

Working Script: " Fifty Years Ago Show " Age Exchange Theatre Company: 6.5.83.

Opening Holiday Sequence - " We're in the Money " Sc.1.

Dora: There you are, Annie, Southend-on-Sea!

Annie: Ooh! Its lovely!

William: Hey, look Annie, the sea! I wish I could swim!

Bill: I reckon that it cost us six bob to get here. That means we've got another six bob to enjoy ourselves with!

All: Yippee!

(Reprise " We're in the money")

Bill: Hello! My name's Bill Brown. This is my family. We can't afford to have a holiday, so we've come down to Southend-on-Sea for the day.

William: Hello! My name's William. I've only been to the seaside once before. I love it here.

Annie: I'm Annie, William's girlfriend. This is the first time I've been to the seaside. There's so many people!

Dora: Hello! I'm Dora. I'm here with my four kids. This is the best day out we've had for ages!

(Reprise "We're in the Money")

Sc. 2. Back Home.

Dora: (Bringing in kids' clothes) Well, a day out's nice, Annie, but there's no place like home, eh?

Annie: Well, it took the edge off it a bit, me having to go to work today.

Dora: Don't you talk to me about work! the amount of work I've had with them kids! I've never seen four kids bring home more sand from the seaside in my life! We've got enough indoors to start our own beach!

Annie: That would be little George. Before we got on the steamer to come home, do you know what he was doing? He was stuffing his pockets full of sand!

Dora: That wasn't all he was doing! When I opened the picnic hamper last night, he'd filled every cup and every container as well! And then, when I went upstairs, I found the little begger filling the turn-ups of his father's best suit with sand! Bill'll murder him when he comes home from work!

Annie: How's William?

Dora: Well, I'll tell you something, beer and William certainly don't mix. He shouldn't have had that bottle. I don't know whether it was the bottle of beer or the crossing back on the ferry, but this morning, was he sick!

Annie: Well, it was a bit of a choppy crossing.

Dora: I tried offering him fried bread for breakfast, but he just took one look at it and he was doing the back door trot for an hour!

Annie: We must have spent so much money yesterday!

Dora: We blew the lot! Its going to leave us a bit short 'til friday, but it was worth it!

Annie: I'll say it was!

(Enter William)

William: Boo!

Annie: Oh!

William: Hello, Annie!

Annie: William, you're late! I've been waiting ages!

William: Sorry, I've been with my friends.

Dora: Oh, that's nice, leaving the poor girl waiting here!

William: I've got a surprise for you, Annie. Its a present. (Gives her autograph) Its Fred Astaire's autograph!

Annie: Really!

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Dora: Oh, they're best friends, haven't you heard?

William: Oh, come on, Mum, its true, honest!

Annie: Where did you get it from?

William: I met him in dean street. I'd gone up to see Tall John, he works at Radio Pictures, and I was waiting for him at the side door. Who should come out but Fred astaire! He walked straight past me and up the street! I thought:"That's him!" So I ran up after him, stopped him and said "Excuse me, Mr Astaire, but my girlfriend's a fan of yours. Could I have your autograph?"

Annie: Did you really tell him about me?

William: Yes! So he wrote it down and that's it!

Dora: Just a minute, what were you doing up Dean Street this afternoon? You were supposed to be in Continuation School today!

William: I didn't go, Mum, I don't like it.

Dora: Its compulsory, William, you know you don't get any dole money unless you go. What's the matter with you?

William: But its like going back to school.

Dora: thats not the point! Oh, you're so stupid sometimes, William! (Exit).

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William: I've upset her, now, haven't I?

Annie: Why do you do it, William?

William: Listen, Annie, for the past six months, three times a week, twice a day, I've been signing on. And then they make you sing psalms and do carpentry, I don't like it!

Annie: You complaining?

William: Yes!

Annie: Look, William, if you had the boss I've got, you'd have something to moan about! I tell you, this morning, I spent two hours making this coat, it was a lovely coat, black boucle. I'd finished it and put it on the stand, when, suddenly The boss's door opens, there he is, heading straight for my coat! He doesn't say a word, but he looks at it closely. Then, he turns to me and says: "You call this a coat?" "Yes, Mr Rubens" I say. "This isn't a coat!" He says. He gets it and he rips it to shreds! Two hours of my work, that was! All gone!

William: That's not very nice, is it?

Annie: That's what he's like!

William: Look, Annie, I've got an idea. If he does that again, do you know what you should do? You should say to him "Hey, Mr Rubens, you've dropped some money on the floor" and when he bends down to pick it up, you get one of those long pins and go (mimes sticking pin in bum).

Annie: Oh, William! You rascal!

William: Do you fancy a walk up on the hill?

Annie: Well, no hanky-panky, eh?

William: 'Cos not! Come on!

(Both exit).

SC.2.

Dora in kitchen, peeling vegetables at table. Enter Bill, slaps money down on table.

Dora: What's this, love?

Bill: Three bob!

Dora: I can see that! You haven't had a win on the horses, have you?

Bill: Its all you're going to be getting this week.

Dora: What do you mean? Bill?

Bill: I've been sacked!

Dora: Oh, no! What happened?

Bill: I refused to take out a lorry that wasn't fit to go on the roads. You know that Jarvis is on holiday?

Dora: Yes.

Bill: Well, I had to take out his lorry to Enfield. He'd told Parkinson that the brakes needed re-lining. Anyway, I took it out and I was driving along through Woolwich. I was carrying this load of paint. There was this little kid, playing at the side of the road. Her ball went out into the road and she ran after it, right in front of me. I jammed the brakes on and nothing happened! I swerved and managed to miss her by about that much! After that, I took the lorry back to the depot. I told Parkinson what had happened. He just ignored me! He told me "If you don't get that load up to Enfield by this afternoon, then it's not worth your while coming back to this factory".

Dora: He can't sack you for that!

Bill: He just did!

Dora: I can't believe it! It's just not fair! You're one of his best drivers!

Bill: Was, you mean.

Dora: You'll get another job, love. You deserve a better boss than him, anyway.

Bill: Yes, there's always jobs for drivers.

Dora: We're going to be a bit short this week, love.

Bill: Well, if I get a job by Friday, I can work the weekend to make it up.

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Dora: Yes.

Do you want your tea?

Bill: No, I'm not hungry. I'm going out.(Exit)

Enter Annie and William.

William: What's the matter, Mum?

Dora: Your Dad's lost his job.

Annie: Oh, no!

William: He's what?

Dora: That's what we've got left for the rest of the week. Three bob.

William: They can't do that to him!

Dora: Well, they have.

William: Why?

Dora: Doesn't matter, he's been finished, isn't that enough?

William: What are we going to do, Mum?

Dora: Well, you're going to have to start looking for work properly, no more messing about
I can't you pick up some casual work, down the market or something? anything that'll bring in a couple of bob, we're going to need it!

William: I promise you, Mum, tomorrow morning, I'll go down the market really early and look for work.

Dora: I hope so. Oh, your father will pick up work soon, anyway. He's never been out long. Don't know what we're all worrying about! We'll get by!

SONG: "Best Things In life" whilst Annie and Dora rearrange kitchen. William looks on.

William: Don't worry, Mum, he'll get a job.

Exit William and Annie.

SC.3. The tallyman cometh.

Dora in kitchen. There is a knock at the door.

Dora: Oh, hello, Mr Jenkins.

Jenkins: Hello Mrs brown. Weekly payments.

Dora: Er, would you like to come in?

Jenkins: I don't mind if I do. Thanks very much.

Dora: Have a seat.

Jenkins: No, I won't, if you don't mind, I'm a busy man and I've got a lot of collections to make today. Half a crown, isn't it?

Dora: Ah, yes. Well, I was wondering, Mr Jenkins, if I could pay the two lots next week, instead?

Jenkins: Well, it doesn't quite work like that, Mrs brown, I'm afraid. For every week that you default in payment, it puts a little bit extra on your bill at the end. You do realise that, don't you?

Dora: Its only for this week, though. We're just a bit short, you know how it is?

Jenkins: I'm sorry, Mrs Brown, there's no exceptions. I can't bend the rules just for you. It puts about another shilling on.

Dora: It'll only be for this week, I promise.

Jenkins: All right. I think I'd better read the company policy to you while I'm here. Two defaults in a row, and I'll be forced to write out a repossession order.

Dora: Oh! Well, it won't come to that!

I mean, my old man couldn't do without his bed, could he?

Jenkins: Lets hope it doesn't come to that.

Dora: No..I mean..no!

Jenkins: Good day to you, Mrs brown.

Dora: Thanks very much, Mr Jenkins.

Exit talleyman. Dora shows real concern. Eventually takes gold albert from kitchen drawer. turns out of scene.

SC.4.

Bill out front, looking for work.

Bill: £1: I hear you're looking for a lorry driver? Yes, I've driven that kind for over a year. What do you mean - not suitable? Yes, I was sacked from my last job. Listen, I almost killed someone in that lorry. No, I'm not a bad driver!

£2: Hello, I've heard that you're taking in drivers..You've got too many?!

£3: Past it? I'm only thirty-eight! I've got a wife and four kids to support.

£4: Yes, I'm a qualified driver, but I'm prepared to do anything. Packing, sorting, you name it, I'll do it.

£5: You look like you could use a good worker. I'm handy with a broom!

SC.5.

Dora in kitchen. Enter Bill.

Dora: Any luck, love?

Bill: None today, no.

Dora: Never mind, eh? There's always tomorrow.

Bill: I'll try another district tomorrow.

Dora: Listen, Bill, I was thinking. Maybe its about time you signed on.

Bill: Its only been two weeks.

Dora: Yes, but it takes ages for the money to get through. There's no harm in sorting it out now.

Bill: I'm not ready to sign on. Give me another week. I'll have a job by then, I know I will. It won't be worth signing on.

Dora: Bill, we really are short.

Bill: We're not that short! Just give me another week!

Dora: Bill, I've been thinking...there's this woman up the street, she's looking for someone to do a bit of cleaning, just a couple of mornings a week. Well, I was thinking

that maybe I could do it. It would bring in a couple of bob and we could do with the money...

Bill: No!

Dora: But Bill...

Bill: No! Your place is here, looking after the kids, you can't leave them by themselves!

Dora: But I was thinking that, since you're around, maybe you could look after them while I'm out..its only a couple of

Bill: No! That's woman's work! Besides, no wife of mine is going out cleaning other people's muck! You're not doing it and that's final!

Dora: All right, all right...

Bill: There's things we can do before it comes to that..(Goes to drawer for watch, finds it gone). My father gave that to me, his grandfather gave it to him.

Dora: I'm sorry, love, we needed the money.. there was nothing else I could do.

Bill: You had no right to do that!

Dora: I was going to get it out at the end of the week...

Bill: It wasn't yours to pawn!

Dora: We had bills to pay...

Bill: I should have made that decision!

Dora: It was the only thing I could do!

Bill: I'll sign on tomorrow! (Exit).

Dora: Bill!

Dora strikes furniture. Exit.

SC.6. William looks for work. MIME.

SC.7. William meets the blackshirt.

William is counting out money and mopping brow.

Enter blackshirt.

B/shirt: Hello, son. What are you about?

Will.: Not much. Do you know that I've been working all day since eight o'clock this morning - I've made one and threepence!

B/shirt: Not much, is it? Ain't you got a proper job, then?

Will.: No, I'm afraid not. And I've got to work to help the family out, see, 'cos me dad'd out of work too.

B/shirt: Its the same for a lot of people. You live locally, don't you?

Will.: That's right.

B/shirt: Have you ever read this paper?

Will.: (reads) "The British Union Of Fascists Weekly"...can't say that I have.

B/shirt: Take it home with you and have a read of it. It might give you some ideas.

Will.: You don't want any money for it?

B/shirt: You keep it.

Will.: Thanks very much.

B/shirt: See you around (Exit)

Exit William.

SC.8. Dora and Agnes in Street.

Enter agnes, carrying heaving bundle of washing.

Agnes: Oh my God, I can't see a blind thing with this lot! Oh, no! (Drops bundle)

Enter Dora.

Dora: Agnes? oh, Agnes, Your washing! Oh, love, its covered in mud!

Agnes: What am I going to do? Look at her Ladyship's bloomers! What am I going to do?

Dora: Oo-er!

Agnes: I spent all day on this lot. Washing all day, starching all day and ironing! And now look! Just in the mud!

Dora: You can't give them back to her like this!

Agnes: I know that!

Dora: Now, look, don't go getting yourself upset. What time were you supposed to get them up there?

Agnes: Nine o clock this evening at the big house.

Dora: You'll never get that lot done again im time. Washed, ironed and starched!

Agnes: I know! She'll probably never give me any work again! What am I going to do?

Dora: Maybe you could get it done if there were two of us, eh?

Agnes: You asking?

Dora: Well, yes.

Agnes: All right, then, here!

Dora: How much?

Agnes: Four bob's the most i can go.

Dora: Four bob? You're on!

Agnes: Right! I'll call round your house about eight o'clock for them, right? And mind you starch them proper!

Dora: All right! Oh, and Agnes...

Agnes: What?

Dora: Not a word to my old man about this, right?

Agnes nods assent and exits. Exit dora.

SC.9. The brown's home.

William is practising his dancing.

Enter Dora with washing.

Will.: Hello, Mum.

Dora: Hello, William. (puts washing down).

Will.: What have you got there, Mum?

Dora: Just some washing, that's all.

William noses around washing, fishes out bloomers/long johns and dances about with them.
Dora tries to snatch them back from him.

Will.: What are these?

Dora: William! Give them back, you little begger!

Will.: Hey, Mum, they're not my Dad's are they?

Dora: I should hope not, they're lady X's!

Will.: What are you doing, Mum?

Dora: I'm just taking in a bit of washing for Agnes, she gets work from the big house.

Will.: You're taking in washing! You've got too much to do!

Dora: She's going to give me four bob for this lot, William!

Working script - " Fifty Years Ago Show" 5.6.83.

Continuation of working script, starting beg. of second Laundry Scene between Dora and William.

William: But Mum, that's not the point, is it? I mean, you're up every day early. You've got the kids to look after and the house to clean and now you're doing somebody else's washing as well! Its not fair on you!

Dora: We need the money. And if you're so worried about your poor old mum, you can get out in that back yard and keep on eye on the two little 'uns, while I get on with this lot, Right?

William: Mum...

Dora: What?

William: Well, you know that I've never had a proper job before, but I want to do something, you see, to help you and the family, so I've decided, as from tomorrow, I'm going to get up really early and go round to every factory and get a decent job to help out.

Dora: I know you do your best, son. Now, you keep an eye out for your dad for me, will you?

William: Here, Mum...

Dora: What!

William: Make sure you don't get your bloomers in a twist!

Dora: Oh, I'm going to clip you one, one of these days, (to audience) He's so cheeky!

(Exit)

(William strikes furniture to back of set)

"Whistle While You Work" - William's job Search.

William: 1. Excuse me, have you got any jobs going? Thanks.

2. How long have you been waiting in this line? Three hours! There's about fifty people here! I don't stand a chance, do I?

3. How much? You must be joking!

4. No, I haven't had a lot of experience, but I'm willing to learn.

(Enter Blackshirt)

B/shirt: Hello, son, are you still out of work?

William: Yeah. Do you know, I've been looking everywhere, but there's nothing around. Its awful!

B/shirt: How about your Dad?

William: No, he hasn't got anything either.

B/shirt: Did you read that paper I gave you?

William: No, well, to tell you the truth, I mislaid it, it must have dropped out of my pocket.

B/shirt: Thats a pity.

William: Why's that?

B/shirt: Well, I told that it was full of good ideasYou do deserve a job, don't you?

William: Yes.

B/shirt: Your dad deserves a job, doesn't he?

William: Yes.

B/shirt: Well, that's what its all about. Giving jobs to them that deserves it and kicking out them that don't.

William: Sounds interesting.

B/shirt: Thought it might appeal to you. I belong to an organisation..we're looking for bright lads like you. We hold regular meetings, why don't you come along to one ?

William:What sort of meetings?

B/shirt: You'll find out if you come along, won't you? Do you fancy a drink?

William: Er, no, sorry, I haven't got any money.

B/shirt: That's all right, its on me.

William: Are you sure? Well, thank you.

(Both exit S.R.)

Factory Scene.

(Gladys and Annie enter and set up Factory Scene)

Gladys: Come on, Annie, tea-break's over.

Annie: How many coats is he wanting today, Gladys.

Gladys: Oh, he's expecting four out of us, the old slave-driver!

Annie: Four!

(They sit and commence treadle machine mime. Annie finally stops work).

Annie: Are you going to the dance on Saturday, Gladys?

Gladys: (stopping work also) Oh yeah, are you?

Annie: You bet!

Gladys: What are you going to wear?

Annie: Well, you know Mrs Adams, the finisher, well, she's got this trading ticket thing. Sometimes, she goes to the warehouse and takes clothes out and she lets us girls borrow

them...

Gladys: Look, I'm wise to that fiddle as well. I used to borrow off her, but she won't let me any more.

Annie: Why not?

Gladys: Well...(giggles)

Annie: Go on, tell us!

Gladys: I borrowed this green satin dress off her, youknow, the one that used to be in the workshop...

Annie: Not the one with the frills all down the bottom!

Gladys: yeah, and all the fancy stitching round the top...

Annie: Oh! What happened?

Gladys: Well, I wore it to this tea dance and the clumsy clot I was dancing with, didn't he go and bump into this waiter, who was carrying a whole tray of icecreams! Well, the whole lot went right over me, all down my front!

Annie: (laughing) It must have been freezing!

Gladys: (laughing) You should have seen the state I was in!

(Enter Josef)

Josef: Girls! Girls! Ssh! Mr Rubens is on the warpath!

Annie & Gladys: Oh-oh, Mr Rubens! (Derisive reaction)

Josef: You'll be out of a job if you're not careful!

Gladys: Sorry, Josef.

(Both girls return to work mime. Annie then stands and addresses audience).

Annie: This has been my place of work for the past year. There's twenty of us all together that work here and we all have to get here 8 o'clock sharp, Monday to Saturday. Which means that I have to get up 6 o'clock every day except Sunday. Firstly, I have to get my Dad's breakfast ready and make him some sandwiches to take to work. Then I have to get my brothers up and I've got three of them, get them their breakfast and make sure that they get properly off to school. That part's pretty hectic, I can tell you! Sometimes, I think about getting another job, one that's less tiring, less of a strain on the eyes, maybe. But, every morning, when I come into work, I see this long line of women and girls outside the workshop, all waiting, hoping to get a job, maybe my job. So, really, I'm lucky to have a job at all, aren't I? And besides, I like the company here. I've just recently made friends with Gladys, that's her there. She makes me laugh. She's a machinist, like me. (Annie returns to her chair and carries on work).

Gladys: Here, Josef, is it nearly finishing time yet?

Josef: Another two, three minutes maybe.

Gladys: (Finishing hand sewing) Thank God for that! Oh, my eyes! Anyway, I've finished it! (mime of taking coat off machine and displaying it to Annie) What do you think?

Annie: Well, it looks all right from here!

Gladys: Hmm...

Josef: Oh, very nice, Gladys! well done!

Gladys: Oh, thank you Josef! (curtesy) So there! (to Annie. General reaction. Hangs coat on stand S.R.) But Bossyboots is bound to find something wrong with it, isn't he?
(Agreement from Annie. G. Looks out of window) Here, they're out there again!

Annie: Who are?

Gladys: You know, the wotsits, the Blackshirts, they're down on the corner. Here, they've got placards with them!

Josef: I don't like it!

Gladys: What's the matter, Josef?

Josef: I don't like it. Two, three years ago, I come from Germany to get away from all this, and now the disease it follows me here. I don't like it!

Gladys: But, Josef, you're in England now. I mean, what can happen to you in England?

Annie: All they do, Josef, is stand on street corners, trying to look frightening, isn't that right, Gladys?

Gladys: (still looking out of window) Hmm..

Josef: That's what they said in Germany, now look what happens.

Gladys (crossing U.S. to collect coat) Oh, Josef, I really think you make too much of it. I mean, they're just big kids, dressed up, aren't they? Annie, I'm sorry, but I can't wait for you this evening, I promised me mum I'd be home early. See you tomorrow, eh?

Annie: All right, Goodnight, Gladys.

Gladys: Good night, Josef (retrieves hat from stand).

Josef: Good night, Gladys. You be careful, eh?

Gladys: Oh, don't you worry about me. (Exits)

Josef: We pack up now, Annie.

(Josef and Annie strike factory scene and exit).

Street.

Enter William. Mimes conversation O/S with Blackshirts' planting him on street corner.

Enter Gladys.

William: Hello there.

Gladys: Oh, hello.

William: Just finished work, have you?

Gladys: Yeah.

William: I haven't seen you around here before.

Gladys: I haven't seen you around here before neither. Do you work round here?

William: Oh yeah! Sort of...Hey, your boss lives round here, doesn't he?

Gladys: Yes, he does...oh, do you know him?

William: Well, I don't know him, but I know his son.

Gladys: He hasn't got a son.

William: Oh! It must be someone else then.

Gladys: Yeah.

William: Here, whereabouts do he live?

Gladys: What's it to you?

William: I just wondered if there was any jobs going, that's all.

Gladys: Oh, I'm sorry, we're full up at the moment. Besides, he only takes on skilled workers.

William: What, do you mean he only takes on Jews?

Gladys: No, I said skilled workers.

(Enter Annie U.S.R.)

William: I mean, they look after their own around here, don't they? Keep it in the family, so to speak.

Gladys: Well, I don't know about that, 'cos I ain't Jewish, but they've looked after me all right!

William: Oh, yeah, and how much does he pay you? About a bob a week?

Gladys: He pays well enough o them that deserve it!

Annie: William!

Gladys: (to Annie) Do you know him?

Annie: He's my boyfriend.

Gladys: Oh yeah? Nice boyfriends you've got. (Exits).

Annie: William! What were you talking to her like that for?

William: Like what, Annie?

Annie: You've upset her!

William: No, I haven't! I was only making conversation, that's all!

Annie: Oh yes! And who are these people?

William: Keep your voice down!

Annie: Why? Are they Friends of yours, or summat?

William: No, they're not! Well, not exactly friends... Look, I was only trying to find out where you worked, 'cos I've never met you before after work and, well, I've got a surprise for you, see?

Annie: Oh yes?

William: Guess where we're going tonight!

Annie: Where?

William: The pictures!

Annie: William! You can't afford it!

William: I know I can't afford it, Annie, but I've arranged with my friend, big tall Kevin to let us in the side door, free!

Annie: Oh, look, I'm in my work clothes and I'm tired, I probably wouldn't enjoy it, even if I did go.

William: 'Cos you will, Annie. Anyway, it doesn't matter what you wear, you always look gorgeous. And because I'm not paying for us to get into the pictures, I can afford to buy you an ice cream!

Annie: My favourite?

William: Yeah, strawberry! Oh, come on, Annie, what do you say? Picture it, Annie, you and

me in the back row. Outside, the moon will be in the sky...(Enter from behind screen the other two actors in Hollywood gear. rhapsody music. Annie and William are dressed into Hollywood clothes whilst they carry on dialogue) and all the stars will be shining and I'll say to you, "Annie, you are my heart's delight".

Annie: Will you stay with me for ever and ever?

William: William and Annie together, forever!

The four actors form line up for beginning of "Lullaby of Broadway".

Hollywood Fantasy Sequence.

End of Sequence. William kisses Annie.

Annie: William! Make sure that no one's looking first!

William: Did you enjoy the film, Annie?

Annie: It was lovely.

William: Come on, lets go home.

(Both exit)

Bill's monologue.

Enter Bill.

Bill: Well, that's the end of another day. I was up at 5 o'clock, this morning, out looking for work, as usual. I Didn't find any, as usual. I was out 'til 12 o'clock. There's not much point looking after nine o'clock, but I stay out, 'cos I can't bear to be in the house all day, so I just loaf around. I've been out of work for eight months, now. Eight months! It was a real shock, at first. You see, I've had regular work all my life. Then the worrying started. After about three months, you begin to wonder why you don't just give up, stop looking. But you don't - you keep on, in the hopes of some luck. But it isn't luck that gets you jobs, it's who you know. If you know someone who can get you a job, well, you're set up. A lot of good my mates are, they're all in the same boat as me, you see. I see them, every now and again, hanging around the employment exchange, or waiting, waiting in the coffee shops, waiting for a sniff of work, but nothing ever comes. We don't speak much anymore, we don't have nothing to say to one another. I remember when times were better, we used to go round each other's houses for sing-songs. They were good times. They don't happen any more. No one's got a piano, for a start. If they came into our house now, they wouldn't recognise it. I know that Dora does her best, but with no money coming in, there's not much she can do. My main worry is for the little 'uns. I see them suffering and there's nothing I can do about it. If we're not careful, they're going to be taken away from us and put into homes. We've got to do something. We've got to do something for them and we've got to do something now! (Exit)

Enter Mrs Fudge. Sets up Moneylender scene. Melody of "Pennies from Heaven" to cover.

Mrs Fudge: (seated at table, taps out pipe) You may enter!

Enter Dora.

Mrs Fudge: Oh, Mrs Brown! I've been expecting you!

Dora: Mrs Fudge.

Mrs Fudge: I'll just get my book. (Does so) You may approach. Now, correct me if I am not correct. Ten shillings, plus three shillings interest, equals thirteen shillings. Payable yesterday! On the table!

Dora: Yes, well, the thing is, Mrs Fudge, I was wondering if you could let me have a bit longer.

Mrs Fudge: And how much longer is it you'd be wanting, Mrs Brown?

Dora: Well, if you could just give me until next week, I can get you your money at the end of the week.

Mrs Fudge: What sort of a carry on is this? I'm not a benevolent society, y'know. I am a business woman! This is my transactions table!

Dora: Yes, but I know that you're a reasonable woman, Mrs Fudge. All I'm asking for is a bit more time to pay.

Mrs fudge: I was doing you a favour in the first place, dealing with you Mrs Brown. If you would care to look at my advertisement in the Mercury, you will see that I do not lend out less than two pounds

Dora: Yes, I remember your advert.

Mrs Fudge: If you're not very careful, mrs brown, you could find a spot of trouble coming your way.

Dora: Now look, Mrs Fudge, I'll get you your money, I promise you I will. All I'm asking

for is a bit more time to pay. Please!

Mrs Fudge: Two days! On the table!

Dora: Two days!

Mrs Fudge: Good day to you, Mrs brown!

Dora: Thank you, Mrs fudge!

(Dora turns out of scene. Mrs fudge exits. Music of "pennies from Heaven". Dora sets up Brown household again. Does biz with audience, pram, whatever, sits at table.)

End of "Pennies from Heaven" Sequence.

Enter Bill, sits at table.

R.O. Scene.

Enter Relieving Officer.

R.O. So, Mrs Brown, let's see what we've got downstairs, shall we?

(Dora stands while R.O. does his inspection. Bill continues to glower.)

R.O. (taking notes) Two chairs, one table...what was this hanging above the fireplace?

Dora: Just an old picture we had.

R.O. And where is that now?

Dora: Its in hock, like everything else.

R.O. Are you sure its not with some well-meaning, misguided neighbour around the corner?

Dora: Do you want to see the ticket?

R.O. Its happens a lot, you know, Mrs Brown. Its against the law! (Dora gets pawn ticket out of table drawer and shows it to him) I see. Well, there are still one or two items you'll need to get rid of, before you're entitled to relief.

Dora: Like what?

R.O. Well, you've have far too much bed linen upstairs, for one thing...

Dora: The bed linen!

R.O. ..And there's enough crockery in that kitchen to lay up for an army!

Dora: Listen, mister, we've got four kids, what do you expect them to eat off of?

R.O.: As I was saying, Mrs, er, Brown,
there are one or two items you'll need to get rid off before you're entitled to relief...

Dora: But, mister..

R.O.: There's a very nice bedside table upstairs, now...

(Bill slams his fist on the table and gets up)

Bill: Do you see the door? Well get out before I kick you out!

R.O. I take it that there's no relief needed here, Mrs Brown! Good day to you. (Exits).

Bill: Yeah, and good riddance!

Dora: What did you do that for?

Bill: I'm not having him coming into our house, snooping around and treating us like common criminals!

Dora: It wouldn't have cost you anything to answer a few questions, would it?

Bill: He'd have been digging the floorboards up next for buried treasure!

Dora: Bill, we need the money!

Bill: Now I'm not begging to no one!

Dora: Its not begging, we're a right to it! And anyway, what the hell would you know about answering questions...

Bill: Oh, yeah..

Dora: Do you know what sort of people I've had to answer questions to in the last few months? Do you know how much money we owe?

(During this, Bill has become more threatening and advances on Dora. Enter William).

William: Mum? What's the matter?

Dora: Nothing, nothing! (Exits)

William: Dad, what's going on? My mum's upset, she's nearly in tears!

Bill: We can't afford to keep the family together, William. The little 'uns are suffering. Peggy's going to have to go into service...

William: Peggy?

Bill: She's nearly fourteen! And you're going to have to get out. Well, you're seventeen, you're not a baby anymore, you're old enough to look after yourself. What's more, you're not putting any money on the table and we can't afford to keep you. So you're going to have to get out!

William: You mean that you're going to throw me out of my own house?

Bill: I'm asking you to leave, for the good of the little 'uns!

William: I don't have much choice, do I?

Bill: I don't have much choice, William.

William: When?

Bill: You can go and pack your bags now.

William: All right. I've had enough of this place, anyway, and I've had enough of you. I'll find somewhere! Goodbye, Father!

(William exits. Bill strikes furniture. Dora enters with pram. Holds 'Til Bill has cleared

space and exits. 'black and blue' melody on piano whilst Dora does job search, with pram).

Dora's job search:

1. Excuse me, I was wondering if you had any out work going at the moment? I'm a good sewer, I'm handy with a needle and...Oh, well, what if I try next week?

2. Hello, I heard you wanted a bit of help in the kitchens, washing up and stuff, well...What? Oh, the little 'uns? Oh, they'd be no trouble, I can leave them in your back yard! Oh, no, they'd be no bother, honest!...I see...

3. Excuse me, are you the housekeeper? Well, I heard you wanted a bit of help, doing the carpets and the stairs...Oh, yes, I used to be in service! Well, it was twenty years ago...no, I haven't got any references, but I...Thank you.

4. Hello, may I speak to the hotel manager, please! Oh, you are! Well, I heard you wanted some help, doing the steps and the brass outside...well, I'm a good worker...oh, yes, I've got me own bucket and brushes...You will? Oh! Well! I've have them done for you in an hour, you'll see!

(Dora strikes pram to side, whilst 'black and blue' 'swells'. She crosses C.S., gets down on knees and starts scrubbing mime. Continues 'til music fades. Contacts audience. Stands)

Dora: Now look, I don't care what kind of work I get, as long as it puts food on the table, do you know what I mean? What's the point of being proud about it? Can't afford pride? Do you know something? There was one time, when I thought that the most important thing in life as to be happy. Now it just seems important to survive...to see these times through. I mean, this drudging can't go on forever, now can it?

(Dora goes back to scrubbing. More 'black and Blue'. Enter S.R. Bill - as on street corner - stands, reading newspaper. Enter Unemployed Marcher.

U.M. Excuse me, missus, you wouldn't have a wee bit of bread, would you?

Dora:(Getting up) I'm sorry, I'm new on this job and...well, I could probably get you a drink of water...Are you all right? You look all done in!

U.M. Would you believe I've marched
all the way from Scotland with five hundred other people?

Dora: From Scotland? But whatever for?

U.M.: To protest against unemployment.

Dora: Don't talk to us about unemployment, love, we've got it down here and all, you know.

U.M.: Aye, unemployment's everywhere nowadays, but in the North of England and in Scotland, its ten times worse, its a disgrace! Do you know how long I've been unemployed now? Four years!

Dora: Four! My old man's been out nearly a year and that's bad enough!

U.m.: Can you imagine what its like for me, a father with five children and not to be able to feed them? And when you've a wee baby and another three year old that's asking you for food and you haven't got it to give to them? What do you do? Who do you turn to? The government must do something to help!

Dora: But, will they listen to you?

U.M.: Ah, well, that's another question all together. They didn't listen to us today, that's for sure. We marched here with nearly a million signatures. All the way down,

people supported us. They gave us food and shelter. We marched through towns and cities - they were with us all right! Then, when we got here, they would not let us hand our protest in! They stopped us! And then the next thing we knew, we were being attacked by the people. Mounted police, swinging their swordsticks from left to right, foot police, baton-charging the crowd!

Dora: Is that where you got that bash on the head?

U.M. Aye, but there's a lot more people worse off than me, though, I can tell you.

Dora: I wish there was something I could do to help..

U.M.: Oh, I'm sorry, love, I shouldn't be telling you my problems, I'm sure you've problems of your own, too.

Dora: I'll see what I can do about that water, eh?

U.M.: Aye.

(Dora fetches mug of water from S.R. Introduction verse of 'Buddy, Can You Spare A Dime?' is sung. Tableau of Bill on street corner, Unemployed Marcher and Dora. Marcher finishes water and hands mug back to Dora. Turns away. Dora is left with audience)

Dora: What could I say? What can you say to a man who's marched five hundred miles for nothing? He made me feel ashamed. I couldn't even offer him a decent meal, or a place to stay. Five hundred of them, marching all that way! And for what? It seemed like no one wanted to listen to them. Its not right, really, is it?

(Dora exits. U.M. and Bill join together S.L. Sing revised verses of 'Buddy' with pianist.

U.M. and Bill exit S.L. Music goes into 'Sunny Side Of The Street'. Enter Annie and

Gladys.

Dance Room Scene.

Annie and Gladys seated at table. Gladys is bored.

Gladys: Annie! We've been here two hours and you haven't cracked a smile yet! What's the matter?

Annie: Oh, Gladys, you know what's wrong with me!

Gladys: I know! Its William again, isn't it?

Annie: Look, Gladys, if you had a boyfriend and he'd left home and he hadn't left a message or anything about where he was, you'd be worried, wouldn't you?

Gladys: Look, love, isn't that his problem? I mean, what's the point of you worrying yourself sick about him? Anyway, I think you're better off without him.

Annie: Oh, that's nice! Look, Glad., you've only ever met him twice, I've known him since I can remember. This isn't like him at all!

Gladys: Annie, if you've known him so long, isn't it about time you had a change of boyfriends?

Annie: Its not as simple as that.

Gladys: 'Cos it is! I mean, there's plenty of good-looking men in this room! All you have to do is make an effort, smile!

Annie: Gladys!

Gladys: Drink your gin! (They clink 'glasses') Cheers! Mother's ruin, daughter's delight!
(chokes) Gawd! That'll put hairs on me chest!

Annie: Serves you right!

Gladys: Oh, thank you very much! You're laughing! Congratulations!

(Music comes to an end. The girls applaud).

Pianist: Ladies and Gentlemen! Take your partners for the Valeta!

Gladys: Ooh, come on, that's my favourite! (She drags a protesting Annie onto the dance floor. They dance the Valeta, during which Annie starts to joke with Gladys. General blag with audience and players. They break).

Annie: Look, Gladys, thanks for cheering us up, right?

Gladys: Look, what are friends for, eh? You're not half silly, sometimes, Annie. Come on...(They put on their coats). Here, Annie, do you fancy coming out with me and me brother next week? We're going to X (Palladium, New Cross Empire, whatever).

Annie: What are you going to see?

Gladys: This new comedy team, Flanagan and Allan, they're called...

Annie: Ooh, I've heard of them, they're supposed to be really good!

Gladys: Yeah, they do a bit of singing and telling jokes and...(Enter William, stands and looks at girls)...Yes, well, you catch us up, eh, Annie?(Exit Gladys).

William: Hello, Annie, long time no see. How are you? I've been meaning to contact you, but you know how it is.

Annie: Where have you been? I've been worried sick!

William: Around. Did you enjoy the dance?

Annie: I went round your Mum and Dad's. Even they didn't know where you were!

William: I said did you enjoy the dance, Annie!

Annie: William, I don't want to talk about the dance, I want to talk about you. Where are you living?

William: With friends.

Annie: Which friends?

William: You don't know them.

Annie: Oh, come on, William, I know all your friends.

William: You don't know this lot. They don't know you either. And what's more, they don't want to know you, either, not while you're still working at that factory.

Annie: What's that got to do with it?

William: You're working for Mr Rubens, he's a Jew! We don't like that!

Annie: Who's 'we'?

William: My friends don't like that, Annie, you're treading on dangerous ground!

Annie: William, are you threatening me?

William: Just a friendly warning. One of these days, you're going to go into work and there won't be a factory there!

Annie: Oh, I suppose you're going to burn it down!

William: I just don't want you to get hurt, that's all!

annie: William, they are my friends in there, all of them. Josef is Jewish, he's my friend! Do you care? William! Do you care for me?

William: 'Cos I do!

Annie: Is that all you've got to say? Oh, this isn't William talking! I don't know you any more! (Reprise of 'Valeta' melody. Annie turns out to audience, William turns away) He scared me. Maybe Gladys was right after all. Maybe he's not the right sort. But how can anyone change so much in such a short space of time? I didn't recognise him! I'm frightened!

(William turns back to audience)

William: I'm frightened. I've never been afraid in my life before, not really. I feel sick

inside. I thought I belonged to something, I really did. When I first went to the Blackshirt meeting, what they said seemed to make sense to me. But after my meeting with Annie, I began to think. I kept on hearing her words: "Do you care, William? Do you care for me?" I hadn't been thinking straight. The next meeting I went to, I said to them: "Maybe the Jews aren't to blame for unemployment after all? I mean, there's unemployment in other parts of the country where there aren't any Jews!" That was all I said. That was enough. They turned on me. I became their target. They beat me up. They kicked me and left me lying there! I've been a fool. How can I face Annie? I've hurt her and I really do care for her. (Both turn towards each other). Annie? I don't know what to say. I've been so stupid!

Annie: You have been, william! You really have been!

William: I feel ashamed. I'm sorry, Annie. (They embrace). Hey, is it, 'William and Annie, together forever?'

Annie: (laughs) You're silly, William.

(They kiss)

William: Come on, let's go, eh?

(Both exit. Reprise of 'Sunny Side Of The Street' whilst Bill enters, arranges furniture for Browns' house)

Bill: (sits at table): Here, dora!

Dora (off): What?

Bill: Come in here a second!

Enter dora.

Dora: Look, Bill, I'm in the middle of the washing up, what's the matter?

Bill: Well, I've got you a little something! (Hands her package, wrapped in brown paper and string)

Dora: What is it?

Bill: You're not going to find out unless you open it, are you? That's why I wrapped it up!

Dora: All right! (Starts to untie string) Here, it ain't Christmas, you know!

Bill: It will be by the time you open it, come on!

Dora: All right, don't rush us! (Opens package to reveal framed photograph) Its us at Margate!

Bill: Do you remember that day?

Dora: Where did you get this photo?

Bill: I found it at the back of the drawer.

Dora: But, the frame...?

Bill: I made that myself. Its only a bit of wood.

Dora: Did you make this for me?

Bill: Yeah, I suppose I did.

Dora: You're not all bad, really, are you? (Kisses him)

Bill: You're not so bad yourself!

(They both look at photo)

Dora: Here, it was a lovely day, that, wasn't it?

Bill: Yeah, we haven't had too many since, though, have we?

Dora: We will, love, we will.

Bill: Tell you what, next time we go to Margate, I'll take you for a whole week.

Dora: Now, its about time you took me on a proper honeymoon!

Bill: What do you mean, I took you on the Flying Scotsman, didn't I?

Dora: But the train never left the station, love!

(There were many variations of the end tag, depending on the area of London the performance was - references to Woolwich ferry, etc.)

Pianist starts chorus of 'The Other Side Of The Hill'. Dora sits on table. Bill and Dora join in chorus, then William and Annie, up until 'We'll find them by and by').

Dora: (Walking forward to audience) There are some people who will tell you that they had a marvellous time in the thirties.

Bill: (Rising and coming to stand beside Dora). But from where I stand, they weren't happy times.

Annie: (Joining line up) We all had to struggle to keep together.

William: (Joining line up) It left a lot of people feeling bitter.

Music swells up again, chorus is picked up from where it was left, 'til end. Bows. Reprise of 'We're In The Money'. Company bows.

END.