

AND YOU'LL FIND IF YOU DO  
THAT THOSE AROUND YOU START TO BELIEVE IT TOO  
THERE'S SO MUCH YOU'LL ACHIEVE  
WHEN YOU START TO BELIEVE IN YOU

*(During this, HELEN has been inspecting the others' work.)*

KIPPS                   And did it work? For your Dad?

HELEN                   Not really. Not at all by the end, I'm afraid.

KIPPS                   What about you?

HELEN                   I want to.

KIPPS                   I tell you what: I'll believe in you, Miss, if you'll believe in me.

HELEN                   Mr Kipps, we have a deal.

BELIEVE IN YOURSELF  
TRY SAYING "I CAN"  
IT'S NOT WINNING THE RACE  
IT'S SAYING "I RAN"  
BELIEVE IN YOURSELF  
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE  
IT'S NOT THE STEPS YOU TAKE IT'S THE PATH YOU CHOOSE

HELEN                   I've always noticed you, you know. There was something about you.

KIPPS                   Really? *(He is getting flustered. He fingers his collar.)* It's a bit hot in 'ere, Miss.

HELEN                   So it is, Mr Kipps. I'll open a window . . . Oh dear.

*(The window is stuck. She wrestles with it.)*

KIPPS                   Let me!

*(He runs over and pushes at the glass with such eagerness that his hand goes through it.)*

HELEN                   Oh, no! You've cut yourself!

KIPPS Nah. It's nothing.

HELEN But it's bleeding.

KIPPS I don't think so . . . *Oh, my gawd!*

*(He has just looked at the wound and almost faints.)*

HELEN Let me tie it up for you.

*(She takes a handkerchief from her pocket and bandages him.)*

I'm not hurting you, am I?

KIPPS You couldn't hurt me, Miss.

MISS ROSS It isn't so much the cut at the time as the poisoning afterwards.

HELEN How helpful, Miss Ross. There. That's done it. *(She claps her hands.)* I think that's enough, everyone. Let's call it a night. And don't forget to take your carvings.

*(KIPPS has been hovering. He shows her his bandaged hand.)*

KIPPS Thanks ever so, Miss. I'll wash it out and bring it back next week.

HELEN I'm afraid not. This is the final class of the term. We won't start again 'til the end of the summer.

KIPPS But how will I get it back to you?

HELEN Don't worry. Keep it. Give it to your best girl.

KIPPS But you're – that is, you'll miss it . . . Miss.

HELEN Don't be silly. It's a present.

*(She puts on her hat.)*

HELEN And now, good night, Mr Kipps. See you next term!