

PERUSAL SCRIPT



BOOK BY
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MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
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based on the novel by **Charles Dickens**



Newport, Maine

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Great Expectations

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Cast Of Characters

10M 4W 3B 1G + chorus (doubling possible)

Phillip Pirrup -- age 65

Mrs. Pirrup -- age 65

Charles Dickens -- age 45

Young Pip -- age 10 & 14 --

Abel Magwitch -- late 40's -- The true source of Pip's expectations. He is a fierce, crude man who wishes to make Pip a gentleman for his own reasons as well as in gratitude. His character changes while he is in England for the last time and Pip nurses him until his death.

Joe Gargery -- mid 30's -- A "gentle Christian man." He is Pip's boyhood companion and is faithful to him in his greatest need. He is Dickens' symbol of everything good from which Pip turns away.

Mrs. Joe Gargery -- mid 30's -- Pip's sister, twenty years his senior. She is a thorough shrew.

Young Estella -- age 14

Miss Havisham -- late 40's -- Pip's supposed benefactress. Deserted on her wedding day, she lives in a world where time has stopped. She raises Estella to gain vengeance for the wrong done her.

Young Herbert Pocket -- age 13-14

Estella -- age 22-30 -- Miss Havisham's adopted child. She is, at first, a creature of vengeance but, finally, reconciles herself with Pip as the tale ends. This lovely, cold woman is the moving force behind the tale's central action.

Phillip -- age 22-30 The narrator and hero of the story. Herbert Pocket's judgment is a fair one. "... a good fellow, with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and diffidence, action and dreaming, curiously mixed in him."

Mr. Jaggers -- age 45-50 -- A criminal lawyer and Pip's guardian. He is a burly, forceful and stern man, without business scruples or peer in his field.

Herbert Pocket -- age 22-30 -- Pip's closest friend. The son of Matthew Pocket.

Bentley Drummle -- age 25-30 -- A sulky, unfriendly fellow student of Pip's. He marries Estella and treats her cruelly.

Mr. John Wemmick -- age 50-60 -- Mr. Jaggers' right-hand man. Wemmick's life is carefully divided between his home and his business, and he is a different person in each place. In his private capacity, he aids Pip with his problems and is of a friendly disposition.

Aged Parent -- Wemmick's deaf but lively father. He figures in the story's most delightful sequence.

Compeyson -- old accomplice of Magwitch. Cunning and cruel

Messenger Boy -- age 12-13 (could be played by Young Herbert)

Biddy Gargery -- non-speaking (could be played by Young Estella)

Young Pip Gargery -- non-speaking (could be played by Young Pip)

Citizens of The Marsh Country

Londoners

Startup and others -- members of "The Finches of the Grove"

Policemen

NOTES:

As the narration happens the action spoken of begins so that there is a seamless flow to the action of the play. Once the story is in the telling DICKENS and PHILLIP PIRRUP should move freely about the stage engaging the action wherever, almost ghostlike.

Synopsis of Scenes and Musical Numbers

ACT ONE

#1 -- Prelude & Will I Forget You? Scene One -- Country House -- 1858	Orchestra & Mr. & Mrs. Pirrup
Scene Two -- Graveyard -- The Marsh Country -- 1803 #2 -- I Want You Home	Young Pip
Scene Three -- The Gargery Home -- Marsh Country #3 -- I'd Be Happy Then	Young Pip & Joe Gargery
Scene Four -- The Graveyard -- The Marsh Country -- 1803	
Scene Five -- Satis House -- The Marsh Country #4 -- You Must Break His Heart #5 -- Just A Boy! #6 -- I'll Find A Way #7 -- Trio	Miss Havisham & Young Pip Young Estella Young Pip Miss Havisham, Young Pip, Young Estella
Scene Six -- The Gargery Forge and the town -- The Marsh Country #8 -- Great Expectations	Jaggers, Pip, Joe Gargery and Townesfolke
Scene Seven -- London -- 1814 #9 -- It's London Town	Phillip, Estella & Londoners
Scene Eight -- Meeting Place of "The Finches of the Grove" in London #10 -- A Serious Look #11 -- Women! #12 -- Can You Imagine?/Great Expectations (Reprise)	Herbert & Phillip Drummler, Phillip, Herbert and the Finches Jaggers, Joe & Phillip
Scene Nine -- Phillip's and Herbert's Apartment -- London #13 -- I'm Your Da! #13a -- Act One Playout	Magwitch (Orchestra)
<u>ACT TWO</u>	
Scene One -- Satis House -- The Marsh Country #14 -- So Cold #15 -- Will I Forget You?	Miss Havisham Phillip & Estella
Scene Two -- John Wemmick's House -- Outside London #16 -- Fire The Canon! #17 -- Twenty Years Ago	Wemmick & Phillip Wemmick
Scene Three -- A Park #18 -- Twenty Years Ago (Reprise)	Magwitch
Scene Four -- The Streets of London #19 -- Escape!	(Orchestra)
Scene Five -- Country House #20 -- Will I Forget You? (reprise) #21 -- Curtain Call #22 -- Exit Music	Mr. & Mrs. Pirrup, Young Pip and Young Estella and Phillip and Estella Company (Orchestra)

Great Expectations

Book by Neil K. Newell
Music & Lyrics by C. Michael Perry and Neil K. Newell

ACT 1

MUSICAL # 1 -- PRELUDE and WILL I FORGET YOU?

Scene One: Country House: *Darkness. The sound of rain splattering against stone and wood slowly crescendos. Lights slowly illuminate the 1858 living room of Country House. PHILLIP Pirrip (65) stands behind MRS. Pirrip (also 65) as she sits playing the piano. The room is striking in that it features a number of unusual artifacts. Framed on the wall are: MAGWITCH's leg iron and file, MISS HAVISHAM's cane, JOE Gargery's bellows, an Egyptian papyrus and, in a prominent place on the floor is WEMMICK's full-sized military canon. As MR. & MRS. PIRRUP sing, we get a glimpse of the deep, mature love they have for one another. It is a love born of adversity and trial.*

PIRRIPS:

I MAY FORGET MY FAVORITE TIE
THE WAY THE SUN FEELS IN JULY.
A CHILDHOOD FRIEND, THE MORNING DEW,
AND YET I'LL NEVER FORGET YOU.

(They only sing a few bars before Pirrip leaves MRS. Pirrip's side and goes to the window.)

MRS. PIRRIP: What is it?

PIRRIP: I think someone's out there.

MRS. PIRRIP: Where?

PIRRIP: Under..... the tree.

(PHILIP goes to the window, then runs to the door).

Hallo! Hallo there, sir!

MRS. PIRRIP: He can't hear you.

PIRRIP: (Taking a lantern and swinging it) You, sir! Hallo, sir! Come in from the rain!

MRS. PIRRIP: There, he's heard you.

(Enter CHARLES DICKENS (45) drenched from head to foot. He presents a comical sight, his hair, beard, hat, and clothes all soaked.)

DICKENS: I am in your debt.

PIRRIP: Welcome to our home. And to the weather of the marsh country.

DICKENS: The longer it rained the more I began to wonder if I weren't destined to drown while standing under a sycamore.

MRS. PIRRIP: You're soaked.

DICKENS: And making a mess of your fine floor, I'm afraid.

MRS. PIRRIP: You must let me hang your clothes by the fire. It is the only way to dry them. Phillip, will you help Mr. . . .

DICKENS: Charles. Just call me Charles.

MRS. PIRRIP: Will you help Charles off with his clothes while I get a robe?

(MRS. Pirrip Exits)

DICKENS: I've already caused too much trouble.

PIRRIP: Will you allow me to offer to you the hospitality of my home until the storm dies down?

DICKENS: I hate to impose . . .

PIRRIP: I'm afraid you will find me deaf to excuses. Please consider yourself my guest.

DICKENS: I am very much obliged.

(Enter MRS. Pirrip bringing a long robe)

MRS. PIRRIP: You can change in the spare room. This should keep you warm while your clothes dry.

DICKENS: I don't know how to thank you.

(He exits to spare room)

MRS. PIRRIP: I was about to start tea. I hope you won't mind if I set a place for you?

DICKENS: I would be delighted, thank you.

(MRS. Pirrip exits)

PIRRIP: What brings you to Gravesend?

DICKENS: Just out for a walk, really.

PIRRIP: Are you from around here?

DICKENS: London.

PIRRIP: That is three hours by coach!

DICKENS: Sometimes, when I walk, I loose track of time. Matrimonial difficulties.

PIRRIP: Yes, I know.

DICKENS: *(peeking out the door)* You know?

PIRRIP: It would be hard for anyone in England not to recognize Mr. Charles Dickens.

DICKENS: And that is the chief disadvantage of fame, Mr. . . .

PIRRIP: Pirrip. Phillip Pirrip.

DICKENS: Mr. Pirrip, you might think notoriety a blessing -- but just try to disappear. You can't. And worse, fame invites the world into your bedroom. I suppose you've heard then?

PIRRIP: About the separation?

DICKENS: *(Enters, dressed in robe and slippers)* What you see before you, Mr. Pirrip, is a man unhappily married to the wrong woman. And a man beset by reporters and rumor mongers who interpret a smile as an affair and a wink as an infidelity.

PIRRIP: It must be difficult, I am sure.

DICKENS: Do not walk the road of fame, Mr. Pirrip, in the end, no one is interested in your art. No one cares that you have lifted, inspired, and bettered others. None of that matters, Mr. Pirrip. In the end what is of enduring public interest is who you were seen with the night before, and who may or may not be sharing your bed chamber.

PIRRIP: What little acquaintance I have had with fame has not left me wanting more.

DICKENS: *(Noticing the walls)* A most unusual choice of decor, Mr. Pirrip.

PIRRIP: Trifles really, mementos.

DICKENS: Leg iron. File. Bellows. Cane. Canon?

PIRRIP: Markers on the path, so to speak. Ghosts of ancient memories.

DICKENS: You intrigue me. These are authentic Egyptian papyri?

PIRRIP: I lived in Cairo some twenty years.

DICKENS: Thanks to your hospitality, I have nothing to do but wait on the capriciousness of an autumn storm.

In the meanwhile, could I impose upon you to relate the story behind these artifacts?

PIRRIP: It's not much of a story really. Nothing more or less than what follows anyone who has walked six decades on this Earth.

DICKENS: All the same, I would be honored if you would tell me.

PIRRIP: It seems as though I should be the one asking you to tell me a story, but since you are my guest . . .

Scene Two -- Graveyard. Night *As Pirrip begins to relate the story of his life, lights slowly fade up on a cemetery. Pirrip and DICKENS leave COUNTRY HOUSE and Pirrip escorts his guest out into the marshland. As they journey through space they also journey through time and soon they are in the shadows watching Pirrip as a young boy. PIP (10 years old in 1803) approaches two modest headstones and five small lozenges marking the graves of five infants. He takes off his hat.*

PIRRIP: About all my infant tongue could make of my name, “Phillip Pirrip”, was one syllable. Pip. And so that’s what I came to be called. My father, mother, and five brothers all died before I was old enough to remember them and so it was left to my older sister to “bring me up by hand.” Unfortunately, she never forgave me for ruining any chance she might have had for happiness and so, she found frequent occasions to take her anger out on me.

MUSICAL #2 -- I WANT YOU HOME

Not surprisingly, I spent considerable time away from the house. I liked to wander out across the marshes to the old cemetery where my mother, father and five brothers lie buried. I wondered what they looked like. Even now, it fills my soul with an ache and a yearning I could never describe.

PIP:

EV'RY DAY I WANDER HERE,
JUST TO LET YOU KNOW
EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT ALONE
IT MIGHT AS WELL BE SO!
HOW I'D LOVE TO SEE YOUR FACE
BESIDE MY BED AT NIGHT.
TAKE YOUR HAND TO MAKE MY DREAMS ALL RIGHT!

I PICTURE MOTHER SO FULL OF GRACE.
BUT WHEN I SEE HER THERE IS NO FACE

AND I CANNOT TRACE HER SMILE.
BUT THEN ANOTHER
SO STRONG AND TALL;
A SHADOW, LIFTS ME;
I CANNOT FALL BUT I CAN'T SEE HIM AT ALL.

I MISS THE FACES OF THOSE WHO SHOULD BE HERE.
NO OTHER PLACE IS AS WELCOME AS THE WELCOME I FEEL WHEN THEY'RE NEAR!
I MISS THE WALKS WE WON'T TAKE ACROSS THE MARSH.
I MISS THE HANDS THAT WOULD ALWAYS CARRY,
NEVER DARE BE HARSH!
I WANT YOU HOME!

OH, FATHER, MOTHER,
THERE'S ONE THING MORE:
I MISS THE BROTHERS I'LL NEVER KNOW AND I MISS YOU SO!
AND EV'RY MINUTE
I'M AT YOUR SIDE
IS ONE MORE MOMENT
I DON'T HAVE TO HIDE

(As PIP finishes singing, he is startled by a wild looking man, MAGWITCH, with a terrible voice who jumps from behind a large monument and snares PIP. MAGWITCH is dressed in coarse gray convict's clothes and has a manacle attached to his leg. He is soaked in water and smothered in mud. He is cut and bruised.)

MAGWITCH: Hold your noise! Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!

PIP: Oh, pray don't.

MAGWITCH: Tell us your name! Quick!

PIP: Pip, sir.

MAGWITCH: Once more. Give it mouth.

PIP: Pip. Pip, sir.

MAGWITCH: Show us where you live. Pint out the place.

(PIP points off stage to his village).

Where's your mother?

PIP: *(Pointing to his mother's grave)* There, sir.

MAGWITCH: *(Startled, makes as though to run. Looks over his shoulder)* Show us where.

PIP: There, sir.

(Reading from headstone)

"Georgiana Pirrip, late of this parish."

MAGWITCH: And is that your father alonger your mother?

PIP: Yes, sir. They both died when I was a baby.

MAGWITCH: You have any brothers?

PIP: They're there too. Five of them.

MAGWITCH: How old are you?

PIP: Nearing ten.

MAGWITCH: Nearing ten are you?

(He seems troubled by this)

PIP: Yes, sir. Are you all right, sir?

MAGWITCH: I was just thinking about another child. A child what would be just your age now. And just like you, never seen his da'.

PIP: You're not going to slit my throat, are you sir?

MAGWITCH: (Shaking himself) Who do you live with?

PIP: My sister, wife of the blacksmith, Joe Gargery.

MAGWITCH: Blacksmith, is he? All right, I'll tell you what will determine whether you shall live. You know what a file is?

PIP: Yes, sir.

MAGWITCH: And you know what wittles is?

PIP: It's food, sir.

MAGWITCH: That's right. It's food. Now, you get me a file and you get me wittles. You bring them both to me before the moon falls below the horizon. If you look sharp and bring me what I ask then perhaps you shall live. If you fail, or if you should tell anyone there is such a person as me here in the cemetery, your heart and liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate. What do you say?

PIP: I'll bring you what you ask.

MAGWITCH: See that you do, or I will find you. No matter how safe you think you may be. And I will have your heart and liver! Now be off!

Scene Three -Gargery House *PIP runs from the cemetery and bursts into Gargery House. JOE Gargery is seated at the table, and looks relieved when PIP enters. JOE is a simple, humble, and good man. Although he is of the lower class and would be considered by society as unschooled and boorish, he possesses a quiet dignity. Pirrip and DICKENS also enter the room where they watch, unobserved.*

JOE: Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times looking for you, Pip. She's got the rod with her.

PIP: Has she been gone long, Joe?

JOE: I hear her coming, Pip. Get behind the door, old chap

(Enter MRS. JOE who pulls PIP from out behind the door and throws him at JOE. JOE puts PIP in the fireplace and places a leg between the child and MRS. JOE.)

MRS. JOE: Tell me what you have been doing to wear me away with fret and fright and worrit.

PIP: *(terrified and crying)* I have only been to the graveyard

MRS. JOE: If it warn't for me you'd have been to the graveyard long ago and stayed there. Who brought you up by hand?

PIP: You did.

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

PIP: *(whimpering)* I don't know.

MRS. JOE: I'd never do it again! I may truly say I've never had this apron of mine off since the day you were born. It's bad enough to be a blacksmith's wife, and him a Gargery, without being your mother.

PIP: I was only visiting the graves . . .

MRS. JOE: Hah! You'll drive me to an early grave betwixt the two of you. And oh, what a precious pair you'd be without me.

(MRS. JOE takes from the cupboard a formidable, black bottle and, grasping a shock of PIP's hair, drags him from the fireplace.)

You come along and be dosed.

(PIP appeals to JOE, as Mrs. JOE gets PIP's head in a head lock and administers an enormous spoonful of tar-water.)

PIP: Joe!

JOE: I don't know as he has to be dosed today.

MRS. JOE: Who knows best, you? You who hasn't been inside a school since the day he was born? Now it's your turn

(JOE tries to resist, but it is no use as she gets his head in a head lock and pours a spoonful down his throat)

If it weren't for me you'd both be alongside the others in the Churchyard. What a trial you've been to me.

(A canon fires in the distance)

JOE: There's another convict off.

PIP: What do you mean, off?

MRS. JOE: Escaped!

JOE: It's a warning he's about.

PIP: Who's firing?

MRS. JOE: Drat that boy, what a questioner he is.

PIP: Yes, but where is the firing coming from?

MRS. JOE: That's the way with this boy! Answer him one question, and he asks you a dozen more.

JOE: It's the prison ships.

PIP: I wonder who's put into prison ships, and why they're put there?

MRS. JOE: Young man, I didn't bring you up by hand to badger people's lives out. It would be blame to me if I did.

JOE: *(whispering)* I'll tell you later, old chap.

MRS. JOE: *(In a reverie)* They were singing carols in town today. Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife, and a slave with her apron never off, I should have been able to go into town to hear them.

(Back to reality)

I've such an ache in the head. It's all I can do to lie down and endure it. Pip has shattered my nerves disappearing like that. There'll be no supper for either of you.

(MRS. JOE exits.)

JOE: *(after an uncomfortable pause)* Whatever family opinions, or whatever the world's opinions, your sister is a fine figure of a woman.

PIP: *(Disbelieving)* I'm glad you think so.

JOE: A little redness. A little matter of bone here or there, what does it signify to me, a blacksmith?

PIP: Haven't you ever wondered, Joe, what it would be like if things had turned out differently?

JOE: What do you mean?

PIP: What if we had been rich? Do you ever wonder what it would be like?

JOE: Pip old chap, I've discovered it best to be satisfied with what you have.

PIP: But don't you ever imagine having something better?

JOE: Lookee here, Pip. Here's my forge and there's my fire. What else would someone such as myself need to make him happy?

MUSICAL #3 -- I'D BE HAPPY THEN

(As they sing, PIP stuffs bread, cheese, a bottle of wine, and a file into his shirt. When song finishes, PIP moves toward the door.)

PIP:

CAN YOU IMAGINE?
WHAT IT WOULD FEEL LIKE TO NEVER BE COLD?
NEVER BE HUNGRY?
NEVER A SHORTAGE OF SILVER OR GOLD?

RIDING HORSES, PLAYING CROQUET,
CLUBS FOR GENTLEMEN.
IF MY EARNINGS MADE FOR YEARNINGS,
I'D BE HAPPY THEN!

JACKETS OF SATIN,
SEATS AT THE OP'RA,
FINE WINES FROM BORDEAUX.
LADIES WILL EYE US,
VIE FOR OUR FAVOR,
THEIR FACES AGLOW!

JOE:

'FORE YOU SET YOUR MIND TO IT,
BE WARY OF EXTREMES.
MONEY COMES WITH QUITE A PRICE
IT'S NEVER WHAT IT SEEMS.

FATHER WAS A SIMPLE MAN.
NEVER HEARD HIM SAY MUCH.
OH, WHAT A HAPPY MAN WAS HE.
FATHER HAD A HUNDRED FRIENDS.
SAID THEY WERE HIS RICHES.
OH, WHAT A HAPPY MAN WAS HE.

PIP:

TAILORS WILL SCRAMBLE.
FOUR FAWNING MERCHANTS WILL ALWAYS BE NEAR.
CRUMPETS WITH ADM'RALS,
DANCES WITH DEBUTANTES, COATS OF CASHMERE.

JOE:

FATHER WAS A SIMPLE MAN.
NEVER HEARD HIM SAY MUCH.
OH, WHAT A HAPPY MAN WAS HE.

PIP:

SEE THIS EM'RALD? IT'S FROM MADRID.
SO'S THIS DI'MOND RING. HERE'S AN INVITATION TO DINE.
LOOK, IT'S FROM THE KING!

JOE:

FATHER HAD A HUNDRED FRIENDS!
SAID THEY WERE HIS RICHES.
OH, WHAT A HAPPY MAN WAS HE!

PIP:

CAN YOU IMAGINE?
WHAT IT WOULD FEEL LIKE
TO NEVER BE COLD?
NEVER BE HUNGRY?
NEVER A SHORTAGE OF
SILVER OR GOLD?

RIDING HORSES, PLAYING CROQUET,
CLUBS FOR GENTLEMEN.
IF MY EARNINGS MADE FOR YEARNINGS,

FIN'LY I'D BE
HAP-
PY
THEN!

JOE:

WHAT A HAPPY
MAN WAS
HE!

JOE: You're not going to go out again, are you, Pip?

PIP: There's something I have to do.

JOE: I wouldn't advise it, old chap, what with Mrs. Joe still on the lookout.

PIP: Why is she so angry?

JOE: You see, Pip, your sister is given to government.

PIP: Government?

JOE: Which, I mean to say, the government of you and myself. Defy her now, even the king couldn't save you from the rod.

PIP: I won't be long.

JOE: I'll do what I can, Pip.

PIP: Thanks, Joe.

JOE: Ever the best of friends, ain't us, Pip, old chap?

(PIP exits.)

Scene Four: Graveyard *Pirrip once again escorts DICKENS to the Graveyard where MAGWITCH, cold and suffering, is waiting for PIP's return.*

DICKENS: Don't tell me you returned to the cemetery?

PIRRIP: Of course I returned. I was terrified he'd come for me and I was rather fond of the idea of keeping my liver where it was.

DICKENS: He didn't kill you, obviously.

PIRRIP: I didn't know what he would do. But if I didn't go, I felt certain he'd come to the house and then Joe and my sister might be harmed. So, legs trembling with every step, I forced myself back. I found him where I left him, hugging himself and limping to and fro, waiting for me. He was awfully cold, to be sure. I half expected to see him drop down before my face and die of deadly cold. His eyes looked so awfully hungry, too, that when I handed him the file and he laid it down on the grass, it occurred to me he would have tried to eat it, if he had not seen my bundle.

MAGWITCH: What's in the bottle, boy?

PIP: Brandy.

(MAGWITCH uncorks the bottle and wolfs down the food and drink. He eats like a dog, taking sharp, sudden bites. Indeed there is something wild about both his speech and actions.)

PIP: I think you have got the flu.

MAGWITCH: I'm much of your opinion, boy.

PIP: You've been lying out on the marsh, It's dreadful for the flu. Rheumatic too.

(MAGWITCH does not answer).

I'm glad you enjoy the food.

MAGWITCH: Did you speak?

PIP: I said I was glad you enjoyed the food.

MAGWITCH: Thankee, my boy. I do.

PIP: I brought you food and drink and the file like you requested.

(no answer)

And so . . . there's not much left for me to do . . . and so . . . I'll be taking my leave now . . . if there isn't anything else. . . .

(MAGWITCH, still eating, grabs the file and begins working on his manacles. He looks up at PIP, as the boy is backing away.)

MAGWITCH: Thankee, dear boy.

(PIP runs off stage. DICKENS and Pirrip leave the scene and walk towards Satis House as they talk. Satis house is an old mansion in disrepair, as mysterious and eerie as it is imposing)

Scene Five: Satis House

DICKENS: He didn't ask for more? More food? Shelter?

PIRRIP: He was recaptured the next morning. Turns out he had been running from the law since he was young.

I always wondered if he held me responsible for his capture if he wouldn't suddenly appear at my bedside, knife in hand, ready to tear out my liver and eat it before my very eyes.

DICKENS: Was he executed?

PIRRIP: I discovered later he had been exiled to Australia which was just far enough away for me to feel secure about my liver remaining inside me.

(A nervous YOUNG PIP, now 14, knocks on the door. It is eventually answered by YOUNG ESTELLA, 14, who even at this young age is regal, proud, cold, and beautiful.)

A year passed. Perhaps two. And then one day I received a peculiar message. A wealthy, eccentric spinster, Miss Havisham, had requested that I visit at her mansion and provide company for her daughter, Estella. The moment I first saw Estella, I was lost. She was beautiful and distant and everything about her said, Here is a person of high breeding. An unfortunate choice for a first love any love for that matter. She looked upon me with disgust. She saw me as immature, which I was; poor, which I was; unschooled, which I was; and awkward, which especially when around her I was.

(Without saying a word, ESTELLA directs PIP to follow her. She leads him into a large, bizarre room where MISS HAVISHAM sits in a tall-back chair with her back to the audience. The room is covered with dust and mold. It is faintly lit by a few candles. The clocks are stopped at twenty minutes to nine. Several half-packed trunks litter the floor. In a prominent position is a large table covered with a once beautiful tablecloth. A large, decayed, yellow centerpiece which at one time was a wedding cake sits in the middle of the table. It is covered with cobwebs.)

HAVISHAM: Who is it?

PIP: Pip, Ma'am.

HAVISHAM: Pip?

PIP: I've come to play.

HAVISHAM: Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.

(PIP does come close, but as MISS HAVISHAM turns around, he is taken back by her appearance. MISS HAVISHAM (50+ years old) is dressed in a rich wedding dress. Once white, it is now yellowed with age. It fits her poorly, giving the impression of a once youthful body. She wears a veil, a necklace lies around her neck. She has but one shoe on. The stocking on her other foot is torn and tattered. A few faded flowers still hang in her white hair. As PIP backs away, she rises and walks toward him, slowly backing him into the table.)

HAVISHAM: Look at me. Are you afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?

PIP: *(Terrified)* No.

HAVISHAM: *(She holds her hands over her heart)* Do you know what I touch here?

PIP: Your heart?

HAVISHAM: Broken!

PIP: Yes, Ma'am.

HAVISHAM: *(She has backed him into the table now. She caresses the top of the table)* Do you know what this is?

PIP: A table, Ma'am?

HAVISHAM: This is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here.

PIP: Yes, Ma'am.

HAVISHAM: *(Pointing at the cake)* What do you think that is?

PIP: I can't guess.

HAVISHAM: It's a great cake. A wedding-cake. Mine!

(PIP moves away from the table, terrified.)

Sometimes I have sick fancies and I have one now. I want to see some play.

PIP: Play?

HAVISHAM: You have met Estella? Play with her.

(But PIP is too stunned to do anything but stand in a stupor.)

HAVISHAM: Are you sullen and obstinate?

PIP: It's just that everything is so new and strange . . .

HAVISHAM: So new to him, so old to me. So strange to him, so familiar to me. Estella, let me see you play cards with this boy.

ESTELLA: He is a laboring-boy!

HAVISHAM: Well, you can break his heart.

ESTELLA: What course hands he has! And what thick boots!

(ESTELLA finds a deck of cards and sits on the floor to play).

Well, if we must play . . . can you play cards?

(PIP, helpless, shrugs that he does. She leads him to the floor. As they play, ESTELLA laughs at him when she takes his cards. She scorns him when he leads a poor card, which is almost every hand, and repulses him when he tries to befriend her).

MUSICAL #4: YOU MUST BREAK HIS HEART

HAVISHAM:

WELL, BOY WHAT DO YOU THINK OF HER?

PIP: I don't like to say.

HAVISHAM:

TELL ME IN MY EAR.

PIP: I think she is very proud.

HAVISHAM:

ANYTHING ELSE?

PIP: I think she is very pretty.

HAVISHAM:

ANYTHING ELSE?

PIP: *(Reacting to ESTELLA who is looking at him with a look of supreme aversion)* I think I should like to go home!

HAVISHAM: And never see her again?

(PIP nods.)

DO YOU THINK SHE'S PRETTY?

(PIP nods again, and pulls back into a corner, alone and aloof, with a book. MISS HAVISHAM turns her smiling attention to ESTELLA.)

HAVISHAM:

WHEN YOU PLAY AT CARDS, YOU PLAY TO WIN.
MEN ARE JUST LIKE CARDS SO DON'T GIVE IN.
EV'RY HAND YOU TAKE
SHOULD ONLY MAKE HIM LOVE YOUR ART!
EACH CARD YOU PLAY
CAN ONLY HELP YOU SLAY HIM,

BETRAY HIM AND BREAK HIS HEART.

(Alone)

LONG AGO THERE WAS A MAN WHO LEFT ME HERE!
A SMILING, CHARLATAN, SO INSINCERE!
AND EV'RY PROMISE THAT HE MADE
WAS BROKEN, NOW, I'M COLD.
BUT I'LL NOT BE REPAID
'TIL EV-'RY BROKEN WORD SPOKEN'S
REPAID IN GOLD.

LOVE ISN'T WORTH THE TIME;
ISN'T WORTH THE WAIT.
WAITING IS SUCH A LONG WAY FROM THE START!
LEAD HIM ON BUT THEN
YOU MUST BREAK HIS HEART.

(To ESTELLA)

LOVE ISN'T WORTH THE TIME;
ISN'T WORTH THE WAIT.
WAITING IS SUCH A LONG WAY FROM THE START!
LEAD HIM ON BUT THEN
YOU MUST BREAK HIS HEART.

Estella. Feed him something and show him out.

(ESTELLA escorts PIP out of the room.)

PIP: Do you live here alone?

ESTELLA: If mother tells me to talk, I will. If she tells me to play, I will even do that.

PIP: But I shouldn't expect either unless you are told to do so?

ESTELLA: Why should I?

PIP: You might find it enjoyable.

ESTELLA: Enjoyable? To be with you? A boy?

PIP: It might not be so bad. Who knows, you might even learn to like me a little.

ESTELLA: *(Letting down her guard momentarily)* You don't understand. I can't.

PIP: Of course you can. It's easy.

ESTELLA: Not for me. You don't understand.

MUSICAL #5 -- JUST A BOY!

ESTELLA:

IF
MY LIFE WAS MINE
I WOULD COMBINE
THE FREEDOM AND THE FEELING!
IF
LIFE WEREN'T A GAME
I'D FEEL THE SAME ABOUT YOU.
PROB'LY COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!
AND I'D AIM TO PLEASE YOU
AND TO TEASE YOU.
FIND SOME WAY TO APPEASE YOU.
CURE EV'RY SAD DISEASE
YOU'D EVER CATCH. AND BY DEGREES YOU

WOULD LOSE THE QUALITIES I ENJOY!
AFTER ALL YOU'RE JUST A BOY!

I'D LOVE TO BE THE WILD ONE.
BUT I WAS RAISED A MILD ONE.
I'D LOVE TO KNOW THE HIGH ROAD AND THE LOW.

BUT I AM BORN TO LIVING
WITHOUT THE THOUGHT OF GIVING.
I WISH MY DAYS WERE SPENT IN IDLE WAYS!

BUT YOU'RE JUST A BOY! SO YOU'LL NEVER LEARN
THAT THOUGHTS THAT BURN ARE HARDEST TO DESTROY!

ESTELLA: Mother asked that I get you something to eat. Do you like custard?

(PIP does not answer. Taking his silence as consent, she leaves. PIP hardly has time to recoup when YOUNG HERBERT (13-14) enters dressed in a grey suit, spies him, and approaches.)

HERBERT: Who are you?

PIP: I came at the request of Miss Havisham.

HERBERT: Did you know that she's as rich as Midas?

PIP: I suppose I did.

HERBERT: The only reason people hang around here is in the hopes that when she dies, she'll leave them money.

PIP: I don't suppose I knew that.

HERBERT: Did Miss Estella let you in?

PIP: *(He nods)* My first visit.

HERBERT: There isn't much point in your taking a fancy to her.

PIP: I didn't say I had.

HERBERT: Miss Havisham is bringing her up to marry a gentleman.

PIP: I didn't say I had.

HERBERT: Of course, it is understood Estella will break your heart.

PIP: I didn't say I had taken a fancy to her.

HERBERT: Everyone takes a fancy to Estella. Estella is meant for money, that's what my father says. "Now don't go setting your heart on her," he says to me. "That's the kind of girl who can only be satisfied with milk baths and emerald dresses."

PIP: That seems rather unfair.

HERBERT: Come and fight.

PIP: What?

HERBERT: I ought to give you a reason for fighting . . .

(He claps his hands, daintily flings one of his legs up behind him, pulls PIP's hair, claps his hands again, dips his head, and then butts it into PIP's stomach.)

That will do, I think. There's your reason.

(HERBERT dodges side to side and front to back. Indeed, he appears to be formidable and dexterous and PIP is secretly thinking his chances of surviving this fight will not be very good.)

ESTELLA watches unnoticed from above.)

Are you satisfied with the ground?

PIP: Yes.

HERBERT: Do the laws of the game meet with your approval?

PIP: Laws?

HERBERT: *(Pulling out a bottle of water and a sponge)* Water and a sponge dipped in vinegar. Available for both.

(During the following dialogue, HERBERT removes his jacket, waistcoat, and shirt. He appears bloodthirsty and ready for violence)

You do love her, don't you?

PIP: No.

HERBERT: Yes you do, I can see it plainly.

PIP: No.

HERBERT: You keep looking at the window, hoping to catch a glance at her.

PIP: No I don't

HERBERT: Yes you do, and you also know it's hopeless to love her on account of you're not being a gentleman.

PIP: Why should that matter?

(At last, he comes in for the "kill." PIP, certain that he is about to breathe his last, puts up his fists and launches a desperation shot which, miraculously connects to HERBERT's chin knocking him on his back and leaving him with a bloody nose. This does not slow him down, however, and soon he is back on his feet, sponging himself and then resuming his dodging and sparring again.)

HERBERT: I've told you why it should matter but you won't hear it. You hope Estella will make an exception in your case. You believe that love will win over breeding.

(The second time, he comes at PIP with an air of really doing him some harm. But, again miraculously, PIP connects for a second time, knocking him to the ground. He jumps up as sprightly as he did the first time.)

But, you are foolish and therefore you must have your heart broke. And Estella will break it, have no doubt of that. She will break it.

(On the third knockdown, HERBERT hits his head against the wall and all but knocks himself out. He stands, turns around confusedly a few times, trying to get his bearings, but it is too much to ask and he falls to the ground.)

HERBERT: That means you've won.

PIP: Can I help you?

HERBERT: No, thankee.

PIP: Are you sure you're ok?

HERBERT: *(rising to his feet and bowing politely)* Yes, thankee. Good afternoon

(He stumbles away. Alone at last, PIP begins to feel the weight of the day he sits, buries his head in his hands and begins to cry. He looks up and sees ESTELLA gloating.)

MUSICAL #6 I'LL FIND A WAY

PIP:

PIP, YOU'VE GONE AND DONE IT!
SUCH A SIMPLETON!
IT'S CLEAR SHE WAS GLAD TO SEE YOU CRY.

AND MISS HAVISHAM'S A STONE.
BUT I'M SAD SHE'S ALL ALONE.
AND ESTELLA I COULD DIE FOR!

AM I JUST IN LOVE?
COULD IT BE YOU?
IF IT'S REALLY LOVE
THEN SHE IS MY FUTURE!
THOUGH I HAVE THE FEELING
THAT SHE DOESN'T CARE;
SHE WAS JUST CONCEALING
ALL HER LOVE BEHIND THE HEARTACHE AND DESPAIR!
I'LL FIND A WAY.
NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES ME THROUGH!
I'LL FIND A WAY.
EACH ROAD I TAKE LEADS BACK TO YOU SOMEDAY!
I'LL FIND A WAY!
I'LL FIND A WAY!

IS THIS REALLY LOVE?
COULD IT BE YOU?
IF IT'S REALLY LOVE
YOU MUST BE MY FUTURE!
THOUGH I HEAR YOU SAYING
THAT YOU NEVER CARE;
IN MY HEART I'M PRAYING
IN THE END IT'S WORTH THE HEARTACHE AND DESPAIR!
I'LL FIND A WAY.
NO MATTER WHAT IT TAKES ME THROUGH!
I'LL FIND A WAY.
EACH ROAD I TAKE LEADS BACK TO YOU SOMEDAY!
I'LL FIND A WAY!
I'LL FIND A WAY!

(As he sings, lights come up on MISS HAVISHAM, and ESTELLA, as each weaves her melody with PIP's.)

MUSICAL #7: TRIO

PIP:

AND ESTELLA I COULD DIE FOR!

ESTELLA:

YES, MY MOTHER IS A STONE.
AND I'M SAD SHE'S ALL ALONE.
BUT I'M NOT SOMEONE TO DIE FOR.
BOY, YOU'RE JUST A BOY!
YOU'RE JUST A TOY!
NO INTEREST TO ME IS A BOY!

MISS H:

TELL ME IN MY EAR...

WHEN YOU PLAY AT CARDS

IS THIS REALLY LOVE?
THOUGH I HEAR HER
SAYING
SHE WILL NEVER CARE.
IN MY HEART I'M
PRAYING IN THE
END IT'S WORTH THE
HEARTACHE AND
DESPAIR!
I'LL FIND A
WAY
NO MATTER
WHAT IT TAKES ME
THROUGH! I'LL FIND A
WAY.
EACH ROAD I
TAKE LEADS BACK TO
YOU SOMEDAY! I'LL
FIND A WAY!
I'LL FIND A
WAY!

I'LL FIND A
WAY
NO MATTER
WHAT IT TAKES ME
THROUGH! I'LL FIND A
WAY!
EACH ROAD I
TAKE LEADS BACK TO
YOU SOMEDAY! I'LL
FIND A WAY TO
YOU SOME DAY! I'LL
FIND A
WAY!

EV'RY
PROMISE THAT IS
MADE IS BROKEN

IT IS
SOMETHING
TO DE-
STROY! IF
YOU DO NOT BE-
LIEVE ME.

YOU'LL
FIND YOU WON'T DE-
CEIVE ME.

IF MY LIFE WAS
MINE I WOULD COM-
BINE THE FREEDOM
AND THE FEELING!
IF LIFE WEREN'T A
GAME, I'D FEEL THE
SAME ABOUT YOU, PROB'LY
COULDN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!
JUST ANNOT THE
BOY! DO
NOT DE-
CEIVE ME!
JUST
KNOW YOU
MUST BE-
LIEVE ME
THAT EV'RY
BOY
IS
SOMETHING
TO DE-
STROY!

YOU PLAY TO WIN!

LOVE
ISN'T WORTH THE
TIME.
ISN'T WORTH THE
WAIT!
WAITING'S SUCH A
LONG WAY
FROM THE
START! LEAD HIM
ON BUT
THEN: YOU MUST BREAK
HIS HEART!
WHEN YOU PLAY AT CARDS
YOU PLAY TO
WIN!

MEN ARE JUST LIKE CARDS
SO, DON'T GIVE
IN!

LOVE
ISN'T WORTH THE
TIME;
ISN'T WORTH THE
WAIT!
WAITING'S SUCH A
LONG WAY
FROM THE
START! LEAD HIM
ON BUT
THEN
YOU MUST BREAK HIS
HEART!

(As the song ends, PIP wanders away, head down, as the females smile.)

Scene Six: Joe Gargery's Forge -- *PIRRIP and DICKENS walk from Satis House to Gargery's forge. As PIRRIP narrates this story, lights slowly come up to reveal JOE and PIP at work. PIP, dressed now as a blacksmith's apprentice, is pulling at the bellows, JOE is fashioning a shoe for a horse.*

PIRRIP: Even though Miss Havisham taunted me and caused me to feel low, I always believed she had a liking

for me. I continued to visit and play with Estella regularly. Always at the end of each visit, Miss Havisham invited me back. Always to play with Estella. Always to leave feeling low and common.

DICKENS: May I ask why you kept going back?

PIP: Estella. I thought of her when the rain hit against the roof at night and while I was at the bellows during the day.

DICKENS: At the bellows?

PIP: Miss Havisham took an interest in me and paid for my apprenticeship to Joe. And so I became a blacksmith. The coming days found me dirty and sweaty and common and what haunted me ever was the thought that at any moment Estella might discover me there with my face and hands black with soot and grime. It's a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. And even more miserable that I felt ashamed of Joe. And I could hear Estella's laughter and I could see her golden hair fluttering in the wind and I could see her eyes scorning me for the common person I was. A blacksmith was Joe, and a blacksmith I was to become. . . . Then one day, a strange visitor appeared at the forge. He was a large man, with a commanding voice and he went by the name of . . .

(Enter MR. JAGGERS, a great lawyer, all business)

JAGGERS: Jaggers. Jacob Jaggers. I am looking for a Joseph Gargery.

JOE: Here is the man.

JAGGERS: And do you have an apprentice? Commonly known as Pip?

JOE: Here he is.

JAGGERS: I am a lawyer in London and I have an unusual business to transact with you. You see, Mr. Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of your apprentice. You would not object to waving his obligations to you if it were for his own good? And you would want nothing for doing so?

JOE: Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip's way.

JAGGERS: Very well, then it is my charge to inform this young fellow that he has Great Expectations.

JOE: Great Expectations! Did you hear that Pip, old chap?

JAGGERS: Fortune beyond your capacity to grasp, Mr. Pip. However, you are to understand, first, that it is the request of the person from whom I take my instructions, that you always bear the name of Pip. You have no objections?

PIP: No, sir.

JAGGERS: In addition, you are to understand that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor must remain a profound secret.

PIP: Am I never to know?

JAGGERS: You must never make a single inquiry as to who this person is. At a future time, your benefactor may choose to reveal the secret to you. But until that happens should you have even a suspicion in your own breast, I advise you not to share it with anyone else.

PIP: I understand.

JAGGERS: It is considered that you must be better educated, in accordance with your altered position.

PIP: I have always longed to be better educated, sir.

JAGGERS: Never mind what you have always longed for, Mr. Pip, Keep to the record. If you long for it now, that is enough. Am I correct in assuming you are ready to be placed at once under some proper tutor?

PIP: I would very much like that, sir.

JAGGERS: (To JOE) Well, Joseph Gargery? You look dumb foundered.

JOE: I am!

JAGGERS: It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself?

JOE: Pip is hearty welcome to go free with his services to honour and fortun'.

JAGGERS: Very well then, Mr. Pip. The sooner you leave here, the sooner you can start becoming a gentleman.

PIP: Leave?

JAGGERS: Did you think you could become a gentleman here?

PIP: I didn't think . . .

JAGGERS: No, you didn't think. But that is exactly what you must begin to do, Pip, because as of this day nothing in your life will ever be the same.

PIP: I'm ready, Mr. Jaggars. For everything.

JAGGERS: You think you're ready, do you?

PIP: I know I'm ready.

MUSICAL #8 GREAT EXPECTATIONS

JAGGERS:

A WORD OF WARNING
FOR YOUR ELATION:
A SHINING MORNING
OFTEN HIDES SOME NEW FRUSTRATION!
MAKE APPLICATION OF ALL THAT I SAY:
GREAT EXPECTATIONS, MY BOY, ARE ON THEIR WAY!

AS FOR YOUR LEARNING,
THIS OBLIGATION
CAN SET YOU YEARNING
FOR A LIFE WELL PAST YOUR STATION!
THE CELEBRATION OF WEALTH CHANGES EACH
WHOSE EXPECTATIONS EXCEED BEYOND THEIR REACH!

PIP:

I'VE GOT TO THINK, NOW;
THIS REVELATION;
I'M ON THE BRINK, NOW
TO UNLOCK IMAGINATION!
ANTICIPATION IS GETTING TO ME!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS, GOOD SIR, WILL BE THE KEY!

AN OPEN DOOR, NOW.
SUCH FASCINATION!
THERE'S SO MUCH MORE NOW
TO BE GAINED BY EDUCATION!

JAGGERS:

BUT MODERATION SHOULD TEMPER THE WAY!

PIP:

GREAT EXPECTATIONS WILL COME TO YOU TODAY!

JOE:

I MEAN TO SAY, OL' PIP, DEAR BOY, YOU'LL MAKE US ALL PROUD!

PIP:

I HOPE I CAN LIVE UP TO YOUR ESTEEM!

JAGGERS:

REMEMBER MONEY'S NOT A TOY FOR PLEASING A CROWD!

ALL THREE:

AND IT'S NOT A DREAM!

PIP:

OH, AIN'T IT GRAND AND GLORIOUS
HAVIN' MONEY?
I'M IN FOR ONE UPROARIOUS TIME!
IT'S A FUNNY SOCIAL CLIMB!
I SEE HOW
NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE NOW!

JAGGERS:

IT'S TIME TO SHOULDER
YOUR ASPIRATION.
A TITLE-HOLDER NOW,
THERE'LL BE A TRANSFORMATION.
AND IN A NATION WHERE MONEY IS KING
GREAT EXPECTATIONS COULD BE THE GREATEST THING!

JAGGERS & JOE:

IT'S TIME TO
SHOULDER
YOUR ASPI-
RATION.
A TITLE-
HOLDER NOW, THERE'LL
BE A TRANSFOR-
MATION.
AND IN A
NATION WHERE
MONEY IS
KING
GREAT EXPEC-
TATIONS COULD
BE THE
GREATEST THING!

PIP:

BUT AIN'T IT
GRAND AND GLORIOUS
HAVIN'
MONEY!
I'M IN FOR
ONE UPROARIOUS
TIME!

IT'S A
FUNNY
SOCIAL
CLIMB! I
SEE HOW
NOTHING IS IM-
POSSIBLE NOW!

(The actions changes to the town as the Blacksmith shop moves off. People bustle about, shopping, hawking, gawking and gossiping — maybe even a DANCE!)

TOWN 1:

HAVE YOU HEARD THE NEWS!

TOWN 2:

BETTER HURRY!

TOWN 1:

HE BETTER NOT REFUSE!

TOWN 3:

WHAT'S THE WORRY?

TOWN 1:

YOUNG PIP, THE BLACKSMITH'S BOY IS NOW A GENT!

TOWN 4:

DON'T SAY!?

TOWN 2 & 3:

JUST LIKE FATE TO MAKE US WAIT

TOWN 1, 2 & 3:

WHILE LIFE'S JUST GIVEN TO THAT BRAT ON A PLATE!

(PHILLIP, JOE & JAGGERS enter and suddenly the TOWNSPEOPLE change their attitude)

ALL:

A LOVELY DAY, HERE,
FOR CELEBRATIONS!
WE'D LIKE TO SAY, "DEAR
PIP, OUR WARM CONGRATULATIONS!"
OUR SALUTATIONS GO WITH YOU TODAY!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS, DEAR BOY,
ARE HERE TODAY!

PIP:

A LOVELY DAY, HERE,
FOR CELEBRATIONS!
I'D LIKE TO THANK YOU
FOR YOUR WARM CONGRATULATIONS!
YOUR SALUTATIONS ME SO MUCH TODAY!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS, I KNOW,
ARE HERE TODAY!

TOWNSPEOPLE:

QUITE THE GRANDEST
NEWS? SUCH A HURRY! MOST
UNEXPECTED
NEWS! NOT A WORRY! YOUNG
PIP, THE BLACKSMITH'S
BOY IS NOW A
GENT! DON'T
SAY!
GLORY
RASING!
MOST A-
MAZING
DAY!
SAY...
PIP, YOU PUP, YOU
DON'T HAVE TO STAY!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS,
YOU SAY,
TIME FOR PRAISING DAY!

(Spoken) Pip's Gone!

JAGGERS & JOE:

A LOVELY
DAY, HERE,
FOR CELE-
BRATIONS!
WE'D LIKE TO
SAY, "DEAR PIP, OUR
WARM CONGRATU-
LATIONS!"
OUR SALU-
TATIONS GO
WITH YOU TO-
DAY!
GREAT EXPEC-
TATIONS, DEAR
BOY,
ARE
HERE TODAY!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS,
DEAR BOY,
ARE HERE TODAY!

PIP:

BUT AINT IT
GRAND AND GLORIOUS
HAVIN'
MONEY!
I'M IN FOR
ONE UPROARIOUS
TIME!

IT'S A
FUNNY
SOCIAL
CLIMB! I
SEE HOW
NOTHING
IS IM-
POSSIBLE NOW!
GREAT EXPECTATIONS,
I KNOW,
ARE HER TODAY!

Scene Seven: LONDON - *As Pirrip walks with DICKENS, the stage is transformed into London of 1814. As Pirrip's monologue ends, we see 21 year old PHILLIP waiting expectantly. Finally, a 21-year-old ESTELLA, enters. She is breathtakingly beautiful and has an appearance that represents the flower of what before was only in the bud. PHILLIP, as nervous as a schoolboy, greets her.*

PIRRIP: And so, to London I went to become a gentleman. And although I was never to inquire as to who my benefactor was, everywhere I went, I felt the hand of Miss Havisham guiding me. Mr. Jaggers, who had given me the news of my great expectations, was Miss Havisham's attorney. The tutor he recommended was Miss Havisham's nephew. And every once in a while some one or other would tell me Miss Havisham had inquired of my progress. I entered a time of life filled with possibilities and surprises. When I first went to my tutor's home, for example, there, sitting on the sofa as calm as you please was the pale young gentleman who had earlier challenged me to fight. Herbert was my tutor's son. In spite of our prior conflict, we became friends and even decided to room together. And so we took up an apartment in London and while I studied to become a gentleman, Herbert began looking for a suitable career. It was a happy time. My only source of worry was Estella.

DICKENS: Did you know Estella in Latin means star?

PIRRIP: Fitting. She was cold and distant and she sparkled like a diamond. And the more she grew into a woman, the more beautiful she became. The more beautiful she became, the more I loved her. And not a night passed that I didn't stare at the sky yearning to see her. One day I received a letter informing me of Miss Havisham's desire that Estella come to London for a time and that I show her the city. At last, it began to fit together. Miss Havisham did intend Estella for me. For all Miss Havisham's bitterness and anger, in the end she intended for me . . . for Estella to be happy. With that letter in hand, I stood the happiest, most euphoric and nervous creature on God's earth. At last, my dreams were to be realized!

PHILLIP: Estella!

ESTELLA: (She recognizes him) Have you been here long, Pip?

PHILLIP: Three hours.

ESTELLA: Didn't the letter state I would be in on the 2:00 coach?

PHILLIP: I wanted to make sure in case you took the 12:00.

ESTELLA: It is Miss Havisham's wish you show me London. We have no choice, you and I, but to obey our instructions.

PHILLIP: It will be my greatest pleasure.

ESTELLA: I hardly think it will be mine. After Paris and Vienna...

PHILLIP: London has its own charm, Estella.

MUSICAL #9 IT'S LONDON TOWN

PIP:

JUST LOOK AROUND YOU,
THE STREETS OF LONDON
ARE FILLED WITH LIFE, AND BREATH AND DRAMA.
ENGLAND'S SWEEPING PANORAMA CHILLS THE AIR!
CAN YOU FEEL IT?
THE EXPECTATION?

AS THOUGH IT'S WAITING THERE
TO TAKE YOU ON A RIDE IF YOU DARE!

LOOK AT THIS BUILDING,
IT'S SOLID GRANITE!
A THOUSAND YEARS WILL PASS AND MEANWHILE
THESE STONES WILL BEAR THIS DOMICILE WITH FLAIR!
CAN YOU FEEL IT?
A SURE FOUNDATION
MAY NOT SEEM DEBONAIR,
BUT ALWAYS, AT YOUR SIDE, IT IS THERE!

ESTELLA:

HOW CAN THIS CITY COMPARE
WITH PARIS LIGHTS AND PARIS AIR?
OP'RAS AND MUSEUMS AND FOOD,
NEXT TO IT YOUR LONDON SEEMS SO CRUDE!
NO GLAMOUR!

ROME AT NIGHT OFFERS A VIEW
OF COLONNADES AND ANCIENT ART!
LONDON NEXT TO THEM'S A SEWER.
AND THERE'S FEWER PLACES TO LOOK SMART!
AND BE A PART OF ALL I CLAMOR FOR!

PIP:

JUST LOOK AROUND YOU,
THE STREETS OF LONDON
MAY NOT BE FANCY, PRIM OR PROPER;
STILL THERE'S RICHNESS IN THIS PAUPER'S RAGGED GOWN!
IF YOU'LL SEE IT!
AND IF YOU'LL GIVE IT A CHANCE!
YOU'LL FIND THAT LONDON TOWN
WILL NEVER GET YOU DOWN.
IT MAKES A FROWN
LAUGH LIKE A CLOWN!
IT'S LONDON TOWN!
THIS ORDINARY LONDON TOWN
IS EV'RYBODY'S LONDON TOWN!
AND LONDON TOWN
WILL NEVER LET YOU DOWN!

CROWD: *(two individuals)*

JUST LOOK AROUND YOU,
THE STREETS OF LONDON
ARE FILLED WITH LIFE, AND BREATH AND DRAMA.
ENGLAND'S SWEEPING PANORAMA CHILLS THE AIR!

PIP:

CAN'T YOU FEEL IT?
THE EXPECTATION?
RIGHT NOW, IT'S WAITING THERE
TO TAKE YOU ON A RIDE IF YOU DARE!
JUST HOW CAN PARIS COMPARE!

CROWD: *(all together)*

SO, LOOK AROUND YOU,
THE STREETS OF LONDON
MAY NOT BE FANCY, PRIM OR PROPER;
STILL THERE'S RICHNESS IN THIS PAUPER'S PATCHWORK GOWN!
YOU CAN SEE IT!
AND WHEN YOU'LL GIVE IT A CHANCE!
YOU'LL FIND THAT LONDON TOWN
WILL NEVER GET YOU DOWN.
IT MAKES A FROWN
LAUGH LIKE A CLOWN!
IT'S LONDON TOWN!
THIS ORDINARY LONDON TOWN
IS EV'RYBODY'S LONDON TOWN!
AND LONDON TOWN
WILL NEVER LET YOU DOWN!
LONDON TOWN!
LONDON TOWN!!

PHILLIP: This is where you are staying?

ESTELLA: Yes, thank you. The Brandley estate. Miss Havisham says she will introduce me to people of influence. Well,

(She extends her hand to PHILLIP.)

...thank you for showing me London.

PHILLIP: *(Kissing her hand)* My pleasure.

ESTELLA: *(Laughs)* You ridiculous boy. Will you never take warning?

PHILLIP: Of what?

ESTELLA: Of me.

PHILLIP: But I thought . . .

ESTELLA: If you suppose that I could ever have tender feelings towards you, or anyone else for that matter, you are wrong.

PHILLIP: Surely, you understand why Miss Havisham raised you to be so . . .

ESTELLA: Cold? Unfeeling? Heartless? Are those the words you are searching for?

PHILLIP: Yes, if you must know.

ESTELLA: And do you suppose that if I ever did have tender feelings towards someone, they would be towards you . . . a blacksmith's apprentice?

PHILLIP: I didn't say . . .

ESTELLA: But you did say. And you have been saying it ever since the first day we met.

PHILLIP: When will you stop this?

ESTELLA: What?

PHILLIP: This act.

ESTELLA: I don't know what you are talking about.

PHILLIP: Can't you remember, Estella? The day we first met? You opened your heart to me then and I saw inside. You're not hard and unfeeling. Don't you remember?

ESTELLA: I don't know what you're talking about.

PHILLIP: You know you do. You know you're only playing a part, a part born from your mother's bitterness.

ESTELLA: You are insolent.

PHILLIP: And you are blind. Why do you allow your mother's unfortunate past to affect you so completely.

This is not you, Estella.

ESTELLA: You don't have the faintest idea who I am.

PHILLIP: I have seen you. Tender and frightened. And yes, loving. I have seen the real you, Estella.

ESTELLA: You have imagined only what you desperately want to imagine.

PHILLIP: But I am right about you, Estella. You mustn't let your mother's . . .

ESTELLA: The fact of the matter is that you are ridiculous to think that I could ever have the slightest romantic interest in you.

PHILLIP: You can't tell me you haven't thought of me, that you haven't felt anything.

ESTELLA: You are ridiculous, Pip. Let me explain this in words even you can understand, in spite of your expectations, we were born to different stations.

PHILLIP: You can't mean that.

ESTELLA: Beneath the clothes, all you are is a blacksmith.

PHILLIP: (He is deeply hurt) Forgive me.

ESTELLA: I'm telling you this out of kindness, Pip. It is better for you to know now rather than to hang on to hopeless notions.

PHILLIP: I am sure you are right, Estella.

ESTELLA: One day you will understand, Pip.

PHILLIP: I trust as you get to know it, you will find London more to your liking.

ESTELLA: Perhaps. Who can tell?

PHILLIP: Good day, Estella.

ESTELLA: Good day.

Scene Eight: Finches of the Grove -- *As Pirrip walks with DICKENS, lights fade on London, and up on the Finches of the Grove lobby. It is a lavish, Victorian room and the meeting place for the Finches of the Grove, a club for gentlemen. Several characters are there including PHILLIP and HERBERT who are sitting at a table. Mounds of papers are scattered over the table top.*

DICKENS: I never thought a mother's words could actually have that kind of influence. Is it possible? Can a child, a human being who craves warmth and who is desperate for love, be hardened and carved so completely into that rigid form?

PIRRIP: After that, perhaps for the first time, I admitted to myself it was hopeless. In spite of my fervent hopes, Estella never loved me. Never would. It was quite possible, after enduring Miss Havisham's tutoring, Estella was incapable of loving anyone at all. I made up my mind that Estella would never know how deeply she had broken my heart.

DICKENS: You must tell me what happened to Estella. Did she ever marry? Did she ever find love?

PIRRIP: I can't tell you that until I explain what happened next.

DICKENS: Of course, I understand. A storyteller must take his own time.

PIRRIP: My mysterious benefactor never failed me, and I always had more than I needed for comfort. But my companion, Herbert, was in a more desperate situation. As my hopes of winning Estella diminished, so did Herbert's hopes of finding a career. While I had grown fond of Herbert, I knew he was blessed neither with ability or drive and I wondered how he would ever find suitable employment. And so it was in the midst of this depression that Herbert and I fell into some rather bad habits. We began staying out late at night, spending more money than we had and not caring for the consequences. One evening, Herbert suggested we join a private club and so we became members of the Finches of the Grove, the object of which I have never divined unless it were that the members should dine lavishly once a fortnight, quarrel among themselves as much as possible after dinner, and cause six waiters to get drunk on the stairs.

PHILLIP: At first glance, I have to say, my dear Herbert, it appears we are getting on badly.

HERBERT: My dear Pip, by a strange coincidence, those very words were on my lips.

PHILLIP: If I might make an observation. I have noticed recently your looking forward to breakfast, lunch, and dinner with something more than an expression of mild interest.

HERBERT: And I have noticed you counting your coins over and over as though wondering if any had given birth during the last hour.

PHILLIP: My dear Herbert, I think the time has come for us to take a serious look into our affairs.

HERBERT: I believe you may be right.

PHILLIP: If my expectations were to dry up suddenly, what a mess I would be in.

HERBERT: But, my dear Pip, at least you have expectations. Unfortunately, I have none. I have been thinking of late that the only thing left for me is to buy a rifle and travel to America. Perhaps I could compel the buffaloes to make my fortune.

PHILLIP: You shall do no such thing. We shall enter the breach and face the future together. Brace yourself, Herbert. Accounting is not for cowards.

HERBERT: Have no fear, Pip. Lead on and I will follow.

MUSICAL #10: A SERIOUS LOOK

(HERBERT hangs back to get some liquid courage. PHILLIP eyes him, impatiently)

HERBERT:

AFTER JUST A SWALLOW, I'LL FOLLOW!

(Business)

ANOTHER SWALLOW!

(Business)

THERE! I'LL FOLLOW!

PHILLIP:

WE NEED PLENTY OF PAPER--

(Business)

HERBERT:

AND INK & PENS!

(Business)

PHILLIP:

AND NOW THE BILLS TO TOTAL UP!

(They produce scraps of paper from the pockets of their vests, coats and trousers, along with a billfold each, full of debts scrawled on little bits of paper. They lay them on the table, sigh and look at each other)

HERBERT:

IT'S QUITE A LOT!
IT CANNOT WAIT?!

PHILLIP:

HAVE YOU FORGOT?
WE MUST SUBSTANTIATE THE DEBT:
TUPPENCE, SHILLING, PENCE AND POUND.
EVERY FARTHING MUST BE LISTED IN THE BOOK!
LITTLE COLUMNS, TIDY ROWS...
EACH ONE SHOWING WHAT IT OWES!
FOR WE MUST TAKE A SERIOUS LOOK!

(Business)

AND ALL THE CLOTHING THAT WE BUY
ONLY SERVES TO MULTIPLY
EACH INDULGENCE WHERE WE FOOLISHLY PARTOOK!
WITH THE CREDIT COLUMN DOWN
EVERY DEBIT MAKES YOU FROWN
EACH TIME YOU TAKE A SERIOUS LOOK!

AND THERE'S THE BUTCHER AND THE BAKER AND THE COBBLER, TOO!

HERBERT:

EACH ADDED BILL'S ENOUGH TO CHOKE YOU!

PHILLIP:

WE OWE THE STABLE BOY, THE PAPER BOY, THE CHAMBER BOY!
WE EVEN OWE THE WAITER DOWN AT THE SAVOY!
AND WITH THE GROCER'S BILL EACH WEEK,
IT'S AN OPÉRA COMIQUE! *(French pronunciation)*

HERBERT:

WERE WE ACTORS ON A STAGE WE'D GET THE HOOK!

PHILLIP:

AS THESE FIGURES LOOK SO BLEAK...

HERBERT:

ALL THIS FIGURING IS GREEK!

BOTH:

BUT WE MUST TAKE A SERIOUS LOOK!

PHILLIP:

AND THERE'S THE LAUNDRY BILLS!

HERBERT:

THE LAUNDRY BILLS?

PHILLIP:

THE LAUNDRY BILLS!!!!
ENOUGH TO SET A PERSON SWEARING!

HERBERT: But...

PHILLIP:

WITH ALL THE TROUSERS AND THE WAISTCOATS
AND THE SHIRTS WITH FRILLS...

HERBERT:

EACH NEW AFFAIRE...*(needs the proper attire)*

PHILLIP:

BUT IT'S A LIST BEYOND COMPARE!

BOTH:

WE HAVE FOUND WHERE MONEY GOES!
OUT OUR EARS AND EYES AND TOES!
SO WE CAN'T FORGET THE TASK WE UNDERTOOK!
WE MUST CHOOSE FRUGALITY
IN THE FUTURE SO THAT WE
WON'T HAVE TO TAKE A SERIOUS LOOK AGAIN!

SO, WHEREVER MONEY FLIES
WE WILL JUST ECONOMIZE!
WE'LL LEARN TO TAKE A SERIOUS LOOK!

(BENTLEY DRUMMLE, a dense, idle, proud, and arrogant man who walks about as though the world has offended him becomes noticeable in the background. He has been drinking and it shows. During the preceding song, he approaches a MAN, speaks to him quietly. The MAN hands him money which Bentley pockets.)

BENTLEY: *(Raising his glass)* Gentlemen, I give you beautiful women. And I raise a glass to the most beautiful woman in London. To Estella!

ALL: To Estella!

PHILLIP: Who is that?

HERBERT: Bentley Drummle. Of the Somersetshire Drummles. His family is dripping with wealth. Never in six generations has a Drummle ever seen the necessity to take a "serious look."

PHILLIP: He said Estella. Who do you suppose he means by that?

HERBERT: There are bound to be Estellas by the hundreds in London.

PHILLIP: I don't know as I like him.

HERBERT: You don't want to quarrel with him, my dear Pip. He has a famous temper.

BENTLEY: *(Approaching HERBERT and PIP)* I've seen the two of you about lately. Are you new?

HERBERT: Just elected. The newest members of the Finches of the Grove.

BENTLEY: Just elected, are you? It appears you are in the midst of some serious financial reckoning.

HERBERT: Just putting things into line. Lining up the shillings to make room for the pounds.

BENTLEY: Lining up the shillings! Oh, Lord. Do you know how the two of you strike me? Counting shillings the way a starving man counts crumbs?

HERBERT: Actually we have more money than we know what to do with.

PHILLIP: I have an uncle who has made a fortune killing buffalo in America.

BENTLEY: Buffalo in America! I will tell you frankly that you seem to me the type who can never keep their money. Always too free with it. A baron one day, a beggar the next. Now tell me, isn't that the case?

PHILLIP: It seems to me your words come with a rather bad grace seeing as how you borrowed money from a gentleman not five minutes ago.

BENTLEY: Well, he'll be paid.

PHILLIP: I don't mean to imply that he won't, but it might make you hold your tongue about us and our money, I should think.

BENTLEY: You should think! Oh Lord!

PHILLIP: I dare say that you wouldn't lend money to any of us if we wanted it.

BENTLEY: I wouldn't lend anyone a sixpence.

PHILLIP: Rather mean to borrow under those circumstances, I should say.

BENTLEY: You should say! Oh Lord!

HERBERT: If you will excuse us, we were just on our way . . .

PHILLIP: I'll tell you what I was thinking as I watched you borrow that money.

BENTLEY: I don't want to know what you were thinking.

PHILLIP: I was thinking that you seemed amused that anyone could be so weak as to lend it to you.

BENTLEY: Lend it to me! Oh Lord!

PHILLIP: And one other thing. Who were you speaking of when you toasted a woman by the name of Estella.

BENTLEY: What does it matter to you?

PIP: Estella who?

BENTLEY: Never you mind.

PHILLIP: Estella of where?

BENTLEY: Estella of Brandley house. A peerless beauty.

PHILLIP: I know that lady.

BENTLEY: Do you? Then do you know that when she kisses, she tickles the back of your neck with her fingernails?

PHILLIP: What would you know of that?

BENTLEY: It would surprise you what I know of that.

PHILLIP: Estella would never spend time with you let alone allow you to kiss her.

BENTLEY: I assure you she has done both and more. What would you think if I told you Estella and I will be married?

PHILLIP: I'd say you were insane.

BENTLEY: But I almost have her, you see. She has all but consented. It won't be long before she falls willingly and passionately into my arms.

MUSICAL # 11-- WOMEN!

What you have to realize is that women, once you understand them, are as easy to mold as clay.

PHILLIP: You will never mold Estella. She is not like other women.

BENTLEY: *(to others)* All women are the same . . . are they not?

ALL: Hear! Hear!

BENTLEY:

WOMEN

WOMEN

FOR ALL WHO HAVE CERTAIN FEARS

EACH TIME A YOUNG LASS APPEARS
NO MATTER HOW VAIN,
I'LL TEACH YOU TO TRAIN
THEM, LEND ME YOUR OPEN EARS

TO CANINES I'LL RECOMMEND
YOU LOOK TO FIND MAN'S BEST FRIEND
THEY COME WHEN YOU CALL
THEY FETCH A THROWN BALL
COMMAND AND THEY COMPREHEND.

WOMEN ARE CHARMING
DISARMING, WINSOME AND COY
SHOULD YOU PRIZE THEM
YOU'LL WIZEN LIKE PARIS OF TROY

STEAL A HELEN
AND FELONY RUNS CLOSE BEHIND
THINK *them* HEAVEN?
WELL, SEVENTY QUID SAYS YOUR BLIND!

ALL:
WOMEN! WOMEN!

BENTLEY:
A WOMAN WILL BE YOUR BANE
IF YOU SADLY GIVE HER REIGN
YOUR MONEY, SHE'LL SPEND
AND THEN SHE'LL PRETEND
THE ACTION WAS FOREORDAINED

SO TAKE IT FROM ME, I KNOW.
JUST REIN HER IN TIGHT AND SHOW
BY FORCE, IF YOU MUST
IT'S YOU, SHE MUST TRUST
HER PRIDE YOU MUST OVERTHROW

WOMEN ARE CHARMING
DISARMING, WINSOME AND COY
SHOULD YOU PRIZE THEM
YOU'LL WIZEN LIKE PARIS OF TROY

STEAL A HELEN
AND FELONY RUNS CLOSE BEHIND
THINK *them* HEAVEN?
WELL, SEVENTY QUID SAYS YOUR BLIND!

ALL:
WOMEN! WOMEN!

BENTLEY:
THE PRINCIPLE GOAL IN VIEW:
HER SPIRIT YOU MUST SUBDUE.
IF YOU CAN DO THIS
YOUR LIFE WILL BE BLISS
HER ONLY DESIRE WILL BE YOU
THAT'S WHAT VIRILE MEN MUST DO.

WOMEN! WOMEN!
WOMEN! WOMEN!
WOMEN!
WOMEN!
WOMEN!
WOMEN! WOMEN! WOMEN!

PHILLIP: You are a liar!

BENTLEY: I have introduced men to their coffins for less an offense than that.

PHILLIP: You lie about that as well. You, sir, are a coward and I demand that you take back what you said about Estella.

BENTLEY: Or you'll do what?

PHILLIP: Or I will teach you to speak respectfully of those who are superior to you in every way.

BENTLEY: You will teach me. Oh, Lord! I have half a mind to carve your heart out.

(Enter JAGGERS. He is looking for PIP and when he sees him, he approaches and intervenes in the conflict)

JAGGERS: You do, do you?

BENTLEY: Who are you?

JAGGERS: Never mind who I am, the question is did you just threaten in front of thirty witnesses the life of this gentleman?

BENTLEY: This doesn't concern . . .

JAGGERS: Come now, the question is a simple one. Did you, or did you not threaten this man?

BENTLEY: I don't think . . .

JAGGERS: The question does not concern what you think, the question concerns what you said. And as you consider your answer, I would ask that you also consider whether or not you know that there are laws in England that frown upon those who threaten death or bodily harm to others. I introduced a man to manacles two days past for doing nothing more than threaten his partner with a cane. And he had said nothing about knives or cutting out hearts.

BENTLEY: *(he is beaten)* I beg your pardon. I believe you must have misunderstood me. If you will excuse me.

(BENTLEY exits)

JAGGERS: And now, if I could have a word with you, Pip. Alone.

HERBERT: If he comes back, ignore him.

(HERBERT exits)

PHILLIP: I rather think he is capable of carving someone's heart out.

JAGGERS: A most disagreeable fellow.

PHILLIP: He claims to have kissed Miss Havisham's daughter. Says he plans to marry her.

JAGGERS: I should hope, for her sake, that is not the case.

PHILLIP: *(Preoccupied)* When I think of him being with Estella . . .

JAGGERS: I would suggest to you that you have other, more immediate things to worry about. I have received additional instructions from your benefactor. It is my understanding you have recently passed your twenty-first birthday?

PHILLIP: What did Drummle mean when he said I almost have her?

JAGGERS: And having passed your twenty-first birthday I have come to congratulate you.

PHILLIP: The very thought of him touching her . . .

JAGGERS: Do you have any questions.

PHILLIP: Questions?

JAGGERS: Questions. Anything at all.

PHILLIP: Very well, is my benefactor to be made known to me today?

JAGGERS: No. Ask another.

PHILLIP: Is that confidence to be parted to me soon?

JAGGERS: Waive that and ask another.

PHILLIP: Have I anything to receive today?

JAGGERS: I thought we should come to that.

(He pulls out a ledger book)

Now, Mr. Pip, attend if you please. Here is a ledger of all the money you have drawn from your account since the time you arrived in London. You are in debt, Mr. Pip?

PHILLIP: I'm afraid I must say yes, sir.

JAGGERS: You know you must say yes; don't you?

PHILLIP: Yes, sir.

JAGGERS: I don't ask you what you owe because you don't know; and if you did know, you wouldn't tell me, you would say less. Now, take this piece of paper in your hand. You have got it?

PHILLIP: Yes, sir.

JAGGERS: Very good, now unfold it and tell me what it is.

PHILLIP: This is a banknote for five hundred pounds.

JAGGERS: And a very handsome sum of money too, I think. Do you consider it so?

PHILLIP: How could I do otherwise!

JAGGERS: Ah! But answer the question.

PHILLIP: Undoubtedly.

JAGGERS: That handsome sum of money is your own. It is a present to you this day in earnest of your expectations. It is my pleasure to inform you that you will be supplied with five hundred pounds per annum and you may do with the money as you wish. You will no longer come to me for money, do you understand?

PHILLIP: I understand.

JAGGERS: From this day forward, you are responsible for your own affairs. Every quarter, you will be given one hundred and twenty-five pounds until such time as your benefactor meets with you face to face.

PHILLIP: Then I am to meet with her?

JAGGERS: With who?

PHILLIP: Her. My benefactor.

JAGGERS: I'll be plain with you, my friend Pip, when I tell you that's a question that I must not be asked. And that is all I have to say on that matter. More to the point, do you have any other questions to ask of me?

PHILLIP: This money, it is mine to do with as I please?

JAGGERS: Should you decide to sew it into a hat and set it on fire, it is your choice to make.

PHILLIP: Then I am desirous to do a service for a friend.

JAGGERS: A friend?

PHILLIP: Herbert Pocket, you see, is trying to get on in commercial life, but has no money and finds it difficult and disheartening to make a beginning. I want somehow to help him.

JAGGERS: Mr. Pip, I should like to run over with you on my fingers, if you please, the names of the various bridges of London. Let's see; of course there's London, there's Southwark, Blackfriars, Waterloo,

Westminster, Vauxhall . . . there's as many as six, you see, to chose from.

PHILLIP: I don't understand you.

JAGGERS: Choose your bridge, Mr. Pip and pitch your money into the Thames over the centre arch of your bridge, and you know the end of it. Serve a friend with it, and you may know the end of it too, but it's a less pleasant and profitable end.

PHILLIP: That is very discouraging.

JAGGERS: Money turns love into hate, admiration into contempt.

PHILLIP: But could it be arranged so that this friend would never know that he had a secret benefactor?

JAGGERS: You of all people should know the answer to that question.

PHILLIP: Very well, then, Mr. Jaggers. I thank you for your advice and for your company. I will be in contact with you soon I am sure.

(At the start of the music JOE appears in silhouette in the forge)

MUSICAL #12 -- CAN YOU IMAGINE?/GREAT EXPECTATIONS REPRISE

PHILLIP

CAN YOU IMAGINE
HERBERT IN BUSINESS?
A SIGHT FOR SORE EYES!

HAPPY AND USEFUL!
SUCH A GREAT FEELING
WHEN STATIONS ARISE!

I CAN SENSE A SATISFACTION
AND A GLEAM OF PRIDE!
I CAN DO FOR SOMEONE ELSE
BUT KEEP IT ALL INSIDE!
CAN YOU IMAGINE?

JOE

ONCE I IMAGINED
PIP IN THE BUSINESS!

ALWAYS TOGETHER
FATHER/SON FEELING

ONCE I IMAGINED!

JAGGERS

A WORD OF WARNING
FOR YOUR ELATION!

EACH BRIGHT NEW MORNING
OFTEN HIDES SOME NEW FRUSTRATION!

MAKE APPLICATION OF ALL THAT I SAY.

GREAT EXPECTATIONS ARE ON THEIR WAY!

Scene Nine: Phillip's and Herbert's apartment. - *As narration again fills in the details, lights come up slowly on PIP's London home. It is a gentleman's apartment, big enough for two. PHILLIP is at a desk, writing.*

PIRRIP: The five hundred pounds was more than enough to settle my debts, and allow me to find the perfect business opportunity for my good friend Herbert. I found it in the form of a worthy young shipping merchant, not long established, by the name of Clarriker.

DICKENS: Yes, Clarriker. He has a fine import business, if I'm not mistaken. Offices in Cairo and Bombay.

PIRRIP: The same. Clarriker needed both operating capital and intelligent help and so it was arranged that in exchange for a down payment he would take on Herbert first as an employee and later, when I came into my fortune and could supply him with additional funds, he would take him on as a partner. I shall never forget the day Herbert announced he had run into a man who had shown an extraordinary inclination towards him. Day by day as his hopes grew stronger and his face brighter, I had the greatest difficulty restraining my tears.

DICKENS: Pardon my impatience, but what of Estella?

PIRRIP: I continued to see her, ever with the same results. She seemed to delight in lavishing her affections on others but never to me. Ever showing more affection to Bentley Drummle.

DICKENS: I know the family.

PIRRIP: My sympathies. Drummle was a deficient, ill tempered, lowering, stupid fellow who had nothing to recommend him but money and a ridiculous roll of addle-headed ancestors.

DICKENS: Something has just occurred to me, and that is whatever happened to Joe? You saw him of course, after moving to London?

PIRRIP: You have found me out, Mr. Dickens. I suppose there is no avoiding it, not with you as my audience, at any rate. I'm afraid I must confess something which troubles me to this day. Joe. My only childhood friend. Joe with the honest face all glowing and shining. As much as I owed to Joe and his kindness in protecting me from my sister, my desire to become worthy of Estella drove a chasm between myself and Joe. He seemed clumsy and ill-bred. He came to visit me in London once and, much to my shame, I must confess I treated him coldly. If I could have kept him away by paying money I certainly would have. I can hear his words now

(Scene shifts to PIP's front door. JOE is making his exit.)

JOE: Pip, dear old chap, life is made of ever so many partings welded together. And one man's a blacksmith and one's a whitesmith. Divisions among such must come, and must be met as they come. If there's been any fault at all today, it's mine. You'll never see me again outside of the forge. I'm awful dull. And we should not be seen together in London. And so God bless you, dear old Pip, old chap, God bless you.

PIRRIP: I fancied that day that there was a simple dignity in Joe, something I had not seen in anyone in London. Not in Mr. Jaggers, not in Bentley Drummle, and certainly not in myself. And I am ashamed of the relief I felt when Joe had finally left and there was no danger in having Estella seeing the two of us together. And such it was that two years of my life passed. Rejoicing on behalf of Herbert; despairing on behalf of Estella. Little did I know how vastly everything would soon change. It happened one night when I was alone. I heard a sound coming up the stairs. Footsteps.

(PHILLIP is startled by the sound and quiet as he hears another footstep. He grabs a lantern and goes to the stairwell.)

PHILLIP: There is someone down there, is there not?

MAGWITCH: Yes

PHILLIP: What floor do you want?

MAGWITCH: The top. Mr. Pip.

PHILLIP: That is my name. Pray, what is your business?

MAGWITCH: My business? Ah, yes, I will explain my business if you will allow it.

PHILLIP: Do you wish to come in?

MAGWITCH: Yes.

(Enter MAGWITCH, older, hardly recognizable. Yet still it is the old convict. After taking off his coat, he takes a good look about then holds out his hands as though inviting PHILLIP to hug him.)

PHILLIP: *(Recoiling)* What do you mean?

MAGWITCH: It's disappointing to a man to have come so far and having looked so for'ard to this moment. But give me leave, give me a moment.

(The face becomes clearer to PHILLIP who, with mounting horror, realizes who this man is.)

PHILLIP: I know you.

MAGWITCH: That's right, my boy.

PHILLIP: In the cemetery, by my mother's grave . . .

MAGWITCH: You acted nobly, my boy. Noble Pip! And I have never forgot it.

(MAGWITCH again attempts to embrace PHILLIP.)

PHILLIP: Stay! You must understand that I have no desire to renew that chance acquaintance.

MAGWITCH: May I make so bold as to ask you how you have done so well, since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?

PHILLIP: I've been fortunate.

MAGWITCH: How fortunate?

PHILLIP: I've come into some expectations.

MAGWITCH: Could I make a guess, I wonder, at your annual income since you come of age? As to the first figure, now, could it be five?

PHILLIP: What?

MAGWITCH: And as to the guardian, some lawyer perhaps? As to the first letter of that lawyer's name, now. Would it be?

PHILLIP: *(Beginning to realize with horror the consequences of this line of inquiry)* No!

MAGWITCH: And did that sum which begins with a five come to you starting on your twenty-first birthday?

PHILLIP: It can't be.

MAGWITCH: But it is, Pip, my boy!

PHILLIP: No!

MAGWITCH: Yes!

PHILLIP: But this is impossible, you're a . . .

MAGWITCH: I may be a conwict, dear boy, but I'm a rich one. I managed to start a small enterprise of sheep farming. Conditions in Australia turn a kind eye to sheep-farming and, as it turns out, I've a knack for it. I might say that no man has done nigh as well as me. I'm famous for it.

PHILLIP: But why? What am I to you?

MAGWITCH: Perhaps a better question might be, who am I to you, dear boy!

MUSICAL #13-- I'M YOUR DA'

MAGWICH:

SOME FOLKS LOOK AT ME WITH PITY;
JUDGES WORRY FOR THE CITY;
WHILE IT'S TRUE I AIN'T A PRETTY CUSS,
I'M JUST LIKE ANY OTHER
WHO NEVER HAD A MOTHER.
CAN I BE BLAMED FOR WHUTHER
I'M A VILLAIN OR A BROTHER?
LOOK AT ME.
WHAT YOU SEE'S
WHAT I BE!

NOW YOU ASK WHAT SHOULD YOU CALL ME,
WHETHER WEATHER'S CLEAR OR BALMY.
SAY THE PRECIOUS WORDS THAT CALM ME SOUL.
IF IT'S NOT TOO MUCH BOTHER,
ALTHOUGH I'M NOT YOUR FATHER,
I'LL TELL YOU THAT I'D RATHER,
IF YOU WOULDN'T MIND THE BOTHER,
CALL ME DA!
SAY IT, DA!
I'M YOUR DA!

NOW WHY BOTHER ABOUT BLOODLINES?
WHO'S TO SAY WHAT'S THICK AS BLOOD?
CAN'T PEOPLE GROW ATTACHMENTS
LIKE A ROSEBUSH GROWS A BUD?

I'VE ALWAYS SAID WHAT MATTERS
IS NOT THE LEGAL TIE.
IT'S TIES WE MAKE FROM SHOWING
OUR LOVE IS NOT A LIE!

SO I ASK IF YOU DON'T MIND IT.
JUST CONSIDER HOW REFINED IT
WOULD BE; IT SURELY WOULD BE KIND
IF YOU SAID THE WORD I LONG FOR.
WOULD IT BE TERR'BLY WRONG FOR
ONE TO HOPE HE COULD BELONG...
AND SING AT LAST THIS HOPEFUL SONG:
JUST CALL ME DA!
SAY IT, DA!
I'M YOUR DA!

MAGWITCH: Where will you put me?

PHILLIP: To sleep?

MAGWITCH: I must be put somewheres, dear boy. For I've been sea-tossed and sea-washed, months and months.

PHILLIP: My friend Herbert is out of the country just now. You must have his room for tonight.

MAGWITCH: He won't come back tomorrow, will he?

PHILLIP: No. Not tomorrow.

MAGWITCH: Because, look'ee here, dear boy, caution is necessary.

PHILLIP: How do you mean? Caution?

MAGWITCH: I mean that should I be found . . . it's death!

PHILLIP: I don't understand.

MAGWITCH: I was sent away for life. It's death to come back.

PHILLIP: Death?

MAGWITCH: I should surely be hanged. Caution is the word, dear boy. Several times tonight, I thought perhaps someone was following me.

PHILLIP: You were followed? Here?

MAGWITCH: There are those, one in particular, a certain Compeyson. A dangerous man of the sort who

would kill you just to strike a blow at me. But don't you worry, dear boy, I've beat him before and if I ever find him, it will be him that's in need of a physician, if you get my drift.

PHILLIP: You face danger on every side by returning to England. Why? Why do you risk all by coming here?

MAGWITCH: To see you, dear boy! To see with my own eyes the gentleman wot I made!

PHILLIP: And all this time I thought it was . . .

MAGWITCH: What a proud moment. Look what I done by the sweat of my brow, dear boy. Look what you've become!

MUSICAL #13A -- ACT ONE PLAYOUT (End Act I)

17 more pages in ACT TWO