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Great Expectations

A play

Hugh Leonard

Adapted from the novel by Charles Dickens

Samuel French — London
New York - Toronto - Hollywood



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ISBN 0 573 01778 6

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GREAT EXPECTATIONS

First presented at the Gate Theatre, Dublin, on the 30th
November 1995, with the following cast:

Pip	Peter Gowen
Herbert Pocket	Eanna Breathnach
Young Pip	Simon Mulholland
Estella	Alison McKenna
Joe Gargery	Owen Roe
Magwitch	John Kavanagh
Mrs Joe/Biddy	Donna Dent
Pumblechook	Tom Hickey
Jaggers	Bill Golding
Miss Havisham	Susan Fitzgerald
Wemmick	Robert O'Mahoney
Molly/Miss Skiffins	Elizabeth Bracken
Aged Parent	Terence Orr

Directed by Alan Stanford
Designed by Bruno Schwengl
Lighting by Rupert Murray

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CHARACTERS

Herbert Pocket: *twenty-three*

Pip: *twenty-three*

Young Pip: *fifteen*

Estella

Joe Gargery

Magwitch

Mrs Joe/Biddy: *to be played by the same actress*

Pumblechook

Miss Havisham

Jaggers

Wemmick

Molly

Miss Skiffins

Aged Parent: *Wemmick's father*

Villagers

The action of the play takes place in various settings in London and Kent

Period — Early nineteenth century

ADAPTER'S NOTE

The “look” of the play, including the stage setting, is of course a matter for the designer. However, the adapter sees three separate areas, thematic as well as spatial. In his mind’s eye, the area stage left is Joe’s World: the forge, the kitchen, the marshes (or “meshes”) and the churchyard. To the right is Pip’s World: this is London; the rooms Pip shares with Herbert, Jaggers’ office and home, Wemmick’s “castle” in Walworth. In the centre, raised, and connected to the rest of the stage by stairs, is Miss Havisham’s world; this is thematically a kind of half-way house, a door leading from one world to the other.

There are two Pips, not for reasons of stagecraft, but because there are two in Dickens’ book: the country boy and the young man he becomes. I have tried to reflect this duality by doubling some of the other parts and by stressing the double life of that delightful schizophrenic, Wemmick. There is one anachronism which is deliberate. The action of the book occurs no later than 1830, and my use of the word “snob” anticipates itself by ten years. Any other solecism is, as Dr Johnson observed when asked why he referred to the knee of a horse as the pastern, “Ignorance, Madam, pure ignorance.”

Those who want an image of the characters as visualized by Dickens should of course go to the novel itself. However, I have found that often an actor who looks nothing like the author’s description can still embody the nature and essence of a character to perfection. In choosing not to describe the people of the play, I make an exception in the case of Wemmick. Dickens’ thumbnail portrait so exactly matches my own mental picture that I felt there could be little physical leeway. Of course, one could be wrong!

Hugh Leonard

Other plays by Hugh Leonard published by Samuel French Ltd

Da
A Life
Mick and Mick
Moving
The Patrick Pearse Motel
Pizzazz
Suburb of Babylon
Summer

PART I

PROLOGUE

SCENE 1

London

The Lights come up R. We hear London street noises. Pip and Herbert Pocket are coming from the theatre. They are twenty-three. Their clothes are as befit young gentlemen of fashion. Their speech is rather affected, aping the current mode

Herbert My dear Handel, I declare in my life I never saw such acting.

Pip My dear Herbert, nor did I!

Herbert They do say he took America by storm.

Pip Small wonder. I confess that when his daughter, the unhappy Ophelia, was hanged ——

Herbert I believe her name was Cordelia. Pray forgive me for mentioning it.

Pip My dear Herbert, you do me a service.

Herbert My dear Handel, not at all.

Pip Well, I quite shared the King's dismay. And next week Mr Macready is to appear in "The Lady of Lyons". (*He pronounces Lyons as "lions"*)

Herbert The word, I believe, is (*correct pronunciation*) "Lyons". Don't reproach yourself, my dear fellow.

Pip My dear fellow, I shall not.

Herbert From the dawn of time the French, a deplorable race, have such an envy of us that they mispronounce the names of their cities for no better reason than to enable British travellers "*to lose*" their way.

During the following, Young Pip appears. He is fifteen and wears his Sunday best, country style

Pip Well, however you pronounce the wretched word, and if Macready is playing, we must at all costs —— (*He catches sight of Young Pip*)

Herbert We dare not miss it, my dear Handel. We should be beyond the pale, quite out of the fashion. We ... I say?

Pip It's that chap again.

Herbert The one who follows you? (*He turns to look*)

Young Pip moves into the shadows

Where? You, sir, show yourself!

Pip He's afraid of you. You face him, and he runs away. It is not you he has business with.

Herbert Business? My dear, Handel, you have been in London for long enough to know that beggars are under one's feet like cobblestones.

Pip If a beggar is what he is, why does he not beg?

Herbert Come, my dear fellow, our poor lodgings are to have a visitor.

This is not naturalism; what Herbert is saying is that it is time for the next scene

SCENE 2

The Lights cross-fade to Pip's and Herbert's lodgings. Young Pip remains in the shadows

Estella enters

Pip Estella!

Estella Can I believe my eyes? Are you Pip? Is it you?

Pip I believe that is the first time you have called me by my name.

Estella Is it? Then mark it down to astonishment. Where is the common boy with whom I played cards and who called the knaves jacks? And I can see that since your change of fortune and prospects you have not been slow to change your companions.

Herbert You are kind enough to notice me. How are you, Estella?

Estella I am well. (*To Pip*) You and Herbert under the same roof!

Pip It was at Mr Jaggers' suggestion.

Estella Ah! Always Mr Jaggers!

Pip Mind, I had no notion that I was destined to share rooms with none other than ——

Herbert —— than the pale young gentleman. That was his name for me in Miss Havisham's garden the day Handel said:

Pip "Good-afternoon". And Herbert said:

Herbert "Come and fight!"

Estella Handel? Who, pray, is Handel?

Pip Why, I am.

Herbert You see, once he was a humble farrier, a bootmaker for horses ——

Pip I was a blacksmith.

Herbert — and there is a charming piece of music by Handel, “The Harmonious Blacksmith”, I thought: what more apt as a familiar name!

They laugh

Yes, I said “Come and fight” and I gave him the most fearful trouncing.

Estella exchanges a smile with Pip

Estella Oh, yes?

Pip But now we are the best of friends.

Joe enters

Joe (*to Young Pip*) Which I meantsay, Pip old chap, old fellow, ever the best of friends!

Joe and Young Pip exit

Herbert May I be excused? I do believe that Handel tells me with his eyes that I should be elsewhere.

Estella Does he! And I tell you with my words that you should stay. (*To Pip*) Tomorrow I am to go to live, at great expense, with a lady at Richmond who has the power of taking me about and showing people to me and showing me to people. The distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage and you are to take me. I shall be here at nine, sharp. You are to take care that I have tea, and then we go to Richmond.

Pip That is Miss Havisham’s wish?

Estella And mine.

Pip I do wonder that Miss Havisham can do without you.

Estella It is part of her plan for me. You know what she is for making plans. Until tomorrow then. Goodbye, Herbert.

Estella exits

Herbert Can you see me, then? I hardly thought I was visible.

Pip My dear Herbert, I have something very particular to say to you.

Herbert My dear Handel, I shall esteem and respect your confidence.

Pip Herbert — I love, I adore Estella.

Herbert (*easily*) Exactly. Well?

Pip “Well?” Is that all you say?

Herbert What next, I mean? Of course I know that.

Pip I never told you.

Herbert Told me? You have never told me when you have got your hair cut, but I have had senses to perceive it. You brought your adoration and your portmanteau here together.

Herbert exits

Pip So I did. I have never left off adoring her. And if I adored her before, I now doubly adore her. I think my life began on the day I first saw her. Or, rather not long before. My father's family name being Pirrip, and my christian name Philip (*his voice becomes that of a narrator*) my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer or more explicit than Pip. So, I called myself Pip and came to be called Pip. (*He moves to the side of the stage*)

ACT I The Convict

SCENE 1

Country

The Lights cross-fade to a graveyard in the country area L

Fog swirls in

Young Pip enters and kneels beside a grave

Pip The bleak place overgrown with nettles was the churchyard.

Young Pip Philip Pirrip, late of this parish, also Georgiana wife of the above ——

Pip —— were dead and buried, and ——

Young Pip —— Alexander, Bartholomew, Abraham, Tobias and Roger ——

Pip —— infant children of the aforesaid, were also dead and buried, and the small bundle growing afraid of the churchyard and the river and the marshes and the sea beyond: that small bundle was ——

Young Pip —— was Pip.

Magwitch appears, all in coarse grey, with a great iron on his leg. He starts up with a terrible long-drawn-out cry of rage and hurtles himself across the stage

Magwitch seizes Young Pip by the throat. Young Pip screams

Magwitch Hold your noise. Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat.

Young Pip Oh, don't cut my throat, sir. Pray don't do it.

Magwitch Tell us your name. Give it mouth. Quick.

Young Pip Pip. Pip, sir.

Magwitch Show us where you live. P'int out the place.

Young Pip There, sir.

Magwitch You young dog, what fat cheeks you got. Damn me if I couldn't eat 'em.

Young Pip I most sincerely hope you won't, sir.

Magwitch Now, lookee here. Where's your mother?

Young Pip (*pointing to the gravestone*) There, sir.

Magwitch starts, makes to run and stops

No, sir. There. Next to my father, who's late of this parish.

Magwitch Ha. Whod' ye live with, supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?

Young Pip My sister, sir. Mrs Joe Gargery, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.

Magwitch Blacksmith, eh?

Magwitch looks at his leg-iron, then seizes Young Pip and puts his face up against the boy's

Now lookee here, the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?

Young Pip Yes, sir.

Magwitch And you know what wittles is?

Young Pip Vittles, sir? Yes, sir.

Magwitch bends Young Pip backwards

Magwitch You get me a file. And you get me wittles. Or I'll have your heart and liver out. You hear me?

Young Pip Yes, sir, but if you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I could attend more.

Magwitch You bring a file and wittles to me here, tomorrow mornin' early. Or else your heart and liver shall be roasted, tore out and ate. Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a angel. 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, may be warm in bed, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself safe, but that young man will

softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. Now what do you say?

Young Pip I say that I shall most happily oblige you, sir.

Magwitch And Lord strike you dead if you don't.

Young Pip That too, sir.

Magwitch Then remember what you've undertaken. Now get you home, boy.

Young Pip Yes, sir. Good-night, sir.

Magwitch Much o' that! I wish I was a frog. Or a eel.

Magwitch shuffles away

SCENE 2

The Lights cross-fade to the Gargerys' house

Young Pip goes into the Gargerys' house

Joe enters

Joe Oh, Pip, Mrs Joe has been out a dozen times looking for you. And she's out now, making it a baker's dozen.

Young Pip Is she, Joe?

Joe What's worse, she's got Tickler with her. She made a grab at Tickler and she ram-paged out. That's what she did. She ram-paged out. On the Ram-page, Pip, and off the Ram-page, Pip: such is life!

Young Pip So it would seem, Joe.

Mrs Joe (off) Pip!

Joe And now from what I can hear, Pip, she's come ram-pagin' back again.

Mrs Joe comes in, carrying "Tickler", a thin cane. She takes hold of Young Pip

Mrs Joe So ... there you are. Where have you been?

Young Pip Only to the churchyard.

Mrs Joe (flailing at him with the cane) To the churchyard? If it wasn't for me, you'd have been to the churchyard long ago and stayed there. Bench!

Young Pip kneels, his upper body over the bench

Who brought you up by hand?

Young Pip You did.

Mrs Joe beats Young Pip

Mrs Joe And why did I do it, I should like to know?

Young Pip I don't know.

Mrs Joe beats Young Pip again and flings him at Joe

Mrs Joe I don't! I'd never do it again. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife, and him a Gargery, without being father and mother to you as well. Table!

This is a command that Joe and Young Pip should sit at table for their evening meal, which they do. Mrs Joe takes a loaf of bread, jams it against her bib, slaps butter on it as if applying a plaster and then saws thick slices for Young Pip and Joe

Young Pip (in an undertone) Joe ...

Joe Hallo, Pip.

Young Pip If you please, what is it to be brought up by hand?

Joe I don't rightly know, old chap.

Young Pip Nor do I. I ask, because I have wondered if perhaps Mrs Joe, being that way inclined, might have married you by hand.

Mrs Joe slaps down the slices of bread in front of Young Pip and Joe

Mrs Joe You may well whisper, you two betrayers and conspirers. Churchyard, indeed! You'll drive me to the churchyard betwixt you, one of these days, and oh, a pr-r-recious pair you'd be without me! Paupers, both of you. Me dead and you ——

There is a sound of distant cannon fire

Joe There, now. Hark to that.

Young Pip What is it, Joe?

Joe That's the gun they fire for warning, Pip. To say there's a convict off.

Young Pip Off? Off where, Joe?

Mrs Joe Escaped, escaped!

Joe Dead o' winter, out on these meshes — poor fellow-creatur ...

Young Pip Who is? And who was firing, Joe?

Mrs Joe Ask no questions, you'll be told no lies.

Joe gives Young Pip a look that begs him not to aggravate Mrs Joe

Young Pip If you please, Mrs Joe, I should like to know, if you wouldn't much mind, where the firing comes from.

Mrs Joe From the Hulks.

Young Pip Hulks?

Joe 'Ulks.

Mrs Joe Sit!

Young Pip And, if you please, what's Hulks?

Mrs Joe Hulks is prison ships, right 'cross the meshes. The people in the Hulks are put there because they murder and rob and do all sorts of bad, and they always start off by asking questions.

Young Pip Do they?

Mrs Joe Eat. *(She turns away to attend to her own food)*

Joe begins to chew slowly on his doorstep of bread. Young Pip, finding himself unobserved, thrusts his bread inside his shirt. After a moment, Joe stares at him

Joe Pip, old chap. You'll do yourself a mischief. You can't have chawed it, Pip.

Mrs Joe What is it now?

Joe I say, you know. If you can cough any trifle on it up, Pip, I'd recommend you to do it. Manners is manners, but still your 'ealth's your 'ealth.

Mrs Joe You staring great stuck pig, I asked you what's the matter?

Joe *(to Mrs Joe)* Nothin'! Old chap, I bolted myself when I was your age, and as a boy I've been among many a bolter, but I never see your bolting equal yet, Pip, and it's a mercy you ain't bolted dead.

Mrs Joe What? Been bolting his food, has he? It's tar-water for you, my lad. Come and be dosed.

Mrs Joe drags Young Pip from the bench on which he is sitting. She holds his head under her arm, then takes up a large bottle and pours a copious dose down his throat. Pip observes this

Pip *(to the audience)* Some medical beast had revived tar-water in those days as a fine medicine. At the best of times, so much of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative that I was conscious of going about smelling like a new fence.

Joe Which I meanersay, Pip, you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to carry tales and tell upon you, any time.

Mrs Joe *(releasing Young Pip to Joe)* Now you.

Joe Me, Pip?

Mrs Joe There's them as has bolted. And again, there's them as has seen them as has bolted. You'll have had a turn.

Joe runs out with Mrs Joe following

(As she goes) Gargery!

SCENE 3

Young Pip picks up some bread, cheese, a pork pie and a bottle of brandy and comes forward

The Lights cross-fade to the graveyard

Pip *(to the audience)* That night in my dreams a pirate called out to me from the gibbet station that I had better come and be hanged there at once. When the black sky outside my window was shot with grey, I went downstairs, and every crack in every board called after me “Stop, thief!” and “Get up, Mrs Joe!” I stole some bread and a rind of cheese and a pork pie. I stole brandy, and used a jug to fill the bottle up again. And I stole a file.

Young Pip goes to where Magwitch is waiting. Magwitch seizes the bread and the brandy. He eats, tearing the bread like an animal and takes a draught of the brandy

The Lights brighten to indicate dawn breaking. A church bell tolls

Young Pip awkwardly, shyly, extends a hand. Magwitch stares at Young Pip and the proffered hand, then wipes his own hand on his jacket and stiffly, almost formally, performs the handshake. It is not “Dickensian” sentiment: rather, it is a surreal bonding, an epiphany

(To the audience) It was Christmas morn!

There is a great joyous pealing of bells that seems to fill the sky, and an impression of lightness

The sound of the bells dies down. As it does so —

SCENE 4

The Lights cross-fade to the Gargerys’ house

Mrs Joe joins Young Pip. Uncle Pumblechook arrives from “outside” with a bottle each of sherry and port wine

Young Pip Mrs Joe! Mrs Joe! It’s Uncle Pumblechook!

Mrs Joe Gargery! It’s Uncle Pumblechook!

Pip *(to the audience)* Uncle Pumblechook was Joe’s uncle, but Mrs Joe had appropriated him. And every Christmas Day he presented himself, as a profound novelty, with exactly the same words and carrying the two bottles, like dumbbells.

Pumblechook Mrs Joe! I have brought you as the compliments of the season ... I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of sherry wine, and I have brought you, Mum, a bottle of port wine.

Mrs Joe Oh, Un-cle Pum-ble-chook, this is kind.

Pumblechook It's no more than your merits. (*To Young Pip*) And now are you all bobbish, and how is sixpenn-orth of ha'pence?

Mrs Joe Chair!

As instructed, Young Pip gives Pumblechook a chair

He's been down to hear the carols. I'm rather partial to carols myself, and, I daresay that's the best reason for my never hearing any. Me being — as Gargery would tell you, Uncle Pumblechook, if he had either the wit or the by-your-leave to speak out, which he han't — me being a blacksmith's wife and, what's the same thing, a slave with her apron never off.

Pumblechook Which goes to prove; be grateful, boy, to them which brought you up by hand.

Mrs Joe Huh! The young are never grateful.

Pumblechook Oh, naturally wicious, Mum. Naturally wicious.

Mrs Joe Gargery, are you set on standing there till New Year's? Uncle Pumblechook has come two mile across the meshes. Is he to have a glass of brandy or is he to die of cold?

Joe fetches the brandy bottle and pours a glass for Pip. Young Pip is dismayed. Pip speaks his thoughts

Pip (*to the audience*) Brandy. In the dark, how much water had I put in it? Would he find it weak? Would he say that it was weak?

Pumblechook He's been more trouble to you, Mum, than you would hear in a lenten sermon.

Mrs Joe Trouble! When I think of all the high places that boy has tumbled out of and all the low places he's tumbled into, and all the times, for his own good, I wished him in his grave, and he was too contrary to go there ——

Pumblechook (*taking the brandy, holding the glass to the light*) Ah ... most hospitable. I wish you, the very merriest of Christmases, Mum, and again the season's compliments.

Mrs Joe Bless you ——

Mrs Joe pinches Joe

Joe } (*together*) — Uncle Pumblechook.
Mrs Joe }

Pumblechook throws back his head and drinks the brandy off. He at once goes into a choking paroxysm

Mrs Joe Why, Uncle Pumblechook...?

Pumblechook Ta ... ta ... ta ...

Joe I think he be saying “thank-ee”.

Pip *(to the audience)* Tar-water!

Pumblechook Tar-water!

Joe Tar?

Mrs Joe Tar?

Pumblechook Tar!

Mrs Joe *(looking from Joe to Pumblechook)* But how on earth? How in this world could the tar-water have gotten into the b ...? Pip! *(She looks now at Young Pip)*

Young Pip, with a moan and a great histrionic gesture, stages a dead faint. The others stare at him

We hear the whoosh and crack and splutter of first one rocket, then another

Young Pip Another convict?

Joe That b’an’t the firing of cannon. Them’s rockets for a signal to the ’Ulks to send a boat. They got him. They’ve been and captured him.

The Lights fade on the Gargery home

SCENE 5

A Light comes slowly up on Magwitch, now in heavy chains and manacles

Joe and Young Pip move into this area

Pip, Mrs Joe and Pumblechook remain in the shadows

Magwitch Afore I set foot on that there vessel, I wish to say words respecting this escape. It may prevent some persons laying under suspicion alonger me, I stole some broken wittles up at the willage over yonder, and I’ll tell you where from. From the blacksmith’s.

Joe From the ...?

Magwitch It were some broken wittles, and a pie and a dram of liquor.

Joe Hallo, Pip!

Magwitch *(his glance seems to fall on Joe and Young Pip)* And I would say to that blacksmith, if he was here, I’m sorry to say, I would say to him, I’ve drunk your liquor and I’ve eat your pie.

Joe *(blurring out)* And God knows, you’re welcome — *(he remembers himself)* so far as it was ever mine to give. And no-one the worse off, Pip, save maybe poor old Pumblechook. We wouldn’t have you starve, miserable fellow-creatur, would us, Pip?

Magwitch turns away with no further sign and shuffles into the dark

Young Pip lingers to watch

The Lights come up in the kitchen. Mrs Joe serves something to Pumblechook

Pumblechook Thankee Mum! Most hospitable.

The Lights fade in the kitchen, leaving an area lit DS

Pumblechook stays in the shadows; Mrs Joe exits

SCENE 6

Pip *(to the audience)* It was impossible to mark the time of day, or for that matter the time of year, from the conversations between Joe and myself, for come rain or summer sun, the words, at least on Joe's part, were the slaves neither of time nor of fashion. In short, they were for ever the same.

Joe Pip, old chap, as you know, your sister is much given to government.

Young Pip Is she, Joe?

Joe Which I meantersay, the government of you and myself.

Young Pip Is it spring now, Joe?

Joe Which it are, old chap, seeing as how there's leaves on the trees and foals for the shoeing of. Which I never was no hand with calendars.

Young Pip Didn't you ever go to school, Joe?

Joe Well, Pip, I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink he hammered at my mother and me most onmerciful. He hammered at us with a wigour only to be equalled with the wigour with which he didn't hammer at his anvil. Well, someone must keep the pot biling or the pot won't bile. So I went to work, and that were a drawback on my learning.

Young Pip And is your father dead now, Joe?

Joe Which he went off in a purple leptic fit, Pip. And I had it put on his tombstone: "Whatsunever the failings on his part, Remember, reader, that he were good at heart."

Young Pip If you say so, Joe.

Joe Which I do old chap. I were but lonesome for a while, living alone, so I got acquainted with your sister, who is a fine figure of a woman.

Young Pip I am glad you think so, Joe.

Joe I am glad I think so, Pip. A little redness or a little matter of bone here or there, what does it signify to me?

Young Pip Not at all, Joe.

Joe And if candour compel fur to admit that when on the ram-page she is a Buster, Pip, then it must also be said that your sister is a mastermind. Do you know what a mastermind is, Pip?

Young Pip No, Joe. What is a mastermind, then?

Joe Why, it is your sister. That's what it is.

SCENE 7

The Lights cross-fade back to the kitchen

Uncle Pumblechook is eating

Pumblechook (*calling*) They're here, Mum.

Mrs Joe enters

Mrs Joe Now! If this boy an't grateful this night, he never will be. It is only to be hoped that he won't be Pompeyed.

Pumblechook Pampered, Mum? She's an't that sort, Mum.

Mrs Joe (*to Joe*) Well? What are you gawpin' at?

Joe Which some individual mentioned "she".

Mrs Joe And she is a she, I suppose? Unless you call Miss Havisham a he?

Joe Miss Havisham up town?

Mrs Joe Is there a Miss Havisham down town?

Pumblechook Good, Mum! Good indeed!

Mrs Joe Sit. You!

Joe attempts to sit

Not you! Did I say that you might sit? (*She refers to Pip*) Him! Him! Him! Miss Haversham wants a boy to go and play there. And he had better play there, or I'll work him.

Joe Well, I wonder how she come to know Pip?

Mrs Joe Noodle! Who said she knew him?

Pumblechook Good, Mum. Well pointed!

Mrs Joe Isn't it just possible that Uncle Pumblechook is a tenant of hers? And couldn't she ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being ever considerate and thoughtful for us, mention this boy that I have forever been a willing slave to?

Pumblechook Good again! Prettily put. Now, Joseph, you know the case.

Mrs Joe And what Joseph does not know is that Uncle Pumblechook has offered to take the boy into town tonight in his own chaise-cart and to

deliver him with his own hands to Miss Havisham tomorrow morn. And Lor-a-mussy me! Here I stand talking to a mere mooncalf with, for all I know, my little brother's fortune to be made. Bucket!

Mrs Joe takes Young Pip by the ear, propels him to where there is a basin and goes through the business or the mime of scrubbing his face and neck

Pip *(to the audience)* At which, I was soaped and kneaded and towelled and thumped and harrowed and rasped. I may say that I own myself better acquainted than any living authority with the effect of a wedding ring passed unsympathetically over the human countenance. That evening, I was conveyed in the Pumblechookian chaise-cart and slept in a Pumblechookian bed. Next morning ...

ACT II Satis House

SCENE 1

The Lights cross-fade to the exterior of Miss Havisham's house

Mrs Joe and Joe exit

A jangling bell is heard

Estella, now as a girl, appears holding keys

Pumblechook Boy, be for ever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand. *(To Estella)* Name of Pumblechook. And this is ... ah, Pip.

Estella Is it? Then come in, Pip. Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?

Pumblechook If Miss Havisham wished to see me.

Estella Ah, but you see she don't.

We hear the sound of heavy gates closing

Pumblechook Oh! Naturally vicious!

Estella *(to Young Pip)* Do you know the name of this house, boy?

Young Pip It's on the gate, Miss. *(Pronouncing it "saytis")* Satis House, miss.

Estella The word is *(sahtis)* Satis, ignorant boy. It is Greek or Latin or Hebrew or such, and it means "enough".

Young Pip Enough House is a curious name, miss.

Hungry for More?

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