOD

Somewhere. Anywhere. With me.

CARRIE

And Charlie?

HURSTWOOD

No, he couldn't come.

CARRIE

She rolled her glove and looked into a neighboring tree. Where would we go?

HURSTWOOD

Where do you want to go?

CARRIE

We couldn't stay in Chicago.

HURSTWOOD

I would have to give up my position.

CARRIE

I shouldn't want to get married as long as he is here.

HURSTWOOD

The getting married suggestion struck him.

CARRIE

She felt a wave of feeling sweep over her.

HURSTWOOD

What good does it do to wait? You're not any happier.

CARRIE

Happier! You know better than that.

HURSTWOOD

I know I spend the biggest part of the time sitting and thinking about you. I can't live without you and that's all there is to it.

CARRIE

Can't you wait a little while yet?

HURSTWOOD

Supposing I were to come to you next week – or this week – and tell you I had to go away – that I couldn't stay another minute and wasn't coming back, would you come with me?

CARRIE

His sweetheart viewed him with the most affectionate glance.

HURSTWOOD

She's thinking.

CARRIE

But her answer had been ready before the word was out of her mouth. Yes.

HURSTWOOD

He drew near to her as a thirty traveler draws near to a fountain.

CARRIE

She was taken out of the flash of winter to the first warm breath of spring.

(HE kisses her.)

CARRIE

She was happy.

SIGN: The smooth progression of the affair

(DROUET appears.)

DROUET

Georgie, ole boy!

HURSTWOOD

Well, rosy as ever. I remembered the little girl out there. Called on her once. Thought you wouldn't want her left quite alone.

DROUET

Right you are. How is she?

HURSTWOOD

Rather anxious about you, I suspect. You'd better go out now and cheer her up.

DROUET

Oh I will.

HURSTWOOD

We're due for another show.

DROUET

I'll see what the girl says and let you know.

HURSTWOOD

They separated in the most cordial manner.

DROUET

There's a nice fellow.

SCENE THREE

SIGN: The signs of an artistic nature

(CARRIE is in the rocking chair. DROUET enters to her.)

CARRIE

She was in a fine glow, physically and mentally, rejoicing in her affection, looking forward with fine fancy.

DROUET

I saw Hurstwood today.

CARRIE

Oh yes, he was out here Sunday evening.

DROUET

I thought from what he said it was a week or so ago.

CARRIE

Yes, he was.

DROUET

Then he called twice?

CARRIE

She was suddenly at sea.

DROUET

He didn't understand.

CARRIE

You hadn't been into the club in so long he wondered what had become of you.

DROUET

George is a fine fellow. Says he wants another go at the theatre if you're up to it. Say! I forgot that. My lodge is giving a play and they wanted me to get some young lady to take part.

CARRIE

What is it?

DROUET

Under the Gaslight. How'd you like to take part?

CARRIE

Me?

DROUET

I know how you dance and such. You're clever enough.

CARRIE

I'm not.

DROUET

The rest of the company isn't going to be any good. What do they know about theatricals?

CARRIE

What sort of play is it?

DROUET

There's a girl who was stolen when she was an infant – was picked off the street or something – and she gets hounded by the couple of crooks who kidnapped her. She almost gets drowned. It's a love story.

CARRIE

I don't know, I might if you think I'll do alright.

DROUET

Just act as you do around here. Be natural. I've often thought you'd make a corking good actress.

CARRIE

Every illusion she had now came back, a returning tide after the ebb. He'd kindled a secret flame in her bosom. She wrote to Hurstwood.

(HURSTWOOD appears.)

HURSTWOOD

I haven't the slightest doubt you'll make a success.

CARRIE

Do you think so?

HURSTWOOD

Now you must do your best to please me. Just remember that I want you to succeed. Your best.

CARRIE

The clear sky poured liquid blue into her soul.

(HURSTWOOD goes.)

DROUET

Caddie, they were getting ready to print the programs, and I gave them the name of Carrie Madenda. I didn't want to introduce you as my wife. They all know me so well.

CARRIE

She looked up at him.

DROUET

Let's hear some of it.

CARRIE

I don't know if I can get up and say it here.

DROUET

Let me have that book. Let's see how great you do.

CARRIE

And now it's time for us to remember everything. I told you to look around that you might understand that in such a place I am no longer Laura Courtland, nor anything I used to be. But I did not ask for your pity. There is no misery here.

(Over the course of the following exchange, the scene shifts to the Avery Hall stage. ACTORS in Under the Gaslight begin to join CARRIE.)

SIGN: Ambition gives force, color, and beauty

DROUET

Alone, without means, exposed to every rudeness, unprotected, is this not misery for you?

CARRIE

I work from sunrise till night, and I sleep so soundly that I haven't even dreams to recall the past. Just as you came in I was about to cook our dinner. Only think – lamb chops!

DROUET

Lamb chops! It makes me shudder to hear you speak. I tell you in this self-banishment you have acted thoughtlessly. You have done wrong.

CARRIE

The past has forgotten me.

DROUET

Look at me.

CARRIE

Must I remind you of that night, when all arrayed themselves so pitilessly against me? When a gesture from you might have saved me! And you saw me sink without stretching a finger. No, you made your choice then – the world without me. I make my choice now – the wide, wide, world without you.

DROUET

Well, you're a wonder. I never knew you could do anything like that.

(DROUET is gone. The director MR. MILLICE, MR. BAMBERGER, who plays Ray Trafford, MRS. MORGAN, who plays Pearl, and MRS. HOAGLAND, who plays Peachblossom, are in rehearsal with CARRIE.)

MR. MILLICE

Now Miss Madenda, you don't want to stand like that. Put expression in your face. Remember you're troubled over the intrusion of a stranger. Walk like this—

(HE demonstrates. SHE imitates.)

MR. MILLICE

Now Mrs. Morgan, you sit here. Mr. Bamberger – you stand there, so. Now, what is it you say?

MR. BAMBERGER

Explain.

MR. MILLICE

How is that – what does your text say?

MR. BAMBERGER

Explain.

MR. MILLICE

Yes, but it also says that you should look shocked. Now say it again and see if you can't look shocked.

MR. BAMBERGER

Explain!

MR. MILLICE

No, no, that won't do. Say it this way – explain!

MR. BAMBERGER

Explain!

MR. MILLICE

Explain!

MR. BAMBERGER

Explain!

MR. MILLICE

Now go on.

MRS. MORGAN

One night, Father and Mother were going to the Opera. When they were crossing Broadway, the usual crowd of children accosted them for alms—

MR. MILLICE

Remember, Mrs. Morgan, you're telling something that's a grief to you. It requires feeling, passion—

MRS. MORGAN

As mother felt in her pocket for some change, her fingers touch a cold and trembling hand which had clutched her purse.

MR. MILLICE

Very good.

MR. BAMBERGER

A pickpocket! Well.

MR. MILLICE

No, no, Mr. Bamberger. —A pickpocket! Well! That's the idea.

CARRIE

Don't you think it would be better if we just went through our lines once to see if we know them?

MR. MILLICE

Alright.

MRS. HOAGLAND

Who said she ought to take charge?

CARRIE

She began to feel the part, with a grace that was fascinating to look upon.

MR. MILLICE

Have you ever been on the stage?

CARRIE

No.

MR. MILLICE

You've got more gumption than anyone I've seen here so far.

CARRIE

That little student had mastered her part. She trembled behind the glare of the footlights.

SIGN: The flare of the gas jets

SIGN: The open trunks

SIGN: The rouge

SIGN: The pearl-powder

SIGN: The whiting

SIGN: The burnt cork

SIGN: India ink

SIGN: Pencils for the eyelids

SIGN: Wigs for the heads

SIGN: Scissors

SIGN: Drapery

SIGN: Mirrors

CARRIE

Here was an open door to all that.

DROUET

Drouet had secured new cigars.

HURSTWOOD

They sat.

DROUET

Drouet fidgeted.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood moved his toe the least bit.

SIGN: Under the Gaslight

(MR. BAMBERGER is terrible.)

MR. BAMBERGER

Will you drive me mad? I tell you, Laura, your misery, your solitude is as nothing to the anguish I have suffered.

DROUET

I know the feeling.

MR. BAMBERGER

The maniac who in his mental darkness stabs to the heart the friend he loved, never felt in returning reason the remorse my error has earned me. Every day it says to me: "You shall find that the bitterest drops in the cup of sorrow are the tears of the woman you have forsaken." And it is true. O, forgive me – have pity on me.

HURSTWOOD

I do, believe me.

DROUET

Watch her now.

CARRIE

No, no; but you must go away from here. Go back to the hotel, to your friend – anywhere, and wait for me; I will come to you.

MRS. HOAGLAND

I know you always keep your word. I came after you because I wanted to see you put right!

CARRIE

I must return to the city, no matter what dangers may lurk there. It is dangerous enough to be concealed here, with a hundred Argus-eyed women about me every day, but with this girl, detection would be certain. I must go – secretly if I can – if I must.

DROUET

He felt sorry for her.

HURSTWOOD

He wanted to hypnotize her into doing better.

DROUET

She's too nervous. Better go back and say a word to her.

HURSTWOOD

She's hopeless.

DROUET

Say, Cad. Wake up. What are you afraid of?

CARRIE

I just don't seem to be able to do it.

DROUET

Sure you can. All you need is a little more ginger. Do it as you showed me. Get that toss of your head you had the other night. Come on, brace up.

MR. BAMBERGER

I lost you, and I was at the mercy of any flirt that chose to give me an inviting look. It was your fault – you know it was! Why did you leave me?

CARRIE

Ray, the greatest happiness I have ever felt has been the thought that all your affections were forever bestowed upon a virtuous lady. What a revelation do you make to me now! What is it makes you continually at war with your happiness?

HURSTWOOD

She's easier.

DROUET

That's the way. Put life into it.

CARRIE

Something of me will always be with you – my parting words – my prayers for your happiness.

MR. BAMBERGER

Laura, you leave me to despair.

CARRIE

No; to the happiness which follows duty well performed. Such happiness as I feel in doing mine!

DROUET

She dawned upon the audience.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood caught the infection.

DROUET

You're doing just great.

CARRIE

Am I doing alright?

DROUET

Didn't you hear the applause?

HURSTWOOD

I thought I'd come back and tell you how well you're doing, Mrs. Drouet.

CARRIE

She took the cue and thanked him.

DROUET

I was just telling her.

HURSTWOOD

He hated his friend as an intruder.

DROUET

Drouet longed to be at home with her.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood felt a keen delight in realizing that she was his.

DROUET

He was fidgeting with satisfaction.

HURSTWOOD

He gazed with slightly parted lips.

MRS. HOAGLAND

Oh, Miss! Oh, such an accident – old Judas!

CARRIE & ACTOR PLAYING BYKE

Well?

MRS. HOAGLAND

She was driving along the road away from here – just now, when her horse dashed close to the cliff and tumbled her down all of a heap. They've picked her up, and they tell me she is stone dead.

ACTOR PLAYING BYKE

My friends, pardon my emotion – this melancholy event has made me a widower. I solicit your sympathies in my bereavement.

ACTOR PLAYING SNORKEY

Well there goes a pretty monument of grief. Ain't he a cool 'un? If I ever sets up an ice-cream saloon, I'll have him for head freezer.

MRS. HOAGLAND

Oh, Miss Laura, mayn't I live with you now, and never leave no more.

CARRIE

Yes, you shall live with me as long as you please.

ACTOR PLAYING SNORKEY

That won't be long if I can help it. —Beg pardon. I suppose we'd better be going! The ladies must be tired, Cap'n, at this time of night.

MR. BAMBERGER

Yes, it is night! It is night always for me.

CARRIE

But there is a tomorrow. You see it cannot be dark forever.

MRS. MORGAN

Hope for tomorrow, Ray.

CARRIE

We shall have cause to bless it, for it will bring the long sought sunlight of our lives.

DROUET

Her power was a revelation.

HURSTWOOD

He saw only his idol.

DROUET & HURSTWOOD

The two men were in a state of affection.

CARRIE

Carrie came out to bow.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood could have leapt out of the box.

DROUET

Drouet pounded his hands until they ached.

CARRIE

Carrie saw an immense basket of flowers being hurried down the aisle toward her.

HURSTWOOD

They were Hurstwood's.

CARRIE

She caught his eye.

HURSTWOOD

This should be the end of Drouet.

CARRIE

The independence of success now made its first faint showing.

DROUET

Well, you're the dandiest girl on earth.

HURSTWOOD

The fool. I'll do him yet.

SCENE FOUR

SIGN: The shadow of something coming

(MRS. HURSTWOOD appears near DR. BEALE and MR. TAYLOR.)

DR. BEALE

You don't speak to your friends when you meet them out, Mrs. Hurstwood?

MRS. HURSTWOOD

If I see them I do. Where was I?

DR. BEALE

On Washington Street.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

No.

DR. BEALE

Yes, out near Hayne Avenue. You were with your husband.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I guess you're mistaken.

DR. BEALE

I know I saw your husband. Perhaps it was your daughter.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Perhaps it was.

MR. TAYLOR

I'm sorry you didn't get over to our little entertainment this week.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Was it pleasant? George didn't tell me very much about it.

MR. TAYLOR

Really one of the best private theatricals I ever attended. There was one actress who surprised us all. I was sorry to hear you weren't feeling well.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Yes, it is too bad.

(THEY go. DROUET and MRS. HALE.)

MRS. HALE

What's become of your friend, Mr. Hurstwood?

DROUET

What makes you ask about him?

MRS. HALE

Oh, nothing, only he hasn't been here since you got back.

DROUET

He hasn't called more than a half-a-dozen times since we moved here.

MRS. HALE

He hasn't, eh?

DROUET

What makes you smile that way?

MRS. HALE

Oh, nothing.

DROUET

Have you seen him recently?

MRS. HALE

He's come lots of times. I thought you knew.

DROUET

Did he spend the evening here?

MRS. HALE

Sometimes. Sometimes they went out.

DROUET

How long ago was this?

MRS. HALE

Just before you came back.

DROUET

I'll see her about that. I'll find out, b'George, whether she'll act that way or not.

SIGN: The like might never come again

(CARRIE and HURSTWOOD at the park bench.)

Are you satisfied?
HURSTWOOD

Are you?
CARRIE

You did splendidly.
HURSTWOOD

There was more in the little looks and breathings than words could explain.
CARRIE

His affection acted like wine.
HURSTWOOD

Those were such nice flowers you sent me.
CARRIE

All was ripe. How about me?
HURSTWOOD

I don't know.
CARRIE

He kicked at the grass. Don't you think you ought to?
HURSTWOOD

Ought to what?
CARRIE

Know.
HURSTWOOD

She bit her lower lip.
CARRIE

Won't you come away from him?
HURSTWOOD

She was too much afraid of the world.
CARRIE

Last night, I was thinking—
HURSTWOOD

What?
CARRIE

Nothing.
HURSTWOOD

What were you going to say?
CARRIE

I was thinking I must have you. Don't you see where I stand – how much I want you—
HURSTWOOD

She was called upon to loosen her moorings and drift somewhere else.
CARRIE

You won't come then.
HURSTWOOD

Yes, I will.
CARRIE

Will you?
HURSTWOOD

When?
CARRIE

I want you today.
HURSTWOOD

He squeezed her hand.
CARRIE

He squeezed her hand passionately.
HURSTWOOD

She troubled again to secure her rights as a good woman.
CARRIE

His passion had gotten to the stage where it was no longer colored with reason.
HURSTWOOD

If you'll marry me, I'll go.
CARRIE

HURSTWOOD

He would make a try for Paradise. Meet me again tomorrow, and we'll talk over plans.

CARRIE

She would go and they would be happy.

SIGN: The approach of a thunderstorm

(DROUET and MRS. HURSTWOOD appear. The scenes play simultaneously at the beginning.)

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I want the money for the races tomorrow, George.

HURSTWOOD

Oh, do you?

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Yes, and in exchange, you can stay here and trifle around with someone else.

DROUET

The majesty of passion is possessed by nearly every man once in his life.

HURSTWOOD

What do you mean by your insinuations?

DROUET

You weren't here when I came back.

CARRIE

I went for a walk.

DROUET

I thought maybe you didn't.

CARRIE

You act so funny tonight.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Do you think I'm a fool? Do you think I'll sit at home here and take your "too busy's" and "can't come's" while you go on parades? I want you to know your lordly airs have come to an end so far as I'm concerned.

HURSTWOOD

It's a lie.

DROUET

What's this about you and Hurstwood?

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I'm through with you entirely.

DROUET

Somebody said you went out riding with him – that he came here every night.

HURSTWOOD

It's a lie, I tell you.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Call it what you want, but I know.

CARRIE

You know how often he came.

DROUET

I wouldn't have anything to do with him.

HURSTWOOD

You've been searching for some cheap accusation for months. You think you'll spring something and get the upper hand. As long as I'm in this house I'm master of it – do you hear?

DROUET

He's a married man, you know.

MRS. HURSTWOOD

I'm telling you what I want.

HURSTWOOD

And I'm telling you what you won't get.

CARRIE

Who – who is?

DROUET

Hurstwood.

CARRIE

Hurstwood!

(HURSTWOOD looks at CARRIE.)

MRS. HURSTWOOD

Perhaps you'll talk to a lawyer if you won't talk to me.

(SHE goes.)

HURSTWOOD

Do as you damn please. I'll have nothing more to do with you.

(HURSTWOOD watches the following.)

DROUET

After all I've done for you.

CARRIE

You've lied to me, that's what you've done – bringing your friends out here under false pretenses. You've made me out to be—

DROUET

I don't see what that's got to do with it.

CARRIE

Of course you don't see. Now you come sneaking around with your information—

DROUET

Who's sneaking?

CARRIE

If you had any sense of manhood you wouldn't have done any such thing.

DROUET

What do you mean by going with other men?

CARRIE

Who brought Mr. Hurstwood here? Now you come and tell me I shouldn't go with him – that he's a married man.

DROUET

I didn't think you'd be running around with him.

CARRIE

Of course not. You thought only of what would satisfy you. You thought you'd make a toy of me. I won't have anything more to do with you.

DROUET

I've given you all those clothes you wanted, haven't I?

CARRIE

You take them tonight and do what you please with them. I won't stay here another minute.

DROUET

You take the cake don't you? You needn't pull out for me. You can have this place for all I care, but by God, you haven't done me right.

CARRIE

I won't live with you. I don't want to live with you.

DROUET

Where are you going?

CARRIE

Let me out.

DROUET

Why not stay here now and be quiet? I won't bother you. Stay here until the month's out, anyhow, there's no use your packing up now. You don't have anywhere to go. If you'll do that, we'll call it off and I'll get out. Will you do that? Aw! come on, tell me. Will you?

CARRIE

She had loved him – she had. One had lied, the other has begged. Mercy...

(JAMES H. MCGREGGOR, ESQ., appears.)

JAMES H. MCGREGGOR, ESQ.

Dear Mr. Hurstwood: We beg to inform you that we are instructed to wait until tomorrow one o'clock before filing suit against you, on behalf of Mrs. Julia Hurstwood, for divorce and alimony. If we do not hear from you before that time we shall consider that you do not wish to compromise the matter in any way, and act accordingly. Yours very truly, James H. McGreggor, Esquire.

(HE goes.)

DROUET

Do you think you'll try and get on the stage?

CARRIE

I don't know what I'll do.

DROUET

You don't really care for Hurstwood, do you?

CARRIE

Whatever has happened is your fault.

DROUET

I'm no sucker. You can go to hell as far as I am concerned.

(HE goes. HURSTWOOD has returned. THEY look at each other.)

HURSTWOOD

The days slipped by.

CARRIE

A real flame of love is a subtle thing.

HURSTWOOD

My dear Carrie: I pine for a word from you – I don't propose to lose you. Surely you can't go back on me now. It isn't possible.

(THEY look at each other. SHE goes.)

It isn't possible.

SIGN: When waters engulf us

(HURSTWOOD might use Carrie's trunk as the safe.)

HURSTWOOD

It was the manager's duty to see the cash drawers were tightly closed up for the night. Tonight, wine was in his veins. Tonight, the safe gave way. I'll speak to Hannah and Hogg about this in the morning. He pulled out one of the money drawers. I'll just look in here. Layers of bills, fifties and hundreds, in parcels of a thousand. Why don't I shut the safe? His wife would take him for everything. Did you ever have ten thousand dollars in ready money? That money would do it – he had that and Carrie. What about it? He could live quietly with Carrie for years. Thou shalt, thou shalt not, thou shalt, thou shalt not. Men are led by instincts. He emptied the drawers into his hand satchel and put the empty drawers back. His keen desire for Carrie – No – the scandal. He took out the boxes and put all the money back. But the terror was gone. What's the use in staying? He emptied the drawers into his hand satchel. Soft green stacks, loose silver and gold. No, no. He reached for the empty cash boxes and – the lock. He pulled at it vigorously. Heavens! Sweat burst upon his brow. I must get out of this.

(HE sets his satchel on top of the trunk and moves away. HE looks at it.)

HURSTWOOD

I must get out of this.

(HE snatches up the satchel.)

HURSTWOOD

By the Lord, I wish I hadn't done that.

(HE moves off.)

HURSTWOOD

I wonder how the trains run.

(HE's gone.)

SIGN: A search for the gate

(CARRIE is in the rocking chair.)

CARRIE

This fine arrangement wouldn't last long. She'd have to quit these rooms. She was frightened by the evidence of Hurstwood's depravity. Drouet roared like a furnace. She'd have to go out to work again. The stage – oh, yes. Was there any hope for her there? She went to look for her purse.

(SHE finds her old yellow snap purse.)

Seven dollars and forty-three cents. **She was bound for the street.**

(DROUET appears with a HOTEL CLERK.)

DROUET

Charles Drouet, local.

HOTEL CLERK

Just for tonight, Mr. Drouet?

DROUET

No, I'll keep the room for a day or two.

(The CLERK disappears.)

DROUET

That damned Hurstwood – all the time I've known him. **What rotten treatment. Oh, Lord, to think a woman should do a man like that.**

CARRIE

She didn't want Drouet or his money, nor anything to do with Hurstwood – only the ease of mind she'd once had with them.

DROUET

That whole night he dreamed of being fired from his position and injured in every way possible. That Hurstwood should triumph – by God, it's an outrage – a shame.

CARRIE

She had been happy.

(HURSTWOOD has appeared with his satchel.)

DROUET

You didn't do me right, Cad.

CARRIE

What?

HURSTWOOD

Mr. Drouet is hurt and in the hospital. He wants to see you. The cab's downstairs.

DROUET

An absolute outrage.

(DROUET is gone.)

CARRIE

Is he hurt badly?

HURSTWOOD

Come quickly. He's way out on the South Side. We'll have to take the train.

CARRIE

Is it far?

HURSTWOOD

Not very.

SIGN: All aboard

HURSTWOOD

He could not begin to feel he was a fugitive from justice.

CARRIE

How did he hurt himself?

HURSTWOOD

They said there wasn't need for any alarm but asked me to go out and bring you.

CARRIE

She saw the silent streets flashing by in rapid succession. Is it in Chicago?

HURSTWOOD

The future was a thing for the train.

CARRIE

Is it in Chicago?

HURSTWOOD

No, not where we're going.

CARRIE

We are going to see Charlie, aren't we?

HURSTWOOD

He shook his head.

CARRIE

Where are you taking me?

HURSTWOOD

I'll tell you, Carrie, if you'll be quiet. I want you to come with me to another city.

CARRIE

Let me off, I don't want to go with you.

HURSTWOOD

Sit still, Carrie – it won't do you any good to get up here.

CARRIE

Let me go – how dare you?

HURSTWOOD

I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. Won't you listen?

CARRIE

I won't!

HURSTWOOD

I couldn't help it, I assure you I couldn't.

CARRIE

I want you to let me out of this or I'll tell the conductor. It's a shame.

HURSTWOOD

It won't be long until we reach another station. You can get out there if you want to. I'll give you the money to go back with. All I want you to do is listen a moment.

CARRIE

The train was speeding across fields and patches of wood.

HURSTWOOD

I didn't mean to deceive you, Carrie. As I live I didn't. I couldn't stay away from you after the first time I saw you.

CARRIE

You said Charlie was hurt. You lied to me. You've been lying to me the whole time.

HURSTWOOD

I'm done with my wife. I'll never see her anymore. That's why I'm here tonight. That's why I came and got you. You're the only person I want.

CARRIE

He sounded sincere. She'd been deceived.

HURSTWOOD

I know you loved me once and I just couldn't give you up. It was no use trying. I got where I couldn't live without you. I'll never deceive you again.

CARRIE

She listened and pretended not to.

HURSTWOOD

When I saw you wouldn't come unless I could marry you, I put everything else behind me. I'm going off to another city. I want to go to Montreal for a while and then anywhere you say. We'll go and live in New York, if you say.

CARRIE

Oh!

HURSTWOOD

I'm giving it all up. You'll never want for anything, love most of all.

CARRIE

The engine whistled on and on.

HURSTWOOD

I can't live without you. Think how I love you.

CARRIE

Will you let me come back if I want to?

HURSTWOOD

Of course, you know I will. You can be anything you want.

CARRIE

She looked at him.

HURSTWOOD

You can have anything you want.

CARRIE

I want to be out of this all.

HURSTWOOD

You'll feel better when we reach Montreal.

CARRIE

I haven't an earthly thing with me, not even a handkerchief.

HURSTWOOD

You can buy all that as soon as you get there, dearest. You can call in a dressmaker.

CARRIE

His clothes were as neat as ever.

HURSTWOOD

If only you'll believe in me again. I'll lead a life you can be proud of. I'll go into business of some kind, and we'll have a nice home. Won't you try to forgive me?

CARRIE

I'll think about it.

HURSTWOOD

Won't you come to Montreal?

CARRIE

She nodded her head.

HURSTWOOD

Oh, I knew you would. I knew you wouldn't turn me down altogether.

CARRIE

The train was in rapid motion.

HURSTWOOD

Aren't you very tired?

CARRIE

No.

HURSTWOOD

Won't you let me get you a sleeper car?

CARRIE

She shook her head.

HURSTWOOD

Let me fix my coat for you then.

CARRIE

He arranged it in a comfortable position for her head.

HURSTWOOD

There, now see if you can't rest a little. **He could have kissed her.**

CARRIE

He took his seat.

HURSTWOOD

I believe we're in for a heavy rain.

CARRIE

So it seems...

SIGN: Through the shadow

SIGN: To a newer world

(The loud sounds of a train swallow them.)

(End of Part One.)

PART TWO: NEW YORK

SCENE ONE

(The sounds of a train pulling into a station.)

SIGN: Through the shadow

SIGN: To a newer world

SIGN: Montreal

CARRIE

Next to love, travel is the one thing that soothes and delights. Her life had just begun. Perhaps she would be happy.

(HURSTWOOD appears.)

HURSTWOOD

I'll see about a room.

CARRIE

What made you deceive me so?

HURSTWOOD

I wanted you too much.

CARRIE

You didn't have any right to.

HURSTWOOD

I'll start over. Won't you love me?

CARRIE

Will you marry me?

HURSTWOOD

This very day.

Life seemed worth fighting for.

CARRIE

(SHE goes. A MAN approaches HURSTWOOD.)

You know what I'm here for, don't you?

DETECTIVE

I can guess.

HURSTWOOD

Do you intend to keep the money?

DETECTIVE

You don't understand anything about this case, and I can't explain it to you.

HURSTWOOD

We can make a lot of trouble for you, if we want to. You haven't got your wife with you and the newspapers don't know that yet.

DETECTIVE

Whatever I intend to do I'll do without your advice.

HURSTWOOD

You can't get out of Canada with that money.

DETECTIVE

(The DETECTIVE goes.)

Pursued like a thief.

HURSTWOOD

(CARRIE appears.)

Who was that?

CARRIE

An old friend. You'll stay with me, won't you?

HURSTWOOD

She nodded.

CARRIE

I'll take a new name and we'll live a new life. From now on I'm Murdoch.

HURSTWOOD

CARRIE
I don't think I like that name.

HURSTWOOD
What shall it be?

CARRIE
Anything but that.

HURSTWOOD
How about Wheeler?

CARRIE
That'll do.

HURSTWOOD
You'll pick out your clothes as soon as breakfast is over and we'll run down to New York.

CARRIE
George...?

HURSTWOOD
Yes, I know. Would a Baptist minister do alright?

CARRIE
A Baptist was the first they found.

HURSTWOOD
We'll be happy, Carrie. We'll be happy. Do you believe me?

CARRIE
I do.

HURSTWOOD
He knew he was being watched.

CARRIE
Carrie's purchases, including a new trunk, arrived and were arranged.

HURSTWOOD
Someday, he would be caught.

CARRIE
She had a fund of experience to draw upon in the matter of selecting clothing.

HURSTWOOD

Misters Hannah and Hogg: I write to explain the precarious situation I've drawn around us.

CARRIE

Her selection was altogether good.

HURSTWOOD

I regret my careless act ever so much, and putting you to so much trouble.

CARRIE

In her new clothes she felt better and more hopeful.

HURSTWOOD

I return to you nine-thousand five-hundred dollars. As for the thirteen-hundred I find myself forced to keep as a loan, I will repay you.

CARRIE

Great cities held something, she knew not what.

HURSTWOOD

He told her to pack her trunk.

CARRIE

How large is New York?

HURSTWOOD

A million people or more.

CARRIE

She packed her trunk.

SIGN: Opium to the untried body

HURSTWOOD

In Chicago the two roads to distinction were politics and trade.

CARRIE

The magnificent residents, the splendid carriages, the gilded shops, restaurants—

HURSTWOOD

But in New York the roads were any of a half-hundred and each was pursued by hundreds.

CARRIE

—The flowers, the silks, the wines, the laughter springing from the soul of luxurious content—

HURSTWOOD

The sea was already full of whales.

CARRIE

She noticed the difference between the size of the rooms here in New York and in Chicago.

HURSTWOOD

You'll not find anything better, dear, not with any of these conveniences.

CARRIE

The stationary range, bath with hot and cold water, dumb-waiter, speaking tubes, and call bell pleased her very much.

HURSTWOOD

He had a little plate bearing made, which he placed on the letter box in the hall. "G.W. Wheeler."

CARRIE

The new furniture made an excellent showing. The sideboard—

HURSTWOOD

—which Hurstwood himself arranged—

CARRIE

—gleamed brightly. It will be real nice, won't it?

(SHAUGHNESSY appears.)

SHAUGHNESSY

We deal with a very good class of people – merchants, salesmen, and professionals. We don't allow bums in the place.

HURSTWOOD

It's profitable enough for two, is it?

SHAUGHNESSY

You can see for yourself, if you're any judge of the liquor trade.

HURSTWOOD

I've had experience enough.

SHAUGHNESSY

Suit yourself. One-third interest in the stock, fixtures and good will, in return for a thousand dollars and managerial responsibility.

(SHAUGHNESSY accepts a bundle of bills from

HURSTWOOD and goes.)

HURSTWOOD

He lied and told Carrie he'd made an excellent arrangement.

CARRIE

She began to manage at the stove, and the steaks and chops came out all right, and canned goods did the rest. She studied up on the art of making biscuits. She could soon show a plate of light, palatable morsels for her labor.

HURSTWOOD

The business did not pay as well as he had thought.

CARRIE

I think I'll go downtown this week and buy a new dress.

HURSTWOOD

What kind?

CARRIE

Oh, something for street wear.

HURSTWOOD

Would you mind putting it off for a few days?

CARRIE

Why?

HURSTWOOD

This investment of mine is taking a lot of money just now. I expect to get it all back shortly, but just at present I'm running close.

CARRIE

Why – why didn't you tell me before?

HURSTWOOD

A man's fortune is the same as his bodily growth. Either he grows stronger, healthier, wiser, like a boy approaching manhood, or he grows weaker, older, less incisive mentally, like a man approaching old age.

CARRIE

She observed that Hurstwood was somewhat different.

HURSTWOOD

Thus the first winter passed.

CARRIE

She felt that her life was becoming stale.

SIGN: A pet of good fortune

(HURSTWOOD goes as MRS. VANCE appears.)

MRS. VANCE

I hope you'll excuse me. I went out a while ago and forgot my outside key. I thought I'd ring your bell.

CARRIE

I'm glad you did.

MRS. VANCE

Isn't it just delightful weather?

CARRIE

I was thinking of going for a walk myself.

MRS. VANCE

I often wonder what you do with yourself. I notice your husband leaves rather early. I know time hangs heavy on my hands.

CARRIE

I don't do much of anything outside of taking care of my flat.

MRS. VANCE

I'd be very glad if you'd run over and see me sometime.

(HURSTWOOD steps in.)

HURSTWOOD

Who's that?

CARRIE

The name on the bell is Vance. Her husband is out most of the day, too.

HURSTWOOD

You never can tell what sort of people you're living next to in this town.

CARRIE

Just think. I've been in this house with nine other families for months now and I don't know a soul.

HURSTWOOD

It's just as well. Some of these people are pretty bad company.

(HE goes.)

MRS. VANCE

Let's go to a matinée this afternoon.

CARRIE

What shall we see?

MRS. VANCE

I do want to see Nat Goodwin. I think he's the jolliest actor. The papers say A Gold Mine is such good play. Let's go at one and walk down Broadway from Thirty-Fourth.

CARRIE

How much will we have to pay for seats?

MRS. VANCE

Not more than a dollar.

SIGN: The showy parade

(During the following, a CROWD appears, and CARRIE moves through it. Signs appear throughout her speech.)

SIGN: Rouged lips

SIGN: Powdered cheeks

SIGN: Scented hair

SIGN: Languorous eyes

SIGN: Straight smiles

CARRIE

Men in flawless top-coats, high hats, and silver-headed walking sticks elbowed near. Ladies rustled by in dresses of stiff cloth, shedding affected smiles and perfume.

SIGN: Florist shops

SIGN: Furriers

SIGN: Haberdashers

SIGN: Confectioners

CARRIE

The whole street bore the flavor of riches and show. She refused to come here again until she looked better. She longed to feel the delight of parading here as an equal. Ah, then she would be happy!

(HURSTWOOD and an old ACQUAINTANCE appear from the CROWD.)

ACQUAINTANCE

Ole Hurstwood!

HURSTWOOD

Sam...

ACQUAINTANCE

How are you?

HURSTWOOD

Very well. How is it with you?

ACQUAINTANCE

Not bad. I'm down here doing a little buying. Are you located here now?

HURSTWOOD

I've got a place down in Warren Street.

ACQUAINTANCE

Is that so? Glad to hear it. I'll come down and see you.

(HE goes.)

HURSTWOOD

Not a word about Chicago, the money – he didn't even ask for my address.

MRS. VANCE

Have you seen the new gloves with the oval pearl buttons?

CARRIE

Have I?

MRS. VANCE

The next time you get a pair of shoes, dearie, get buttons, with thick soles and patent-leather tips. They're all the rage this fall.

CARRIE

I will.

MRS. VANCE

Have you seen the new shirtwaists at Altman's? They have some of the loveliest patterns. I saw one there that would look stunning on you. I said so when I saw it.

CARRIE

Her new friend made suggestions with more friendliness than is common between pretty women.

MRS. VANCE

Why don't you get yourself one of those nice serge skirts they're selling at Lord & Taylor's? Dark blue would look so nice on you.

CARRIE

Carrie listened with eager ears.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood did not enthuse over the purchases.

CARRIE

This led her to believe that neglect was creeping in.

SIGN: The slope of the years

HURSTWOOD

What's the matter, Carrie?

CARRIE

Nothing. I don't feel very well tonight.

HURSTWOOD

That's too bad. I was thinking we might go to a show tonight.

CARRIE

She had never forgotten her achievement in Chicago. It occupied her mind during many long afternoons in which her rocking chair was her only pleasure. She had dreamed a dreamed, and it had not come true. I don't think I want to go tonight.

SIGN: The graveward process

(SHAUGHNESSY enters with a newspaper.)

SHAUGHNESSY

Did you see that?

HURSTWOOD

No, what is it?

SHAUGHNESSY

The man who owns this ground has sold it.

HURSTWOOD

'Mr. August Viele yesterday registered the transfer of the lot, twenty-five by seventy-five feet, at the corner of Warren and Hudson Streets, to J.F. Slawson, for the sum of seventy-five thousand.'

SHAUGHNESSY

I hear he intends to put up one of those new modern office buildings. And tear this down.

HURSTWOOD

Do you think it would be worthwhile to open up somewhere else in the neighborhood?

SHAUGHNESSY

I wouldn't try it. I guess this thing's got to come to an end.

(HE goes.)

SIGN: A righteous man

HURSTWOOD

He began to worry about the necessity of a new connection and saw impending serious financial straits unless something turned up.

CARRIE

Can't you start it up somewhere else? **She could sense he would be broke.**

HURSTWOOD

Shaughnessy doesn't want to.

CARRIE

Do you lose what you put in?

HURSTWOOD

Of course I do. It's a trick. They'll start another place there, I tell you. **It was all up with the bluff about money and investment.**

CARRIE

Between them was no longer any great love.

HURSTWOOD

His thoughts occasionally reverted to his wife and family. He could see them living as nicely as ever, occupying the comfortable house and using his property.

CARRIE

Not a lover or a husband. Only a man.

SCENE TWO

SIGN: Home for dinner

CARRIE

On this occasion Carrie was dressed to her own satisfaction – a well-groomed woman of twenty-one – and it brought color to her plump cheeks and a brightness into her eyes.

(MRS. VANCE appears.)

MRS. VANCE

Mrs. Wheeler, let me introduce you to Mr. Ames, a cousin of mine. He's coming with us to Sherry's, aren't you, Bob?

(ROBERT AMES appears, well-dressed, stalwart, only overcoming the last traces of the bashfulness of youth. HE bows to CARRIE.)

CARRIE

She noticed he was smooth-shaven, good-looking and young, but nothing more.

MRS. VANCE

Mr. Ames is just down in New York for a few days.

AMES

I'm just here from Indianapolis for a week or so.

CARRIE

I guess you find New York quite a thing to see, don't you?

AMES

It is rather large to get around in a week.

MRS. VANCE

Come on, people. Bob, you'll have to look after Mrs. Wheeler.

AMES

I'll try to. You won't need much watching, will you?

CARRIE

Not much, I hope.

AMES

What is it we'll see after?

MRS. VANCE

E.H. Sothern, in Lord Chumley. He's just the funniest man.

CARRIE

In all her experience she had never seen anything like this.

SIGN: Incandescent light bulbs

SIGN: Polished glasses

SIGN: White shirt fronts of gentleman

SIGN: Bright dresses of ladies

SIGN: Jewels

SIGN: Diamonds

SIGN: Fine feathers

CARRIE

What a wonderful thing it was to be rich.

MRS. VANCE

You simply cannot come to Sherry's and not order the spring chicken.

CARRIE

Spring chicken?

(DROUET appears.)

DROUET

You don't want to work at anything like that, those girls don't get anything. You can't live on it, can you?

CARRIE

She smiled and smiled.

DROUET

Just got in from Rock Island. I was going to dine when I saw you.

CARRIE

In that flash she saw the other Carrie, poor, hungry, drifting at her wits' end – the cold and closed world of Chicago.

(HE goes.)

MRS. VANCE

The spring chicken, of course. Green turtle soup. Two-dozen oysters. Asparagus. Olives. And to drink—

AMES

You remember I don't drink, now.

CARRIE

I don't care for any wine either.

MRS. VANCE

You poor things, you don't know what you're missing.

AMES

Do you know, I sometimes think it's a shame for people to spend so much money this way.

CARRIE

Do you?

AMES

They pay so much more than these things are worth. They put on such a show.

MRS. VANCE

I don't know why people shouldn't spend when they have it.

CARRIE

His mind was better, and the saving grace in Carrie was that she could understand that people could be wiser.

AMES

I shouldn't care to be rich, not rich enough to spend my money this way.

CARRIE

Oh, wouldn't you?

AMES

What good does it do? A man doesn't need this sort of thing to be happy.

MRS. VANCE

But it doesn't hurt.

CARRIE

He could probably be happy, all alone.

AMES

Won't you sit next to me at the theatre?

CARRIE

During the acts Carrie found herself listening to him, approving of his observations. Don't you think it's rather fine to be an actor?

AMES

Yes, I do. To be a good one.

MRS. VANCE

And not a bad way to get rich, Bob, if you're a good one.

CARRIE

If only she could be an actress – a good one. Carrie's heart was bounding.

AMES

I think the theatre's a great thing.

CARRIE

She said goodbye with feigned indifference. Hurstwood was already in bed.

(HURSTWOOD has appeared.)

CARRIE

She came to the door. She retreated. She sat in her chair and rocked. She folded her hands tightly. She was beginning to see. The legions of hope and pity – of sorrow and pain. She was rocking and beginning to see.

HURSTWOOD

It has been shown experimentally that a constantly subdued frame of mind produces certain poisons in the blood, called katasates, just as virtuous feelings of pleasure and delight produce helpful chemicals called anastates. The poisons generated by remorse inveigh against the system, and eventually produce marked physical deterioration.

CARRIE

What are you going to do with the fixtures and stock?

HURSTWOOD

Shaughnessy's got a man to buy them.

CARRIE

Are they going to tear down the building right away?

HURSTWOOD

We have a few days to get our things out. Tomorrow I'll go down for a little while, and then I'll spend the whole day looking around. I think I can get something, now this thing's off my hands.

(SHAUGHNESSY appears, inebriated. He saddles

HURSTWOOD with a bag.)

SHAUGHNESSY

Migh' as well count the change and shplit.

HURSTWOOD

The other people will look to getting their stuff out, I guess.

SHAUGHNESSY

Ye may trusht them fer that.

(SHAUGHNESSY takes his share and moves off.)

CARRIE

Well?

HURSTWOOD

I'm out of that.

SHAUGHNESSY

So long.

CARRIE

Do you think he might recommend some other place to you?

HURSTWOOD

That man? Not on his life.

CARRIE

It would be nice if you could get some place.

HURSTWOOD

For some days he tried to console himself that something might be done with the seven hundred dollars he had. Manage a place? Where should he get such a position?

CARRIE

She could see he was no longer well-to-do. His stay-at-homishness, curbed tendencies to dress well, or, rather, over-dress, and his avoidance of all money questions, sufficed to open her eyes.

SIGN: Approaching spring and going north

(MRS. VANCE appears briefly.)

MRS. VANCE

Oh yes, we think we might as well give up the flat and store our things. We'll be gone for the

summer and it would be a useless expense. I think we'll settle a little farther downtown when we come back.

(SHE goes.)

CARRIE

Carrie heard this with genuine sorrow. Now she'll have loneliness and the mood of her husband to enjoy at once. For what was she made, anyway?

HURSTWOOD

That slow, greedy Mick!

CARRIE

What is it?

HURSTWOOD

If only Shaughnessy had agreed to a few things to improve the place, it would've paid.

CARRIE

Why not get a place of your own?

HURSTWOOD

If I had a chance to save awhile, I think I could open a place that would give us plenty of money.

CARRIE

Can't we save?

HURSTWOOD

I've been thinking that if we'd take a smaller flat downtown and live economically for a year, I'd have enough to open a good place. Then we could arrange to live as you want to.

CARRIE

This sounded like poverty.

HURSTWOOD

There are lots of nice little flats down around Sixth Avenue, below Fourteenth Street.

CARRIE

I'll look at them if you say so.

HURSTWOOD

What's the use worrying. I'm not out yet. Even if worse comes to worst, I've got enough to live on for six months.

CARRIE

The glamour of the high life of the city had seized her. She'd been taught how to dress and

where to eat without having ample means to do either.

HURSTWOOD

He took days and hunted and tracked down business advertisements. Some squalid bars in need of management were such wretched places they gave him the blues.

CARRIE

Penury threatened to seize her.

HURSTWOOD

Winter was coming on again, and the papers were announcing hardships. The World came out with a flaring headline about "Eighty-thousand people out of employment in New York this winter." Eighty-thousand.

(ALSBERY appears.)

HURSTWOOD

You advertised, I believe, for a salesman.

ALSBERY

Oh, yes. Yes, I did.

HURSTWOOD

I thought I'd drop in. I've some experience in the whiskey line myself.

ALSBERY

Oh, have you? What experience is that?

HURSTWOOD

I've managed several liquor houses. I owned a third-interest in a saloon at Warren and Hudson.

ALSBERY

I see. We're considering several applications. I don't know as it's anything you'd care to take hold of, though. We're only paying a hundred a month.

HURSTWOOD

I'm in no position to choose at the moment. If it's open, I should be glad to get it.

ALSBERY

No position to choose, eh? Supposing you send us your references.

HURSTWOOD

I will.

ALSBERY

Some experience in whiskey, I bet...

(HE goes.)

HURSTWOOD

It was blowing up gray again. He crossed through Madison Square Park to the lobby of a great hotel. It was warm in there and bright. Finding a seat on one of the red plush divans close to the great windows which looked out on Broadway's busy route, he sat musing. An hour was a long, long time in passing.

(TWO MEN appear.)

MAN 1

When did you get in?

MAN 2

Last Wednesday.

MAN 1

Wife with you?

MAN 2

Oh sure.

MAN 1

Going to Florida this year?

MAN 2

No, she's picked France. We're going there for a few months.

MAN 1

Well I'm off tonight.

MAN 2

Are you?

MAN 1

Oh sure. Florida suits me. I feel very good down there.

(THEY go.)

HURSTWOOD

How gay were the youths he saw, how pretty the women. Such fine clothes they all wore. They were so intent upon getting somewhere. Everyone seemed to be merry, everyone content.

(MRS. VANCE appears.)

MRS. VANCE

Why, Mrs. Wheeler!

(CARRIE appears.)

MRS. VANCE

Where have you been? I've been wondering all this time what had become of you—

CARRIE

I'm so glad to see you. I'm living downtown here. Where are you living now?

MRS. VANCE

In 58th Street, just up Seventh Avenue. Why don't you come and see me?

CARRIE

I will. I know I ought to. It's a shame, but you know—

MRS. VANCE

What's your number?

CARRIE

13th Street now. 112 West.

MRS. VANCE

Oh... Th-that's right near here.

CARRIE

You must come down and see me some time.

(MRS. VANCE laughs.)

MRS. VANCE

Well you're a fine one!

(SHE goes.)

CARRIE

The quality of her deprivation was emphasized.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood was reading as usual. His beard was four days old.

CARRIE

Did you ever hear any more from that liquor house?

HURSTWOOD

They don't want an experienced man.

CARRIE

I met Mrs. Vance this afternoon.

HURSTWOOD

Did, eh?

CARRIE

They're back in New York now. She looked so nice.

HURSTWOOD

Well, she can afford it as long Vance puts up with it. He's got a soft job.

CARRIE

She said she'd call down here someday.

HURSTWOOD

She's too happy. No one can keep up to her pace unless they've got a lot of money.

CARRIE

Mr. Vance doesn't find it hard.

HURSTWOOD

His life isn't done yet. He may get down like anybody else.

CARRIE

His eye seemed to be cocked with a twinkle, expecting their defeat.

HURSTWOOD

I can do something. I'm not down yet. There's lots of things coming to me.

(CARRIE disappears and two poker players, an OLD MAN and a TAMMANY YOUTH, appear.)

OLD MAN

Hello, good sir, how are you?

HURSTWOOD

Oh, very fair.

TAMMANY YOUTH

You want to get dealt in?

HURSTWOOD

He had once been accustomed to hold a pretty fair hand. Now, on such a fair day as this – I might win a couple hundred. I'm not out of practice.

TAMMANY YOUTH

Deal him in.

(THEY do. THEY play.)

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood shouldn't have begun to doubt the cool demeanor he once used to deceive those psychic students of the gaming table.

OLD MAN

I fold.

TAMMANY YOUTH

I raise you three.

HURSTWOOD

Make it five.

TAMMANY YOUTH

Again.

HURSTWOOD

Let me have some more chips.

(HE produces cash. THEY give him chips.)

HURSTWOOD

Raise.

TAMMANY YOUTH

Five again.

HURSTWOOD

His brow was wet.

OLD MAN

Well?

HURSTWOOD

Sixty dollars.

Up or out.

TAMMANY YOUTH

I call.

HURSTWOOD

Hearts straight.

TAMMANY YOUTH

His hand dropped.

HURSTWOOD

Come back any time.

TAMMANY YOUTH

(HE looks at his wad of money.)

HURSTWOOD

Three hundred and forty dollars. He returned home and occupied his chair in the corner.

(MRS. VANCE appears.)

MRS. VANCE

How do you do?

HURSTWOOD

Why, ho-how do you do?

MRS. VANCE

Is your wife home?

HURSTWOOD

No, Carrie's out. Won't you step in? She'll be back shortly.

MRS. VANCE

No-o. I'm really very much in a hurry. I thought I'd just run up and look in, but I couldn't stay. Just tell your wife she must come and see me.

HURSTWOOD

I will.

(SHE goes.)

HURSTWOOD

He was so ashamed he folded his hands weakly, as he sat in his chair and thought.

(CARRIE enters.)

CARRIE

Was anyone here just now?

HURSTWOOD

Mrs. Vance.

CARRIE

Who?

HURSTWOOD

Mrs. Vance.

CARRIE

Did she see you?

HURSTWOOD

If she had eyes she did. I opened the door.

CARRIE

What did she have to say?

HURSTWOOD

Nothing. She couldn't stay.

CARRIE

And you looking like that.

HURSTWOOD

What of it? I didn't know she was coming, did I?

CARRIE

I've asked you a dozen times to wear your good clothes. Oh, I think this is just terrible.

HURSTWOOD

Aw, let up. What difference does it make? You couldn't associate with her anyway. They've got too much money.

CARRIE

And whose fault is that? You're free to sit and talk about who I could associate with. Why don't you get out and look for work?

HURSTWOOD

I pay the rent, don't I? I furnish the—

CARRIE

You talk as if there was nothing else in the world but a flat to sit around in. I'd like to know what you married me for? What did you force me to run away with you for?

HURSTWOOD

Force! A lot of forcing I did.

CARRIE

This was eating the heart out of Carrie.

HURSTWOOD

He wiped his brow.

SIGN: A wonderful conglomeration of everything great

CARRIE

Frequently she'd considered the stage as a door through which she might enter that gilded state she craved. Now, it came as a last resource in distress.

HURSTWOOD

I'd get that idea out of my head, if I were you.

CARRIE

I was just wondering.

HURSTWOOD

She'd fall into the hands of some cheap manager and become like the rest of them.

CARRIE

It's better than going hungry.

HURSTWOOD

I'll lay my hand to whatever I can get. I can get something.

CARRIE

She pictured herself in some fine performance on Broadway, going every evening to her dressing-room and making up, coming out and seeing the carriages waiting for the audience. If she were just in, getting a decent salary, wearing the kind of clothes she liked, going here and there as she pleased. But then—

HURSTWOOD

I'll get something. I'm not out yet. **He rocked to and fro and chewed at his finger.**

SCENE THREE

SIGN: To battle again

(CARRIE appears, dressed as well as SHE possibly can.
MEN OF THE THEATRE are near her.)

CARRIE

The office of Mr. Daniel Frohman was in the Lyceum Theatre at 24th and Fourth Avenue.

MAN OF THEATRE 1

You'll have to write and ask him to see you.

(HURSTWOOD appears, dressed as well as HE possibly can.
MEN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE are near him.)

HURSTWOOD

Morning, sir. I wish to inquire about a position.

MAN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE 1

We haven't anything.

CARRIE

Mr. Augustin Daly was at Daly's Theatre at Broadway and 29th.

MAN OF THEATRE 2

Mr. Daly isn't putting on a company for several months.

CARRIE

These proprietors of businesses are lords on their own ground.

HURSTWOOD

Have you considered adding a man of substantial experience to your—

MAN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE 2

No.

HURSTWOOD

The same sort of pilgrimage he had made before.

CARRIE

Do you really look for anything when you go out?

HURSTWOOD

Of course I do.

MAN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE 1

No.

HURSTWOOD

I saw some of the brewery people today. One man told me he'd try and make a place for me in two or three weeks.

MAN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE 2

No.

HURSTWOOD

One man says he can make a place for me in his new hotel in the fall.

MAN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE 1

No.

CARRIE

That would be good, wouldn't it?

MAN OF THE LIQUOR TRADE 2

No.

HURSTWOOD

If only I can get through the summer, I think I'll be alright.

CARRIE

His money is nearly gone.

HURSTWOOD

He looked at the floor. He changed his clothes.

CARRIE

The Casino Theatre was at Broadway and 39th.

MAN OF THEATRE 3

Ever had any experience?

CARRIE

No, not much.

MAN OF THEATRE 3

I was lookin' to make some changes. The chorus is a little weak on looks. Come around to the theatre tomorrow morning.

CARRIE

I will.

MAN OF THEATRE 3

Be sure you're there promptly. You'll be dropped if you're not.

CARRIE

She had a place – she had a place.

HURSTWOOD

You have?

CARRIE

She began to think of the anomaly of her finding work so quickly and his lounging in idleness for months on end.

HURSTWOOD

What sort of place is it?

CARRIE

In the chorus, at the Casino Theatre. I begin rehearsing tomorrow.

HURSTWOOD

Do you know how much you'll get?

CARRIE

No, I didn't want to ask. I guess they pay twelve or fourteen dollars a week.

HURSTWOOD

About that, I guess.

CARRIE

How hard would she try to be worthy of it. It was above the common mass, above idles, about want, above insignificance.

HURSTWOOD

Like a morphine fiend, he was becoming addicted to his ease. Anything to relieve his mental distress, to satisfy his craving for comfort.

SIGN: The little gaslight soldier

(The company of CASINO GIRLS, including LOLA OSBORNE, form around CARRIE.)

CARRIE

She saw a great, empty, shadowy playhouse, still redolent of the perfumes and blazonry of the night. If only she could remain, how happy her days would be.

(The MANAGER rehearses them.)

THEATRE MANAGER 1

And one – two – three – four – and – two – two – three – four – and—

HURSTWOOD

I can get something. I'm not out yet. I don't have any vices. I'll come up alright.

(The TAMMANY YOUTH and the OLD MAN appear near HURSTWOOD. The scenes play simultaneously.)

THEATRE MANAGER 1

You.

HURSTWOOD

I believe you have something of mine.

LOLA

Me?

TAMMANY YOUTH

Is that a fact?

THEATRE MANAGER 1

No, you.

HURSTWOOD

It sure will be.

CARRIE

Yes, sir?

THEATRE MANAGER 1

What's your name?

CARRIE

Madenda. Carrie Madenda.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Alright, Madenda.

CARRIE

Carrie Madenda.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

You pair with Miss Clark.

HURSTWOOD

With cocktails and cigars, he was as nearly like the old Hurstwood as he ever would be again.

SIGN: A good living

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Clark! Why don't you catch the step there?

HURSTWOOD

Pair of fours.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

By fours, right!

TAMMANY YOUTH

Jacks.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

For God's sake, get onto yourself!

OLD MAN

Pair of queens.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Yes, you two ladies. Maitland, Elvers. Do you know what column left means?

HURSTWOOD

It was not the old Hurstwood.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

You want to break up the line?

HURSTWOOD

He was only a man arguing with a divided conscience and lured by a phantom.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Mason! You! Miss Mason.

CARRIE

Me, sir?

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Ain't you Mason?

CARRIE

Madenda, sir.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Alright, well you're good-looking. You come before Maitland and Elvers.

HURSTWOOD

It went easy for a while, winning a few times and cheering up.

TAMMANY YOUTH

I'm out.

OLD MAN

Up to you.

HURSTWOOD

Raise two.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Osborne, you join Madenda.

OLD MAN

Call. Straight.

THEATRE MANAGER 1

Keep the column straight, the two of you.

HURSTWOOD

Losing a few pots and growing more interested.

TAMMANY YOUTH

One pair.

LOLA

It's warm tonight.

CARRIE

Yes, it is.

LOLA

I'm almost roasting. There's more marching in this opera than I ever did before.

OLD MAN

High ace.

HURSTWOOD

He began to think his luck was with him.

CARRIE

Have you been in other plays?

LOLA

Lots of them. Played to lots of full houses, too.

TAMMANY YOUTH

Full house.

CARRIE

Can you always get in another show?

LOLA

Sure. There's one going up at the Broadway next month.

TAMMANY YOUTH

I like playing with you, Wheeler. But I also like my game innerestin'.

HURSTWOOD

How's that?

OLD MAN

That means the hooch has him cockeyed.

TAMMANY YOUTH

Double the bets.

(Another THEATRE MANAGER appears to LOLA and CARRIE.)

THEATRE MANAGER 2

Ever had any experience?

CARRIE

We're with the company at the Casino now.

THEATRE MANAGER 2

I'll sign you both on, twenty dollars a week.

CARRIE

She began to feel she had a place in the world.

HURSTWOOD

It's your money.

TAMMANY YOUTH

So's what's in your pocket.

HURSTWOOD

These brokers, these racing people, these men-about-town – his own flesh and blood.

LOLA

Do you live in New York, too?

CARRIE

Yes.

LOLA

With your family?

CARRIE

She could not. She was ashamed. She simply could not.

TAMMANY YOUTH

You gotta take it out your pocket so's I know you got it.

(HURSTWOOD puts his wad on the table.)

CARRIE

I live with some relatives.

TAMMANY YOUTH

My deal. This one's La Viuda. Mexican lady friend in the Bowery taught it to me.

(The YOUTH takes the deck from the OLD MAN.)

TAMMANY YOUTH

Five cards, full deck, jokers wild. Counterclockwise. Double the bets.

(HE deals. THEY play.)

HURSTWOOD

Two.

OLD MAN

Three.

TAMMANY YOUTH

I take three.

(Around CARRIE and LOLA form the COMPANY as scantily clad “oriental beauties” in an Arabian Nights-themed show. A large man, the “VIZIER” appears, and the COMPANY of women dance around him. The POKER PLAYERS bet.)

HURSTWOOD

I raise you ten.

TAMMANY YOUTH

No sir. You raise him twenty.

(HE does.)

TAMMANY YOUTH

Friend?

OLD MAN

I'll meet it.

(In the dance, CARRIE curtseys to the “VIZIER.”)

“VIZIER”

Well, who are you?

CARRIE

Her experience and belief in herself gave her daring.

“VIZIER”

Well, who are you?

CARRIE

I am yours truly.

“VIZIER”

I thought your name was Smith.

CARRIE

Something in the way she did it caught the audience, who laughed loud and long.

“VIZIER”

You can leave that in from now on. But don't add anything else.

Thank you, sir. CARRIE

You're in luck – no one else has got a line! LOLA

She hugged herself. CARRIE

I'll double it. Meet my forty or fold. TAMMANY YOUTH

Forget it. OLD MAN

Here's another twenty. HURSTWOOD

Twenty. TAMMANY YOUTH

He was up one-hundred thirty. HURSTWOOD

I call. TAMMANY YOUTH

Straight. And the joker. HURSTWOOD

Royal flush. And the joker. TAMMANY YOUTH

(The YOUTH takes the great pot.)

Hurstwood was sick at heart. HURSTWOOD

SIGN: The breach by slow degrees

(The COMPANY dance around the "VIZIER" at another performance.)

I am yours truly. CARRIE

(EVERYONE but CARRIE and HURSTWOOD disappear.
SHE continues to dance and bow.)

HURSTWOOD

It was a quarter after one in the morning. The chill, bare streets seemed a mockery of his state.

CARRIE

I am yours truly.

HURSTWOOD

For his escapades he was poorer in mind and body, to say nothing of his purse. One-hundred and thirty dollars.

CARRIE

I am yours truly.

SCENE FOUR

SIGN: They can't win

HURSTWOOD

“Special notice: The motormen of the Atlantic Avenue Company have left its service. Opportunities are now given to any new man as soon as his services can be secured. Protection guaranteed.”

CARRIE

Are you going?

HURSTWOOD

I think I can get something over in Brooklyn.

CARRIE

Aren't you afraid?

HURSTWOOD

What of? The police are there.

CARRIE

The paper said four men were hurt yesterday.

HURSTWOOD

Damn it all, I can get something. I'm not down yet.

(CARRIE goes, and a TROLLEY WORKER appears.)

TROLLEY WORKER

What are you – a motorman?

HURSTWOOD

No, I'm not anything.

TROLLEY WORKER

We prefer experienced men.

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood smiled indifferently.

TROLLEY WORKER

I guess you can learn.

(Two SCABS enter.)

SCAB 1

Think we're liable to have much trouble?

SCAB 2

That Scotchman told me that they hit him with a block.

TROLLEY WORKER

This handle throws the current off or on. If you want to reverse the car, turn it over here.

SCAB 1

One of those fellows on the Fifth Avenue line must have had a hell of a time.

TROLLEY WORKER

Now, this handle here, to here, gives you about four miles an hour. This is eight. When it's full on, you make about fourteen.

SCAB 2

They broke his windows and pulled him off into the street 'fore the police could stop 'em.

TROLLEY WORKER

One thing to be careful about – start easy. Don't throw it wide open. It's dangerous.

SCAB 1

I don't blame these fellers for striking, but I had to get something to do.

SCAB 2

It's hell these days, ain't it?

HURSTWOOD

Poor devils.

TROLLEY WORKER

Now you try it.

HURSTWOOD

He nearly plowed through the back fence.

TROLLEY WORKER

You'll want to be careful about that.

SCAB 1

A poor man ain't nowhere.

SCAB 2

You could starve, by Jesus, right in the street and there ain't most no one would help you.

TROLLEY WORKER

Don't stop for anyone who doesn't look like a passenger. Whatever you do, don't stop for a crowd.

(OFFICER SCHAEFFER appears.)

SCHAEFFER

The last man must have gone through alright. I don't see his car anywhere.

HURSTWOOD

The car ran smoothly along. If he wasn't so cold, he could do real well.

(A YOUNG WOMAN appears. SHE smiles at HURSTWOOD, who smiles back. SHE suddenly starts yelling.)

YOUNG WOMAN

Scab! Scab!

SCHAEFFER

Never mind her. I'd watch that curve ahead.

(Another UNION SUPPORTER appears.)

UNION SUPPORTER

Steal a man's job, will you?

(Another UNION SUPPORTER appears.)

UNION SUPPORTER

Stop the car, pardner.

SCHAEFFER

Don't do it.

(Another UNION SUPPORTER appears.)

UNION SUPPORTER

You don't want to take the bread out of another man's mouth, do you?

(A CROWD is forming.)

UNION SUPPORTER

We're all working men like yourself.

UNION SUPPORTER

You wouldn't want anyone to do you out of your chance at good rights and pay, would you?

Stop the car, pardner. UNION SUPPORTER

Get out of this now. SCHAEFFER

Day's wages is all we want. UNION SUPPORTER

We've all got families. UNION SUPPORTER

Ain't you got a family? UNION SUPPORTER

I told you, Get out of this. SCHAEFFER

What the hell do you mean get out of this? UNION SUPPORTER

Stand back now! SCHAEFFER

Don't shove me. UNION SUPPORTER

I'll give you a bat on the head now. SCHAEFFER

I'm not doing anything. UNION SUPPORTER

Rob the poor, will you? UNION SUPPORTER

You thief! UNION SUPPORTER

Back! SCHAEFFER

What the hell! UNION SUPPORTER

We'll get you yet!

UNION SUPPORTER

(SCHAEFFER brings his club down on a SUPPORTER's forehead. HE wobbles and staggers back. In response, ANOTHER punches SCHAEFFER. SCHAEFFER begins striking back, at first to protect HURSTWOOD, who cowers, but his attacks become indiscriminate.)

Work, you blackguards!

UNION SUPPORTER

Do the dirty work!

UNION SUPPORTER

Coming up to dance, are ya?

SCHAEFFER

May God starve ye yet!

UNION SUPPORTER

You bloody murtherin' thafe!

UNION SUPPORTER

Here's one for your mother, too.

SCHAEFFER

You heard-hearted murtherin' divill!

UNION SUPPORTER

Go to hell, you old hag.

SCHAEFFER

(A rock is thrown: a window breaks.)

Throw it open wide!

SCHAEFFER

You bloody coward!

UNION SUPPORTER

You son of a bitch!

SCHAEFFER

(THEY begin to overwhelm SCHAEFFER. One SUPPORTER reaches HURSTWOOD.)

Come off that!

UNION SUPPORTER

Let go!

HURSTWOOD

I'll show you – you scab!

UNION SUPPORTER

(HE swings at HURSTWOOD, who ducks and catches it in the shoulder.)

Away from here!

SCHAEFFER

They're on the track.

HURSTWOOD

Run over 'em!

SCHAEFFER

(Another window breaks. SCHAEFFER is pulled off and into the crowd.)

Burn, you devils, burn!

SCHAEFFER

(The CROWD reaches HURSTWOOD and pulls him down.)

Let go of me!

HURSTWOOD

Ah, you sucker!

UNION SUPPORTER

(THEY rain kicks and blows on him.)

Try fightin' the poor now.

UNION SUPPORTER

Take food outta my boy's mouth, will you?

UNION SUPPORTER

(HURSTWOOD cries out in pain. THEY beat him. Suddenly, a gunshot rings out. EVERYBODY freezes. The CROWD scatters. A SUPPORTER gives HURSTWOOD a

parting blow. HURSTWOOD sees HE is bleeding. As the CROWD disperses, SCHAEFFER lies immobile on the ground. The YOUNG WOMAN is the last to go.)

YOUNG WOMAN

You better sneak home...!

(SHE dashes off.)

SIGN: A gleam of pleasant energy

(CARRIE appears.)

CARRIE

While he was on his Brooklyn venture, Carrie felt intensely relieved.

HURSTWOOD

By God. This is a pretty tough game out here.

CARRIE

She imagined he had encountered nothing worse than the ordinary roughness.

HURSTWOOD

He sat in his chair. He read his paper.

CARRIE

Now it was weariness and an ache for change.

HURSTWOOD

She couldn't realize the negative influence of the fact that he had tried and failed.

CARRIE

She could only shake her head in despair.

HURSTWOOD

They're not trying to run any cars without police – not before next week.

CARRIE

He did not want to work.

HURSTWOOD

He read and read.

CARRIE

She saw no change.

HURSTWOOD

He sat gazing downward, and he thought he heard the old voices and the clink of glasses.

(MR. TAYLOR appears.)

MR. TAYLOR

How'd you like to come in on that with me?

HURSTWOOD

Not me. I've got my hands full now.

MR. TAYLOR

You're sure now? Lots to reap from this venture. Enough to set up your wife and children for life.

HURSTWOOD

The room was so still it was ghostlike.

(Laughing, MR. TAYLOR gives the punch line of a joke.)

MR. TAYLOR

So the Englishman told the showgirl, "Why don't you jump, you bloody fool?!"

(HURSTWOOD bursts out laughing.)

HURSTWOOD

Bloody fool...!

(MR. TAYLOR is gone.)

HURSTWOOD

It was ghostlike.

SIGN: Experience of the world

CARRIE

She had learned that men could change and fail.

(LOLA appears.)

SIGN: A touch of spring

LOLA

I know where I could get the loveliest room and bath, cheap. The rent is only six dollars a week.

CARRIE

If she had only herself to support, she could do with her twenty dollars as she wished.

LOLA

It's too big for me, but it would be just right for two.

CARRIE

She began to feel as if she must be free.

LOLA

How much are you going to get?

CARRIE

I didn't ask him.

LOLA

Find out. You're acting the sweetheart role in the play. Tell them you must have forty dollars.

CARRIE

Oh, no.

LOLA

Ask them!

CARRIE

She waited until the manager gave her notice of what clothing she must buy for the part.

LOLA

And what'd he say?

CARRIE

Thirty-five dollars!

LOLA

Carrie!

CARRIE

She almost hugged Lola.

LOLA

It isn't as much as you ought to get, but you're off, kid!

CARRIE

Rent day was drawing near.

HURSTWOOD

Twenty-eight dollars was too much. It's hard on her. Don't you think we pay too much rent here?

CARRIE

Indeed I do.

LOLA

Come live with me, won't you? We can have the loveliest room.

CARRIE

I'd like to.

LOLA

It won't cost you hardly anything.

HURSTWOOD

I think we could get a smaller place.

LOLA

We'll have such a good time.

HURSTWOOD

We don't need four rooms.

CARRIE

Oh, I don't know.

HURSTWOOD

There must be places around here where we could get a couple rooms.

CARRIE

To be in just two rooms with him.

HURSTWOOD

That'd do just as well.

CARRIE

Her heart revolted. Can we get it right away?

LOLA

Certainly!

CARRIE

He seemed not so much shiftless and worthless, but run-down and beaten upon by chance. His hair had a touch of gray.

HURSTWOOD

All unconscious of his doom, he rocked and read his paper while she glanced at him.

CARRIE

She thought about what she would take away with her.

SIGN: Silver perfume bottles

SIGN: Silver toilet articles

SIGN: Fancy manicure set

SIGN: Belt buckles

SIGN: Jewelry

SIGN: Lace table covers

CARRIE

All this and her clothing would fit in her trunk.

LOLA

Why don't you come over with me today?

CARRIE

I'll be there Friday.

(SHE turns to HURSTWOOD.)

CARRIE

Will you go down and get some canned peaches?

HURSTWOOD

Certainly.

CARRIE

She gave him a two-dollar bill.

HURSTWOOD

How about some asparagus too? You can cook it for dinner.

CARRIE

The winter was cold, his clothes were poor, he had no money. Would you mind loaning me the twenty dollars you mentioned?

LOLA

Of course not.

CARRIE

I want to get some other things.

LOLA

Of course you do!

(LOLA goes.)

CARRIE

She put the money in an envelope.

HURSTWOOD

When he reached the flat at half-past five, it was dark.

CARRIE

She put the letter in the envelope.

HURSTWOOD

The crackle of the green paper money was loud.

CARRIE

Dear George: I'm going away. I'm not coming back anymore. It's no use trying to keep up the flat. I can't do it. I wouldn't mind helping you, but I can't support us both. I need what little I make to pay for my clothes. I'm leaving twenty dollars. It's all I have just now. You can do whatever you like with the furniture. I won't want it. Carrie.

HURSTWOOD

He went into the front room, his bedroom, the parlor. He opened the wardrobe – no clothes of hers. Her trunk was gone. He forgot he was hungry. He found the money still in his hands. I'll get out of this. He sank down in his chair. Left me! Left me! Something colder confronted him. She needn't have gone away. I'd have got something. He sat a long while without rocking. I tried, didn't I? At midnight he was still rocking.

SCENE FIVE

SIGN: The world turns flatterer

(CARRIE and LOLA have newspapers.)

LOLA

“The part of Katisha, the country maid in The Wives of Abdul at the Broadway, heretofore played by Inez Carew, will be hereafter filled by Carrie Madenda, one of the cleverest members of the chorus.”

CARRIE

She was soon wholly free of the gloom with which her life had been weighted.

LOLA

That’s jolly. You’ll get more parts now. I had my picture in the World once.

CARRIE

Did you?

LOLA

They had a frame around it.

CARRIE

They didn’t publish my picture.

LOLA

But they will. You do better than most that get theirs in now.

CARRIE

She thought of buying a few copies of the paper, but remembered there was no one she knew well enough to send them to.

(HURSTWOOD appears.)

HURSTWOOD

In his paper he saw advertisements of men who buy out furnishings.

(A BUYER appears.)

BUYER

I give you fifty dollars.

HURSTWOOD

I paid twenty for that sideboard alone.

BUYER

Vell, I'm not puying of a department store. I haf got to make my profit.

HURSTWOOD

Alright. That stuff cost me two hundred when it was new.

BUYER

Yes, but iss not new now.

HURSTWOOD

With Carrie's twenty his seventy was all there was in the world.

BUYER

We won't be long about it.

HURSTWOOD

He put on his only hat. He knew where the cheap hotels were.

SIGN: A door to Aladdin's cave

LOLA

The Casino's got a new play going up next month. Let's try and get in that.

CARRIE

The manager had never heard of Carrie, but the notices she received had some little weight.

LOLA

See, thirty dollars a week is pretty swell, isn't it?

CARRIE

It's just the small silent part of a Quakeress.

(A THEATRE MANAGER appears.)

THEATRE MANAGER 3

That isn't bad, Miss Madenda. But frown a little more.

CARRIE

She thought it was a rebuke, and smiled.

THEATRE MANAGER 3

No, frown. Frown as you did before. Look mad. It'll make the part really funny.

CARRIE

There she was, gray-suited, sweet-faced, demure but scowling. The audience began to smile. The audience began to laugh.

LOLA

You're making a hit, Carrie.

THEATRE MANAGER 3

Miss Madenda, you and your frown seem to have taken the town by storm. There's a little matter I want to speak with you about.

CARRIE

There is?

THEATRE MANAGER 3

Of course, we want to be fair with you in the matter of salary. What's your contract here call for?

CARRIE

Thirty dollars.

THEATRE MANAGER 3

How would it do to make it, say, one hundred fifty a week and extend it for twelve months?

CARRIE

Oh... Oh... very well.

THEATRE MANAGER 3

Supposing then you just sign this.

CARRIE

She found as any millionaire found that there was no realizing the meaning of large sums.

(LOLA has another paper.)

LOLA

Carrie. Your picture.

CARRIE

One hundred and fifty dollars.

LOLA

“Miss Madenda presents one of the most delightful bits of character work ever seen at the Casino.”

CARRIE

It was only a shimmering, glittering phrase – a world of possibilities.

LOLA

“If you wish to be merry, see Carrie's frown.”

(HURSTWOOD appears with a paper.)

SIGN: The walled city

HURSTWOOD

Down in a third-rate Bleecker Street hotel, Hurstwood read the paper. “If you wish to be merry, see Carrie’s frown.” **He looked upon the dingy, moth-eaten room.** I guess she struck it. **The grim resolution of a bent but unbroken pride.**

SIGN: Mash-notes

LOLA

Look here. See what this one says.

CARRIE

Oh, there are too many to read.

LOLA

“I could give you every luxury, but I don’t want to speak of my money, only of my love for you and my wish to gratify your every desire. Will you give me one half-hour in which to plead my cause?”

CARRIE

That’s what they all say.

LOLA

Why don’t you see him?

CARRIE

I don’t know. I get kinda lonely, don’t you?

LOLA

You won’t go with anybody. That’s the matter with you.

CARRIE

I don’t want to go with these men who write to me. I don’t know what kind they are.

LOLA

They couldn’t hurt you. You might have some fun.

CARRIE

She shook her head.

LOLA

You shouldn’t be lonely. There’s lots of people who’d give their ears to be in your shoes.

CARRIE

She looked out at the passing crowd.

(HURSTWOOD appears.)

HURSTWOOD

In a dank lavatory, he counted his remaining money. After weeks of eating and sleeping, there was but ten dollars and all. By God, I've got to get something.

(MR. WITHERS appears.)

MR. WITHERS

I'm with the Wellington, the new hotel on Broadway. We have some very elegant rooms at present which we would like to have you look at. Our apartments are perfect in every detail: hot and cold water, private baths, special hall service for every floor, elevators and all that.

CARRIE

What are your rates?

MR. WITHERS

That's what I came to talk with you privately about. Our regular rates are anywhere from three to fifty dollars a day.

CARRIE

Mercy! I couldn't pay anything like that.

MR. WITHERS

I said those are our regular rates. Every hotel depends upon the repute of its patrons. A well-known actress like yourself draws attention to the hotel.

HURSTWOOD

Two more days brought him down to his last twenty cents. I'll have to get something soon.

MR. WITHERS

I want to arrange, if possible, to have you come and stop at the Wellington. You need not trouble about terms. You can come today or tomorrow, the earlier the better. We'll give you your choice of nice, light, outside rooms – the very best we have.

CARRIE

You're very kind, but I wouldn't want to—

MR. WITHERS

You needn't trouble about any of that. We can arrange everything to your satisfaction.

CARRIE

I have a roommate.

MR. WITHERS

It's up to you whom you want with you.

HURSTWOOD

Sitting in his dark room, it came down to his last fifty cents. I'm not out yet, I can get something.

LOLA

Oh, lovely!

CARRIE

White enamel. A stone tub and nickel trimmings. A beveled mirror set in the wall. Incandescent lights arranged in three places.

MR. WITHERS

Any time you find it convenient to move in, the boys will bring over your things.

CARRIE

It was such a place as she had longed dreamed of occupying.

LOLA

I guess we'd better move right away, don't you think so?

(HURSTWOOD is in the rocking chair, talking to himself.)

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood looked the part of the man about town. He was just under forty, but altogether a very acceptable individual of our great new American upper class. A manager of Hannah and Hogg's, the finest club in town, Hurstwood had his wife and two children well established on the North Side near Lincoln Park. He had a good, stout constitution, an active manner, and a horse.

(HE neighs. HE laughs. MRS. VANCE enters with a playbill.)

MRS. VANCE

Why, you little sinner! I saw your picture in the Sunday paper, and I thought it had to be you.

CARRIE

How have you been?

MRS. VANCE

I'm fine, but aren't you a success. I was almost afraid to come back here this afternoon.

CARRIE

Nonsense. You know I'd be glad to see you.

MRS. VANCE

Do you know Cousin Bob is making quite a strike out west. You remember Cousin Bob?

CARRIE

Yes.

MRS. VANCE

He's invented something or other. A new kind of light.

CARRIE

Is that so?

MRS. VANCE

He wants to open up a laboratory in New York. You must come to dinner with us.

CARRIE

After Drouet and Hurstwood, there was the least touch of cynicism in her attitude toward all men. She began to feel always a little older, though she was still young in heart and body.

SIGN: Stirred to unrest

(DROUET has appeared.)

DROUET

You don't want to work at anything like that, those girls don't get anything. You can't live on it, can you?

CARRIE

She looked back at times upon her parting from Drouet and regretted she had served him so badly.

DROUET

Remember when I told you that? Now look at you. I knew that was you, the moment I saw you.

CARRIE

She fell back a pace.

DROUET

Aren't you going to shake hands with me?

CARRIE

Charlie.

DROUET

I saw your name in the program, but I didn't remember it until you came on stage. You could've knocked me down with a feather. You've got a great show. You do your part fine.

CARRIE

How have you been?

DROUET

Me? Oh, fine. I'm here now. I got a change of branch. When did you go on the stage?

CARRIE

About three years ago.

DROUET

He gazed at her dress, her hair, her hat, into her eyes—

CARRIE

Which she avoided.

DROUET

You do look great.

CARRIE

He was not anyone she could admire, or associate with.

DROUET

I'm going to have a business of my own pretty soon. I can get backing for two hundred thousand.

CARRIE

She tried to listen.

DROUET

Say, where is Hurstwood now?

CARRIE

He's here in New York, I guess. I haven't seen him for some time.

DROUET

He mused for a moment.

CARRIE

She felt no delight.

DROUET

A man always makes a mistake, I think, when he does anything like that.

CARRIE

Like what?

DROUET

That affair in Chicago, the time he left.

CARRIE

I don't know what you're talking about.

DROUET

You knew he took ten thousand dollars with him when he left, didn't you?

CARRIE

What? You don't mean he stole the money.

DROUET

You knew that, didn't you?

CARRIE

No, of course I didn't.

DROUET

It was in all the papers.

CARRIE

How much?

DROUET

Ten thousand dollars. I hear he sent most of it back, though.

CARRIE

A new light was shining on all those years. Instead of hatred, she felt a kind of sorrow. Poor thing.

DROUET

Do you remember how nervous you were that night at the Avery?

CARRIE

She had to smile.

DROUET

I thought you and I were getting along fine in those days.

CARRIE

She tried to change the subject.

DROUET

Won't you let me tell you—

CARRIE

No.

DROUET

When do I see you again?

CARRIE

Oh, sometime, possibly. I'll be here all summer.

DROUET

It wouldn't be so difficult to enter her life again, high as she was.

CARRIE

She wondered if he'd appreciate the changes in her.

(DROUET goes, and HURSTWOOD appears.)

HURSTWOOD

She didn't recognize the shabby, baggy figure. He frightened her, edging so close.

CARRIE

A seemingly hungry stranger.

HURSTWOOD

Carrie, can I have a few words with you?

CARRIE

Why, George, what's the matter with you?

HURSTWOOD

I've been sick. For God's sake let me have a little money, will you?

CARRIE

Of course. But what's the matter with you?

HURSTWOOD

I've been sick, I told you.

CARRIE

Here. It's all I've got with me.

HURSTWOOD

I'll give it back to you someday.

CARRIE

Why don't you tell me what's the matter with you? Where are you living?

HURSTWOOD

I've got a room in the Bowery. There's no use trying to tell you here.

CARRIE

He seemed to resent her kind inquiries.

HURSTWOOD

So much better had fate dealt with her. I'm much obliged, but I won't bother you anymore.

(AMES appears.)

AMES

You didn't go into drama, after all?

CARRIE

No, I haven't so far.

AMES

You have the sort of disposition that would do well in drama.

CARRIE

That surprised her.

AMES

You are rather gloomy. All dramas have gloom.

CARRIE

I am?

AMES

Not exactly gloomy. There's another word – melancholia, sad. You always seem rather lonely.

CARRIE

She smiled.

AMES

I don't suppose you're aware of it, but there is something about your mouth and eyes that would fit you for that sort of work.

CARRIE

She was thrilled to be taken seriously – what her heart had craved for years.

AMES

I remember thinking, the first time I saw you, that your mouth looked as if you were about to cry. You probably aren't aware of it.

CARRIE

I wasn't.

AMES

The world is full of desirable situations, but, unfortunately, we can occupy but one at a time. Most people occupy one and neglect it too long for the others.

CARRIE

Had she not done that very thing, and often?

AMES

The world is always struggling to express itself. That is what genius is for.

CARRIE

Yes.

AMES

Turn to drama. It will make your powers last.

CARRIE

She could have kissed his hands.

AMES

What are we, you and I? We don't know where we came from nor where we're going. Tomorrow you might die and dissolve and I could search high and low in all the winds and waters and not find you.

CARRIE

She gazed on into his eyes.

AMES

Some people are born with something in them the world needs, or they wouldn't be where they are.

CARRIE

Not money – not clothes – not applause—

AMES

Well, I'll see you more of you possibly.

CARRIE

I hope so.

AMES

Good night.

CARRIE

The old mournful Carrie – the desirous Carrie – unsatisfied— Good night.

(But HE's gone.)

SIGN: Driftwood upon a stormy shore

(HURSTWOOD is begging in a crowd.)

HURSTWOOD

Give me a little something, will you, mister...? — Mister...? —For God's sake, I'm starving!

MAN

I'll give you nothin'.

HURSTWOOD

That's right. I'm no good now. I was alright.

ANOTHER

Shuffle off!

HURSTWOOD

God damned dog! Damned old cur! I hired people like you once!

(Behind him, the life-size lithograph advertisement blazes:
Carrie in a dramatic pose. HE painfully reaches a hand up to
the poster.)

HURSTWOOD

She owes me something to eat. **She owes it to me.**

(HE tries to move to the poster but trips and falls in the
snow.)

HURSTWOOD

A fine, picking, whipping snow.

(DROUET and a MAN appear from the crowd.)

DROUET

Why hello, Harry. How are you?

HARRY

Oh, I've just been thinking where I'd go tonight.

DROUET

Come with me. I can introduce you to something dead swell.

HARRY

Who is it?

DROUET

I met a girl and her sister last week, over here in 40th Street. We could have a dandy time.

HARRY

They're all that, eh?

(DROUET looks toward CARRIE.)

DROUET

Ah, what a prize...

(ALL but CARRIE, LOLA, and HURSTWOOD drift away through the following.)

CARRIE

Isn't it bad?

LOLA

Terrible. I hope it snows enough to go sleigh riding.

CARRIE

Aren't you sorry for the people who haven't got anything?

LOLA

Of course I am, but what can I do? People never gave me anything when I was hard up.

CARRIE

Isn't it just awful.

LOLA

Look at that man over there. How sheepish men look when they fall, don't they?

CARRIE

I don't believe I'll stay in comedy so very much longer.

LOLA

Oh, why not?

CARRIE

I think I can do better in a serious play.

LOLA

What put that idea in your head?

CARRIE

Oh, nothing. I've always thought so.

LOLA

Shall I put on some tea?

CARRIE

She studied the winter's storm.

(LOLA is gone, leaving only HURSTWOOD and CARRIE, who remove their clothes throughout the following. THEY finish in basic layers. CARRIE might return her clothes to the trunk. SHE might stand with one foot in it.)

CARRIE

Oh, blind strivings of the human heart!

HURSTWOOD

Hurstwood dragged himself to the Bowery, laid down his fifteen cents, and crept off to his weary room.

CARRIE

Onward, onward, the heart says, and where beauty leads, there it follows.

HURSTWOOD

A small gas-jet furnished sufficient light for so rueful a corner.

CARRIE

The heart knows and gives an answer.

HURSTWOOD

Hmph! He tucked his coat along the crack under the door.

CARRIE

It's when the feet weary and hope seems vain that the heartaches and the longings arise.

HURSTWOOD

He turned the gas on and pulled off his cracked shoes. When the odor of the gas reached his nostrils, he fumbled for the bed.

CARRIE

Know, then, that for you is neither glut nor gladness.

HURSTWOOD

He stretched himself to rest. What's the use?

CARRIE

In your rocking-chair, by your window dreaming, shall you long, alone.

HURSTWOOD

What's the use?

(HE's gone.)

CARRIE

In your rocking-chair, by your window, shall you dream such happiness as you may never feel.

SIGN: Carrie rocks

SIGN: Carrie rocks

SIGN: Carrie rocks

(SHE rocks in the chair or stands still, in absolute silence, while one final sign is seen.)

SIGN: Carrie

(End of play.)

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