

YOU'RE MINE
AS YOU WERE MINE LONG AGO
SO LONG AGO

SCENE NINE
The Grand Hotel, Folkestone.

Music No. 10a: THE GRAND HOTEL

JAMES, HELEN *and* MRS WALSINGHAM *are waiting at a table.*

JAMES Where the devil is he?

HELEN Perhaps he isn't coming.

MRS WALS. Helen, you are here to encourage him. Not to make things
difficult. Is that the frock I told you to wear?

HELEN Yes.

(KIPPS enters the dining room — a sartorial disaster. He looks round.)

MRS WALS. What was I thinking of? Ah.

(JAMES stands.)

JAMES Kipps, come and sit down.

KIPPS I didn't expect to find you here.

HELEN Mama thought it was a good idea.

KIPPS I 'ope I'm not late.

JAMES No. You're very punctual.

KIPPS Am I? I 'ad a bath this morning.

JAMES I trust you'll forgive me but I've ordered for us all.

(He nods at TWO WAITERS who step forward with four dishes.)

KIPPS What are these?

JAMES Snails.

KIPPS *Snails?*

HELEN They're very easy, Mr Kipps. You just hold them with this and then dig them out with this.

KIPPS I don't wanna dig 'em out. I wanna leave 'em where they are.

MRS WALS. Your life has changed, Mr Kipps. Your menu must change with it.

JAMES Have you brought a pen? Or shall I lend you one?

KIPPS Why do I need a pen?

JAMES To sign our agreement. Isn't that why we're here?

(He brings out the papers.)

KIPPS Weren't we going to have a little chat?

JAMES What is there to talk about?

MRS WALS. You are a novice in the world of finance, Mr Kipps, while James is an expert. He is offering to give you the benefit of his experience.

KIPPS Drat!

(A snail goes flying off KIPPS's plate. Other HOTEL GUESTS start laughing. He gives up.)

Here we go. Kipps the Clot, showing you up in public.

HELEN Nonsense. And you don't have to sign anything, you know. Not if you don't want to.

MRS WALS. Now don't be artistic, Helen, please! We have enough on our plates without that!

JAMES If Kipps really isn't going to eat the snails –

KIPPS He really is not.

JAMES Then I suggest we press on. Could you bring the grouse please?

KIPPS Oh, blimey.

(The plates are cleared.)

HELEN James, you're showing off.

JAMES I am not. Mr Kipps insists he is able to cope with his new life, so I've taken him at his word.

KIPPS I don't insist on anything.

JAMES I'm not urging you for my sake! It's true I'd like to see you keep your fortune and watch it grow but if you'd rather go it alone and lose the lot, that's fine by me.

(The WAITERS advance with the next course.)

Ah, here we are. I've ordered it rare. I hope that's how you like your grouse.

KIPPS How I'd like my grouse is not to have to eat it. Blimey. I don't think this one's dead.

(KIPPS stares at the bird on his plate.)

What I wouldn't give for some bread n' cheese.

JAMES But you're not living in a bread and cheese world any more.

KIPPS You've made your point. Give me the pen.

HELEN Why not wait until Sunday, when we meet at Lady Punnet's?

KIPPS Lady What's'its?

MRS WALS. Lady Punnet is a friend of ours, Mr Kipps. She's having a garden party on Sunday at her house overlooking the bay. She has one every year.

HELEN She lives at the Villa Victoria at the top of Alexandra Road. She is expecting you.

KIPPS But she doesn't know me.

MRS WALS. What's that got to do with it?

JAMES I think it would be vulgar to sign a contract at a party. Can you take these away?

(The WAITERS remove the grouse. During which . . .)

KIPPS Who says I'm going to the bloomin' party anyway?

HELEN Do come. You'll enjoy it . . .

Music No. 10b: A SIMPLE LUNCH

. . . and I'll be there if it makes a difference.

JAMES But what about the papers?

JAMES
WE'LL BUILD YOUR ASSETS IN A TRICE
STOCKS, SHARES, INVESTMENTS, ALL YOU NEED IS SOUND ADVICE
I KNOW HOW MARKETS FLUCTUATE
SIGN ON THE LINE, WHY HESITATE?
WE'LL BUILD YOUR ASSETS IN A TRICE

JAMES
WE WANT TO SEE YOUR FORTUNE GROW

MRS WALSINGHAM
YOUR FORTUNE GROW
PLAN FOR THE FUTURE . . .

JAMES
. . . TRUSTING SOMEONE IN THE KNOW
WHY RISK YOUR SHIRT OR HEDGE YOUR BETS?
MINE IS THE PATH WITH NO REGRETS

JAMES / MRS WALSINGHAM
WE WANT TO SEE YOUR FORTUNE GROW