

- KIPPS Whatever you think best.
- HELEN Could you put your finger on the knot, dear?
- KIPPS (*Tearful.*) Yes.
- HELEN Is it painful?
- KIPPS No – I'm only upset about his 'orse.
- STUDENTS (*Very loudly.*) It's a . . . !
- HELEN Nonsense. Sad to say, of course, you won't be able to do any more woodworking. Not tonight, at least.
- KIPPS I'd like to try. I don't want to waste any more time.
- (*He lifts the hammer, waving it about, but hastily SHE takes it from him.*)
- HELEN No, I think you've done quite enough for one evening. That'll be all, class. We'll meet next week.
- STUDENTS (*Collecting up their masterpieces.*) Goodnight, Miss Walsingham. Goodnight.
- (*They go, except for KIPPS and JEREMIAH.*)
- HELEN Goodnight. Goodnight . . . ah . . .
- KIPPS Arthur Kipps.
- HELEN Arthur. And wash that hand as soon as you get home.
- (*HELEN goes, KIPPS's eyes following her.*)
- JEREMIAH She's nice, ain't she?
- KIPPS (*Spellbound.*) I'll say.
- JEREMIAH (*Gathering up his things.*) You'll do what she says. You wash that wound of yours before it mortifies – otherwise you'll have to have

it sawn off. Sawn right off . . . (*He makes to leave, but turns back.*)
You smelt that handkerchief?

KIPPS Eh?

JEREMIAH Go on. Smell it.

(*KIPPS smells the handkerchief.*)

KIPPS Perfume!

JEREMIAH Nice, ain't it? And she called you 'dear'.

KIPPS Go on with you.

JEREMIAH (*Finally going.*) I've been 'ere for three months and she's never
called me 'dear'. But then . . . I've never cut me 'and. Goodnight.

KIPPS (*Half turning.*) Sorry about your dog . . .

Music No. 8a: UNDERSCORE

JEREMIAH It's a . . . oh.

(*But HE has gone.*

*Suddenly KIPPS turns sharp front: instantly sober, back in the
present.*)

KIPPS Have you ever had one of those moments when you did something
and you don't know why you did it? When you felt something and
you don't know why you . . . ? It's as if you can't help it somehow.
Your feet go one way and your heart goes another. You're led by
love and . . . well, love leads you into some 'azardous places. And
'ow do you explain it? Explain it to the one you should never need
to explain it to in the first place. (*Pause.*) I told you I wasn't any
good with words. Now, where was I? . . . Old Methusulah. (*Back to
drunken state.*) Oh my Lor' – what time is it? Ann! . . . Ann!

Music No. 8b: SCENE CHANGE