

ALL IN THE CAUSE
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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
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.*)

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

+ GIRLS

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

rall. in 4 ♩ = 160

more for a nor - mal work - ing day.

36

KATE

Meno mosso ♩ = 120

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