

- KIPPS                   Late, Mr Shalford.
- SHALFORD               Yes. Too late. You know my views on system, Mr Kipps. You know my views on 'fficiency. May I ask where you've been?
- BUGGINS                Mr Kipps just popped out for some . . . polish, Mr Shalford.
- SHALFORD               No, Mr Buggins. Mr Kipps did not pop out for polish, of which there is a superfluity here. Mr Kipps never came in last night. Did you?
- KIPPS                   No, Mr Shalford. I got held up.
- SHALFORD               Far be it from me to interfere with your social commitments. In future you will have all the time in the world for whatever you might care to arrange. You are sacked, Mr Kipps. Sacked. Out of a job.
- SID                     But it's the first time he ever –
- SHALFORD               The first and the last, Mr Pornick. Or do you want to be sacked, too? Or you, Mr Buggins? Or you, Mr Pierce? Help him clear his things.
- FLO                     Don't do it Mr Shalford, please. If you've got to sack someone sack me.
- BUGGINS                Don't say that, Flo –
- SHALFORD               No, don't say that Flo, Miss Evans, or I'll take you at your word.
- (But just then the door flies open and CHITTERLOW appears.)*
- CHITTERLOW            Is this Mr Shalford? Let me shake your hand, sir. You must employ the richest assistant in Folkestone.
- SHALFORD               What are you saying? Who?
- CHITTERLOW            Why, Arthur Kipps, of course. There you are, Arthur. I've been and spoken to them and it's all true. You own three houses in Folkestone alone and twelve hundred pounds.

KIPPS Twelve hundred pounds?

(KIPPS *staggers back.*)

CHITTERLOW A year.

KIPPS What? Every year?

CHITTERLOW Every year as ever was.

BUGGINS We're losing him.

(KIPPS *seems to pass out.*)

CHITTERLOW This'll bring him round. Twelve hundred smackers a year!

(*Sure enough, KIPPS opens his eyes.*)

KIPPS What do you make of it, Sid?

SID What is wealth? Labour robbed out of the poor. Still, better you than most people. Where's it come from?

KIPPS Where 'as it come from?

(CHITTERLOW *takes KIPPS to one side.*)

CHITTERLOW Your grandfather. Mr Josiah Waddy. He was your father's father. He didn't want to know you when you were born and he felt guilty ever after. Now he's left his fortune to his only grandchild. Which is you.

KIPPS Why didn't he want to know me?

CHITTERLOW Never mind that. The fact is, he's left you enough to set up as a gentleman.

KIPPS He has, hasn't he? Why, I could even call on Miss Walsingham.

CHITTERLOW You can call on who you like. There's no stopping you now.

KIPPS Sid . . .