

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

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A full-length play

By Charles Dickens  
As newly adapted for the stage by  
Rocco Natale

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## **Characters:**

**Philip Pirrip (Pip):** A young orphan with "great expectations." Pip is a victim of circumstances desperately in love with the emotionally remote Estella. Handsome with an insatiable desire to be educated and become a gentleman.

**Estella:** Miss Havisham's adopted daughter. She is beautiful and cruel. Estella has been raised to break men's' hearts.

**Abel Magwitch:** A convicted felon who escapes England with the help of young Pip. Abel is gruff and frightening, like a dog backed into a corner.

**Miss Havisham:** The owner and tenant of the dilapidated "Satis House." Miss Havisham was jilted by her lover on her wedding day and has not looked on daylight since then. She is old and cruel, yet there is something frail and delicate about her.

**Mrs. Joe Gargery:** Pip's older sister. Comically stupid. Though she raises Pip after the death of their parents she is unkind and abusive toward him. Cockney accent.

**Joseph Gargery:** Mrs. Joe's husband and Pip's loving brother-in-law. Truly a second father to Pip. Cockney accent.

**Herbert Pocket:** A boy of Pip's age. A true friend and tutor.

**Mr. Jaggers:** A lawyer from London. Mr. Jaggers is formal and proper (until displeased). Jaggers is in control of every situation he may find himself navigating.

**ACTOR ONE:** Pip

**ACTOR TWO:** Estella

**ACTOR THREE:** Magwitch, Miss Havisham, Mrs. Joe

**ACTOR FOUR:** Joe, Jaggers, Herbert Pocket

\*\*\*It is entirely possible for the production to be performed with a "full" cast; in this case each actor would portray only one character. This would necessitate 5 men and 3 women. Likewise, Actors Three and Four may be either male or female, as this is not a literal production but an acting challenge for great performers.

## Some "Guidelines" To Help:

The concept of this adaptation is to allow theatre companies of all makes and sizes to present Charles Dickens's Great Expectations. While remaining true to the novel, it is our hope that this piece can be produced by various production companies or used as a teaching tool.

The play is written for four actors. One to play Pip and Estella respectively, and two versatile performers to play everyone else. This play can be expanded to include a larger cast, but it has been written to flexibly accommodate small theatres and spaces. Further, because all four actors tell the story, and because the unit set is unchanging, the play is economical and easily available to theatre companies of varying sizes and experiences.

Both the elements of the prose (narrative text) as well as the spoken-conversations (dialogue) aid in the telling of Mr. Dickens' classic story and are therefore included in this theatrical adaptation.

Dialogue is written in quotation marks ("...") and should be addressed to fellow actor(s) in the scene. The prose language is distilled from the novel and is a comment on the situation. Because all efforts have been made to stay as true as possible to the story, some of the language (particularly Joe's) is dialectical. Actors should use this language to inform decisions about their respective characters.

All performers must be comfortable using these dual elements of storytelling to convey meaning. There are several different ways to use the prose. The actors could break character and address the audience; likewise the actors could remain in character and "use" this device similar to dialogue. I believe a healthy assortment of both distancing techniques to be correct, and the individual moments should be assigned by the director and actors.

While the actors portraying "everyone else" should inhabit the respective roles and change their demeanor accordingly, their costumes should not be changed. This actor in particular, must be comfortable shifting his/her physical appearance to differentiate the roles being played. All actors should stay onstage at all times.

This production is flexible; a simple set seems to work best. Lighting elements such as old chandeliers hung from the ceiling can create a strong mood for the piece and draped cloth fabric can create the world of the characters simply. The scenic elements should be kept to a minimum, allowing the language and performances to take center stage.

The costumes should be period- and not change drastically.

Additions or subtractions of clothing articles are encouraged, while full costume changes are not.

The action of the play is unbroken; however "French Scene" designations have been made to assist with the production aspect of this play.

This production is thanks in great part to the efforts of many people, the students and staff at New York University (Prof. Selma Thompson notably), the original casts: Matthew Acocella, Sean Hudock, Allison Fulgieri, Mimi Winick, Adam Gallinat, Christina Kompar and to the first director Daniel Cabrera who offered shape and continuity to the piece time and again. Much thanks.

Playing Time: 75-80 minutes

-R.N.

The action of the play is continuous. We are in a theatrical space, depicting the room in which Miss Havisham lives. While the set is meant to reflect the dilapidated Satis House, it will serve to become the backdrop for all of the locales within the play and therefore must not be literal. Windows drenched in heavy drapery create the back wall of the stage. Center Stage is a weathered table, which runs from upstage right to downstage left. On this table is a rotted wedding cake, plates and forks/knives bottles, mugs, two candelabras, place cards, a top hat, a centerpiece of dead flowers and cobwebs.

There are four chairs placed around the stage, each belonging to a specific actor. Center stage-right are two chairs for Actors 3 and 4. They are plain and nondescript. Downstage right is a stool for Pip. Upstage left is a chair for Estella; it is faded, but painted in gold leaf and upholstered with red fabric. At the beginning of the play Pip and Estella are young (eight years old). While they should take on young mannerisms; they must not be played as children. We should however see a marked change in how they develop and "grow" as the play continues.

#### F. SCENE 1

As the lights rise, the actors playing Estella and "everyone else" take their seats; Estella faces away from the action of the play and remains frozen until her first scene.

Pip enters last and takes two candles from the table, placing them at the foot of the stage. These have now become Pip's family grave stones. They (and indeed, all of the "make-shift" props,) should stay where they are moved for the duration of the play. Pip then crosses to center stage and the play begins.

PIP

(Addressing the audience)

My father's family name being Pirrip, and my Christian name Philip, my infant tongue could make of both names nothing longer than "Pip". So, I called myself Pip, and came to be called Pip. But as early as even that time, it was my wildest aspiration to become a gentleman. Though from my start there seemed very little hope of this. "I was always treated as if I had insisted on being born, against the dissuading arguments of my best friends."

Magwitch (who has taken a knife from the table) sneaks up on Pip and grabs him from behind.

MAGWITCH

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

PIP

"O! Don't cut my throat, sir," I pleaded in terror. "Pray don't do it, sir."

MAGWITCH

"Tell us your name!"

PIP

"Pip. Pip, sir."

MAGWITCH

(The man scowrs Pip's person for money or food.)

The man emptied his pockets.

PIP

There was nothing in them but a piece of bread.

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MAGWITCH

"Now lookee here! Where's your mother?"

PIP

"There, sir!" I said, pointing to the small tombstone.  
(He points to a candle.)

"There, sir!"

MAGWITCH

"And is that your father alonger your mother?"

Indicates the other candle.

PIP

"Yes, sir, him too; late of this parish."

MAGWITCH

"Ha, who d'ye live with--supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I han't made up my mind about?"

PIP

"My sister, sir--Mrs. Joe Gargery--wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir."

MAGWITCH

"Blacksmith, eh?"

PIP

He looked at the chains on his leg.

MAGWITCH

(Releases the boy)

"You bring me, to-morrow morning, a file at that Battery over yonder. And never dare to say a word to any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted and ate."

Magwitch limps away and swings his body over the table, as if it were the church wall.

PIP

When he came to the church wall, he got over it, like a man whose legs were numbed and stiff. When I saw him turning, I made the best use of my feet.

Lighting shift.

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## F. SCENE 2

Joe enters and begins "hammering at the forge" upstage of the table.

JOE

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

PIP

(To audience)

I was not anxious to see my sister, as she routinely beat me.

JOE

"Best hide in here with me old chap."

PIP

But I dearly loved my brother-in-law Joe--perhaps for no better reason in those early days than because the dear fellow let me love him.

Joe fans the fire of the forge by using two plates found on the table.

JOE

"Must mind your sister, old chap. She doesn't take a liking to your reading so many books. Now see, it aint a problem for me--seeing as how I can't read--"

PIP

"Didn't you ever go to school, Joe? When you were as little as me?"

JOE

"No, Pip. My father, he were given to drink, and when he were overtook with drink, he hammered away at my mother, most unmerciful.--You're a-listening and understanding, Pip?"

Joe helps Pip onto the table. As Joe continues to sweep, Pip listens.

PIP

"Yes, Joe."

JOE

"What a scholar you are! Aint you?"

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PIP

"I should like to be,"

JOE

"'Consequence, my mother and me we ran away from him, several times. But my father were that good in his heart that he couldn't a-bear to be without us. So, he took us home and hammered us. Which, you see, Pip, were a drawback on my learning. Well, somebody must keep the pot a boiling, Pip. 'Consequence, my father didn't make objections to my going to work; And it were my intentions to have had put upon his tombstone that 'whatsume'er the failings on his part, Remember reader he were that good in his heart.'

Joe grabs a plate from the table  
to sweep the dust into.

JOE (cont'd)

My mother weren't long of following, poor soul, and her share of peace come round at last. It were but lonesome then, living here alone, and I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip: your sister is a fine figure of a woman."

PIP

(He stares at Joe  
incredulous)

"I am glad you think so, Joe."

JOE

"When I offered to your sister to keep company, and to be asked in church, I said to her, 'and bring the poor little child. God bless the poor little child,' I said to your sister, 'there's room for him at the forge!'"

PIP

I broke out crying, and hugged Joe round the neck.

They hug, with Pip's back to the audience. Joe does the following line over Pip's shoulder as they embrace.

JOE

Who dropped the poker to hug him, and to say, "Ever the best of friends; ain't us, Pip? Don't cry, old chap!"

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Both stop suddenly and face outward, as if they had heard gunshots. Hold. Quickly Joe returns to work.

PIP

"Was that guns, Joe?"

JOE

"Ah. There's another convict off."

PIP

"What does that mean? What's a convict?"

JOE

"Escaped. Escaped. There was a convict off last night, after sun-set. Abel Magwitch. They fired warning of him. And now, it appears they're firing warning again.

(Pip looks scared.)

Don't worry chum. Old Joe's not gonna let anything hurt ya. Ever the best of friends, aint we?"

Pip smiles at him and Joe continues working at the forge, during the following scene between Magwitch and Pip. Magwitch again-climbs over the "wall" as he did before, this time coming toward the boy. Pip grabs a wine bottle from the table. They cross downstage.

MAGWITCH

"What's in the bottle, boy?"

PIP

"Brandy".

MAGWITCH

"You're not a deceiving imp? You brought no one with you?"

PIP

"No, Mr. Magwitch"

MAGWITCH

"What did you say?"

PIP

"No, sir!"

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MAGWITCH

"Nor giv' no one the office to follow you?"

PIP

"No!"

MAGWITCH

"Well...I believe you."

He drinks hurriedly.

PIP

(Studying Magwitch as he  
drinks)

"I am glad you enjoy it."

MAGWITCH

"Did you speak?"

PIP

"I said... I am glad you enjoy it."

MAGWITCH

"Thankee, my boy. I do. Curse this iron on my sore leg! Give us hold of the file, boy."

Pip hands him a fork from the  
table and Magwitch begins filing  
his chains.

PIP

The last I saw of him, his head was bent over his knee and he was working hard at his fetter, muttering impatient imprecations at it and at his leg.

Magwitch hobbles out of the  
scene, as Joe begins to sing a  
song and mimes sweeping. Pip  
turns to speak with him.

F. SCENE 3

Mrs. Joe comes forward--wrapping  
herself in the tablecloth from  
the table.

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PIP

When I was old enough, I was to be apprenticed to Joe. But until I could assume that dignity I was not to be what Mrs. Joe called pampered.

MRS. JOE

(Explaining to the audience)

Pip's sister, Mrs. Joe Gargery, was more than twenty years older than he, and had established a great reputation with the neighbors for having brought Pip up "by hand." "Now--

(Unwraps herself)

--if this boy ain't grateful this night, he never will be! It's only to be hoped, that he won't be pampered. But I have my fears.

(To Pip)

Well, what are you staring at? Is the house a-fire?

(To Joe)

Miss Havisham up town. She wants this boy to go and play there. And of course he's going. And he had better play there, or I'll work him."

PIP

(To the audience)

I had heard of Miss Havisham up town--everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham up town--as an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house barricaded against robbers, and who led a life of seclusion.

MRS. JOE

(During this Mrs. Joe "cleans up" Pip and gets him ready to go. She is rough and abusive.)

"And couldn't she ask my dear Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't my dear Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful for us--though you may not think it, Joseph--mention this boy, standing here. For anything we can tell, this boy's fortune may be made by his going to Miss Havisham's. And Lor-a-mussy me. Boy, be for ever grateful to all friends, but especially unto them which brought you up by hand!"

F. SCENE 4

Mrs. Joe and Pip sit on the table facing the audience.

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They are in a carriage on route to Satis House. Both react to the rough terrain of the carriage ride.

PIP

(To the audience)

Within a quarter of an hour we came to Miss Havisham's house, which was of old brick, and dismal, and had a great many iron bars to it.

They get out of the carriage as Estella crosses down left. It is the first time since entering the stage that she has moved, and every step is pronounced.

ESTELLA

"What name?"

MRS. JOE

"Gargery."

ESTELLA

"Quite right," and the window was shut again,

(Crosses to them)

and a young lady came across the court-yard, with keys in her hand.

MRS. JOE

"This is Pip."

ESTELLA

"This is Pip, is it?"

(To the audience)

Returned the young lady who was very pretty--

PIP

--and seemed very proud.

ESTELLA

(To Pip)

"Come in, Pip.

(Mrs. Joe tries to follow)

Oh! Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?"

MRS. JOE

(Trying to weasel her way in)

"If Miss Havisham wished to see me."

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ESTELLA

(Pushing her back)

"Ah! But you see, she doesn't."

MRS. JOE

(Threatening Pip)

"Boy! Let your behavior here be a credit unto them which brought you up by hand!"

Mrs. Joe exits around the table transforming as she goes into Miss Havisham.

ESTELLA

(They cross behind the table)

The young conductress locked the gate, and led him across the courtyard.

PIP

The brewery buildings had a little lane of communication with it, and the wooden gates of that lane stood open.

ESTELLA

"You could drink without hurt all the strong beer that's brewed there now."

PIP

(Shyly)

"I should think I could, miss."

ESTELLA

"Better not try to brew beer now, or it would turn out sour, boy; don't you think so?"

PIP

"It looks like it, miss."

ESTELLA

"Not that anybody means to try, for that's all done with, and the Manor House will stand as idle as it is, till it falls."

PIP

"Is that the name of this house, miss?"

ESTELLA

"One of its names."

PIP

"It has more than one?"

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ESTELLA

"Its other name was Satis. Which is Greek, or Latin, or Hebrew, or all three for enough."

PIP

"'Enough House', that's a curious name."

ESTELLA

"It meant, that whoever had this house, could want nothing else. They must have been easily satisfied in those days, I should think.

(Pip looks around him  
entranced. Estella scolds  
him:)

Don't loiter, boy!"

PIP

We must have been the same age, but Estella was as scornful of me as if she had been one-and-twenty, and a queen.

He starts to walk.

ESTELLA

"Where are you going?"

PIP

(He stops immediately.)

"Inside, miss."

ESTELLA

(Commanding him)

"Use the servant's entrance." She kept her strong arms at her side as she conducted him into the house.

Estella picks up a candle from  
the table to light their way.

PIP

Taking a candle, we went up a staircase. And as we came to the door of a room...

The two stand on either side of  
an invisible "door" center stage.

ESTELLA

"Go in."

PIP

"After you, miss."

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ESTELLA

"Don't be ridiculous, boy; I am not going in." And scornfully walked away.

PIP

What was worse--took the candle with her.

Pip takes a deep breath and  
"knocks on the door."

HAVISHAM

(From within)

"Enter."

PIP

The large room was well lighted with candles. No glimpse of daylight was to be seen in it for years. Everything within my view which ought to be white, had been white long ago, and had lost its lustre, and was faded and yellow.

HAVISHAM

(Impatiently)

"Come nearer."

PIP

It was a dressing room, as I supposed from the furniture. But there in the middle of the room stood a draped table with a gilded looking-glass.

Ms. Havisham sits at the far side  
of the table.

HAVISHAM

(Impatiently)

"Come nearer."

(Addressed to the audience  
without looking directly at  
them)

Everybody for miles round, had heard of Miss Havisham--an immensely rich and grim lady who lived in a large and dismal house and who led a life of seclusion.

PIP

She was dressed in rich materials--satins, and lace and had a long white veil dependent from her with bridal flowers in her hair.

HAVISHAM

"Who is it? Who is it?!"

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PIP

Once, I had been taken to church...to see a skeleton dug up in the ashes of a rich dress. Now, it seemed to me the same skeleton was looking right at me with her dark eyes. "Pip, ma'am."

HAVISHAM

"Pip?"

PIP

"Mrs. Joe Gargery's boy, ma'am. Come--to play."

HAVISHAM

"Come nearer; let me look at you. Come close.

(Pip obeys.)

Look at me. You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?"

PIP

"No."

HAVISHAM

"Do you know what I touch here?"

She lays her hands on her heart.

PIP

"Your heart."

HAVISHAM

"Broken!

(She looks away bored.)

I am tired. I want diversion.

(Commanding)

Play. I sometimes have sick fancies, and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play.

(Pip does not move for fear.

She shouts.)

Play, play, play!

(He does not move.)

Are you sullen and obstinate?"

PIP

"No, ma'am, I am very sorry for you, and very sorry I can't play just now. But it's so new here, and so strange, and so fine--and melancholy--."

HAVISHAM

"So new to him, so old to me, so melancholy to both of us!"

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PIP

"If you complain of me I shall get into trouble with my sister, so I would do it if I could..."

HAVISHAM

(Cutting him off)

Call Estella. Call Estella. You can do that. Call Estella. At the door."

(Pip turns out to the audience as Ms. Havisham watches him intently. At first timid, he calls "Estella.")

"Louder!"

Pip calls for Estella again, and then again louder still.

ESTELLA

(As she enters the scene)

She answered at last, and her light came along the dark passage like a star.

PIP

Miss Havisham beckoned her to come close, and took up a jewel from the table.

Ms. Havisham picks a jewel off the rusting chandelier and gives it to Estella.

HAVISHAM

"Your own, one day, my dear, and you will use it well. Let me see you play cards with this boy."

ESTELLA

"With this boy? Why, he is a common laboring-boy!"

HAVISHAM

"Well? You can break his heart."

ESTELLA

"What do you play, boy?"

PIP

"Nothing but 'beggar my neighbor', miss."

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HAVISHAM  
(To Estella)

"Beggar him."

Havisham hands them the place cards from the table, which they use as playing cards--they sit on the floor.

ESTELLA  
The girl sat, corpse-like, as they played; her strong arms shielding her face with the cards.

(Then Estella says to Ms. Havisham as she laughs at Pip)

"He calls the knaves, Jacks, this boy! And what coarse hands he has! And what thick boots!"

PIP  
(To himself as he looks at his hands and boots)  
I had never thought of being ashamed of my hands before; but I began to consider them a very indifferent pair.

HAVISHAM  
(Not moving from the chair)  
"You say nothing of her. She says many hard things of you, but you say nothing of her. What do you think of her?"

PIP  
"I don't like to say."

HAVISHAM  
"Tell me in my ear."

PIP  
(Crosses to her)  
"I think she is very proud."

Estella can hear this but does not respond.

HAVISHAM  
"Anything else?"

PIP  
"I think she is very pretty."

HAVISHAM

"Anything else?"

PIP

"I think she is very insulting."

HAVISHAM

"Anything else?"

PIP

"I think I should like to go home."

HAVISHAM

"And never see her again, though she is so pretty?"

PIP

(Pip looks long and hard at  
Estella. She looks away  
allowing him to stare.)

"I am not sure that I shouldn't like to see her again...but I  
should like to go home now."

HAVISHAM

"You shall go soon, play the game out."

PIP

(To the audience as they  
continue to play cards)

Saving for the one weird smile at first, I should have felt  
certain that Miss Havisham's face could not smile.

HAVISHAM

"When shall I have you here again? I know nothing of days of  
the week, nor weeks of the year. Come again after six days.

(Pip stands looking at her,  
after a moment she demands:)

You hear?"

PIP

"Yes, ma'am."

HAVISHAM

"Estella, take him down. Let him have something to eat, and  
let him roam and look about. Go, Pip."

Miss Havisham leaves her chair to  
put on the tablecloth and become  
Mrs. Joe.

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PIP

(To his hands and boots)

I took the opportunity of being alone in the courtyard, to look at my coarse hands and my common boots.

ESTELLA

(With a wicked smile)

They had never troubled him before, but they troubled him now.

(To Pip)

"Why don't you cry?"

PIP

"Because I don't want to."

ESTELLA

"You do, you have been crying till you are half blind, and you are near crying again now." She laughed contemptuously,

(Pip turns to face her)

and locked the gate upon him.

Estella uses a fork to mime locking the gate.

PIP

(To the audience)

Her contempt for me was so strong, that it became infectious, and I caught it.

F. SCENE 5

MRS. JOE

"Well, boy, how did you get on up town?"

PIP

"Pretty well."

MRS. JOE

"Pretty well? Tell us what you mean by pretty well, boy? Boy! What like is Miss Havisham?"

Mrs. Joe intimidates Pip by badgering him into the side of the table.

PIP

"Very tall and dark."

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MRS. JOE

"Now, boy! What was she a-doing of, when you went in today?"

PIP

(The question catches Pip off-guard. He thinks and says...)

"She was sitting,"

(To the audience:  
deliberately lying)

I answered, "in a black velvet coach."

MRS. JOE

(Amazed)

"In a black velvet coach?"

PIP

"Yes, and Miss Estella--that's her niece, I think--handed her in cake and wine at the coach-window, on a gold plate. And we all had cake and wine on gold plates. And I got up behind the coach to eat mine, because she told me to."

MRS. JOE

(Inquiring further)

"Was anybody else there?"

PIP

"Four dogs."

MRS. JOE

"Large or small?"

PIP

"Immense, and they fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket."

MRS. JOE

"Lord have mercy!"

PIP

(As Pip tells the story he becomes increasingly animated--acting it out for his sister)

"We played with flags. Estella waved a blue flag, and I waved a red one, and Miss Havisham waved one sprinkled all over with little gold stars, out at the coach-window. And then we all waved our swords and 'hurrahed'."

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MRS. JOE  
(In wonder)

"Lord have mercy!"

JOE  
(Entering the scene)

The subject still held Pip's sister when Joe came in from his work to have a cup of tea.

MRS. JOE  
(Taking control of the situation)

To whom Mrs. Joe related the experiences.

PIP  
(As Pip speaks to the audience, Mrs. Joe silently "relates" the story she has just been told to Joe. She acts it out as Pip did, but looks rather foolish "waving the flags.")

When I saw Joe open his blue eyes and roll them all round the kitchen in helpless amazement, I was overtaken by penitence.

Mrs. Joe exits and Joe goes to the forge and is stoking the fires (as before) using two plates, Pip sits on the table--he looks naïve, childlike.

"Before the fire goes out, Joe, I should like to tell you something."

JOE  
"Should you? Then tell us. What is it, Pip?"

PIP  
"Joe, you remember all that about Miss Havisham's?"

JOE  
"Remember? I believe you! Wonderful!"

PIP  
"It's a terrible thing, Joe; it ain't true."

JOE  
"What are you saying, Pip? You don't mean it's--"

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JOE (cont'd)

That ain't the way to get out of being common, old chap. You are uncommon in some things. You're uncommon small. Likewise you're a uncommon scholar."

PIP

"No, I am ignorant and backward, Joe."

Gets off the table and crosses  
downstage sitting on the floor.

JOE

"Why, see what a letter you wrote last night! Wrote in print even! I've seen letters--and from gentlefolks--that I'll swear weren't wrote in print!"

PIP

"I have learnt next to nothing, Joe. You think much of me. It's only that."

JOE

"Well, Pip, be it so or be it son't, you must be a common scholar afore you can be an uncommon one.

(He crosses to Pip and squats  
down to be near him.)

Lookie here, Pip, at what is said to you by a true friend. If you can't get to be uncommon through going straight, you'll never get to do it through going crooked. So don't tell no more of 'em, Pip, and live well and die happy."

PIP

"You are not angry with me, Joe?"

JOE

"No, old chap.

(Joe gets up, and pulls Pip  
up with him. He embraces the  
child.)

That's all, old chap, and don't never do it no more."

F.SCENE 6

Lighting Shift, Joe takes his  
seat as Estella waltzes in with a  
candle.

ESTELLA

"You are to come this way today.

(Pip follows her. She stops  
suddenly and turns around.)

Well?"

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PIP  
 "Well, miss?"

ESTELLA  
 "Am I pretty?"

PIP  
 (Pip looks down at his shoes  
 and answers.)  
 "Yes; I think you are very pretty."

ESTELLA  
 "Am I insulting?"

PIP  
 (He looks up at her.)  
 "Not so much so as you were last time."

ESTELLA  
 "Not so much so?"

PIP  
 "No."

She hits him hard. Pip stunned  
 looks away.

ESTELLA  
 "Now? You little coarse monster, what do you think of me  
 now?"

PIP  
 (He looks at her.)  
 "I shall not tell you."

ESTELLA  
 "Because you are going to tell, upstairs. Is that it?"

PIP  
 "No, that's not it."

ESTELLA  
 "Why don't you cry again, you little wretch?"

PIP  
 "Because I'll never cry for you again."  
 (To the audience)  
 Which was, I suppose, as false a declaration as ever was  
 made.

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Ms. Havisham has entered and  
taken her seat.

HAVISHAM

"So! The days have worn away, have they?"

PIP

"Yes, ma'am. To-day is--"

HAVISHAM

"There, there, there! I don't want to know. Are you ready to play?"

PIP

"I don't think I am, ma'am."

HAVISHAM

"Not at cards again?"

PIP

"Yes, ma'am; I could do that, if I was wanted."

HAVISHAM

"Since this house strikes you old and grave, boy, and you are unwilling to play, are you willing to work? Then go into that opposite room," said she, pointing at the door, "and wait there till I come."

PIP

(He crosses to the edge of  
the stage, so he can survey  
the room.)

I crossed the staircase landing, and entered the room she indicated. The most prominent object was a long table with a tablecloth spread on it, as if a feast had been in preparation when the house and the clocks all stopped together.

Miss Havisham crosses to him.

HAVISHAM

(Indicating table)

"Do you know what this is Pip?"

PIP

"A table, mam."

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HAVISHAM

"This is where I will be laid when I am dead. They shall come and look at me here. What do you think that is?"

(She points to the decaying  
cake.)

That, where those cobwebs are?"

PIP

"I can't guess what it is, ma'am."

HAVISHAM

(Pointing to the cake)

"It's a great cake. A bride-cake. Mine! Come, come, come! Walk me, walk me!"

(They link arms and walk  
around the table.)

"This is my birthday, Pip. I don't suffer it to be spoken of. On this day, long before you were born, this heap of decay was brought here. The cake and I have worn away together. When the ruin is complete, and when they lay me dead, in my bride's dress on the table--so much the better if it is done on this day!"

Miss Havisham drops Pip's arm and walks away from him, as Herbert Pocket enters the playing arena and stares at Pip for a long while.

PIP

When we had played some halfdozen games, a day was appointed for my return, and I was taken down into the yard to be fed in the former dog-like manner.

HERBERT

"Hallo! Young fellow! Who let you in? Who gave you leave to prowl about?"

PIP

(To the audience)

He was a pale young gentleman with red eyelids and light hair.

(To Herbert)

"Miss Estella."

HERBERT

"Come and fight," said the pale young gentleman. "Stop a minute, though, I ought to give you a reason for fighting, too."

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HERBERT (cont'd)

(Pours red wine from the  
bottle on the table onto his  
hands and slaps Pip's face)

There it is! Regular rules! Come to the ground!"

PIP

(As they cross downstage)

I was secretly afraid of him; but, I felt morally and  
physically convinced that his light head of hair could have  
had no business in the pit of my stomach.

They both face the audience and  
Herbert puts his fists up in the  
air as if to fight. Herbert  
throws a punch, and then another  
and then turns around.

HERBERT

The pale young gentleman got heavily bruised.

PIP

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

Herbert falls to the ground.

HERBERT

The pale young gentleman finally went on his knees and threw  
up.

(To Pip)

"That means you have won."

Herbert straightens himself out.

PIP

(Offering his hand)

"Can I help you?"

HERBERT

(Smiles at Pip)

"No thankee."

PIP

"Good afternoon."

HERBERT

"Same to you."

Herbert exits.

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ESTELLA

(To Pip)

"Come here!

(He does so)

You may kiss me, if you like."

He goes very tentatively leans into her. She offers him her cheek and he kisses her lightly, but for a long moment. Estella breaks the moment by walking away. Lighting change as Pip crosses downstage center.

PIP

The more I thought of the fight, the more certain it appeared that something would be done to me. But nothing came of the late struggle.

(Lighting shift)

I fall into a general mention of these journeys as numerous, because it was at once settled that I should return every alternate day at noon, and because I am now going to sum up a period of at least eight or ten months.

(A new thought)

Estella was always about, but never told me I might kiss her again.

F. SCENE 7

Miss Havisham crosses down to Pip.

HAVISHAM

"Does she grow prettier and prettier, Pip?"

PIP

And when I said yes, Miss Havisham would embrace her with lavish fondness, murmuring something in her ear.

Miss Havisham fastens a new jeweled necklace on the girl and hugs Estella, saying:

HAVISHAM

"Break their hearts my pride and hope, break their hearts..."

HAVISHAM & ESTELLA

"...and have no mercy!"

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Estella goes to her chair, while  
Ms. Havisham sits and beckons to  
Pip.

HAVISHAM

"Tell me the name again of that blacksmith of yours."

PIP

"Joe Gargery, ma'am."

HAVISHAM

"Meaning the master you were to be apprenticed to?"

PIP

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

HAVISHAM

"You have earned a premium here, and here it is.

(She hands him coins from a  
small purse.)

There are five-and-twenty guineas in this bag. Give it to  
your master, Pip.

(They look at each other for  
a moment.)

Good-bye, Pip!"

PIP

"Am I to come again, Miss Havisham?"

HAVISHAM

"No. Gargery is your master now. You have been a good boy  
here, and that is your reward. Of course, as an honest man,  
you will expect no other and no more."

Lighting change as Pip crosses  
downstage center.

PIP

It is a most miserable thing to feel ashamed of home. Once,  
it had seemed to me that when I should at last roll up my  
shirt-sleeves and go into the forge, I should be  
distinguished and happy. Now the reality was in my hold, I  
only felt that I was dusty. Often after dark, I would seem to  
see Estella's face in the fire, with her hair fluttering in  
the wind and her eyes scorning me. I would feel more ashamed  
of home than ever.

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PIP (cont'd)

(Joe enters the acting area, which now becomes the "forge." He stokes the fires as we have seen him do before, as Pip speaks to him:)

"Don't you think I ought to make Miss Havisham a visit?"

JOE

"Well, Pip, what for?"

PIP

"What for, Joe? What is any visit made for?"

JOE

"But in regard to visiting Miss Havisham, she might think you wanted something--expected something of her."

PIP

"Don't you think I might say that I did not, Joe?"

JOE

"You might, old chap, and she might credit it. Similarly she mightn't.

(Pip tries to hide his disappointment.)

Which I meantsay, Pip, it might be that her meaning were--make an end on it!"

PIP

"Yes, Joe; but as we are rather slack just now, if you would give me a half-holiday tomorrow, I think I would go uptown and make a call on Miss Est--Havisham."

JOE

"Her name ain't Estavisham, Pip."

PIP

"I know, Joe, I know. It was a slip. What do you think of it, Joe?"

Joe looks at Pip. After a moment he smiles at him. Pip smiles back. Lighting change. Ms. Havisham comes forward.

HAVISHAM

"Well? I hope you want nothing. You'll get nothing."

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PIP

"No, indeed, Miss Havisham. I only wanted you to know that I am doing very well in my apprenticeship, and am always much obliged to you."

HAVISHAM

"There, there! Come now and then; come on your birthday.-- Ay! You are looking round for Estella? Hey?"

PIP

(To Ms. Havisham)

I stammered that I hoped she was well.

HAVISHAM

"Abroad, educating for a lady; far out of reach; prettier than ever; admired by all who see her. Do you feel that you have lost her?"

(As she turns to go)

She spared him the trouble of considering, by dismissing Pip.

PIP

(During this speech Pip adjusts his clothes and his posture. He is no longer a boy, and his clothes and demeanor must reflect that. He is now a young man of 18, very handsome and rugged from work at the forge.)

As the years passed, I fell into a regular routine of apprenticeship, which was not varied, beyond the limits of the village, with the exception of my birthday and my paying another visit to Miss Havisham.

ESTELLA

(Estella crosses around Pip. Though he can feel her presence he does not look at her. Estella has a snide, mocking tone. As she speaks Pip carries out tasks at the forge, he hammers metal and stokes the fires.)

She spoke of Estella in the very same way, if not in the very same words. The interview lasted but a few minutes, and she gave him a guinea when he was going, informing him to come again on the next birthday.

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