
DRAMA

0411/12/T/EX

Paper 1

May/June 2018

COPY OF PRE-RELEASE MATERIAL

2 hours 30 minutes

READ THESE INSTRUCTIONS FIRST

The questions in Paper 1 will be based on the stimuli and on the extract from Neil Bartlett's stage adaptation of the novel *Great Expectations* by Charles Dickens provided in this booklet.

This clean copy of the material is for you to use in your responses.



This document consists of **31** printed pages and **1** blank page.

STIMULI

Choose **one** of the following three stimuli and devise a piece of drama based on it. You should work in groups of between two and six performers. Your piece should last approximately 15 minutes.

In the Written examination, you will be asked questions about your piece that will cover both practical and theoretical issues.

Stimulus 1

Quotation: 'The price of greatness is responsibility'
Winston Churchill

Stimulus 2

Proverb: A fool and his money are soon parted

Stimulus 3

Photograph: Crowds of people in the Gare de Lyon, Paris



EXTRACT

Taken from *Great Expectations*, by Charles Dickens, adapted for the stage by Neil Bartlett

These notes are intended to help you understand the context of the drama.

The extract is taken from a stage version of Charles Dickens's novel, *Great Expectations*, adapted by Neil Bartlett. The story is set in the early nineteenth century and spans a period of almost thirty years. The play traces the life of an orphan, Pip, who is aged seven at the beginning of the story. His life is transformed when he learns that he has 'expectations' from an anonymous benefactor.

The adaptation was first performed in 2013 in Bristol, England, by an original company of nine actors, multi-roling in an ensemble style. However, Neil Bartlett has stated that, 'Every production of this script must find its own solutions to how to stage the story.'

The play is in thirty-seven scenes, with an interval occurring at the end of Scene 18. This extract consists of a slightly shortened version of Scenes 1 to 18.

Characters in order of appearance

PIP
MRS JOE
MAGWITCH
'COMPANY' – acting as an ensemble chorus
JOE
COMPEYSON
MR WOPSLE
MR PUMBLECHOOK
A SERGEANT
SOLDIER
ESTELLA
MISS HAVISHAM
SARAH POCKET
CAMILLA POCKET
JAGGERS
PALE YOUNG GENTLEMAN
BIDDY

SCENE 1

PIP, *aged thirty-four, is alone.*

PIP: I never saw my father. Or my mother.

And never any likeness of them neither – their days were long before the days of photographs.

But the shape of the letters on my father's tombstone gave me an odd idea that he must have been a square, stout man, with curly black hair. From the inscription on my mother's – *Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above* – ... I decided she must have been freckled, and sickly. As for the five little stones, arranged in a neat row beside them, *Infant Children of the Aforesaid*, I thought – well the stones were so little, and lozenge-shaped, I thought my five little brothers must all have been born on their backs with their hands in their pockets, and having given up trying to get a living exceedingly early in that universal struggle, never taken them out. 5
10
15

Alexander, Bartholemew, Abraham, Tobias...and Roger.

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Phillip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip – so, I called myself Pip, and Pip I became... 20

I give Pirrip as our family name on the authority of his tombstone, and of my sister –

MRS JOE: [*A vision of bonnetted fury, suddenly sweeping across the stage.*] His sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, who married a blacksmith.

PIP *is stopped in his recollections for a moment by the eruption of that memory.* 25

PIP: Yes. I remember!

I remember.

He gathers himself.

I remember knowing, one memorable afternoon, one raw afternoon that that bleak place with the stones, overgrown with nettles, was a churchyard. That Phillip Pirrip, late of this parish, and Also Georgiana, wife of the above, were dead and buried, and gone; that my five little brothers were dead and buried too... 30
35

That the dark flat wilderness beyond the churchyard was the marshes; the low leaden line beyond, the river; that the wind blowing up was off the distant sea – and that I was seven, and cold, and afraid, afraid of it all, and beginning to cry.

- Out of the landscape, a figure; 'soaked in water, and smothered in mud, and lamed by stones.'* 40
- MAGWITCH: Hold your noise.
- PIP *does as he is told.*
- Keep still.
- Keep still – or I'll cut your throat. 45
- PIP: [*In the voice of a seven-year-old.*] O! Don't cut my throat, sir! Pray don't do it, sir.
- MAGWITCH: Tell us your name. Quick.
- PIP: [*In his adult voice, and to the audience.*] I was terrified.
- MAGWITCH: Tell us your name!!!! 50
- PIP: Pp, P-... Ppp-
- MAGWITCH: Give it mouth..
- PIP: My father's name being Pirrip, and mine Phillip, I –
- MAGWITCH: What?
- PIP: PPPip. Pip, sir. 55
- MAGWITCH *stares at him.*
- MAGWITCH: Show us where you live.
- PIP *points.*
- MAGWITCH: Where's your mother?
- PIP: [*Pointing at a tombstone.*] There sir! [*MAGWITCH goes to bolt; then stops.*] There. Also Georgiana, Wife of the Above. 60
- MAGWITCH: Oh. And your father?
- PIP: Yes sir, him too; Late Of This Parish, there sir.
- MAGWITCH: Who d'ye live with then – supposing you're kindly let to live.
- PIP: My sister. 65
- MRS JOE: [*Crossing.*] Mrs Joe Gargery, who married Joe Gargery, the blacksmith.
- MAGWITCH: Blacksmith, eh ?
- PIP: There was a great iron, on his leg...
- MAGWITCH: Now lookee here. You know what a file is? 70
- PIP: Yes sir.
- MAGWITCH: And you know what wittles is ?
- PIP: Yes sir, food sir.
- MAGWITCH: You get me a file; and you get me wittles; and you bring 'em to me. Or I'll have your heart and liver out. 75
- COMPANY: Out ! –
- PIP: Yes sir –
- MAGWITCH: Tomorrow morning, early, you do it; and you never dare to say a word, or I'll have 'em out, and roasted, and ate. There's a young man, hid with me on these marshes, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. A boy may lock his door – 80

COMPANY:	Lock it !	85
MAGWITCH:	May be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, but this young man will softly creep –	
COMPANY:	Creep...	
MAGWITCH:	Creep his way to him and Tear... Him... Open!	90
	<i>The COMPANY emit sounds of violent evisceration.</i>	
MAGWITCH:	I am keeping that young man from harming you at the present moment with great difficulty; I find it wery hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now, what do you say?	
PIP:	I said I would get him the file and wittles –	95
MAGWITCH:	Say Lord strike you dead if you don't.	
COMPANY:	Say it !	
PIP:	Yes sir, dead sir.	
COMPANY:	Dead !	
MAGWITCH:	Now, you remember that young man, and get off home. And remember what you promised –	100
PIP:	[<i>As his adult self; to MAGWITCH.</i>] I remember! [<i>To the audience.</i>] I remember... Everything...	
MAGWITCH:	I remember him clasping himself, as if to hold himself together – turning round, to look at me...the marshes all black behind him, and him saying I wish I was a frog...	105
	<i>In memory, PIP feels again the cold of the marshes.</i>	
PIP:	I remember running all the way home without stopping – and thinking, all the way. Thinking.....	110
	JOE GARGERY <i>is there behind him;</i>	
JOE:	Pip?	
PIP:	Joe!	
	<i>A moment of recognition across the years;</i>	
	Oh, Joe –	115
	<i>But JOE stops him from wasting any valuable time in reminiscence, as the COMPANY, who seem to be frightened of something, rush to assemble the Gargery kitchen for the next scene – JOE explains:</i>	

SCENE 2: THE KITCHEN

JOE: Mrs Joe's been out a dozen times, looking for you, Pip. And what's worse, she's got Tickler with her. 120

The COMPANY get out of the way – quick.

PIP: Has she Joe?

JOE: She's on the Ram-Page, Pip old chap, the Ram-Page. Best get that towel betwixt you. 125

PIP hurries to get a towel down the back of his trousers, but too late; enter MRS JOE, on the Rampage, with the Tickler. JOE does his best to protect him, but to no avail.

MRS JOE: Where have you been, you young monkey? Tell me directly, or I'll have you out of that corner if you was fifty Pips. 130

PIP: Only to the churchyard –

MRS JOE: Churchyard! If it warn't for me you'd have been to the churchyard long ago, and stayed there. [*She grabs him and beats him.*] Who brought you up by hand?

PIP: You did. 135

MRS JOE: And why did I do it, I should like to know?

PIP: I don't know.

MRS JOE: I'd never do it again, I know that. I've never had this apron of mine off since born you were. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife, and him being a Gargery, without being your mother. Churchyard, indeed! You'll drive *me* to the churchyard one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me. Now wash your hands – and Gargery – set the tea. 140

The COMPANY assist, and the table gets laid. Just at the critical point, as the teapot is poised for MRS JOE to pour – the distant boom of a gun is heard out on the marshes. 145

JOE: Ah! There's another convict off.

PIP: What does that mean, Joe, 'off'?

MRS JOE: Escaped.

JOE: There was a convict off last night, after sunset. They fires, Pip, as of a warning. 150

A second gun.

JOE: Two of them.

PIP: Who's firing?

MRS JOE: Drat the boy; ask no questions, and you'll be told no lies. 155

Silently, JOE warns PIP to be quiet – but he can't resist...

PIP: Mrs Joe, I should like to know – if you shouldn't much mind – where the firing comes from.

MRS JOE: Lord bless the boy! From the Hulks.

PIP: Oh-h. What's Hulks? 160

MRS JOE: [*To audience, aggrievedly.*] That's the way with this boy, you see; answer him one question, and he'll ask you a dozen directly. [*To PIP.*] Hulks are prison-ships. Right 'cross

	th'meshes.	
PIP:	We always used that name – meshes.	165
	Who's put in them, I wonder, and why.	
MRS JOE:	Because they murder, and because they rob, and because they lie. All sorts of bad. And they always begin by asking questions. Bed! [<i>She hits him.</i>]	
PIP:	Ow!	170
	<i>On this gesture, JOE and MRS JOE freeze.</i>	
	I went upstairs in the dark like I was told...and I was terrified.	
	Terrified of the young man who wanted my heart and liver;	
	Terrified of the man with the iron on his leg;	
	Terrified, because I had begun by asking questions, and now – now, I was going to be a thief... [<i>Whispering so MRS JOE won't hear him.</i>] I got up [<i>He does.</i>] and went down stairs. [<i>He does.</i>] Every crack in every board called out:	175
COMPANY:	Stop, Thief!	
PIP:	and:	180
COMPANY:	Wake up, Mrs Joe!	
PIP:	From the pantry I stole some bread, a rind of cheese, some brandy in a stone bottle, and...a beautiful, round, compact pork pie.	
	Conscience is a dreadful thing in a boy.	185
	From Joe's tools, I stole a file. Then, I unlocked and unbolted the front door... [<i>He checks that JOE and MRS JOE are still frozen.</i>]	
	And I ran for the marshes.	
SCENE 3: GUILTY		
PIP:	It was a misty morning; marsh-mist.	190
	Very damp –	
COMPANY:	Very clammy – Rimy. Chilly. Muddy. Stony –	195
PIP:	<i>Guilty!!</i> There goes a boy with somebody else's pie!	
COMPANY:	I couldn't help it! It wasn't for myself I took it – <i>Liar!</i>	

- PIP: It was as cold as iron; I can remember, however fast I went, I couldn't warm my feet, what with the mist and the mud and all those ditches – [*He jumps over a ditch, and stops; panting, out of breath.*] 200
- Then –
- The COMPANY show him a man dressed just as MAGWITCH was dressed, but with his back turned.* 205
- There he was. I thought he would be glad to see me, with his breakfast; so I went forward softly, and touched him on the shoulder –
- Before he can even do it, the man spins round. It is COMPEYSON.* 210
- Ah! It wasn't him – he was the same –
- COMPANY: Lame – hoarse – iron on his leg –
 PIP: But he didn't have the same face –
 COMPEYSON: Damn you... [*He lurches forward to grab PIP, then lets out a yelp of pain as the metal bites at his ankle.*] Ah! 215
 PIP: ...not the same face at all. He was badly bruised, with a great scar, just...
 COMPANY: Where?
 COMPEYSON: [*Drawing a knife across his face.*] Here... 220
 COMPANY: Here.
 PIP: Just there... I thought it was the young man who wanted my heart.
 COMPEYSON: Damn you boy... Damn you.
- Unable to get at PIP, COMPEYSON limps away... The COMPANY replace COMPEYSON with MAGWITCH.* 225
- MAGWITCH: You brought no one with you?
 PIP: No, sir! No!
 MAGWITCH: No one follow you?
 PIP: No! 230
 MAGWITCH: [*He strokes PIP's face, then grabs him and ransacks him for the food.*] What's in that bottle?
 PIP: Brandy.
- MAGWITCH stops mid-drink, because he thinks he hears something; decides it's nothing, and carries on. He finishes the brandy, and moves on to the pie.* 235
- He ate like our dog – too fast, and always looking sideways.
- I'm glad you enjoy it.
- I said I was glad you enjoyed it.
 MAGWITCH: Thankee my boy. I do. 240
 PIP: I'm afraid you won't leave any of it for him.
 MAGWITCH: Him? Who's him?

PIP: The young man. That's hid out here with you and wants my heart.

MAGWITCH: Oh, him. [*Still eating.*] He don't want no wittles. 245

PIP: He looked as though he did.

MAGWITCH: [*Stopping.*] Looked? Where?

PIP: Just here – I thought it was you. He had the same – the same reason for wanting to borrow a file. And he had a scar.

MAGWITCH: Not here? 250

PIP: Yes, sir.

MAGWITCH: [*Stowing any uneaten food.*] I'll pull him down like a bloodhound. [*The iron bites his badly-chafed leg; he cries out in pain, and curses.*] Ah! Bloody – Where's that file, boy. Ah!

PIP *gives it to him.* MAGWITCH *starts filing at his iron like a madman, ignoring the pain. The sound of filing grows and echoes as this image of MAGWITCH is hidden by the mist.* 255

SCENE 4: CHRISTMAS

MRS JOE: And where the deuce have you been this time?

PIP: Walking.

COMPANY: Liar! 260

MRS JOE: Well! Perhaps if I warn't a slave with her apron never off, I should get to go walking. As it is, I've a table to lay, a dinner to dress, a blacksmith for a husband, and [*Knocking at the door.*] – Joe Gargery, get that! – company. [*By way of explanation.*] It being that very day, Christmas. 265

A flurry of activity; laying of table, putting on of paper hats, opening of door, brushing of snow off shoulders, JOE in a clean collar for Christmas etc.

MR WOPSLE: Mrs Joe!

PIP: Mr Wopsle – A clerk at our church. 270

MR WOPSLE: Amen!

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Mrs Joe –

PIP: And Uncle Pumblechook – who wasn't really my Uncle.

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Mrs Joe, I have brought you, Mum, as the compliments of the season, a bottle of sherry wine – and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine. 275

MRS JOE: Oh, Un-cle Pum-ble-chook! This IS kind!

PIP: He did that every year.

JOE: Pip...

MR PUMBLECHOOK: It is no more, Mum, no more than your merits. And now: Mr Wopsle? – 280

MR WOPSLE: Ahem. For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly grateful. A –

MR PUMBLECHOOK: [*To PIP.*] Do you hear that? Grateful!

MR WOPSLE: Especially, boy, to them that brought you up by hand. A – 285

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Ah, why is it, Mum, why is it the young is never grateful?

MRS JOE: Why is it, Uncle?

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Naterally Wicious!!

MR WOPSLE: Amen!
 PUMBLECHOOK / MRS JOE / JOE: Amen. 290
 PIP: ... Amen

Cutlery is poised for the beginning of the meal, but instead of beginning to eat, everyone suddenly slumps back in their seats with a sigh of satisfaction, as if sated – we have jump-cut to the end of the meal. 295

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Mum, what a meal! And what this boy has to be grateful for! Enjoying himself with his elders and betters, improving himself with their conversation, rolling in the lap of luxury –
 MR WOPSLE: Amen!
 MRS JOE: Do have a little brandy, Uncle – [PIP freezes at the mention of the stolen brandy.] 300
 PIP: Brandy?!
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: And yet – and yet, mum –
 MR WOPSLE: Amen!
 JOE: Pip? 305
 MRS JOE: – and you must taste, Uncle, you must taste, to finish with, some Pie.

Her guests are stopped in their tracks by gluttonous delight at this prospect; PIP, by terror.

PIP: Pie?! 310
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: Pie, Mum?
 MRS JOE: A savoury pork pie.
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: A bit of savoury pork pie, Mum, can lay atop anything you could mention, and do no harm. Partake we will.
 MRS JOE: Then I'll just go to the pantry and get it... 315
 JOE: [Seeing PIP frozen in terror and consternation.] Pip old chap?
 MR PUMBLECHOOK AND WOPSLE: Pip old chap; ask no questions, and tell no lies...
 MRS JOE: [In the pantry.] Gracious goodness gracious me, what's – Gone – Gone!

A violent banging at the front door. Consternation – PIP fears the worst... 320

SCENE 5: HANDCUFFS

PIP dares not open it, but under threat of violence from MRS JOE, eventually does so.

A SERGEANT: Well there you are then... Excuse me, ladies and gentlemen, but I and my colleagues are on the chase in the name of the King, and want a blacksmith. 325
 MRS JOE: And what might you want with *him*?
 SERGEANT: Missis, speaking for myself, I should reply, the honour and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance; speaking for the King, I answer, a little job done. You see, we have had an accident with these, [Holding up a pair of broken handcuffs.] and they are wanted for immediate service. 330
 MR WOPSLE: Convicts, Sergeant?
 SERGEANT: Ay! Two, out on the marshes. Anybody seen anything?

EVERYONE:	[<i>Except PIP.</i>] No.	335
	No!	
PIP:	No good gracious –	
SERGEANT:	No... Well, they'll soon find themselves trapped. Now, blacksmith. When you're ready, his Majesty the King is.	340
	<i>JOE dons his blacksmith's apron, takes the handcuffs, and sets to work on them. The lines of the next conversation are punctuated by the blows of a hammer on an anvil.</i>	
MR PUMBLECHOOK:	Give the Sergeant some brandy, Mum.	
	<i>Hammer!</i>	345
SERGEANT:	His Majesty's Health!	
	<i>Hammer! Hammer!</i>	
SERGEANT:	And your's Mum. May you live a thousand years!	
	<i>Hammer! Hammer! Hammer! Hammer!</i>	
	<i>The SERGEANT drains his glass to a final flurry of hammer-blows. The handcuffs are returned and tested.</i>	350
SERGEANT:	Right! And should you go down with us soldiers, gentlemen, and see what comes of the hunt?	
MR PUMBLECHOOK:	I should sir – if, of course, Mr Gargery...	
SERGEANT:	Mr Gargery, sir?	355
JOE:	Well...if Mrs Gargery –	
MRS JOE:	If you bring that boy back with his head blown to bits by a musket, don't look to me to put it back together again! Eh?	
	<i>As she jabs her finger at JOE, the scene once again freezes...</i>	
SERGEANT:	Well then, gentlemen, to the business; out into the air –	360
	<i>...and we see and hear the marshes.</i>	
PIP:	The raw, night air.	

SCENE 6: CAPTURE

- SERGEANT: Fall in – and you, gentlemen; not a word.
- PIP is lifted up on JOE's back. An image of a line of men sweeping the marshes, 'steadily moving towards their business'. Night.* 365
- PIP: [Whispering.] I hope, Joe, I do hope we shan't find them.
 JOE: I'd give a shilling if they'd cut and run, Pip.
- At a command from the SERGEANT, the rhythm of the hunt begins.* 370
- At a gesture from the SERGEANT, everyone stops and listens.*
- SERGEANT: Shhhh. Nothing.
 MAGWITCH'S VOICE: He's here!!
 SERGEANT: Towards the river, gentlemen! At the double...
 COMPEYSON'S VOICE: Here!! Murder!! 375
 SERGEANT: Run!!
- Darkness, beams of light, confusion.*
- COMPANY: This way! Here! I can't see them!
 MAGWITCH'S VOICE: Here! Guard! Guard!!
 COMPEYSON'S VOICE: Help me!!!! 380
 SERGEANT: Here!! They're here!!
- In the light of the torches, we see a tangle of two desperate bodies: MAGWITCH and COMPEYSON.*
- SOLDIER: Surrender!! Confound you for beasts, surrender!!!
- They are forced apart.* 385
- The SERGEANT gives JOE his gun and takes the handcuffs out and handcuffs MAGWITCH. Once he is done, he takes the gun back.*
- MAGWITCH: I took him. And he knows it.
 COMPEYSON: He tried to murder me... 390
 MAGWITCH: I took him, and I giv'im up; that's what I done. Dragged him back.
- COMPEYSON: ...murder me...
 MAGWITCH: Let you go free? Let you make a fool of me again? No! [He tries to get at COMPEYSON again, but is prevented.] 395
- SERGEANT: Enough!!
 COMPEYSON: You see—
 MAGWITCH: He's a liar! And he'll die a liar!
 SERGEANT: Come on!
 PIP: And then he saw me. 400
- MAGWITCH sees PIP; their eyes lock.*
- JOE: Pip?

- SERGEANT: All right, you. March.
MAGWITCH: I wish to say something.
SERGEANT: You can say what you like, but it won't – 405
MAGWITCH: Respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying
under suspicion on account of me.
SERGEANT: Go on.
MAGWITCH: I took some wittles – and I'll tell you where from. From the
Blacksmith's – a pie, it was. 410
JOE: Hullo...
MAGWITCH: So you're the blacksmith, are you? Well I'm sorry to say I've
eat your pie.
JOE: God knows you're welcome to it. We don't know what you
done, but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, would 415
us, Pip. Pip?
Pip?
MAGWITCH *stares at him, and the boom of a gun reverberates
in PIP's memory...*
PIP: I'd been waiting all the time for him to look at me, that I might 420
try to assure him, it wasn't me who had brought the soldiers –
that I hadn't betrayed him – but when he did, it...
MAGWITCH: Thankee, Pip.
PIP: ...it all passed so quickly!
SERGEANT: Come on, you. 425
MAGWITCH *is taken away.*
PIP: The guard were all ready – no one seemed surprised to see
him back in irons, or sorry to see him, or glad... They put him
in a boat, and they rowed him away, and somebody in the boat
growled. 430
ONE OF THE COMPANY: Give way, you!
PIP: – as if it was an order given to dogs –
and the oars dipped, and I watched him...
disappear...
ONE OF THE COMPANY: There was a torch, and someone flung it hissing into the 435
water –
PIP: And it went out, as if...
As if it was all over.
PIP *and JOE are left together.*
JOE: What larks, eh Pip? 440
What larks.

As PIP is lost in thought, another gun-boom reverberates in his memory.

PIP: [Referring to JOE.] I never told him.
 JOE: Told me what, Pip? 445
 PIP: I never told anybody.

SCENE 7: THIS BOY'S FORTUNE

MRS JOE: [Exasperated by all this introspection, washcloth in hand.]
 Was there ever such a boy as this? Fed, scrubbed, clothed,
 pampered – and is he grateful? Is he? No; too busy with mud 450
 and meshes and convicts – [She suddenly stops scrubbing at
 him – and out of nowhere, in a different voice, asks him.] Well
 were you? Ever? Grateful? Were you? Oh!

Across the years, PIP looks at her. She slaps him hard around the face and exits. JOE prepares for work.

JOE: Don't cry old chap... I don't deny, Pip, that your sister, Pip, your 455
 sister do drop down upon us heavy sometimes –

PIP: [In his adult voice, still staring after her.] Why did she do that?
 JOE: – but you see, Pip, what with the drudging and slaving and 460
 never getting no peace in all her mortal days...well Pip, just
 remember; Whatsume'er the failings on her part, remember
 she were that good in her heart. Eh Pip?

PIP: I remember. Don't mind me, Joe.

JOE: Right you are...

Satisfied that PIP is alright, JOE gets back into his apron and again punctuates the next brief passage with blows to his anvil. PIP helps. 465

PIP: When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe, and 470
 until then I frightened birds [Hammer!] and picked up stones –
 [Hammer!] odd-boyed about the forge – [Hammer!] whatever
 happened to be wanted. Then, one night – [Hammer! Hammer!
 Hammer!]

We jump-cut to the arrival of the fateful request from Satis House...

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Well if that boy ain't grateful this night, he never will be! 475
 MRS JOE: Well!!

MR WOPSLE: Amen.

MRS JOE: It's only to be hoped, Uncle Pumblechook, it's only to be hoped
 he won't be pampered. But I have my fears!

MR PUMBLECHOOK: She ain't in that line, Mum. She knows better.
 MRS JOE: [To JOE.] Well? And what are you staring at? Is the house 480
 a-fire?

JOE: She?

MRS JOE: Miss Havisham. Miss Havisham is a she, I suppose?

JOE: Miss Havisham up town?

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Immensely rich – immensely. 485

MR WOPSLE: Amen.

MRS JOE: She wants this boy to go and play there. And he'd better play, or I'll work him.

JOE: I wonder how she come to know our Pip?

MRS JOE: Isn't it just barely possible that Uncle Pumblechook might be a tenant of hers, and that he might sometimes – sometimes – go there to pay his rent – and couldn't she then ask if he knew of a boy, to play, and couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, then, being always considerate and thoughtful for us – Joseph – then perhaps mention this boy, that I have for ever been slave to? 490

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Prettily pointed, Mum.

MR WOPSLE: Very. Amen.

MRS JOE: And, [*Grabbing PIP, and letting out a piercing whistle to summon the rest of the COMPANY, who dash on with clean clothes, haircombs, towels and whatever else is required for the scrubbing, combing and trussing of PIP ready for his journey to Satis House.*] for anything we can tell, Joseph, though you may not think it, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's – 495

MR PUMBLECHOOK: *Immensely* rich. 505

MRS JOE: – which is why Uncle Pumblechook, being sensible to that case, has offered to take him into town, tonight, and, *in his own chaise cart.*

PIP is transformed; MRS JOE hands him over.

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Mum! 510

MR PUMBLECHOOK *invites PIP to take his place in the cart. Just before he hands him up in to it:*

Boy, be for ever grateful

COMPANY: Grateful!

MR PUMBLECHOOK: to all friends; 515

COMPANY: Friends!

MR PUMBLECHOOK: but especially unto them

COMPANY: which brought you up by hand.

MR WOPSLE: Amen!

SCENE 8: THE JOURNEY TO SATIS HOUSE

MR PUMBLECHOOK: It was a cold, dry night, with no pity in the glittering multitude of stars...nor in the sound of the mare's iron shoes upon the hard road... 520

Well boy, I dare say that what with your feelings –

PIP: Yes sir.

MR PUMBLECHOOK: And that new collar – 525

PIP: Yes sir.

MR PUMBLECHOOK: You can hardly see no stars.
 PIP: No sir.
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: But even if you could –
 PIP: Sir? 530
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: They would hardly throw any light on the question why on earth
 you are sent for to play at Miss Havisham's –
 PIP: No, sir.
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: Or what on earth you are expected to play at once we get
 there... 535
 PIP: No sir.

Beat.

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Seven times seven.
 PIP: Sir?
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: Seven times seven. 540
 PIP: Forty-nine, sir.
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: Hmmph!

They arrive at the looming front door of Satis House. PIP, confronted with this memory, stops. PUMBLECHOOK, exasperated by the boy, rings the doorbell. Nothing. He rings it a second time. 545

SCENE 9: DID YOU WISH TO SEE MISS HAVISHAM?

THE VOICE OF ESTELLA: What name?
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: Pumblechook.
 THE VOICE: Quite right.

The door is unlocked and opened. 550

MR PUMBLECHOOK: This, is Pip.
 ESTELLA: Come in, Pip. [To PUMBLECHOOK.] Did you wish to see Miss
 Havisham?
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: If Miss Havisham wished to see me.
 ESTELLA: Ah! But you see she doesn't. 555

She closes the door in his face, and locks it. She stares at PIP.

Inside Satis House: ESTELLA, carrying a candle, leads him through the labyrinthine darkness of the house, unlocking doors and locking them behind her. 560

PIP: What is the name of this house, miss?
 ESTELLA: Satis. Which is Greek, and Latin, and Hebrew, for 'Enough'.
 PIP: That's a curious name, miss.
 ESTELLA: Yes. It means more than it says. It meant, when it was given,
 that whoever had this house could want for nothing else. They 565
 must have been easily satisfied in those days I suppose. Don't
 loiter, boy.
They arrive at the final door.

PIP: After you, miss.

ESTELLA: Don't be ridiculous, boy. *I'm not going in.* 570
She knocks on the door.

VOICE OF MISS HAVISHAM: Enter.

SCENE 10: WHAT A STUPID CLUMSY BOY YOU ARE

Like an apparition lit by candle-flames, MISS HAVISHAM, in the wreckage of her bridal chamber.

MISS HAVISHAM: Come nearer; let me look at you. You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born? 575

PIP: No.

MISS HAVISHAM: Do you know what I touch, here?

PIP: Yes, ma'am. Your heart.

MISS HAVISHAM: Broken! 580

I am tired, and I want diversion. I have strange fancies sometimes, and I have a strange fancy that I want to see some play. Play, boy, play!

Are you obstinate?

PIP: No ma'am, but I can't play just now. I would if I could, but it is so new here, and so strange – 585

MISS HAVISHAM: So new to him, so old to me. Estella!

ESTELLA comes when she is called.

Let me see you play cards with this boy.

ESTELLA: But he is a common labouring boy! 590

MISS HAVISHAM: Well? You can break his heart.

ESTELLA: What do you play, boy?

PIP: Nothing but 'Beggars My Neighbour', miss.

MISS HAVISHAM: Beggars him.

As ESTELLA lays out the cards... 595

PIP: [*In a whisper.*] Her watch was stopped at twenty minutes to nine. I realised that everything in the room had stopped; her watch, the clocks; her life –

ESTELLA: What coarse hands he has. And what thick boots!

PIP: She was right, of course. They were thick. Coarse... 600

ESTELLA: [*As PIP makes a mistake.*] What a stupid clumsy boy you are. A labouring boy.

MISS HAVISHAM: You say nothing of her. She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?

PIP: I think she is very proud. 605

MISS HAVISHAM: Anything else?

PIP: I think she is very pretty.

MISS HAVISHAM: Anything else?

PIP: I think she is very insulting.

MISS HAVISHAM: Anything else? 610

PIP: I think I should like to go home.

- MISS HAVISHAM: And never see her again, Pip?
 PIP: I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again, but I should like to go home. 615
- MISS HAVISHAM: You shall. Come again after six days.
 PIP: I could have said no. But I said... Yes.
- Yes Miss Havisham... I'll come Wednesday, ma'am –
- MISS HAVISHAM: I know nothing of days of the week; nothing of the weeks of the year. Estella, take him down. Goodbye, Pip.
- They journey back through the dark house. As they do:* 620
- COMPANY: Coarse...
 Coarse hands.
 And what thick boots.
 Would you like to go home?
- ESTELLA *leaves him stranded:* 625
- ESTELLA: Wait here.
 COMPANY: Wait here, You vulgar
 Ignorant
 Low-living
 Blacksmith's... *Boy!* 630
- The voices push him too far; PIP, humiliated, cries and kicks at a door. ESTELLA returns, and he conceals his feelings.*
- ESTELLA: Why don't you cry?
 PIP: Because I don't want to.
 ESTELLA: You do. You've been crying till you are half blind. Goodbye. 635
- Laughing, she pushes him out and locks the door.*
- SCENE 11: HOW DID YOU GET ON?
- MR PUMBLECHOOK: How did you get on, *up town?*
 PIP: I was sure they wouldn't understand, so I lied. Pretty well.
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: Pretty well! Pretty well is no answer.
 MRS JOE: [*Losing her temper and about to hit.*] I'll give him pretty... 640
 MR WOPSLE: Amen!
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: [*Stopping her.*] Mum; leave this lad to me. Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?
- During the next conversation, MRS JOE and MR PUMBLECHOOK behave as if they are being told all the marvellous and outlandish details of life in Satis House: what we hear, from PIP, are the thoughts that he is concealing under a wildly embellished account of his visit.* 645
- PIP: Like a corpse. Every clock in the room is stopped at twenty minutes to nine. 650
- MR PUMBLECHOOK: [*Impressed.*] Is she! And what was she a-doing of, when you went in?

PIP: And there was a beautiful young lady there, who was dreadfully proud.

MRS JOE: No daylight???

MR PUMBLECHOOK: And what did you play, boy?

PIP: She said I was common, and now I know I am.

MRS JOE / PUMBLECHOOK: [*Amazed and delighted.*] Ah!

PIP: And I wish with all my heart that I was not.

MR PUMBLECHOOK: There is no doubt, mum, no doubt that Miss Havisham will do something for this boy. 660

MR WOPSLE: Amen!

JOE: Well Pip; what larks...

MRS JOE / PUMBLECHOOK / WOPSLE: Will do something. For this boy...

As they gaze into the boy's glorious future... 665

JOE: Pip old chap...

PIP: Yes Joe?

JOE: Upstairs to bed, Pip, I should say.

PIP: Yes Joe.

JOE: And when is you to go back Pip? 670

PIP: Next Wednesday, Joe; next Wednesday. Good night.

JOE: [*Kissing him goodnight.*] Live well, and die happy.

PIP: I spent the whole of that night thinking how common Estella and Miss Havisham would think Joe; how thick *his* boots. [*In the night, the sound of MAGWITCH's file.*] I tried to think about Miss Havisham's, and about next Wednesday; but in my sleep all I saw was a door...and a file – a stolen file, coming at me out of the door, and I couldn't see who was holding it, and I –

At the very moment, in his nightmare, that he starts awake – we hear the echoing doorbell of Satis House, and see not MAGWITCH with the file coming through the door, but ESTELLA with her candle. 680

SCENE 12: EXPECTING

ESTELLA: You are to come a different way today.

She leaves him stranded in an empty corridor.

You are to wait in here, until you are wanted. 685

Suddenly, all the POCKETS tumble out of a door. They inspect him.

SARAH: The idea!

CAMILLA: No, no; IT WILL NOT DO. For the sake of the family.

SARAH: The family! 690

CAMILLA: *Very true!*

SARAH: The idea!

ESTELLA: [*Returning.*] *Boy!* She wants you.

SARAH: Well, I am sure!

CAMILLA: Was there ever such a fancy? 695

SARAH: The i-de-a!

They vanish.

In a dark corridor, ESTELLA suddenly stops.

ESTELLA: Well? Am I still pretty?
 PIP: I think you are very pretty. 700
 ESTELLA: Am I insulting?
 PIP: Not so much as you were last time.

She slaps him, hard, on the face.

ESTELLA: You coarse little monster, what do you think of me now?
 PIP: I shan't tell you. 705
 ESTELLA: Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?
 PIP: I'll never cry for you again!

A door has opened behind them. An unidentified, shadowy figure, JAGGERS, appears, wiping his hands on a handkerchief. 710

JAGGERS: Whom have we here, Estella?
 ESTELLA: A boy.
 JAGGERS: How does he come here?
 ESTELLA: Miss Havisham sent for him.
 JAGGERS: Did she? Did she indeed? Behave yourself, boy. 715

He looks at his watch, unlocks a door [with his own key], and disappears into the house.

PIP: That must have been the first time I ever saw him –
 ESTELLA: This way, boy!

She ushers him into another candle- and fire-lit room; we see MISS HAVISHAM, amidst the ruins of her bridal feast. 720

MISS HAVISHAM: So! The days have worn away, have they?
 PIP: Yes, ma'am, today is –
 MISS HAVISHAM: I don't want to know!

This is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall all come and look at me... What do you think this is? 725

PIP: I don't know.
 MISS HAVISHAM: It's a bride-cake. Mine! It and I have worn away together... The mice have gnawed at it, and sharper teeth than teeth of mice have gnawed at me. Walk me, walk me... 730

This is my birthday, Pip.

He is going to wish her happy birthday, but she lifts her stick and stops him –

I won't suffer it to be spoken of. Not by anyone!

Estella! Bring them in! 735

Suddenly, the room is full of POCKETS, in maximum cringing and begging mode, followed by ESTELLA.

CAMILLA: Oh, but –
 SARAH: But *Dear* Miss Havisham: how well you look.
 MISS HAVISHAM: I do not. 740
 SARAH: No –
 CAMILLA: No, she doesn't –
 SARAH: The idea!
 MISS HAVISHAM: And how are *you*?
 CAMILLA: Oh, as well as can be expected – not expecting any thanks, or 745
 anything of that sort, for coming here, no, certainly not...
 MISS HAVISHAM: Expecting? [*She turns on them.*] ...When I am laid out in this
 room, that will be your place, and that yours, and that yours.
 When you come to feast upon me. Now go! Go!
 POCKETS: The idea! Expecting? Bless you! Bless you! The family...(etc.) 750

They have gone. MISS HAVISHAM stands and stares as if she could see her dead self laid out.

MISS HAVISHAM: On this day of the year, long before you were born, Pip, this
 heap of decay was put on me. When the ruin is complete, and
 the curse is finished, and they lay me down, dead in my bride's 755
 dress – so much the better if it is done on this day.

Estella...

She takes a jewel from her throat and gives it to ESTELLA.

Your own, my dear, then. Use it well.

[*Fitting the jewel, and whispering in her ear.*] Break their hearts 760
 my pride and hope; break their hearts and have no mercy.

As she wishes him to be, PIP is transfixed.

Show the boy out, Estella.

She does, then locks the door behind her; and then says, 765
evidently with a plan:

ESTELLA: Wait here. Boy.

SCENE 13: A PALE YOUNG GENTLEMAN

ESTELLA doesn't come back. PIP tries several different doors, but they are all locked. Then, behind him, one opens.

A PALE YOUNG GENTLEMAN: Hello.
 PIP: Hello. 770
 THE GENTLEMAN: Who let *you* in?
 PIP: Miss Estella.
 THE GENTLEMAN: Did she give you leave to prowl about?
 PIP: Yes.
 THE GENTLEMAN: I see. [*He puts his fists up. PIP doesn't respond.*] Fight! Come 775

on, let's fight.

The PALE YOUNG GENTLEMAN starts dancing around like a boxer. PIP is nonplussed.

I suppose I ought to give you a reason. [*He slaps PIP.*]
There. 780

They fight, and PIP takes out all his pent-up feelings on him.

PIP: I am sorry to record that the more I hit him, the harder I hit him.

PIP lands his final punch [and cuts his knuckles in the process].

The YOUNG GENTLEMAN now has a bloody nose.

THE GENTLEMAN: I think this rather means you have won. 785

PIP: Can I help you?

THE GENTLEMAN: No thankee.

PIP: Good afternoon, then.

THE GENTLEMAN: Same to you.

He exits. ESTELLA has been watching: there is a bright flush upon her face, as though something has happened to delight her. 790

ESTELLA: Come here, boy. You may kiss me now, if you like.

He does.

Now go. 795

She pushes him out and runs away, laughing.

PIP: [*Rubbing his wounded knuckles.*] I never told anyone about that either...about the pale young gentleman whose nose I broke, I mean, and certainly not Joe...and besides, I never saw him again, not in that house anyway. Estella, of course, was always there, to let me in and out. And, of course, she – 800

ESTELLA: She grew prettier and prettier.

PIP: Yes, she did.

ESTELLA: Did she ever tell you you might kiss her again?

PIP: No. 805

ESTELLA: Really? And did you cry?

PIP: Never! I never wanted to cry!

MR PUMBLECHOOK: But, but with respections to Miss Havisham,

MR WOPSLE: Amen!

MR PUMBLECHOOK: – on what intentions may we at this point in the story speculate? 810

MR WOPSLE: What might she *do* with you, boy?

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Do *for* him...

MRS JOE: Do *to* him.

Suddenly; the doorbell: ESTELLA wheels in MISS HAVISHAM. PIP and ESTELLA are both now fourteen. 815

SCENE 14: APPRENTICED

- MISS HAVISHAM: Estella!
- You are growing tall, Pip! Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours?
- PIP: Joe Gargery, Miss Havisham.
- MISS HAVISHAM: [*Scrutinising him.*] You had better be apprenticed to him at once. Let him come here, with the indentures to sign. 820
- JOE: Me, Pip?
- PIP: At any particular time, Miss Havisham?
- MISS HAVISHAM: Time? I know nothing about time. Let him come soon – and come alone, with you. 825
- JOE is rooted to the spot with terror. MRS JOE takes charge of the situation –*
- JOE: Me...?
- MRS JOE: You! You great dunderheaded king of the noodles – a doormat, a doormat under your feet I am – standing there – Now!! 830
- sprucing him up to her satisfaction, and then pushing him into MISS HAVISHAM's presence. In this scene, JOE, overawed, communicates entirely in nods and shakes.*
- MISS HAVISHAM: So, Mr Gargery, does the boy like his trade?
- [*A nod.*] 835
- Has he ever made any objection to it?
- And have you brought the indentures with you?
- [*Another nod; the indentures are handed over and signed.*]
- Good. You expect no premium with the boy?
- [*A shake.*] 840
- Well, Pip has earned one: here.
- [*She produces a bag of money.*]
- Give it to your master, Pip.
- PIP: Yes Miss Havisham.
- MISS HAVISHAM: Goodbye, Pip. Estella... 845
- ESTELLA begins to wheel her away.*
- PIP: Miss Havisham! Am I not to come again, Miss Havisham?
- MISS HAVISHAM: No. Gargery is your master now. And Gargery –
- JOE nods and shakes furiously.*

The boy has been a good boy here, and that is his reward. As an honest man, you will expect no other. *Expect no more.* 850

ESTELLA *wheels her away.*

MRS JOE: Well?
 JOE: As-TON-ishing! Miss 'Avisham –
 MRS JOE: What did she give him?! 855
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: How *much*...
 JOE: What would present company say to ten pound?
 MR WOPSLE: They'd say Amen –
 MRS JOE: They'd say, pretty well. Not too much, but pretty well.
 JOE: It's more than that. 860
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: You don't mean to say –
 MRS JOE: Go on, Joseph.
 JOE: What would present company say, to twenty pound?
 MRS JOE: Handsome. Handsome would be the word.
 JOE: It's more than twenty pound. It's twenty-five! 865
 MR WOPSLE: *A-men!*
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: [*Almost apoplectic with jealousy, shaking her hand.*] Five and twenty pound, Mum! No more than your merits; no more than your merits.
 MRS JOE: Goodness knows, Uncle Pumblechook, after the trouble I've had – with this boy...well... 870

The focus goes back onto the forgotten PIP, who is still staring at the space where ESTELLA was.

JOE: Pip old chap?
 MR PUMBLECHOOK: And now you are apprenticed, Pip, shall you *like* being a blacksmith? 875
 PIP: [*To himself.*] Never.
 [*To the audience.*] I should have liked it, once, but once was not now. Now – I was ashamed.

MRS JOE: Oh and whose fault was that, eh? [*Indicating where MISS HAVISHAM has gone.*] Hers? Oh – Mine, I suppose... 880
 PUMBLECHOOK/WOPSLE: We wish you the joy of the money – never mind us – a pleasure's a pleasure all the world over. Amen.
 MRS JOE: – Oh to hear the things he's telling you...the black ingratitude of it... I wonder he condescended to come back! 885
 PUMBLECHOOK/WOPSLE: Naterally Wicious!!!

They sweep off after her. A beat.

PIP: [*Angrily.*] Whose fault it was is of no moment now. The change was made; the thing was done. Excusably or inexcusably, it was done! 890

He looks at JOE.

I *never* told you how I felt. All those nights we worked at the forge together...never. No. [*With self-hatred.*] No, what I said was: [*Putting on his forge apron, and lying, brightly.*]

SCENE 15: THE FORGE

- PIP: Joe, don't you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit? 895
- JOE, to displace his knowing that this is all wrong, sets to work with his hammer.*
- JOE: Well, Pip, what for? She might think you wanted something...
PIP: Might she?
JOE: She might old chap. You see, Pip, Miss Havisham done the handsome thing by you, but when she done that, she called me back to say most partick'ler as that were all. 900
- PIP: Yes, Joe, I heard her.
JOE: ALL.
PIP: Yes, Joe, I – 905
JOE: Which I meantersay Pip, it might be that her meaning were [Hammer!] make an end on it Pip [Hammer!] as you was, Pip. [Hammer!]
- PIP: But Joe –
JOE: Yes old chap... 910
PIP: I merely thought I might go up town and make a call on Miss Est – Havisham.
- JOE stops whatever he is doing.*
- JOE: Which her name ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she have been re-chris'ened. 915
PIP: I know, Joe, I know. That was a slip. What do you think of it, Joe?
JOE: Well I thinks...if you thinks well of it, Pip, then...then I thinks well of it, Pip. Old chap.
- PIP takes his apron off and tidies himself up – he worries about his dirty hands.* 920
- PIP: And so...I went. Absurdly, and promising Joe it would be the very last time, I went back.
- The doorbell of Satis House...*

SCENE 16: LOSS

- SARAH: What do you want? 925
PIP: Only to see how Miss –
SARAH: Well you'd better come up then.
- This time, SARAH is his guide through the dark house.*
- MISS HAVISHAM, alone by firelight.*
- MISS HAVISHAM: Well? I hope you want nothing. You'll get nothing. 930
PIP: Miss Havisham, I wanted you to know that I am doing very well, and that –
MISS HAVISHAM: Ah! You are looking for Estella.
PIP: I... I hope she is well.

- MISS HAVISHAM: Abroad. Educating for a lady. Admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her? 935
- She laughs.*
- PIP: I feel...
MISS HAVISHAM: Yes?
PIP: I felt...felt that I deserved... Deserved!! 940
MISS HAVISHAM: Here Pip, take a guinea. For your birthday. [*Angrily.*] Take it!!
- After considering refusal, he does.*
- Were you expecting more, Pip? Were you? Were you expecting more?
- MISS HAVISHAM *laughs*; SARAH *wheels her away.* 945
- PIP: Miss Havisham! – Miss Havisham –
- She's gone. Suddenly, the boom of a gun on the marshes; and all the COMPANY are staring at him.*
- PIP: What? What is it?
- COMPANY: There's something wrong, Pip – 950
- Up at your place.
- PIP: I don't understand –
JOE: While you was up town, Pip...
COMPANY: Your sister.
PIP: My sister – ? 955
COMPANY: [*All, quietly.*] Dead.
- The actor playing MRS JOE takes off and folds up her apron, as she tells us:*
- DEAD MRS JOE: They found her stretched out on the bare kitchen boards, just where she had fallen. She lay very ill in her bed for weeks, and eventually, at twenty past six on a Monday evening she said, quite plainly, 'Joe', and then, once, 'pardon', and once, 'Pip'; and then laid down her head, and was gone. 960
- COMPANY: [*All, quietly.*] Gone.
- A month later, a young girl named Bidly – 965
- MR WOPSLE:
DEAD MRS JOE: Who was Mr Wopsle's great-aunt's granddaughter – Amen. A young girl called Bidly came to the house. [*She is handed BIDDY's apron; as she puts it on, she assumes the character and voice of BIDDY.*]
- BIDDY: She was an orphan – 970
PIP: Like I was –
BIDDY: – but a bright, neat, clean one, and she had come to take care of Mr Gargery.
- And you, Pip. And you.

- Now that you were fourteen... 975
- She busies herself tidying the place up – laying the table etc...*
- PIP: Biddy, do *you* think me coarse and common?
 BIDDY: Who said that?
 PIP: The beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's.
 BIDDY: Well, that was neither a very true nor very polite thing to say. 980
 PIP: I do admire her dreadfully.
 BIDDY: Do you Pip?
 PIP: [*Finally coming out with what he wants to say.*] Biddy, when I grow up, I want to be a gentleman.
 BIDDY: Oh. 985
 PIP: You see I am not at all happy as I am, and I never shall be or can be, unless – unless I can lead a very different sort of life from the life I lead now. I want to be a gentleman, on her account.
 BIDDY: [*Stopping her work, and gently.*] To spite her, or to gain her, 990
 Pip?
 PIP: I... I don't know.
- [*In his adult voice, and to the audience.*] I didn't know!! Not at fourteen, not at fifteen... Not at eighteen, either. I knew, of course, that if it was to gain her, that she was not worth gaining 995
 – not like that – I knew that – but – [*Now justifying himself to BIDDY.*] Well how could I, a poor dazed village lad, how could I possibly be expected to stay satisfied with that life, when –
- This outburst is suddenly curtailed by a sudden knocking on the door.* 1000
- SCENE 17: GREAT EXPECTATIONS
- JAGGERS: [*Surveying these humble surroundings, and wiping his hands on his handkerchief.*] Well!
- PIP: It was the gentleman I'd seen in the house.
 JAGGERS: [*Cutting him off.*] Quite. From information I have received, I have reason to believe there is a blacksmith among you, by name of Joseph Gargery? 1005
- BIDDY: He's out, sir.
 JAGGERS: Is he...? – Has he an apprentice, commonly known as Pip? Answer the question yes or no.
 BIDDY: He has... 1010
 JAGGERS: My name is Jaggery, and I am a lawyer. In London. I commence by explaining, the unusual business I have to transact with you is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I should not have been here. It was not. I am the bearer of an offer to relieve Mr Gargery of his apprentice. [*He places the papers on the table.*] And to this young fellow the communication I have got to make is, that he has Great Expectations. 1015
- COMPANY: !

- JAGGERS: I am instructed to communicate to him that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of this property that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life, and be brought up, as a gentleman. 1020
- COMPANY: Oh!
- JAGGERS: Now, Mr Pip, I address the rest of what I have to say, to you. You are to understand, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions that you shall always bear the name of Pip – you have no objection – ? 1025
- PIP: [*He can barely stammer it out.*] None.
- JAGGERS: – I should think not; second, that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until that person chooses to reveal it – I am empowered to mention that it is the intention of the person to reveal it at first hand, by word of mouth; when or where that intention may be carried out, I cannot say. No one can – and meanwhile, third, you are most positively prohibited from making any enquiry or any allusion or reference whatsoever as to the identity of this individual to *me*. Any objection to *that*? 1030
- PIP: N-none.
- JAGGERS: I should think not! Now, Mr Pip, to details; there is, already, lodged in my hands a sum of money amply sufficient for your suitable maintenance. In addition, it is considered that you must be better educated, in accordance with your altered position. You will of course be alive to the importance and necessity of entering *at once* on that advantage. 1035
- PIP: It is what I have always longed for. 1040
- COMPANY: !!!!!
- JAGGERS: Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr Pip. If you long for it now, that's enough. First, you must have some new clothes... 1045
- The COMPANY burst in, in a flurry of obsequiousness, and swiftly give PIP all that he needs to be a gentleman by way of new clothes, hats, gloves, valises – whatever.*
- MR PUMBLECHOOK: Indeed he must sir –
- COMPANY: And new gloves, sir – 1055
- Much in vogue among the gentry, sir –
- A very sweet article sir –
- Really extra super –
- Amen
- Etc... 1060
- JAGGERS: And, you'll want some money...shall we say twenty guineas?...
- COMPANY: *Twenty!*
- MR PUMBLECHOOK: Oh my dear friend – may I – *may I*?
- JAGGERS: And the sooner you leave here, the better.
- The COMPANY is stopped in its tracks by this news.* 1065

Leave that is, for London.

COMPANY: [*Mouths, in stunned silence.*] LONDON?!

BIDDY: London?!

JAGGERS: [*Handing PIP a business card.*] Take a hackney carriage from the coach office, and come straight to me. 1070

PIP: Mr Jagers –

JAGGERS: [*Already exiting.*] Hmn?

PIP: I beg your pardon, but would there be any objection to my taking leave of any one I know before I go away?

JAGGERS: None. 1075

PIP: I mean – up town.

JAGGERS: No. No objection. [*He is gone.*]

PIP: Thank you.

Working hard to ignore and/or defy BIDDY's questioning stare, he fiddles self-importantly with some detail of his new outfit, and then, finally satisfied with his appearance – and treating the COMPANY as if he were a gentleman and they were all his staff – asks them to expedite the next step of his journey. 1080

Well? Thank you!

They bring him to the front door of Satis House, and there is a final flurry of obsequious, whispered farewells. 1085

MR PUMBLECHOOK: Well deserved, sir – well deserved...

MR WOPSLE: London. Amen. Amen...

PIP rings the doorbell.

SCENE 18: GOODBYES

At first no one comes, but then – 1090

SARAH: [*Seeing his outfit.*] What do you want?

PIP: [*Already attempting to act the gentleman.*] I am going to London, Miss Pocket, and wished to say goodbye to Miss Havisham.

Reeling with jealousy, she slams the door in his face – 1095

SARAH: Wait here –

MISS HAVISHAM'S VOICE BEHIND THE DOOR: Who is it Sarah?

SARAH opens it again. Staring disbelievingly at him all the time, she escorts him in.

MISS HAVISHAM: Pip... Well? 1100

PIP: [*Bowing.*] Miss Havisham. I thought you might kindly not mind my taking leave of you.

MISS HAVISHAM: This is a fine figure, Pip.

PIP: I have come into such good fortune, Miss Havisham, since I saw you last – and I am so grateful for it, Miss Havisham. 1105

MISS HAVISHAM: Ah! I had heard about that, Pip. From Mr Jagers. You are

- adopted by a rich person, are you not?
 PIP: Yes, Miss Havisham.
 MISS HAVISHAM: Not named?
 PIP: No, Miss Havisham. 1110
 MISS HAVISHAM: And Mr Jaggers is made your guardian.
 PIP: Yes, Miss Havisham.
 MISS HAVISHAM: And you go tomorrow to London.
 PIP: Yes, Miss Havisham.
- A beat.* 1115
- MISS HAVISHAM: Well!...you have a promising career before you. Be good; deserve it. Goodbye, Pip!
- She stretches out her hand: PIP goes down on one knee and kisses her hand.*
- You will always keep the name of Pip, you know. 1120
- PIP: Yes, Miss Havisham.
 MISS HAVISHAM: Goodbye.
- MISS HAVISHAM *exits.*
- SARAH: [*Apoplectic with jealousy.*] Deserve it? *Deserve it!!*
- She exits.* 1125
- PIP: Goodbye, Miss Pocket.
- [*To himself.*] Goodbye Bidy. And goodbye...Joe.
- JOE: Goodbye Pip Old Chap...
- PIP: [*To the audience.*] I left early – I wanted to go alone. On the coach, I did think of turning back. But it was too late. Too...far. 1130
- All the mists on the marshes had risen...and the whole world lay spread before me: like a dream!
- MISS HAVISHAM: Like a dream, Pip. Like a dream. Like a dream.
- *the sound of MAGWITCH's file...*
- COMPANY: This is the end of the first stage of Pip's Great Expectations. 1135

INTERVAL

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