

- KIPPS                    Was that you 'it me?
- CHITTERLOW            It's the handle bars, y'see. They're too low and when I turn, if I don't remember, Bif! I'm into something.
- KIPPS                    I'll say you're into something. Me trouser leg's all torn down.
- CHITTERLOW            Oh, Blimey. Here's a copper. Don't let on I ran you over. Please. I've got no lamp and I might be in a spot of bother.
- (Sure enough a POLICEMAN is walking along the street. KIPPS scrambles to his feet.)*
- POLICEMAN            Evenin'. Everything all right here?
- KIPPS                    Everything's fine, officer.
- (The policeman goes.)*
- CHITTERLOW            That was good of you, I must say.
- KIPPS                    Well, I suppose accidents will happen and I don't like to get a chap into trouble.
- CHITTERLOW            Spoken like a gentleman! This calls for a a glass of Old Methusalah Four Star! The Hope & Anchor's just around the corner. Can you manage?

**Music No. 6b: SCENE CHANGE INTO HOPE & ANCHOR**

**SCENE SIX**

*The Hope & Anchor. Night.*

*(KIPPS is seated as CHITTERLOW puts down two mugs of beer.)*

- KIPPS                    Was you really an actor, Mr Chitterlow? On the stage? Truly?
- CHITTERLOW            I have been an actor, my boy. I have been an impresario. I have shared the secrets of the great.
- KIPPS                    What secrets?

- CHITTERLOW They wouldn't be secrets if I told you.
- KIPPS Were you a famous actor?
- CHITTERLOW There is more than one kind of fame.
- KIPPS What's the other kind?
- CHITTERLOW Isn't it time you introduced yourself?
- KIPPS Oh. Arthur Kipps. How d'you do.
- CHITTERLOW Arthur Kipps? But that's extraordinary!
- KIPPS I should've thought it was rather ordinary.
- CHITTERLOW No. It's strange because I have today named a character Arthur Kipps in a play I'm writing.
- KIPPS I thought you was an actor.
- CHITTERLOW And so I am. An actor, a writer, a chronicler of men! An artist in his life does many things!
- KIPPS So what does this Arthur Kipps do in your play?
- CHITTERLOW He will be torn between two women, a beauty from the South China Seas and a girl from his home town of Clacton-on-Sea. They say you can't love two women at once, but I tell you it's rot! Once there was three! Not counting Bessie, that is –
- KIPPS So how'd you come to make up my name?
- CHITTERLOW I didn't make it up. I read it in the paper. I often take names from the papers. They have an authenticity I can trust. Wait a minute. I must still have it. (*He fishes in his pocket for a folded newspaper.*) Here we are! I say! What was your mother's name?
- KIPPS Why?
- CHITTERLOW Just tell me!
- KIPPS Euphemia.