

# HALF A SIXPENCE

*from the novel "KIPPS" by H. G. Wells*

*Book by Beverley Cross*

*Music and Lyrics by David Heneker*

*New Version by Warner Brown*

LIBRETTO



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HALF A SIXPENCE

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Lyrics for '*A Normal Working Day*', '*My Heart's Out There (What  
Should I Feel?)*', '*This Is It*', '*Be Determined*', '*The Cricket Match*',  
'*No Need Of Economy*', '*Finesse*', '*That's What Money's For*' and  
'*What Should I Feel?*' by WARNER BROWN

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# HALF A SIXPENCE

## Characters

KIPPS

SID

BUGGINS

PEARCE

KATE

VICTORIA

FLO

SHALFORD

MRS WALSINGHAM

HELEN

ANN

YOUNG WALSINGHAM

CHITTERLOW

LAURA

Plus ENSEMBLE, who play:

YOUNG KIPPS, YOUNG ANN, COACHMAN, ORPHANAGE MAID, SHOPBOYS, SHOPGIRLS, CUSTOMERS, TOWNSPEOPLE, CHILDREN, PARENTS, ICE-CREAM SELLER, VENDORS, PIERROTS, GENTLEMAN, LADY, PUB REGULARS, SHOWGIRLS, TUMBLERS, STAGEHANDS, DRESSERS, MUSICIANS, BANJO PLAYER, STUDENTS, JEREMIAH, EDITH, CONCERT-GOERS, CONCERT-GOERS' CHILDREN, DECKCHAIR ATTENDANT, GROUNDSMEN, TWO CRICKET UMPIRES, MAYOR, LADY MAYORESS, COMMITTEE MEMBERS, GENTLEMEN'S CRICKET TEAM, WORKING BOYS' CRICKET TEAM, VENDORS, CARRUTHERS, BALL GUESTS, TOASTMASTER, THE DUCHESS, WAITER, WAITING STAFF, NEWSPAPER REPORTER, PHOTOGRAPHER, KIDS, GWENDOLIN, BOY, GIRL

KIPPS is an apprentice shopman, 'a simple soul'. Of his fellow apprentices, PEARCE is the dandy, SID the Socialist and BUGGINS the pessimist.

The action is set in Folkestone in the early years of the twentieth century.

# Musical Numbers

## ACT ONE

1. Prelude and Underscore (*Instrumental*)
2. A Normal Working Day (*Kipps, Sid, Buggins, Pearce, Kate, Victoria, Flo, Company*)
- 2a. A Normal Working Day Play-Off (*Instrumental*)
- 2b. Scene Change (*Instrumental*)
3. All In The Cause Of Economy (*Buggins, Pearce, Kipps, Sid*)
- 3a. Underscore (*Instrumental*)
4. Half A Sixpence (*Kipps, Ann*)
5. My Heart's Out There (What Should I Feel?) (*Kipps*)
6. This Is It (*Chitterlow, Kipps*)
- 6a. Underscore (*Instrumental*)
7. Money To Burn (*Kipps, Laura, Sid, Buggins, Pearce, Company*)
- 7a. Scene Change (into Evening Class) (*Instrumental*)
8. Be Determined (*Helen, Kipps, Students*)
- 8a. Underscore (*Instrumental*)
- 8b. Scene Change (*Instrumental*)
9. I Don't Believe A Word Of It (*Ann, Flo, Victoria, Kate*)
- 9a. Underscore (*Instrumental*)
10. A Proper Gentleman (*Shopworkers, Kipps*)
- 10a. Underscore (*Instrumental*)
11. Too Far Above Me (*Kipps, Ann*)
12. If The Rain's Got To Fall (*Kipps, Children, Lady Concert-Goers, Company*)
13. The Cricket Match (*Company*)
14. If The Rain's Got To Fall (Reprise)(*Company*)

## ACT TWO

15. No Need Of Economy (*Sid, Pearce, Buggins, Flo, Victoria, Kate*)
16. The One Who's Run Away (*Kipps, Chitterlow*)
- 16a. Masked Ball (*Instrumental*)
17. Finesse (*Mrs Walsingham, Young Walsingham, Helen*)
18. Long Ago (*Ann, Kipps*)
19. Flash, Bang, Wallop! (*Kipps, Company*)
20. I Know What I Am (*Ann*)
21. That's What Money's For (*Kipps, Pearce, Buggins, Sid, Company*)
22. What Should I Feel? (*Kipps*)
23. Half A Sixpence (Reprise) (*Kipps, Ann*)
24. All In The Cause Of Economy (Reprise) (*Buggins, Sid, Pearce, Flo, Victoria, Kate, Kipps*)
25. A Normal Working Day (Reprise) (*Kipps, Anne*)
26. Walkdown (Bows / Flash, Bang, Wallop!) (*Kipps, Company*)



# HALF A SIXPENCE

## ACT ONE

### Music No. 1: PRELUDE AND UNDERSCORE

*(As the Prelude is about to reach its climax, KIPPS (as his older self) appears in a pool of LIGHT.)*

KIPPS *(Out front.)* This is it, then – the end of the world. The end of my world, at least. *(He pulls a broken coin from his waistcoat pocket.)* A broken heart and a broken sixpence: how did it get to this? Well . . . I suppose you could say I got a story. I'll tell it to you, if you like! Having said that, I'm not very good when it comes to words.

*(LIGHT is rising in a separate area.)*

Pictures! That's what we need – pictures!

*(The LIGHT reveals the YOUNG KIPPS.)*

There I am – me as a nipper! Good-looking lad, ain't I? Bag all packed and ready for the off. But 'old on – there's something wrong. There wasn't just me. There was somebody else.

*(HE crosses and steps into the picture; trying, as it were, to re-arrange the shadows into a person. And then SHE is there – the YOUNG ANN.)*

Ah – there she is . . . that's better. This is . . . well, you'll find out all about this one before we go much further.

*(HE turns to face them, as the YOUNG KIPPS pulls a broken coin from his shirt pocket.)*

*(In wonder.)* Ten years old.

*(HE speaks the words of his younger self, the YOUNG ANN being too overcome to say anything at all.)*

I . . . I gotta go, but here – take this. It’s a sixpence . . . sawn in two. ‘What good’s a broken sixpence?’ you might ask, but I tell you – it ain’t broken. It’s sawn. And I did it. I did it so you could have half and I could have half. It’s called a token – to remember each other by. You look at your half and I look at mine and . . .

(A COACHMAN *hovers behind the YOUNG KIPPS now, an ORPHANAGE MAID behind the YOUNG ANN.*)

COACHMAN Time to go, young mister.

KIPPS (*Still voicing for the boy.*) I ain’t very good at writin’. Letters and all. So if I don’t . . .

COACHMAN Gotta be on our way. (*He starts to drag him off.*)

KIPPS (*For the boy.*) If I don’t . . . look at your half a sixpence.

(*Now the ORPHANAGE MAID is dragging the YOUNG ANN off too.*)

Ann . . . ANN! Just look at your half a sixpence and . . .

(*Both are disappearing.*)

. . . and it’ll be all right.

(*HE turns back to us, his thoughts still distant.*)

That was in the land of long ago. Now . . .

(*The OVERTURE resumes.*)

. . . well, now I’m all grown up and in a right pickle. I’ve just learned my lesson, you see. But I think it’s too late.

(*HE smiles.*)

I’m gettin’ ahead o’ myself. Let’s paint another picture. Mr Shalford’s Drapery Emporium and Fancy Goods Bazaar!

(*As HE speaks, the shop is forming around him.*)



Though I didn't know it, that's where I was bein' carted off to  
– with not much of a say in the matter. Hence the need for the  
sixpence – the sixpence sawn in half.

*(HE is having to shout now to make himself heard.)*

A story! I promised you a story! Well, you shall have one.  
Beginning, middle and . . . we'll have to see about the end.

*(The OVERTURE builds to climax, as KIPPS turns to step into –*

**Mr. Shalford's Drapery Emporium and Fancy Goods Bazaar.**

*SID, BUGGINS, PEARCE and the SHOPBOYS are preparing the store for  
the working day.)*

**Music No. 2: A NORMAL WORKING DAY**

ALL

HERE COMES A NORMAL WORKING DAY  
NO GENTLE NINE-TO-FIVE  
WE SLAVE THE HOURS AWAY  
UP AT DAWN WITH THE RISING LIGHT  
DON'T KNOCK OFF 'TIL THE DEAD OF NIGHT  
NO MORE THAN A NORMAL WORKING, NORMAL WORKING,  
ANOTHER NORMAL WORKING DAY

HEIGH-HO A NORMAL WORKING DAY  
IT MAKES NO DIFFERENCE IF  
IT'S JANU'RY OR MAY  
RUB AND SCRUB 'TIL YOUR KNUCKLES BLEED  
ALL WE'RE GETTIN' IS CHICKEN FEED  
NO MORE FOR A NORMAL WORKING DAY

*(KATE, VICTORIA, FLO and the SHOPGIRLS come in from outside.)*

KATE

A GIRL HAD BEST AVOID  
THE BEGGING-BOWL

VICTORIA  
 BY SELLING, SAY, A VEST  
 OR CAMISOLE

FLO  
 A WORLD OF BOW-AND-SCRAPE  
 WAS NOT MY GOAL

GIRLS  
 BUT PLEASE TAKE THIS FACT ON TRUST  
 WE HAVE TO EARN OUR DAILY CRUST . . .

ALL  
 NO BREAK IN A NORMAL WORKING DAY  
 WE'LL DIE IN HARNESS LIKE  
 SOME POOR OLD BREWER'S DREY  
 RINSE YOUR MOP IN A RUSTY PAIL  
 TOTE THAT BARGE AND LIFT THAT BALE  
 ONE STORE ON A NORMAL WORKING . . .

KIPPS                   *(Whistling.)* Oi – 'e's due!

*(Dustsheets are removed, blinds pulled up, dress-dummies positioned, as the MUSIC builds for SHALFORD's entrance. At the last minute, PEARCE unlocks the door to admit the proprietor, a forbidding figure in a black top hat.)*

ALL                   *(Parrot-fashion.)* Good morning, Mr Shalford.

*(THEY line up for inspection, KIPPS taking SHALFORD's hat. MUSIC continues.)*

SHALFORD           *(Moving along the line.)* Miss Bates . . .

FLO                   *(Curtseying.)* Yes, Mr Shalford?

SHALFORD           Too many curls. You're not here to look pretty, you know. It makes the customers nervous.

FLO                   Yes, Mr Shalford.

SHALFORD           Pearce . . . *(He sniffs.)*

PEARCE Yes, Mr Shalford?

SHALFORD Too much brilliantine.

PEARCE Yes, Mr Shalford.

SHALFORD Buggins . . .

BUGGINS Yes, Mr Shalford?

SHALFORD What's the golden rule?

BUGGINS Customer's always right, Mr Shalford.

KIPPS *(Moving into place; out front.)* This is Mr Shalford.

*(During the following, a flood of CUSTOMERS enter. The SHOPWORKERS attend to their various needs.)*

KIPPS  
ROLL ON A NORMAL WORKING DAY  
WHO'D DO THE THINGS WE DO  
TO EARN A PAUPER'S PAY?

KATE  
TACK THE HEM OF A MUSLIN FROCK

VICTORIA  
DROP A STITCH AND YOUR PAY HE'LL DOCK

ALL  
ONE CHORE IN A NORMAL WORKING DAY  
FA LA LA LA LA  
FA LA LA LA LA  
FA LA LA LA LA

*(MRS WALSINGHAM, HELEN WALSINGHAM and YOUNG WALSINGHAM enter the shop, very aware (mother and son, at least) of their social standing.)*

SHOPWORKERS  
FA LA LA . . . A NORMAL WORKING DAY

COME SEE OUR BETTERS ALL  
REVEALED WITH FEET OF CLAY

KIPPS

WHAT A SHOCK THAT THEY'RE NOT TOO NICE  
HAGGLIN' OVER THE BLOOMIN' PRICE

SHOPWORKERS

ONE FLAW IN A NORMAL WORKING DAY

*(MUSIC continues.)*

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM

I would like to see what you have in the way of curtain material.  
And I want something more satisfactory than the last selection you  
sold me. Not only did they fade in the sun, they also had a fatal  
fascination for the moth.

SHALFORD

Kipps!

KIPPS

Sir!

SHALFORD

Attend to Mrs Walsingham. *(Sotto voce.)* One more complaint  
today – and I'll dock the lot of you.

SHOPWORKERS

FED UP WITH A NORMAL WORKING DAY  
WE WISH THAT WE COULD BE  
SOMEWHERE THAT'S FAR AWAY  
FAR AWAY FROM THE RAVES AND RANTS  
FAR AWAY FROM THE OLD MEN'S PANTS  
OH LOR' A NORMAL WORKING DAY

CUSTOMERS

WE'VE MADE A LOT OF FUSS  
SO NOW IT'S CLEAR  
THAT WE'RE THE ONES  
WHO TRULY MATTER HERE  
WE'VE THROWN OUR  
WEIGHT ABOUT SUFFICIENTLY  
SO UNDERLINGS WILL KNOW  
JUST HOW FAR THEY MAY GO

ALL

AND SO IT'S . . .

ONCE MORE A NORMAL WORKING . . .

OH LOR' A NORMAL WORKING . . .

FOOTSORE FOR A NORMAL WORKING DAY

ENCORE A NORMAL WORKING DAY

**Music No. 2a: A NORMAL WORKING DAY PLAY-OFF**

*(At the end of the number, the CUSTOMERS leave, PEARCE shutting up shop behind them. But SHALFORD confronts his workers.)*

- SHALFORD           Shambles! Utter shambles!
- SID                   I . . . I thought we did rather well, Mr Shalford.
- SHALFORD           Well?? Well!? You would think that, wouldn't you? I hear you've been attending meetings.
- VICTORIA           *(Innocent-like.)* Meetings?
- SHALFORD           Socialist meetings. And reading newspapers. Socialist newspapers.
- SID                   My free time's my own.
- SHALFORD           Not when you're an apprentice, boy. So, don't let me catch you spreading any of that muck in my shop. Or reading any of that filth in my time. Is that clear?
- SID                   Perfectly, Mr Shalford.
- SHALFORD           I've got my eye on you. Dismissed!
- (KIPPS is sneaking away, but –)*
- Kipps!
- KIPPS                *(Turning back.)* Mr Shalford?
- SHALFORD           How long have you been here now?
- KIPPS                *(Under his breath.)* An eternity.
- SHALFORD           What was that?
- KIPPS                I said 'Paternity', sir. You're like a father to us all.
- SHALFORD           I'll tell you how long you've been here. Longer than any of the others. Longer by a good chalk. Why might that be, d'you think, Kipps?

PEARCE *(Under his breath.)* 'Cos he's the oldest apprentice in the business.

SHALFORD Because you won't learn – that's why. What's the secret of the successful draper?

KIPPS Fishency, sir.

SHALFORD What else?

KIPPS Fishency, System, Economy, sir.

SHALFORD And don't you forget it. Especially Economy.

**Music No. 2b: SCENE CHANGE**

*(Around them, the Emporium is disappearing, as we are taken into –*

**The Basement.**

PEARCE, SID *and* BUGGINS *are getting ready for a night out, but*  
KIPPS *sits on his bed.*

BUGGINS That was the 'ardest day's work I've ever done.

PEARCE Never mind. Day's over – time to hit the town.

BUGGINS I tell you, we're in a blessed drainpipe and we've got to crawl along it 'til we die.

SID Doesn't have to be. It isn't always going to be like this.

ALL 'Come the Revolution . . . '

SID You may well laugh.

PEARCE That's what we want to do, Sid. Laugh. Laugh and forget about old Shalford with his . . .

**Music No. 3: ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY**

KIPPS  
SYSTEM

BUGGINS  
FISHENCY

SID  
SYSTEM

PEARCE  
FISHENCY

ALL  
ECONOMY

*(KIPPS gets up from his bed.)*

KIPPS  
HE GIVES US TEA BUT IT'S HALVED AND QUARTERED

ALL  
ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

PEARCE  
THE BEER IS FREE BUT THE BEER IS WATERED

ALL  
ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

BUGGINS  
AND AS FOR OUR COMFORTS HE DOES HIS BIT  
EACH NIGHT IN THE BASEMENT HE LETS US SIT

ALL  
BY A LOVELY GREAT FIRE THAT AIN'T BEEN LIT  
ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

*(PEARCE, BUGGINS and SID struggle for places in front of the mirror.)*

KIPPS  
THE GAS PIPES LEAK AND THERE AIN'T NO PLUMBIN'

ALL  
ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

BUGGINS

OUR PAY EACH WEEK IS A LONG TIME COMIN'

ALL

ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

SID

IN WINTER WE PERISH TO SAVE HIS COAL

KIPPS

AND EVEN ON SUNDAYS HE TAKES HIS TOLL

ALL

WHEN HE SENDS US TO CHURCH TO SAVE HIS SOUL

ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

*(PEARCE is spending ages at the glass. SID and BUGGINS push him out of the way.)*

SID

AT HOME HE LIVES LIKE A MEAN OLD CODGER

ALL

ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

PEARCE

THERE AIN'T NO ROOM BUT HE TAKES A LODGER

ALL

ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

BUGGINS

AND AS FOR 'IS MISSUS FROM WHAT ONE 'EARS

PEARCE

SHE SITS ALL ALONE THERE IN FLOODS OF TEARS

KIPPS

'COS SHE AIN'T HAD A *(Pause.)* KISS IN FORTY . . .

ALL

. . . FORTY YEARS



ALL IN THE CAUSE  
 ALL IN THE CAUSE  
 ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

*(And the three are dressed and ready to go. But –)*

SID *(Turning back.)* What about you, Arthur? Why do you never come with us?

KIPPS I'm not very good with girls.

BUGGINS Neither is Sid, but it don't stop 'im.

KIPPS Besides . . . besides, I can't come with you tonight 'cos . . . 'cos I've got a 'ppointment.

PEARCE Who with?

KIPPS Never you mind.

BUGGINS It's her, ain't it? Her who writes you them letters.

SID What letters?

BUGGINS The ones he keeps under his pillow.

KIPPS I don't keep no . . .

*(HE has dived to retrieve the letters from under his pillow, but BUGGINS is too quick for him.)*

BUGGINS *(Grabbing the letters.)* What are these, then? Scotch mist?

KIPPS Them's private.

BUGGINS Kipps has got a sweetheart! Kipps has got a sweetheart!

KIPPS She's not a . . .

PEARCE What is she, then?

*(Pause.)*

KIPPS Well, ANN and me . . .

ALL Ann!

KIPPS She's . . . we was orphans together. Before I was packed off here. I ain't seen her since we were kiddies, but she writes. She writes every month.

BUGGINS Every month? That's serious.

KIPPS Thing is – she's here. In Folkestone. And I'm meeting her on the Promenade. Tonight.

SID But how will you recognise her?

KIPPS Easy. She'll be the pretty one.

BUGGINS Pretty desperate.

**Music No. 3a: UNDERSCORE**

*(Behind them, the Basement begins to dissolve.)*

PEARCE *(With real concern.)* What if she's grown up a gorgon?

KIPPS She won't have.

PEARCE What if she don't recognise you?

*(A moment's pause, then KIPPS is alone. Behind him, the **Promenade** is forming.)*

KIPPS *(Out front.)* I 'ad to admit it – he 'ad a point. We weren't young 'uns anymore. A lot o' water 'ad passed under both our bridges since . . . well, that was long ago and this was now. I was meeting a stranger – and I'd never been very good with strangers. All things considered, I decided to give it a miss.

*(By now, HE is out on **The Promenade**. HE turns to leave – only to find himself face-to-face with ANN. SHE is pert and pretty, and not lacking in confidence.)*

ANN Artie, is that you?

(KIPPS *looks about himself*.)

You! Are you Artie? It is you.

KIPPS (*Diffident*.) Oh, it's me all right.

ANN (*Coming to him*.) I would've recognised you anywhere.

KIPPS Would you . . . Ann?

ANN Yes. Would you me? I mean, did you? Recognise me?

KIPPS I was 'opeful.

ANN Well, here I am. (*Pause*.) In Folkestone.

KIPPS Why?

ANN Why what, Artie?

KIPPS Why are you here? In Folkestone?

ANN Silly, I came to be with you.

KIPPS Me?

ANN Don't know anybody else here.

KIPPS But 'ow will you keep yourself?

ANN Bit o' this. Bit o' that. I'll fall on me feet.

KIPPS But where are you stopping?

ANN Young Ladies' Christian place. They're ever so nice.

KIPPS But what will you do?

ANN That's easy. I'll be your girl. (*Pause*.) That was what you meant, wasn't it? When you gave me that half sixpence.

KIPPS I . . .

ANN                    Only with you never writing and all. Why did you never write, Artie?

KIPPS                 I . . .

ANN                    Doesn't matter. We're here together now.

KIPPS                 Aye.

*(SHE takes his arm. THEY stare out to sea.)*

*TOWNSPEOPLE appear – smartly dressed and out for an evening stroll; CHILDREN with PARENTS; an ICECREAM SELLER; VENDORS and PIERROTS from the end-of-the-pier. It is a jolly atmosphere – but KIPPS and ANN are stuck for words.)*

KIPPS                 So . . . what do we do now, then?

**Music No. 4: HALF A SIXPENCE**

ANN                    Dunno.

*(KIPPS looks over his shoulder. He sees a GENTLEMAN kissing a LADY.)*

KIPPS                 *(Turning back.)* Should I kiss yer?

ANN                    Kissing's soft. *(She looks at him, seeing he's hurt.)* You're clever, you know, you are.

KIPPS                 Me?

ANN                    Knowing about them tokens.

KIPPS                 Tokens?

ANN                    You are a man of the world.

*(KIPPS thinks for a moment, then his chest swells with pride.)*

KIPPS  
IT SAYS IN THE SUNDAY PAPERS  
WHAT LOVERS' TOKENS ARE

THERE'S AMULETS AND TALISMANS  
LIKE A RING OR A LUCKY STAR  
HEAR TELL THAT 'ARF A SOVEREIGN  
IS A THING THEY USE A LOT  
BUT SIXPENCE IS THE ONLY THING I GOT

*(Unexpectedly, HE removes his from his waistcoat pocket. Not to be  
beaten, SHE takes hers from her handkerchief.)*

STILL . . .  
'ARF A SIXPENCE  
IS BETTER THAN 'ARF A PENNY  
IS BETTER THAN 'ARF A FARTHING  
IS BETTER THAN NONE  
IT'S A TOKEN OF  
OUR ETERNAL LOVE  
WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY  
TOUCH IT EVERY DAY

AND THOUGH THAT 'ARF A SIXPENCE  
CAN ONLY MEAN 'ARF A ROMANCE  
REMEMBER THAT 'ARF A ROMANCE  
IS BETTER THAN NONE

BUT WHEN I'M WITH YOU  
ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO  
AND LIKEWISE  
TWO 'ARF SIXPENCES JOINED TOGETHER MAKE ONE

KIPPS / ANN  
'ARF A SIXPENCE  
IS BETTER THAN 'ARF A PENNY  
IS BETTER THAN 'ARF A FARTHING  
IS BETTER THAN NONE  
IT'S A TOKEN OF  
OUR ETERNAL LOVE  
WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY  
TOUCH IT EVERY DAY

AND THOUGH THAT 'ARF A SIXPENCE  
CAN ONLY MEAN 'ARF A ROMANCE  
REMEMBER THAT 'ARF A ROMANCE  
IS BETTER THAN NONE

BUT WHEN I'M WITH YOU  
ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO  
AND LIKEWISE  
TWO 'ARF SIXPENCES JOINED TOGETHER MAKE ONE

*(Dance Break.)*

AND THOUGH THAT 'ARF A SIXPENCE  
CAN ONLY MEAN 'ARF A ROMANCE  
REMEMBER THAT 'ARF A ROMANCE  
IS BETTER THAN NONE

BUT WHEN I'M WITH YOU  
ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO  
AND LIKEWISE  
TWO 'ARF SIXPENCES JOINED TOGETHER MAKE ONE

LA LA LA LA  
JOINED TOGETHER MAKE ONE  
LA LA LA LA  
JOINED TOGETHER MAKE . . .

*(Suddenly THEY are frozen in a pale LIGHT. KIPPS remains looking at ANN but, distant, still in his eyeline, HELEN now stands. SHE is the picture of elegance, with a calm, intellectual face. SHE wears her hair in a style adapted from a painting by Rosetti. SHE is slender and tall.*

*LIGHT fades on the Promenade – and ANN – as it rises on the **Emporium** – and HELEN.*

*HELEN stands with her mother, her pompous brother and SHALFORD and the SHOPWORKERS. KIPPS walks into the scene with them.)*

MRS W'HAM

Home, Helen dear. We've done enough shopping for today.

- SHALFORD                    Goodnight, Mrs Walsingham. So pleased to have been of assistance. Goodnight, Miss Walsingham. Goodnight, Mr Walsingham.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM                (*Drawing him to one side.*) Ah, Shalford. A word in your ear.
- SHALFORD                    Certainly. (*He turns.*) Kipps – the door!
- (*KIPPS opens the door.*)
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM                It's about these evening classes at the Town Hall. Perhaps you've heard of our little venture. The Young Persons Association, don't you know?
- (*MRS WALSINGHAM leaves, but HELEN turns back.*)
- HELEN                         Thank you so much.
- KIPPS                         Goodnight, miss.
- (*HELEN goes. PEARCE follows, carrying parcels, but HE turns in the doorway too.*)
- PEARCE                        (*Imitating HELEN.*) Thank you so much.
- (*HE goes off through the door. KIPPS closes it behind him, draws the blinds and adjusts clothes on some tailor's dummies.*)
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM                Well, now, we're anxious to keep the working classes off the streets – so we catch 'em young and send 'em to evening school. Teach 'em woodwork and pottery and useful things with their hands.
- SHALFORD                    Very commendable.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM                Quite. So, we wondered if you'd like to show a lead here, Shalford.
- SHALFORD                    Me?
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM                You're an enlightened employer.
- (*KIPPS looks to heaven.*)
- So perhaps one of your apprentices might like to volunteer?

*(Suddenly all the SHOPWORKERS dart behind the counters. Only KIPPS is left standing.)*

SHALFORD Oh yes, of course. *(He leers across at KIPPS.)* Wouldn't they . . . Arthur?

KIPPS Sir?

SHALFORD Volunteer.

KIPPS What for?

SHALFORD *(Aside to KIPPS, his voice a lot less posh.)* Useful things with your hands.

KIPPS But I've got a 'ppointment.

SHALFORD *(Aside.)* It'll keep. *(Then back to YOUNG WALSINGHAM, posh voice again.)* This young man . . . Arthur Kipps here . . . has just volunteered, Mr Walsingham.

YOUNG W'HAM Excellent. He can start tonight. My sister's class.

KIPPS Miss Walsingham?

YOUNG W'HAM She's just graduated from London University.

KIPPS In woodwork?

YOUNG W'HAM English Literature.

KIPPS *(Under his breath.)* Load of hocum.

SHALFORD What was that?

KIPPS I said 'She's nicely-spoken'.

SHALFORD You'll attend class tonight. Tidy up. Lock up . . .

KIPPS Er . . .

SHALFORD . . . and shut up. And then you can find your way to . . .

YOUNG W'HAM . . . to the Town Hall. The class is in the Arts and Crafts Room.



(SHALFORD *receives his hat from KIPPS, takes YOUNG WALSINGHAM'S arm and leads him to the door.*)

SHALFORD           A willing lad, Mr Walsingham. But, then, all my young people are willing. We have a very nice relationship here between employer and staff. A father . . . I treat 'em just like a father.

(SHALFORD *and YOUNG WALSINGHAM go out together into the street. The SHOPWORKERS re-appear.*)

KIPPS                *(To himself.)* What about Ann?

BUGGINS / FLO     'Night, Artie!

KATE                Thought you were meeting Ann.

KIPPS                So did I . . .

VICTORIA           You see you treat her right.

KIPPS                . . . but after this I got to go woodworking.

SID                  What?

KIPPS                Somethin' useful with me 'ands. If you see Ann . . .

PEARCE / VICTORIA 'Night!

KIPPS                If you see Ann . . .

SHOPWORKERS     'Night, Artie!

*(And THEY have all gone.)*

*Alone, KIPPS can't help his mind wandering to that place on the Promenade by the penny-in-the-slot telescope.)*

**Music No. 5: MY HEART'S OUT THERE (WHAT SHOULD I FEEL?)**

KIPPS  
FEELING THE BREEZE ON MY FACE  
WATCHING THE SEA FROM THE SHORE  
MY HEART'S OUT THERE

STANDING SO CLOSE TO MY GIRL  
SHE WHO I'LL GROW TO ADORE  
MY HEART'S OUT THERE

THIS AIN'T RIGHT SO IT MUST BE WRONG  
OUT THERE'S WHERE I BELONG THERE WITH HER

*(In a separate LIGHT, ANN is seen waiting for KIPPS on the prom. All KIPPS sees, though, is a tailor's dummy, in lady's clothing. HE addresses his sung lines to this.)*

FEELING THE TOUCH OF HER HAND  
CATCHING THE SPARK FROM HER EYE  
MY HEART'S OUT THERE

HOPIN' A KISS COMES ALONG  
LEARNING THAT LOVE AIN'T A LIE  
MY HEART'S OUT THERE

AND I LONG TO BELONG TO HER  
RIGHT WON'T BE WRONG WITH HER NOW

*(LIGHT fades on ANN. KIPPS has moved to bolt the shop door. Suddenly now, though, the door bursts open, pinning him behind it.)*

*CHITTERLOW has entered. Dressed in knickerbockers – with a Norfolk jacket, deerstalker hat and gauntlet gloves – there is no mistaking the fact that he's a 'theatrical'.)*

CHITTERLOW           Shop! I say: shop!

*(The door swings to – revealing KIPPS splayed against the wall – but CHITTERLOW does not notice him.)*

Look, I know I'm a bit late, but . . .

*(HE has made his way towards the counter, where he lifts the wooden flap.)*

KIPPS                   *(Lunging forward.)* Hey – you can't go in there! In there's private!

- CHITTERLOW            My dear young fellow, I'm most awfully . . .  
*(HE turns, dropping the flap on KIPPS's arm.)*
- KIPPS                    Ow!
- CHITTERLOW            I say – you aren't hurt, are you, matey?  
*(In his anxiety, HE catches hold of the tailor's dummy, spinning it off its position. KIPPS goes to grab it, but it has a forward motion all its own.)*  
*The dummy takes KIPPS careering around the shop.)*  
Disastrous! What an entrance!
- KIPPS                    I'm seein' stars.
- CHITTERLOW            No, alas. Just a supporting player.
- KIPPS                    Eh?
- CHITTERLOW            I'm an actor, laddie. And a playwright.
- KIPPS                    Don't get much call for actors round 'ere, I'm afraid.
- CHITTERLOW            You can say that again. Still, I am appearing for a pittance at your pantheon of pantomime, performance and perfectly-perfumed pulchritude.
- KIPPS                    Where's that, then?
- CHITTERLOW            The Pavilion. Your local playhouse.
- KIPPS                    Never 'ad much call to . . .
- CHITTERLOW            It's a mixed bill, I fear. Terpsichory, tumbling and Tchekov. My contribution's in the latter category.
- KIPPS                    *(Clutching it.)* Oh, me arm!
- CHITTERLOW            *(Extending a hand.)* I hardly know what to . . .

KIPPS I suppose accidents will happen.

*(Gingerly, HE shakes CHITTERLOW's hand.)*

CHITTERLOW Knickerbockers!

KIPPS There's no call for language.

CHITTERLOW I came to purchase knickerbockers. But now they are of no concern. I caused you injury. I must make it up to you.

KIPPS Worse things happen at sea, sir.

CHITTERLOW A tot of the Old Methusulah! That might bring the colour back!

KIPPS Old who?

CHITTERLOW Methusulah whiskey, don't you know? Best there is.

KIPPS Thanks . . . but I've got a 'gagement.

CHITTERLOW Ah, ah! A young lady?

KIPPS No . . . now, now. Education, actually. Evening class.

CHITTERLOW Some other time, then. Anyway – glad to meet you. You took those biffs like a gent. The name's 'Chitterlow'. 'Harry' to you. 'Harry' to everyone – including Sir Henry.

KIPPS Sir Henry?

CHITTERLOW The Guv'nor. Old Henry Irving – best theatrical manager there is.

KIPPS *(Impressed.)* And you know 'im?

CHITTERLOW Shall we say he knows me? My plays. Not that I've had any done, of course. But soon, old man . . . very soon. Got one now that will make their hair stand on end.

KIPPS Very pleased to meet you, Mr Chitterlow. I'm Kipps . . .

CHITTERLOW Cheerio!

- KIPPS . . . Arthur Kipps.
- CHITTERLOW (*Double take.*) Who?
- KIPPS Arthur Kipps.
- CHITTERLOW You sure?
- KIPPS Was the last time I looked, sir.
- CHITTERLOW Well, blow me down. That's about the thickest coincidence I ever struck. Here. This afternoon. This very afternoon I put you into a play. You're the man who kisses the girl in the second act.
- KIPPS I never kissed nobody.
- CHITTERLOW (*Taking a newspaper from his pocket.*) You know what I did? I went down the personal column and every blessed name that seemed to fit my play I took. I don't believe in made-up names. I'm all with Zola on that. Here we are . . . 'If Arthur Kipps, only son of Margaret Euphemia Kipps . . . '
- KIPPS 'Ere – that's me! (*He takes the paper and continues reading, if a little hesitantly.*) . . . born on September the first 1870, will communicate with Messrs Watson and Bean, he may hear something to his advantage.'

**Music No. 6: THIS IS IT**

- I don't understand. What does it mean?
- CHITTERLOW It means, so far as I can make out, that you're going to strike it rich. Biff! You're there! You're about as right side up as a billiard ball. All you have to do is to go to Watson and Bean and get it.
- KIPPS Get what?
- CHITTERLOW Whatever it is.
- KIPPS But what do you think it is?
- CHITTERLOW That's the fun of it. It may be nothing. It may be a fortune.

KIPPS                   A fortune? For me?

CHITTERLOW        If so, where does old Harry come in, eh? You could invest a quarter share in my play. It'll be a goldmine. Biff!

KIPPS                   I'm not very sure about all this . . .

CHITTERLOW        Be sure, my new young cohort. This is the start of an adventure – for both of us. I feel it in me bones.

SOMETHING TELLS ME

KIPPS                   What?

CHITTERLOW  
THIS IS IT

KIPPS                   What's it?

CHITTERLOW  
JIGSAW PIECES

KIPPS                   Jigsaw pieces?

CHITTERLOW  
MADE TO FIT

KIPPS                   Fit?

CHITTERLOW  
PRECISELY

I TAKE A VIEW  
THAT THERE'S A NEW  
WORLD OUT THERE

BUT I CAN SEE  
HOW YOU MAY BE  
IN DOUBT THERE

HERE ARE WATERS DEEP  
WHY NOT TAKE A LEAP?

GO RIGHT OUT ON A LIMB

KIPPS                    But I can't swim.

CHITTERLOW            Grim!

SOMETHING TELLS ME

KIPPS                    Again?

CHITTERLOW  
YOU'RE IN NEED

KIPPS                    What of?

CHITTERLOW  
OF A CHAP WHO'LL

KIPPS                    Do what? Do what?

CHITTERLOW  
TAKE THE LEAD

KIPPS                    Oh.

CHITTERLOW

AND SO SIR . . .

NARRY A FEAR  
HARRY IS HERE  
TARRYING NEAR TOGETHER  
WE'LL SCORE WITH FLAWLESS WIT  
FOR

SOMETHING TELLS ME  
IT'S TELLING ME NOW  
THIS IS IT

*(MUSIC continues.)*

KIPPS                    I've never 'ad me name in the paper before. If you was me, what would you do about it?

CHITTERLOW I'd be round to Watson and Bean like an express train.

KIPPS But they'll be shut now.

CHITTERLOW Tomorrow morning, then. I wouldn't waste my time on evening classes, not after this little bit of all right.

KIPPS What should I do?

CHITTERLOW Celebrate.

KIPPS Already?

CHITTERLOW No time like the present. Our luck's changed – and I'll stand you the first little noggin.

KIPPS Where we going?

CHITTERLOW 'The Masher'.

KIPPS Sounds rum to me.

CHITTERLOW If rum's your poison, rum it shall be!

(CHITTERLOW *is at the door, but –*)

KIPPS  
SOMETHING TELLS ME

CHITTERLOW (*Turning back.*) Oh – your turn!

KIPPS  
TIMES'LL CHANGE

CHITTERLOW I'm all for that.

KIPPS  
YOU'VE ARRIVED TO

CHITTERLOW To what? To what?

KIPPS  
RE-ARRANGE



CHITTERLOW        Sounds good.

KIPPS  
MY LIFE 'COS

STUCK IN THE MUD  
BIT OF A DUD  
NO MORE NOW

FOOT OFF THE BRAKE  
ARTIE'LL TAKE  
THE FLOOR NOW

LIFE'LL BE A BALL  
GREAT ADVENTURES CALL  
NO, I DON'T THINK I CAN

CHITTERLOW  
ARE YOU A MAN?

KIPPS                Mouse.

CHITTERLOW        Man!

KIPPS                Man!

BOTH  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
WE'RE A TEAM  
SEWN TOGETHER  
AT THE SEAM QUITE NICELY

CHITTERLOW  
'P' FOR 'PARFAIT'

KIPPS  
EASY TO SAY

CHITTERLOW  
SEIZING THE DAY,  
A BOUNTY OF BLISS WITH MISTER CHITTERLOW

Both  
SO

SOMETHING TELLS US  
IT'S TELLING US NOW  
THIS IS

THIS IS

THIS IS IT

**Music No. 6a: UNDERSCORE**

*(So KIPPS and CHITTERLOW make their way through the re-forming set to –*

**The Theatre Alley.**

*The Stage Door of The Pavilion Theatre stands cheek-by-jowl with the pub called 'The Masher', whose name is displayed on a somewhat-decaying sign. A few tables and chairs are positioned outside the pub, from which ale is served through a serving hatch, and a number of PUB REGULARS are sitting, already quite 'merry' as they quaff their beer.*

*It is the 'half-hour' before the show. From time to time, SHOWGIRLS, TUMBLERS, STAGEHANDS, DRESSERS and MUSICIANS (including a BANJO PLAYER) come out of the Stage Door to obtain their preperformance lubrication.*

*LAURA, a barmaid, is outside clearing glasses from the tables.)*

CHITTERLOW *(To LAURA.)* Set 'em up, Laura, my darling! My young friend here has just come into a fortune!

KIPPS *(Under his breath.)* She's hot!

LAURA *(Buxom – to KIPPS, up close.)* Big one, is it?

KIPPS *(Sweating.)* Beg pardon?

LAURA Your fortune.

- CHITTERLOW Bound to be. They don't throw their money about, these lawyer johnnies. Won't waste a bob on an advertisement . . . unless there's a lot of dosh somewhere in a little box. Ah . . . Old Methusulah! The best there is! Here we are, lad.
- KIPPS Steady on!
- CHITTERLOW Does you the power of good. Better than rum. (*Raising glass.*) Here's to the fortune!
- KIPPS (*Tentative at first.*) To the fortune!
- LAURA Bottoms up!
- KIPPS Eh?
- CHITTERLOW All the best!
- (SID, BUGGINS and PEARCE *come in.* THEY 'clock' KIPPS – *amazed.*)
- SID Artie?
- KIPPS (*Drinking, getting into the swing of things.*) Bottoms up!
- CHITTERLOW Friends of yours?
- KIPPS Hassociates. Didn't know they came round 'ere, though.
- BUGGINS There's a lot you don't know, Artie.
- KIPPS You too. We're celebratin' my success.
- PEARCE Success?
- CHITTERLOW Your colleague's just come into a fortune.
- (KIPPS *re-fills his glass and drinks.*)
- BUGGINS Get out of it!
- KIPPS True. Straight up. All in the newspaper. Go on, Harry, show 'em the paper.

(CHITTERLOW produces the rag and it is passed around. KIPPS re-fills his glass again.)

VICTORIA / FLO Cheers!

KIPPS Cheers! (*The power of the whisky hits him.*) If this is Old Methusulah, I'd hate to taste the new stuff!

BUGGINS (*Reading.*) It's true! Look at this!

PEARCE I say!

SID How much?

CHITTERLOW Who knows? There's the fun of it.

KIPPS What would you do, Sid? Would you go after it?

CHITTERLOW Of course he would.

SID Well, I . . . I don't believe in inherited riches.

KIPPS You could always give it away. What about you, Pearce?

PEARCE First I'd collect it. Then I'd spend it. In about three weeks flat.

CHITTERLOW Good for you!

KIPPS How about you, Buggins?

BUGGINS (*Shaking his head.*) Probably some old debt.

CHITTERLOW But that isn't 'to his advantage'.

BUGGINS They put that in to get hold of them. Often it's wives.

KIPPS But I'm not married.

BUGGINS Well, I wouldn't touch it . . . not me.

KIPPS What would you do?

BUGGINS I'd run away and hide.

PEARCE                    But suppose it is a fortune?

CHITTERLOW            It's bound to be.

LAURA                    If you had the money . . . burning a hole right there in your pocket  
 . . . what would you buy?

KIPPS                     Right here in my pocket?

ALL                        Yeah!

**Music No. 7: MONEY TO BURN**

(KIPPS *spots the BANJO PLAYER.*)

KIPPS  
 IF I HAD MONEY TO BURN  
 I'D GO LIKE A ROCKET  
 DOWN TO THE TOWN WITHOUT A STOP  
 BLOW RIGHT INTO THE MUSIC SHOP  
 AND BUY ME A BANJO  
 CLATTER JANG-A RING-A JANG-A  
 BUY ME A BANJO

LAURA  
 CLATTER JANG-A RING-A JANG-A

KIPPS  
 BUY ME A BANJO

SID / BUGGINS/ PEARCE  
 CLATTER JANG-A RING-A JANG-A

KIPPS  
 THAT'S WHAT I WOULD DO

(*The BANJO PLAYER 'throws' him the banjo. KIPPS 'plays'.*)

IF I HAD ALL THAT MONEY COULD BUY  
 IF I HAD ALL THAT MONEY COULD BUY  
 IF I HAD ALL THAT MONEY COULD BUY  
 I'D BUY ME A BANJO

RING DANG CLATTER JANG-A RING-A DANG-A

PLAY ON A BANJO  
CLATTER JANG-A NIGHT AND DAY  
ON A BANJO  
CLATTER JANG-A RING-A DANG-A

THAT'S WHAT I WOULD DO

(THEY *dance.*)

ALL  
IF HE HAD MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS  
A HOLE IN MY POCKET

ALL  
IF HE HAD MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS  
I'D GO LIKE A ROCKET  
DOWN TO THE TOWN WITHOUT A STOP  
BLOW RIGHT INTO THE MUSIC SHOP  
AND BUY ME A BANJO

ALL  
CLATTER JANG-A RING-A JANG-A  
BUY HIM A BANJO

KIPPS  
CLATTER JANG-A RING-A JANG-A  
BUY ME A BANJO

ALL  
CLATTER JANG-A RING-A JANG-A  
THAT'S WHAT HE WOULD DO

IF HE HAD ALL THAT MONEY COULD BUY  
IF HE HAD ALL THAT MONEY COULD BUY  
IF HE HAD ALL THAT MONEY COULD BUY

KIPPS  
I'D BUY ME

ALL  
A BANJO

RING DANG CLATTER JANG-A RING-A DANG-A  
PLAY ON A BANJO

CLATTER JANG-A NIGHT AND DAY  
ON A BANJO  
CLATTER JANG-A RING-A DANG-A

THAT'S WHAT HE WOULD DO

KIPPS  
IF I HAD MONEY TO BURN  
I'D BE IN A HURRY  
IF I HAD MONEY TO BURN  
I'D TAKE ME A SURREY

ALL  
DOWN TO THE FOLKESTONE MUSIC STORE  
DRIVE IT SLAP THROUGH THE OLD FRONT DOOR

AND BUY ME/HIM A BANJO  
BUY ME/HIM A BANJO  
BUY ME/HIM A BANJO

THAT'S WHAT I WOULD DO!

BUY ME A BANJO  
A BANJO!

*(And YOUNG WALSHINGHAM enters with SHALFORD.)*

LAURA *(Shouting across.)* Your usual, is it, Mr Shalford?

SHALFORD *(Highly flustered, seeing his workers.)* I don't know what she's talking about! I've never been in this part of town before in my life!

YOUNG W<sup>H</sup>AM We were . . . we were going about our charity work.

LAURA

Charity ain't in tonight – but I'll tell her you called.

*(Ribald laughter – but then SHALFORD spots KIPPS, by now quite inebriated, trying to balance the banjo on his chin.)*

SHALFORD *does a double-take.*)

SHALFORD

Kipps! What are you doing here?

KIPPS

Daddy . . . !

SHALFORD

Why aren't you woodworking?

KIPPS

*(The drink taking hold.)* This actor chap . . . fortune . . .YOUNG W<sup>H</sup>AM

Really, Mr Shalford. I think the lad is drunk.

KIPPS

I should hope I am, with what I've had to drink.

YOUNG W<sup>H</sup>AM

Where has he been? It's simply too disgraceful. Miss Walsingham's class will be nearly finished.

SHALFORD

*(Grim.)* Then he shan't miss any more of it. I'll march him there myself.YOUNG W<sup>H</sup>AM

You said your staff were dependable. I've never seen such a boy.

SHALFORD

*(Taking KIPPS by the trousers.)* Don't you worry yourself, Mr Walsingham – volunteer he did and volunteer he shall. *(He marches him out by the ear, the musician grabbing the banjo just in time.)* And then we'll have a little chat together. In the morning, Kipps. In the morning.

*(THEY go.)*

YOUNG WALSHINGHAM *is left alone.* CHITTERLOW *appears from the bar.*)

CHITTERLOW

Where's the millionaire?

YOUNG W<sup>H</sup>AM

Who?

*(CHITTERLOW looks him up and down.)*



CHITTERLOW           Never mind . . . you'll do!

YOUNG W'HAM        Here, I say! I'm supposed to preside at a meeting of the League of Fallen Women!

CHITTERLOW        Not to worry, me dear. They'll just have to fall all by themselves.

**Music No. 7a: SCENE CHANGE (INTO EVENING CLASS)**

*(As HE drags him inside, we CROSSFADE to ANN, standing alone on the **Promenade**, waiting in twilight.*

*Underscoring (BE DETERMINED), then instant cut to HELEN, in the pale light as before. Gradually the **Evening Class** forms around her. ANN is gone from view.*

*A classroom full of STUDENTS, of all ages and wearing smocks, work at benches on grotesque bits of carpentry. To HELEN, though, these are beautiful. And, of course, SHE is beautiful too. SHE wanders around examining her pupils' works of art, beaming with goodness.)*

HELEN                Very nice, Mr Carter. *(She takes up his effort and examines it.)*

JEREMIAH           Other way round, Miss.

HELEN                Ah . . . such a sweet little horse.

JEREMIAH           It ain't an 'orse, Miss.

HELEN                You mean 'horse', Mr Carter.

JEREMIAH           No, I don't, Miss . . . it's a dog.

HELEN                Well . . . well, just carry on. *(She moves on.)* And what are you making this week, Miss Machin?

EDITH                Don't rightly know, Miss Walsingham.

HELEN                You know . . . you know, it looks to me like a receptacle for periodicals. A Canterbury.

EDITH                Oh no, Miss – we're nonconformist.

(Enter SHALFORD, with KIPPS.)

KIPPS                   Gonna bum me a banjo, plinky-plonky, plinky-plonk.

SHALFORD             Miss Walsingham, I have a new recruit for you. This lad here . . .  
Kipps.

HELEN                 I'm afraid he's rather late.

SHALFORD             I know he is – and he'll apologise. I'll leave him in your care.

(HE *tips his hat and goes.*)

KIPPS                 Goodbye, Daddy.

HELEN                 Well, Mr Kipps, I don't really know where to begin with you.  
You've missed a whole hour, you see.

KIPPS                 (*Still quite drunk.*) I'm very sorry.

HELEN                 But haven't we met before somewhere?

KIPPS                 I always open the door for you at Mr Shalford's. I did it for you  
today – not that you'd remember me.

HELEN                 But of course I remember you – now. You're always so polite.

KIPPS                 I say!

HELEN                 Always. Now . . . now, what particular article have you decided to  
make?

KIPPS                 What what?

HELEN                 Woodwork.

(HE *looks dumb.*)

Practical or decorative?

(HE *looks even dumber.*)

Something for the home?

- KIPPS                   *(Suddenly maudlin.)* I haven't got an 'ome, Miss.
- HELEN                   Oh . . . you poor soul! Where do you live?
- KIPPS                   At Mr Shalford's. In the basement.
- HELEN                   Well, then, there must be some little thing that would come in handy down there.
- (KIPPS thinks for a moment, then holds up his hand.)*
- KIPPS                   A mousetrap!
- HELEN                   Yes . . . er . . . can't you think of something . . . well, a little more aesthetic?
- KIPPS                   *(Attempting the word.)* Oosthotic . . . Esthitic . . . Arthritic . . . I . . . I'm sorry, Miss – I might as well leave right now. You see, I'm useless.
- HELEN                   'Useless' means defeat, Mr Kipps! And defeat we won't allow!

**Music No. 8: BE DETERMINED**

HELEN  
 THOUGH YOUR WORLD MAY FALL TO PIECES  
 AS YOUR TEMPERATURE INCREASES  
 BE DETERMINED NEVER TO GIVE IN

THOUGH YOUR BILLS MAY ALL NEED PAYING  
 AND YOUR TEETH ARE FAST DECAYING  
 BE DETERMINED TAKE IT ON THE CHIN

THE SEAM WE SHOULD ALL BE MINING  
 IS THE POT OF GOLD  
 WITH THE SILVER LINING

AT THE END OF EVERY TETHER  
 THERE'S A SPELL OF SUNNY WEATHER  
 BE DETERMINED IS THE CLUE  
 IF YOU'LL ONLY SEE IT THROUGH

MAKE MY DAY DECIDE YOU'LL PLAY THE GAME TO WIN

WHILE THE MOTOR LAUNCH IS SINKING  
POOR MAMA HAS STARTED DRINKING

STUDENTS  
BE DETERMINED

HELEN  
LOOK – THEY'VE SIGHTED LAND

WHILE AN EARTHQUAKE IS OCCURRING  
SOMEWHERE ELSE A KITTEN'S PURRING

STUDENTS  
BE DETERMINED

HELEN  
TRY TO MAKE A STAND  
THE OH-SO- ANNOYING FISHBONE

STUDENTS  
THAT YOU'RE CHOKING ON

HELEN  
IS A PRECIOUS WISHBONE

YOU'LL BE SUCH A CHARMING FELLOW  
IF YOU'RE JUST A TOUCH LESS YELLOW

STUDENTS  
BE DETERMINED IS THE FASH

HELEN  
ALL THAT PLUCK ALL THAT PANACHE  
FOLLOW ME AND YOURS WILL BE THE UPPER HAND

*(They all parade behind HELEN now, as if on a suffragette march.)*

KIPPS  
THOUGH THE PLACE OF MY EMPLOYMENT  
AIN'T NO HAVEN OF ENJOYMENT

STUDENTS  
BE DETERMINED

HELEN  
YOU CAN MAKE IT FUN

KIPPS  
THOUGH THE BASEMENT CEILING'S LEAKING  
AND THE MICE FOREVER SQUEAKING

STUDENTS  
BE DETERMINED

HELEN  
NOT TO BE UNDONE

YOUR DREAMS IN THAT LEAKY BASEMENT  
LIE IN WAITING NOW  
FOR A BETTER PLACEMENT

ALL  
IF YOUR FEET DEVELOP BLISTERS  
ON THE ROAD TO FIND NEW VISTAS

HELEN  
BE DETERMINED'S WHAT I SAID

ALL  
KEEP THAT MOTTO IN YOUR HEAD  
CLEAR THE WAY A BRAND NEW DAY HAS JUST BEGUN

*(As the others finish, KIPPS holds the note, but suddenly – )*

KIPPS *(Putting his hand up.)* Please, Miss?

HELEN Yes, Mr Kipps?

KIPPS May I leave the room?

HELEN Oh.

KIPPS I don't feel very well. Old Methusulah.

HELEN                   What a pity! We were just . . .

KIPPS                   Perhaps if I . . .

*(HE turns – but rather swiftly. HE puts his hand on the bench – to gain his balance – but, in doing so, crushes JEREMIAH’S model dog.)*

HELEN                   Oh! Mr Carter’s horse!

JEREMIAH             It’s a dog!

KIPPS                   Never mind ’is ’orse. What about my ’and?

HELEN                   You’ve cut it.

KIPPS                   It’s nothing.

STUDENTS             *(General whisper.)* He’s cut ’is ’and! He’s bleeding!

HELEN                   *(Coming to him.)* We must tie it up.

KIPPS                   I ’adn’t the slightest intention of ’urting ’is ’orse.

JEREMIAH             It’s a dog!

HELEN                   Please! Please, Mr Kipps. We must tie it up. Do you have your handkerchief?

KIPPS                   No . . . I ’aven’t got a cold.

HELEN                   Don’t worry, I’ve one right here.

*(SHE takes out a lace hankie to bind his wound. The STUDENTS gather round to watch.)*

Hold it quite steady now . . . I’m not hurting you, am I?

KIPPS                   Not a bit.

HELEN                   I’m afraid it’s fairly deep.

JEREMIAH             It ain’t the cut so much, it’s the poisoning afterwards.

HELEN                   We must make it just as tight as possible. To stop the bleeding.

- KIPPS                    Whatever you think best.
- HELEN                    Could you put your finger on the knot, dear?
- KIPPS                    *(Tearful.)* Yes.
- HELEN                    Is it painful?
- KIPPS                    No – I'm only upset about his 'orse.
- STUDENTS                *(Very loudly.)* It's a . . . !
- HELEN                    Nonsense. Sad to say, of course, you won't be able to do any more woodworking. Not tonight, at least.
- KIPPS                    I'd like to try. I don't want to waste any more time.
- (HE lifts the hammer, waving it about, but hastily SHE takes it from him.)*
- HELEN                    No, I think you've done quite enough for one evening. That'll be all, class. We'll meet next week.
- STUDENTS                *(Collecting up their masterpieces.)* Goodnight, Miss Walsingham. Goodnight.
- (THEY go, except for KIPPS and JEREMIAH.)*
- HELEN                    Goodnight. Goodnight . . . ah . . .
- KIPPS                    Arthur Kipps.
- HELEN                    Arthur. And wash that hand as soon as you get home.
- (HELEN goes, KIPPS's eyes following her.)*
- JEREMIAH                She's nice, ain't she?
- KIPPS                    *(Spellbound.)* I'll say.
- JEREMIAH                *(Gathering up his things.)* You'll do what she says. You wash that wound of yours before it mortifies – otherwise you'll have to have

it sawn off. Sawn right off . . . (*He makes to leave, but turns back.*)  
You smelt that handkerchief?

KIPPS                    Eh?

JEREMIAH              Go on. Smell it.

(*KIPPS smells the handkerchief.*)

KIPPS                    Perfume!

JEREMIAH              Nice, ain't it? And she called you 'dear'.

KIPPS                    Go on with you.

JEREMIAH              (*Finally going.*) I've been 'ere for three months and she's never called me 'dear'. But then . . . I've never cut me 'and. Goodnight.

KIPPS                    (*Half turning.*) Sorry about your dog . . .

**Music No. 8a: UNDERSCORE**

JEREMIAH              It's a . . . oh.

(*But HE has gone.*)

*Suddenly KIPPS turns sharp front: instantly sober, back in the present.*)

KIPPS                    Have you ever had one of those moments when you did something and you don't know why you did it? When you felt something and you don't know why you . . . ? It's as if you can't help it somehow. Your feet go one way and your heart goes another. You're led by love and . . . well, love leads you into some 'azardous places. And 'ow do you explain it? Explain it to the one you should never need to explain it to in the first place. (*Pause.*) I told you I wasn't any good with words. Now, where was I? . . . Old Methusulah. (*Back to drunken state.*) Oh my Lor' – what time is it? Ann! . . . Ann!

**Music No. 8b: SCENE CHANGE**



(*CROSSFADE to ANN, still waiting on **The Promenade**. By now, night has fallen and little coloured lights come out all along the front.*)

YOUNG WALSINGHAM crosses – *still trying to shake off a pursuing CHITTERLOW.*)

CHITTERLOW . . . And have I told you yet about my ‘Lear’? ‘The Bridlington Bugle’ hailed it as the finest performance since . . .

(*As THEY go, FLO, VICTORIA and KATE appear, but remain at a distance from ANN.*)

*First, the GIRLS register ANN, who does not see them. THEY huddle together . . . frequently referring back to her . . . whispering. THEY are clearly debating among themselves: should they tell her or not?*

*Then VICTORIA makes her mind up, breaks away from the group and crosses to ANN.*)

VICTORIA Are you that Ann girl?

FLO (*Coming across.*) The one what’s waiting for Arthur Kipps?

ANN Might be. Who’s arskin’?

KATE (*Joining them too.*) Listen, lady – there’s something we’ve just ‘eard and we think you ought to know!

### **Music No. 9: I DON’T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT**

(*THEY cluster in a huddle, whispering in dumbshow. As the routine continues, ANN rises up from out of the group on four separate moments.*)

ANN Drinking?

(*Then back within the group.*)

With an actor?!

(*Then back within the group.*)

Philandering?

*(Then back within the group.)*

Useful with 'is 'ands?!

ANN

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT  
A SINGLE BLINKIN' WORD OF IT  
WHOEVER EVER HEARD OF IT  
A BOY LIKE HIM?  
IF YOU'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT I THINK  
I'LL TELL YOU NOT HALF

GIRLS

WELL, TELL US

ANN

YOU'RE JEALOUS

GIRLS

OF ARTIE? THAT'S A LAUGH

ANN

IT AIN'T A FUNNY JOKE AT ALL  
A FUNNY BLOOMIN' JOKE AT ALL  
HE AIN'T THAT KIND OF BLOKE AT ALL

JUST USE YOUR EYES

IT'S ALL A PACK OF BLINKIN', RUDDY LIES

*(The GIRLS laugh at ANN and SHE gets angrier.)*

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT  
A SINGLE BLINKIN' WORD OF IT  
WHOEVER EVER HEARD OF IT  
A BOY LIKE THAT?  
I'D LIKE TO KNOW JUST WHAT YOU'RE DRIVING AT

*(The GIRLS crowd around ANN again and sing in mock melodrama.)*

GIRLS

ONCE A BOY GETS WHISKERS ON HIS CHIN

HE WILL SOON START FALLING INTO SIN  
 FOR HE'LL MEET THOSE IRRESISTIBLE FORCES  
 HORSES WOMEN AND GIN

ANN

HE WOULDN'T DO THAT TO ME  
 WHY, I'VE KNOWN HIM SINCE HE WAS THREE  
 HE'S NOT THAT KIND OF FELLER  
 YOU'VE GONE AND GOT IT WRONG  
 HE'S NEVER HAD A FANCY  
 FOR WOMEN, WINE AND SONG  
 I'M SURE IN MY HEART THAT HE  
 WOULDN'T DO THAT TO ME

*(Then SHE rounds on them.)*

I DON'T BELIEVE A WORD OF IT  
 A SINGLE BLINKIN' WORD OF IT  
 WHOEVER EVER HEARD OF IT  
 IT'S NOT LIKE HIM  
 WHY, HE'S ALWAYS BEEN TEETOTAL  
 HE SWORE IT TO ME

GIRLS

HE'S LYING

ANN

YOU'RE SPYING

GIRLS

WELL, JUST YOU WAIT AND SEE

ANN

YOU'D LIKE TO THINK HE'S COURTING WITH  
 THAT FEMALE HE'S CAVORTING WITH  
 AT LEAST HE'S NOT CONSORTING WITH  
 THE COMMON HERD

Like you!

I DON'T BELIEVE A SINGLE RUDDY BLOOMIN' BLINKIN' BLEEDIN' . . .

KIPPS

*(Voice off.)* Ann! Ann!*(Still drunk, HE comes in – holding up his bloodied hand.)*

Ann, I 'urt me 'and, Ann.

ANN

Well, 'ere's something to take your mind off it!

*(SHE slaps him on the face . . . )*

WORD!

*( . . . and goes.**As KIPPS clutches his hand – and face – HE looks out front.)***Music No. 9a: UNDERSCORE**

KIPPS

Oo, I can still feel it! I'd never been slapped before – no-one 'ad never 'ad the need. Now, where have I got to? *(He takes a deep breath.)* Ann and me was kids but we were parted and I gave 'er 'alf a sixpence then I was carted off to old Shalford's and time goes by and then more time goes by and then she writes me letters and then turns up 'ere in Folkestone but I get distracted by this actor bloke who wants knickerbockers and I go to the pub . . . did I tell you about the pub? . . . then I finish up in an evening class with me 'eart in a flutter, a bruise on me face, an 'ole in me 'and and an 'ell of an 'angover. I think that's about it so far. *(Another breath.)* More pictures.

*(The **Emporium** is re-forming around him.)*

Oh, that Old Methusulah! D'you know, there's something to be said for that temperance stuff. 'Ardly a wink slept that night and an 'erd of 'orses galloping in me 'ead. My 'ope was it'd be a bit more peaceful when I opened the shop that morning.

*(He crosses to the door, but waiting for him is something even worse than the night before. We are about to repeat the scene of CHITTERLOW's first entrance, but this time KIPPS is in bad shape to begin with.)*

- CHITTERLOW           *(Entering.)* Shop! Shop!
- (Again, CHITTERLOW has pushed the door open, pinning KIPPS behind it.)*
- I say, I say . . . anyone home?
- (The door swings to – revealing KIPPS splayed against the wall – but CHITTERLOW does not notice him.)*
- Look, I know I'm a bit early, but . . .
- (HE has made his way towards the counter, where he lifts the wooden flap.)*
- KIPPS                   *(Lunging forward.)* I told yer – in there's private!
- CHITTERLOW           My dear young Arthur, I'm most awfully . . .
- (HE turns, dropping the flap on KIPPS'S arm – as before.)*
- KIPPS                   Ow!
- CHITTERLOW           I say – you do get in the wars, don't you, matey?
- KIPPS                   Wars?! I was all right 'til you showed up!
- (Once more HE catches onto the tailor's dummy, spinning it off position. It knocks him off balance.)*
- CHITTERLOW           History repeating itself – or what?
- KIPPS                   Never did 'istry. Wouldn't know.
- CHITTERLOW           Look, Arthur, news from the Rialto.
- KIPPS                   *(Backing away.)* If that's some pub or other, forget it. Me 'and 'urts, me 'ead 'urts and now me helbow 'urts. A drop o' the Old Methusulah'd finish me off.
- CHITTERLOW           No time for Old Methusulah. I've come post haste from Watson and Bean.

KIPPS *(Interested in spite of himself.)* The lawyers?

CHITTERLOW Exactly. And very civil they were too.

KIPPS And?

CHITTERLOW We're in! Biff! Just like that!

KIPPS A fortune?

CHITTERLOW A fortune!

KIPPS *(Hesitant.)* How much?

CHITTERLOW *(Grandly.)* Twelve hundred pounds, sire!

KIPPS For me? Twelve 'undred?

CHITTERLOW Twelve hundred pounds a year!

*(Having only just regained his balance, KIPPS sways once then passes out – flat on his back.)*

Shop! . . . Shop!

*(SID, PEARCE and BUGGINS come in – each from separate directions.)*

SID What's up?

CHITTERLOW Twelve hundred . . . that's what's up!

PEARCE Twelve hundred?!

CHITTERLOW A year. It's the truth. I went to the lawyer myself.

BUGGINS *(Kneeling over KIPPS.)* It wouldn't surprise me if he hasn't dropped dead. Dropped dead with the shock of it.

*(FLO, VICTORIA and KATE appear.)*

FLO Who's dead?

BUGGINS Artie.

FLO                    Oh Artie . . . Artie!

BUGGINS             All that money. And he won't live to enjoy it.

VICTORIA            Money?

PEARCE              Twelve hundred. A year.

FLO                    He ain't dead. He's comin' round.

VICTORIA            I wonder if he'd like to get married.

FLO                    (*Patting KIPPS's face.*) Come on, Artie. There, there . . . there, there.

BUGGINS             Water!

CHITTERLOW        Champagne, more like.

KIPPS                (*Coming to.*) Where am I? Where am . . . ?

CHITTERLOW        Sire!

KIPPS                Oo – I just remembered. Twelve 'undred! Twelve 'undred a year!  
*(And HE passes out again.)*

PEARCE              Travel. If I had that sort of money I'd travel.

BUGGINS             He don't want to go to France. Them Frenchies 'll have it off 'im in no time.

VICTORIA            (*Rushing to KIPPS.*) He'll be going nowhere in this state.

KATE                 If I was him I'd go to the Rockies and shoot bears.

FLO                    How ladylike.

PEARCE              London – that's the only place for the man about town.

BUGGINS             And what about the shop?

SID                    Hang the shop.  
*(But SHALFORD has entered, unobserved.)*

SHALFORD           *(Simmering.)* Hang the what?

KIPPS               *(Suddenly coming round.)* Hang the shop . . . and hang old Shalford too!

*(HE takes one look at SHALFORD and passes out again.)*

SHALFORD       That's it . . . that's it! It's no use playing dead, Kipps – I warned you. I told you. 'Once more', I said, 'And that's it'. Well, that is it! You're out! Right out! You're sacked!

KIPPS              *(Rallying.)* Eh?

SHALFORD       And no fortnight's notice or any of that rigmarole. You're out now. Here and now. This minute.

KIPPS              *(Rising menacingly.)* Watch it, Shalford.

ALL                GASP!

KIPPS              I said – you watch it. *(Circling him.)* You can't sack me. You know why? I've just resigned. Here and now. This minute. Resigned. So you act civil and respectable or you'll be the one with the sack. I've come into a fortune . . .

ALL                Twelve hundred!

CHITTERLOW      A year!

KIPPS              . . . so I could buy you out before you could say 'Fishency'. *(He looks around.)* I don't like the way this place is run.

ALL                SHOCK!

KIPPS              So wake yourself up or you'll find yourself out – on your ear! Yes . . . fishency, Shalford – and that to your blessed economy!

*(And HE punches a hole in his hat.)*

ALL                HORROR!

*(SHALFORD is about to erupt, but KIPPS stares him out. The shopkeeper turns on his heels and retreats to his inner sanctum.)*



- CHITTERLOW Bravo!
- KIPPS *(Full of himself now.)* I've wanted to say that to 'im for years. He 'ad it coming every step of the way.
- PEARCE Good old Kipps!
- SID Shalford's face!
- BUGGINS Thought 'e was going to drop dead. Drop dead with the shock of it.
- SID Twelve hundred. A year.
- VICTORIA You sure you don't wanna get married?
- ALL *(minus KIPPS)* Good old Kipps!

**Music No. 10: A PROPER GENTLEMAN**

*(Suddenly the place is filled with all the SHOPBOYS and GIRLS.)*

ALL *(minus KIPPS)*

HE'LL BE A LA-DA-DI-DA HIP HIP HURRAH  
 PROPER GENTLEMAN  
 STROLLING DOWN THE LEAS EVERY MORNING  
 HIGH SOCIETY WILL SEEK HIS COMPANY  
 ALL ALONG THE PROMENADE THE LADIES WILL AGREE

HE'S A TAKE-OFF-HIS-HAT STOP-FOR-A-CHAT  
 PROPER GENTLEMAN  
 IN THE GRAND HOTEL THEY'LL BE FAWNING  
 ON THE DANDY DEBONAIR GO TO PAREE  
 TO HAVE A BIT OF FUN  
 FLOWER-IN-HIS-BUTTONHOLE DINE-AT-THE MONOPOLE  
 PROPER GENTLEMAN

*(During the following, the BOYS take the fine gentleman's clothes off a tailor's dummy and transfer them onto KIPPS.)*

GIRLS

HE CAN DO ANYTHING ANYTHING HE PLEASES  
 ANYTHING HE PLEASES HE CAN DO

KIPPS                    I'm going to have a look at the world. America . . . Egypt . . .  
France . . . Russia . . . Tunbridge Wells.

GIRLS  
HE CAN GO ANYWHERE ANYWHERE HE CHOOSES  
ANYWHERE HE CHOOSES HE CAN GO

KIPPS                    I'm going to buy presents for everybody. For Pearce, a walking  
stick with a solid silver knob. For Sid . . . for Sid, the collected  
works of Karl Marx. And for Buggins, a lovely big plaque that says  
'The End Of The World Is Nigh'.

GIRLS  
HE CAN BUY ANYTHING ANYTHING HE FANCIES  
ANYTHING HE FANCIES HE CAN BUY

KIPPS                    I'm going to lie in bed every morning 'til half past ten. And then  
breakfast – fried eggs, brown sauce, bubble-and-squeak and a  
whole pot of bloater paste . . . Living!

ALL (*minus* KIPPS)

LA DA DI DA LA DA DI DA  
LA DA DI DA LA DA DI DA  
LA DA DI DA

HE'LL BE A LA-DA-DI-DA HIP HIP HURRAH  
PROPER GENTLEMAN  
STROLLING DOWN THE LEAS EVERY MORNING  
HIGH SOCIETY WILL SEEK HIS COMPANY  
ALL ALONG THE PROMENADE THE LADIES WILL AGREE

HE'S A TAKE-OFF-HIS-HAT STOP-FOR-A-CHAT  
PROPER GENTLEMAN  
IN THE GRAND HOTEL THEY'LL BE FAWNING  
ON THE DANDY DEBONAIR GO TO PAREE  
TO HAVE A BIT OF FUN  
FLOWER-IN-HIS-BUTTONHOLE DINE-AT-THE MONOPLER  
PROPER GENTLEMAN

(At the end of the routine, the GIRLS, blushing, cover up the naked dummy. KIPPS . . . a swell now . . . is left alone on **The Promenade**.)

**Music No. 10a: UNDERSCORE**

KIPPS Well, there you 'ave it – the best news of me life! (*Suddenly doubtful.*) Wasn't it? (*Pause.*) Truth be told, it did take a bit o' getting used to. These damn collars, for one thing. And the time. Just 'anging on me 'ands. I never knew 'ow slow it could go when you 'ad nothing to moan about. Sometimes I longed for . . . No, that was silly. I'd come into money. I was a gentleman. What every shopboy dreamed of!

(SMART TOWNSPEOPLE *stroll along the prom. Soon we see HELEN, MRS WALSINGHAM and YOUNG WALSINGHAM amongst them.*)

KIPPS Oi! (*He whistles.*) Miss Walsingham!

HELEN Arthur! How nice! Mama, I don't think you've met Mr Kipps.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM (*Looking around, hoping the smart folk hadn't heard the whistle.*) I don't believe I have. How do you do?

KIPPS How do you do?

HELEN And this is my brother – William.

KIPPS How do you do?

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM (*Not recollecting.*) How do you do?

HELEN Mr Kipps was a pupil of mine.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Was?

HELEN He's recently had the good fortune to inherit a legacy.

(*Now MRS WALSINGHAM looks interested.*)

KIPPS But I'd . . . I'd still like to go on with the class.

- HELEN                    I'm afraid you don't qualify any longer. Our charter limits pupils to members of the Working Class – and I understand you've given up your job . . . that you're now a gentleman of leisure.
- KIPPS                    Yes, I suppose I am.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Do you plan to remain in Folkestone, Mr Kipps?
- KIPPS                    I don't know. I haven't quite made my mind up yet. I'm staying at the Metropole at the moment.
- HELEN                    More comfortable than Mr Shalford's basement, I would suppose.
- KIPPS                    Oh yes, much more. It's funny, you know – I rather miss the shop now and then.
- HELEN                    You're bound to find everything somewhat strange at first. Even lonely.
- KIPPS                    Yes. That's why I'm sorry I can't go on with the class.
- HELEN                    Well, we must try and do something to make up for it. What about dinner with us one night this week?
- KIPPS                    I'd like that very much.
- HELEN                    Mama?
- MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM                But of course. Shall we say Thursday?
- KIPPS                    Yes. Let's!
- HELEN                    (*Taking a card from her purse.*) Here's the address. Shall we say seven o'clock?
- KIPPS                    Any time you like.
- MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM                We'll look forward to seeing you. Come, William.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            (*Shaking KIPPS's hand.*) And if I can be of any help, don't hesitate to ask. I look after the business affairs of several important people here in Folkestone, you know.

KIPPS Thanks very much.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM My son has many excellent connections in London. One of his friends is the son of the Lord Mayor.

KIPPS Well, thank you again.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM 'Til Thursday, then. Goodbye.

KIPPS Goodbye.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM Au revoir.

KIPPS Reservoir.

*(MRS WALSINGHAM and YOUNG WALSINGHAM go, but HELEN lingers.)*

*As the TOWNSPEOPLE melt away, ANN appears, distant, and watches.)*

HELEN Oh, I almost forgot.

KIPPS Forgot what?

HELEN To congratulate you. Believe me, Arthur – I'm delighted for you. And don't be lonely . . .

KIPPS I will 'til Thursday. Goodbye, Miss . . . er . . .

HELEN Helen.

KIPPS 'Elen.

HELEN A bientôt.

**Music No. 11: TOO FAR ABOVE ME**

*(SHE goes, but remains in view, isolated in her pale light.)*

*KIPPS examines her card.)*

KIPPS 'Miss Helen Walsingham. Bachelor of Arts.'

(He sighs, putting the card in his pocket.)

SHE'S TOO FAR ABOVE ME BY HALF  
SHE IS  
SHE'D LAUGH  
SHE WOULD  
NOT HALF  
SHE WOULD

IF I WERE TO SAY I LOVED HER SO  
'COS I DO THAT'S THE ONE THING I KNOW

SHE'S TOO FAR BEYOND ME TO KISS  
SOMEHOW  
'A KISS?'  
SHE'D SAY  
'WHAT'S THIS?'  
SHE'D SAY

AND GO OFF WITH HER HEAD UP IN THE AIR  
YES SHE'S TOO FAR ABOVE ME TO CARE

(KIPPS looks across at HELEN – but ANN is looking at KIPPS.)

ANN  
HE'S TOO FAR ABOVE ME BY HALF  
HE IS  
HE'D LAUGH  
HE WOULD  
NOT HALF  
HE WOULD

IF I WERE TO SAY I LOVED HIM SO  
'COS I DO THAT'S THE ONE THING I KNOW

(SHE goes.)

KIPPS (*Still looking at HELEN.*)  
SHE'S TOO FAR BEYOND ME TO KISS  
SOMEHOW

'A KISS?'  
SHE'D SAY  
'WHAT'S THIS?'  
SHE'D SAY

AND GO OFF WITH HER HEAD UP IN THE AIR  
YES SHE'S TOO FAR ABOVE ME TO CARE

*(LIGHTING CHANGE. We are taken to the **Municipal Park**, in bright sunlight.*

*A concert has just finished and many of the CONCERT-GOERS and their CHILDREN linger, their recently-vacated deckchairs littering the grass. A DECKCHAIR ATTENDANT walks around, collecting these up.*

*KIPPS and HELEN stroll on. KIPPS's blazer is of exactly the same material as the deckchairs.)*

KIPPS I did enjoy it, you know. Me dinner at your 'ouse.

HELEN Yes, it was . . . quite an experience.

KIPPS I'd never 'ad that hasparagus before.

HELEN No. Such a pity it slid off your plate.

KIPPS A bit o' dirt never did no-one any 'arm. *(He offers her a chair. She declines.)* Fancy – the likes o' me going out to dine.

HELEN You know . . . you know, Arthur, you've had your money for some little while now. You mustn't think of yourself as someone inferior.

KIPPS But . . . well . . . you don't think of me as an equal, like?

HELEN Why not?

KIPPS If I thought . . . You're so educated. London University and all.

HELEN I could teach you if you like . . .

KIPPS Oh, I would.

HELEN Well . . . there are aitches, you know.

KIPPS I've 'eard of 'em.

HELEN Not that these things always matter. Educated or not, I'm a disappointed person. Folkestone, Arthur, is a seaside resort – and it values people by sheer vulgar prosperity. We are not prosperous and we live in a street that is no longer fashionable. We have to live there because it's our house. It's the only thing we own. It's a mercy we haven't to let. I've been to London University but what good has it done me? I still feel discontented.

KIPPS But you told me we can do anything we want to if we try.

HELEN You can.

KIPPS Perhaps. With 'elp.

HELEN Help.

KIPPS Help.

*(HELEN takes his hand. KIPPS's other hand is resting on the back of the deckchair. The ATTENDANT – who has been watching them for some time – approaches.)*

ATTENDANT That'll be tuppence.

KIPPS Tuppence?

ATTENDANT Two pennies.

KIPPS But I've never even sat on it!

ATTENDANT Your 'and's on it.

KIPPS Me 'and?

ATTENDANT It was occupying the chair.

KIPPS Look . . .

HELEN Just pay him, Arthur.



- KIPPS                    (*Rifling through his pockets.*) But I 'aven't got it. Tuppence. I've only carried notes since I've been a toff.
- ATTENDANT            Notes'll do.
- KIPPS                    No they won't. (*Appealling.*) Helen . . . ?
- HELEN                    (*Looking helpless.*) I'm afraid a lady doesn't.
- (*YOUNG WALSINGHAM appears.*)
- KIPPS                    Ah – here's my financial advisor. He'll have the wherewithal.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        The where-with-what?
- KIPPS                    Tuppence.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        You're out-of-luck, Kipps, old chap. I'm afraid . . .
- KIPPS                    I know, a gentleman doesn't.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        What I do have is a little business proposition I'd like to put your way.
- ATTENDANT            What about my tuppence?
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        It'll involve an initial outlay on your part, of course.
- HELEN                    Arthur, I must go.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        (*With a smile.*) Somewhat more than tuppence.
- KIPPS                    (*To HELEN.*) Oh . . . don't!
- HELEN                    Mama will be wondering what's happened to me.
- ATTENDANT            What about my . . . ?
- KIPPS                    But I have to talk to you. I've got something to ask you. (*Clumsily, he goes down on one knee.*)
- HELEN                    (*Raising him up, glancing at YOUNG WALSINGHAM*) Not now.
- KIPPS                    When then?

HELEN                    Later, Arthur. There's a time and place.

ATTENDANT             It's more than my job's worth . . .

HELEN                    Tomorrow . . . tomorrow at the Cricket Match. The Gentlemen versus the Working Boys.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            I'm playing.

KIPPS                     Used to turn out meself. That was in the old days, o' course.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            You'll come along with us.

KIPPS                     Look . . .

HELEN                    It's awfully smart.

KIPPS                     Depends which side you're on.

HELEN                    The whole county'll be there.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            And I'm on the committee.

ATTENDANT             (*a sudden change.*) You never said.  
  
(*THEY all turn to look at him.*)

TRIO                      What?

ATTENDANT             If you're on the committee, there's no charge.

KIPPS                     (*Suddenly finding coins.*) Not to worry – I've found it.

ATTENDANT             (*Still to YOUNG WALSINGHAM.*) Never 'as been.

KIPPS                     Tuppence.

ATTENDANT             (*Disregarding KIPPS*) You never said.

KIPPS                     I can pay you now. You can take it.

ATTENDANT             Not on your life.  
  
(*And HE goes off.*)

KIPPS                    (*Calling after him.*) But I 'ad me 'and on it.

HELEN                   William . . .

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        (*To KIPPS.*) I'll speak to you about it at the match.

(*HE makes to go, but HELEN holds back.*)

KIPPS                   'E wanted it a minute ago.

HELEN                   It'll be nicer tomorrow. Nicer to talk.

KIPPS                   But . . .

HELEN                   Yes?

KIPPS                   Supposin' it was to come on to rain?

HELEN                   Hush, Arthur dear.

(*YOUNG WALSINGHAM is already standing distant, eager to be off.*)

Everything will be fine. It won't rain . . . and there'll be sun. Sun,  
Arthur . . . nothing but sun.

**Music No. 12: IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL**

(*SHE goes.*)

KIPPS                   Corr!

(*The CONCERT-GOERS all turn to look at him. HE winks at them,  
then –*)

IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
LET IT FALL ON WEDNESDAY  
TUESDAY MONDAY ANY DAY BUT SUNDAY  
SUNDAY'S THE DAY WHEN IT'S GOT TO BE FINE  
'COS THAT'S WHEN I'M MEETIN' MY GIRL

IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
LET IT FALL ON MAIDSTONE

HOXTON OAKSTONE ANYWHERE BUT FOLKESTONE  
 FOLKESTONE'S THE PLACE WHERE IT'S GOT  
 TO BE FINE  
 'COS THAT'S WHERE I'M MEETIN' MY GIRL

WHAT IF THE WEATHER GETS RAINY  
 THERE AM I LIKE A BLOOMIN' ZANY  
 TRYIN' TO SAY I LOVE HER  
 THEN WE HAVE TO BREAK AND TAKE COVER

*(The CHILDREN suddenly surge forward. They dance with KIPPS.)*

IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
 LET IT FALL ON

Boys  
 THURSDAY

GIRLS  
 SATURDAY FRIDAY

KIPPS  
 ANY DAY BUT MY DAY  
 MY DAY'S THE DAY WHEN IT'S GOT TO BE FINE  
 'COS THAT'S WHEN I'M MEETIN' MY GIRL

*(Dance Break.)*

CHILDREN  
 IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
 LET IT FALL ON WEDNESDAY  
 TUESDAY MONDAY

KIPPS  
 ANY DAY BUT SUNDAY  
 SUNDAY'S THE DAY WHEN IT'S GOT TO BE FINE

ALL  
 'COS THAT'S WHEN I'M/HE'S MEETING MY/HIS GIRL

*(The LADY CONCERT-GOERS come forward, twirling their parasols.)*

KIPPS / LADIES

WHAT COULD BE WETTER OR DAMPER  
THAN TO SIT ON A PICNIC HAMPER  
SIPPIN' A SARSPARELLA  
UNDERNEATH A LEAKY UMBRELLA?

ALL

IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
LET IT FALL ON WEDNESDAY  
TUESDAY MONDAY ANY DAY BUT SUNDAY

KIPPS

BUT IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
PLEASE OH PLEASE LET IT FALL

ON THE DRY SAHARA  
OR DROP AN EXTRA DROP ON  
RAINY CONNEMARA

ALL

FOR SUNDAY RIGHT THERE  
IS WHEN AND WHERE HE'S  
MEETIN' HIS GIRL

KIPPS

THAT'S WHEN I'M MEETIN' MY GIRL

*(As THEY all go off, the Park is transformed with municipal bunting.)*

**Music No. 13: THE CRICKET MATCH**

*(UNDERScore: A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY, but, at this stage, languid and lyrical, providing a musical sort of 'breather'.*

*In the morning light, the scene shimmers, arresting yet unreal.*

*Gradually, then, the space becomes peopled. First, two GROUNDsmen drag a roller across the cricket pitch, meticulous and slow. Then two UMPIRES come in, looking up to the sky, scarcely able to believe their meteorological luck. Now the WALsinghams appear; Mama,*

*of course, quite anxious to be seen. But the SHOPGIRLS enter next. MRS WALSHINGHAM has no time for them and turns away.*

*The GIRLS are joined by the SHOPBOYS, already in their 'whites' – PEARCE, perhaps, with a jauntier sweater than the rest. The two CAPTAINS come together with the UMPIRES. The coin is tossed. The GENTLEMEN, it appears, elect to bowl.*

*And so the picture emerges. The TOWNSPEOPLE enter, in all their finery, some with CHILDREN; then the MAYOR and LADY MAYORESS, both in their chains of office, and the COMMITTEE MEMBERS; then both CRICKET TEAMS – the GENTS smart, the BOYS a little less so; and then all the VENDORS.*

*Suddenly the COMPANY animates. The event is underway.)*

COMPANY (*minus* KIPPS)

(*Starting slowly.*)

HERE COMES A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY  
DOLLED UP IN STARCHY WHITES  
WITHOUT A HINT OF GREY  
SIPPING PIMMS FROM A CRYSTAL GLASS  
SO REFINED SIMPLY OOZING CLASS  
YES, SIR, IT'S A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY

(*Up to full tempo.*)

HEIGH-HO A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY  
HOW SPIFFING TO OBSERVE  
THE QUALITY AT PLAY  
CHATTER BORNE ON A GENTLE BREEZE  
GENTLEFOLK WITH A NATURAL EASE  
DON'T STIR ON A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY

GIRLS

(*Looking out front – towards the 'field of play'.*)

THEY'RE GOING OUT TO BAT  
THEY LOOK SO GOOD  
THEY'VE SET THEIR LITTLE STICKS  
AND BITS OF WOOD  
WE DO NOT KNOW THE RULES

THE WAY WE SHOULD  
 BUT EACH MUSCLED, MANLY CHEST  
 TURNS EACH CRICKET MATCH INTO A TEST

*(The BOYS flex their muscles and breathe in – breathing out sharply  
 once the GIRLS have turned away.)*

*Suddenly KIPPS is prominent. On one side stand the BOYS, on the  
 other the GENTS. KIPPS looks from one to the other, undecided which  
 way to turn.)*

KIPPS

OH LOR' A PERFECT SUMMER'S DAY  
 THEY SAID 'YOU MUST DECIDE  
 THE SIDE FOR WHICH YOU'LL PLAY'  
 SHOULD I BAT FOR THE GOOD OLD BOYS  
 OR TURN OUT FOR THE GENTS WITH POISE . . . ?

*(HELEN appears, holding a pink GENTLEMAN's cap. She presents  
 this to KIPPS – and he crosses to join the Gents' team.)*

*Now, choreographically, a compressed, stylised sequence of 'pictures'  
 reveals the batting fortunes of the WORKERS.*

*YOUNG WALSINGHAM and a fellow GENT punish the BATSMEN,  
 while KIPPS lurks by the boundary, etc.).*

GIRLS

THEY MAKE FOUR RUNS  
 WHEN IT SHOULD BE TWENTY  
 ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

ANOTHER THREE  
 MEAN THEY'RE WANTING PLENTY  
 NOW'S NOT THE HOUR FOR ECONOMY

THEY STAND AT THE WICKET  
 BUT WHAT'S THE USE?  
 THEY HUFF AND THEY PUFF  
 'TIL THEY'RE TURNING PUCE

THEY NEED TO BE TIGHT  
 BUT THEY'RE LAX AND LOOSE  
 THEIR SILLY MID-OFF'S  
 NO MATCH FOR THE TOFFS  
 ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

UMPIRE I                      Players all out for forty! Tea will be taken!

*(The free-standing scoreboard (worked by the GIRLS) shows 'All out for 40', KIPPS having played very little part in the proceedings.)*

MRS W<sup>3</sup>HAM / HELEN  
 ON THIS BEGUILING, SMILING DAY  
 HERE'S WHEN THE GENTLEMEN  
 REPAIR FOR THEIR EARL GREY

Boys  
 TEA'S THE TIPPLE THE CISSIES DRINK  
 MINE'S A PINT AND A PINT I'LL SINK

ALL  
 HIGH-STYLE A BEGUILING, SMILING DAY

HELEN  
 OH HOW THE AFTERNOON'S PROGRESSED  
 IT SEEMED OUR CHAPPIES  
 WITH GOOD FORTUNE WOULD BE BLESSED

BUT THEY PLAYED LIKE A FEYDEAU FARCE  
 GENTS, ALAS, DIDN'T HAVE THE CLASS

*(Now, choreographically again, a portion of the GENTS' innings is recounted.)*

POSH FOLK  
 NOW IT'S TIMOTHY CARRUTHERS  
 WHO'S MUCH BETTER THAN THE OTHERS  
 AT THE CREASE WITH WALSINGHAM HIS CHUM

THEY WILL TURN US INTO VICTORS



AND THE JOURNALS WILL DEPICT US  
AS THE CHAPS WHO BANG THE WINNERS' DRUM

Boys  
IF YOU'RE CLAIMING THE WINNING TICKET  
WE'VE A NOVEL NOTION  
WHERE YOU MIGHT JUST STCK IT

POSH FOLK  
THOUGH IT SEEMS TO BE ABSURD NOW  
AN APPALLING THING'S OCCURRED NOW  
SIMPLY JUDGING BY THE SHOUT  
IT APPEARS YOUNG TIM IS OUT  
AND HE GOT WITH HIS LAST SHOT A BROKEN THUMB

*(CARRUTHERS goes off, clutching his thumb.)*

UMPIRE 2                      Final ball! The gentlemen require two runs to win!

COMPANY (*minus* KIPPS)  
WITH THE SCORES A TOUCH DIMINSHED  
NOW THE MATCH IS ALMOST FINISHED  
JUST ONE BALL IS LEFT AND THAT IS THAT

WHILE THE GENTS WERE RATHER HAUGHTY  
THEY'VE NOT MATCHED THE FELLERS' FORTY  
AND IT'S ARTHUR COMING INTO BAT

NOW WE TREMBLE AND WE QUIVER  
WITH ANTICIPATION SHIVER  
WILL YOUNG MR KIPPS DELIVER?

*(So, KIPPS takes the crease. Opposite him, YOUNG WALSINGHAM powers up.)*

*To the SOUND of a marching drum-beat, PEARCE takes the ball and walks away, preparatory to his run-up. The entire COMPANY follow him with their eyes, as HE goes into the wings, completely out of view. A dramatic pause, then the SOUND of a steam train, gaining momentum, gathering speed. As this reaches its peak, PEARCE*

*thunders back into view, unleashing a corker. KIPPS winces in anticipation . . . closes his eyes . . . swings wildly . . . connects – and hits a six!*

*The scoreboard reveals '46', as the COMPANY floods the space.*

*The COMPANY divides in two: the POSH FOLK (the WALSINGHAMS, the remaining GENT players, etc.) and the WORKERS.)*

POSH FOLK  
HURRAH!

HE WAS A LA-DA-DI-DA HIP HIP HURRAH  
PROPER GENTLEMAN  
GETTING ALL THE RUNS WE WERE NEEDING

WORKERS  
STANDING PROUD AND TALL FOR THE FINAL BALL  
TOUCHED WITH GRACE AND GLAMOUR AND  
A GALVANISING GALL

Posh Folk  
THOUGH HE CAN BE A BORE OUT THERE WE SAW  
SUCH A GENTLEMAN

WORKERS  
EVERYONE WHO MATTERS IS FAWNING

ALL  
HE'S SO UP-TO-THE-MINUTE A ROARING SUCCESS  
IN EVERY BOX HE TICKS  
RAISING HIS BAT WITH A SHOUT OF 'HOWZAT?'  
KIPPS HAS HIT A SIX!

KIPPS                      Howzat!

*(And HE is hailed as the man-of-the-hour.*

*After a while, the others clear and HELEN steps forward.)*

HELEN                      Oh, Arthur – you're a hero.

- KIPPS                    Did I do you proud?
- HELEN                    I'll say you did!
- KIPPS                    Is now the right time, then?
- HELEN                    For what?
- KIPPS                    I . . .
- HELEN                    For what?
- KIPPS                    (*Kneeling, but this time with maturity.*) Will you marry me, Helen?  
(*Pause.*)
- HELEN                    Yes, Arthur. I will marry you.
- KIPPS                    Ooo! I say! (*Rising.*) Hooray!  
(*HE throws his hat in the air. A clap of thunder.*)  
No! Not rain!
- HELEN                    Don't worry, my dearest. Nothing could spoil today.  
(*MRS WALSINGHAM and YOUNG WALSINGHAM come in, making for the pavilion.*)
- KIPPS                    'Ere – you two! She's going to marry me! You'll be my brother-in-law!
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Splendid!
- MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            (*Pecking HELEN on the cheek.*) I'm very pleased for you, Helen.  
(*Just skirting away from KIPPS.*) Congratulations, Mr Kipps.
- KIPPS                    (*Going to kiss her.*) Can I call you mother?  
(*MRS WALSINGHAM ducks the kiss.*)
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Plenty of time for that sort of thing later. First we need the bubbly.
- KIPPS                    Well, I did order it. Like you said.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM Did you now? Then we'd better drink it up before the rain comes and spoils the fun.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Perhaps it's inside. There's a maid around here somewhere but she looked pretty gormless.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM I'll go and see.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Let her do it. You are on the committee.

HELEN Mama . . .

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM No, Helen. The creatures need to be taught a lesson. These girls are all the same. I didn't like the look in her eye. She's probably run off with a dozen bottles. For her drunken old father.

HELEN Mama, we don't really . . .

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM You'll have to have her sacked, William. Use your position.

HELEN That won't be necessary, Mama. I believe she's coming with it now.

*(ANN, in the uniform of a local council waitress, appears with a bottle of champagne and glasses on a tray.)*

ANN *(Bobbing.)* Ma'am.

*(KIPPS sees who it is.)*

KIPPS Oh Lor'!

*(ANN turns. SOUND: thunder.)*

ANN Artie, what you doin' here?

HELEN 'Artie'? How dare you speak so familiarly to my fiancé?

ANN Your what?

HELEN My fiancé.

ANN You're goin' to marry 'im?

HELEN In six weeks' time.

ANN My Artie?

HELEN Yours?

ANN Yes, mine! He's mine!

KIPPS If you'll let me explain . . .

ANN You'd better explain. And you'd better explain quick. Tell 'er you're not her fiancé.

KIPPS But . . . er . . .

ANN You're not, are you?

KIPPS Well . . . it's . . .

ANN Are you?

KIPPS We are engaged.

*(A dangerous PAUSE, then –)*

ANN Oooow! *(She throws the tray down with A great clanging crash.)* You . . . you . . . you ph'landrer! You told me you loved me! You gave me your token! Well, 'ere . . . you better have it back.

*(SHE whips up her skirt – to the great horror of the ladies – and takes the halfsixpence from a pocket in the leg of her bloomers.)*

*SHE throws down the coin.)*

You can stick 'em together and buy yourself another Sunday paper. I don't never want to see you again.

KIPPS *(Stepping towards her.)* Ann . . .

ANN Just keep off! Just keep off, that's all! You . . . You . . . Oh, Artie!

*(And SHE runs away. SOUND: thunder.)*

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Well!

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        Well!

*(THEY go into the pavilion. KIPPS hesitates.)*

HELEN                Arthur, please . . . Will you take me in? I think it's beginning to rain.

**Music No. 14: IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL (REPRISE)**

*(But HE is still uncertain. Then slowly HE turns to HELEN and takes her arm.)*

*SOUND: thunder. Together KIPPS and HELEN move towards the pavilion as the rain begins to fall.)*

COMPANY

IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL  
LET IT FALL ON WEDNESDAY  
TUESDAY MONDAY ANY DAY BUT SUNDAY  
ANY DAY BUT SUNDAY  
ANY DAY BUT SUNDAY

*(THEY scurry for shelter, yet KIPPS is still at the entrance. HE pauses now, turns back, then pauses again. HE looks right and left then walks out in the rain, pulls up his coat sleeve and fishes in the mud until he finds ANN's half-sixpence.)*

*HE holds it up to the light as –*

FADE TO BLACKOUT.)

**END OF ACT ONE**

## ACT TWO

**Music No. 15: NO NEED OF ECONOMY****The Promenade.**

*A MAN stands with his back to us, looking at the sea through the penny-in-the-slot telescope. A BOY stands near him, eagerly awaiting his turn.*

*SID, PEARCE, BUGGINS, FLO, VICTORIA and KATE come in, strolling in the summer light.*

*THEY are clearly talking about KIPPS.*

ALL

HE SITS IN STATE EATIN' 'ARRODS 'AMPERS  
 HE'S GOT NO NEED OF ECONOMY  
 HE DRINKS A CRATE OF THE FINEST CHAMPERS  
 NOW THERE'S NO NEED FOR ECONOMY  
 AND AS FOR THE FRIENDS THAT HE USED TO MEET  
 WELL, HE'S SUCH A TOFF HE DON'T CARE TO GREET  
 THE MATES HE ONCE HAD 'COS THEY DON'T SMELL SWEET

PEARCE                      Speak for yourself!

ALL

NOW HE'S AWFUL POSH  
 HAS TIME FOR A WASH  
 HE'S GOT NO NEED OF ECONOMY

*(THEY go on their way. The MAN at the telescope turns. It is KIPPS.)*

KIPPS                      *(Looking off after his former friends, then to the boy.)* Here. Sixpence.  
 Don't spend it all at once.

*(Clutching his prize, the BOY runs off. KIPPS moves away – to encounter CHITTERLOW, coming in from the opposite direction.)*

CHITTERLOW              Sir Midas! How goes it, my rich young friend?

- KIPPS                    (*Glumly.*) 'Allo, Chit'low. Feelin' a bit low, actually.
- CHITTERLOW            You wouldn't have about your person, say, five guineas, would you, my dear?
- KIPPS                    Five guineas?
- CHITTERLOW            I'm cut to the quick, but I need to purchase quills for my latest draft. And I ask, of course, for your sake as much as mine.
- KIPPS                    For my . . . ?
- CHITTERLOW            Charity can cheer a fellow up no end.
- KIPPS                    In that case take ten.
- CHITTERLOW            No – too much, too much! (*But he pockets it all the same.*) Woman trouble, matey?
- KIPPS                    Well . . . maybe.
- CHITTERLOW            In return for such munificence, allow your Uncle Harry to proffer his wisdom. When it comes to the fairer sex, my boy, there is little after all that I . . .
- KIPPS                    I'm a bit confused. I mean, there's someone I've known a long time and then, yesterday a't'noon, someone else . . . she what called me 'dear'. Now, when I'm with the second one I should be thinking about the first one but I can't think about the first one 'cos the second one's got me all of a two-and-eight. (*Out front.*) I'm not getting any better with these words, am I? (*Then back to CHITTERLOW.*) You do get me, don't you, Chitterlow?
- CHITTERLOW            Indeed, indeed – I know the feeling! Why, when I was on tour with Bessie Hopper's company I had three all at once. Not counting Bessie. (*He chuckles.*) Secret is, don't let it get you down, old feller. Two, three – what does it matter? There's plenty of fish in the sea.

**Music No. 16: THE ONE WHO'S RUN AWAY**

KIPPS  
TALKING OF FISHING



I USED TO FISH OFF THE PIER  
 NEVER CAUGHT MORE THAN A COLD IN MORE THAN A YEAR  
 SUDDENLY I CAUGHT  
 ALL OF THE FISH IN THE BAY  
 SIX BASS AND A CONGER  
 AND SOMETHING MUCH LONGER  
 THAT GOT CLEAN AWAY  
 SO TALKING OF FISHING  
 HERE'S WHAT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND  
 THAT THE FISH YOU WANT MOST  
 IS THE FISH THAT YOU DIDN'T LAND

CHITTERLOW            Probably a mermaid . . . life's like that.

TALKING OF WOMEN  
 I'VE BEEN AROUND ALL MY LIFE

KIPPS                    Well, you would have, wouldn't you?

CHITTERLOW  
 NEVER IN WANT OF A WANTON OR OF A WIFE  
 SUDDENLY ONE DAY  
 I SEE AN ANGEL GO BY  
 I GO INTO ACTION  
 BUT WHAT'S HER REACTION?  
 A SLAP IN THE EYE  
 SO TALKING OF WOMEN  
 HERE'S WHAT I WANTED TO SAY  
 THAT THE ONE YOU WANT MOST  
 IS THE ONE WHO HAS RUN AWAY

KIPPS / CHITTERLOW  
 WHEN A MAN IS IN THE MONEY  
 WOMEN WANT HIS KISSES  
 BUT THE ONE HE MISSES  
 IS THE ONE WHO'S RUN AWAY

ALL THE OTHERS ONLY BORE HIM  
 THOUGH THEY ALL ADORE HIM  
 HE JUST WANTS THE ONE WHO'S RUN AWAY

THEY CAN MOTHER AND CARESS HIM  
SMOTHER AND POSSESS HIM  
GIVE HIM ALL THEY'VE GOT TO MAKE HIM STAY

CHITTERLOW  
BUT HE'LL ALWAYS RUN  
TO THE ONE WHO'S RUN AWAY

KIPPS  
ALWAYS RUN  
TO THE ONE WHO'S RUN AWAY

**Music No. 16a: MASKED BALL**

*(As THEY continue singing, KIPPS and CHITTERLOW dance together.  
The MUSIC changes to waltz-time.*

*As KIPPS and CHITTERLOW waltz off, the BALL GUESTS sweep on,  
waltzing formerly in white tie and ballgowns.*

*The TOASTMASTER appears.)*

TOASTMASTER My lords, ladies and gentlemen . . . his Worship the Mayor bids  
you welcome to the Floral Hall for the Folkestone Chamber of  
Commerce Annual Dinner and Dance.

*(He moves aside to reveal –*

**The Folkestone Floral Hall.** *Cane chairs, potted palms and punch  
bowl, with the MAYOR and LADY MAYORESS prominent.*

*MUSIC: FINESSE, still in waltz-time. The BALL GUESTS continue  
to dance as MRS WALSINGHAM, complete with tiara, YOUNG  
WALSINGHAM and HELEN come in, surveying the room.*

*A moment, then MRS WALSINGHAM spots the back of a retreating  
DUCHESS.)*

MRS W'HAM *(Advancing.)* Your Grace, how delightful to see you! My son's on  
the committee here, you know!

*(The DUCHESS turns and freezes MRS WALSINGHAM with a withering glance.*

*The DUCHESS goes.)*

HELEN I think you were sent to Coventry, Mama.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM I am pleased to say I have never been north of Chipping Sodbury.

*(KIPPS enters, in white tie but already somewhat sweaty and dishevelled. He almost bumps in to the TOASTMASTER.)*

TOASTMASTER I beg your pardon.

KIPPS Sorry, mate.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Why do you lag behind so, Mr Kipps?

KIPPS I made a wrong turning when I 'anded in me 'at.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM /  
YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM /  
HELEN

Hat!

KIPPS Don't know why I couldn't keep 'old of it. She wanted a shilling.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Never mind the shilling. Just try not to perspire.

KIPPS What? Oh – sweat! Why?

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM It isn't polite. A gentleman reveals neither effort nor emotion when he's enjoying himself. You must remember, Arthur, that you are about to marry a Walsingham. And we are connected to the Beauprés. Lord Beauprés.

HELEN Only distantly.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Nevertheless – connected.

KIPPS A Lord! Cor!

HELEN Please don't use expressions like that, Arthur. Really, you are impossible.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM      Oh, come now, Helen dear – difficult maybe, but not impossible. I can already see an improvement in him . . . faint but promising. I feel our little conversations together are beginning to bear fruit.

KIPPS                Oh, they are. It's very good of you to take the time.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM        And so clever of you, William, to trace the real spelling of 'Kipps'.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM      Yes, it's the old Flemish way, you know.

HELEN                So much nicer to be Mrs C.U.Y.P.S.

KIPPS                Koips? . . . Coops? . . . Kippers?

ALL                    Cuyps!

*(An embarrassed SILENCE.)*

KIPPS                Well, I daresay we'll soon get into it.

HELEN                And do you still have the marbles? The shiny ones I gave you for your speech exercises?

KIPPS                Oh . . . the marbles. I left 'em at 'ome. *(He has an idea.)* Not to worry . . .

*(HE grabs a handful of grapes from a passing WAITER'S tray. Before HELEN can do anything about it, HE stuffs these into his mouth.)*

*(Spitting out fruit as he goes.)* My papa comes from Zanzibar . . . My papa comes from . . .

*(But HE begins to choke.)*

It's gone down the wrong hole!

*(HE snatches a bottle of champagne from the WAITER, thinking to wash it down, but has difficulty removing the cork. When HE finally does so, it ricochets around the room – ending up in the TOASTMASTER'S mouth.)*

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM        *(Looking to see if anyone has noticed.)* Er . . . er . . . why don't you go and take some air?

KIPPS                    Air?

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Air.

KIPPS                    Where?

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            There. Out there on the terrace.

KIPPS                    (*Looking off.*) But there's no-one out there.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Precisely.

(*Pause.*)

KIPPS                    Will I need me 'at?

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM /

HELEN /

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        Hat!

(*In unison, the three shake their heads.*)

(*Crestfallen, KIPPS goes. HELEN can't help but smile.*)

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            This isn't amusing, Helen.

HELEN                    He's doing his best.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            All I can say is: it wasn't like this in my mother's day.

**Music No. 17: FINESSE**

(*This is a major routine featuring all the BALL GUESTS and WAITING STAFF.*)

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM

THE WORLD IS IN A STATE OF FLUX  
NO LONGER REALLY QUITE DELUXE  
IT'S OUT OF KILTER IN A MESS  
IT'S MORE OBLIGE AND LESS NOBLESSE

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM

THE GIRLS WHO LIVE BENEATH THE STAIRS

ASSUME THE MOST PRETENTIOUS AIRS  
THERE'S MUTINY DOWN BELOW

HELEN  
DON'T TELL ME, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
IT'S NOT THAT I'M A FRIGHTFUL SNOB  
I JUST ABHOR THE COMMON MOB  
THEY FRET AND POUT AND PET AND MOPE  
AND REEK OF CHEAP CARBOLIC SOAP

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
'T WAS BETTER ONLY YESTERDAY  
THE NINETIES WERE NOT REALLY GAY  
BUT EVER SO ROCOCO

HELEN  
DON'T TELL ME, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
I LEARNED THE TRICKS OF SOCIAL NOUS  
AT MY DEAR MATER'S KNEE  
WITH RIFF-RAFF NOW ABOUT THE HOUSE  
MY NOUS IS ALL AT SEA

HELEN  
DON'T TELL ME, I DON'T WANT TO KNOW  
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW  
I DON'T WANT TO KNOW

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
OUR STANDARDS WE MAINTAIN  
OUR STANDARDS WE UPHOLD

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
WE NEVER, EVER DROP OUR GUARDS  
WE COME AROUND WITH CALLING CARDS

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
OUR STOCK OF ETIQUETTE

IS NEVER UNDERSOLD

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
IS NEVER UNDERSOLD

BOTH  
WE'RE RIDDLED WITH ANXIETY  
WHILE STANDING FOR PROPRIETY  
THE HEIGHTS OF HIGH SOCIETY, NO LESS  
WE HAVE TO CONFESS

THEY CALL IT FINESSE

(KIPPS *passes through, holding his hat.*)

KIPPS                   Thought I'd get it after all.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            What?

KIPPS                   Me 'at.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            A gentleman does not wear his 'at . . .

HELEN /  
YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM        Hat!

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            . . . on the terrace!

(KIPPS *goes.*)

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM (*With a shudder.*)  
OUR STANDARDS WE MAINTAIN  
OUR STANDARDS WE UPHOLD

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
OUR MANNER IS A TRIFLE ARCH  
AND STIFFENED WITH A LITTLE STARCH

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM

FORGIVE US IF WE MIGHT OCCASIONALLY SCOLD

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
OCCASIONALLY SCOLD

BOTH  
FOR PLUMPING FOR PLUTOCRACY  
AND VOTING DOWN DEMOCRACY  
WE'RE ALMOST ARISTOCRACY, I GUESS  
SINCE THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS  
THEY'VE CALLED IT FINESSE

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
THEY CALL IT FINESSE

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
THEY CALL IT FINESSE

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
THEY CALL IT FINESSE

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM  
THEY CALL IT FINESSE

BOTH  
THEY CALL IT FINESSE

HELEN                   Don't tell me, I don't want to know!

*(The DUCHESS crosses.)*

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM           Your Grace, I really think you must have mistaken me for Bunty  
Boucher! We look so similar in our tiaras, don't you know?

*(SHE follows the DUCHESS off. Panicked, HELEN and YOUNG  
WALSINGHAM go after her.)*

*Making sure the coast is clear, KIPPS comes back in, still clutching his  
hat.)*

KIPPS                   *(Out front.)* A night of disasters! I wouldn't 'ave 'ad that 'appen for  
the world. I can laugh about it now, of course – but then . . . well,  
then I was trying me best to be on me best behaviour. I didn't



know what was waiting for me, o' course. The bolt out of the blue that was lurking just around the corner.

*(ANN comes on, in her waitress's uniform.)*

Ann!

ANN *(Turning.)* Sir? . . . Oh, it's you. *(She turns on her heel, but —)*

KIPPS No, Ann — wait.

ANN Why should I?

KIPPS I got to talk to you. I . . . I wrote you a letter.

ANN I tore it up. Anyway, you're not supposed to speak to me. You're a guest and I'm only a waitress.

KIPPS *(Coming to her.)* But I wanted to explain things.

ANN I told you to keep off.

KIPPS But everything happened so quick. I mean, you don't come into twelve hundred a year every day. It all came as quite a shock.

ANN It came as quite a shock when I found out you was engaged to be married.

KIPPS I suppose it did.

ANN *(Going again.)* Anyway, I hope you'll be very happy.

KIPPS I don't feel very happy.

ANN *(Stopping.)* Me neither.

KIPPS You been crying, Ann?

ANN Only for about six weeks. But what's it to you?

*(SHE sniffs. HE offers her his handkerchief.)*

KIPPS Here. It's clean.

ANN                    You ain't got a cold.

KIPPS                 Have a good blow.

HELEN                (*Voice off.*) Arthur!

(*KIPPS breaks away from ANN, as the others return.*)

MRS W'HAM         Oh, a girl at last! (*To ANN, not recognising her.*) I require a glass of punch.

KIPPS                'Please'.

MRS W'HAM         I beg your pardon?

KIPPS                You're tryin' to teach me some manners, so I thought I'd try and teach you some too.

MRS W'HAM         I really don't know what you . . .

KIPPS                Common courtesy. You know 'er. You've met 'er before.

MRS W'HAM         I'm sorry, but they all look the . . .

KIPPS                . . . same? This one's cryin', tho'. You notice that?

MRS W'HAM         I can see she's snivelling, if that's what you mean. Pull yourself together, girl – or you'll lose your job. My son's on the committee.

ANN                    Ma'am.

(*HELEN is looking on. SHE is noticing something is happening here, but is not sure what.*)

HELEN                I don't think you can have her dismissed, Mama. Strictly speaking, she's a civil servant.

KIPPS                Dismissed? For doing what?

HELEN                I didn't say . . .

MRS W'HAM         (*Gathering pace now.*) She should have her wages stopped.

- KIPPS                   And what would she live on?
- MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            She should have thought of that before she was . . .
- KIPPS                    What?
- MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            Insolent. Weeping all over the canapés. I'm being charitable to her. I'm teaching her a lesson.
- KIPPS                    Seems like she ain't the one who needs teachin' a lesson around 'ere.
- HELEN                   *(Trying to take his arm.)* This is nothing to do with us, Arthur. Why don't we . . . ?
- KIPPS                    *(Pulling away.)* It's got everything to do with me. Ann . . . Ann, I won't have her bullying you.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM         Bullying?! Mama?!
- KIPPS                    I won't, and that's a fact.  
  
*(Suddenly ANN can bear it no more.)*
- ANN                     Oh . . . Artie!  
  
*(SHE flees from the room. KIPPS turns back, really aggressive now.)*
- KIPPS                    You're a bully.
- MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM            And you're a draper.
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM         *(Seeing this is getting dangerous; trying to be pally.)* Kipps, old man, these girls are two-a-penny. It's just a question of them knowing their . . .
- KIPPS                    Place?
- YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM         Precisely.
- HELEN                    Look, it's a storm in a teacup.
- KIPPS                    You keep out of this, 'Elen.

HELEN I most certainly will not. You will apologise. Immediately. Is this how you repay my mother's kindness and my brother's efforts – to say nothing of my own weeks of struggle?

KIPPS And what about Ann's weeks of struggle?

HELEN You are engaged to me.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM (*In full flight now.*) And I have heard just about enough. We try to do something with you, make something of you – and what do you do in return? I'm appalled. You will never . . . do you hear me – never?! . . . see or talk to that common little person again. We set out to reform you and reform you we shall.

KIPPS Now just a moment. You're not my mother-in-law yet, you know. What's all this 'common little person'? Who's a common little person?

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM She is. That wretched girl.

KIPPS She's not wretched . . . she's Ann.

HELEN She's not Ann. She's a servant.

KIPPS I don't care what she is. You people talk about her as if she was something different, as if she was a monkey in the zoo. Common Persons! Well, I'm common . . .

*(General reaction – to MRS WALSINGHAM'S horror.)*

. . . and I like 'em. And I like 'er. I like 'er a lot. Come to think of it, I like 'er a whole lot better than what I like you.

HELEN Arthur!

KIPPS And I'm going to tell her so!

HELEN But what about me?

KIPPS I'm sorry, 'Elen, you'll have to manage on your own. I'm not the one that needs the help round 'ere.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM But the wedding . . .

KIPPS It's off!

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Young man . . .

KIPPS Don't you dare, Missus. I've had just about enough of you. One more Beauprés, Bow Peep or Kippers and, so help me, I'll put you over me knee! Good night, Mrs Walsingham! Good night and goodbye!

*(Exit KIPPS.)*

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Well! Well! Well, I must say, I'm not surprised. He just hadn't got it in him.

YOUNG W<sup>'</sup>HAM No gentleman and never will be.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM Once a draper always a draper. *(She turns.)* Why, whatever is it, Helen dear? You're crying.

HELEN Yes.

MRS W<sup>'</sup>HAM For him?

HELEN Yes, for him. Don't you understand . . . I loved him? I loved him just the way he was.

*(FOCUS passes to ANN, running across the acting area.*

*Now KIPPS runs across the area, as if in pursuit.*

*ANN is seen running again, then KIPPS catches up with her. THEY are down in **The Kitchen.***

KIPPS Ann! . . . Ann, I've been a fool.

*(ANN stops.)*

ANN You can say that again. Have you any idea how you embarrassed me up there? I'm not just any old waitress, you know. I'm silver service.

KIPPS                   But . . . but I want to marry you.

ANN                     You can't.

KIPPS                   I must. You got to marry me, Ann.

ANN                     You can't go marrying everybody. You got to marry 'er. That one upstairs.

KIPPS                   I shan't.

ANN                     You're engaged to that girl. You can't be engaged to me.

KIPPS                   I don't want to be engaged. I been engaged. I want to be married. To you. Now.

ANN                     What d'you mean?

KIPPS                   I mean, come away and marry me – before anyone else does.

ANN                     No. I'd 'ave to give me notice in.

KIPPS                   Don't bother. Just go.

ANN                     That wouldn't be fair.

KIPPS                   Fair? Have they been fair to you?

ANN                     Have you?

KIPPS                   I'll make it up to you. I'll buy you things.

ANN                     I got my own things, thank you very much.

KIPPS                   But just think of all the . . .

ANN                     Don't you talk to me about thinking! You didn't think of me. You 'aven't treated me very proper.

KIPPS                   I didn't say I had. I'm all wrong and I never said I wasn't. I've been a fool – ain't that enough? I got myself all tied up with everyone and made a laughing stock of myself all round. It ain't as if we don't care for each other, though, is it? I mean, I didn't think I'd

ever see you again, Ann. It isn't as though I was seeing you all the time. I didn't know what I wanted and I went and behaved like an ass, just as anyone might. I know what I want and I know what I don't want. Now.

*(Silence.)*

Ann . . . Ann, will you come? . . . Will you?

*(Silence.)*

If you don't answer me, Ann – I'm desprit – if you don't answer me now, I'll go right out – I haven't a friend in the world! I've gone and throw'd everything away up there – everything. I don't know why I've done things and why I haven't. All I know is nothing matters in the world no more. Nothing. I might as well chuck meself in the sea.

*(HE makes to go, but –)*

ANN                      Artie . . . Don't drown yourself. Not yet.

**Music No. 18: LONG AGO**

*(THEY look at each other, then suddenly ANN rushes into KIPPS's arms.)*

Oh, Artie . . . don't go! Don't go!

KIPPS                    I've bin so mis'rible, Ann. I've bin so mis'rible.

ANN                      Shhh . . .

*(THEY are holding each other, but SHE breaks away a little.)*

Mind you, I wouldn't do this for everybody.

KIPPS                    Oh, I do love you, Ann.

ANN                      I love you too, Artie. I s'pose I always have.

*(KIPPS kneels at her feet. SHE cradles him in her arms, as if she was soothing a weary little boy.)*

I WAS LONGING TO TELL YOU LONG AGO  
SO LONG AGO  
BUT HOW COULD I TELL YOU?

I WAS LONGING TO SAY I LOVED YOU SO  
SO LONG AGO  
BUT WHAT COULD I SAY?

IT WAS NOT FOR ME  
IT WAS NOT FOR ME  
I MADE UP MY MIND  
IF YOUR LOVE WAS BLIND  
IT WAS NOT TO BE

BUT NOW AT LAST IT'S NO LONGER LONG AGO  
FOR NOW I KNOW  
YOU'RE MINE AS YOU WERE MINE  
LONG AGO

KIPPS                    When we was kids – when we was kids . . . do you remember . . .  
                                 the games we used to play? I was a pirate and you was . . .

ANN                      . . . a princess.

KIPPS                    You can be one again, if you like. A princess.

ANN                      No. That's just make-believe.

BOTH (*Getting up.*)  
WE WERE FAR TOO SHY  
MUCH TOO SCARED TO TRY

ANN  
I MADE UP MY MIND  
IF YOUR LOVE WAS BLIND  
BETTER SAY GOODBYE

BOTH  
BUT NOW AT LAST IT'S NO LONGER LONG AGO  
FOR NOW I KNOW



KIPPS  
YOU'RE MINE COMPLETELY MINE

ANN  
NOW AND ALWAYS MINE

BOTH  
JUST AS YOU WERE MINE  
LONG AGO

*(Suddenly all the bells in the bell-rack call, as KIPPS and ANN run off.*

*As the little bells ring away – gradually becoming a triumphant peal of church bells – we are taken to –*

**Music No. 19: FLASH, BANG, WALLOP!**

**The Theatre Alley.** *The exterior of 'The Masher' is bedecked with wedding bunting. The tables have been placed together to make one long table, festooned with flowers, and this bears a huge, white wedding cake, with two halves of an icing sixpence perched on top.*

SID, BUGGINS, PEARCE, KATE, VICTORIA, FLO, SHALFORD, *the* SHOPBOYS, *the* SHOPGIRLS, *the* MAYOR, *the* LADY MAYORESS, *the* PUB REGULARS, *the* PIERROTS, *the* SHOWGIRLS, *the* STAGEHANDS, *the* DRESSERS, *the* MUSICIANS and LAURA *are resplendent in their Sunday best, CHITTERLOW centre.*)

CHITTERLOW      The duties of a best man are huge and multifarious.

LAURA            Multi what?

SID                Somethin' to do with fairies.

LAURA            *(Indicating the stage door.)* Get enough o' them with the theatre folk.

*(This meets with great laughter, as –)*

CHITTERLOW      I shall begin my speech with a few, brief classical references.

BUGGINS          Mucky jokes – that's what they'll be wantin'.

CHITTERLOW I shall not be light on humour.

PEARCE I know a good one about a Chinaman with a third leg.

VICTORIA Don't think Ann'd appreciate that one, thank you very much.

PEARCE She would if she was married to him!

*(Raucous laughter.)*

VICTORIA Well, she's not! She's married to Artie!

FLO And very happy too, make no mistake.

*(A NEWSPAPER REPORTER approaches PEARCE.)*

REPORTER Excuse me, I understand you're a friend of the groom's.

PEARCE We was at Eton together.

REPORTER Very comical. Know anything about his financial plans? I'm from the Gazette.

PEARCE Mr Kipps has a financial advisor. Name of Walsingham. You'd better ask him.

REPORTER Well . . . what about his domestic plans?

VICTORIA *(Butting in.)* He's going to open a shop.

REPORTER His old trade?

VICTORIA Oh, nothing like that. A bookshop. He's going to open a bookshop.

FLO You sure?

VICTORIA It's what his new missus says.

*(Sudden commotion.)*

ALL They're 'ere! They're 'ere!

*(And KIPPS and ANN make their entrance. HE looks the toff in his grey morning clothes, SHE is radiant in white lace and ribbons.)*

Ah! Don't they look lovely! What a beautiful couple!

PHOTOGRAPHER Time for a photograph, if you please!

*(As THEY group in front of the table, LAURA lifts up the edge of the cloth to reveal a group of KIDS underneath, drinking brown ale.)*

LAURA Get out of it, you cheeky monkeys!

*(The KIDS scatter.)*

PHOTOGRAPHER *(Sticking his head back out from under his camera-cloth.)* Smile, please! Everybody smile! *(To SHALFORD.)* You too, sir.

SHALFORD I am smiling.

PHOTOGRAPHER Right, then – hold it just like that. *(He holds up the flash-tray in his free hand, muffled.)* Hold it . . . Hold it! One . . . two . . . three . . .

*(A flash. The tableau collapses, to reform when needed. Then –)*

KIPPS

ALL LINED UP IN A WEDDING GROUP  
HERE WE ARE FOR A PHOTOGRAPH  
ALL DRESSED UP IN A MORNING SUIT  
AND WE'RE TRYING NOT TO LAUGH

SINCE THE EARLY CAVE-MAN IN HIS FUR  
TOOK A TRIP TO GRETNA GREEN  
THERE'S ALWAYS BEEN A PHOTOGRAPHER  
TO RECORD THE HAPPY SCENE

*(ALL freeze. Flash.)*

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH  
POOR OLD SOUL BLIMEY WHAT A JOKE  
HAT BLOWN OFF IN A CLOUD OF SMOKE

ALL

CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET

BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM  
WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE  
RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

PHOTOGRAPHER     One more picture – hold it!

KIPPS  
YOU'VE READ IT IN THE FOLIO  
OR SEEN THE SHAKESPEARE PLAY  
HOW JULIET FELL FOR ROMEO  
IN THE MERRY MONTH OF MAY

WHEN HE TRIED TO CLIMB THE ORCHARD WALL  
TO REACH HIS LADY FAIR  
WHEN HE TUMBLED SHE BEGAN TO BAWL  
AS HE FLOATED THROUGH THE AIR

*(All freeze. Flash.)*

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH  
POOR OLD CHAP WHAT A NIGHT HE SPENT  
TIGHTS ALL TORN AND HIS RAPIER BENT

ALL  
CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET  
BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM  
WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE  
RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

PHOTOGRAPHER     One more picture – hold it!

KIPPS  
WHEN NAPOLEON MARRIED JOSEPHINE  
THERE WAS JUST THE SAME TO-DO  
HE GALLOPED HOME FROM THE BATTLE SCENE  
ALL THE WAY FROM WATERLOO

AND AS HE CAME FROM OFF HIS HORSE  
 TO THE BOUDOIR WHERE SHE SAT  
 SHE SAID TO HIM IN FRENCH OF COURSE  
 AS HE TOOK OFF HIS BIG COCKED HAT

*(ALL freeze.)*

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
 CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
 WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH  
 THERE SHE WAS WITH A BIG HUZZAR  
 ALL CAUGHT UP IN HER OO LA LA

ALL  
 CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET  
 BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM  
 WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE  
 RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

PHOTOGRAPHER     One more picture – hold it!

KIPPS  
 THE SAME THING HAPPENED LONG AGO  
 WHEN MAN WAS IN HIS PRIME  
 AND WHAT WENT ON WE ONLY KNOW  
 FROM THE SNAPS THEY TOOK AT THE TIME

WHEN ADAM AND EVE IN A BIRTHDAY SUIT  
 DECIDED TO GET WED  
 AS ADAM WAS ABOUT TO TASTE THE FRUIT  
 THE MAN WITH THE CAM'RA SAID

*(ALL freeze. Flash.)*

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
 CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
 WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH  
 POOR OLD EVE THERE WITH NOTHING ON  
 FACE ALL RED AND HER FIG LEAF GONE

ALL

CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET  
 BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM  
 WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE  
 RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

STICK IT IN THE FAMILY  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY – ALBUM!

*(This goes for applause, then –)*

KIPPS (To PHOTOGRAPHER.) May I pinch your line, sir?

PHOTOGRAPHER Certainly, sir.

KIPPS One more picture – hold it!

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH HAD SEVERAL WIVES  
 INCLUDING ANNE BOLEYN  
 AND HE MADE AN ALBUM OF THEIR LIVES  
 WITH ALL THEIR PHOTOS IN

AS ANNE BOLEYN WAS ON HER KNEES  
 DRESSED IN HER VERY BEST FROCK  
 KING HENRY SHOUTED ‘SMILE DEAR, PLEASE’  
 AS HER HEAD ROLLED OFF THE BLOCK

*(ALL freeze. Flash.)*

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
 CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
 WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH  
 COMES THE PRINT IN A LITTLE WHILE  
 LOST HER HEAD BUT SHE KEPT HER SMILE

ALL

CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET  
 BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM

WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE  
 RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

KIPPS  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY

ALL  
 STICK IT IN THE FAMILY – ALBUM!

*(KIPPS and ANN are poised to go back into the pub, but ANN turns – to throw her bouquet.)*

ANN                    Alright girls, now's your chance.

*(As FLO catches it, KIPPS and ANN leave.)*

VICTORIA            That's you next!

FLO                    *(Looking at BUGGINS.)* Lucky feller.

BUGGINS             Don't waste your money on a trousseau, Flo. The end of the world is nigh.

*(CHITTERLOW steps forward.)*

CHITTERLOW        And where are the happy couple?

SID                    Gone, Mr Chitterlow. Off on honeymoon.

CHITTERLOW        But . . . my speech!

BUGGINS             You've missed the boat there, I'm afraid.

CHITTERLOW        But I've rehearsed it!

FLO                    Do it for us, then. We'll be your audience.

CHITTERLOW        Well . . . if you insist. *(Melifluously.)* My lords, ladies and gentlemen . . .

SID                    Ain't no lords round 'ere.

PEARCE No ladies neither, so far as I can see.

*(Laughter.)*

CHITTERLOW *(Attempting to continue.)* My lords, ladies and gentlemen, it falls upon me to . . .

PEARCE Brown ale, anyone?

CHITTERLOW . . . to bestow a benediction upon Mr Kipps and his fair Penthesalea.

FLO 'Er name's Ann.

CHITTERLOW *(Attempting to continue.)* Mr Kipps is a rare example of a simple soul.

FLO What's 'e saying?

SID Artie's simple.

FLO Cheeky beggar!

CHITTERLOW *(Attempting to continue.)* Good fortune came his way but has it spoiled him? Not one jot. He is as resolute as Hector.

BUGGINS Don't hold with the classics, it's all Greek to me.

CHITTERLOW As stout as Agamemnon . . .

FLO Thought 'e'd lost a bit of weight meself.

CHITTERLOW As beyond reproach as the wife of Caesar.

*(The SHOPWORKERS are laughing uproariously now, as LAURA comes in.)*

LAURA Oi – look sharpish, boys and girls! We need them trestles for a funeral at three o'clock!

*(Suddenly THEY all move away to shift the trestles.)*

*CHITTERLOW looks crestfallen, then spots SHALFORD.)*



CHITTERLOW Fancy a snifter?

SHALFORD Must I listen to the rest of your speech?

CHITTERLOW After a jar of Old Methusulah, sir – believe me, you’ll want to!

*(And HE leads him off.)*

*The scene transforms to **A Rented House**. A MAID is on her knees, scrubbing the tiled floor, as KIPPS enters through the front door, carrying some rolled-up architectural plans.)*

KIPPS *(Picking up letters from a hall-stand.)* No need to get up, Gwendolin. We don’t stand on ceremony here.

ANN *(Looking up through her tousled hair.)* It ain’t Gwendolin – it’s me!

KIPPS *(Shocked.)* Ann! What on earth are you doing scrubbin’ the floor?!

ANN She don’t do it right.

KIPPS Then teach her.

ANN I’d sooner do it meself. *(Getting up.)* Besides, it’s her half-day.

KIPPS *(Looking at his pocket watch.)* Not ’til one o’clock it ain’t.

ANN I don’t begrudge her twenty minutes.

KIPPS I do. And look at yer. What yer wearin’?

ANN It’s me pinny. You’ve seen it before.

KIPPS Yes, but the point is – I shouldn’t be seeing it now. Not now you’re a lady.

ANN Who are you kiddin’?

KIPPS Well, you will be when they’ve finished our new ’ouse. These are the plans from Wilkins. *(Proudly.)* The architect.

ANN I don’t want no new ’ouse.

- KIPPS                   We can't go on living in renteds all our lives!
- ANN                     But what about that bookshop idea?
- KIPPS                   Who wants a bookshop when they can 'ave eleven bedrooms?
- ANN                     Inviting Wolverhampton Wanderers, are we?
- KIPPS                   I'm doing what's right for me proper station.
- ANN                     Paddington?
- KIPPS                   Very funny. But you'll laugh on the other side of your face when you see them bedrooms.
- ANN                     Who's going to clean them? That's what I'd like to know.
- KIPPS                   (*Opening a letter, reading.*) 'Unavoidably prevented from seein' you today.'
- ANN                     (*Seeing a bit she's missed.*) Who is?
- KIPPS                   That Young Walsingham. I like 'is cheek. After I give 'im 'is start and everything. (*He opens another one, reading – or trying to.*) Oh, dashed if I can read a word of this one! I can just make out 'Chit'low' at the end. It's like someone writing in a fit. I expect he's either done something or not done something towards starting that new play of his.
- ANN                     What about that two hundred you gave him for a quarter share?
- KIPPS                   Probably gone on Old Methusulah.
- (*GWENDOLIN comes in, dolled up for the town.*)
- And where do you think you're off to?
- GWENDOLIN           It's me 'alf-day.
- KIPPS                   Not for another ten minutes.
- GWENDOLIN           Missus told me . . .

- KIPPS                   Never mind what missus said. I'm here now.
- GWENDOLIN            Anyway, you've 'ad callers.
- KIPPS                    (*To ANN.*) You didn't say.
- ANN                     (*Turning away.*) Didn't think it was important.
- GWENDOLIN            (*Gloating.*) They left cards.
- KIPPS                   Why on earth would they leave cards when missus was in?
- GWENDOLIN            Calling cards.
- KIPPS                   Yes, I know what they are, Gwendolin, but why . . . ?
- GWENDOLIN            She wouldn't let 'em in.
- KIPPS                   What?
- GWENDOLIN            Callers. So they 'ad to leave . . .
- KIPPS                   Yes, you've painted the picture, thank you. That . . . that'll be all.
- GWENDOLIN            But I've still got another ten minutes.
- KIPPS                   Gwendolin, you're excused.
- (*Beaming, GWENDOLIN goes off through the front door.*)
- So where are they, then – these cards?
- ANN                     (*Pointing to a high shelf*) Up there.
- KIPPS                   What are they doin' up there?
- ANN                     I wanted to be shot o' them.
- KIPPS                   (*Taking them down, reading.*) Mrs G Porett-Smith . . . Miss Porett-Smith . . . Miss Mabel Porett-Smith . . . the Rev G Porett-Smith . . . Rev! Reverend! Lor . . . clergy!
- ANN                     There was a lady and two growed up girls . . . all dressed up . . . and a little chap dodging around behind 'em.

KIPPS                   What did they want?

ANN                    I dunno – they didn't say. I . . . I answered the door and . . .

KIPPS                   Where was Gwendolin?

ANN                    Upstairs. Puttin' her face on.

KIPPS                   Spyin' on you, more like. Watchin' you make a fool of yourself.

ANN                    'Ow was I to think about Callers? We ain't never 'ad Callers all the time we been 'ere. I . . . I thought it was a tradesman or something. Never took me pinny off. Washed – nothing. And there they was.

KIPPS                   Well . . . what they say?

ANN                    She says 'Is Mrs Kipps at home?' See? To me.

KIPPS                   Yes?

ANN                    And me all dirty and no cap on, neither missus nor servant, like. I couldn't think of anything to say but just 'not at 'ome', and they give me the cards and went.

KIPPS                   Cor! I wouldn't 'ave 'ad that 'appen for five pounds. Clergyman and all!

ANN                    I don't see it's any use getting in a state about it now.

KIPPS                   Don't you? I do. 'Ere's these people . . . good people . . . wants to 'sociate with us, and you go and slap 'em in the face.

ANN                    I didn't slap no-one.

KIPPS                   As good as. Well . . . there's only one thing for it.

ANN                    What?

KIPPS                   Return the call.

ANN                    (*Aghast herself now.*) 'Ow?

KIPPS                   Take them a card.

ANN 'Ow can I?

KIPPS You got to.

ANN I don't got to do nothin'.

KIPPS You got to, I tell you. You must.

ANN I can't.

KIPPS You must.

ANN I can't. Anything in reason I'll do, but face those people again I can't.

KIPPS You mean you won't.

ANN No.

KIPPS So there they go – orf! And we never see them again. And so it goes on. We don't know nobody and we shan't know nobody. And you won't put yourself out . . . not one little bit . . . nor take the trouble to find out anything 'ow it ought to be done.

*(A terrible pause.)*

ANN I never should 'ave married you, Artie. It's true. I'm not equal to the position.

*(Pause.)*

KIPPS Well, you can try, can't you? I've improved – why can't you? 'stead of which you go sending out the servant and scrubbing floors. And then when visitors come . . .

ANN 'Ow was I to know about your old visitors?

KIPPS Well, you ought to have done! *(He snatches up his letter.)* I'm going to see about them bedrooms.

ANN I don't want eleven bedrooms!

KIPPS You're going to 'ave eleven bedrooms and like 'em!

(HE storms out.)

ANN (Shouting after him.) You've left yer dirty bootprints all over me floor!

(But SHE is on the verge of tears.)

**Music No. 20: I KNOW WHAT I AM**

WITH THE MONEY WE GOT AND THE BOOKS HE READS  
AND THE HIGH-BORN FOLK HE KNOWS  
AND THE CLERGY CALLING AND ALL  
WE'RE GENTLEFOLK NOW, I SUPPOSE  
BUT SOMETHING'S WRONG WHEN WE DON'T AGREE  
SOMETHING'S WRONG AND IT AIN'T BECAUSE OF ME

I KNOW WHAT I AM  
I WAS BROUGHT UP IN A SIMPLE WAY  
I KNOW WHAT I AM  
ORDINARY SIMPLE COME WHAT MAY  
I KNOW WHAT I AM  
I DON'T HOLD WITH MUTTON DRESSED AS LAMB

BEING GENTS  
DON'T MAKE SENSE  
I KNOW WHAT I AM

I KNOW WHAT I AM  
WHEN IT COMES TO HIGH SOCIETY  
I KNOW WHAT I AM  
JUST A FEELING HERE INSIDE OF ME  
I KNOW WHAT I AM  
I JUST CAN'T ABIDE WHAT'S FALSE AND SHAM

CALLING CARDS  
LA-DI-DARDS  
I KNOW WHAT I AM

(ANN goes off in one direction as KIPPS, BUGGINS, SID and PEARCE come on from the other.)

*We are at **The Building Site** and BUILDERS and CARPENTERS are busy working on the new house. KIPPS looks around him, eager to show off.*

FLO, VICTORIA *and* KATE *enter.*)

BUGGINS           What you drag us out 'ere for, Artie?

SID                 We see sight nor sound of you for six months, then all of a sudden you route-march us 'ere.

PEARCE            When we want to be out on the town.

BUGGINS           A building site!

*(KIPPS draws them together.)*

KIPPS             Ah – but there you're wrong. This ain't just any old building site. This is the site of Kipps Towers.

PEARCE            Kipps . . . ?

KIPPS             Me new 'ouse.

*(THEY look around. It is all just scaffolding and ladders.)*

BUGGINS           Very nice.

KIPPS             Oh, you can laugh, but this'll be a palace, you mark my words.

SID                 If it makes yer 'appy.

KIPPS             What's 'appy, anyway?

*(HE turns away, but –)*

PEARCE            Here – with all your money, did you ever get that banjo, Artie?

KIPPS             *(Half-turning back.)* What?

SID                 The banjo you were so mad about.

KIPPS             Oh – who wants an old banjo?

BUGGINS But . . .

KIPPS (*An idea dawning.*) A motor car! That's what I'm gonna get meself!

SID If . . .

KIPPS No – a garageful o' motor cars! At me new 'ouse! (*Pause, then defiantly.*) It's gonna 'ave eleven bedrooms.

BUGGINS Sounds like . . .

KIPPS What?

BUGGINS Nothing.

KIPPS What?

BUGGINS An orphanage.

(*A chilling silence. Then –*)

PEARCE / SID / BUGGINS (*Turned away from him; sotto voce; Slow.*)

NOW HE'S GOT ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

NOW HE'S GOT ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

NOW HE'S GOT ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY

SID

HE THROWS HALF A CROWN TO THE FOLKS

HE USED TO PAY THE TALLY WITH

PEARCE

FROWNS AT THE SOAKS

HE TIPPLED IN THE ALLEY WITH

BUGGINS

BROWNS OFF THE BLOKES

HE ALWAYS WAS SO PALLY WITH

ALL

MR DEBONAIR

(*Then a sharp turn to KIPPS –*)



PEARCE (*Out loud and full speed.*)  
NOW YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS (*Rallying.*)  
I'M BUILDING A MANSION

PEARCE  
'COS YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS  
A LITTLE EXPANSION  
I CAN AFFORD THE OVERHEADS  
INDOOR PLUMBING ELEVEN BEDS

Boys  
HE'S BUILDING A MANSION

KIPPS  
WITH A GREAT IRON GATE

Boys  
BUILDING A MANSION

KIPPS  
AND A MOCK STABLE BLOCK

Boys  
BUILDING A MANSION

ALL  
THREE HURRAHS FOR THE CARS  
GARAGES GALORE

KIPPS  
NO PLACE LIKE MINE FROM DERBY TO DENHAM  
WITH, SAY, THE RARE EXCEPTION OF BLENHEIM  
CALL FORTH YOUR WORDS, YOU POETS, AND PEN 'EM

AND THERE'LL BE A TOWER I'VE DECREED  
IN GOTHIC PERPENDICULAR  
STAIRS THAT'LL LEAD

TO NOWHERE IN PARTICULAR  
KNOWING I'LL NEED  
CONVEYANCES VEHICULAR

ALL  
GARAGES GALORE!

Boys  
NOW YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS  
I'M BUILDING A PALACE

Boys  
'COS YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS  
THE COWBOYS O' DALLAS  
THEY COULD LASSO A CATTLE HERD  
IN MY BALLROOM 'COS 'BIG'S' THE WORD

Boys  
HE'S BUILDING A PALACE

KIPPS  
WITH A LARGE EQUIPAGE

Boys  
BUILDING A PALACE

KIPPS  
FULL O' NOOKS FOR THE BOOKS

Boys  
BUILDING A PALACE

KIPPS  
AND A ZOO WHAT A COUP!

ALL  
THAT'S WHAT MONEY'S FOR

KIPPS

'ONLY THE BEST' WILL BE ARTIE'S MOTTO  
I'LL HAVE MY CEILINGS DONE BY GIOTTO  
AND IN THE GROUNDS MY OWN PRIVATE GROTTTO

AND THERE'LL BE ELECTRICAL LIGHT  
JUST LIKE THEY HAVE AT CLARIDGE'S  
SHINING SO BRIGHT  
ON TWENTY HORSELESS CARRIAGES  
HOUSED FOR THE NIGHT  
IN SIMPLY GORGEOUS GARAGES  
WALKING'S SUCH A BORE!

*(Dance Routine.)*

COMPANY

BUILDING A MANSION!  
BUILDING A MANSION!  
BUILDING A MANSION!  
THAT'S WHAT MONEY'S FOR!

*(Dance Routine.)*

KIPPS

WE'LL BE LIKE THE FOLKESTONE HOTEL  
WHERE FOOTMEN BRING THE DISHES IN  
WE'LL HAVE A WELL  
FOR MAKING LOTS O' WISHES IN  
A POND IN A DELL  
WITH JAPANESEY FISHES IN  
WHO COULD ASK FOR MORE?

COMPANY

NOW YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS

I'M BUILDING A MANSION

COMPANY

'COS YOU'VE GOT MONEY TO BURN

KIPPS  
A LITTLE EXPANSION  
I CAN AFFORD THE OVERHEADS  
INDOOR PLUMBING ELEVEN BEDS I'M

COMPANY  
BUILDING A MANSION!  
BUILDING A MANSION!  
BUILDING A MANSION!  
THAT'S WHAT MONEY'S FOR!  
BUILDING A MANSION  
A MANSION

*(And HELEN comes in.)*

KIPPS                   Helen!

HELEN                  Forgive me for coming here, but I have to speak to you.

KIPPS                  This is no place for . . .

HELEN                  You'd better read this letter.

*(SHE hands over a document. THEY watch as KIPPS struggles to decipher it.)*

FLO                     You can see the sea from here!

VICTORIA              Of course you can. A gentleman's place . . .

KATE                   . . . simply 'as to 'ave a view!

*(THEY laugh.)*

KIPPS                  Gawd!

BUGGINS               Whatever is it?

KIPPS                  No wonder he's prevented!

PEARCE                Who?

KIPPS                  Young Walsingham.

- PEARCE                    Why?
- KIPPS                     He's gorn.
- SID                        What for?
- KIPPS                     For 'is 'ealth.
- BUGGINS                 What do you mean?
- KIPPS                     I mean 'e's gorn – and my twenty-four fousand wiv 'im. (*A long pause, then –*) That's right, isn't it, Miss 'Elen?
- HELEN                    I'm afraid so.
- KIPPS                     'E's been speckylating. 'e's speckylated every penny I've 'ad. Now 'e's run off.
- BUGGINS                 You mean you ain't got nothin' left?
- KIPPS                     Not a farthing. Not a bloomin' farthing. He's bought things dear and sold 'em cheap and played 'ankypanky with everything I had.
- SID                        He needs to be 'ad up in a court o' law.
- KIPPS                     If they ever catch him.
- (*The BOYS look at each other, helpless.*)
- BUGGINS                 Hard cheese, old man. But then I always knew it wouldn't do you any good.
- (*HE goes.*)
- PEARCE                    Bad luck, Artie. I'd like to help, old chap, but I'm a bit short myself at the moment.
- (*HE goes.*)
- SID                        It's the system, you see. Not your fault. Nobody's fault, really. Everything's on the topple. It's the system.
- (*HE goes. The others melt away. Just HELEN and KIPPS remain.*)

HELEN I . . . I'm sorry.

KIPPS Yes. I know you are.

*(And HELEN withdraws.)*

**Music No. 21: WHAT SHOULD I FEEL?**

*(KIPPS is alone.)*

KIPPS  
SUDDENLY SEEMS I'VE BEEN 'AD  
CAUGHT LIKE A MOTH IN A FLAME  
SILLY ARTIE

CHITTERLOW *(Voice off, with echo.)* Twelve hundred pounds. A year.

KIPPS  
CAUGHT ON THE 'OP BY A CAD  
NO-ONE BUT MUGGINS TO BLAME  
SILLY ARTIE

YOUNG W'HAM *(Voice off, with echo)* If I can be of any help, don't hesitate to ask.

KIPPS  
WON'T YOU LOOK HOW I GOT IT WRONG  
SEE HOW I GOT IT WRONG ALL THE WAY

HELEN *(Voice off, with echo)* So much nicer to be Mrs Cuyps.

KIPPS  
SUCH A BIG LESSON TO LEARN  
OH WHAT A FRAUD WHAT A SHAM!  
THAT'S ME – ARTIE

SHALFORD *(Voice off, with echo)* He just won't learn.

KIPPS  
ME WITH THE MONEY TO BURN  
WENT AND FORGOT WHO I AM

MRS W'HAM *(Voice off, with echo)* Common little person.

KIPPS  
BIG FOOL ARTIE  
AND PERHAPS IT'S TOO LATE TO CHANGE

ANN                    (*Voice off, with echo*) I never should've married you. I'm not equal  
to the position.

KIPPS  
YET I CAN'T WAIT TO CHANGE NOW

TELL ME WHAT SHOULD YOU FEEL?  
TELL ME WHAT DO YOU DO  
WHEN YOU LOOK IN THE PAST  
AT THE MAN THAT YOU WERE  
AND THAT MAN ISN'T YOU?

WHY DID I GET IT WRONG  
LOSE MY WAY IN THE PLOT?  
NOW I LOOK IN THE PAST  
AT THE THINGS THAT I DID  
AND I WISH I HAD NOT

TELL ME WHAT SHOULD I FEEL?

DOES IT MATTER?  
JUST AS LONG AS I SAY  
UNTIL MY DYING DAY  
I'LL MAKE AMENDS  
I'LL TURN AROUND  
I'LL SEE WHO I WAS  
BE WHO I WAS  
WITH THE JOY THAT I FOUND  
IN HER  
WITH MY FEET ON THE GROUND  
WITH HER

HAVE I LOST HER FOR GOOD  
OR COULD SHE SET ME FREE  
TO REVISIT THE PAST

AND FIND SOMEONE AGAIN  
WHO IS SOMEONE LIKE ME?

HAVE I LOST HER FOR GOOD?  
YES, IT MATTERS  
FOR WITHOUT HER THERE'LL BE  
NO NEW ENDING FOR ME  
SO I NEED HER  
I SAY IT NOW  
THIS STORY OF MINE  
EACH SINGLE LINE  
ONLY EVER MADE SENSE  
WITH HER  
I'VE MY OWN PRESENT TENSE  
WITH HER

TELL ME WHAT SHOULD I FEEL?  
NOW THE ANSWER IS CLEAR  
DON'T LOOK BACK AT THE PAST  
FOR THE MAN THAT I WAS  
'COS HE'S STANDING RIGHT HERE

TELL ME WHAT SHOULD I FEEL?

WHAT SHOULD I FEEL?

*(ANN comes to him, but HE cannot face her.)*

KIPPS                    Oh, ANN! I . . . I lost all me money.

ANN                      *(Wryly.)* So I 'eard.

KIPPS                    I been such a fool. Perhaps . . . perhaps you ought to go away for a bit, while I sort meself out.

ANN                      'Ere, I married you, didn't I? I'm staying, I am.

KIPPS                    *(Still not turning, fighting back tears.)* I wanted everythin' to be so marv'lous for you. Pretty clothes and a big 'ouse and things.



ANN                    But I didn't want all that. Artie, I only wanted you. And I got you, didn't I? Nobody can speckylate that. And at least we got sixpence – if we just put our two 'alves together.

**Music No. 23: HALF A SIXPENCE (REPRISE)**

ANN (*Trying to encourage him.*)

'ARF A SIXPENCE

KIPPS (*At first reluctant.*) Ann . . .

ANN

IS BETTER THAN 'ARF A PENNY

KIPPS                    Why you doing this?

ANN

IS BETTER THAN 'ARF A FARTHING

KIPPS                    I'm not sure I can . . .

ANN

IS BETTER THAN NONE

IT'S A TOKEN OF

OUR ETERNAL LOVE

WHEN YOU'RE FAR AWAY

TOUCH IT EVERY DAY

BOTH (*KIPPS at first still uncertain.*)

AND THO' THAT 'ARF A SIXPENCE

CAN ONLY MEAN 'ARF A ROMANCE

REMEMBER THAT 'ARF A ROMANCE

IS BETTER THAN NONE

BUT WHEN I'M WITH YOU

ONE AND ONE MAKE TWO

AND LIKEWISE

TWO 'ARF SIXPENCES JOINED TOGETHER MAKE ONE

JOINED TOGETHER MAKE ONE

JOINED TOGETHER MAKE . . .

(THEY join their sixpences and – for the first time in the show – kiss.  
MUSIC continues.)

ANN Don't be long Artie.

(And SHE goes.)

KIPPS (Out front.) So, there you have it. Just what I promised you.  
Pictures. Flash, Bang, Wallop – pictures! And my story –  
beginning, middle and . . . a happy ending. (He makes to leave, but  
then turns back.) 'Ere – 'ave you ever wondered what happens after  
the happy ending? (He chuckles.) Me too.

(As HE goes, LIGHT rises on **The Promenade**. It is 'snowing'  
heavily. BUGGINS, SID, PEARCE, FLO, VICTORIA and KATE are  
discovered, as carol singers. THEY cross the acting area, Good King  
Wenceslas making a comic segue into – )

**Music No. 24: ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY (REPRISE)**

SHOPWORKERS

THEY SOLD THE HOUSE TO A RICH CONTRACTOR  
WORKERS ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY  
AND AS FOR POOR GWENDOLIN

BUGGINS

THEY SACKED 'ER

SHOPWORKERS

IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY  
WORKERS THEY RENTED A BOOKSHOP ACROSS THE WAY  
THEY'VE BEEN THERE FOR YEARS AND THEY'VE MADE IT PAY  
'COS THEY LEND PENNY DREADFULS AT TUPPENCE A DAY  
ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

(THEY clear to reveal **The Bookshop**. The room doubles as a parlour,  
cosy and warm. The 'snow' is now seen through a window, outside  
where it belongs.)

KIPPS *sits in an armchair, comfy, reading a ledger. Then two CHILDREN (a BOY and a GIRL) run in, ready for bed, closely followed by ANN. THEY make whooping noises.*)

ANN All right, all right . . . kiss your Daddy – then off up the wooden hills! Father Christmas won't come 'til you're asleep.

GIRL Will you come up and read us a story, Daddy?

KIPPS Well . . . maybe we'll take a look at that old picturebook you got.

BOY Promise?

KIPPS Promise!

*(THEY kiss KIPPS in turn . . .)*

GIRL 'Night, Daddy.

BOY 'Night, Daddy.

*(. . . then ANN scoots them off.)*

ANN No noise now until your Daddy comes up. *(She turns back towards him.)* What you doin'?

KIPPS End of the year, you know. Lookin' over the stock. Not bad, all things considered. It's like they say – you know where you are with a shop. Keep a shop and a shop'll keep you.

*(The SHOPWORKERS, still distant, hum wordlessly.)*

ANN Well, so long as it keeps you busy. And 'appy.

KIPPS Now I know what 'appy is.

*(The humming grows nearer.)*

ANN Oo, listen, Artie – it's carollers.

SHOPWORKERS *(Off.)*

AND AS FOR 'IS MISSUS FROM WHAT ONE 'EARS  
SHE SITS ALL ALONE THERE IN FLOODS OF TEARS

'COS SHE AIN'T HAD A . . .

KIPPS                    (*Getting up.*) Carollers? Them's not carollers.

(*HE opens the door to reveal the SHOPWORKERS.*)

. . . KISS

KIPPS /

SHOPWORKERS

IN FORTY YEARS

ALL IN THE CAUSE OF ECONOMY

(*The SHOPWORKERS come in, bringing presents and laughter.*)

BUGGINS                Merry Christmas, Ann. Worst weather we've had in years.

SID                      But have we got a surprise for you?!

ANN                     I don't like surprises.

PEARCE                 You'll like this one.

(*Like a magician . . . but actually from behind them all . . . HE produces CHITTERLOW – in full evening dress with his opera cloak over his head.*)

CHITTERLOW           (*Throwing the cloak back.*) Biff!

KIPPS                   Oh, it's . . .

ANN                     . . . Chitterlow!

KIPPS                   Hello Harry!

CHITTERLOW           Old Kipps! Good old Kipps! Mrs Kipps too! (*He throws his arms around them both, then with a weird half-chuckle / half-sob.*) My play! Kipps, my play!

KIPPS                   Ah – it ain't . . . ?

CHITTERLOW           My dear chap – a great big, roaring, tremendous winner! (*He staggers back at the magnitude of the news. Either that, or he has*

*been imbibing a little too much of the old you-know-what.)* I had to tell you. I had to astonish someone. Been up all night talking to the boys. I'm a bit off it just now, but it knocked 'em . . . knocked everybody. They laughed at everything. Biff! Bizz! Curtain! Knock-out! They called for the Author. They called for the Author! I went on – it sounded like walking under Niagara Falls. Couldn't say a word. Blubbed like a baby. They even laughed at that! The boys! Dear old boys!

ANN *(Going to him.)* Well, I do think you ought to sit quiet now for a bit.

CHITTERLOW No! No, I couldn't sit still for anyone or I'd do it for you. It's you I'm thinking of. You and Arthur. It means money. Here . . . here's a cheque – from the management! And it's for you, Kipps, old pal. First return on your quarter share.

*(HE holds a cheque out to KIPPS.)*

KIPPS But . . .

CHITTERLOW And there'll be more! Hundreds more! We're in, Kipps, old chap. Fair square in.

*(KIPPS takes the cheque.)*

KIPPS *(Tempted.)* Really?

ANN *(Gently.)* Artie . . .

*(KIPPS smiles and returns the cheque to CHITTERLOW.)*

KIPPS Chitterlow . . . I don't want to be ungrateful, but – we don't want it. I've 'ad money and . . .

CHITTERLOW *(Staggered.)* Nonsense – it's yours. You had faith in my play. *(He stuffs it into KIPPS's pocket.)* You invested, so you jolly well keep it. And a Happy Christmas and a prosperous New Year! *(He turns.)* Well, who's coming down with me for a drop of the Old Methusulah?

KIPPS No. Thanks all the same, but I gotta go upstairs for a story.

- CHITTERLOW Can't celebrate by myself.
- SID We'll keep you company, then.
- CHITTERLOW Splendid. (*He kisses ANN's hand.*) Farewell, dear heart, for I must needs be gone. Come, my kittens . . .
- (*HE holds out his arms and the GIRLS hang on.*)
- ANN (*To KIPPS.*) Is he all right?
- CHITTERLOW As right side up as a billiard ball! Down in a week or two, Kipps, old man. More money. We're really in this time! Fair square in! Biff!
- (*Much jollity, as THEY all make their way out. We see them, through the window, delighted in the snow.*)
- (*Then KIPPS and ANN are alone once more.*)
- ANN Oh, I'm so glad.
- KIPPS (*Sitting.*) So 'm I. For if ever a feller worked for it, it's 'im.
- (*ANN comes to the old armchair.*)
- ANN Do you think it's true?
- KIPPS What?
- ANN 'Bout all this money coming?
- KIPPS I don't see why not. But we'll keep the shop on all the same. I haven't much faith in money . . . after all the things I've seen.

**Music No. 25: A NORMAL WORKING DAY (REPRISE)**

(*ANN sits on his knee.*)

- ANN Penny for your thoughts, Artie?
- KIPPS Don't think a penny'd buy 'em.

ANN                      Sixpence, then.

KIPPS                     Sixpence? Well . . . that's more like it.

*(Reflectively.)*

I LIKE MY NORMAL WORKING DAY  
IT SEEMS AS IF THE CLOUDS  
OF DOUBT HAVE BLOWN AWAY  
NOW AT LAST I KNOW WHAT TO FEEL  
'COS FOR ONCE I KNOW WHAT IS REAL  
SO HERE'S MY NORMAL WORKING . . .

ANN  
WHO FEARS THIS NORMAL WORKING . . . ?

BOTH *(And off-stage COMPANY)*  
THREE CHEERS FOR A NORMAL WORKING DAY

*(The MUSIC builds. THEY laugh together, aware of love, as –*

*FADE TO BLACKOUT.)*

**END**

**Music No. 26: WALKDOWN (BOWS / ENCORE – FLASH, BANG, WALLOP!)**

KIPPS                     You can go home now . . . Oh, you want another picture? . . . I  
said: do you want another picture?

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH  
FROM UP HERE YOU'RE SUCH A PRETTY SIGHT  
GLAD YOU CAME 'COS YOU MADE OUR NIGHT

COMPANY  
CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET  
BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM  
WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE

RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

HOLD IT FLASH BANG WALLOP WHAT A PICTURE  
CLICK WHAT A PICTURE  
WHAT A PHOTOGRAPH

KIPPS  
WE'VE ENJOYED BEING HERE WITH YOU  
TIME TO GO NOW SO 'TOODLE-OO'

COMPANY  
CLAP HANDS STAMP YOUR FEET  
BANG IT ON THE BIG BASS DRUM  
WHAT A PICTURE WHAT A PICTURE  
RUM TID-DE-LY UM PUM PUM PUM PUM  
STICK IT IN THE FAMILY ALBUM

STICK IT IN THE FAMILY  
STICK IT IN THE FAMILY  
STICK IT IN THE FAMILY – ALBUM!



# HALF A SIXPENCE

*from the novel "KIPPS" by H. G. Wells*

*Book by Beverley Cross*

*Music and lyrics by David Heneker*

*New Version by Warner Brown*

VOCAL BOOK



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HALF A SIXPENCE

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Lyrics for '*A Normal Working Day*', '*My Heart's Out There (What  
Should I Feel?)*', '*This Is It*', '*Be Determined*', '*The Cricket Match*',  
'*No Need Of Economy*', '*Finesse*', '*That's What Money's For*' and  
'*What Should I Feel?*' by WARNER BROWN

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# HALF A SIXPENCE

## 1. Prelude & Underscore

**Allegro** ♩ = 120

Flt./Clf./Vln.

5

Tpt.2/Hn.

10 *Kipps appears in a pool of light*

Vln./Kbd.

*KIPPS: "This is it, then, the end of the world..."*

### UNDERScore

**Easy** ♩ = 72

Vln. & Tpt.1 (cup mute)

16 **rall.**

21

Flt.(8va)/Clf.

27

W.W. Flt./Clf./Banjo

*"There I am, me as a nipper..."*

32

Hn./Vln. Kbd./Flt.8va

*"But 'old on, there's something wrong..."*

38

Brass (open)/Vln. Kbd./Flt./Clf.8va Glock. Pno./Vln.

*"Ah, there she is..."*

44 Vln./Flt.&va

51 **poco rall.** **a tempo**

Vln./Clt.&ba Flt./Hn.&ba

57 “Time to go, young mister...”

Flt./Clt.&va Brass

p cresc. “That was in the land of long ago...”

63 + Flt./Clt./Vln. **rit.**

**f** **mp**

**a tempo**

Vln. 3

68

CUE (KIPPS): “Let’s paint another picture. Mr Shalford’s Drapery Emporium and Fancy Goods Bazaar!”

73 **DIALOGUE** **Alla marcia** ♩ = 116

Kbd./Brass/WW&va (Brass)

**mf**

80 **molto rit.**

cresc. **f**

CUE (KIPPS): “We’ll have to see about the end.”

84 **DIALOGUE** **a tempo maestoso** ♩ = 120

tutti W.W./Vln.&va

**ff**

89 W.W./Vln.

**f**


93  **segue**

## 2. A Normal Working Day


**Bright** ♩ = 120


SHOP BOYS

  
Here comes a nor - mal work - ing day, \_\_\_\_\_ No gen - tle

6   
nine to five, we slave the hours a - way. Up at dawn with the ris - ing light,

11   
Don't knock off 'til the dead of night. No more than a nor - mal work - ing, nor - mal


16   
work - ing, a - no - ther nor - mal work - ing day. Heigh - ho, a nor - mal work - ing

21   
day; \_\_\_\_\_ It makes no diff - 'rence if it's Jan - ua - ry or

26   
May. Rub and scrub till your knuck - les bleed, All we're get - tin' is chick - en feed, No

31   
more for a nor - mal work - ing day. **rall. in 4 ♩ = 160**

36 **Meno mosso** ♩ = 120 KATE VICTORIA  
  
A girl had best a-void the beg - ging bowl By sell - ing say a vest or

40 FLO GIRLS  
  
cam - i - sole. A world of bow and scrape was not my goal. But please take this fact on

Bright  $\text{♩} = 120$

44 BOYS

trust, We have to earn our dai - ly crust! No break in a nor - mal wor - king

48

day, We'll die in har - ness like some poor old brew - er's

53 GIRLS BOYS

drey. Rinse your mop in a rust - y pail, Tote that barge and lift that bale.

KIPPS: "Oi - he's due!" Shop is readied

58 ALL **Allegro**  $\text{♩} = 120$  8

One store on a nor - mal work - ing...

Pearce unlocks the door

68 8 G.P.

ALL, SPOKEN (parrot-fashion)

77 tutti (W.W. *sva*) 2

Good morning, Mr. Shalford.

*mf*

83 6 repeat as needed

CUE (KIPPS): "This is Mr Shalford."

90 DIALOGUE **Bright**  $\text{♩} = 120$  KIPPS

Roll on a nor - mal work - ing day,

95

Who'd do the things we do to earn a pau - per's pay?



100 KATE VICTORIA

Tack the hem of a mus - lin frock, Drop a stitch and your pay he'll dock. SHOP WORKERS  
One chore in a  
One chore in a

105 FLO / KATE / VICTORIA

nor - mal work - ing day. Fa la la la la fa la la la la  
nor - mal work - ing day. Fa la la la fa la la la

110 + KIPPS

fa la la la la a la A nor - mal work - ing day. A nor - mal work - ing day.  
fa la la la la fa la A nor - mal work - ing day.

115

Come, see our bet - ters all re - vealed with feet of clay. Come, see our bet - ters all re - vealed with feet of clay.  
Come, see our bet - ters all re - vealed with feet of clay.

119 KIPPS

What a shock that they're not too nice, Hagg - lin' o - ver the bloom - in' price.

## UNDERScore

123 ALL WORKERS

One flaw in a nor - mal work - ing day.

Mrs WALSINGHAM "I'd like to see  
128 what you have in the way of curtain material."

bars 127-140 can be repeated if needed

135 Flt.

**DIALOGUE CUE (SHALFORD):** "One more  
complaint today and I'll dock the lot of you."

141 CUSTOMERS

We've made a lot of fuss so now it's clear\_\_

SHOP WORKERS

Fed up with a nor - mal work - ing day,\_\_\_\_\_

147

That we're the ones who tru - - ly mat - ter here.\_\_\_\_\_

We wish that we could be some - where that's far a -

151

We've thrown our weight a - bout suf - fic - ient - ly,\_\_\_\_\_ So

way. Far a - way from the raves and rants, Far a - way from the old men's pants.

156

un - der - lings will know just how far they may go and so it's once more a nor - mal work - ing,  
Oh, Lor', a nor - mal work - ing day. And so it's once more,

162

Foot - sore for a nor - mal work - ing day.  
Oh, Lor', a nor - mal work - ing, Foot - sore for a nor - mal work - ing day.

168

En - core a nor - mal work - ing day.  
En - core a nor - mal day.

## 2a. Normal Working Day Play-Off

Bright  $\text{♩} = 120$

8

## 2b. Scene Change

*CUE (SHALFORD): "And don't you forget it. Especially Economy."*

Steady Waltz  $\text{♩} = 60$

8

### 3. All In The Cause Of Economy

*CUE (PEARCE): "...and that's what we want to do, Sid. Laugh, laugh, and forget about old Salford and his..."*

**Moderato** ♩ = 100

KIPPS BUGGINS SID SID / PEARCE /  
BUGGINS / KIPPS

Sys-tem! 'Fish-en-cy! Sys-tem! 'Fish-en-cy! E - co - no - my! He

8 **Steady Waltz** ♩ = 60

ALL

gives us tea, but it's halved and quar-tered, All in the cause of e - co - no - my.

15 PEARCE

ALL

The beer is free, but the beer is wa-tered, All in the cause of e -

22 BUGGINS

-co-no-my. And as for our com-forts, he does his bit, Each night in the base-ment he

30 **rit. in 3** ♩ = 100

ALL

**a tempo in 1**  
(♩ = 60)

(unis.)

lets us sit, By a love-ly great fire that ain't been lit! All in the

37 KIPPS

cause of e - co - no - my. The gas pipes

43

ALL

leak and there ain't no plumb-in', All in the cause of e - co - no - my.

49 BUGGINS

ALL

Our pay each week is a long time com-in', All in the cause of e -

56 SID KIPPS

-co-no-my. In win-ter we per-ish to save his coal, And ev-en on Sun-days he

64 rit. in 3 ♩ = 100 ALL - harmony as before a tempo ♩ = 60 (unis.)

takes his toll, When he sends us to church to save his soul. All in the cause of e-

72 SID

-co - no - my. At home he lives like a

78 ALL PEARCE

mean old cod-ger, All in the cause of e - co - no - my. There

84 ALL

ain't no room, but he takes a lodg-er, All in the cause of e -

90 BUGGINS PEARCE

-co - no - my. And as for 'is mis - sus, from what one 'ears, She

96 rit. in 3 ♩ = 100 KIPPS

sits all a - lone there in floods of tears, 'Cos she ain't had a

101 a tempo ♩ = 60 (unis.)

kiss in for - ty years! All in the cause, All in the cause,

108

All in the cause of e - co - no - my.

### 3a. Underscore

CUE (BUGGINS): "Pretty desperate."

Easy ♩ = 72

15



### 4. Half A Sixpence

CUE (KIPPS): "So what do we do now then?"

Easy ♩ = 72  
repeat till cue

KIPPS

CUE TO CONTINUE (ANN):  
"You're a man of the world"

(last x only)



It says in the Sun - day pa - pers What lo - vers' to - kens are: There's

7



am - u - lets and tal - is - mans, Like a ring or a luck - y star. Hear tell that 'arf a sov - reign is a

13

Meno in 4 ♩ = 112

a tempo ♩ = 72



thing they use a lot, But six - pence is the on - ly thing I got. \_\_\_\_\_

18



— Still... 'Arf a six - pence is bet - ter than 'arf a pen - ny,

22



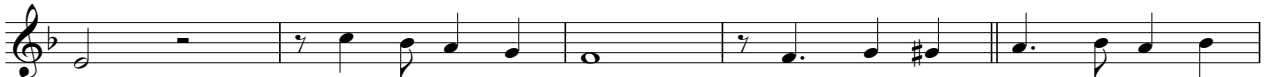
Is bet - ter than 'arf a far - thing, Is bet - ter than none.

26



It's a to - ken of our e - ter - nal love, When you're far a -

31



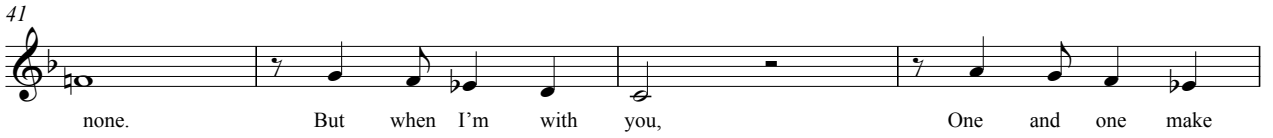
way touch it ev - 'ry day. And though that 'arf a six - pence

36



Can on - ly mean 'arf a ro - mance, Re - mem - ber that 'arf a ro - mance Is bet - ter than

41



none. But when I'm with you, One and one make

45



two, And like - wise, two 'arf six - pen - ces joined to - geth - er make one.

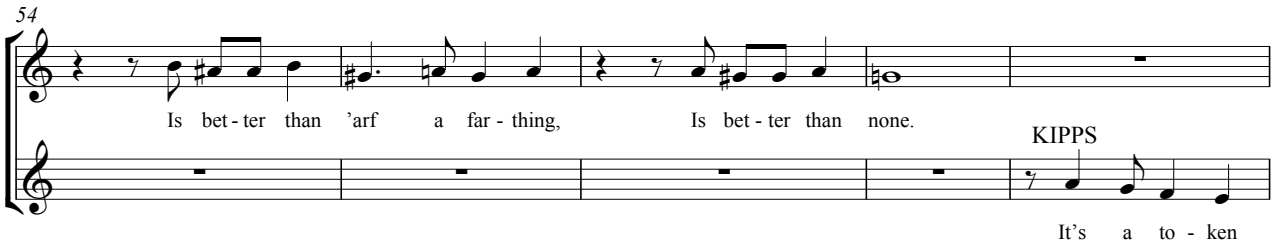
50

KIPPS & ANN



'Arf a six - pence is bet - ter than 'arf a pen - ny,

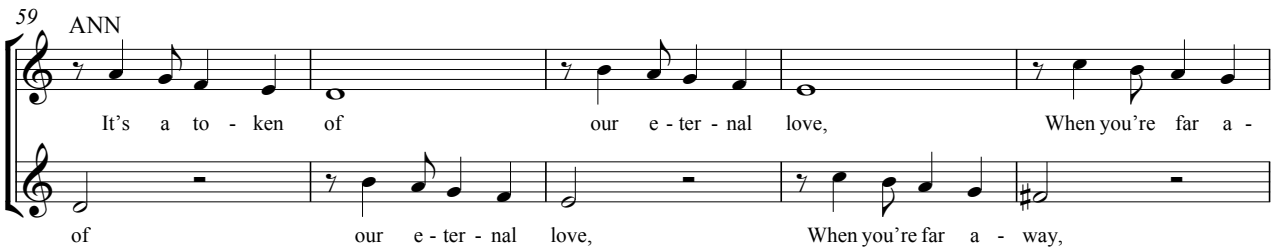
54



Is bet - ter than 'arf a far - thing, Is bet - ter than none. KIPPS  
It's a to - ken

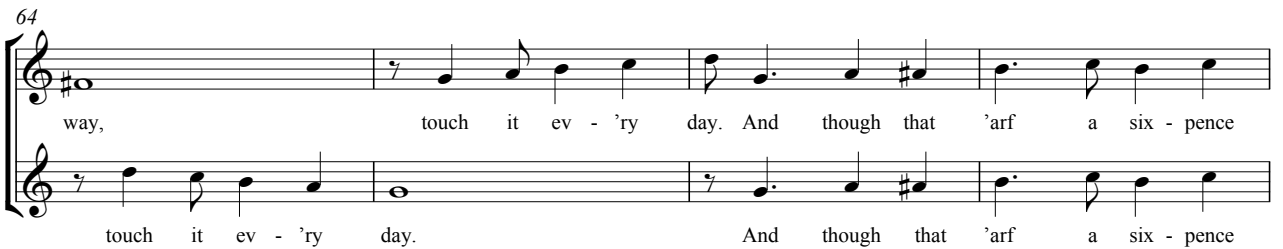
59

ANN




It's a to - ken of our e - ter - nal love, When you're far a -  
of our e - ter - nal love, When you're far a - way,

64



way, touch it ev - 'ry day. And though that 'arf a six - pence  
touch it ev - 'ry day. And though that 'arf a six - pence

68



Can on - ly mean 'arf a ro - mance, Re - mem - ber that 'arf a ro - mance  
Can on - ly mean 'arf a ro - mance, Re - mem - ber that 'arf a ro - mance

72

Is bet-ter than none. But when I'm with you, One and one make

77

One and one make two. And like - wise, two 'arf six - pen-ces joined to - ge - ther make two. And like - wise, two 'arf six - pen-ces joined to - ge - ther make

81

**SOFT-SHOE DANCE**

one.

**14**

97

**KIPPS & ANN**

And though that 'arf a six - pence Can on - ly mean 'arf a ro - mance,

102

Re - mem - ber that 'arf a ro - mance

**KIPPS**

Is bet - ter than none.

106

**ANN**

But when I'm with you, One and one make two. And like - wise,

But when I'm with you, One and one make two, And like - wise,



111

two 'arf six - pen - ces joined to - ge - ther make one, \_\_\_\_\_

two 'arf six - pen - ces joined to - ge - ther make one. La la la la, Joined to - ge - ther make

115

La la la la, Joined to - ge - ther make

one, \_\_\_\_\_ Joined to - ge - ther make

## 5. My Heart's Out There (What Should I Feel?)

*CUE (KIPPS) "If you see Ann..."*

*ALL: "night Artie."*

**Slow and free** (♩ = ca. 80)

Glock. KIPPS

Feel - ing the breeze on my face, Watch - ing the sea from the shore, My heart's

out there. Stan - ding so close to my girl, She who I'll grow to a - dore, My heart's

out there. This ain't right so it must be wrong, \_\_\_\_\_ out there's where I be - long, \_\_\_\_\_

There with her, \_\_\_\_\_ Feel - ing the touch of her hand, Catch - ing the spark from her eye,

My heart's out there. Hop - in' a kiss comes a - long,

19

Learn - ing that love ain't a lie, My heart's out there. And I

22

long to be - long to her, — right won't be wrong with her, ——— Now.

## 6. This Is It

CUE (KIPPS) "...he may hear something to his advantage."

CUE (CHITTERLOW)  
"...I feel it in me bones."

Fast ♩ = 152

8

10 CHITTERLOW

Some-thing tells me — KIPPS: What? This is it. K: What's it? Jig - saw pie - ces —

15

K: Jigsaw pieces? made to fit. K: Fit? Pre-cise - ly. I take a view that there's a

19

new world out there, But I can see how you may be in doubt there. Here are wat - ers deep, why not

23 KIPPS CHITTERLOW

take a leap, go right out on a limb? But I can't swim. Grim! Some-thing tells me —

27

K: Again? You're in need. K: What of? Of a chap who'll —

31

take the lead. K: Oh. And so sir, nar - y a fear, Har - ry is

35

here, tar - ry - ing near, to - geth - er we'll score with flaw - less wit, for

38

some - thing tells me, it's tell - ing me now:— this is it.

42 **UNDERScore** **14**

*CUE (CHITTERLOW): "If rum's your poison, rum it shall be!"*

56 **REPEAT TILL CUE** + Tbn. KIPPS

Some - thing tells me— C: Oh, your turn.

60

times 'll change. C: I'm all for that. You've ar - rived to— C: To what? To what?

64

re - arr - ange C: Sounds good. My life, 'cos stuck in the mud, bit of a dud, no more now.

68

Foot off the brake, Ar - tie 'll take the floor now. Life 'll be a ball, great ad -

71 **CHITTERLOW** K. C. K.

-ven - tures call. No, I don't think I can. Are you a man? Mouse. Man? MAN!

74 **BOTH**

Some - thing tells me— We're a team, Sewn to - geth - er—

80

CHITT. 3 KIPPS 3 CHITT. 3

at the seam, quite nic - ely. P for 'par - fait', ea - sy to say, seiz - ing the day, a

84

BOTH

boun - ty of bliss with Mis - ter Chit - ter - low. So some - thing tells us, it's

87

(KIPPS top notes)

tell - ing us now: this is, — this is, — this is it!

## 6a. Underscore

$\text{♩} = 152$

32

## 7. Money To Burn

CUE (KIPPS): "Right here in my pocket?"

(ALL): "Yeah!"

**Allegro**  $\text{♩} = 126$

KIPPS

accel.

SPOKEN:  
If I had money to burn, Down to the Town, with - out a stop. Blow right in - to the  
I'd go like a rocket,

6

**Faster**  $\text{♩} = 152$

mu - sic shop And buy me a ban - jo, Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, jang - a Buy me a ban - jo,

10

LAURA KIPPS SID, BUGGINS & PEARCE KIPPS

accel.

Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, jang - a Buy me a ban - jo, Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, jang - a, that's what I would

14

**Bright in 2**  $\text{♩} = 100$

do. If I had all that mon - ey could buy. — If I had

19 Hn.  

 all that mon - ey could buy, \_\_\_\_\_ If I had all that

24  

 mon - ey could buy, \_\_\_\_\_ I'd buy me a ban - jo, Ring dang,

28  

 Clat-ter, jang-a, ring-a, dang-a Play on a ban - jo, Clat-ter, jang-a night and day, on a ban - jo,

32  

 Clat-ter, jang-a, ring-a, dang-a that's what I would do!

36  
 ALL KIPPS  

 If he had mon - ey to burn \_\_\_\_\_ A hole in my pock - et,

41  
 ALL KIPPS  

 If he had mon - ey to burn \_\_\_\_\_ I'd go like a rock-et, Down to the Town, with

46  

 out a stop. Blow right in - to the mu - sic shop, And buy me a ban - jo,

50  
 ALL KIPPS  

 Clat-ter, jang-a, ring-a, jang-a Buy him a ban - jo, Clat-ter, jang-a, ring-a, jang-a Buy me a ban - jo,

54  
 KIPPS  

 that's what I would do. If I had all that

ALL OTHERS  

 Clat-ter, jang-a, ring-a, jang-a, that's what he would do. If he had all that

58  

 mon - ey could buy, \_\_\_\_\_ If I had all that mon - ey could

mon - ey could buy, \_\_\_\_\_ If I had all that mon - ey could

63

buy. If he had all that mon - ey could buy,

buy. If he had all that mon - ey could buy,

68

I'd buy me a Ban - jo, Ring dang, Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, dang - a Play on a ban - jo,

Ban - jo, Ring dang, Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, dang - a Play on a ban - jo,

72

Clat - ter, jang - a night and day, on a ban - jo, Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, dang - a that's what I would

Clat - ter, jang - a night and day, on a ban - jo, Clat - ter, jang - a, ring - a, dang - a that's what he would

76

KIPPS

do. If I had mon - ey to burn, I'd

do.

80

be in a hur - ry, If I had mon - ey to burn, I'd

84

KIPPS

take me a Sur - rey, Down to the Folke - stone mus - ic store, Drive it slap thro' the old front door.

Down to the Folke - stone mus - ic store, Drive it slap thro' the old front door, And

89

Buy him a ban - jo, Buy him a ban - jo,

93

Buy him a ban - jo, that's what I'd

96

do! Buy me a ban - jo. A ban - jo!

## 7a. Scene Change (into Evening Class)

CUE (CHITTERLOW): "Not to worry, my dear. They'll just have to fall all by themselves."

repeat if needed

Steady 2  $\text{♩} = 72$

7

1. 2.

## 8. Be Determined

CUE (HELEN): "Useless means defeat, Mr Kipps. And defeat we won't allow!"

Moderato in 2  $\text{♩} = 116$

HELEN

Tho' your world may fall to pie - ces as your temp'-ra - ture in -  
crea - ses, Be de - ter - mined ne - ver to give in. Tho' your

6

11



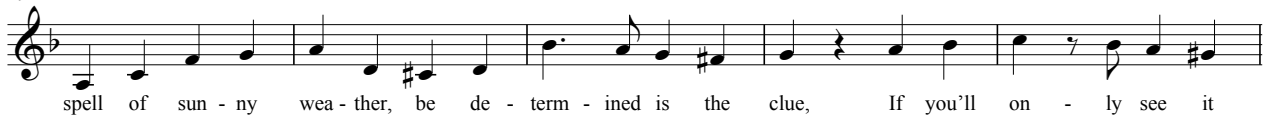
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23



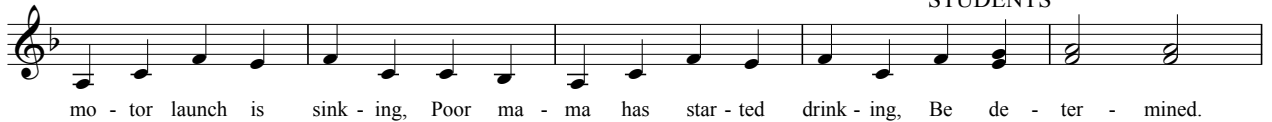
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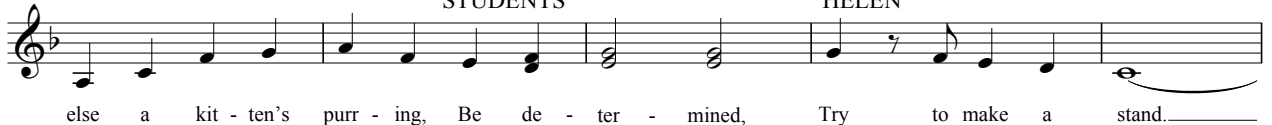
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44 HELEN



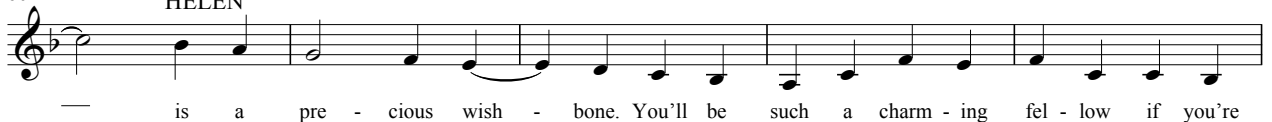
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54



60







## 8b. Scene Change

CUE (KIPPS): “Oh my Lor’ – What time is it? Ann! Ann!”

Quasi Tango ♩ = 116 rit.

17

## 9. I Don't Believe A Word Of It

CUE (KATE): “Listen, lady – there’s something we just ’eard and we think you ought to know!”

Freely

ANN

“Drinking?” “With an actor?” “Philandering?” “Useful with  
'is 'ands?” I

6 Moderato ♩ = 120

don't be-lieve a word of it, A sin-gle blink-in' word of it, Who ev-er, ev-er

11

heard of it, A boy like him? If you'd like to know what I think, I'll tell you, not

17 GIRLS ANN GIRLS ANN

'arf. Well, tell us! You're jeal-ous! Of Ar-tie? That's a laugh! It

22

ain't a fun-ny joke at all, A fun-ny bloom-in' joke at all. He ain't that kind of

27

bloke at all, Just use your eyes! It's all a pack of blink-in', rud-dy lies.

33

I don't be-lieve a word of it, A sin-gle blink-in' word of it, Who

38

ev - er, ev - er heard of it, A boy like that?. I'd like to know just

43

what you're driv - ing at. Once a

48

boy gets whisk - ers on his chin. He will

52

soon start fall - ing in - to sin. For he'll

56 *cresc.*

meet those ir - re - sist - i - ble for - ces, Hor - ses!

61

Wo - men! And gin. He

66

would - n't do that to me. Why, I've known him since he was three. He's

70

not that kind of fel - ler, You've gone and got it wrong, He's ne - ver had a fan - cy for

73 *rit.*

wo - men, wine and song. I'm sure in my heart that he would - n't do that to

77 **Meno mosso ma accel.**

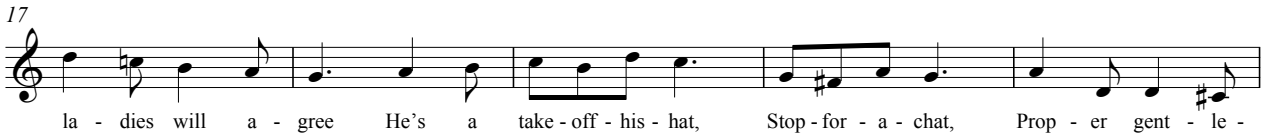
me. I don't be - lieve a word of it, A sin - gle blink - in' word of it, Who

82 **Tempo I° (♩ = 120)**

ev - er, ev - er heard of it, It's not like him, Why, he's al - ways been tee - to - tal, He swore it to

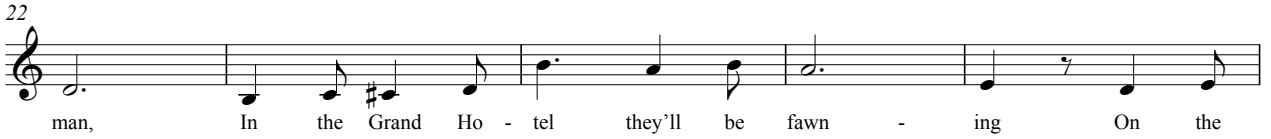


17



la - dies will a - gree He's a take - off - his - hat, Stop - for - a - chat, Prop - er gent - le -

22



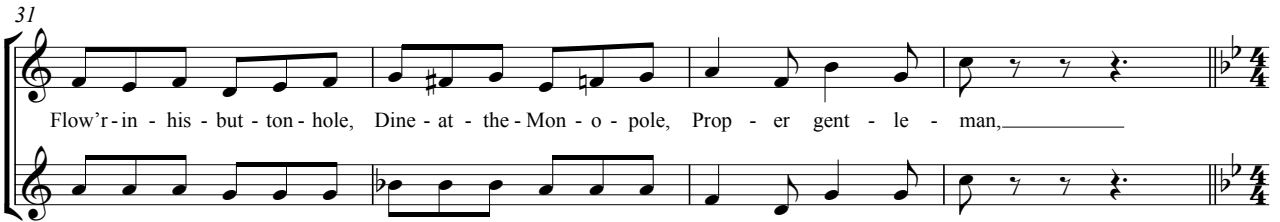
man, In the Grand Ho - tel they'll be fawn - ing On the

27



dan - dy, deb - on - air, go to Pa - ree to have a bit of fun,

31



Flow'r-in - his - but - ton - hole, Dine - at - the - Mon - o - pole, Prop - er gent - le - man, \_\_\_\_\_

Same beat ♩ = 116

35 GIRLS

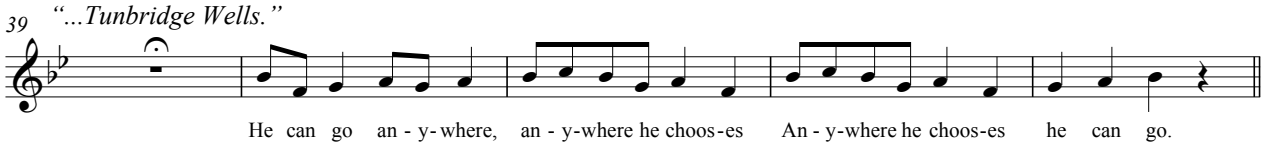


He can do an - y - thing, an - y - thing he pleas - es, An - y - thing he pleas - es, he can do.

**DIALOGUE**

CUE (KIPPS):

39 "...Tunbridge Wells."

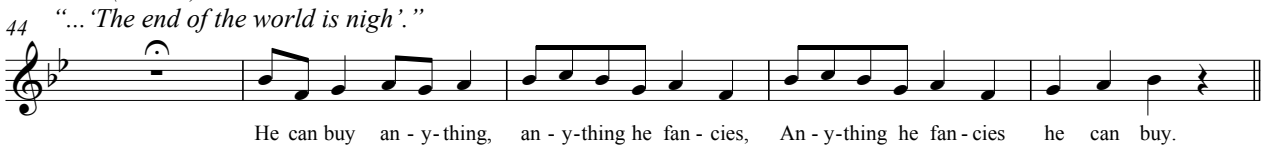


He can go an - y - where, an - y - where he choos - es An - y - where he choos - es he can go.

**DIALOGUE**

CUE (KIPPS):

44 "... 'The end of the world is nigh'."

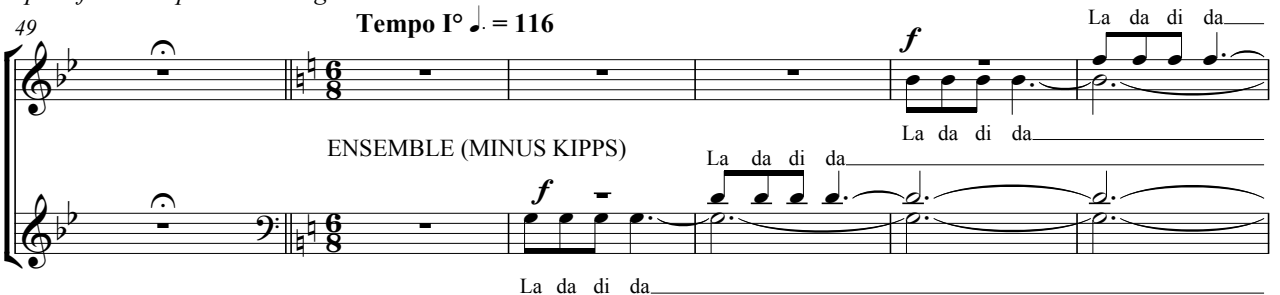


He can buy an - y - thing, an - y - thing he fan - cies, An - y - thing he fan - cies he can buy.

**DIALOGUE**

CUE (KIPPS): "...and a whole pot of bloater paste....Living!"

49 **Tempo I<sup>o</sup>** ♩ = 116



La da di da. ENSEMBLE (MINUS KIPPS) La da di da. La da di da.

55

He'll be a

He'll be a

59

la - da - di - da hip hip hur - rah Prop - er gent - le - man, Stroll - ing down the

64

Leas ev - 'ry morn - ing. High so - ci e - ty Will

69

seek his com - pa - ny, All a - long the prom - en - ade the la - dies will a -

74

gree He's a take - off - his - hat, Stop - for - a - chat, Prop - er gent - le -

78

man, In the Grand Ho - tel they'll be fawn - ing On the

83

dan - dy, deb - on - air, go to Pa - ree to have a bit of fun,

87

Flow'r - in - his - but - ton - hole, Dine - at - the - Mon - o - pole, Prop - er gent - le -

91

- man.

## 10a. Underscore

CUE (KIPPS): “Well, there you ’ave it – the best news of my life!”

Easy ♩ = 72

15

## 11. Too Far Above Me

CUE: HELEN: “A bientôt.”

Slow Waltz ♩ = 92

7

pause if needed for dialogue

CUE (KIPPS): “Miss Helen Walsingham – Bachelor of Arts”

8

KIPPS

She's too far a - bove me by half\_\_\_\_\_ she is,\_\_\_\_\_ She'd

laugh\_\_\_\_\_ she would,\_\_\_\_\_ Not half\_\_\_\_\_ she would, If I were to say I loved her

so,\_\_\_\_\_ 'Cos I do that's the one thing I know,\_\_\_\_\_ She's

too far be - yond me to kiss\_\_\_\_\_ some - how,\_\_\_\_\_ “A kiss?”\_\_\_\_\_ she'd

say,\_\_\_\_\_ “What's this?”\_\_\_\_\_ she'd say. And go off with her head up in the

air.\_\_\_\_\_ Yes she's too far a - bove me to care. He's

poco rit. a tempo ANN

43

too far a - bove me by half he is, he'd laugh he would, Not

49

half he would, If I were to say I loved him so, 'Cos I

55

KIPPS

do that's the one thing I know. She's too far be -

60

yond me to kiss some - how, "A kiss?" she'd say, "What's

65

Slower ♩ = 80

this?" she'd say. And go off with her head up in the air.

70

Yes she's too far a - bove me to care.

## 12. If The Rain's Got To Fall

*CUE (HELEN): "...and there'll be sun, Arthur, nothing but sun."*

Freely

KIPPS

If the rain's got to fall let it fall on Wednes - day, Tues - day, Mon - day

5

In time ♩ = 126

A - ny day but Sun - day. Sun - day's the day when it's got to be fine, 'cos that's when I'm meet - in' my

9

girl. If the rain's got to fall let it fall on Maid - stone, Hox - ton, Oak - stone,



13

a - ny where but Folke - stone. Folke - stone's the place where it's got to be fine\_\_\_ 'cos

16

that's where I'm meet - in' my girl. What if the wea - ther gets

19

rain - y? There am I like a bloo - min' za - ny. Try - in' to say I

23

love her. Then we have to break and take cov - er. If the

26

rain's got to fall let it fall on

BOYS GIRLS

Thurs - day Sat - ur - day, Fri - day,

29

A - ny day but my day. My day's the day when it's got to be fine\_\_\_ 'cos

32

WHISTLE

that's when I'm meet - in' my girl.

35

3

39

42 7 CHILDREN

If the rain's got to fall let it

51 KIPPS

a - ny day but Sun - day. Sun - day's the day when it's

fall on Wednes-day, Tues - day, Mon - day,

55

got to be fine... 'cos that's when I'm meet - ing my girl.

'cos that's when he's meet - ing his girl.

58

What could be wet - ter or damp - er than to sit on a pic - nic

LADIES

What could be wet - ter or damp - er than to sit on a pic - nic

61

ham - per, sip - pin' a Sars - par - el - la

ham - per, sip - pin' a Sars - par - el - la

64

un - der neath a leak - y um - bre - lla? If the rain's got to fall let it

ENSEMBLE

If the rain's got to fall let it

67

fall on Wednes - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, a - ny day but Sun - day,

fall on Wednes - day, Tues - day, Mon - day, a - ny day but Sun - day,

70

KIPPS

But if the rain's got to fall, please, oh please let it fall

74

On the dry Sa - ha - ra \_\_\_\_\_ or drop an ex - tra drop on rain - y Con - ne -

77

ma - ra. For Sun - day right there\_\_ is when and where I'm meet - in' my

80

KIPPS

girl That's when I'm meet - in' my girl!

girl

# 13. The Cricket Match

## UNDERScore

Moderate in 2  $\text{♩} = 88$

*THE SCENE IS SET FOR THE CRICKET MATCH*

repeat twice if needed

[SCENE PREPARATION CONTINUES]

11 COMPANY (MINUS KIPPS)

Here come's a per - fect sum - mer's day.

15

Dolled up in star - chy whites with - out a hint of grey. Sipp - ing Pimms from a

20 **accel.**

crys - tal glass. So re - fined simp - ly ooz - ing class. Yes, sir it's a

24 **Faster**  $\text{♩} = 104$

per - fect sum - mer's day. Heigh - ho a per - fect summ - er's

29

day. How spiff - ing to ob - serve the qua - li - ty at

34

play. Chatt - er borne on a gen - tle breeze, gen - tle - folk with a

38 **accel.** **GIRLS**

nat - ural ease don't stir on a per - fect sum - mer's day. They're

43 **Faster**  $\text{♩} = 120$

go - ing out to bat, they look so good. They've set their lit - tle

48

sticks and bits of wood. We do not know the rules the

53 **rit.**

way we should but each muscled manly chest...

58 **SIGH** **in 4** ♩ = 120

Ah! Turns each cricket match into a test!

63 **Tempo I°** ♩ = 88 but freely  
**KIPPS**

Oh Lor' a perfect summer's day. They said "you must decide the

69

side for which you'll play? Should I bat for the good old boys

74 *Helen hands Kipps the cap for the Gentlemen*

or turn out for the gents with poise?

80 **Steady Waltz** ♩ = 60  
**3** **GIRLS**

They make four runs when it should be

87

twen-ty all in the cause of econ-omy. An-oth-er

93

three mean they're want-ing plen-ty. Now's not the hour for econ-omy.

99

They stand at the wick-et but what's the use? They huff and they

105

puff 'til they're turn - ing puce, they need to be tight BOYS but they're lax and

Ooh!

111

**Faster** ♩ = 120

loose, their sil - ly mid - off's no match for the toffs. All in the cause of e -

118

*UMPIRE 1 : "Players all out for forty, tea will be taken."*

-con - o - my.

124

MRS WALSINGHAM  
HELEN

On this be - guil - ing smil - ing day. Here's when the

129

gen - tle - men re - pair for their Earl Grey.

136

COMMON BOYS

Tea's the tip - ple the sis - sies drink mine's a pint and a pint I'll sink.

144

COMPANY

HELEN

High - style a be - guil - ing smil - ing day. Oh how the af - ter-noon's pro -

150

- gressed. It seemed our chap - pies with good for - tune would be blessed.

156

But they played like a Fey - deau farce. Gents al - as did - n't have the class.

161

POSH FOLK

Now it's Tim - o - thy Car - ruth - ers who's much bet - ter than the oth - ers at the

166

crease with Wal - sing-ham his chum. They will turn us in - to

171

vic - tors and the jour - nals will de - pict us as the chaps who bang the win - ners'

176 COMMON BOYS

drum, If you're claim - ing the winn - ing tick - et

181 POSH FOLK

We've a nov - el no - tion where you might just stick it. Though it

186

seems to be ab - surd now an a - pall - ing thing's oc - curred now, sim - ply

190

judg - ing by the shout, it ap - pears young Tim is out, and he

*Umpire 2: "Final ball! The gentlemen require two runs to win!"*

194

got with his last shot a brok - en thumb.

**Same beat in 4 (♩ = 120)**

198 ALL (MINUS KIPPS)

With the scores a touch di - min - ished now the

201

match is al - most fin - ished just one ball is left and that is that. While the

204

gents were rath - er haugh - ty they've not matched the fell - ers' for - ty and it's Ar - thur com - ing in to





251

KIPPS

How - zat!

six!

six!

## 14. If The Rain's Got To Fall

HELEN: "I think it's beginning to rain."

Slow ♩ = 60

COMPANY

If the rain's got to fall, let it

If the rain's got to fall, let it

5

fall on Wednes - day, Mon - day, An - y day but Sun - day.

fall on Wednes - day, Tues - day,

8

An - y day but Sun - day.

A - ny day but Sun - day.

END OF ACT I

# ACT TWO

## 15. No Need Of Economy

Steady Waltz  $\text{♩} = 60$



38 KATE,  
VICTORIA, FLO

PEARCE, He sits in state eat-in' 'Arr - ods 'am - pers; He's got no need of e -  
BUGGINS, SID

He sits in state eat-in' 'Arr - ods 'am - pers; He's got no need of e -

45

-con - o - my. He drinks a crate of the fin - est cham-pers; Now there's no

-con - o - my. He drinks a crate of the fin - est cham-pers; Now there's no

52

need for e - con - o - my. And as for the friends that he used to meet, Well,

need for e - con - o - my. And as for the friends that he used to meet, Well,

59 **rall. in 3**

he's such a toff, he don't care to greet the mates he once had 'cos they

he's such a toff, he don't care to greet the mates he once had

65 **A tempo in 1**

don't smell sweet. Now he's aw - ful posh, Has time for a wash;

PEARCE: Speak for yourself!

Now he's aw - ful posh, Has time for a wash;

**rall.**

72

He's got no need of e - con - o - my!

He's got no need of e - con - o - my!

**UNDERSCORE**

80 **Meno** ♩ = 148

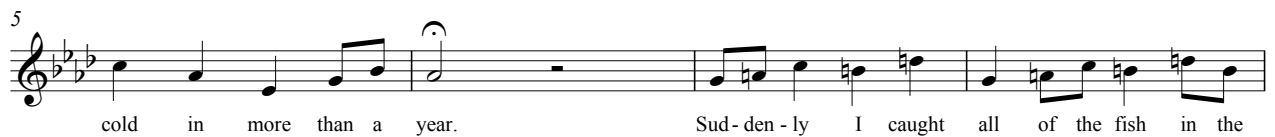
**33**


## 16. The One Who's Run Away

*CHITTERLOW: "Two, three – what does it matter?  
There's plenty of fish in the sea."*

**colla voce**

KIPPS sing/speak ad lib.



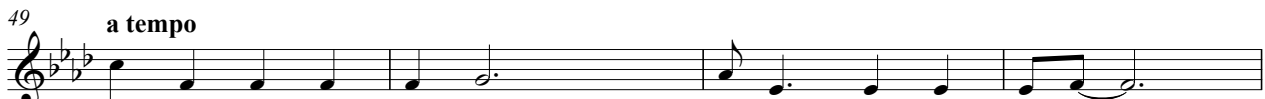
41  
  
 talk - ing of wom - en, Here's what I wan - ted to say: That the

**Con moto in 4** ♩ = 132

KIPPS: You 'it the nail right  
 on the 'ead there, 'arry.


45 **colla voce**  
  
 one you want most is the one who has run a - way! When a


BOTH

49 **a tempo**  
  
 man is in the mon - ey, wo - men want his kis - ses, —

53  
  
 But, the one he mis - ses — is the one who's run a - away. — All the


57  
  
 oth - ers on - ly bore him, Though they all a - dore him;

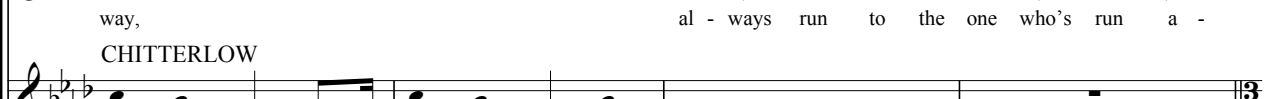
61  
  
 He just wants the one who's run a - way. — They can mo - ther and ca -

66  
  
 -ress him, Smo - ther and poss - ess him, Give him all they've got to make him

71 **KIPPS**  
  
 stay, — But he'll al - ways run to the one who's run a -

  
 stay, —

75 **KIPPS**  
  
 way, al - ways run to the one who's run a -

**CHITTERLOW**  
  
 Al - ways run to the one who's run a - way,

79 **Waltz**  $\text{♩} = 60$  **segue**

way.  
CHITTERLOW

Al - ways run to the one who's run a - way.

## 16a. Masked Ball

Same tempo (Waltz)  $\text{♩} = 60$

Vln./Tpts./Hn.

8 **UNDERScore**  
Vln./Clt. *8va* Flt. Flt. *8va*

15 Vln. Brass Flt/Clt. *8va* Vln. sim. →

22

28 **repeat if needed**


## 17. Finesse

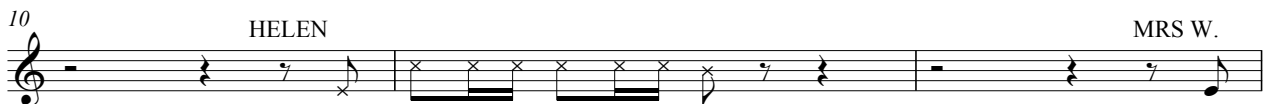
MRS. WALSHINGHAM: "All I can say is; it wasn't like this in my mother's day."

**Allegro**  $\text{♩} = 144$  MRS W. sung/spoken ad lib.

The world is in a state of flux, no lon - ger real - ly quite de - luxe, it's  
out of kil - ter, in a mess, It's more ob - lige and less no - blesse. The


4 YOUNG W.

7  

 girls who live be-neath the stairs as - sume the most pre-ten- tious airs, there's mu- ti- ny down be- low.

10  
 HELEN MRS W.  

 Don't tell me, I don't want to know! It's


13  

 not that I'm a fright-ful snob, I just ab- hor the com-mon mob, They fret and pout and pet and mope, And

16  
 YOUNG W.  

 reek of cheap car- bol- ic soap! 'Twas bet- ter on- ly yest- er- day. The


19  
 HELEN  

 nine- ties were not rea- lly gay, but e- ver so ro- co- co! Don't

22  
 // MRS W. **Molto meno quasi**  
**Tango** ♩ = 80  

 tell me, I don't want to know! I learned the tricks of so- cial nous at

25  

 my dear mat- er's knee With riff- raff now a- bout the house, my

27  
 HELEN **accel.**  

 nous is all at sea! Don't tell me, I don't want to know, I don't want to know, I don't want to

30 **Tempo I** (♩ = 144)  
 MRS W.  

 know! Our stan- dards we main- tain, Our

33  
 YOUNG W.  

 stan- dards we up- hold, We ne- ver ev- er drop our guards, we come a- round with call- ing cards.

36 MRS W. YOUNG W. BOTH

Our stock of e - ti - quette is ne - ver un - der - sold, Is ne - ver un - der - sold. We're

40

rid - dled with an - xi - e - ty, while stand - ing for pro - pri - e - ty, the heights of high so - ci - e - ty, no  
**colla voce**

43

less. We have to con - fess, They call it "Fin -

*CUE - MRS W. "A gentleman does not wear his 'at..." - HELEN "Hat!" ... on the terrace!"*

47 **a tempo** **repeat as needed** MRS W.

esse". Our stan - dards we main - tain, Our

50 YOUNG W.

stan - dards we up - hold, our man - ner is a tri - fle arch and stif - fened with a lit - tle starch.

53 MRS W. YOUNG W.

For - give us if we might oc - ca - sion - al - ly scold, oc -

56 BOTH

-ca - sion - al - ly scold, For plump - ing for plu - toc - ra - cy, and vo - ting down De - mo - cra - cy, we're

59

al - most a - ri - stoc - ra - cy, I guess. Since the days of Queen

62 Y.W. **colla voce** **a tempo** MRS W.

Bess, They've called it "Fi - nesse", They call it "Fi - nesse",  
Bess, They've called it "Fi - nesse", they call it "Fi -



**colla voce**

**a tempo**

65

they call it "Fi- nesse", they call it, "Fi - nesse"

nesse", they call it "Fin - esse", they call it, "Fi - nesse."

68

HELEN: Don't tell me -  
I don't want to know.

## 18. Long Ago

ANN: "Artie...Don't drown yourself. Not yet."

**Flowing** ♩ = 120

**6**

ANN: "I love you too, Artie, I s'pose I always have."

7

**wait if needed** // ANN

I was long - ing to tell you long a - go So

13

long a - go, But how could I tell you? I was long - ing to say I

19

loved you so, So long a - go But what could I say?

24

It was not for me, It was not for me, I made up my

29 **colla voce** **a tempo** **rit.**

mind, If your love was blind, It was not to be, But

33 **a tempo** **rit.**

now at last it's no long - er long a - go, For now I know you're mine as you were

38 **a tempo** **10** ANN **10** KIPPS

mine Long a - go. We were far too shy, We were far too shy,

52 **colla voce**

Much too scared to try, I made up my mind, If your love was blind, Bet-ter say good

Much too scared to try,

57 **a tempo**

bye. But now, at last it's no long - er long a - go, For now I know

But now, at last it's no long - er long a - go, For now I know you're

63 **rit.**

Now and al - ways mine

mine, com - plete - ly mine,

67 **a tempo**

Just as you were mine, Long a - go.

Just as you were mine, Long a - go.

# 19. Flash, Bang, Wallop!

CUE - CHURCH BELLS

Bright  $\text{♩} = 120$



6

W.W. 3 3

UNDERScore

Vln.

CHITTERLOW: The duties of a best man are huge and multifarious.

11

Flt. Clt.

17

PHOTOGRAPHER: Hold it! One... two... three...

24

repeat till ready

+ Brass

Vln.

*f*

30

KIPPS

All lined up in a wed - ding group here we are for a pho - to - graph. All dressed up in a

35

morn - ing suit and we're try - ing not to laugh. Since the ear - ly cave - man, in his fur, took a

40

poco rit.

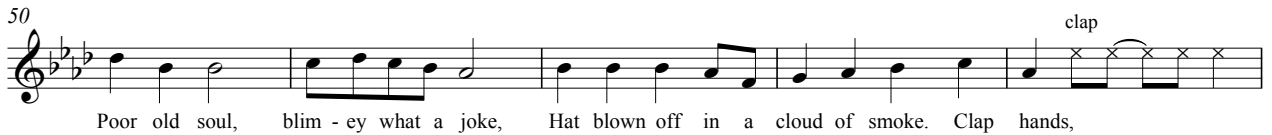
trip to Gret - na Green, there's al - ways been a pho - to - graph - er to re - cord the hap - py

45

a tempo

scene. Hold it flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to - graph!

50



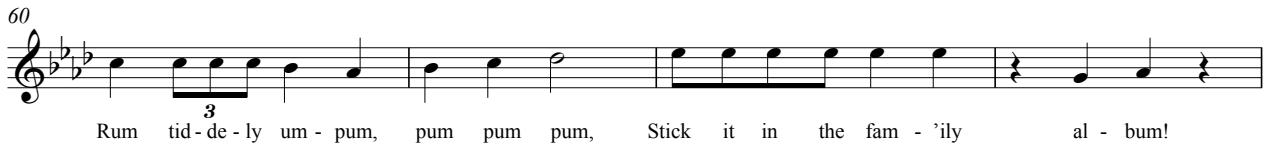
Poor old soul, blim - ey what a joke, Hat blown off in a cloud of smoke. Clap hands,

55



stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum. What a pic - ture what a pic - ture

60



Rum tid - de - ly um - pum, pum pum pum, Stick it in the fam - 'ily al - bum!

PHOTOGRAPHER: One more picture, hold it!

64

**repeat till ready**



You've read it in the fo - li - o, Or

68



seen the Shake - speare play, How Ju - li - et fell for Ro - me - o in the mer - ry month of

73



May. When he tried to climb the or - chard wall to reach his la - dy fair, When he

78

**poco rit.**



tum - bled she be - gan to bawl, As he float - ed through the air:

82

**a tempo**



Hold it flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to - graph!

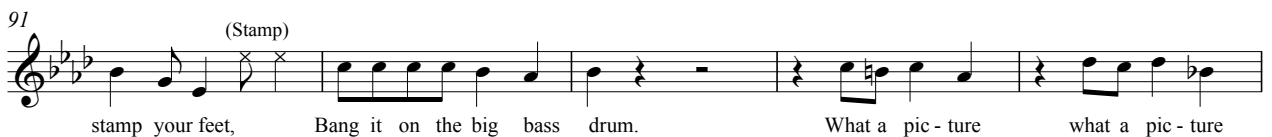
86



Poor old chap, what a night he spent. Tights all torn and his rap - ier bent Clap hands,

91

(Stamp)



stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum. What a pic - ture what a pic - ture

96

Rum tid-de-ly um - pum, pum pum pum, Stick it in the fam - 'ily al - bum!

PHOTOGRAPHER: One more picture, hold it!

100 **repeat till ready** KIPPS

When Na - po - le - on mar - ried Jos - eph - ine, there was just the same to -

105

- do. He gal - loped home from the bat - tle scene, All the way from Wa - ter - loo, And

110 **poco rit.**

as he came from off his horse, To the boud - oir where she sat, She said to him, in

115 **a tempo**

French of course, As he took off his big cocked hat: Hold it flash, bang, wal-lop what a pic - ture,

120

Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to - graph! There she was with a big huz - zah.

124 ALL (Clap) (Stamp)

All caught up in her ooh la la Clap hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass

129

drum. What a pic - ture what a pic - ture Rum tid-de-ly um - pum, pum pum pum,

PHOTOGRAPHER: One more picture, hold it!

134 **repeat till ready** KIPPS

Stick it in the fam - 'ily al - bum! The

138

same thing happ - ened long a - go when man was in his prime. And what went on we

143

on - ly know from the snaps they took at the time. When Ad - am and Eve in a Birth - day suit de -

148 **poco rit.**

-ci - ded to get wed. As Ad - am was a - bout to taste the fruit the man with the cam - 'ra

153 **a tempo**

said! Hold it flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture

157

what a pho - to graph! Poor old Eve, there with no - thing on. Face all red and her

161 ALL (Clap) (Stamp)

fig leaf gone Clap hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass

165

drum. What a pic - ture what a pic - ture Rum tid - de - ly um - pum,

169

pum pum pum, Stick it in the fam - 'ily al - bum! Stick it in the fam - 'ly

173 **APPLAUSE repeat till ready**

Stick it in the fam - 'ly Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum!

KIPPS: May I pinch your line Sir?  
PHOTOGRAPHER: Certainly Sir.  
KIPPS: One more picture! Hold It!

178 **KIPPS**

King Hen - ry the Eighth had sev - 'ral wives in -

183

-clud - ing Anne Bol - eyn. And he made an al - bum of their lives with all their pho - tos

188

in. As Anne Bol - eyn was on her knees dressed in her ve - ry best

192 **poco rit.**

frock. King Hen - ry shout - ed "Smile dear please" as her head rolled off the block.

197 **a tempo**

Hold it flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to - graph!

201 **ALL**

Comes the print, in a lit - tle while. Lost her head but she kept her smile. Clap

205 (Clap) (Stamp)

hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum.

209

What a pic - ture what a pic - ture Rum tid - de - ly um - pum, pum pum pum,

213 **KIPPS**

Stick it in the fam - 'ily al - bum! Stick it in the fam - 'ly

216 **ALL**

Stick it in the fam - 'ly Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum!

## 20. I Know What I Am

ANN: "You've left your dirty boot-prints all over me floor!"

**Slow and free**

$\text{♩} = 84$

ANN

With the mon - ey we got, and the books he reads, And the high - born folk he

5

knows, And the cler - gy call - ing, and all, We're gen - tle folk now, I sup - pose, But

10 **colla voce** //

some - thing's wrong when we don't a - gree. Some - thing's wrong, and it ain't be - cause of

14 **a tempo**

me. I know what I am,

18

I was brought up in a sim - ple way, I know what I am,

22

Or - din - ar - y sim - ple come what may. I know what I am,

26

I don't hold with mut - ton dressed as lamb, Be - ing gents Don't make sense,

30 **Poco più mosso** ♩ = 92

I know what I am. I know what I am,

35

When it comes to high so - ci - e - ty, I know what I am,

39

Just a feel - ing here in - side of me. I know what I am,

43 **molto rit.**

I just can't a - bide what's false and sham, Call - ing cards, La - di - dards! I know what I

48 **Slow** ♩ = 80

am.



## 21. That's What Money's For

BUGGINS / KIPPS: "Sounds like... - What? - Nothing - An orphanage."

Steady 2  $\text{♩} = 80$

PEARCE

SID BUGGINS Now he's got all that mon - ey can buy, Now he's got

Now he's got all that mon - ey can buy, Now he's got

7

all that mon - ey can buy, Now he's got all that mon - ey can buy,

all that mon - ey can buy, Now he's got all that mon - ey can buy,

14 freely

PEARCE

SID Frowns at the soaks he

He throws half - a - crown to the folks he used to pay the tal - ly with,

18

tip-pled in the al - ley with, BUGGINS Mis - ter Deb - o - nair.

Browns off the blokes he al - ways was so pal - ly with, Mis - ter Deb - o - nair.

23 Bright 2  $\text{♩} = 116$

PEARCE KIPPS

Now you've got mon - ey to burn I'm

28

PEARCE KIPPS

build - ing a man - sion. 'Cos you've got mon - ey to burn A

32



lit - tle ex - pan - sion. I can af - ford the o - ver - heads In - door plumb - ing e -

36

PEARCE KIPPS



-le - ven beds. He's build - ing a man - sion With a great ir - on gate,


SID & BUGGINS



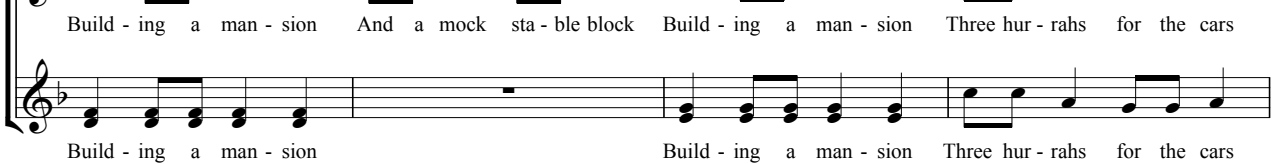
He's build - ing a man - sion

39

PEARCE KIPPS PEARCE BOTH




Build - ing a man - sion And a mock sta - ble block Build - ing a man - sion Three hur - rahs for the cars



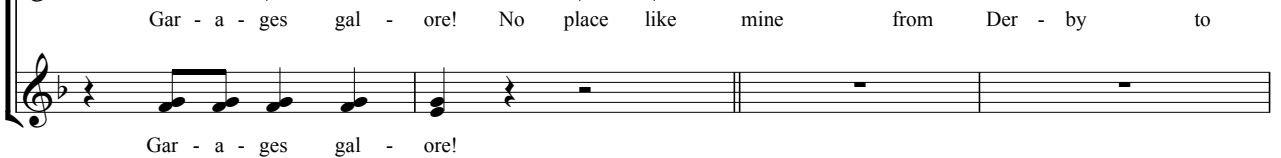
Build - ing a man - sion Build - ing a man - sion Three hur - rahs for the cars

43

KIPPS




Gar - a - ges gal - ore! No place like mine from Der - by to



Gar - a - ges gal - ore!

47



Den - ham With, say, the rare ex - cep - tion of

51



Blen - heim, Call forth your words you po - ets and

55



pen 'em And there'll be a to - wer I've de - creed in Goth - ic per - pen - dic - u - lar,

59



Stairs that - 'll lead to no where in par - tic - u - lar, Know - ing I'll need con - vey - an - ces ve - hic - u - lar,

63 2 BOYS

Gar - a - ges ga - lore! Now you've got

Gar - a - ges ga - lore! Now you've got

68 KIPPS BOYS

mon - ey to burn I'm build - ing a pal - ace 'Cos you've got

mon - ey to burn 'Cos you've got

72 KIPPS

mon - ey to burn The Cow - boys o' Dal - las They could las - soo a

mon - ey to burn

76 PEARCE

cat - tle herd in my ball - room 'cos big's the word! He's build - ing a pal - ace

He's build - ing a pal - ace

80 KIPPS PEARCE KIPPS

With a large equ - i - page, Build - ing a pal - ace Full o' nooks for the books,

Build - ing a pal - ace

83 PEARCE KIPPS BOTH KIPPS

Build - ing a pal - ace, And a zoo, what a coup! That's what mon - ey's for. "On - ly the

Build - ing a pal - ace That's what mon - ey's for.

87

best\* will be Ar - tie's mot - to \_\_\_\_\_ I'll have my cei - lings

92

done by Gi - ot - to \_\_\_\_\_ And in the grounds my own pri - vate

97

grot - to \_\_\_\_\_ and there'll be e - lec - tri - cal light just like they have at Cla - ri - dges

101

Shin - ing so bright on twen - ty horse - less car - ria - ges Housed for the night in

104

sim - ply gor - geous ga - ra - ges, Walk - ing's such a bore!

119

COMPANY

Build - ing a man - sion! Build - ing a man - sion!

Build - ing a man - sion! Build - ing a man - sion!

123

Build - ing a man - sion! That's what mon - ey's\_ for!

Build - ing a man - sion! That's what mon - ey's\_ for!

127

11

KIPPS *sotto voce*

We'll be\_ like the Folke-stone ho - tel where

140

foot - men bring the dish - es in, We'll have a well for mak - ing lots o' wish - es in. A

143

pond in a dell with Jap - a - nes - ey fish - es in Who could ask for more?

147

KIPPS

COMPANY

I'm build - ing a man - sion

Now you've got mon - ey to burn, — 'cos you've got

152

A lit - tle ex - pan - sion I can aff - ord the o - ver heads.

mon - ey to burn. —

157

In - door plumb - ing, e - lev - en beds, I'm Build - ing a man - sion Build - ing a man - sion

Build - ing a man - sion Build - ing a man - sion

Build - ing a man - sion Build - ing a man - sion

162

Build - ing a man - sion that's what mon - ey's

Build - ing a man - sion that's what mon - ey's

Build - ing a man - sion that's what mon - ey's

167

for! Build - ing a man - sion. A man - sion!

for! Build - ing a man - sion. A man - sion!

for! Build - ing a man - sion. A man - sion!

## 22. What Should I Feel?

HELEN: "I...I'm sorry." KIPPS: "Yes. I know you are".

Slow and free (♩ = 80)

Glock.

KIPPS

Sud - den - ly seems I've been 'ad, Caught like a moth in a flame. Sil - ly

CHITTERLOW:  
Twelve hundred pounds – a year.

Ar - tie! Caught on the 'op by a cad, No - one but Mug - gins to blame. Sil - ly

YOUNG W.: If I can be  
of any help, don't hesitate  
to ask.

Ar - tie! Won't you look how I got it wrong, see how I got it wrong. All the way

HELEN: So much  
nicer to be Mrs Cuyps

Such a big les - son to learn, Oh what a fraud, what a sham! That's me,

SHALFORD: He  
just won't learn.

Ar - tie. Me with the mon - ey to burn, Went and for - got who I am.

MRS W.:  
Common  
little person!

Big fool! Ar - tie. And per - haps it's too late to change;

27 **Steady 2**  $\text{♩} = 60$

Yet I can't wait to change. Now! Tell me what should you

31

feel \_\_\_\_\_ tell me what do you do. When you look in the

35

past at the man that you were and that man is - n't you.

39

Why did I get it wrong, \_\_\_\_\_ Lose my way in the plot?

43

Now I look in the past at the things that I did and I wish I had not.

47

Tell me what should I feel. Does it mat - ter?\_

51

Just as long as I say un - til my dy - ing day I'll make a -

54

mends I'll turn a - round, I'll see who I was, Be who I was with the

58 **rit.**

joy that I found in her, \_\_\_\_\_ with my feet on the ground with her. \_\_\_\_\_

62 **Quicker**  $\text{♩} = 72$

Have I lost her for good \_\_\_\_\_ or could she set me

69

free to re - vis - it the past and find some - one a -

72

gain who is some - one like me? Have I lost her for

75 **poco rit.** **a tempo**

good? Yes, it mat - ters\_ for with - out her there'll

79

be no new end - ing for me, so I need her. I say it now, this

83

sto - ry of mine, each sin - gle line on - ly ev - er made sense with her, —

86 **rall.**

— I've my own pre - sent tense with her.

90 **a tempo**

Tell me what should I feel? Now the ans - wer is clear.

94 **rit.**

Don't look back at the past for the man that I was, 'cos he's stand - ing right

97 **a tempo**

here. Tell me what should I feel. What

102

should I feel?



## 23 & 24 Half A Sixpence Reprise/ All In The Cause Of Economy Reprise

ANN: "And I got you, didn't I? Nobody can speckylate that.  
And at least we've got sixpence – if we just put our two 'alves together."

**Slow and free**

*Tentative, searching for the words*

KIPPS: Ann...

KIPPS: Why you doing this?

ANN

'arf a six-pence is bet-ter than 'arf a pen - ny is bet-ter than

6 KIPPS: I'm not sure I can...

'arf a far - thing is bet - ter than none. It's a to - ken of

11

our e - ter - nal love, When you're far a - way touch it ev - 'ry

16 TOGETHER **Moving forward but still free**

day. And though that 'arf a six-pence Can on - ly mean 'arf a ro-mance,

21

Re - mem-ber that 'arf a ro - mance Is bet - ter than none.

25

But when I'm with you, One and one make two. And like - wise,

30

two 'arf six - pen - ces joined to - geth - er make one! Joined to - geth - er make one,

35 [KIPPS & ANN KISS] **repeat as needed** [KIPPS EXITS]

Joined to - geth - er make.....

**Moderato** ♩ = 116

39

KATE, VICTORIA &amp; FLO

\* Sire, the night is dark - er now, And the wind blows strong - er. Fails my heart I

\* optional: sing *ooh* instead of traditional words

SID, PEARCE &amp; BUGGINS

**Steady Waltz** ♩ = 60

44

know not how, I can go no long - er They sold the house to a rich con -

know not how, I can go no long - er They sold the house to a rich con -

51

- trac - tor, All in the cause of e - con - o - my. And as for poor Gwen-do -

- trac - tor, All in the cause of e - con - o - my. And as for poor Gwen-do -

58

- lin All in the cause of e - con - o - my. They rent - ed a

- lin they sacked 'er, All in the cause of e - con - o - my. They rent - ed a

BUGGINS

ALL

65

book - shop a - cross the way, They've been there for years and they've made it

book - shop a - cross the way, They've been there for years and they've made it

71 **Meno** ♩ = 100

pay, 'Cos they lend pen - ny dread - fuls at tup - pence a day!

pay. 'Cos they lend pen - ny dread fuls at tup - pence a day!

76 **Waltz** ♩ = 60

All in the cause of e - con - o - my

All in the cause of e - con - o - my

107 **Moderato** ♩ = 116

Kbd.solo

KIPPS: Now I know what 'appy is.

ANN: Oh listen Artie, it's carollers.

ooh ooh etc.

ooh ooh etc.

114 **Steady Waltz** ♩ = 60

And as for 'is mis - sus from what one 'ears. She

And as for 'is mis - sus from what one 'ears. She

121

KIPPS: Carollers?  
Them's not carollers!

KIPPS

sits all a - lone there in floods of tears 'cos she ain't had a kiss! in

sits all a - lone there in floods of tears 'cos she ain't had a

128

[KIPPS OPENS THE DOOR]

ALL

for - ty years! All in the cause of e - con - o - my.

All in the cause of e - con - o - my.

## 25. A Normal Working Day Reprise

KIPPS: "I Haven't much faith in money...after all the things I've seen."

ANN: Penny for your thoughts, Artie?

KIPPS: Don't think a penny'd buy 'em.

ANN: Sixpence then.

KIPPS: Sixpence? Well...that's more like it.

Slow  $\text{♩} = 60$

*Fl.*

*rall.*

Easy 2  $\text{♩} = 72$

6

KIPPS

I like my nor - mal wor - king day, It seems as if the clouds of doubt have blown a -

12

way. Now at last I know what to feel, 'Cos for once I know what is real.

17

ANN

So here's my nor - mal work - ing, who fears this nor - mal work - ing,

21 BOTH  
 three cheers for a nor - mal work - ing day!

COMPANY (offstage)  
 Three cheers for a nor - mal work - ing day!

## 26. Walkdown

Bright  $\text{♩} = 120$

Tpts

[ENSEMBLE 1 ENTERS]

5 Tpts. w.w.

[ENSEMBLE 1 BOWS,  
 ENSEMBLE 2 ENTERS]

[ENSEMBLE 2 BOW,  
 SHALFORD ENTERS]

10 Brass w.w./ Vln.

[SHALFORD BOWS,  
 MRS W. & YOUNG W. ENTER]

15

[MRS W. & YOUNG BOW,  
 HELEN ENTERS]

21

26 [HELEN BOWS,  
CHITTERLOW ENTERS] [CHITTERLOW BOWS]

32 [ANN ENTERS]  
Broad in 4 (twice as slow)

37 [ANN BOWS]

42 [KIPPS ENTERS]  
Easy 2 ♩ = 66

COMPANY 'arf a six - pence is bet - ter than

45

'arf a pen - ny, Is bet - ter than 'arf a far - thing, Is bet - ter than

49 KIPPS

But when I'm with you, One and one make two.

none. But when I'm with you, one and one make

54 **molto rit.**

And like - wise, two 'arf six - pen - ces joined to - geth - er make one. \_\_\_\_\_

two and like - wise two 'arf six - pen - ces joined to - geth - er make one. \_\_\_\_\_

59 **Bright**  $\text{♩} = 120$

tutti

KIPPS: You can go home now...  
Oh, you want another picture?...  
I said: do you want another picture?

64 *w.w.*

**repeat as needed**

68

Hold it flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to - graph!

Click!

72

From up here you're such a pret - ty sight. Glad you came 'cos you made our night. Clap

Clap

76

(Clap) (Stamp)

hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum.

(Clap) (Stamp)

hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum.

(Clap) (Stamp)

80

What a pic - ture, what a pic - ture, Rum tid - de - ly um - pum, pum pum pum,

What a pic - ture what a pic - ture Rum tid - de - ly um - pum, pum pum pum,

3

3

3

84

Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum!

Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum!

2

2

2

88

Hold it, flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to graph!

Hold it, flash, bang, wal - lop what a pic - ture, Click what a pic - ture what a pho - to graph!



92 ALL

We've en - joyed be - ing here with you. Time to go now, so too - dle - oo. Clap

Clap

96

(Clap) (Stamp)

hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum.

(Clap) (Stamp)

hands, stamp your feet, Bang it on the big bass drum.

(Clap) (Stamp)

100

3

What a pic - ture, what a pic - ture, Rum tid - de - ly um - pum, pum pum pum,

3

What a pic - ture, what a pic - ture, Rum tid - de - ly um - pum, pum pum pum,

3

104

Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum! Stick it in the fam - 'ly Stick it in the fam - 'ly

Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum! Stick it in the fam - 'ly Stick it in the fam - 'ly

108

Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum!

Brass/Clt. *f*

Stick it in the fam - 'ly al - bum!

113

*ff*

Tbn.

118

Vln. Tpts.

122

3 3

127

Tpt.1 *ff*

3 3