

- MRS WALS. Dear Lady Punnet, how kind you are to go to all this trouble. It must be such hard work for you, giving all those orders.
- LADY PUNNET I wouldn't mind, but my parlour maid is in a permanent state of the vapors at the moment.
- MRS WALS. I suppose she has a follower.
- LADY PUNNET It's so vexing. They're depressed when they have one. They're depressed when they don't.
- MRS WALS. Why will these servant girls insist on a private life? Ah, here's Helen.
(A broolly or two has been raised as HELEN, looking very pretty, arrives and joins KIPPS.)
- LADY PUNNET Hello, Helen, my dear. This, I presume, is Mr Kipps.
- HELEN Lady Punnet is our hostess, Arthur.
- KIPPS I am overwhelmed by the munificent magnanimity of Your Graciousness.
- HELEN He means it's sweet of you to ask us.
- LADY PUNNET Helen, you must bring Mr. Kipps to one of my musical evenings then we can really get to know one another.
- KIPPS Do I have to?
- LADY PUNNET What?
- KIPPS Only I'm not very good at those sort of things.
- LADY PUNNET Nonsense, you don't know the meaning of fun until you've attended one of my musical evenings.
- HELEN We have an announcement. Arthur and I are getting married.
- JAMES Thank heaven.
- MRS WALS. We're saved.

KIPPS Saved from what?

LADY PUNNET From the loss of your company.

KIPPS The manifestation of Your Worship's benevolence exceeds all expectancy.

(LADY PUNNET *draws* MRS WALSINGHAM *aside for a moment.*)

LADY PUNNET I hope there is a *great deal* of money?

MRS WALS. A great deal.

LADY PUNNET Then we must celebrate the news! Foster, can you ask the girl to bring some Champagne?

POSH GUESTS

IF THE RAIN'S GOT TO FALL
LET IT FALL ON GREATSTONE
DYMCURCH, DOVER
HOPE IT PASSES OVER
RAMSGATE OR RYE
KEEP THE VOL-AU-VENTS DRY
TODAY'S WHEN HE'S MEETING HIS GIRL

WHO WANTS INCLEMENT WEATHER
FOR ANNOUNCING THEY'VE GOT TOGETHER
WHILE WE ARE WINING AND DINING
WE JUST WANT THE SUN TO KEEP
WE JUST WANT THE SUN TO KEEP
WE JUST WANT THE SUN TO KEEP SHINING

(The guests dance, despite increasingly threatening weather and darkening clouds. They carry on regardless and, on cue from LADY PUNNET shouting "Sports!", indulge in a variety of English summer sports: tennis, cricket, croquet. Maybe some perform Morris Dancing. The Dance Break culminates in an attempt at a maypole dance.)

LADY PUNNET Sports! . . .