

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

DRAMA

in

THREE ACTS AND PROLOGUE

Royal Court Theatre.

by W.S. Gilbert
-1871

PROLOGUE

CHARACTERS:

JOE GARGER Y

A Blacksmith

MAGWITCH

Two escaped Convicts

DOLGE ORLICK

PIP

A child of seven, Mrs. Gargery's brother

SERGEANT DEUCE

MRS. JOS GARGER Y

SOLDIERS

SCENE. Exterior of Village Churchyard.

Gravestones seen over low wall of Churchyard, Church in distance, Joe Gargery's Forge The "Three Jolly Bargemen" Inn R. Snow lies on the ground. Sunset.

Pip, a child of seven years, is discovered sitting on low wall of churchyard. Magwitch, an escaped convict, is seen cautiously advancing among the tombstones. He looks cautiously around him, then leaps over low wall, and gags Pip's mouth. Pip, who has not seen his coming, attempts to scream.

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

Mag. Tell us your name! Quick!

Pip Pip, Pip, sir!

Mag. Show us where you live, point out the place.

(Pip points to the forge. Magwitch takes him up, shakes him, and a piece of bread falls out of Pip's pocket. Magwitch devours the bread ravenously.)

Mag. You young dog, what fat cheeks you ha' got! Darn me if I couldn't eat 'em, and if I ha'nt half a mind to 't! Now lookee here, where's your mother?

Pip *(Pointing to a prominent tombstone.)* There, sir!

Mag. *(starts)* Eh! where?

Pip There, sir *(reading from tombstone)* "Also Georginia". That's my mother.

Mag. *(looking at tombstone)* Oh, and is that your father, alonger your mother?

Pip Yes, sir, him too, late of the parish.

- Mag. Ha! Who d'ye live with, supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I ha'nt made up my mind about?
- Pip My sister, sir – Mrs. Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery the blacksmith, sir.
- Mag. Blacksmith, eh! (*Looking at his leg on which is an iron ring.*) Now lookee here (*Bringing his face close to Pip's.*) You know what a file is?
- Pip Yes, sir.
- Mag. And you know what wittles is?
- Pip Yes, sir.
- Mag. (*Shaking him.*) You get me a file and you get me wittles (*shaking him again*) You bring 'em both to me, or I'll have your heart and liver out!
- Pip (*Very giddy.*) If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.
- Mag. You go and bring that file and wittles directly and never you dare to tell a word about it, and you shall be let to live; you fail, and your heart shall be torn out. Now I ain't alone, there's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Hangel. That young man hears the words I speak. It is vain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. I am a-keeping that young man from harming of you at this moment with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off of your inside. Now go.
- (*Exit Pip, terrified, into the forge.*)
- Mag. (*shivering*) Ugh! I wish I was a frog, or a eel! (*The report of a distant gun is heard.*) Ha! was that firing! I dunno. Maybe not. When a man's bolted from them hulks, and is alone with a light head and a light stomach perishing of cold and want, he hears nothing all night but guns firing and voices calling. Hears? He sees the soldiers with their red coats lighted up by the torches carried afore, closing in around him. Hears his number called, hears himself challenged, hears the orders, Present! Cover him, steady men! And is laid hands on – and their's nothing! Why if I see one pursuing party last night, I see a hundred; and as to firing, why I see mist shake with the cannon arter it was broad day! Ha, here's the boy.

(Enter Pip with a bottle, and a small pastry.)

Mag. What's in the bottle, boy? *(shivering)*

Pip Brandy. I think you've got the ague, sir.

Mag. *(Eating ravenously.)* I'm much of your opinion, boy; you're not a deceiving imp, you've giv no one the office to follow you?

Pip No!

Mag. Well, I believe you. You'd be but a fierce young hound, indeed, if at your time of life you could help to hunt a wretched warmint, hunted as near death and dunghill as this poor wretched warmint is!

(Eats ravenously.)

Pip I'm glad you enjoy it, sir.

Mag. Did you speak?

Pip I said, I'm glad you enjoy it.

Mag. Thankee, my boy, I do.

Pip I'm afraid you won't leave any of it for him.

Mag. Who's him?

Pip The young man – that you spoke of.

Mag. Oh, ah, him? Yes, yes, he don't want no wittles. Who's this a coming? I'm off. Give us hold of the file, boy, boy!

(Takes file and hurries off among the tombstones.)

(Enter Mrs. Joe Gargery. She goes up to Pip and shakes him violently.)

Mrs. Joe And wher' the deuce have you been all the afternoon?

Pip Please, I've been down town to hear the Carols.

Mrs. Joe Oh, well, you might ha' done worse. Perhaps if I warn't a blacksmith's wife and (what's the same thing) a slave with her apron never off, I should have to hear the Carols. I'm rather

partial to Carols myself, and that's the best of reasons for my never hearing any.

(She is about to take Pip into the forge, when a file of soldiers led by a sergeant enters R.)

Serg. Halt! Front! Excuse me, Madam, I am on a chase in the name of the King, and I want the blacksmith.

(Enter Joe Gargery from the forge.)

Joe And what might you want with him?

Serg. Speaking for myself, I should say the honour and pleasure of his fine wife's acquaintance. Speaking of the King, I answer, a little job done. You see, blacksmith, we have had an accident with these, and I find the lock of one of 'em goes wrong *(producing a pair of handcuffs)* and the coupling don't act prettly; as they are wanted for immediate service, will you throw your eye over 'em?

Joe All right. Convicts?

(Operates on handcuffs with a file and tweezers.)

Serg. Yes – two on 'em.

Joe Poor devils!

Serg. Ah, you may say that; devils, anyhow. Well they'll find themselves trapped in a circle, I expect, sooner than they count on. Now, black-smith, if you're ready, his Majesty the King is.

(Magwitch is seen in the Churchyard struggling and fighting desperately with Orlick, another escaped convict.)

Mag. I've got him! I took him! Hold him, Sergeant!

Serg. My men!

(The soldiers spring over the low wall and bring the two convicts down, still fighting furiously with one another.)

Serg. Surrender, you two, and confound yo'r wild beasts. Come asunder!

(The soldiers separate them. Magwitch is furious. Orlick is in extreme terror.)

- Mag. Mind, I took him. I give him up to you, mind that!
- Serg. It's not much to be particular about. It'll do you small good, my man, being in the same plight yourself.
- Mag. I don't want it to do me any good – I don't want it to do me more good than it does now. I took him – he knows it – that's enough for me!
- Orlick Take notice guard, he tried to murder me.
- Mag. Tried to murder him? Try and not do it? I told him and giv' him up – that's what I done. Murder him? Worth my while, too, to murder him when I could do worse and bring him back.
- Orlick He tried to murder me. I should have been a dead man if you hadn't come up.
- Mag. He lies! He's a liar born and he'll die a liar. Look at his face ain't it written there? Do you see those groveling wandering eyes? That's how he looked when we were tried together! He never looked at me.
- Orlick *(sneering)* You are not much to look at.
- (Mag. makes a desperate attempt to get at Orlick but is kept back by the soldiers. Orlick shrinks in abject fear.)*
- Serg. Enough of this parley. Light those torches!
- (Soldiers light torches at the forge.)*
- Mag. I wish to say something respecting this escape. It'll prevent some persons laying under suspicion along er me. I took some wittles from the black-smith.
- Serg. Hallo! *(Looking at Joe.)*
- Joe Hallo! *(Looking at Pip.)*
- Mag. It was some broken wittle, and a dram of liquor and a pie.
- Joe My missus did miss some things, just afore you come in. *(To Sergeant.)*

Mag. *(to Joe)* So you're the blacksmith, are you? Then I'm sorry to say I eat your pie!

Joe God knows you're welcome to it, - so far as it ever was mine. Ye don't know what you've done but we wouldn't have you starved to death for it, poor miserable fellow creature. Would us, Pip?

Serg. Fall in!

(The two convicts are placed among the soldiers.)

Good day, blacksmith. Quick march!

(Sergeant and soldiers march off.)

(CURTAIN)

END OF PROLOGUE.

CHARACTERS IN DRAMA.

JOE GARGERY

PIP

DOLGE ORLICK

MR. JAGGERS

ESTELLA

MRS. JOE GARGERY

BIDDY

A C T 1st.JOE GARGERY'S FORGE.

Ten years have elapsed since the Prologue.

Pip discovered writing. Dolge Orlick (Joe Gargery's journeyman) at work at forge.

- Orlick *(Sings as he hammers.)*
 Come hammer boys sound¹
 Old Clem!
 With a thump and a sound
 Old Clem!
 Beat it out, beat it out
 Old Clem!
 With a clink for the stout
 Old Clem!
 Blow the fire, blow the fire
 Old Clem!
 Roaring higher, roaring higher²
 Old Clem!
- Now then, you *(to Pip)* That ain't workin', you know – that's writing, that is – come – be a man – work like me, 'prentice Pip, look at old Orlick. *(hammers)*
- Pip Mind your own business, and let me mind mine. This letter must be sent up town this morning.
- Orlick Some and their up towning! 'Prentice writes letters, and journeyman works. Yah! All right - Yah! *(hammers)*
- (Enter Joe from Street.)*
- Joe Hallo! What's wrong now, old Orlick? Pip, dear boy, what's wrong?
- Pip Oh, not much. Old Orlick's mad because I'm writing, and he's hammering, that's all. I'm writing to Miss Havisham, as I always do on my birthday.

¹ Probably a typist's mistake. Dickens writes "...hammer boys round..."

² Dickens: "Roaring dryer, soaring higher"

Orlick Some, and their birthdays! Yah! (*hammers*)

Joe Now look here, Dolge Orlick, I'm a master here, and I say who works, and who writes. Here you, take yourself off down town to Mr. Pumblechook's. There's a lock to pick – go and pick it.

(Orlick sulkily throws down hammer and taking up basket of tools, saunters out. Joe takes up Pip's letter.)

I say, Pip, old chap, what a scholar you are! ain't you?

Pip I should like to be

Joe Why, here's a "J" and a "O" equal to anythink! Here's a "J" and a "O", Pip, and a J, O, Joe!

Pip Ah! but read the rest, Joe.

Joe The rest, eh, Pip? One two, three. Why, here's three J's, and three O's, and three J O, Joes in it, Pip.

Pip How do you spell Gargery, Joe?

Joe I don't spell it at all.

Pip But supposing you did?

Joe It *can't* be supposed. Th' I'm uncommon fond of readin', too. Give me a good book, or a good newspaper, and sit me down afore a good fire, and I ask no better. Lord! when you do come to a "J" and a "O", and says you, "Here at last a J.O. "Joe", how interestin' reading is!

Pip Why didn't you every go to school, Joe?

Joe Well, Pip I'll tell you. My father, Pip, he were given to drink – he hammered away at my mother most unmerciful. It were almost the only hammering he did, excepting at myself. And he hammered at me with wigour only to be equaled by the wigour with which he didn't hammer at his anvil. Well, one day my mother, she says, "Joe", she says, "Now, please God, you shall have some schooling, child". She put me to school. But me father were that good in his heart, that he couldn't abear to be without us. So he'd come with a most tremenjous crowd, and make such a row at the doors of the house where we was, that they was obligated to give us up to him. And then he took us home and hammered us. Which you see, Pip, were a drawback on my learning.

- Pip Certainly, Joe.
- Joe Though, mind you, Pip, rendering unto all their doo, and maintaining equal justice between man and man, my father were that good in his heart, don't you see, and it were my intentions to have put upon his tombstone that "Whatsomever the failings on his part, Remember, reader, he were that good in his heart".
- Pip Did you make that verse yourself, Joe?
- Joe I made it my own self. I made it in a moment. It was like striking out an horse shoe complete in a single blow. I never was so much surprised in my life. Well, my mother soon followed, poor soul, and being left here alone, I got acquainted with your sister. Now, Pip, your sister is a fine figure of a woman.
- Pip I'm glad you think so, Joe.
- Joe So am I. *I'm* glad to think so, Pip. A little redness, or a little matter of bone, here or there, what does it signify to me.
- Pip If it does not signify to you, to whom does it signify?
- Joe Certainly – that's it. You're right, old chap. When I got acquainted with your sister, it were the talk how she were bringing you up by hand. As to you, if you could have been aware how small and flabby, and mean you was – dear me, you'd have formed the most contemptible opinion of yourself.
- Pip Never mind me love.
- Joe But I did mind you, Pip. When your sister was ready and willing to come to the forge, 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. Well, you see, Pip, you come, and here we are. However, here's the Dutch clock a working of himself up to being equal to striking twelve of 'em, and she's not come home yet. Hallo, here she is. No, it's Biddy. Well, I'll just step out and see that Uncle Pumblechook's mare ain't set a forefoot on a piece of ice and come down.
- (*Exit Joe. Enter Biddy, alarmed.*)
- Pip Why, Biddy, you're all out of breath – what's wrong?
- Bid. Oh, that man!

- Pip What man?
- Bid. That Orlick! I met him – he frightened me so.
- Pip The scoundrel! What did he do?
- Bid. I met him just now, and he said, “Hallo”, he said, “Going Home?” “Yes”, said I. “Well then”, said he, “I’m jiggered if I don’t see you home”. Well, I gathered myself up, and I ran.
- Pip Why?
- Bid. Oh, because I – I’m afraid he likes me.
- Pip (*angrily*) Did he ever tell you he liked you?
- Bid. No, he never told me so, but – he dances at me whenever he caught my eye.
- Pip The ruffian!
- Bid. (*demurely*) But it makes no difference to you, you know.
- Pip No, Biddy, it makes no difference to me. But I should have a very poor opinion of you, if he danced at you with your own consent. Why, the fellow is a liberated convict, taken into service by Joe out of mere charity – there isn’t a greater scoundrel in the county. Such a man as that to dance at a clever girl like you!
- Bid. Clever!
- Pip Yes. See how I pour over my books, and yet you always keep up with me. It isn’t a year since you came into Joe’s family, and see what you’ve learnt. How do you manage it?
- Bid. I suppose I must catch it, like a cough.
- Pip Biddy, I want to tell you a secret.
- Bid. About Miss Estella?
- Pip Nonsense, Biddy. I want to be a Gentleman.
- Bid. Oh, I wouldn’t, if I was you. I don’t think it would answer.
- Pip. Biddy, don’t be absurd. If I could have settled down and been fond of the forge, I know it would have been better for me. I should have been good enough for *you*. Shouldn’t I, Biddy?

- Bid. Yes. I'm not over particular (*sighing*)
- Pip It wouldn't have mattered being coarse and common if no one had told me so.
- Bid. Who said it?
- Pip Miss Estella, the beautiful young lady at Miss Havisham's – and she's more beautiful than anybody ever was, and I admire her dreadfully, and I want to be a gentleman, on her account. Biddy, I wish you could put me right! If I could only get myself to fall in love with you – you don't mind my speaking so plainly?
- Bid. Oh, dear, not at all – don't mind me.
- Pip If I could only get myself to do *that*, it would be the best thing for me.
- Bid. But you never will, you see, Pip. Never, never, never.
- Pip Well, I don't know. It's about time for Wopsle to be starting down town. Just run over with it to the Bargeman, and get him to take my letter to Sates³ House.
- (Exit Biddy. Enter Estella. Enter Joe.)*
- Pip Miss Estella! this is a surprise. Here, Joe, here's Miss Estella come to see us. Miss Estella - Miss Havisham's niece, you know.
- Joe Eh – oh – servant, Miss.
- Est. You are the husband of the sister of this lad? You are the husband, I say, of the sister of this lad?
- Joe (*to Pip*) Which I meaner to say, Pip – as I keep and married your sister, and I were at the time what you might call, if you was so disposed, a single man.
- Est. Well, I believe you reared him with the intention of taking him for your apprentice. Is that so, Mr. Gargery?
- Joe You know, Pip, as you and me were ever friends, and it were looked for'ard to between us as bein' calc'lated to lead to larks. Not but what, Pip, if you had every made objections to the

³ "Satis" in Dickens

business – such as its being open to clack and sut – or such like – such objections would have been attended to.

- Est. Did the lad ever make any objection? Does he like the trade? (*contemptuously*) Does he like the soot and grime and filth of a forge? Did he never bring himself to look upon it as a coarse and common trade?
- Pip Oh, Miss Estella, don't – not before him.
- Joe Which it is well known to yourself, Pip, that it were the wish of your own heart, and there weren't no objections on your part, and Pip, it were the great wish of your heart.
- Est. Of course you received no premium with the boy.
- Joe Pip, which I meanter say, that were not a question requiring a answer betwixt you and me, and which you know the answer to be full well, No. You know it to be No, Pip, and wherefore should I say it.
- Est. Well, Miss Havisham, my aunt, wishes me to tell you that the lad, Pip, has earned a premium by making himself useful at odd times at Sates House. She wishes me to give it to you in her name. There are five and twenty guineas in this bag. Take it.
- Pip I can't take it from you, Miss. Not money from you. For Heaven's sake, not money from you.
- Est. I tell you that it is not from me. It is from Miss Havisham. The lad has been a good and useful lad, and this is his reward. Of course, as an honest man you will expect no other, and no more.
- Joe (*taking it*) This is very liberal on your part, Pip, and it is as such received and grateful welcome, this never looked for, far nor near, nor nowheres.
- Est. I should tell you that Mr. Jaggers, my Aunt's Solicitor, wishes to speak to you, Mr. Gargery, on some business of his own. He will be with you in half an hour. I mention this that you may be here to receive him. Good day (*Going.*)
- Pip. Miss Estella, one word. Why are you so cold, and cruel and proud to me? I know I'm coarse rough common lad, and you're a young lady, but I don't want to be coarse and common, - it's not my fault that I'm only a blacksmith. It cuts me deep enough when I think of it, - don't probe the wound deeper, Miss Estella.

Est. Pip, my mad aunt compelled me as a child to associate daily with you. It was not my fault that you were my playmate, that you were taught by her to treat me as your equal. That is over now. I am a woman – you are almost a man. Our paths lie apart. Good bye, you silly fanciful boy.

(Exit Estella. Pip watches her.)

Joe *(with the money)* Astonishing! Astonishing! Pip, I do assure you this is astonishing!

(Enter Mrs. Joe Gargery.)

Mrs. G. And may I ask, without being afraid of having my head snapped off, what has astonished you? Not that it need take much to do that, goodness gracious knows.

Joe Miss Estella, from Satis House, has been here.

Mrs. G. Oh, has she. I wonder, after that, you condescend to associate with such poor society as us. I am sure I do.

Joe Miss Estella said that Miss Havisham made it very pertickler that we should give her – were it compliments or respects, Pip?

Pip Compliments.

Joe Which that were my own belief – her compliments to Mrs. J. Gargery.

Mrs. G. Much good they'll do me.

Joe And wishing that the state of Miss Havisham's 'elth were sitch as would have – allowed her, were it, Pip?

Pip Of having the pleasure.

Joe Of ladies company.

Mrs. G. Well, she might have had the politeness to send that message, at first, but it's better late than never. And what did she give young Rantipol⁴ there? *(Looking at Pip.)*

Joe She give him nothing. What she give she give to his friends. "Any by his friends" were her explanation "I mean into the hands of his sister Mrs. J. Gargery". Them was her words, "Mrs.

⁴ "Rantipole" in Dickens

J. Gargery". She mayn't have know'd whether it was Joe or Jorge.

Mrs. G. And how much have you got?

Joe What would present company say to ten pound?

Mrs. G. They'd say pretty well – not much, but pretty well.

Joe What would present company say to twenty pound?

Mrs. G. Handsome would be the word.

Joe Well, then, it's more than twenty pounds. And to make an end of it, it's five and twenty pound, and what it all means is more than I can tell. It's astonishing! astonishing! It's altogether circumwented me. I never knowed how that there Miss Havisham come to take that fancy to Pip, seven years ago, poor mad thing.

Mrs. G. Noodle! Wasn't she lonely and solitary in her ramshackle old house with none but her niece, Miss Estella, about her? And wasn't the child lonely too, without a playmate of her own age? And isn't it barely possible that uncle Pumblechook might have been a tenant of hers, and that he might sometimes, we won't say quarterly or half-yearly, for that would be requiring too much of you – but sometimes – go there to pay his rent? And couldn't she then ask Uncle Pumblechook if he knew of a boy to go and play there? And couldn't Uncle Pumblechook, being always considerate, and thoughtful for us (though you may not think it possible) then mention that boy that I had brought up by hand, and have for ever been a willin' slave to? And lor' a mussy me, here I stand talking to that mooncalf while uncle Pumblechook's outside, waiting for his dinner. There's a pork pie, and a bottle of brandy, which'll set him up afore he goes back again.

(Exit Mrs. Gargery.)

Pip Joe, don't you think I ought to pay Miss Havisham a visit?

Joe Well, Pip – what for?

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

Joe There is some visits perhaps, as for ever remains open to the question, Pip, but as regarding this visit – she might think you wanted something more.

- Pip Don't you think I might say I did not, Joe?
- Joe You might, old chap. And she might believe you. Similarly, she might not, for Miss Havisham sent message by Miss Estella, as that were *all*.
- Pip Yes, Joe, I know she did.
- Joe *All*.
- Pip Yes, Joe, I tell you I know she did.
- Joe Which I meanter say, Pip, it might be as her meaning were "Make an end on it". As you was! Me to the North and you to the South.
- Pip But I want to show her that I am grateful for what she has done. I think I ought to do that.
- Joe That's true, Pip, and unless you was to turn her out a set of shoes, all four round, which I meanter say as even a set of shoes all round, might not act acceptable as a present in a total wacancy of hoofs.
- Pip But I don't mean a present.
- Joe Or even if you was helped to knocking her up a new chain for the front door, or say a gross or two of sharp headed screws for general use, - or some light fancy article for general use, such as a toasting fork when she took her muffins, or a gridiron, when she took a sprat or such like.
- Pip I tell you I don't mean a present, Joe.
- Joe No, Pip, and what I say to you is – you are right, Pip.
- Pip What I wanted to say was, that as we are rather slack just now, if you would give me a half holiday, I would go up town, and make a call on Miss Est. Havisham.
- Joe (*gravely*) Which her name ain't Estavisham, Pip, unless she have been rechristened.
(*Enter Dolge Orlick.*)
Well, Pip, take a half holiday and go.
(*Exit Pip.*)
- Orlick Now, Master! sure you're not a going to favour only one of us! If young Pip has a half holiday, do as much for old Orlick.

Joe What'll you do with it if you get it?

Orlick What'll I do with it? What'll *he* do with it?

Joe As to Pip, he's going up town.

Orlick Well, then, as to Orlick, he's a going up town. Two can go up town. Some, and their up towning! Come, no favouring in this shop. Be a man. (*Hammers furiously.*)

Joe Are you all right now?

Orlick Ah! I'm all right.

Joe Then as in general you stick to your work, as well as most men, let it be a half holiday for all.

(*Enter Mrs. Gargery.*)

Mrs. G. Like you, you fool; You're a rich man, upon my life to waste wages in that way; I wish *I* was *his* master.

Orlick You'd be everybody's master if you durst.

Joe Let her alone.

Mrs. G. I'd be a match for all noodles and all rogues, and I couldn't be a match for the noodles without being a match for your master, who's the dunder headed king of the noodles. And I couldn't be a match for the rogues without being a match for you, who are the blackest looking rogue between this and France! Now.

Orlick You're a foul shrew, Mother Gargery.

Joe Let her alone, will you?

Mrs. G. What did you say? What did that fellow, Orlick, say? What did he call me with my husband standing by? O! O! O! What was the name he gave me before the base man who swore to defend me? O! hold me! O!

Orlick Ah! I'd hold you, if you was my wife. I'd hold you under the pump, and choke it out of you.

Mrs. G. Oh, to hear him! To hear the names he's giving me! In my own house! Me a married woman, and my husband standing by! O! O!

Joe Now look you here, Orlick! Are you man enough to come on? Then I meanter say havin' regard to events as has just transpired atwixt you and her, Come on!

(Joe pitches into Orlick, Mrs. Gargery screams. Pip runs in. Orlick is floored.)

Orlick *(rising)* Mother Gargery and all of you. I take it out of you for this! Mind! All on you. Old Orlick bullied and beat, eh?

Joe Hold your tongue.

Orlick Ah! I'll hold your tongue, and some others shall hold their tongues, 'tain't only one wot can hold his tongue.

Pip Say another word, and it'll be my turn. I owe you one.

Orlick Oh, you owes me one? Well, I owes you one, and I'll pay you afore long.

Pip What have I done?

Joe Let him alone.

Orlick What have *you* done? You come between old Orlick and a young woman he likes – you give him a bad name to her – you comes over her with your smooth face and palavering ways. I knows you – and I'll take it out of you. You too – Joe Gargery. You too – Mother Gargery. All on you! Mind, all on you!

(Exit Orlick.)

(Mrs. Gargery exits L. Pip R.H.)

Joe Which I meanter say, Pip, as there fellow has a eye as means mischief, which to be sure a black and blue swelling, such as is a gathering of itself around old Orlick's eye at the present speaking, is not calc'lated for to set off a naturally unamiable expression, but making doo allowance for that as between man and man I do believe as there isn't a crime in the Noogate Calendar as that there Dolge Orlick isn't ekal to.

(Enter Mr. Jaggers.)

Jag. Oh, you believe that of Dolge Orlick, do you?

Joe Yes, without having the honour of your acquaintance, I do believe it of Dolge Orlick.

Jag. I know you do. I knew you would. But now I'll ask you a question. Do you know, or do you not know, that the Law of England supposes every man to be innocent, until he is proved – proved – to be guilty?

Joe Which I meanter say, as a Englishman myself –

Jag. Come, don't evade the question. Either you know it, or you don't know it. Which is it to be?

Joe Certainly I know it.

Jag. Certainly you know it. Then why didn't you say so at first? Now I ask you what do you say to the conscience of that man, who with that fact before his eyes, can lay his head upon his pillow, after having pronounced a fellow creature guilty of a crime not yet committed! And you, bear in mind, might be summoned as a juryman upon the trial of this same Orlick, and having thus deeply committed yourself, might return to the bosom of your family and lay your head upon your pillow, after deliberately swearing that you would truly try and issue join between our Sovereign Lady the Queen and the Prisoner at the Bar, and would true verdict give according to the evidence, so help you God!

Joe Which I meanter say that –

Jag. Stop. From information I've received, I have reason to believe that you are the blacksmith.

Joe Which I am.

Jag. You have an apprentice, commonly known as Pip. Is he here?

(Enter Pip.)

Pip I am here.

Jag. Good. My name is Jaggers and I am a lawyer in London. I have unusual business to transact with you, and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked I should not have been here. Now, Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young, man your apprentice. You would not object to cancel his indentures at his request and for his good – you would want nothing for so doing.

Joe *(amazed)* Lord forbid that I should want anything for not standing in Pip's way.

- Jag. Lord forbidding is pious, but not to the purpose. The question is – would you want anything?
- Joe *(sternly)* The answer is No
- Jag. Very well. Recollect the admission you have made and don't try to go down from it presently.
- Joe Who's a going to try?
- Jag. I don't say anyone is. Do you keep a dog?
- Joe Yes, I do keep a dog.
- Jag. Bear in mind then that Brag is a good dog, but Holdfast is a better. Now I return to this young fellow. And the communication that I have to make is, that he has Great Expectations. I am instructed to communicate to him that he will come into a handsome property. Further, that it is the desire of the present possessor of that fortune that he be immediately removed from his present sphere of life, and be brought up as a gentleman. In a word, as a young fellow of Great Expectations.
- Pip *(aside)* Miss Havisham! Oh, Miss Havisham, this is to make me fit for Estella.
- Jag. Now, Mr. Pip, you are to understand that the name of the person who is your liberal benefactor remains a profound secret, until that person chooses to reveal it. Now you are distinctly to understand that you are most positively prohibited from making any enquiry on that head in all communications you may have with me. If you have a suspicion within your own breast (and you look as if you had some such suspicion) keep that suspicion within your own breast. If you have any objection, now is the time to mention it.
- Pip *(amazed)* No, no – I've no objection.
- Jag. I should think not! Now, Mr. Pip, I have done with stipulations. We come next to mere details. There is already lodged in my hands a sum of money, amply sufficient for your suitable education and maintainance. Oh, I tell you at once, I am paid for my services, or I shouldn't render them. Now then, it is necessary that you start at once.
- Pip At once!
- Jag. At once. You can do that?

- Pip I suppose I can.
- Jag. You are sure you can, ain't you, - the coach starts in half an hour. You must go alone, for I have to return to Miss Havisham. When you get to London, you will want money to buy clothes. Shall I leave you twenty guineas? There they are – you need take nothing with you – you can buy everything as soon as you arrive. My clerk will show you where. (*Counts money and pushes it to Pip.*) Well, Joseph Gargery, you look dumbfounded.
- Joe I am!
- Jag. It was understood that you wanted nothing for yourself, remember.
- Joe It was understood, and it are understood, and it ever will be similar according.
- Jag. But what if it was in my instructions to make you a present as compensation?
- Joe As compensation for what?
- Jag. For the loss of his services.
- Joe. (*Laying his hand on Pip's shoulder.*) Pip is that hearty welcome to go free with his services to honour and fortune as no words can tell him. But if you think as money can make compensation to me for the loss of the little child – what come to the forge – and ever the best of friends – (*deeply affected*)
- Pip Ever the best of friends, dear, good, faithful, tender Joe! Ever the best of friends, and we will ever be so.
- Jag. Now, Joseph Gargery – I warn you, this is your last chance. No half measures with me. If you mean to take a present, speak out, and you shall have it. If on the contrary you mean to say –
- Joe (*Turning round in a furious rage.*) Which I meanter say that if you come into my place bull baiting and badgering me, come out! Which I mean to say as sech if you're a man, come on, which I mean to say that what I say, I meanter say and stand or fall by.

(*Threatening Jagers who retreats.*)

Jag. Well, Mr. Pip, the sooner you leave here – as you are to be a gentleman – the better. You had better start to-day. Report yourself at my chambers – here is the address. When you arrive, my clerk Wemmick will see to your comforts, that’s all I have to say. Good morning.

(Exit Jagers.)

Joe *(calling)* Biddy – Mrs. Jagers⁵ – come here! I’ve news – great news.

(Enter Biddy and Mrs. Jagers.)

Biddy! Pip’s a gentleman of fortune, and he’s a going away to-day.

Bid. Pip going away! and to-day! Oh, Pip!

Pip Yes, Biddy, I mustn’t say to whom I’m indebted for this wonderful good luck.

Bid. *(aside)* Miss Havisham.

Pip Nor why my benefactress wishes me to be a gentleman.

Bid. Miss Estella *(aside)*

Pip I am under a promise not even to guess at her name. But you may be sure, dear Joe, and dear Biddy, that I shall never forget you.

Joe No, no, Pip. *I’m* sure of that. Ay, ay, old chap. Bless you, it were only necessary to get it well round in a man’s mind to be certain of it. But it took a bit of time to get it well round – the change come so uncommon plump, didn’t it?

(Horn heard.)

Pip Well, good bye, Joe. Good bye, Biddy. Good bye, sister. There’s a reare good fortune in store for me, but I’ll never forget you. Good bye dear loving faithful old Joe.

ACT DROP

⁵ Typist’s error? “Mrs. Jagers” should, of course, read “Mrs. Joe Gargery”

A C T 2nd.*Pip's Chambers in the Temple**Herbert Pocket discovered. Enter Mr. Jaggers.*

- Jag. Good morning, Herbert. Pip in?
- Her. No, Mr. Jaggers, but I expect him. Take a seat.
- Jag. I will. Well, Herbert, anything turned up for you yet?
- Her. No, Mr. Jaggers, not yet. But I'm still in the counting house, that's something. I'm looking about me, you know.
- Jag. Yes, yes, I know. Well, you and Pip have been living together for a year in these chambers. How do you like him?
- Her. Immensely – Im – mensely! He's a thorough good fellow. A good fellow with impetuosity and hesitation, boldness and indifference, action and dreaming curiously mixed in him. We get on capitally – the old Inn has been quite another place since he joined me in these chambers at your recommendation. When I'm a capitalist –
- Jag. A what?
- Her. A capitalist. I shall be some day, you know, when I've looked about me, you know – when I see my opening, and I take a big house – he will still live with me (*Looks at watch.*) Half past eight. I have a lot of office work to do, and I've brought it home with me. I must see about it. I often bring work home – they like it at the counting house. There's no place like a counting house, Mr. Jaggers for looking about you until you find your opening.
- (*Exit Herbert.*)
- (*Enter Pip.*)
- Pip Oh, Mr. Jaggers, I'm glad to see you. I've just been round to your office. I want –
- Jag. Some money?

- Pip Yes – to buy this furniture which I am now hiring.
- Jag. Go it! I told you you'd get on. Well, how much do you want?
- Pip Well, I don't exactly know.
- Jag. Come – how much? Fifty pounds?
- Pip Oh, not nearly so much.
- Jag. Five pounds?
- Pip Oh, more than that
- Jag. Oh, more than that, eh? How much more? Come, let's get at it. Twice five, will that do? Three times five, will that do? Four times five, will that do?
- Pip I think four times five will do handsomely.
- Jag. Four times five will do handsomely, will it? Now what do you make of four times five?
- Pip What do I make of it?
- Jag. Ah! How much?
- Pip I suppose you make it £20.
- Jag. Never mind what I make it, my good friend. I want to know what *you* make it.
- Pip Twenty pounds, of course.
- Jag. Good. Now, my young friend, I am going to have a word or two with you.
- Pip If you please, sir.
- Jag. What do you suppose you are living at the rate of?
- Pip At the rate of, sir?
- Jag. At – the – rate – of.
- Pip I can hardly say, sir.
- Jag. I thought so. Now I have asked *you* a question, my friend, have you anything to ask *me*?

- Pip Of course it would be a great relief to me to ask *you* several questions, but I remember our prohibition, sir.
- Jag. Ask one.
- Pip Is my benefactor to declare herself – to be made known to me to-day?
- Jag. No. Ask another.
- Pip Is that confidence to be imparted to me, soon?
- Jag. Waive that, a moment, and ask another.
- Pip (*reluctantly*) Have I anything to receive, sir?
- Jag. Ah! I thought we should come to it. Now, Mr. Pip, attend if you please. (*Producing paper.*) You have been drawing pretty freely here, but you are in debt of course.
- Pip I'm afraid I must say "Yes", sir.
- Jag. You know you must say "Yes", don't you?
- Pip Yes, sir.
- Jag. 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. (*Pip attempts to protest.*) Yes, yes, my friend, it's likely enough you think you wouldn't, but you would. Now take this piece of paper in your hand. (*producing note*) You have got it? Very good. Now unfold it, and tell me what it is.
- Pip This is a bank note for £500.
- Jag. That is a bank note for £500, and a very handsome sum of money, too, I think. You consider it so?
- Pip How could I do otherwise?
- Jag. Ah! but answer the question.
- Pip Undoubtedly.
- Jag. You consider it undoubtedly a handsome sum of money. Now that handsome sum of money, Pip, is your own. It is a present to you in earnest of your "Great Expectations". At the rate of that handsome sum of money and at no higher rate you are to live

until the donor of the whole appears. As I have told you before, I am the mere agent. I execute my instructions and I am paid for doing so. I think them injudicious, but I am not paid for giving my opinion on their merits.

Pip There was a question just now, Mr. Jaggers, which you desired me to waive for a moment. Is it likely that my patron will soon—

Jag. Will soon what?

Pip Will soon come to London – or summon me into the country –

Jag. What did I tell you, when we first met?

Pip That it might be years before that person appeared.

Jag. Just so – that’s my answer. When that person discloses, my part in this business will cease and determine. When that person discloses, it will not be necessary for me to know anything about it. And that is all I’ve got to say. Good evening, Pip.

(Exit Jaggers.)

Pip It’s impossible to get anything out of him. I suppose he’s annoyed with Miss Havisham for not having taken him into her confidence, about her designing me for Estella – or perhaps she has done so, and he can’t⁶approve of it. When shall I see her again? She will find me much changed. Less coarse and common I hope than when she saw me last. Oh, Estella!

(Enter Biddy.)

Pip Why, Biddy! My dear Biddy! I’m so glad to see you.

Bid. I’m come up to town with Joe, Pip. He’ll be here directly, but he’s gone with Mr. Wopsle – he was our Parish Clerk, you know – sight seeing.

Pip But, you’re in mourning.

Bid. Yes, of course. Poor Mrs. Joe, you know.

Pip Oh, of course. I forgot.

Bid. Oh that indeed – if you forgot –

⁶ Another typist’s error. Probably should read “won’t” or “don’t” or “can’t”.

- Pip But it's nine months since she died, Biddy, and I did not expect to see you in mourning, not being a relation of my sister's.
- Bid. No, indeed – not being a relation of your sister's.
- Pip Biddy, I think you might have written to me about these and matters.
- Bid. Do you, Mr. Pip? I should have written if I had thought that.
- Pip Don't suppose that I mean to be unkind when I say I consider that you ought to have thought that.
- Bid. Do you, Mr. Pip?
- Pip I suppose you have left the forge now, Biddy?
- Bid. Oh, of course I have. I have been speaking to Mrs. Hubble and together I hope we shall be able to take some care of Mr. Gargery.
- Pip How are you going to live, Biddy? If you want any money –
- Bid. (*quickly*) How am I going to live? I'll tell you, Mr. Pip. I am going to try and get the place of mistress of the new school.
- Pip I have not heard the particulars of my sister's death, Biddy. I only heard that she was struck on the head, one night, by some unknown scoundrel and that she died of the blow.
- Bid. Well, for a long time she couldn't speak, but one evening, just at tea time, she said quite plainly "Joe". So I ran and fetched Mr. Gargery from the forge. She made signs that she wanted him to sit down close to her, and wanted me to put her arms round his neck. So I put them round his neck, and she laid her head down on his shoulder quite content, and satisfied. And so she presently said "Joe" again, and once "Pardon", and once "Pip", and so she never lifted her head up any more, and it was just an hour later when we laid her down on her own bed, because we found she was gone. (*crying*)
- Pip Nothing was ever discovered, Biddy?
- Bid. Nothing. But everybody says it's Orlick
- Pip Orlick!
- Bid. Yes, he disappeared immediately afterwards, and has never been seen since – but there is no other evidence.

Pip I'll not wait for evidence. I'll not rest until I have brought him to bay. I'll spare neither time, trouble, nor money, to hunt him down. From this moment my life is devoted to the discovery of that infernal ruffian! My poor, poor sister, and Joe – how does he bear it?

Bid. Here he is, Mr. Pip, to answer for himself.

(Enter Joe.)

Pip Joe. How are you, Joe?

Joe Pip. How *air* you?

Pip I am glad to see you, Joe.

Joe Which you have that growed, and that swelled, and that gentlefolked – as to be sure you are a honour to your Queen and country.

Pip And you, Joe, look wonderfully well.

Joe Thank God, I'm ekewal to most. And all friends is no baderder, if no for'arder. 'Ceptin' Wopsle, the Parish Clerk – he's had a drop.

Pip Had a drop, Joe?

Joe Why, yes. He's left the church and went into the play acting – which the play acting have likewise brought him to London along with me. Which he appeared at a theatre last night.

Pip Were you at his performance, Joe?

Joe *(With emphasis)* I were.

Pip Was there a great sensation?

Joe Why, yes. There certainly were a peck of orange peel. Partickler when he see the ghost – though I put it to you, sir, whether it were calc'lated to keep a man up to his work with a good heart, to be continually cuttin' in twixt him and the ghost with "Amen"! A man may have had a misfortune and been in the church, but that's no reason why you should put hijm out at such a time. Which I mean to say if the ghost of a man's own father cannot be allowed to claim his attention, what can? Still more so when his mourning hat is unfortunately made so small,

as that the weight of the black feathers bring it off, try to keep it on how you may.

(Enter Herbert.)

Her. Hallo!

Pip This is Mr. Gargery, Herbert.

Joe Your servant, sir – which I hope as you and Pip gets your 'elths in this close spot. For the present may be a very good inn according to London opinions, and I believe it's character do stand it; but I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself – not in the case that I wished them to fatten wholesome, and to eat with a meller flavour on him.

Her. When did you come to town, Mr. Gargery?

Joe Were it yesterday afternoon? No, it were not. Yes, it were – yes. It were yesterday afternoon.

Her. Have you seen anything of London yet?

Joe Why, yes, sir, Me and Wopsle went off straight to look at the Blacking Ware'us. But we didn't find that it come up to it's likeness in the red bills at the shop doors, - which I meanter say as it is there drawed too Architectooralooral.

Her. That's true enough. Well, good bye, Mr. Gargery. I'm off again. Hard at work. Can't stop. Fortune to make. Goody bye, Miss Biddy.

(Exit Herbert.)

Joe Us three being now alone, sir –

Pip Joe! how can you call me "Sir"?

Joe Us three being alone, and me having the intentions and abilities to stay not many minutes more, I will now conclude – leastways begin – to mention what have led to my having had the present honour. For was it not that my only wish were to be useful to you, I should not have had the honour of sitting down in the company and abode of gentlemen. Well, sir, I were at the Bargeman t'other night, when a message was brought to me as Miss Havisham wished to speak to me.

Pip Miss Havisham, Joe?

Pip Why do you call me “Mr. Pip”? It’s bad taste. You used not to do so.

Bid. Used not. O, Mr. Pip! Used not!

Pip Biddy, one word before you go. I have a favour to ask of you.

Bid. Yes?

Pip And it is that you will not omit any opportunity of helping Joe on a little.

Bid. How helping him on?

Pip Well, Joe is a dear good fellow – in fact, I think he’s the dearest fellow that ever lived, but he is backward in some things. For instance, Biddy, in his learning and manners.

Bid. Oh, his manners! Won’t his manners do then?

Pip My dear Biddy, they do very well for the forge.

Bid. Oh – they *do* very well for the forge.

Pip But if I were to remove him into a higher sphere – as I should like to do – they would hardly do him justice.

Bid. And you think he knows that?

Pip Biddy, what do you mean?

Bid. Have you never considered that he may be proud?

Pip Proud?

Bid. He may be too proud to let any one take him out of a place, that he is competent to fill, and fills well and with respect. To tell you the truth, I think he is.

Pip Now, Biddy, I am very sorry to see this in you. I did not expect this in you. You are envious Biddy – grudging. You are dissatisfied in consequence of my rise in fortune, and you can’t help showing it.

Bid. If you have the heart to think so, say so. Say so over and over again, if you have the heart to think so. But whatever opinion you form of me shall make no difference in my remembrance of you. Yet a gentleman should not be unjust neither.

(Exit Biddy.)

Pip Joe! Poor Joe! How cruelly – how abominably I have treated him. I will go to him tomorrow, and he shall see that I am not utterly dead to the calls of gratitude. Tomorrow – yet stay! Estella will be here! Estella! That is something. It is true that she is not coming of her own accord, but that she is coming at all is something! What can be Miss Havisham’s motive in keeping her munificence to me such a secret. Does Estella know its object? Does she know that I am destined for her? And I who know it, dare not, dare not tell. Come in!

(Enter Estella.)

Estella! I did not expect you to ⁷tell tomorrow!

Est. I have come tonight at my aunt’s instructions. I am here in London, on my way to Richmond. I go there tomorrow, the distance is ten miles. I am to have a carriage, and you are to take me. This is my purse, and you are to pay my charges out of it. Oh, you must take the purse. We have no choice – you and I – but to obey our instructions. We are not free to follow our own devices – you and I.

Pip Where are you going to at Richmond, Estella?

Est. I am going to live at a great expense with a lady there who has the power – or says she has – of taking me about, and introducing me, and showing people to me, and showing me to people.

Pip I suppose you will be glad of variety and admiration?

Est. Yes, I suppose so. I am to hunt after victims.

Pip Victims?

Est. Yes. Those are my adopted aunt’s instructions.

Pip But why victims?

Est. I will tell you. It is to avenge her quarrel with the world. Years ago, my mad aunt had a lover who behaved infamously to her. She passionately loved him. The marriage was fixed, the wedding dresses were bought, the wedding tour was planned, the wedding guests were invited. The day came, but not the bridegroom. He never appeared again. When she recovered from a dreadful illness that ensued, she laid the whole place waste, and she has never since looked upon the light of day. Her

⁷ Typist’s error? Should read “till”?

misfortune turned her brain, and she adopted me when I was but two years old, with the deliberate intention that I should avenge her quarrel with the world. And accordingly I am going into society to hunt for victims.

Pip And you have no objection to urge against such a mission?

Est. No. Why should I? What does it matter to me? It is my destiny. As well that as another.

Pip You speak of yourself, as if you were someone else.

Est. Where did you learn how I speak of others? Come, come, you must not expect me to go to school to *you*. I must talk in my own way. How do you thrive with Mr. Pocket?

Pip Quite pleasantly – at least –

Est. At least?

Pip As pleasantly as I could anywhere away from you.

Est. You silly boy – how can you talk such nonsense? Will you never take warning? Or do you kiss my hand in the same spirit in which I once, as a child, let you kiss my cheek?

Pip What spirit was that?

Est. A spirit of contempt for fawners and plotters.

Pip If I say yes, may I kiss the cheek again?

Est. You should have asked that before you touched the hand. But yes if you like. Now I must go. Don't come down. I have a reason for what I say – a hackney coach is below. Mind, at 12 tomorrow.

(Exit Estella.)

Pip At least let me show you a light, for the old stairs are crazy. *(Holds light.)* What is that man? Does he want me? There is some one down stairs, is there not?

Voice Yes.

Pip What floor do you want?

Voice The top – Mr. Pip.

Pip That's my name. There is nothing the matter.

Voice Nothing the matter?

(Magwitch appears at the door.)

Pip Pray, what's your business?

Mag. My business! Ah! yes! I will explain my business by your leave.

Pip Do you wish to come in?

Mag. Yes, I wish to come in, master *(Holds out his hands.)*

Pip What do you mean?

Mag. It's disappointing to a man arter having looked for'ard so distant, and come so far, but you're not to blame for that. I'll speak in half a minute. Give me half a minute, please *(sits down)* There is no one nigh, is there?

Pip Why do you, a stranger, coming into my rooms at this time of night ask that question?

Mag. You're a game one! I'm glad you've growed up a game one. But don't catch hold of me. You'll be sorry afterwards to have done it.

(Pip recognizes him as he takes out a file.)

You acted nobly, my boy. Noble, Pip, and I have never forgotten it.

Pip Stay – keep off. If you are grateful to me for what I did when I was a child, I hope you have shown your gratitude by mending your way of life. If you have come here to thank me, it was not necessary. Still, however, you have found me out, there must be some good in the feeling that brought you here, and I will not repulse you. But surely you must understand that I –

Mag. You was a saying that I surely must understand. What must I surely understand?

Pip That I cannot wish to renew that chance intercourse with you of long ago under these different circumstances. I am glad to believe that you have repented and recovered yourself. I am glad that, thinking I deserve to be thanked, you have come to thank me. But our ways are different ways. You are wet and you look weary. Will you drink something before you go?

- Mag. I think that I *will* drink, I thank you, afore I go.
- Pip I hope you will not think that I spoke harshly to you just now. I had no intention of doing it. I am sorry if I did. I wish you well and happy. How are you living?
- Mag. I've been a sheep farmer, a stock breeder, and other trades besides away in the new world – many a thousand mile of stormy water off this.
- Pip I hope you have done well.
- Mag. I have done wonderful well. There's others went out away, as has done well too. But no man has done nigh as well as me.
- Pip I am glad to hear it.
- Mag. I hope to hear you say so, dear boy. May I make so bold as to ask how *you* have done well since you and me was out on them lone shivering marshes?
- Pip How?
- Mag. Ah!
- Pip I have been chosen to succeed to some property.
- Mag. Might a mere warmint ask what property?
- Pip I don't know.
- Mag. Might a mere warmint ask whose property?
- Pip I don't know.
- Mag. Could I make a guess, I wonder, as to your present income? As to the first figure, now – five? Concerning a guardian, there ought to have been some guardian or such like, you being a minor – some lawyer maybe. As to the first letter of that lawyer's name now? Would it be J, now? Put it that the first letter of that lawyer's name would be J, and that his name might be Jagers? Yes, Pip, dear boy. I've made a gentleman of you! It's me wot has done it. I swore that time, sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. What odds, dear boy? Do I tell it for you to feel a obligation? Not a bit. I tell it for you to know as that there hunted dunghill dog, wot you kep life in, got his head so high that he could make a gentleman. And, Pip, you're him! Lookee, here, Pip, I'm your second father – you're my son – more to me nor any son. I've put away money only for

you to spend. When I was a hired out shepherd in a solitary hut, not seeing no faces but the faces of sheep, till I half forgot wot men's and women's faces was like – I see your'n. I drops my knife many a time in that hut, when I was a eating my dinner or my supper, and I says, "Here's the boy again, a looking at me while I eats and drinks". Lord forgive me, says I each time, and I goes out into the open air to say in under the open heavens – but wot, if I gets a liberty and money, I'll make that boy a gentleman. And I done it! Why, look at you, my boy! Look at these here lodgings of your'n, fit for a lord! A lord? Ah! You shall show money with lords for wagers, and beat 'em. Don't you mind talking, Pip. You can't do better nor keep quiet, dear boy. You ain't looked slowly for'ard to this for years and years, as I have. You worn't prepared for this as I was. But didn't you ever think it might be me?

Pip No, no, no – never – never.

Mag. Well, you see, it was me, and single handed. Never a soul in it but my own self and Mr. Jaggers.

Pip Was there no one else?

Mag. *(surprised)* Who should there be? And, dear boy, how good looking you've growed. There's bright eyes somewheres, eh? Isn't there bright eyes somewheres wot you love the thoughts on?

Pip *(aside)* Oh, Estella! Estella!

Mag. They shall be your'n, dear boy – if money can buy 'em. It warn't easy, Pip, for me to leave them parts, nor yet it warn't safe. But I held to it, and the harder it was, the stronger I held. At last I done it! Dear boy, I done it! But here I'm soaked through – let me turn into your room and change. I'll not be long, dear boy – I'll not be long.

(Exit Magwitch.)

Pip Then Miss Havisham's intentions towards me, are after all a mere dream! Then Estella is not designed for me! And it is for that convict, guilty of I know not what crimes, liable to be taken out of these rooms and hanged at the old Bailey door, that I have deserted Joe.

(Enter Herbert.)

Her. Why, Pip, what's wrong? You're as pale as death.

Pip Herbert, my dear boy, something very strange has happened. My benefactor is not Miss Havisham, but the convict to whom I gave food fourteen years ago on the marshes. He has made his fortune and has returned to England and declared himself. He – he is in that room! What is to be done?

Her. My poor, dear Pip. I'm too stunned to think.

(Enter Magwitch.)

Mag. Here I am, dear boy. Ha!

(Sees Herbert, draws knife as if to resist.)

Pip Quiet! It's an intimate friend of mine.

Mag. It's all right dear boy. *(Giving Herbert a little book.)* Take it in your right hand! Lord never forgive you if ever you split in any way sumever. Kiss it. *(Herbert, amazed, kisses.)* Now you're on your oath, you know! Now Pip and Pip's comrade, wot's to be done?

Pip I do not even know what to call you. I had best give out that you are my uncle.

Mag. That's it, dear boy – call me uncle.

Her. You assumed some name, I suppose, on board ship?

Mag. Yes, Pip's comrade. I took the name of Provis.

Pip What is your real name?

Mag. Magwitch – Chrisen'd Abel

Pip What were you brought up to be?

Mag. A warmint, dear boy. And this is the gentleman wot this warmint made! The real genuine one! There – catch hold *(gives pocket book.)* There's something worth spending in that book,, dear boy. It's your'n. All I've got ain't mine, it's your'n. Don't you be afraid on it. There's more where that come from. I've come to the old country for to see my gentleman spend his money like a gentleman. That'll be *my* pleasure, - and darn you all, from the judge in his wig to the colonist a stirring up the dust, I'll show a better gentleman that the whole kit on you put together.

- Pip Stop! I want to speak to you. I want to know what is to be done. I want to know what projects you have?
- Mag. Lookee here, Pip, first of all, lookee here. I forgot myself half an hour ago. Wot I said was low – look over it, Pip.
- Pip Is there no chance person who might recognise you?
- Mag. Well, there ain't a many – still there's one, and his name's Orlick.
- Pip Dolge Orlick!
- Mag. Wot – you knows him?
- Pip He was Joe Gargery's journeyman.
- Mag. Wot's come of him?
- Pip I don't know. He left Gargery's forge immediately after the murder of my sister a year ago – he's suspected of it.
- Mag. Indeed! That'll keep him quiet. Pip, dear boy, it's all a long of that infernal (I ain't a going to be low) as I was took and tried 18 years ago. We was pals. In the dock he turned King's evidence again me, and so he got four years and I got fourteen. It was him as escaped from the hulks on the same night as I did. He give out as he escaped through fear of my taking his life on that hulk. So he got off without further punishment, and I got a lifer.
- Pip And how long do you remain?
- Mag. How long? I'm not going back. I've come for good.
- Pip Where are you to live? What is to be done for you?
- Mag. Dear boy, there are disguises and wigs to be bought for money. And as to the where and of living, dear boy, give me your own opinions on it.
- Pip I think we had better take you abroad.
- Mag. Ay, but how, dear boy? I might be seed going aboard ship – there's detectives and such like to watch outward bound ships.
- Her. Stay. I have a boat of my own at the Temple Stairs. We are both good watermen, Pip, and could take him down the river in

the night time, and hail a steamer going to some foreign port. In the meantime, you must stop here.

Mag. That's it, dear boy, and Pip's comrade. We'll go to foreign parts, and Pip, and Pip's comrade shall show money with the best of foreign gentlemen. But caution is necessary.

Pip How caution?

Mag. Because I was sent for life, and there's been over much coming back lately. If I'm took, by the Lord, it's death.

END OF ACT 2nd.

A C T 3rd.MR JAGGERS' OFFICE

(Enter Pip and Clerk.)

Clerk Mr. Jaggers is busy for a moment, sir, but I'll tell him you are here.

(Exit Clerk.)

Pip Now to learn the worst. If Miss Havisham had nothing to do with my altered circumstances – if there was no communication between her and that wretched man, I shall know it now! Ah! Mr. Jaggers!

(Enter Jaggers.)

Jag. Now, Pip, be careful.

Pip *(aside)* He knows of Magwitch's return. *(aloud)* I will be careful.

Jag. Don't commit yourself, and don't commit any one – you understand – any one. Don't tell me anything. I don't want to know anything. I'm not curious.

Pip I merely want, Mr. Jaggers, to assure myself that what I have been told is true. I have no hopes of its being untrue, but at least I may verify it.

Jag. Yes. But did you say "told", or "informed"? "Told" would seem to imply verbal communication. You can't have verbal communication with a man in New South Wales you know.

Pip I will say "informed" Mr. Jaggers.

Jag. Good.

Pip I have been informed by a person named Abel Magwitch that he is the benefactor so long unknown to me.

Jag. That is the man – in New South Wales.

Pip And only he?

Jag. And only he.

Pip I am not so unreasonable, sir, as to think you at all responsible for my mistakes and wrong conclusions, but I always supposed it was Miss Havisham.

Jag. As you say, Pip, I am not responsible for that.

Pip And yet it looked so like it, sir.

Jag. Not a particle of evidence, Pip, - take nothing on its merits – take everything on evidence. There's no better rule.

Pip I have no more to say, sir, I have verified my information, and there's an end.

Jag. And Magwitch in New South Wales, having at last disclosed himself, you will comprehend, Pip, how rigidly throughout my communication with you, I have always adhered to the strict line of fact. There has never been the least departure from the strict line of fact. You are quite aware of that?

Pip Quite, sir?

Jag. I communicated to Magwitch – in New South Wales – when he first wrote to me – from New South Wales – the caution that he must never expect me to deviate from the strict line of fact. I also communicated to him another caution. He appeared to me to have obscurely hinted in his letter, at some distant idea of seeing you in England, here. I cautioned him that I must hear no more of that, that he was not at all likely to obtain a pardon; that he was expatriated for the term of his natural life, and that his presenting himself in this country would be an act of felony. I gave Magwitch that caution; I wrote it to New South Wales. He guided himself by it, no doubt.

Pip No doubt.

Jag. I have been informed by my clerk, Wemmick, that he has received a letter, under date of Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Purvis, or –

Pip Or Provis –

Jag. Or Provis – thank you, Pip. Perhaps it is Provis. Perhaps you know it's Provis?

Pip Yes.

Jag. You know it's Provis. A letter under date Portsmouth, from a colonist of the name of Provis, asking for the particulars of your address, on behalf of Magwitch. Wemmick sent him the particulars by return of post. Probably it is through Provis that you have received the explanation of Magwitch – in New South Wales.

Pip It came through Provis.

Jag. Good day, Pip – glad to have seen you. In writing by post to Magwitch – in New South Wales – or in communicating with him through Provis – have the goodness to mention that the particulars and vouchers of our long account shall be sent to you, together with the balance. Good day, Pip.

(Exit Jagers.)

Pip My last hope is gone! Oh, Estella! Estella! My love, my love, my love!

(Enter Estella.)

Est. You called me, Pip. I am here.

Pip Estella!

Est. Yes; you are agitated.

Pip I have found out who my patron is. It is not a fortunate discovery, and is not likely to enrich me in reputation, station, fortune, - anything. There are reasons why I must say no more of that. It is not my secret, but another's.

Est. It is not your secret, but another's – well?

Pip When I was first taken to Miss Havisham's – when I belonged to the dear old village, that I wish I had never left, I suppose I came as any other chance boy might have come, as a kind of servant, to gratify a whim, and be paid for it.

Est. Yes, Pip, you did.

Pip And that Mr. Jagers –

Est. Mr. Jagers had nothing to do with it, and knew nothing of it. His being Miss Havisham's lawyer, and his being the lawyer of your patron is a coincidence. He holds the same relation

towards numbers of people, and it might easily arise. Be that as it may, it did arise, and was not brought about by anyone.

Pip But when I fell into the meshes, I have so long remained in, she let me go on.

Est. Yes, she let you go on.

Pip When I supposed – in a frenzy that seems unaccountable to me now – that she intended me to fall in love with you, and to marry you – she let me go on.

Est. Yes, she let you go on. You were to have been my first victim.

Pip I *was* your victim, Estella.

Est. No, Pip – dear Pip. I was brought up to treat you so, that you could not help but believe that we were intended for one another, and to discard you when I had thoroughly mastered your heart. Dear Pip, I have struggled but in vain to carry out my adopted mother's wishes. I have assumed a coldness I did not feel – a pride that I was not actuated by. I loved you, Pip – dear Pip, and I will ever love you.

Pip You have always held your place in my heart, dear Estella, but when you know to whom I am indebted for my fortune, you –

Est. I do know. I have learnt all. Mr. Jaggers has told me, all. But from Miss Havisham I have learnt much more. Miss Havisham's lover was in fact a reckless swindler, and this wretched man, Magwitch, was his humble accomplice. When they were tried and sentenced, your benefactor's child came under Miss Havisham's notice, through Mr. Jaggers, and she adopted me. Pip, I was that child.

Pip Then Magwitch – the convict – is –

Est. My father! Pip, our grief is terrible – but we will bear it together. Pip, we will lighten each other's load of sorrow, to the end of life.

(Embraces.)

(Enter Joe Gargery and Biddy.)

Joe *(aside)* Which I meanter say as not thinking that a lawyer's office would be likely to be selected for mutual company keeping – did not knock as should have wished for to have done before walking in.

- Pip Joe – Biddy. Why, Biddy! How smart you are!
- Bid. Yes, dear Pip.
- Pip And, Joe, how smart *you* are!
- Joe Yes, dear old chap
- Bid. It's my wedding days, and I'm married to Joe.
- Pip Dear Biddy, you have the best husband in the whole world, and dear Joe, you have the best wife in the whole world, and she will make you as happy as you deserve to be, you dear, good, noble Joe. Dear Joe, I hope you will have children to love, and that some little fellow will sit in the chimney corner of a winter night, who may remind you of another little fellow – gone out of it for ever. Don't tell him, Joe, that I was thankless – don't tell him, Biddy, that I was ungenerous and unjust.
- Joe I ain't a going to tell him nothink o' that nature, Pip. Nor Biddy ain't – nor yet no-one ain't.
- Pip Then you forgive me?
- Joe Oh, dear old Pip – old chap – God knows as I forgive you – if I have anything to forgive.
- Bid. And God knows I do.
- Pip You have heard who my patron was?
- Joe I hear'd as it were not Miss Havisham, old chap.
- Pip Did you hear who it was, Joe?
- Joe Well, I hear'd as it was a party wot didn't steal a bottle of brandy and pork pie and a file from the old forge, fourteen years ago.
- Pip So it was, Joe.
- Joe Astonishing!
- Pip Well, Joe – I must get the convict abroad. We have arranged to pull down the river tonight, until we are overtaken by the Rotterdam steamer, which we shall hail, and so we hope to get him out of the country without notice.

Joe Which it air like you, Pip, to be grateful to a troo friend, whatsomever his station in life, and though his misfortunes may ha' been so to speak penal-servitoodenary in character. But first let me give you this here note which I found at your Inn and which as it had "immediate" on it, I brought along o' me, knowin' you was here.

Pip A note (*reads*) "If you are not afraid to come to the marshes tonight or tomorrow at nine, and to come to the little sluice house by the lime kiln, on the river, come. If you want information regarding your uncle Provis, you had much better come, and tell no one, and lose no time. You must come alone". That's tonight. But we have arranged to start from Temple Stairs at six o'clock. How can I manage it? I have it. The Sluice House is at Codger's Creek, close to river, fifteen miles above bridge. The boat can pull down and wait at Codger's Creek for me, and I'll join them there after this mysterious business is concluded. (*aloud*) Joe, this note alters my plans. Tell Herbert that I cannot start with him, but will join him at Codger's Creek at ten, and that the boat must wait for me alongside, if I am not there by that time.

Joe It shall be done, Pip.

Pip Then, good bye, dear Joe. Good bye, Biddy. It may be many months before we meet again, but we shall meet. It shall be for you to say, dear Joe, and dear Biddy, whether you will remain and work at the forge, or whether you will come and live with Estella and me. Good bye and God bless you.

(*Exit Pip.*)

Joe Biddy, my dear, there'll be a oar vacant in that boat, as far as Codger's Creek, and here's a arm wot is able to the emergency.

Bid. But, Joe, this is our wedding day. Instead of spending our week in London – suppose as you are going to help the poor convict away, we go all the way with him, and see him settled safe in foreign parts?

Joe Well, Biddy, seeing as the old forge has been worked that reg'lar for a matter o' five and thirty years, and may hap would like a rest, let it be a holiday, and let it be spent as you say. We'll go alonger Magwitch, and when he's settled, why, please God, we'll come back alonger Pip! And won't never be parted no more.

(*Exeunt.*)

SCENE 2nd.INTERIOR OF SLUICE HOUSE.

A large tumble down picturesque building with dull red light. It is almost dark.

(Enter Pip.)

Pip Is any one here? Is any one here?

(Takes up candle, it is struck from his hand by Orlick, who comes on him from behind, and throws a noose over his head and draws his arms.)

Orlick Now I've got yer!

Pip What is this? Who is it? Help! Help!

(They struggle. Orlick fastens him against wall.)

Orlick Now I've got yer! And now, call out again, and I'll make short work of you.

(Orlick gropes about to find tinder box – he strikes a light slowly. When tinder burns, Pip recognizes him.)

Pip Orlick!

Orlick Now I've got yer!

Pip Unbind me – let me go!

Orlick Ah! I'll let you go – I'll let you go to the moon – I'll let you go to the stars. All in good time.

Pip Why have you lured me here?

Orlick Don't you know?

Pip Why have you set upon me in the dark?

- Orlick Because I mean to do it myself. Oh! you enemy – you enemy! How dared you come between me and a young woman I liked.
- Pip When did I?
- Orlick When didn't you? It was you as always give old Orlick a bad name to her.
- Pip You gave it yourself – you gained it for yourself.
- Orlick You're a liar – and you always was a liar! And you'll take any pains, and stand any money to drive me out of the country, will you? Now I'll tell you it was never so worth your while to get me out of the country, as it is tonight. Ah! If it was all your money twenty times told to the last brass farden.
- Pip What are you going to do with me?
- Orlick I'm a goind – I'm a going to have your life. You was al-ways in old Orlick's way, since ever you was a child. You goes out of his way this present night – he'll have no more on you. You're dead more than that I won't have a rag on you. I won't have a bone of you left on earth. I'll put your body in the kiln. I'd carry two such to it on my shoulders, and let people suppose what they may – they'll never know nothing. Now wolf, before I kill you like any other beast, which is what I mean to do, and wot I've bred up for you, I'll have a good look at you, and a good goad at you. Oh! you enemy! (*Orlick drinks from tin bottle.*) Wolf – old Orlick's a going to tell you some-thing. It was you as did for your shrew sister.
- Pip It was you, villain!
- Orlick I tell you it was you. I tell you it was done through you. (*Catching up a gun, and whirling the stock through the air.*) I come upon from behind, as I come upon you tonight. I give it 'er. I left her for dead, but it warn't old Orlick as did it – it were you. You was favoured, he was bullied and beat. Old Orlick bullied and beat, eh? Now you pays for it. You done it. Now you pays for it. And I'll tell you more. Old Orlick's been watching you for weeks. He was a watching you the night afore last, for says old Orlick to himself, "Somehow or another I'll have him". What! when I looks for you! I finds your uncle Provis, eh? *You* with a uncle too. Why you know'd you at Gargery's when you was so small a wolf that I could ha' took your weazen betwixt this finger and thumb and chucked you away dead (as I'd thought a doing, odd times) when I saw you loitering among the Pollards on a Sunday, and you hadn't no uncle then! No – not you. But I'll tell you something more,

Wolf – and this ends it. There's them as is after your uncle, Provis, alias Magwitch – them as knows that he's to start for foreign parts tonight – them as has got him hard and tight at least an hour ago. Wolf – your uncle Magwitch is hard and fast on the road to the gallows an hour ago. There! there's a end! Wait a bit – when this here bottle's empty, there's a end.

(Orlick drinks.)

Pip Help! Help! Help! *(Struggling to release himself.)*

Orlick Ah! Yell on – Wolf! There's no one within three mile wot'll hear you. Yell on – it's your last chance.

Pip Help! Help! Help!

Orlick Now I'm a going to kill you. You see this here hammer – well, I'm going to kill you with it.

(He advances to Pip. Pip shouts. A desperate struggle ensues. Orlick gets Pip down, and at that moment Joe Gargery, Herbert and Magwitch enter. They drag Orlick away.)

Mag. Orlick! Stand off – he's mine! Look you here, this man belongs to me. Stand off!

(Seizes Orlick – they struggle. Orlick is killed.)

Pip Joe, how came you here?

Joe Which I took your place, dear Pip – in the boat – and hearing of your crying Help, Help, and knowing your voice, we –

Pip Ran –

Joe We *did*. Similarly so likewise did Miss Estella and Mrs. Joe Gargery, but having all the heart but none of the wind ekewal to keepin' up with us, have dropped behind – and, Pip, dear old boy, old chap, here we are and just in time.

(Enter Estella and Biddy.)

Est. *(Runs to Pip.)* Pip, - dear Pip, then you are safe.

Pip Safe, dear Estella. I owe my life to Provis.

Est. But he is in dreadful danger. Four men have been following us in a boat all the way – and they landed here just after we came on shore.

(Enter Sergeant and four Thames Police.)

Police That man is a returned convict – that's the man wrapped in a cloak. His name is Abel Magwitch, otherwise Provis. I apprehend that man and call upon him to surrender and you to assist.

(Magwitch draws a pistol and is in the act of cocking it when Sergeant fires. Magwitch falls.)

Mag. Lookee here, dear boy. It's best as a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Only come to see me in prison as if you come by change alonger Jagers. Sit where I can see you when I am swore to for the last o' many times, and I don't ask no more.

Serg. I shot in self defence, sir – you saw that, he drew upon me.

Mag. Sergeant, the pistol as I drew warn't for you, it were for myself, but you didn't know that, and you acted nateral and proper. *(to Pip)* I'm hit worse than I thought – but you'll be more comfotable alonger me, when I'm under a dark cloud than when the sun shone – that's best of all.

Pip Are you in much pain?

Mag. I don't complain of none, dear boy.

Pip Dear Magwitch. I must tell you now, at last. You understand what I say? You had a child once, whom you loved and lost.

Mag. Yes, yes.

Pip She lived, and found powerful friends – she is living now. She is a lady, and very beautiful. She is here, and she is to be my wife.

(Magwitch makes a violent effort to embrace Estella. He kisses her, places her hand in Pip's, and dies.)

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