

KIPPS

I THINK I NEED YOU LIKE ME BANJO NEEDS STRINGS
I'M OVER THE MOON

HELEN

I'M OVER THE MOON

KIPPS

JUST KNOWING THAT SOON

HELEN

JUST KNOWING THAT SOON

KIPPS

YOU'LL HELP TO FINE TUNE

BOTH

A FEW LITTLE THINGS

HELEN

ONE

KIPPS

(Spoken.) NO, TWO . . .

BOTH

LITTLE THINGS

JUST A FEW LITTLE THINGS

JUST A FEW LITTLE THINGS

SCENE TWELVE

Folkestone Pier.

ANN is sitting on a bench when SID, FLO, PIERCE and BUGGINS arrive.

SID

'Ello, Ann.

ANN

Are you out for a walk?

PIERCE

That's right. We're taking our constitutional.

FLO Oh, I love those fortune telling machines. Who's got a penny?

BUGGINS I have.

(PIERCE, BUGGINS and FLO go to the mechanical fortune teller.)

SID You're not moping about Arthur, I hope?

ANN No.

SID What I mean is, if he has met someone else, you won't mind too much, will you?

ANN 'Course not. He's got to get on with his life. After all, we was only kids. He's not bound to anyfink.

FLO Oh, listen!

(She holds the card the machine has issued.)

"Your luck will come in disguise."

BUGGINS Heavy disguise, I suspect.

ANN Do one for me.

(FLO puts in a penny and the card is delivered.)

FLO "You have so much love to give."

BUGGINS Sure that wasn't meant for me?

PIERCE Come on! We said we'd walk the pier.

(He and SID set off. BUGGINS turns back.)

BUGGINS You coming, Flo?

FLO Not just now.

(She indicates ANN with her head and he nods. The men leave the women together. ANN stares at the card in her hand.)

ANN It's right. I do have love to give. The trouble is, no one wants it.

FLO Don't say that.

ANN It's true, though. And if what I hear from Sid is right, it's true of you an' all.

FLO Maybe he'll come round. For one of us, anyway.

ANN If wishes were horses then beggars would ride.

Music No. 13: JUST A LITTLE TOUCH OF HAPPINESS

LIVING BY THE SEA
LIFE SHOULD BE A BREEZE

FLO
SHAME IT AIN'T A BIT MORE LIKE
THEM POSTCARDS THAT ONE SEES

ANN What postcards?

FLO You know, them ones they sell up at the kiosk. I've seen you giggle at them.

ANN Oh, them.

WHEN I GET ALL MOODY
I HAVE A LITTLE HUNCH
IT'S BECAUSE I FEEL LIKE JUDY
WITHOUT HER MR PUNCH

BUT A GIRL GROWS TIRED OF WAITING

FLO
DON'T I KNOW, IT MAKES ME SICK

ANN
WE DREAM ABOUT THE COCKLES

FLO
AND WINKLES WE WOULD PICK

ANN
I DON'T ASK FOR THE EARTH