

Moderate Expectations

By Cassie Wicks

(With Additional Joke by Jake Caudwell)

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Adapted from Great Expectations by Charles Dickens

"Great Expectations? More like GAY Expectations!" - Me just now

Scene List

1.1 - Graveyard Onomastics	<i>Young Pip, Mags, Witch, Gravedigger, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie</i>
1.2 - Meeting the Gargerys	<i>Young Pip, Young Biddy, Pumblechook, Margarine, Joe, Wopsle</i>
1.3 - W.H.Smiths Finest	<i>Young Pip, Mags, Witch, Compeyson, Gravedigger</i>
1.4 - Someone's Telling Porkie Pies	<i>Young Pip, Young Biddy, Pumblechook, Margarine, Joe, Wopsle, Escape, Tel, Mags, Witch, Compeyson, Orlick</i>
1.5 - Uno Reverse Card	<i>Young Pip, Young Estella, Pumblechook, Havisham, Ravishem, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie</i>
1.6 - Fair is Fowl and Fowl is Fair	<i>Young Pip, Young Biddy, Pumblechook, Margarine, Joe, Wopsle, Orlick</i>
1.7 - The Pockets come Pick-Pocketing	<i>Young Pip, Young Estella, Havisham, Ravishem, Jean, Polly, Matthew</i>
1.8 - We're All Mad Here	<i>Young Pip, Young Biddy, Young Estella, Herbert</i>
1.9 - The Apprentice(ship)	<i>Young Pip, Pumblechook, Margarine, Joe, Wopsle, Havisham, Ravishem, Jean, Polly</i>
1.10 - Grape Expectations	<i>Orlick, Joe, Wopsle, Gravedigger, Innkeeper, Pumblechook, Escape, Tel, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie</i>

1.11 - With Great Expectations come Great Responsibility	<i>Pip, Biddy, Margarine, Joe, Matthew, Jagger, Wemmick</i>
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2.1 - Enter Handel	<i>Pip, Drummle, Herbert, Matthew, Wemmick</i>
2.2 - Party Time	<i>Pip, Estella, Drummle, Herbert, Matthew, Wopsle, Jagger, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie</i>
2.3 - Graper Expectations	<i>Pip, Biddy, Estella, Pumblechook, Joe, Wopsle, Innkeeper, Gravedigger</i>
2.4 - The Moves like Jagger	<i>Pip, Matthew, Jagger, Wemmick, Molly</i>
2.5 - Aged Parents and Bacon	<i>Pip, Herbert, Wemmick, Mags, Witch, The Aged</i>
2.6 - Plotting the Escape	<i>Pip, Herbert, Jagger, Wemmick, The Aged, Mags, Witch</i>
2.7 - Satis House, One Last Time	<i>Pip, Estella, Drummle, Havisham, Ravishem</i>
2.8 - A Long Walk Home	<i>Pip, Pop, Georgiana, Orlick, Escape, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie</i>
2.9 - The Escape	<i>Pip, Herbert, Wemmick, Mags, Witch, Compeyson, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie</i>
2.10 - GrapEST Expectations	<i>Pip, Biddy, Estella, Herbert, Matthew, Pumblechook, Joe, Wopsle, Mags, Witch, Innkeeper, Escape, Tel, Pop, Georgiana, Oliver, David, Tim, Nicholas, Annie, Dickens</i>

Song List

SONG 1 - Scene 1.1 - Orphans Are Us

A song about how to be a poor, sad, Victorian, Dickensian Orphan with no parents. What's important to be an orphan, and what kind of qualities are needed (aside from just having no parents) and being 'unfortunate' features heavily. Shouldn't be too sad of a song. At the end, there should be some reference to a very unfortunate orphan you're just about to meet.

SONG 2 - Scene 1.2 - A Big Happy Family

A song (with varying levels of sincerity) about the relationships between all the characters. Think 'The Family Madrigal' from Encanto but even more dysfunctional.

SONG 3 - Scene 1.8 - A Definitely Not Homoerotic Fight Song

This is rather a complex one, so bear with me. It has three main strands -

- **HERBERT AND PIP (verse 1)** - having a fight which is not homoerotic at all, honest. It's awkward and weird and Herbert maybe falls a little in love with Pip. See 'Real Life Fighting is Awkward' from Crazy Ex Girlfriend.
- **BIDDY AND ESTELLA (verse 2)** - Biddy is fighting for her life trying to defend Pip to Estella's comments. Meanwhile Estella is enjoying Biddy's company!
- **RAVISHAM AND HAVISHAM (bridge)** - in an argument about Havisham's behaviour. It's a tragic, classic love triangle story - Ravishem is sad that H is so obsessed with her ex that rather than appreciating her servant slash life partner, she is torturing small boys.
- Possibly as a joke at the end of the bridge - **the Pockets re-enter** like 'we're so sad that we can't get our inheritance' and get fought off by Ravishem.

SONG 4 - Scene 1.10 - The Last Six Years.

The townsfolk sing about increasingly banal and humorous problems they've faced in the last six years. Think 'Those Canaan Days' from Joseph and the Technicolour Dreamcoat. Might be funny if the Innkeeper sings like an angel. Jokes about the exposition intensity of this scene are welcomed.

SONG 5 - Scene 1.11 - Moderate Expectations Prelude

A triumphant prelude/pre-reprise to Moderate Expectations, when Pip achieves his dreams.

SONG 6 - Scene 2.1 - Havisham's Lament

Herbert and Matthew narrate the story of Compeyson, Havisham, and Matthew to Pip, to explain why Estella is how she is. He also alludes to Ravisham. *The gist of this narrative - Miss Havisham fell in love with a man. Showered him with gifts and all the money he needed. Even bought out his failing business. Herbert's father warned her that he wasn't 'a good sort', that he was suspicious. But she was too proud, married the man, and threw him out - he hasn't seen her since. Meanwhile the man jilted her, and she was heartbroken, she broke all the clocks and ordered nothing in the house would change. Ever since, she's sworn to avenge herself on all men.*

SONG 7 - Scene 2.6 - Moderate Expectations

Mag and Witch sing about all they've done for Pip, whilst Pip is distraught about the nefarious origins of his fortune. It would be great to bring back Young Pip here as well if possible.

SONG 8 - Scene 2.8 - Estella & Havisham Duet

A duet between Estella and Havisham, interspersed between dialogue

SONG 9 - Final Song

Classic OULES final song! You know the drill!

Characters

The Gargery Household

Philip ‘Pip’ Pirrip - Our hero. Not as clever as he thinks he is. Pip is obsessed with the prospect of becoming a gentleman. He is not very good at it. Or anything, really. (Act 2) **(Major)**

- **Young Pip** - Pip as a child. Same character, just younger. (Act 1) **(Major)**

Joe Gargery - Pip’s brother-in-law and father figure. He is a blacksmith who is not the brightest but is incredibly kind and gentle. **(Moderate)**

Margarine Gargery - Pip’s older sister. She is short-tempered and often aggressive towards her family. She frequently blames the state of her house on Pip, despite rarely doing any housework. **(Moderate)**

The Townspeople

Mr Pumblechook - Joe’s uncle, though he is more fond of Margarine. Pompous and officious, Mr Pumblechook arranges Pip’s first meeting with Miss Havisham. As such, he generously takes credit for all he ever has or will achieve. **(Moderate)**

Biddy - Near Pip’s age and his closest friend, Pip is constantly compared to Biddy, who is so sweet that adults seem to overlook her cutting sarcastic comments. She initially harbours a secret crush on Pip, but he rarely pays her much attention. **(Major)**

- **Young Biddy** - Biddy as a child. (Act 1) **(Major)**

Mr Wopsle - Guardian of Biddy, and clerk of the village church. He is obsessed with amateur dramatics and harbours a not-so-secret dream of becoming an actor. **(Moderate)**

Officer Terrence (‘Tel’) Hubble - Policeman with a lisp, married to Esclope. Think “mawwiage” guy from The Princess Bride. He is convinced there is some connection to all the horse-related crime occurring. **(Minor)**

Esclope Hubble - A friend of Margarine’s, married to Tel. **(Minor)**

Dolge Orlick - Sullen blacksmith who works with Joe. Hates Pip passionately. **(Minor)**

The Gravedigger - Works at the local graveyard and has a... chaotic neutral approach to life. **(Minor)**

The Innkeeper - A moody local vendor of few words. **(Cameo)**

The Escaped Convicts

A. Mag (AKA Mags) - A mysterious escaped convict. Very aggressive. Secretly becomes one of Pip’s benefactors. **(Moderate)**

Belle Witch - A. Mag’s friend. Goth, but gentler than A. Secretly becomes one of Pip’s benefactors. **(Moderate)**

Compeyson - Magwitch’s enemy. He tried to swindle Miss Havisham, and left her at the altar. **(Cameo)**

Pholip ‘Pop’ Porrip - Phillip’s ‘deceased’ father, who has disguised himself and changed his identity to escape parental responsibility (and his wife). **(Minor/Cameo)**

Georgiana Smeorgeana - Phillip's 'deceased' mother. She also fled the family to escape parental responsibility (and her husband). **(Minor/Cameo)**

Satis House

Estella Havisham - Miss Havisham's cold, proud daughter. She was raised to break a man's heart, but Estella is starting to realise her lack of interest in men might be nothing to do with her mother at all... **(Major)**

- **Young Estella** - Estella as a child. (Act 1) **(Major)**

Miss Havisham - A wealthy old woman who was abandoned at the altar, and as a result, hates all men and refuses to move on from her wedding day. **(Moderate)**

Miss Ravishem - Miss Havisham's servant. Flirtatious and less twisted than her employer. Ideally Scottish. **(Moderate)**

Polly Pocket - A relative of Miss Havisham, obsessed with fashion, who seeks to get her fortune. Utterly shameless. **(Minor/comeo)**

Jean Pocket - Another relative of Miss Havisham, also money hungry if a bit more considerate. **(Minor/comeo)**

Matthew Pocket - A relative of Havisham's, a particularly wordy patriarch of the Pocket family, and tutor to London gentlemen. **(Minor)**

The Londoners

Herbert Pocket - He fights and later befriends Pip, becoming his roommate. Not-so-secretly gay. **(Major)**

- **BONUS - Clara Barley** - Herbert's lover. She is definitely real and definitely not a hand puppet played by Herbert.

Mick Jagger - Rockstar-like lawyer who represents Miss Havisham and Pip's benefactors. Almost aggressively indifferent to Pip. Do your best Mick Jagger impression. **(Moderate)**

Mr Wemmick - Jagger's secretly kindly clerk, who lives two very different lives - one, a stereotypical capitalistic lawyer obsessed with Portable Property, and another a kindly man close with his elderly father. **(Moderate)**

The Aged Parent - Wemmick's father. A bit (read: very) hard of hearing. **(Minor)**

Molly - Mr Jagger's (ineffective) maid, whom he saved from the gallows. April Ludgate energy. **(Minor)**

Bentley Drummle - Pip & Herbert's roommate. An unintelligent, posh alcoholic. Ostensibly a rival for Estella's 'affections'. **(Minor)**

Dickens Himself - on the hunt for new material. **(Cameo)**

The Orphans

Oliver Pull - Leader of the Orphans. Tries to act as a conflict mediator for the group, somewhat of a self-help guru.

Nicholas Pennyby - Mostly sweet, but his strong ideals can get the best of his temper. Has a rivalry with Tim, but they're friends, really.

David Bronzefield - The sweetest and most trusting of the other orphans - he always supports the underdog. His best friend is a flea which shows how many friends he has. Easily distractible.

Tall-ish Tim - Isn't actually an Orphan, but that won't stop him from getting his stage time.

Annie the Orphan - It's Annie. The Orphan. Armed and dangerous because Annie Oakley was also an Annie.

1.1 - Graveyard Onomastics

Open on a graveyard. (Though, it's an OULES show, so maybe one grave. Optimistically.) It looks cold and dark and Victorian. From the wings, the Orphans creep onto stage like rats, weaving through the graves.)

OLIVER: Finally, a nice lovely grave to sit down on and take the weight off. It sure ain't easy being an orphan, ain't it chaps?

DAVID: That it ain't, Oliver. At least we got the charity of passers by to thank. *(takes out a begging cup and looks through it.)* Today, I got gum, chewed gum, a shoe string and a small flea friend, who I shall name Gonzo.

OLIVER: That's a fortune to the right man. Life is what you make of it. What you believe in. If you keep on like that, David Bronzehead, you'll be rich before you know it.

DAVID: *(looking at one of the graves)* This reminds me of my father's grave. Did I tell you already that he died in-

ALL ORPHANS: *(unison)* In childbirth, yes.

TIM: How is that even possible? You've got some funny ideas about how this all works.

(David looks sad.)

NICHOLAS: *(Defending his friend)* What would you know? You're not even an orphan, 'Tim', you just fake it for clout! And you're not even Tiny anymore. You're... tall-ish!

TIM: Shut up, Nicholas Pennyby!! I'm still an unfortunate! Right Annie?

ANNIE: Yes, being an orphan is all about the vibe. I know my parents are going to come back one day, but in the meantime, I'm living the dream. I got the tattered clothes, I got the cute little orphan smile, and- I got a gun. *(takes out an obviously fake gun)*

NICHOLAS AND TIM: Woah, woah! // Point that thing somewhere else!

DAVID: *(leaping up)* Gonzo! Gonzo is gone!

ANNIE: So what?

ALL ORPHANS: *(start arguing over each other - Tim and Nick try to get the gun lowered, Annie points it all over, David frantically searches for Gonzo. Oliver tries to calm them. Voices build to a crescendo)*

OLIVER: My god! Everyone! I've found a shilling! The fortune of Oliver Pull has been assured!

NICHOLAS: A shilling? We're rich!

Song 1: [Orphans Are Us](#)

(The Gravedigger enters, sees the Orphans)

(The orphans all hiss and scamper into the shadows)

GRAVEDIGGER: *(muttering)* Bleedin' orphans. Everywhere, I tell you. It wouldn't be so bad if they didn't shed... *(goes to tending a grave)*

(PIP wanders on and sits in the centre of stage in front of a gravestone. Awkwardly long moment as he sits like a Victorian orphan)

YOUNG PIP: "Sigh....." *(long pause)* SIGH..... Excuse me! Not to bother you, but.... Would you spare a shilling to buy food... For a poor, starving, orphan boy, sitting by my parent's grave.... *(He mock-shivers.)*

GRAVEDIGGER: Not this *again*, you little brat, I'm trying to work here!

(The wet dog persona evaporates, and Pip becomes more 'stereotypical teenager' in demeanour.)

YOUNG PIP: So am I!

GRAVEDIGGER: Dickens-ing about in graveyards all day is NOT a job, kid!

YOUNG PIP: What's *your* job then?

The gravedigger can't answer that - so instead they threaten Pip with their shovel. Pip starts to run away

GRAVEDIGGER: I'll bury you, kid! Get out of here!

YOUNG PIP: *(Mumbling, retreating)* I'll bury you in a minute.

GRAVEDIGGER: Hah, Pip-squeak! You've not got the skill or the upper body strength.

(The Gravedigger digs in the background. Enter MAGS and WITCH. As Pip goes to leave, Mags and Witch grab him, Mags putting a knife to his throat.)

MAGS: Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!

YOUNG PIP: *(Very blasé)* Don't do that, mate, that could kill someone.

WITCH: That's the idea, yeah!

(Sudden realisation. Pip panics.)

YOUNG PIP: Ohnosirpleasedon't!

MAGS: Give us everything you've got!

YOUNG PIP: Mr Gravedigger, help!

GRAVEDIGGER: *(Looking at them.)* Uh.... I have to go deal with the...*(Exit)*

YOUNG PIP: HEY!

MAGS: Empty your pockets!!

YOUNG PIP: Yes sir! Of course sir!

(Pip salutes, and then empties his pockets. There's nothing valuable.)

WITCH: *(Irritated)* Nothing?

MAGS: *(Aggressive)* What's your name, boy?

YOUNG PIP: *(Panic-saluting again, rambling)* Pip, sir. Short for Phillip Pirrip, on account of the fact I couldn't say the full name when I was a baby, sir.

WITCH: *(Mildly disgusted)* It rhymes.

YOUNG PIP: More of a half-rhyme, I'd say, miss.

WITCH: That's no better.

YOUNG PIP: *(Still saluting)* My parents had a sick sense of humour, sir.

MAGS: What kind of a surname is Pirrip anyway? It's like it was - invented, specifically to sound similar to your first name.

YOUNG PIP: That's ridiculous!

WITCH: What's your mother's name?

YOUNG PIP: Georgiana Smorgeana. *(Confused looks)* It's French, I think, miss.

MAGS: *(Getting back to business, threatening.)* Onomastic discussions aside! Where are your parents?

YOUNG PIP: Over there.

MAGS: In the graveyard? What are they doing there?

YOUNG PIP: *(Sarcastically)* Oh, they like to do dark rituals to summon the beast below.

WITCH: *(Genuinely excited)* Really?

YOUNG PIP: *(staring judgmentally at Witch)* ... No. They're dead.

WITCH: *(Disappointed)* Oh, that's a shame. Would've liked to see the big guy again.

(Mag realises Pip was taking the piss. Aggressive again.)

MAGS: None of that cheek, boy! Where do you live!

YOUNG PIP: D-d-d-down there, sir! At the forge!

WITCH: *(Looking at his shackled leg, cogs turning in his head)* The forge, you say?

MAGS: *(Thoughtfully)* So you're a blacksmith?

YOUNG PIP: *(Misunderstanding)* Oh no sir, I'm not a blacksmith. After all, I'm only seven years old.

(The older the Pip actor who is saying this looks, the better.)

MAGS: Well, *Pip*, do you know what a file is?

YOUNG PIP: Yes sir.

MAGS: You're going to get us a file, and get us food. Then you come straight back here. You're not to tell a soul. Because, if you do, our 'friend' will get you.

WITCH: What friend?

MAGS: (*trying to communicate the deception*) Our friend!! Remember? And, compared to him, I'm an angel, you just wait. He's a proper menace.

WITCH: Ohhh, yes, that friend! Yes! Super scary. Don't want to mess with him! Plus I have jinxes and I'm not afraid to use them!

YOUNG PIP: Yes sir. (*Witch gives him a look*) And madam! (*He starts to leave. Beat. Turns around.*) Wait, what does this friend look like?

(*Mag and Witch look at each other.*)

MAGS: Uh....

WITCH: Big.

MAGS: Scary.

WITCH: Big.

YOUNG PIP: What colour hair does he have? Is it curly, straight...?

MAGS: (*Irritated*) I don't know. Wavy? Why does it matter?

YOUNG PIP: Well, Joe says I'm not supposed to talk to strangers. I have to make sure I'm not getting ominously followed by just any old random creep. What colour eyes does he have?

WITCH AND MAGS: (*Interrupting*) GET THE FILE!

YOUNG PIP: Yes sir!!!!

(*Pip scurries off.*)

1.2 - Meet The Gargerys

(Margarine is making the table. Mr Wopsle, Biddy, and Joe are also present, chatting amongst themselves.)

MARGARINE: IT'S SHAMEFUL, THAT'S WHAT IT IS! Me, at my old age -

YOUNG BIDDY: You're only thirty-two, Mrs Gargery.

MARGARINE: *(Ignoring her)* At my old age, chasing after that little brat with no respect!

(A knock - Mr Pumblechook enters.)

JOE: Ah, Uncle Pumblechook, so lovely to see you -

PUMBLECHOOK: *(ignoring his nephew)* Margarine, darling, lovely to see you! Where's young Philip?

MARGARINE: Lord knows, Mr Pumblechook..

PUMBLECHOOK: Such a menace, that child. He doesn't take after our side of the family, of course.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(To self)* Yeah, because he's not related to it.

WOPSLE: What was that, dear?

YOUNG BIDDY: Oh, nothing, Mr Wopsle. Can I get you a drink?

PUMBLECHOOK: See, if only Pip could be like little Biddy! Now there's a child respectful to the generous soul who took her in.

(WOPSLE gives Biddy an affectionate (and self-indulgent) pat.)

MARGARINE: That's just it, uncle Pumblechook - I gave my everything when I took in that boy, I raised him by hand -

YOUNG BIDDY: *(In time with Margarine, mocking)* By hand -

PUMBLECHOOK: Quite right! Burdened with a nephew by your new husband, it's hardly a good wedding gift, is it? It's shocking behaviour, Joe.

JOE: Actually, Uncle - Pip is *Margarine's brother-*

(Joe starts to speak but is spoken over. This is a common theme.)

MARGARINE: Yes, Joe, I can't say I appreciated it, if I was a bloody martyr I wouldn't!

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Sarcastically)* Yes, it must have been such an inconvenience to *you* for *Pip's* parents to die.

PUMBLECHOOK: Quite! People have no consideration for others when they do that type of thing.

WOPSLE: *(Sincerely)* One would hope they'd at least have the decency to warn one.

PUMBLECHOOK: Well, if his mother was still around, I'd be having words with her, I must say. She's nothing like as considerate as you, Margarine. My favourite niece.

WOPSLE: Wait sorry, I'm confused. Who's related to who again?

JOE: Well, you see-

MARGARINE: *(Interrupting Joe)* Oh, for heaven's sake!

SONG 2: [A Big Happy Family](#)

MARGARINE: Just wait until I get my hands on that boy. Such a nuisance. Why, just last week, he came down with the cholera, and I had to find some other orphans to clean the chimney. I'll give him a proper beating

(Pip, who began creeping on during the song, immediately attempts to escape upon hearing this. He trips and makes a loud noise, and as Margarine starts to turn Biddy hastily intervenes so she won't catch him.)

YOUNG BIDDY: Mrs Gargery - is there anything I can help you with in the kitchen?

MARGARINE: Well, thank you dear. You'd never get that behaviour from Pip, I can tell you. -

(She grabs her sleeve and drags her off. Pip shoots Biddy a grateful smile. Joe takes Pip aside and stands between him and the rest of the room)

JOE: Pip, there you are! Mrs. Joe has been out a dozen times, looking for you. Looking - no, she rampaged, that's what she did. Like King Kong. Or Boris Johnson, partying during a lockdown.

YOUNG PIP: Will she be gone long, Joe?

MARGARINE: *(From offstage)* What was that?!

JOE: Hide!

(Pip goes to hide, but too late. Margarine enters (glumly tailed by Biddy), spots him, and makes a noise which draws the attention of the whole table. Joe tries to defend Pip, but Margarine shoves him out the way and grabs Pip by the ear.)

MARGARINE: Where *have* you been, you little brat! Down the horse-races I expect -

YOUNG PIP: I don't think they'd let a nine year old boy in at the horse races.

YOUNG BIDDY: I thought you were eight?

JOE: *(tearily)* They grow up so fast!

MARGARINE: Can't trust children one bit - though Biddy is a little angel of course, Mr Wopsle - wish *HER* parents had died instead of yours, Pip.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Tearily)* They *did* die...

YOUNG PIP: I've been at the churchyard.

MARGARINE Churchyard! Ha! If it wasn't for me you'd *really* be *in* the churchyard. Permanently. *(Beat.)* I'm saying you'd be dead.

YOUNG PIP: I got that, yeah, thanks.

MARGARINE: Churchyard indeed. What must our guests think! Your uncle Pumblechook-

YOUNG PIP: He's not my uncle.

MARGARINE: Don't be definite

WOPSLE: Hm, 'definite' is when you're sure about something. You mean, 'don't be deficient'.

PUMBLECHOOK: Ah no, 'deficient' means not having enough. You mean, 'defendant'.

YOUNG BIDDY: No, 'defendant' is the accused in a court of law. You mean, 'defiant'.

YOUNG PIP: I'm not being any of those things, I'm being accurate.

MARGARINE: Why, you'll drive me to the churchyard, and then you'll be sorry!

(She walks off in a huff, muttering to herself. The rest of the guests awkwardly talk amongst themselves. Pip looks upset.)

JOE: Don't worry, lad, don't worry. Mustn't fret about Mrs Joe, just under pressure, isn't she.

YOUNG PIP: I guess.

(Biddy approaches Pip.)

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Shyly)* Hello, Pip, I -

(There's a cannon fired three times. All react in surprise.)

YOUNG PIP: *(Ignoring Biddy)* What's that?

WOPSLE: Why, a cannon from the hulks, of course. *(Dreamily)* How dramatic... would make a delightful basis for a play, don't you think, Mr. Pumblechook?

PUMBLECHOOK: Oh? Oh, right. Of course. The Hulks. Why are there superheroes firing cannons?

JOE: Oh! Nothing like that, uncle, it's from the ships. The prison boats? That's another convict gone.

YOUNG PIP: *(Nervously)* Convict?? What type of convict?

PUMBLECHOOK: Well, people are convicted because they murder, rob, and generally cause mischief, and they invariably start by asking silly questions to their relations.

YOUNG PIP: *(Fearfully)* They do?!

PUMBLECHOOK: Yes. Now run along and make yourself useful for once!

(He ushers Pip away. Pip edges along the stage, and looks around.)

YOUNG PIP: I guess it's now or never.

(He picks up a bag, and starts stuffing food from the table into it, before taking a furtive look around and running offstage.)

1.3 - W.H.Smith's Finest

(Pip creeps on.)

YOUNG PIP: I bet those scary people in the graveyard were convicts! *(bumps into Compeyson)* Oh! Excuse me sir -

(As he crosses the stage, he bumps into Compeyson.)

COMPEYSON: Aha! Kid! Come here, give me that!!

YOUNG PIP: AAAGH!!

(Compeyson grabs for him, but Pip ducks under his arms and sprints off, and Compeyson exits. Gravedigger, Witch and Mags re-enter.)

WITCH: Incredible! I've never met such an expert in the craft!

GRAVEDIGGER: *(Proudly)* I certainly know my way around a spade.

MAGS: You're a real artisan- next time I need to bury a body, I'll be calling you.

GRAVEDIGGER: *(Tearing up, putting his hand onto Mags' shoulder)* Thank you, man, means a lot- this industry, you know -

(Pip enters)

YOUNG PIP: I brought what you asked for... It's a pork pie.

WITCH: Good. Give it here.

(Pip hands them some food and the convicts shovel it down.)

YOUNG PIP: I hope you like it.

MAGS: *(Aggressively)* WHAT DID YOU JUST SAY TO ME?

YOUNG PIP: *(Terrified)* I said - I hope you like it. The pie.

MAGS: Oh. Thank you, boy, I did. Sorry, overreaction.

GRAVEDIGGER: It's reasonable - you're just stressed.

YOUNG PIP: Why are you even here!

WITCH: HEY! SHOW SOME RESPECT TO THIS BRILLIANT, TALENTED, SEXY MAN!

YOUNG PIP:Do you three... know each other?

GRAVEDIGGER: No, why would we?

(They continue eating)

YOUNG PIP: Aren't you going to leave any for your friend?

MAGS: *(To the Gravedigger)* I'm sorry, we didn't offer! Do you want any?

GRAVEDIGGER: No, don't worry about it man, I have plenty.

YOUNG PIP: Not him... for the other friend? The one that was hiding in wait to kill me?

WITCH: Oh, yeah, him. *(Laughing) (Knowingly, to Mags)* He'll be fine.

YOUNG PIP: *(Thinking he understands)* Ohh, I see. He's vegan. That's a shame, he *looked* like he was hungry.

WITCH: *(Freezing)* What?

GRAVEDIGGER: Vegan. The rapidly growing movement that abstains from consuming or using any animal products, bravely resisting society's relentless obsession with cheese—

YOUNG PIP: No, the man over there. Dressed the same as you. Though I don't know why you wouldn't have mentioned his scar, it's a pretty identifiable feature, I think.

MAGS: *(Mags and Witch share a meaningful look)* Where is he? Show me where he went! I'll take him down, I swear - quick, give me the file!

YOUNG PIP: Here, sir.

(He hands over a file, but like, of the paper variety. The decidedly-unhelpful-in-removing-chains variety.)

MAGS: What is this?

YOUNG PIP: A file, sir. WH Smith's finest.

WITCH: Is this some kind of joke?

YOUNG PIP: *(Genuinely confused)* Why would it be a joke?

MAGS: Why, you little fool - !

YOUNG PIP: *(already running away)* Good luck, sir!

(Mags lets out a growl. Start working on their chains with the paper. This is not particularly successful.)

GRAVEDIGGER: I can get you a file if you want?

WITCH: Hey, thanks man!

1.4 - Someone's Telling Porkie Pies

(Pip re-enters. Margarine is lounging at the table with the others, and Joe is wearing the apron and busying about with chores.)

MARGARINE: And where the deuce have YOU been! Come inside, before the Hubbles arrive.

(Pip crosses the stage glumly. Biddy follows him.)

YOUNG BIDDY: Hello again, Pip.

YOUNG PIP: Oh, I'm so glad you're still here, Bids! I have so much to tell you once the grown ups are gone.

YOUNG BIDDY: Nice to see you too! Hey, I brought you something.

(She hands him a slate. He takes it and his face lights up.)

YOUNG PIP: Oh? Is it a chocolate bar! *(He licks it. Sadly)* It's not very nice...

YOUNG BIDDY: No, no, it's a slate. For your letters? I'm going to teach you to read!

YOUNG PIP: Oh, brilliant! Thank you, really, Bids! You're the BEST!

(He gives her a quick hug, and rushes off. She watches him longingly.)

PUMBLECHOOK: Well, I have some news, Margarine. You know the old Satis house?

MARGARINE: Of course. The most beautiful house in the county, it is.

PUMBLECHOOK: Well, I heard that Miss Havisham - she's looking for a *boy*.

WOPSLE: Oh, poor dear, has she lost him?

PUMBLECHOOK: No, rather - I believe she's looking to recruit a boy. I gave out Philip's name. She wants him to go play there.

MARGARINE: *(At first not paying attention, then progressively more excited)* Oh? Oh! Oh! I knew I was destined for greater things - a proper lady, interested in our Pip! PIP, GET YOUR SORRY UNGRATEFUL LITTLE BUTTOCKS OVER HERE!!!

Pip re-enters.

PUMBLECHOOK: I'm sure she means to raise him to great heights. *(Thinks)* Or at least moderate ones. She means to give him a sixpence per visit.

MARGARINE: Well moderation is the spice of life, that's what I always say.

YOUNG PIP: What exactly does this woman need a ten-year-old boy for?

YOUNG BIDDY: Ten??? Since when!!

MARGARINE: For sixpence a visit, who cares? He can scrub the floors with his toothbrush if she likes.

PUMBLECHOOK: Yes, hush, boy, I got you the opportunity of a lifetime, don't ruin it by asking silly questions.

YOUNG BIDDY: I can't be the only one who thinks this sounds incredibly sketchy

(Then there's a knock on the door, and Mrs Hubble enters.)

MARGARINE: Oh, Mrs Hubble!

ESCOPE: Lovely to see you, dear.

YOUNG PIP: Hi, Escop-pay.

ESCOPE: *(Coldly)* My name is pronounced Escape.

MARGARINE: Behave yourself, boy! I'm so sorry, Mrs Hubble - he's the most rude, ungrateful little brat.

ESCOPE: *(Mournfully)* Why, oh, why are the young never grateful?

PUMBLECHOOK: Naturally vicious. They're no good until they're at least twenty three.

(There is a murmur of 'true' and everyone stares at Pip, who is still not really sure what he did wrong.)

MR WOPSLE: But, Mrs Hubble, where's Tel?

ESCOPE: Oh, I'm afraid my husband has been called away for work. As you know, he was already so busy with the recent spate of hay-nous *(like heinous)* horse-related crime, and now - You heard that awful to-do on the ships?

A few of the convicts escaped. Poor Tel has been enlisted to find them too!

MARGARINE: Oh no! But you Hubbles are so close. Tel and Escape should never be separated.

ESCOPE: I know, I feel so short-sighted to have not seen this coming.

MARGARINE: Well, your vision could never be clear without being together. One can never be focussed without their husband, I say. That's what women these days don't understand, pure traditional values. Cherish and *obey*... JOE! You've not done the dishes yet!

(She whacks him over the head chastisingly. BONK! He hangs his head.)

ESCOPE: I'm sure Tel will be able to join us soon. He is so very good at his job, he's great at being able to look for things that are far away.

MARGARINE: Well, then I suppose we'd better begin. I made the most delicious pork pie...

(Pip turns out to the audience, panicked).

YOUNG PIP: Bugger.

(There is a knock on the door as Margarine goes to the table. Joe opens it, and Tel enters.)

ESCOPE: Tel! Finally!

TEL: Here on official powice business, I'm afwaid.

MARGARINE: *(From the table)* WHERE'S - THE - PIE!!!!

(Tel clicks his fingers, and MAGS, WITCH and COMPEYSON file miserably onstage. They are clearly more dishevelled than previously. Everyone gasps.)

TEL: We're calling on you as a bwacksmith, Joe.

JOE: You don't need me to identify another horse-shoe, do you? I don't deal in that line of business no more, promise.

TEL: Not this time, Joe - we need you to fix these. *(holds up some hand cuffs)*

JOE: Of course. I'll get Orlick.

(He takes the leg cuffs and exits.)

TEL: We caught those two in a fight. This one cwaims he was twying to kill him.

MAGS: I didn't *try* to kill him. If I wanted him dead, he'd be dead. I was giving him up to the authorities, see.

(Mags lunges for Compeyson and he backs away.)

TEL: Ha! A wikely story. With a stowen bwacksmith's file - I'll soon find out who you're suppwying horse-shoes to!

WITCH: For the last time, we ain't with the horses! Look, we're here, ain't we? Off that ship, and not a cuff on us. We could be anywhere in the world, we could be *free*, *(Saying this, seems to slightly regret the fact they went along with Mags' scheme and aren't free)* yet here we are.

MAGS: Exactly. I wasn't going to let him escape. He deserves to rot on that ship.

COMPEYSON: I was only trying to escape *him*! He was attacking me for no reason!

MAGS: You know the reason, you revolting son of a--

TEL: Silence! Cursing is another year in pwison.

MARGARINE: DEVIL! SWINE!

(Margarine takes Pip by the ear, dragging him out from where he has been hiding from Mags and Witch. Orlick enters with Joe. On his way to the convicts, he barges Pip. Then Orlick and Joe put the cuffs onto the convicts.)

YOUNG PIP: Hey!

ORLICK: Cry about it, ORPHAN.

TEL: We don't know how they managed to bweak fwee. We suspect someone helped them. If they're working as mules, that's a very wowwying devewopment in what, until now, has been a horse-only cwime demographic. Well, we'll catch them, that's certain.

MARGARINE: Devil! you did it, didn't you?

YOUNG PIP: *(Panicked)* No, I swear I didn't! I've never seen that man before in my life!

MARGARINE: What? I mean, you took my pork pie!

YOUNG PIP: Ohhhh.

(The following lines should all overlap a fair bit)

PUMBLECHOOK: Stealing is a crime!

MARGARINE: You'll be grounded until you are an old man! You scoundrel! You monster!
You polyp in the nose of humanity!

TEL: Come on, you know this means execution or deportation. These
run-away horses are unstable, Give them up and we might go easy on
you.

WITCH: No one helped us.

TEL: *(To Mags)* You, speak! This is the last stwaw!

MARGARINE: You devil child! I'll wallop you until you wish you were on one of them
hulks out there!

MAGS: *(Distracted by Margarine's abuse towards Pip)* No one helped me, I
escaped by myself.

MARGARINE: *(To Pip)* You monster!

MAGS: Actually - there is one thing.

(Witch looks at Mag, alarmed)

TEL: What?

MAGS: I stole. The food. From them. *(He points to Margarine and Pip, who
freeze mid-fight.)* I'm sorry, ma'am. I ate your pie.

(Silence.)

JOE: And you're welcome to it - well, as far as I'm concerned. We don't know
what you've done, but you ain't deserved to starve to death for it. Right,
Pip?

YOUNG PIP: *(Weakly)* Right.

MAGS: One other thing, too. I took your file.

TEL: Oh, his metal file? To help your escape?

MAGS: *(Through his teeth, to Pip)* No, but that would have made a helluva lot more sense, wouldn't it.

TEL: *(Generally befuddled)* O-kay. Maybe this isn't related to the horses... Thanks for the cuffs, Joe.

(He leads Mags & Witch away.)

PUMBLECHOOK: *(awkwardly)* Well. If the dinner has already been eaten by criminals, I suppose I'd better head home.

(Everyone starts getting up and awkwardly saying their goodbyes.)

WOPSLE: Come on Biddy. Gosh, I LOVE dinner at the Gargerys.

1.5 - Uno Reverse Card

(Pip enters with Pumblechook.)

PUMBLECHOOK: Here we are, Pip. The marvellous foyer of Satis house. *(turns. With disgust and shock)* Oh, good lord - orphans!

(They turn to walk further into the house when a gaggle of Orphans come walking towards them.)

TIM: I can't *believe* she didn't want me. Me! I'm adorable!

NICHOLAS: Adorably *not* an orphan. Besides, she didn't want me either. I think we're getting too old for this.

OLIVER: Don't think about it like that, Nicholas! Remember - when one chimney blocks, another one clears! We just have to keep looking. Perhaps this one isn't meant for us.

TIM: When will it be my time to shine!

(Annie enters, also leaving Satis house)

ANNIE: Well, I showed her my sharp shooting tricks, and I even sang for her, and she still wasn't willing to look past the fact I wasn't a boy. Snob!

(they turn to walk on, spotting Pumblechook and Pip)

DAVID: Oh, hello sir! Please sir, do you have any money to spare?

PUMBLECHOOK: *(trying to get past the gaggle)* Sorry, I only ever use my card these days-

DAVID: What about a flea, sir?

PUMBLECHOOK: Flee? yes, I think I shall. Come along, Pip!

OLIVER: Good luck with the audition, fellow Orphan!

(Exeunt. Pumblechook rings the bell)

RAVISHAM: Who's there?

PUMBLECHOOK: Mr. Pumblechook, at your service, ma'am!

RAVISHEM: Where's the boy?

YOUNG PIP: I'm here, ma'am.

RAVISHEM: Come on in.

(Pumblechook goes to follow her.)

RAVISHEM: *(Sharply)* Did you wish to see Miss Havisham?

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Uncomfortable)* I, uh - if she wishes to see me -

RAVISHEM: She doesn't. Goodbye.

(Pip snickers. Sees Pumblechook's angry face. Abruptly stops laughing. Ravishem leads him away.)

RAVISHEM: So, come to see the old goat, are ye?

YOUNG PIP: *(Embarrassed)* I'm here to see Miss Havisham, ma'am.

RAVISHEM: No need to be so formal, love. I'm Miss Ravishem.

YOUNG PIP: Miss.... *Ravishem?*

RAVISHEM: Aw, don't look embarrassed. It's just me name. I'm Miss Havisham's right-hand-woman - if you know what I mean. *(Winks)*

YOUNG PIP: I'm not sure I do, miss.

RAVISHEM: Ach, you'll understand it when you're older. Don't be afraid of her. She don't bite - much.

YOUNG PIP: Why does she want me?

RAVISHEM: Damned if I know. She's a strange one. She normally won't allow anyone else here. Just her, me, and Estella.

YOUNG PIP: Who's Estella?

RAVISHEM: Our- I mean - *her* adopted daughter. We're here. Good luck.

YOUNG PIP: What? But there's no one here!

(Miss Havisham is sat on a chair. She spins around, stroking a wedding cake/bouquet in her arms.)

HAVISHAM: Hello, Philip Pirrip.

YOUNG PIP: *(Jumping in fright)* Jesus christ. Screw this.

(He goes to run, but Ravishem blocks his path. He goes to exit the other way, and Havisham blocks him, smiling creepily.)

HAVISHAM: I've been expecting you, Mr. Pirrip.

YOUNG PIP: Well yeah, you did invite me here...

HAVISHAM: Welcome to my home. Do you like it?

YOUNG PIP: I - uh - it's very... Why are you wearing a wedding dress?

HAVISHAM: *(Smiles cryptically.)* That is none of your concern. Now, play.

YOUNG PIP: Play what?!

HAVISHAM: You are an obstinate thing, aren't you? Only a little boy, but just like a man. Ravishem, get Estella.

RAVISHEM: Really? Come on, love, he just got here, let's not sic a weapon of mass destruction on him already.

HAVISHAM: Get her.

RAVISHEM: *(Sullenly)* If you say so. *Ma'am.*

(Havisham gasps, slightly wounded by the formality, but hides it. Ravishem exits.)

HAVISHAM: Philip. Please meet my daughter.

(Enter Ravishem and young Estella. Careless Whisper plays as Estella enters.)

YOUNG PIP: Woah. Hi. *(Estella ignores him. To self)* Not very talkative here, are they?

HAVISHAM: Estella, you will play cards with Philip here.

YOUNG ESTELLA: What? But he's just a common farmboy!

HAVISHAM: *(Just to Estella)* So? It doesn't matter what *kind* of boy, only that he *is* one. You can break his heart.

YOUNG PIP: Excuse me!?

YOUNG ESTELLA: What do you play, boy?

YOUNG PIP: N-nothing, *girl*. *(Stern look from Havisham/Ravisham)* Uh... miss.

YOUNG ESTELLA: Fine. Then, I'll teach you the game of the upper classes. But it will be beyond you, I suspect.

(She pulls out a pack of uno very dramatically. They play.)

YOUNG PIP: Why is everything so dusty here?

YOUNG ESTELLA: Because Miss Havisham would have it so.

YOUNG PIP: Why?

YOUNG ESTELLA: You ask a lot of questions, boy, for which you could not possibly comprehend the answers. It's foolish. You're foolish. Plus four.

YOUNG PIP: *(Triumphantly)* Plus two! It stacks!

YOUNG ESTELLA: It does *not* stack.

YOUNG PIP: UNO REVERSE CARD! HA!

YOUNG ESTELLA: That card does nothing in a game of two people, I'd have thought even a stupid, dirty farmboy would know that.

YOUNG PIP: I am *not* a farmboy! And I'm not dirty! *(sniffs, wipes his nose all down the back of his hand)* I am to be a blacksmith.

YOUNG ESTELLA: That's worse. Look at your nails. Pitch black.

RAVISHAM: Stop negging him, Estella.

HAVISHAM: Ravishem! Silence! Neg him as much as you like, Estella.

YOUNG ESTELLA: Uno.

RAVISHAM: Good one, Stell!

HAVISHAM: Play again.

YOUNG ESTELLA: Deal, boy.

(Pip deals the cards, but accidentally gives Estella one short.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: You fool! This is only 6 cards! Twit! Nitwit! Ugly loser!

YOUNG PIP: Is all the verbal abuse necessary to the game?

YOUNG ESTELLA: It is if I'm playing with you. You're just a dirty 10-year-old child...

YOUNG PIP: I'm eleven, same as you!

YOUNG ESTELLA: ...just a fool, a fool who thinks too much of himself.

YOUNG PIP: Uno reverse card. *(Meaningfully - using it in the context of actually Estella is the one who is a fool who thinks too much of herself)*

YOUNG ESTELLA: *That* is a select colour card.

YOUNG PIP: I know.

(Estella has a moment of respect for Pip. But she's still winning the game.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: Uno.

(Havisham pulls Pip aside.)

HAVISHAM: Pip, what do you think of her?

YOUNG PIP: She's a biiiit[ch] -

(Ravishem lets out a threatening cough)

....Bi-eautiful girl.

HAVISHAM: Anything else?

YOUNG PIP: She's very rude. And I want to go home.

HAVISHAM: And never see her again?

YOUNG PIP: *(Hesitates)* I - I want to go home.

HAVISHAM: Finish the game, Estella.

YOUNG ESTELLA: Uno.

(She throws the cards across the table moodily.)

HAVISHAM: You can go now, Pip. Say goodbye, Estella.

(Pip starts to leave. Estella barges past him instead.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: *(Turning back, taunting)* When you cry, make sure you don't get your tears on the carpets. You might stain them black, and you could never afford to replace them.

YOUNG PIP: *(To the audience)* I hate it here! I'm never coming back.

1.6 - A Storm in a Teacup

(Pip and Biddy are sat together, with Biddy teaching Pip)

YOUNG PIP: So anyway, I've been back to see her every week.

YOUNG BIDDY: Pip! Why?

YOUNG PIP: Estella is beautiful... *(turns around slate to show a terribly drawn picture of Estella, with hearts on it, reading "Mr Pip Havisham")*

YOUNG BIDDY: *Pip.*

YOUNG PIP: Teach me everything you know! I think I'm making progress. Last week, she called me her beau.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Clearly jealous)* Well, that's sweet.

YOUNG PIP: Short for a-beau-mination.

YOUNG BIDDY: Less sweet.

YOUNG PIP: Still.

YOUNG BIDDY: There are plenty of fish in the sea, you know, Pip. Some of them might even like you.

YOUNG PIP: *(Dreamily)* Nope, none are as good as Estella. You know, she may be kind of awful, but when I think of all the girls I know, like every woman I've ever met, not a single one is even a fraction as beautiful and attractive as Estella.

(Biddy is clearly offended. She angrily opens the book.)

YOUNG BIDDY: Well, you can't even write your own name, so maybe you need to adjust your standards.

YOUNG PIP: Can too! Look!

(Writes his name. Joe enters.)

JOE: Well, look at that, Pip! Your name. You *are* a scholar.

YOUNG PIP: *(Proudly)* Thanks, Joe.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Icily)* It has two letters in it, Pip. I don't think Estella would be impressed. *(Begins to storm off. A beat as she turns back)* That has five letters in it.

(Biddy storms off.)

JOE: What was that about?

YOUNG PIP: Not sure. I guess it must be hard when the student overtakes the master.

(Joe pats Pip on the head and exits. Biddy re-enters, sitting near Pip stropfully.)

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Stropfully)* Turns out that was the cupboard.

YOUNG PIP: Come on, don't be upset. You know you're my best friend, Bids.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Mocking)* Until you become a gentleman, with *Estella*.

YOUNG PIP: I know I'm mad for wanting more. If I could only be normal... And, I don't know, get myself to fall in love with *you* instead... *(He chuckles at the idea)*

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Quietly)* If only...

(Pumblechook, Wopsle and Margarine enter)

PUMBLECHOOK: Yes, Margarine, I wouldn't be surprised if she intends Pip for her daughter.
its own And to think, it was all me that arranged it! Well, my generosity is
reward, I say.

WOPSLE: What's she like, Pip?

YOUNG PIP: Beautiful, gorgeous, brilliant, incredible, showstopping, spectacular, -

PUMBLECHOOK: Yes, I saw her myself, looking stunning in her old age I must say.

YOUNG BIDDY: Mr Wopsle was asking about Miss Havisham, Pip.

YOUNG PIP: Oh.

(Joe enters again with Orlick.)

MARGARINE: Joe, what are you doing, lounging about in here?

JOE: Me and Orlick are taking a break?

MARGARINE: Well there are several parentless ruffians on the lawn - if you don't go out and clear them right now, we'll catch an infestation.

JOE: Why didn't you do it?

MARGARINE: Can't you see I'm busy talking with my uncle??

YOUNG BIDDY: He's not your uncle.

JOE: Of course, sorry, my love, I'll get to it myself.

(He goes to exit. And Margarine, Pumblechook and Wopsle go further into the house.)

YOUNG BIDDY: Wait, no -

YOUNG PIP: Don't leave us with -

BOTH: Orlick...

(Joe, not hearing them, exits. Orlick approaches the two with a gleeful malice. He goes between them, throwing his arms around their shoulders.)

ORLICK: Well, if it ain't the special little snowflakes over here. You must think you're so much better than us now you've got your pretty little hoity toity girlfriend, don't ya?

YOUNG PIP: I mean... a little, I'm not going to lie.

(Enraged, Orlick goes to hit Pip, and Biddy pulls him out of the way.)

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Slightly grumpily)* Estella doesn't even like him.

ORLICK: Who's Estella? I was talking about you.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Slightly flattered)* You think I'm hoity-toity?

YOUNG PIP: *(Skeptical)* And pretty?

(Biddy faces Pip, angrily.)

YOUNG BIDDY: You're such a prick, Philip.

ORLICK: Yeah, *Philip*. Maybe *she'd* prefer to go for a *real man* like me.

(He flexes his muscles, then approaches Biddy in a creepy manner, and she dodges.)

YOUNG BIDDY: I've already told you Orlick, I'm not interested!

ORLICK: Ugh, women these days are always playing so hard to get!

YOUNG BIDDY: Leave me alone! I hate you *both*!

(She storms off - for real, this time.)

YOUNG PIP: Hey, what did *I* do!

ORLICK: *(Embarrassed)* Shut up, you little twerp!

(He storms off to join Joe chasing orphans. Wopsle, Pumblechook and Margarine re-enter)

WOPSLE: Yes, as I was saying, it's going very well. Upper Oldham Lively Entertainment Society's production of Macbeth is sure to be a hit, they've put me in charge of marketing.

MARGARINE: Wow, what an achievement! Sounds like a job absolutely everyone would want to do, the competition must be high.

WOPSLE: *(Proudly)* Yes, I think it must be. They thought I was so great, they told me they'd give me a speaking role if I agreed to do it.

MARGARINE: What's your role?

WOPSLE: Tree.

MARGARINE: Do they... speak?

WOPSLE: Yes, you see I have been given the crucial job of voicing the wind that rushes through us.

(Wopsle aggressively hisses/whistles/generally portrays Wind In The Trees.)

MARGARINE: *(Uncertainly)* That's - very impressive.

WOPSLE: *(Cheerfully)* I know! I really think we can take it to the big city...

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Impressed)* To London?

WOPSLE: I meant Oxford. But London is an excellent idea too! We're doing *The Tempest* next. And not to toot my own horn, but I've been told I'm a shoo-in for the main role.

PUMBLECHOOK: Ah, Prospero?

WOPSLE: *(Proudly)* The tempest.

MARGARINE: Wow.

WOPSLE: Well, I'd best be going. *(looking around)* Where's Biddy? But we were going to run lines together on the walk home....

MARGARINE: WHAT DID YOU DO TO UPSET BIDDY, YOU BRAT!

YOUNG PIP: It wasn't me, it was Orlick!!!

MARGARINE: Don't be ridiculous. Orlick is a lovely boy.

(Joe re-enters with Orlick.)

JOE: Come along, Orlick, back we go. You really are excellent at intimidating orphans, you know.

(Orlick does an insulting gesture at Pip as he leaves.)

MARGARINE: *(Oblivious)* See! Such a hard worker. He's a good lad.

WOPSLE: Well, I had better catch up with her. I have rehearsal soon - I think to really make the role my own, I'm going to play it a bit more heartbroken
- like -

(Wopsle makes sad wooshing noises)

MARGARINE: *(Continuing)* First insulting your poor brother Orlick, then your uncle Wopsle -

YOUNG PIP: Do you have any idea what family is?.

PUMBLECHOOK: There's no accounting for the anti-filial malice of young boys, ma'am.

WOPSLE: If only he was involved with the arts, they're supposed to be good for boys' behaviour -

(The voices build to a crescendo. Pip covers his ears, enraged and upset.)

YOUNG PIP: AGHHH! You're all so - AAAGH!

(Pip storms off. Beat.)

WOPSLE: Was it something I said?

1.7 - The Pockets Come Pick-Pocketing

(Young Pip storms onto the stage, the foyer of Satis house)

YOUNG PIP: I'm just so tired of this stupid village and my stupid family! Maybe I *am* destined for more. I just wish I had been raised like Estella... With a silver spoon in my mouth... being taught *uno*....

(He rings a doorbell. Ravishem Enters.)

RAVISHEM: No, Miss Havisham would NOT like to buy any fine leather jackets, please stop asking - oh, it's you.

YOUNG PIP: I - uh -

RAVISHEM: The family vultures like to call on the anniversary, but you can come in.

(Pip is surprised but isn't going to knock it. He walks in. Polly and Jean enter.)

YOUNG PIP: Vultures? What anniversary?

JEAN: Ugh, do you think she'll be out soon, Polly? This outfit is so uncomfortable!

POLLY: Uncomfortably ugly, more like.

JEAN: Hey!

POLLY: Now shush, Jean. What if the old bat actually notices us this time? We have to keep up appearances.

JEAN: Do you really think she cares what we're wearing? Surely all we have to do is be nice to her.

POLLY: *(Self-indulgently)* Ah, and that shows what you know. You're new to this game, Jean. I know I've been holding up the fort for you until you came of age, but now you have to know, there's a dress code to smarming up your old relative on the anniversary of the day she was jilted.

(She spots Ravishem, and immediately puts on a sickly-sweet demeanour.)

Ah, Ravishem. Will she be out soon? Also... who's the child?

RAVISHEM: *(To Polly)* I told you not to come, Polly Pocket. Miss Havisham does not talk to relations more than one step removed.

POLLY: *(Facade drops)* Ha! Of course you'd say that. You're hoping she'll leave the money to you. Well, she won't. You're just a servant - I'm her own flesh and blood!

RAVISHEM: You barely share enough blood to fill an orphan's flea, and she hates you.

POLLY: *(Tittering)* Why, how funny you are, Miss Ravishem.

RAVISHEM: As for you - I'm disappointed in you, Jean Pocket. I thought you had a heart. But it seems to have shrunk in the wash.

(Jean looks cowed. Havisham enters, with Matthew)

MATTHEW: I do declare, Miss Havisham - I am rearing my progeny, Herbert, to be a superlative gentleman - he would be a splendid candidate.

HAVISHAM: Do you have to talk like you've swallowed a thesaurus?

MATTHEW: Well, as an academic tutor, I intend to exemplify terminological excellence. So - do you acquiesce? Shall we unite these youths in matrimony?

HAVISHAM: But - they are second cousins...

MATTHEW: I know - that is a bonus, is it not? That is what our venerated sovereign the Queen Victoria has illuminated - keeping it in the family.

HAVISHAM: Matthew, if I agree to consider it, will you leave me alone?

MATTHEW: I - *(noticeable change in tone)* yes, alright. I had better go then?

HAVISHAM: *(drily)* Your intellect is nothing short of scholarly. Ah, Pip. I wasn't expecting you here today.

(Matthew exits)

YOUNG PIP: I'm sorry - I don't know what came over me, I guess I wanted to see -

HAVISHAM: Estella? Of course. You couldn't stay away. Come on up.

(She turns around, spots the two Pockets, and immediately goes to turn away. Polly nudges Jean.)

JEAN: Hello, Miss Havisham.

HAVISHAM: It's times like these I wish I was a pair of women's trousers.

RAVISHAM: Too long at the leg but not snug at the bum?

HAVISHAM: No – lacking pockets. *(Coldly)* Jean. I see you have joined the other fruit flies that flit around this estate.

JEAN: *(Floundering)* I- uh - don't -

POLLY: *(Sickly-sweet)* Why, Miss Havisham, you look absolutely stunning today, darling.

HAVISHAM: *(Bluntly)* I do not.

POLLY: *(Tittering)* Quite right. Shame on me! How could one expect a woman to look well at a time like this?

(Havisham sighs, seeing she's not escaping this, and walks up to Polly.)

HAVISHAM: How are you, Polly?

POLLY: *(Grinning braggingly at Ravisham)* I am well as I can be, Miss Havisham. I am rather tired, though, as of course, I feel for you most terribly. I lay awake at night and can only think of how you must be *suffering* so.

HAVISHAM: *(Shortly)* Then stop.

POLLY: Oh, I wish I could! It's a weakness to be so kind, so emotional. I'm an empath, you could say. Why, sometimes I just lie in a state of utter agony, desperately fretting about how to help you, and expecting absolutely nothing in return!

HAVISHAM: Miss Polly?

POLLY: Yes...

(Havisham hits the table, hard.)

HAVISHAM: This is where they will lay me when I die. That is when you can escape your 'empathy'. I shall have a seating plan, so you know where to go as you feast upon my heart. Now go! *(She hits the table again.)*

POLLY: She's a nutter. Absolute nutter! *(She rushes out)*

JEAN: Miss Havisham, I -

POLLY: Come on, Jean! We're getting nowhere today!

JEAN: I brought you this.

(He carefully, lovingly places a gift on the table, then retreats. Havisham picks it up, opens it. It is a pair of jeans. This unsettles her.)

HAVISHAM: *(Murmuring)* Thank you for coming, Pip. I think you should leave now.

YOUNG PIP: But I just got here!

HAVISHAM: I will call Estella. She can show you out.

RAVISHAM: Or I could.

HAVISHAM: *(Smiling, slightly twisted)* Estella is what he's here for, Ravisham, Estella is what he'll get. Get Estella!

(Ravisham exits to get Estella, and she enters. Havisham grins evilly and slips out. Estella walks wordlessly and Pip trails after.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: Well. I hope you're happy.

YOUNG PIP: What?

YOUNG ESTELLA: Let me make something crystal clear, boy, in case it was, *somehow*, not previously established. I am not your friend. Do you think I'm pretty?

YOUNG PIP: *(Taken aback by the sudden change in tone)* Huh?

YOUNG ESTELLA: Do you?

YOUNG PIP: Yes?

YOUNG ESTELLA: Do you think you are the only one who thinks this? It is what I was designed to do, I cannot help it, but I have no interest in spending any

more of my time than is necessary with - *dogs*, like you, sniffing around at
my heels. If you ever turn up uninvited again, I will tie you to the
beams of the old brewery barn out there, and you will be left there
until not even the rats remember to nip at your toes. Got it?

YOUNG PIP: (*miserably*) I - just wanted to - sorry.

(Estella stares at him. Feels a touch of guilt. Then stalks across stage. Pip exits in the opposite direction.)

1.8 - We're All Mad Here

(Continuous from 1.7. Biddy enters the stage, grumbling to herself.)

YOUNG BIDDY: I just can't *believe* him! This *Estella* is nothing but horrible to him, yet somehow he's obsessed. What's so special about her?

(Estella bursts onto the stage, irritably.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: I can't *believe* him! Showing up like that! Who does he think he is?

(She barges into Biddy.)

YOUNG BIDDY: Oh, sorry -

YOUNG ESTELLA: *(Moodily)* Watch where you're going!

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Miffed)* Alright, I was only being nice, we both know that was your fault.

(They stare at each other for a few seconds. Estella concedes.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: *(Grumbling, sarcastically)* Sorry.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(Dryly)* I appreciate the enthusiasm. Wait, is this Satis House...? I only went walking to get some air from that prick I call a friend -

YOUNG ESTELLA: Didn't ask.

(Biddy looks at her. Looks around. Suddenly it clicks.)

YOUNG BIDDY: Oh, my god. You're Estella.

YOUNG ESTELLA: How do you know my name?

(Biddy is laughing darkly)

YOUNG BIDDY: Oh, this is too good! I mean, you are beautiful, I'll give him that. But, come *on*. It's like your face has never shown anything but mild disdain.

YOUNG ESTELLA: Who are you?!

YOUNG BIDDY: I'm a friend of Pip's.

YOUNG ESTELLA: My condolences.

(Biddy scowls)

YOUNG BIDDY: Hey! I think. He may not be interesting, in fact, he may be more of a 'plain bread' sort of guy. And not one of the good breads, like focaccia or something, more like Hovis.- ...

YOUNG ESTELLA: Is this going anywhere?

YOUNG BIDDY: But he's my... friend. So. There.

(Estella looks at Biddy, scrutinising. Then purses her lips in disgust.)

YOUNG ESTELLA: You *fancy* him.

YOUNG BIDDY: You don't know what you're talking about.

YOUNG ESTELLA: You do! You seem like an intelligent person. What could possess you?

YOUNG BIDDY: Shut up! *(argument continues, but fades in volume)*

(Biddy and Estella keep arguing on one side of the stage. Pip enters from the other side of the stage. Pip looks around. Enter Herbert (wearing a propeller hat, naturally).)

HERBERT: *(Jovially, yet sprinkled with a dash of flirtation)* Why, hello!

YOUNG PIP: Hello?

HERBERT: *(Totally not getting lost in Pip's eyes before snapping out of it)* Care to fight me?

YOUNG PIP: Excuse me?

HERBERT: *(Cheerily)* Fight me. Wait, I ought to give you a reason, oughtn't I?

(Herbert playfully pushes Pip.)

How about now?

YOUNG PIP: I - uh - I guess?

Song 3 - [A Definitely Not Homoerotic Fight Song](#)

YOUNG ESTELLA: What's your name?

YOUNG BIDDY: Biddy.

YOUNG ESTELLA: *(Not quite smiling, but less icy than usual)* Biddy. I can't believe I'm saying this but - it is genuinely nice to meet you.

YOUNG BIDDY: *(A little surprised)* Oh - uh - thank you?

(Both Biddy and Estella seem uncertain of what to say for a moment.)

(Breaking the silence) Well ... I should probably be going, anyway.

YOUNG ESTELLA: *(A rare moment of vulnerability.)* Come back. Please. I think I will go insane if I can't talk to a real human being again soon.

YOUNG BIDDY: Pip's real.

YOUNG ESTELLA: Sorry, I meant a rational human being.

YOUNG BIDDY: Hey, Pip's rational -

(She peers over Estella's shoulder, spotting Herbert and Pip.)

Wait, did he just get into a fight?

YOUNG ESTELLA: What??

(They both look over.)

HERBERT: You won. Congratulations, my good man!

YOUNG PIP: Thanks? *(Beat)* Are you alright? Should I help you up?

HERBERT: *(Cheerfully)* No thanks. Down here's perfectly fine.

(Enter Matthew, looking for Herbert)

MATTHEW: *(not seeing Herbert)* Herbert? Herbert! I desire to ascertain your location! I fear he may be rough-housing again.

HERBERT: Oh! That's my dad. I should go before he finds out I've been using contractions.

YOUNG PIP: Okay? Bye?

HERBERT: Pleasure fighting with you!!

(Herbert exits without standing up (have fun with that). Matthew exits in the same direction, still looking for Herbert. Estella approaches Pip. Biddy exits, looking disappointed Estella left her to go to Pip. Pip turns to face Estella and she pauses for a moment, as if reconsidering. Then Estella gives Pip a hug, pulls away, curtseys, and runs back to where she and Biddy were talking. Biddy is gone. So she exits.)

YOUNG PIP: *(Dazed)* Mad. They're all mad.

(Pip exits)

1.9 - The Apprentice(ship)

(Pip, Joe, Margarine, and Pumblechook walk towards the Satis house, the latter two nudging each other and gossiping wildly. Jean and Polly are already on stage, complaining about being denied entry to the house (again) by Ravishem.)

MARGARINE: Look at this wonderful foyer! Why, it's the size of our whole house! Perhaps Pip will finally be elevated to a gentleman! Ooh, everything's about to change, ain't it Uncle Pumblechook!

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Smarmy and self-important, in a way that implies he just learnt this word like five days ago)* Indubitably.

(Jean and Polly's complaining about being denied entry gets louder.)

JEAN: Miss Ravishem, come on, let us see her, please.

RAVISHEM: *(Ignoring Jean)* Ah. Mr Pirrip. Mr Gargery. More people who weren't invited.

MARGARINE: I'm his sister - I'm family!

RAVISHEM: And you? What's your relation?

PUMBLECHOOK: ...Brother of the father of the son in law of Philip's father!

(Ravishem stares at him.)

RAVISHEM: You may come in, Mr and Mrs Gargery. As for the rest of you - you may not.

PUMBLECHOOK: What??? I'm not a sailor, I refuse to tie any knots!

POLLY: *(Louder than Pumblechook)* This is outrageous! The close relations denied access whilst these - ruffians are admitted.

RAVISHEM: *(Coldly)* Don't fret, Miss Pocket, this is the last time it'll happen.

YOUNG PIP: What?

(Ravishem turns sharply away, marching the three across the stage. Jean and Polly appear offended and exit with clear irritation. Pumblechook is left alone outside the house. Inside the house, Havisham enters with Jagger and Estella and all goes silent.)

HAVISHAM: Philip. And guardians. Make yourselves comfortable.

JAGGER: Good day, Miss Havisham.

MARGARINE: *(Incredibly attracted to him)* Now, who is that fine gentleman, Miss Ravisham?!

RAVISHAM: Miss Havisham's lawyer.

MARGARINE: He can cross-examine me anytime.

JOE: *(Sadly)* I'm right here, love.

(Jagger leaves. Havisham sits at a desk. Estella stands, silently)

MARGARINE: *(Feigning eloquence)* It is so quite positively splendid to meet you, ma'am. We are so very excessively delighted to see Pip finally rise to his full potential all thanks to you, ma'am - you shall certainly not regret it. *(Very over the top)* Perchance.

(Pip, embarrassed, tries to elbow Margarine to stop her talking.)

(In marked contrast with previous tone) Oi, stop that, you little monster!

HAVISHAM: *(Amused)* Yes. His full potential. *(To Joe.)* Mr. Gargery, you have reared the boy with the intention of taking him for your apprentice; is that so?

JOE: You know Pip, I was always expecting you to join me, if you wanted.

HAVISHAM: Quite. Well, that settles it. In thanks for all your service here, I shall pay for your apprenticeship.

PIP & MARGARINE: What?!

HAVISHAM: As an apprentice blacksmith, you shall be far too busy to make any more visits here. I shall not expect you. You understand?

YOUNG PIP: But I thought - what about -

HAVISHAM: *(Interrupting with a sort of glee)* At any rate, Estella here shall soon be sent to school, to prepare for making a *respectable* match. Hence,

she shall have no more need for mixing with... other types.
Ravishem! Show them out.

(Ravishem leads them out, her demeanour less cold than before. Estella goes to follow, to apologise, maybe, then -)

HAVISHAM: Estella, stay.

(Margarine seems beside herself. Pip catches up to Ravishem.)

YOUNG PIP: I don't understand.

RAVISHEM: *(Not without sympathy)* You will, in time, Pip. I think it's best that you go and forget all about this place.

MARGARINE: Oh, what do we do now? Our one opportunity, battered! My fancies of being fashionable, fried! My dreams of fine dining and banquets ...
(beat) frittered away! Oh, how did this happen, what did you *do*, boy?!

(They arrive at the door, to Pumblechook.)

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Far too proudly)* Ah, there's the little gentleman I made!

(Margarine runs off crying. Pumblechook is baffled.)

1.10 - Grape Expectations

(TIME SKIP - signalled by sign perhaps? A bar, with the townspeople - Mr Wopsle, Innkeeper, and Gravedigger, Orphans onstage. Orlick sits in the corner and drinks sulkily.)

WOPSLE: So then I said, “No, Macduff, I would never drink your blood”!

(He laughs uncontrollably. Trying to engage Gravedigger, who’s just trying to drink alone.)

GRAVEDIGGER: *(Very deadpan)* Great. Please tell me more about your amateur production of Macbeth from six years ago.

WOPSLE: I’m so glad you asked! So, there was this one song called Haggis and Chips- *(conversation continues but fades out)*

NICHOLAS: Hey, David? You ever wonder what we’ll be like when we’re older?

DAVID: Still poor and unfortunate, I imagine. At least we’ll have good friends to keep us company.

NICHOLAS: Did you find Gonzo?

DAVID: No. But it’s now six years he’s been gone, so I’ve finally decided to move on.

NICHOLAS: Do you know where he went?

DAVID: Laos, apparently. Oh well, at least you’ll never leave me, right Nicholas?

NICHOLAS: *(dodges the question)* ...Hey, Tim, what do you think we’ll be like when we’re older?

TIM: Oh, we’ll be completely different, I imagine. Taller, probably.

NICHOLAS: Oh, yeah? You think that’s possible?

TIM: *(points at Wopsle)* Well that actor-man over there told me earlier they usually recast when there’s a time-skip in a play, so you can see they’ve aged. Though I don’t see who they could possibly get to live up to me.

ANNIE: I don't think they're going to do that with us. I'm sure they would with the main characters, but we're just... orphans.

OLIVER: Perhaps we're thinking about this the wrong way. Perhaps we're actually just the most authentic versions of ourselves. After all, our fortune is our own. David, how would you feel if you had to suddenly give your hard-earned chewed gum to some other actor halfway through?

DAVID: Not great.

OLIVER: Exactly! All we need to do is keep ourselves present, keep our heads up and keep looking for pennies people have dropped under the bar.

TIM: ...I'll pay you a piece of chewed gum every time you spot when someone's been recast.

NICHOLAS: You're on.

(Enter Tel, with Escape on his arm. Dramatic music plays. Gone is the goofy officer from earlier. He's serious. He's smouldering. He's -)

TEL: *(Seriously)* Dwinks, pwease.

INNKEEPER: *(Grunts)*

WOPSLE: Hubbles! So lovely to see you.

ESCOPE: Wopsle, it's been a while.

WOPSLE: *(Cheerfully)* Oh, yes, I've been busy working on my 742 hour performance art piece about the importance of proper grouting.

INNKEEPER: Saw that. Very good.

WOPSLE: Thank you, sir! How about you, Escape, anything exciting going on for you and Tel?

(Escape looks coldly at Wopsle, with a glance at Tel, and opens her mouth to reply when-)

TEL: I'm still on the assault case. *(Gets out a cigarette and starts smoking it.)* The howwrific bwanding by horse-shoe of Margawine Gargewy six years ago which left her unable to function, devastated our small town and, finally, made the bwass take my theowies about horse-based cwime

gangs seriously. Yet, I believe something even more sinister - it is the horses themselves masterminding these plots!

WOPSLE: *(awkwardly)* Oh....

ESCOPE: Horses and Orphans really are the scourge of the modern-day.

(Enter Mr Pumblechook)

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Cheerfully)* Hello everyone! Ah, Mr Wopsle, it's been a while! How's your Biddy?

WOPSLE: Oh, I'm not sure actually. I've not seen her for a while.

ESCOPE: *(Looking at him like he's insane)* She doesn't live with you anymore. She moved in with the Gargery's to take care of Mrs Gargery after the mysterious attack.

WOPSLE: What? WHEN?!

ALL (except PCHOOK): Six years ago!

WOPSLE: Wow. It's been a real blur. Six years feels like just five minutes ago.

ESCOPE: But it's not. It's been 6 years. 6 years of struggle and seriousness and really no comedy at all, actually.

INNKEEPER: *(Nodding sagely) (Grunts)*

SONG 4 - [The Last Six Years.](#)

(Joe enters.)

JOE: Oh, Orlick! Hullo!

(Orlick scowls at him and goes to slam the glass down at the bar before exiting - all watch closely as he does)

WOPSLE: What's Orlick's problem?

ESCOPE: He's never been the same since Joe fired him for Pip to take that apprenticeship.

TEL: Ah, you've awwived Joe. I'd like a word with you, if you don't mind.

JOE: I know why you're here, Tel, and as I've told you, I don't know who attacked my wife. *(Tearfully)* She were just such a loveable, sweet, calm woman. So happy and contented with life. She couldn't possibly have any enemies.

ESCOPE: *(Sadly)* We know, Joe. She never lost her temper with anyone. But someone must have had it out for her.

JOE: But who? There's absolutely no one who has a grudge against the family, and who would have had access to the house, and who knew where to find and heat up the discontinued horse-shoes in the forge.

(All look to where Orlick just exited.)

TEL: Maybe we'll just never know.

1.11 - With Great Expectations come Great Responsibility

(Biddy is rushing around doing chores, as Margarine sits back with her legs propped up. She is wearing a sling, and perhaps one of her legs is in a cast or crutch of some kind, but she is still perfectly capable of doing the work she is currently avoiding. Pip is 'cooking' but distracted by reading a book which says 'Becoming Posh' or some equivalent phrase on it. Biddy is frustrated by him, and there's a clear tension in their friendship that didn't exist before.)

(Biddy looks out the door and shoos several orphans away from the "outside" area. Show Tim handing David some chewed gum (doesn't have to be from their mouth))

BIDDY: Shoo! *(shoos them and comes inside)* We've got Orphans on the roof again. I'm going to have to call pest control in, I think. How's dinner going, Pip? *(No response)* Pip?

PIP: *(Distracted by his book)* Hmm?

BIDDY: *(Frustrated, to herself)* Guess I'm doing that too, then.

MARGARINE: You little monster, Pip, hurry up with that dinner, are you trying to starve me??!

PIP: I'm not so little anymore, Margarine. I may still be your little brother Pip, but now I'm 18 years old.

BIDDY: What, I thought you were 16?

PIP: Same difference.

MARGARINE: Biddy, my darling, would you pass me some water?

BIDDY: Of course, ma'am.

MARGARINE: *(Smiling indulgently)* I've told you before, call me Margarine, love.

BIDDY: Okay, Margarine Love.

MARGARINE: *(Disproportionate laughter)* Oh! Oh I get it! Oh, you're so funny! I love you so much, you're like a daughter to me.

BIDDY: Pip, grab me the pillbox, will you?

PIP: *(Distracted by his book)* Hmm? Oh, Margarine's pills. *(He grabs them and passes them over to Margarine)*

MARGARINE: *(Aggressively)* About time! Though *(pointing at Pip)* you can call me Mrs Gargery, thank you very much!

(Pip rolls his eyes. Joe enters.)

BIDDY: *(Kindly)* Joe. Were the Hubbles haranguing you again?

JOE: Oh they didn't hanger me at all, I'm calm! They were just interrogating me again.

MARGARINE: Quite right too. *(beat)* When will justice be served?! *(Biddy pats her on the shoulder comfortingly.)*

PIP: God, Biddy! I knew we were poor, but is that all we're having for dinner today? Just ice???

(There's a knock at the door.)

MARGARINE: Joe, I am in no condition for visitors!

JOE: Of course, my love. I'll tell the gentleman so -

MARGARINE: Gentleman you say? Open it!

(Jagger enters, vaguely disgusted by everything around him. Wemmick and Matthew follow.)

JAGGER: Is there a Pip here? Apprentice to the blacksmith?

PIP: Yes, that's me.

JAGGER: Right. These are my associates, Mr Wemmick, and Matthew Pocket. And My name is Jagger - I am a lawyer in London, I'm pretty well known.

(Wemmick inclines his head ever-so-slightly in greeting. Matthew nods at him. Margarine makes a startled noise and suddenly seems far more in a condition for visitors.)

MARGARINE: I recognise you. You're Miss Havisham's *ravishing* lawyer!

JOE: You know she doesn't live here?

WEMMICK: Oh, really? Blast, I was thinking she was living a double life as a blacksmith. We must have taken a wrong turn.

JOE: Really?

WEMMICK: No.

JOE: ... Oh. Okay. Good.

JAGGER: I have an unusual business to conduct with you. Let it be known I have advised against it. In fact, I cannot stress enough how little I care about you.

PIP: ... Thanks?

JAGGER: You have an inheritance. A fairly substantial one. Somebody out there clearly believes you're destined for finer things, Philip Pirrip.

MARGARINE: FINALLY!

MATTHEW: It is the supplication of your benefactor that, in anticipation of this great fortune, you shall be brought up as a gentleman in London.

BIDDY & JOE: In London?

PIP: *(Like he can't believe his luck)* In LONDON?!!!! But who-

WEMMICK: *(handing Pip a document)* All the details regarding your inheritance are here. If you have a quick look through that, you'll find-

PIP: It says I'm coming into GREAT EXPECTATIONS!

BIDDY: *(beat)* Hey, that's not what it says? It says-

JAGGER: Great? I'd say more like moderate expectations.

(Bit of a 'Roll Credits' kind of moment - target it at the audience)

WEMMICK: It's really average at best.

MATTHEW: Hardly excessive.

PIP: *(squinting at the page, embarrassed)* Oh.... So it is! I can see that right here, because I can definitely read!

JAGGER: There is one condition, however. You must never investigate who your liberal benefactor is.

MARGARINE Accept him, Pip!!!

PIP: Of - of course!

JAGGER: You will consider me your guardian.

(Joe makes an upset squawking noise)

JOE: Excuse me!

PIP: You're excused. Oh, thank you so much -

JAGGER: Don't be flattered. Again I don't like you, I'm being paid to do this.

(Biddy laughs. Pip gives her a look. She pretends she was coughing.)

WEMMICK: You shall be educated as a gentleman – Matthew here will be your tutor.

MATTHEW: I ecstatically anticipate our impending partnership in academic tutelage!

PIP: Matthew Pocket? Miss Havisham's relative?

MATTHEW: That is correct.

PIP: So everything is connected to Miss Havisham, you say?

JAGGER: *(Coldly)* You are not to make inferences or theories about your benefactor.

PIP: Of course. *(He winks)*

JAGGER: Are you winking?

PIP: *(mock-innocent)* No, of course not, Mr Jagger.

JAGGER: Good. If you try to establish who your benefactor is, you'll get no satisfaction.

PIP: Of course. I haven't the faintest idea who my benefactor is. *(wink wink)*

WEMMICK: Well, glad that's settled then.

MATTHEW: Here are some funds for new habiliments-

JOE: He's a good lad, he doesn't need any 'rehabilitation'!

JAGGER: He means clothes. And this is for you, Mr Gargery. Twenty pounds. Compensation for lost services.

JOE: *(Glumly.)* Pip is welcome to do what he wants, but if you think money can compensate for the loss of the little child, my best friend -

(He gets emotional. Wemmick and Jagger are made uncomfortable by this.)

JAGGER: Your carriage to London shall be here at the same time tomorrow.

(They leave)

MARGARINE: Thank you sirs! Oh, finally, I - I mean, we will be raised to the expectations we deserve!

BIDDY: Pip's the only one being raised, Mrs Gargery.

MARGARINE: *(A pause of realisation. Sudden demeanour change)* Of course he'll bring all the townsfolk with him, in gratitude for our kind and loving care for him all these years. And me! Sister to a gentleman! Oh everyone will be so jealous!

PIP: *(Imperiously)* Oh, no, the townsfolk would make such a coarse, common business of it all.

BIDDY: What about your family?

PIP: ... You're so quick, Bids. Of course I was GOING to say that *you* will.

BIDDY: *(shrewdly, but sadly)* Of course.

PIP: I can't believe it! I'll finally be a gentleman! And then Estella will want me! It's all just what I've always wanted!

BIDDY: *(To herself)* Free of us. What he's always wanted.

Song 4.5 - [Moderate Expectations Prelude](#)

Pip finally has his great (moderate) expectations. Who'd've thunk. End of act 1.

ACT II

2.1 - Enter Handel

(Pip enters cautiously. Wemmick is onstage already.)

PIP: Mr Wemmick!

(He puts out his hand to shake his. Wemmick gives him a strange look.)

WEMMICK: Oh, you're in the business of shaking hands, then?

PIP: Business? Of shaking hands? Wow, people in London manage to make money out of anything!

WEMMICK: *(He shakes his hand very awkwardly.)* Your flatmates should be here soon. Your tutor, also. Make yourself at home in the meantime.

(He exits. Pip stands awkwardly, looking around. Suddenly Herbert enters, facing away from Pip, carrying an excessively big bag of groceries he is attempting to bring into the room.)

HERBERT: Oh, you're here! A pleasure to meet you, Mr Pip. My apologies, I didn't think you'd be here yet. I went to get you some things, to help you settle in.

PIP: That's so kind, thank you - please, let me help!

HERBERT: Not at all, not at all! I hope you'll feel right at home here. I'll be happy to help you settle in, I'll show you around London, and -

(He drops the bags on the floor. Herbert and Pip both get on their knees to pick it up. Classic romcom hands touch over dropped stuff moment. They make eye contact.)

HERBERT: Good lord! It's - you!

PIP: You! The boy who fought me at Satis House!

HERBERT: Yes! My goodness, you look so very different, I almost didn't recognise you.

PIP: And you look - completely identical. Like oddly so – wasn't everyone else double-cast?

HERBERT: What?

PIP: Nothing. Just an orphan-sense I think. *(Herbert pulls him into a hug. Pip pats him awkwardly. They have a moment until Matthew enters and ruins it)*

MATTHEW: Ah, Mr Pip! I am most gladdened to once more encounter my future acolyte. I cannot express my jubilation at being your cicerone to the milieu of gentlemanly behaviour.

PIP: What?

HERBERT: He's pleased to see you.

MATTHEW: Of what were you fellows descanting?

HERBERT: We met back at Satis House.

MATTHEW: Ah yes, when I exhibited my dear son as a potential paramour for Estella.

PIP: What?!?!?

MATTHEW: Sadly, her interest was not piqued.

HERBERT: I believe her exact words were "I hope he crawls in a hole and dies".

PIP: *(Seriously)* Oh, I'm so sorry.

HERBERT: I count myself lucky, Estella has been raised only to wreak havoc on men. Well, it didn't work on me, I'll tell you that.

PIP: Why?

HERBERT: Why was she raised that way? - a horrible story, really.

SONG 5 - [Havisham's Lament](#)

PIP: Oh. Nice song. But like, I meant, why didn't Estella work on you?

HERBERT: Oh! Let's just say she's not exactly my... cup of tea.

(He winks at Pip. He is oblivious.)

PIP: Of course not. She's not a cup of tea. She's a person.

HERBERT: I mean, we don't play for the same team.

PIP: What, she never told me she liked sports?

(Herbert coughs awkwardly.)

MATTHEW: Are these rooms not shared with an additional lessee?

HERBERT: *(Grimacing)* Do not speak of the devil or he may come.

PIP: What?

HERBERT: He means we have a... roommate.

(Enter Drummle, drinking wine from a bottle)

DRUMMLE: Rah, alright lads? Top stuff! *(Taking a swig)* God, that's good.

HERBERT: Drummle.

DRUMMLE: Nice to see you, Berty, old man...

HERBERT: We sure are seeing you.

DRUMMLE: ... and you Matty P.

MATTHEW: *(Sourly)* Do not call me that. *(Muttering)* Philistine.

(Only at this point does Drummle notice Pip.)

DRUMMLE: Good lord, where did you come from?

PIP: I've been standing here the whole time!

DRUMMLE: Rah, anyway, you would not believe what happened at the caff today. I was asked to leave! All I was doing was showing some of the lads that I could drink three bottles of merlot in a row, and the guy tried to kick me out! I asked him who he thought he was, and he said the owner, and I

said WELL, MY father owns this building. So he let me drink as much as I wanted. Anyway, you, Pip yes? What does your father do?

PIP: *(Embarrassed)* He was a, uh, blacksmith.

DRUMMLE: ... Ew.

HERBERT: *(Not put off at all)* How marvellous! Wait, 'was'? What is he now?

PIP: ...Gone.

HERBERT: Oh, goodness! I've put my foot in it again, I'm sorry.

PIP: Not at all. It was a long time ago. I was five, when, one day, he went to the shops for milk and never came back.

HERBERT: Oh.... I see... He left the family...

PIP: Yeah.... he was Lactose intolerant.

MATTHEW: Intolerant? That is not very enlightened.

PIP: I'll say - the horse driving the milk cart, who, incidentally, was called LackToes, on account of having hooves rather than phalanges, reared up and killed him after my father insulted his teeth.

HERBERT: Oh... kay..? I'm.. sorry?

DRUMMLE: What a coincidence, something very similar also happened to *my* father's second and third wives.

HERBERT: *(To Pip)* If I were married to his father I'd want to be offed too.

(Pip giggles)

DRUMMLE: Well, I'd best head out.

MATTHEW: Do you not reside within these very chambers?

DRUMMLE: Oh, heavens no! It's frightfully common around here. I only stay here when father says I'm too pissed up for home. Speaking of pissing up, that's what I did to that caff owner's plant pot, just to show him.

(He laughs like a Tory politician)

HERBERT: Charming.

DRUMMLE: Yah, I know! Oh, you lads should totally come to my birthday party, since it's going to be here. We're throwing a proper rager.

(Hands over an invitation)

HERBERT: What do you mean throwing it here -

DRUMMLE: Well, Daddy does own the building.

HERBERT: You can't just-!

PIP: Sounds fun!

HERBERT: *(Through gritted teeth)* Sure. Sounds fun.

MATTHEW: A bacchanal? How delightful! I must prepare this very instant!

(Drummler and Matthew leave)

HERBERT: What a di-

PIP: Delightful man! Inviting us to his party!

HERBERT: I heard him inviting rats on the street earlier, I wouldn't take it as too much of a compliment. But, it's sweet that you think so.

PIP: Thank you, erm..?

HERBERT: Call me Herbert!

PIP: Of course! I'm Pip.

HERBERT: *(Smiling)* I don't like that.

PIP: I'm... sorry?

HERBERT: Your name. I'm not too fond of it. What if I called you Handel instead?

PIP: Why?!

HERBERT: Because I know just how to *Handel* a guy like you! Eh! Eh!

(Winks. Pip is completely oblivious. Herbert sighs. They exit)

2.2 - Party Time

(A party. Drummle is already onstage. Enter Matthew, Pip and Herbert)

MATTHEW: What a splendiferous occasion!

DRUMMLE: Hello, chaps! Wait - are you my flatmates?

HERBERT: Unfortunately.

DRUMMLE: And you – did I invite you?

MATTHEW: Yes, and I hypothesise that I will, as whippersnappers like yourself would say, 'get turnt'

DRUMMLE: Wow. I must have been very inebriated to invite you. Oh well, perhaps inviting the less fortunate counts as philanthropy, that'll make papa happy.
Is that what you're wearing?

PIP: Uh - yes?

DRUMMLE: Interesting choice.

PIP: *(To Herbert)* Is there something wrong with my outfit??

HERBERT: No. Ignore him.

(Drummle walks around the room. Focus shifts to where the Orphans are gathered around a table.)

OLIVER: See, chaps? I just knew that shilling would get us places.

TIM: Flashing it at the doorman like that really shouldn't have worked.

ANNIE: Ah yes, because my sweet pieces over here had nothing to do with it.
(indicates her pistols)

DAVID: I'm not about to complain, this is the warmest I've been in weeks. Ooh, snacks!

OLIVER: Food, glorious food! Wait, is that Pip?!

NICHOLAS: The guy we sang about in the graveyard all those years ago? My god – he's been recast!

TIM: *(giving Nicholas some chewed gum again, not from mouth)* My, he's certainly gone up in the world. I never got fancy clothes like that, even after Mr Scrooge paid my parents' mortgage off! *(realising he shouldn't have said that)* ...oops...

ANNIE: You're telling me your parents *own property*, and you're still out here scrounging with us?

NICHOLAS: Unbelievable!

TIM: Alright, alright, at least I'm committing! That guy has sold out!

OLIVER: Now, now, chaps. *(sounds like he's struggling to justify what he's seeing)* Perhaps Pip is just entering a period of self-actualisation. We mustn't judge.

(Drummle sidles over)

DAVID: Guys, have you tried the nibbles! My *god*, this cheese is excellent.

DRUMMLE: Why, thank you. It's Gree... gruy... grouille... *Gruyere*. *(realising he doesn't know these people)* Do I know you?

OLIVER: Why yes, uh... our parents are friends. *(various reactions from the orphans to this terrible bluff)*

DRUMMLE: Oh, excellent! And who are your parents?

(Beat as the orphans look at each other, rumbled)

OLIVER: Orphan squad – scam!

(Orphans scramble away, ratlike, grabbing final bits of cheese. Annie leaps and fires her gun into the air as she leaves. Tim and Nicholas remain onstage, hidden behind other guests.)

DRUMMLE: My god, Orphans! To think that they got in here as well! I scared them off at least - it must have been with my imposing physique. *(To the room at large)* Honestly though, lads, look at my muscles. I've been hitting the gym! Going to pull all the hot ladies tonight.

HERBERT: Lord help all women.

(Wemmick enters with Jagger.)

DRUMMLE: Ah, Mr Wemmick! Nice to see you, I -

WEMMICK: Oh - sorry. Here on business.

(He walks away rapidly on seeing Drummle. Jagger does similarly, but Drummle corners him.)

DRUMMLE: Jagger, man!

JAGGER: Gentlemen.

DRUMMLE: My man, my legal eagle, I have a business proposition for you. Picture it - we sue the *concept* of time! Stay with me -

JAGGER: I don't have time -

DRUMMLE: My point exactly!

(Jagger moves away, Drummle follows.. Estella enters. Pip's jaw drops. Literally.)

HERBERT: You alright, Pip? Jaw-ache?

(He sees where Pip is looking. Pip and Estella walk towards each other)

ESTELLA: ... Philip? Is that you?

(Tim points at recast Estella, gives Nicholas chewing gum, they high five. This causes Drummle to notice and chase them off.)

PIP: Estella Havisham! What are you doing in London?

ESTELLA: My mother sent me.

PIP: Well, I'm very glad. Very glad. Very, very, very glad.

ESTELLA: *(Rolling her eyes at his awkwardness)* Will you walk with me, Pip?

DRUMMLE: Nice! You're SO in there, bro.

(He gives Pip an aggressive back-pat. Pip and Estella walk aside.)

ESTELLA: I *am* glad to see you. Gladder than I thought I'd be.

PIP: Thank - you?

ESTELLA: I feel - some guilt for the way I treated you when we were younger. I was-

PIP: Horrible? Rude? Generally unpleasant?

ESTELLA: ...I was going to say... cold. But now I would like to be your...

PIP: Friend?

ESTELLA: Positive acquaintance.

PIP: (*Adoringly*) I'll take it.

ESTELLA: But before you overtly fawn over me any more, you should know that I have no heart.

(*Pip gapes.*)

PIP: How are you alive?

ESTELLA: Not like that, *idiot* - (*Corrects self from her old patterns*) I mean, *Pip*. I have no capacity to love a man as you want me to.

PIP: You're saying you can't feel love?

ESTELLA: Well –

PIP: (*Interrupting*) Because that can't be true. I understand your – childhood circumstances –

ESTELLA: (*Interrupting*) - Then you understand that I was not raised to be warm, nor does my heart incline - (*She breaks off.*) My point is, I shouldn't like to hurt you more than I already have.

(*She inclines her head to him. Turns a charming smile to Bentley Drummle.*)

Mr Drummle, I believe?

DRUMMLE: Uh - ah - yuh-huh.

ESTELLA: Walk with me?

DRUMMLE: *(To Pip)* Tough luck with everything, my man, but you're cool if I hit that right?

PIP: No!

DRUMMLE: *(Ignoring him)* Thanks bye!

(They exit.)

HERBERT: Ouch. Sorry. *(Flirty)* Maybe you should just... move on... With someone else... get back on that grind... rrr... *(said like a pirate's "arr")*

PIP: But I've been in love with her since I was ten years old.

HERBERT: *(Jealous)* Well, like, I'm totally in love too. I have a girlfriend, in fact.

PIP: *(Doesn't care)* Cool.

HERBERT: Yeah. She's here actually.

PIP: Really? Where?

(Herbert opens his mouth, closes it. Runs offstage. En route he bumps into his father who is very drunk.)

MATTHEW: You're leaving so soon, son? *(He hiccups?)* My goodness, I must really be drunk, I'm using contractions! Oh, and I must've done it again! Good heavens! I shouldn't've had so much to drink.

(Realising he just used the Mother of all contractions, he gives a little scream and runs off, distressed)

(Wopsle approaches Pip.)

WOPSLE: Pip!

PIP: Mr - Wopsle?

WOPSLE: Mr Waldengarver, actually. *(Winks very obviously)*

PIP: Oh, sorry, you look exactly like this annoying actor from the town I grew up in.

(Awkward silence)

WOPSLE: Ah, Pip, you're such a joker! Of course you recognise your old friend Mr. Wopsle!

PIP: Oh! Of course! Definitely! I was just joking about you being annoying! What are you doing here?

WOPSLE: Oh, I came here with my critically reviewed one-man production of Robinson Crusoe.

PIP: ... Okay... How's it going?

WOPSLE: Oh it's going very well. I was invited to this party, so I'm practically one of the upper classes now.

DRUMMLE: Hey! You! You performed that play, right?

WOPSLE: Ah, another of my loyal fans. Yes, 'tis I.

DRUMMLE: Yeah, you weren't invited. Also your play sucked! MR JAGGER!

JAGGER: Yes sir?

DRUMMLE: Kick this man out!

JAGGER: That's not my job.

DRUMMLE: I'll tell my dad to find a new lawyer to cover my court cases then -

JAGGER: Out you come, sir!

WOPSLE: *(Being dragged off)* See you at your sister's funeral, Pip!

(Wopsle waves, as he is dragged off by Mr Jagger.)

PIP: My sister's what?!

(Herbert re-enters)

HERBERT: Look! It's Clara! My girlfriend!

(Clara is a hand puppet)

HERBERT: *(Squeaky voice)* 'Hello Herbert! Oh and nice to meet you, Pip!' Oh, nice to see you Clara. I am sure you and Pip will get on quite well. 'I'm sure we will! We're both ever so fond of you, so -'

PIP: *(In shock)* I think my sister died.

(Herbert puts Clara behind his back, awkwardly.)

2.3 - Graper Expectations

(Funeral. Joe sits onstage, sobbing silently. Biddy is rushing around organising things.)

PUMBLECHOOK: Terrible thing, death. I remember my own wife's funeral. So tragic. Not to mention expensive, eh! Am I right Joe?

(Joe is still crying)

PUMBLECHOOK: Well, I must greet the guests. My condolences again.

(Tel and Escope enter.)

TEL: We were so sorry to hear about your niece-in-law, Mr Pumblechook.

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Only half paying attention)* Yes, it's very tragic. She was my niece, after all. Anyway, two guineas admission!

ESCOPE: Are you serious?

PUMBLECHOOK: Yes?

ESCOPE: What a good price! Tel, we get to see Philip at this funeral for only two guineas!

PUMBLECHOOK: Per person.

ESCOPE: Four guineas!

TEL: Goody! I'm so excited. He'll be so impressed with my progress on the horse case!

INNKEEPER: *(Gets ready as if he's about to deliver a massive monologue, then -)*
(Grunts.)

PUMBLECHOOK: *(tearfully)* Thank you for those eloquent words of wisdom, sir. I agree, she was like the break of dawn, beautiful but destined to be transitory.

INNKEEPER: *(Grunts, in pensiveness.)*

(Gravedigger enters.)

GRAVEDIGGER: Will this take long, Pumblechook? I want to cover up her grave already. I'm a very busy man, you know.

PUMBLECHOOK: I know, it will be done soon, I promise.

GRAVEDIGGER: Fine. But I tell you, I charge by the hour!

(He joins the funeral. Wopsle enters)

WOPSLE: SIR! Sorry I'm late. I was so sorry to hear of your niece, so very sorry indeed, but not to worry, I have written a thirty page long eulogy in her honour which I will be happy to perform.

PUMBLECHOOK: Oh, that's really not necessary -

WOPSLE: DEARLY BELOVED... We are gathered here today to mourn the loss of Margarine Gargery, who was tragically run over by a horse last week. Saddled with the great responsibility of caring for her brother -

(He continues droning on in the background. Pip enters, looking around.)

PIP: Biddy!

(Biddy pretends not to see him.)

PIP: Biddy! I thought you would have written to me to tell me this was happening.

BIDDY: *(Icily)* I would have written if I had thought that you'd wanted me to.

PIP: ... Are you angry at me?

BIDDY: You tell me, Pip. We've not heard a single word from you since you left.

PIP: Don't be like that Bids -

BIDDY: How should I be? You've been rich and living the high life, and I have been here looking after *your* family.

PIP: If you two need any money -

BIDDY: I- we don't want your *money*. All Joe wants is to be able to see you.

PIP: Look. Obviously, Joe is a good man. But he's - his manners aren't up to the standards of -

BIDDY: Ah, his *manners* aren't *good enough*.

PIP: They're fine here, but if I were to take him to London, they wouldn't - you know, respect him.

BIDDY: Don't you think he knows that? He hates the idea of the boy he raised not even wanting to be seen with him.

PIP: Come on Biddy, you're being ridiculous! Just because you're jealous -

BIDDY: Jealous!

PIP: Yes, jealous that I get a new life, whilst you're stuck here, teaching stupid farmboys to read and dictating to me how *my* family should be because you don't have one of your own!

(Tense silence. Pip realises he's messed up.)

PIP: I didn't mean -

BIDDY: *(Coldly)* I'm sorry you think that, Pip. But you should remember that, not so long ago, one of those 'stupid farmboys' was you.

PIP: Bids, I -

BIDDY: You know what? Enjoy London. Don't even bother coming back.

(She storms off)

PIP: Biddy, come on!

(Pip shrugs and turns away, instead smugly making the rounds. On her way out, Biddy bumps into Estella.)

ESTELLA: Biddy?

BIDDY: Estella? Is that you?

ESTELLA: *(Smiling)* It is.

BIDDY: Why are you here?

ESTELLA: I was on a walk. Visiting my mother. And I saw the name 'Gargery'.

BIDDY: And you thought Pip would be here.

ESTELLA: Well actually, I hoped *you* might be.

(Beat. Biddy is thrown off.)

ESTELLA: You never came back.

BIDDY: Pip stopped being invited.

ESTELLA: Yes, but I invited *you*.

BIDDY: ...Mrs Gargery didn't like to be left alone, after she got ill. She and Joe are the only family I have left. *(remembers she's dead.)* Were.

ESTELLA: Miss Havisham is all I have too. If something were to happen, I can't imagine... I'm really very sorry for your loss. *(Beat. Silence)*

BIDDY: I should - go - find Joe.

(Biddy leaves hurriedly. Estella starts to leave too. Pip spots her.)

PIP: Estella? Is that you??

ESTELLA: *(Speaking in a deep voice and holding her hair over her mouth like a mustache)* No.

(She exits.)

PIP: *(As if he's about to be indignant)* Wow. *(Then)* That mustachioed man looked just like Estella!

2.4 - The Moves like Jagger

(Jagger and Wemmick are sat at the table. Molly stands aside, waiting on them.)

JAGGER: Is Mr. Pip coming?

WEMMICK: He should be, although I'm not sure about Matthew. I heard he's still hungover.

JAGGER: Me too. Polly?

MOLLY: Me name's MOLLY - God!

JAGGER: Sorry, I just thought for a second you were someone else...

MOLLY: Well I'm my own person with my own individual personality!

JAGGER: Whatever. Can you bring us some coffee?

MOLLY: Get it yourself!

JAGGER: No!

MOLLY: Why not?

WEMMICK: Because that's your job?

MOLLY: GOD you're SO annoying!

(She exits stropily.)

WEMMICK: How old is Pip?

JAGGER: Twenty.

WEMMICK: He is?! I was sure he was 18 last time I checked.

JAGGER: You know young men, they grow so fast.

WEMMICK: I suppose he comes of age soon...

(Pip enters with Molly. Following after is Matthew, dishevelled and wearing sunglasses.)

MOLLY: These guys are here, or whatever.

JAGGER: So you just let them in?? Without asking me??

MOLLY: It's whatever! God! You don't GET me!

(She storms off)

JAGGER: Molly - come back here! Go to your room! AGHH!

PIP: Hello?

JAGGER: *(Dignified again)*. Mr. Pip. Do you know why you're here?

PIP: A surprise party?

WEMMICK: *(Drily)* No.

JAGGER: Matthew, tell him.

MATTHEW: *(Groans, loudly)*

JAGGER: *(Sighing, irritated)* Fine. Do you know how much money you spent this month??

PIP: Not really. I'm living off the absolute basics for now.

WEMMICK: You think so?

PIP: Yes. I only bought two hundred cigars. *(Wemmick and Jagger look at him incredulously and despairingly, and Pip responds indignantly)* That's two less than last month!

WEMMICK: Mr. Pip, soon your money will be your responsibility. Your benefactor will be passing on your full inheritance this week.

JAGGER: Foolish behaviour in my opinion, but there we are.

PIP: I - am very grateful.

JAGGER: We are not paid to pass on any 'gratefulness'.

MATTHEW: *(Groaning)* Can't we go now?

PIP: Mr Jagger, wait!

(Matthew groans more)

I was just wondering - will I soon know my benefactor?

JAGGER: Man, you're a bit dim, aren't you? As I told you, they will reveal themselves when they want. I have nothing to do with it and, for the last time, I don't care. Molly!

(Molly enters, whisky in hand, drinking from the bottle and somehow already drunk.)

MOLLY: Yeah?

JAGGER: Please tell me that is not my whisky.

MOLLY: What's it to you?

JAGGER: ...My whisky. As I just said.

MOLLY: GOD. You're so annoying! Don't you know I'm celebrating?

JAGGER: Celebrating what?

MOLLY: Well, I shouldn't say... But I may as well now I've started. I'm stage-managing this up and coming London one-man show! By famous actor Mr Waldengaver! I've been standing at stage door telling him to give me the role for months and he finally caved.

JAGGER: Good lord. You're aware you have a full time job?

MOLLY: Huh?

JAGGER: You're my maid!

MOLLY: You just want to crush my dreams! God! They need me! I'm only the fifth stage manager they have!

WEMMICK: Five stage managers, - sounds like too many cooks if you ask me??

PIP: I thought we were talking about acting?

MOLLY: God, you're so annoying!

(She storms off.)

JAGGER: Molly! That's still my whisky!

MATTHEW: Did someone say whisky?!?!

(They both follow after her.)

PIP: Why does he keep her on if she is so... inefficient?

WEMMICK: Well, between you and me, guilt. He took on her husband's case, but couldn't save him. He was sent off to prison for life, and she wound up alone with a baby.

(Pip digests this for a second. Then gets up his nerve.)

PIP: Mr Wemmick? Can I speak to you on a personal matter?

WEMMICK: I'm sure you *can*, unless you've lost use of your vocal chords since you finished that sentence.

PIP: My friend, he wants to go into commerce. But he doesn't have enough money. I wondered if I might use my inheritance to help him.

WEMMICK: Are you asking me something?

PIP: ...Yes. Should I do that?

WEMMICK: Do you know the bridges in London, Mr. Pip?

PIP: Yes..?

WEMMICK: London... Southwark... Blackfriars... Waterloo -

PIP: Yes, as I said, I am familiar with bridges as a concept.

WEMMICK: Imagine you walked to the middle of any one of those bridges, took your inheritance, and threw it into the Thames. That will tell you your answer.

PIP: You're saying -

WEMMICK: External investment is foolish. It's all about one's own 'STONKS', Mr Pip. I have some leaflets on the subject should you wish. *(Pamphlet reads 'Smart Tactics On Nurturing Key Savings')*

PIP: I'm good.

WEMMICK: And investing your portable property in your friends is a surefire way to lose them both.

PIP: Oh. I see. This is what you think?

WEMMICK: This is what Mr Wemmick thinks.

PIP: Yeah that's what I just said.

WEMMICK: *(Significantly)* Exactly. *Mr Wemmick* cannot say anything else.

PIP: Why are you referring to yourself in the third person?

WEMMICK: *(Even more significantly)* Are you feeling like a walk today? Perhaps one out of the confines of this office, my official place of work?

PIP: Huh?

WEMMICK: Good lord. *Pip. Follow me. Now.*

2.5 - Aged Parents and Bacon

PIP: Where are we? What is this place?

WEMMICK: My house.

PIP: Woah... but it's... a castle!

WEMMICK: I know, everyone can see it's a castle, Pip. You don't object to an aged parent, do you?

PIP: An aged parent?

(The Aged enters.)

WEMMICK: Pa! This is my friend, Philip.

THE AGED: Nice to meet you sir. Are you a friend from work?

PIP: Yes.

THE AGED: I'm so proud of my boy. He's a good sort. Made sure I never wanted for anything. He was not brought up for law, you know. He was an English Literature student.

PIP: That sounds like he's been brought up to law to me.

THE AGED: But whilst all his friends were off working in the factories, going into machine-science and working on LOOMS, why, he made the pivot to law, a good, respectable profession. Humans only. You know, back in my day, we didn't have any of those blasted machines.

PIP: Didn't the industrial revolution start 70 years ago?

THE AGED: Yes, and I was just a little nipper at the time - only 32 - but I was horrified, horrified I tell you.

PIP: What's wrong with machines?

The Aged is mortally offended.

THE AGED: They're coming to get us, son! Just you wait, I predict in only 200 years, why, machines will have taken over the world! Robots will be influencing

our politics. They'll dominate our streets. The students will use them to write their essays. All at the expense of our natural environment.

WEMMICK: Come now, pa, that can't be true. Corporations are far too ethical, of course they'll prioritise human wellbeing over financial incentives.

THE AGED: Maybe. But I don't trust these machines. They're coming to get us. Maybe they already have.

PIP: That's ridiculous.

(The Aged looks at Pip suspiciously)

THE AGED: That's exactly what a machine would say...

(Wemmick smiles contentedly, patting his father on the back.)

WEMMICK But we get lonely here, don't we, Pa? It's so nice to bring home someone new, to shake off some of the gloom.

THE AGED: *(distracted by something)* Eh? Yes, quite, you can never tell who Big Loom has gotten to these days. Luckily, I have devised this state-of-the-art technique - hey, boy, how many horse-and-carriages can you see in this painting? Point to the squares you see them in.

PIP: I wonder what Mr Jagger thought of all this.

WEMMICK: He has never been. I only invited you in a private and personal capacity. As a personal friend.

PIP: Friend?

WEMMICK: Sure. I'm fond of you, son. You remind me of my pa. You're young at heart, and you never listen to a word I say.

THE AGED: You won't listen to *me* either! I'm telling you, one day, machines will get so advanced that people won't even need to do mental maths anymore! If we can't do maths, how can we understand the maths the computers run on? They're making us stupider so they can put us in pods and farm us for meat!

WEMMICK: ...Anyway, you wish to help your friend with his career?

PIP: *(dejectedly)* I know, it's a bad idea. It's just Herbert has been a ... very dear friend to me.

WEMMICK: That's very good of you, Mr. Pip. You should do it. Definitely.

PIP: What?

WEMMICK: I know what I said in the office. Mr Wemmick in the office must always have an official opinion. Mr Wemmick in Walworth can think as he pleases.

PIP: Can Mr Wemmick in Walworth help me?

WEMMICK: ... I am sure I can pull some strings.

PIP: Thank you sir!

THE AGED: Pull some strings!? That's just what Big Loom wants, for you to start talking like one of their machines!

WEMMICK: Purely through manmade means, Pa.

THE AGED: I should think so! I raised you better than that. At first, it's just weaving, but then, it's vast systems of interconnected circuits and wires! They're going to make our brains function just like them - soon, we won't even be able to read without a machine clattering away in the background, possibly showing images of some machine-generated reality!

PIP: One more thing. He can never know. I just want a position to magically appear, you understand?

WEMMICK: I do. That's devilish good of you, son.

THE AGED: The devil is where???

WEMMICK: In hell, Pa, not to worry.

THE AGED: Good, good. Fighting him off again would've been a lot of effort... I have to refocus my passions onto fighting the incoming robot apocalypse

(The Aged wanders off, grumbling to himself about machines)

PIP: Can I ask, Mr Wemmick - I understand why my benefactor is a secret, but why has the extent of my inheritance always been kept so hush-hush?

WEMMICK: I don't follow. We've always told you what your inheritance is. You did read the document I gave you, didn't you?

PIP: Read it? Of course, I love reading! I read it so hard I...pulled a muscle. But I'm just having some memory issues at the moment so could you remind me what it says? The last thing I remember was the 'Moderate Expectations' part so just go from there.

WEMMICK: Pip, nowhere on that document did it say 'Moderate Expectations.'

PIP: What?!

WEMMICK: Do you mean your Adelaide Eggs and Bacon?

A beat.

PIP: I'm sorry?

WEMMICK: The name of your inheritance. Adelaide Eggs and Bacon.

PIP: Maybe I'm not hearing you correctly.

WEMMICK: My goodness, Pip. I thought you knew all this. (slowly) Adelaide. Eggs. And. Bacon. It's a semi-successful Australia-based farm. Some would say it's even better than a fortune!

PIP: Who would say that?

WEMMICK: Some.

PIP: Is this a joke?? Why on earth would Miss Havisham give me a farm in Australia?

WEMMICK: Miss Havisham? Why-

Enter Herbert, mildly frantic.

WEMMICK: Herbert? What are you doing here?

HERBERT: It's an emergency. Mr Jagger told me you were here. (*addressed to Pip*) Handel, two strangers have broken into the apartment; they were looking for you. At first, I thought they might be friends of Drummle on account of their terrible fashion sense. But he would *never* associate with anyone *goth*.

PIP: They were looking for me? Who on earth would-

HERBERT: *(seeing something offstage)* It's them!

(Enter Mags and Witch. Pip grabs Wemmick's umbrella and gets in front of Herbert holding it threateningly behind his back.)

WITCH: You don't remember us, Pip? It's been a long time, I suppose.

(Pip looks at them. Suddenly realises.)

PIP & WEMMICK: *You!*

HERBERT: You *both* know them? I feel rather left out

PIP: *(Even more scared)* I didn't do anything to you. I didn't! Why would you come find me!?

MAGS: *(Smiling)* We're back from our exile, here to visit the poor little orphan who saved us.

(Mags goes for the hug, Pip dodges it)

HERBERT: Okay, hello. I'm very confused. Who are you?

WITCH: I'm Belle Witch.

MAG: I'm Mags. A Mags.

HERBERT: A..?

MAGS: Just A. You got a problem with that, kid?

HERBERT: Not at all! Lovely name! Concise! I like that!

WITCH: We searched through all the orphans in London to find you - do you realise how many orphans that is? They're everywhere.

PIP: *(Still cautious, but wanting to brag)* Well, as you can tell, I am doing rather better than when we last met. I am to come into property.

WITCH: *(Meaningfully)* What property?

PIP: ... A farm... Why do you ask?

MAGS: In our exile, we dabbled in trade - our specialty was farming.

WITCH: We mostly farmed chickens. And pigs.

PIP: No... You can't mean....

WITCH: Who do you think farmed the Adalaide eggs and bacon?

PIP: No!

WITCH: In Australia, there was nothing for us. All we could think of was helping you.

MAGS: I have no family - not anymore. So, I thought - who can we send this money to? Who *can* we save?

WITCH: Of course, the boy who selflessly saved us! Who got us food in our time of need!

PIP: You told me you'd kill me if I didn't!

MAGS: Details.

WITCH: It's us who gave you this upper-class life. Every penny we made, we sent to you.

MAGS: All we have wanted since was this - to lay eyes on you as a gentleman.

WEMMICK: (*Stepping forward*) I hope it was worth it! Do you know what you two have done? Breaking your exile, coming here, after Jagger's strict instructions. You'll be hanged for this if you're caught! All so you could terrorise an orphan who you've met once.

WITCH: Hey! He's like a son to us.

PIP: I already forgot both your names.

WEMMICK: Let me see if I can get you two out of this mess. Stay here!

(*Wemmick exits.*)

WITCH: Did you really have no idea it was us?

PIP: Not at all!!!! I thought - (*Realisation*) I thought it was Miss Havisham. But I was just a game. She never intended me for Estella at all.

SONG 6 - [Moderate Expectations](#)

2.6 - Plotting the Escape

(Pip and Herbert are alone in Wemmick's house, Pip is pacing, clearly panicked about everything.)

PIP: Oh my God!

HERBERT: Don't freak out, Handel -

PIP: How can I not freak out??? My life is over!

HERBERT: You're catastrophising -

PIP: I'm not! I'm going to have to go back to how I was before, I can't accept those criminal convicts' criminal chickens!!!

HERBERT: I don't think the *chickens* did anything.

PIP: Who knows what depths of sin these people have sunk into, and how that affected their chicken farming!!

(Herbert puts his hands on Pip's shoulders, bringing him to a halt)

HERBERT: Okay listen to me. Just breathe.

PIP: Remind me why I have to deal with this?

HERBERT: These men gave you everything you've lived on these past few years. I think you owe them their lives, at least.

PIP: Can't Jagger just fix it?

HERBERT: Pip They broke the law to be here. They're in exile. *(laughs to himself)* Oh, that's quite funny. Egg-sile.

PIP: Focus, Herbert!

HERBERT: My point is, Jagger isn't going to touch this with a four foot strip of bacon.

(Enter Mags and Witch with The Aged.)

HERBERT: Perfect disguise, sir, they're practically unrecognisable! Those are some neat threads!

THE AGED: Neat threads!!! My goodness, you're right... I've clothed them in the garb of the enemy! Only LOOMS could make threads that neat!

Enter Wemmick with Mr Jagger

PIP: Mr Jagger?

JAGGER: Mr. Pip, PLEASE explain to me why I just received word that some very impolite police officers are at your house. This looks very bad for me, you know.

MAGS: The coppers?! Threatening our boy! Let me at them!!

THE AGED: Oh, not to worry, fellows, I'll fetch you some 'coppers' of tea right now! Australians are so exotic.

PIP: *(making fun of him)* They said coppers. Maybe copper wires...

(The Aged scowls at him, suspicious, and goes off to find tea.)

JAGGER: *(to Pip)* Am I to understand that you have become aware of the identities of your benefactors?

PIP: Yes, they came and told me -

(Pip gestures to the two convicts)

JAGGER: *(Jagger covers his eyes dramatically)* Good Lord - show some discretion boys! I can't see them!

(Pip and Herbert awkwardly position themselves in front of Mags and Witch.)

JAGGER: Boys, I would like to remind you what I advise all my clients - to speak only the truth. What of course you meant, is that these - emissaries of your benefactors came and informed you of their identity. As I communicated with them in Adelaide - where, of course, they are *to remain for life on pain of death* - returning here would be foolish, and deadly. And if any scandalous rumours were to get out that I in any way may have assisted in the arrival of criminals to our shores - well, I'm sure you understand, any such rumours must be *dealt with appropriately*. Understand?

HERBERT: Perfectly.

JAGGER: Very well. Then I shall leave you to it.

THE AGED: *(wandering back with tea)* Tea! Here you go, friends. And... Pip. *(to self)* This should short out any of those darn robots!

He watches them intensely and overjoyed by them drinking, proving they're not robots. He gives one to Pip and aggressively insists he drink it.

PIP: Oh no, I'm good, thanks.

The Aged utterly mistrusts Pip now.

JAGGER: Who are you? And where are we, for that matter?

WEMMICK: My house, sir. And that's my father. I look after him when I'm not at the office.

THE AGED: I've heard so much about you. Tea?

He practically forces it in his mouth. Jagger drinks it. The Aged instantly warms to him.

THE AGED: It's a pleasure to meet you, Mr Jagger.

JAGGER: Mr. Wemmick, I... had no idea.

WEMMICK: You wouldn't, sir. One must separate one's private life and one's official life. I shouldn't wonder if you might be planning to have a pleasant home of your own one of these days, when you're tired of all this work. *(This can be delivered as a pickup line if you want I support gay rights)*

JAGGER: *(Slightly dazed)* I... I suppose so. Good day.

(He exits.)

WEMMICK: Given the circumstances, the plan must be accelerated. But I warn you, this will not come cheap. The only time I've seen ports with such high prices was at Mr Drummle's party...

PIP: But I already spent all my money -

HERBERT: Then I'll cover it.

PIP: I cannot accept that!

HERBERT: Pip, this is not a game. They will hang, and so could you. I will not let that happen.

PIP: Herbert, I can never thank you enough.

HERBERT: I think it's best that you lay low. Do you have somewhere to go? Family?

PIP: *(Sadly)* My family never wants to see me again... *(Moment of realisation)*
But I do have someone I need to talk to...

(All exit)

2.7 - Satis House, One Last Time

(Pip is walking, talking to himself)

PIP: Estella - I am sorry, I can no longer associate with you. No, do not cry - it is only that I have come into knowledge of some facts that make me unworthy of you. Nevertheless I will always love you, and -

(He bumps into Drummle)

PIP: Drummle?

DRUMMLE: Who are you?

PIP: ... Your flatmate?

DRUMMLE: Ohhh yeah. Pin, right?

PIP: Pip. Why are you here?

DRUMMLE: Here to see my future wife.

PIP: What???

DRUMMLE: My future wife, Estella.

PIP: It can't be.

DRUMMLE: It so is, man. Can't wait to hit that.

(He exits. Pip rushes in. Estella and Havisham enter, arguing. Ravisham enters with them)

SONG 7 - [Estella Havisham Duet](#)

(The following dialogue is interspersed in the song. Verse 1 is an argument between Estella and Miss Havisham.)

HAVISHAM: *(Spoken)* Cruel, cruel child! Ravishem - tell her!

(Ravishem is silent.)

RAVISHEM: There is nothing I can tell her. *(Beat)* I resign.

HAVISHAM: What? No!

RAVISHAM: Forgive me - I've failed you, Stell. I love you.

(Ravishem shows some tender gesture to Estella before she goes to exit. Sees Pip.)

RAVISHAM: Good luck in there, Philip.

HAVISHEM: (Almost manic) Pip? Pip! Brought here? After all these years?

(Verse 2 - Pip confronts Estella about Drummle. Miss Havisham's initial joy evaporates as she witnesses this.)

ESTELLA: I will not break anyone, so I will marry someone who can't be broken.

PIP: But Drummle's awful! Don't you deserve to be happy too?

(She goes silent.)

ESTELLA: Goodbye, Pip.

(She exits. Verse 3 - Havisham realises what she has done. Song ends)

HAVISHAM: *(Emotional)* When Mr Jagger gave her to us, she was so small, so alone, abandoned by some criminal, just like me.

PIP: Did you just say Mr Jagger?!

HAVISHAM: I thought I could be a better home for her than some deported convict and a maid who loved theatre more than she wanted her own child. Perhaps I was wrong. *(She dissolves into tears)*

PIP: A thespian maid - do you mean Molly?

HAVISHAM: Pip, I'm so sorry, you must understand - when I was young -

(She starts to sing off key but is cut off by Pip)

PIP: I know what happened to you, Miss Havisham. You already had your solo, don't be greedy.

HAVISHAM: Then you understand that I know all too well the agony of a broken heart - and I forced this onto you!

PIP: I would have loved her anyway. You owe me nothing. *(She starts writing a cheque.)* What are you doing!

HAVISHAM: When she was young, Ravishem demanded I put aside money for Estella's future. Estella refuses to take it. You should have it instead.

PIP: I couldn't -

HAVISHAM: You must. I beg of you. Let me lessen the debt I owe you, somehow. Besides, I am sure you can put it to better use than I can.

(Pip hesitates. Remembers Mags and Witch.)

PIP: Thank you.

HAVISHAM: Now go. Please. Leave an old woman in peace. *(Pip hesitates.)* Go!

(He exits. Havisham turns to the front. Inhales deeply. Then exits.)

2.8 - A Long Walk Home

(Pip walks across stage, in the graveyard. He sits on/near the grave as he did in the first scene. The orphans are sat at the side, watching him and eating popcorn.)

OLIVER: Look, it's Pip!

DAVID: Aw, where it all began.

ANNIE: He has some cheek coming back here, I think - now he's too rich to be one of us orphans.

TIM: Very true.

NICHOLAS: Once again, Tim, you are not an orphan. I've met Mr and Mrs Cratchitt, they're very nice.

TIM: But I'm very unfortunate! Have you considered that my leg is all messed up?

ANNIE: We all know that you use that crutch for the aesthetic, Tim!

(Suddenly there is yelling offstage. Pip is startled, and hides behind a grave, as do the orphans, still bickering. Georgiana and Pop enter, turned away from Pip, bickering.)

GEORGIANA: This is unbelievable!

POP: Imagine how I feel!

GEORGIANA: Typical of you to be sponging off of me.

POP: I didn't! I escaped fair and square! It's you who's following me, again!

DAVID: *(looking on)* Oh my god... two more convicts! ... They should really get better security there.

GEORGIANA: Did you hear something?

(They turn towards Pip. He looks at them, recognition dawning. He stands up.)

PIP: MUM???? DAD????

(The two convicts look at each other.)

POP & GEORGIANA: Oh no.

THE ORPHANS: NO WAY!!!

PIP: *(Overjoyed)* I can't believe this! My parents are - alive?!?! After all these years?!

ANNIE: Unbelievable! Just flaunting his parents in front of us!

NICHOLAS: So insensitive...

(Pip throws his arms around his parents. They are clearly uncomfortable.)

POP: I -

GEORGIANA: Uh -

PIP: But - how? Dad, I thought you were killed by Lactose Intolerance??? And mum, you died of Consumption.

GEORGIANA: Consumption was just a horse I met at the races once... What good times we had. I'm sorry, Philip. I only told you that about your father because he decided to leave the family. He left us both, ran away, started a life of crime - I'm so sorry -

POP: Hang on! None of that! Don't act like you're innocent in this, Georgiana! If you had any consumption, it's - *(He does an alcohol gesture. Georgiana huffs, scandalised)* Philip, why do you think your mother is here too! I only left because SHE was going to leave and dump you with me!

GEORGIANA: Stealing my ideas, as always! I can't believe that you followed me to the same prison ship, and now you're following me off of it.

POP: I didn't steal anything!

GEORGIANA: Then how did you find your way out! Don't tell me YOU also seduced that old convict A. Mags for the way out, then when that failed just begged until he conceded.

POP: That nice Belle Witch just told me. I have charm, unlike you.

GEORGIANA: Oh my god, you slept with her didn't you! You cheated on me, you flappedoodle!

POP: No I didn't sleep with her, this *insane* jealousy is why I wanted to leave you in the first place! Besides we're separated, I couldn't cheat on you anyway.

GEORGIANA: Still legally married. I'll decimate you in court, I heard Michael Jagger is an amazing divorce lawyer.

POP: And how do you hope to pay for those fees? Your feminine wiles? Those couldn't even keep us married!

GEORGIANA: ARGHHH! I hate you!

POP: I hate YOU!!

PIP: So ... you both ran away and left me to think you were dead? Neither of you wanted me?

POP: Aw, son, don't put it like that!

GEORGIANA: ... To be fair, what you said just about covered it, yeah.

PIP: Great, like this day couldn't get worse.

(Orlick charges in, drunk.)

ORLICK: YOU!!!

(Pip ineffectively pretends to not notice this and look elsewhere.)

PIP!!!!!!!!!!

POP: ... You can deal with this one yourself, yeah, son?

(He and Georgiana creep off.)

PIP: Someone, help! *(looking around and spotting-)* You, orphans! Please!

NICHOLAS: So now he pays us attention!

TIM: Typical. Only wants us when we can help him with something.

PIP: Please, I'll give you a penny! A shilling! A shilling *each!*

OLIVER: Quick Annie, shoot Orlick! If he's offering shillings, who knows what else we can extort out of him!

ANNIE: Oh, this isn't loaded. *(they all look at her in annoyance)* What? Ammo is expensive, okay!

(Orlick lunges threateningly at them. They all scream and huddle together, hiding)

ORLICK: I thought it was you. I was waiting for the day you'd show your face again, outside of your fancy city.

PIP: *(awkwardly)* Orlick! Pal! Nice to see you again!

ORLICK: Pal? HA! It's your fault I lost my job! Do you know how many other blacksmiths in the area wanted to keep me on?

PIP: Many?

ORLICK: None! They thought I was 'unnecessarily aggressive' and 'created a hostile working environment'!

PIP: *(awkwardly trying to sound sincere)* Noooooo really?

ORLICK: Now I've been working as a porter at Satis House.

PIP: That sounds... fun?

ORLICK: It's HORRIBLE and it's your fault!

PIP: Listen, I'm sorry, but it's not my fault Joe gave me your job.

ORLICK: You nepo baby! First you came between me and my girl, then me and my job!

PIP: Girl? If you're talking about Biddy - she didn't even like you!

ORLICK: Even as a kid, you were always in my way. You're dead! I'll do to you what I did to your sister!

PIP: Sorry, what?

ORLICK: That's right! First I maimed her, then I killed her!

PIP: But - she died because she was run over by a horse! It was ruled an accident!

ORLICK: Who do you think was riding it?? All forty times?!

PIP: To be fair, we should have realised that one was a bit sus.

ORLICK: I have connections in the horse mafia you could never begin to fathom! My father was a horse!

NICHOLAS: Of course!

ANNIE: Sorry, did he say *horse* mafia?

TIM: His father's a what?!

ORLICK: I killed her, and I don't regret it! She was always cruel to me.

PIP: No she wasn't? She liked you!

ORLICK: Well, she got on my nerves!

PIP: Fair.

ORLICK: Don't *agree* with me, I'm going to kill you!

PIP: AAAGH PLEASE DON'T!

(Suddenly there is a loud noise of something catching on fire.)

DAVID: Is Satis House on *fire*?

ORLICK: What? Oh god I'm so fired.

PIP: Miss Havisham! Quick, we have to go make sure she's okay!

ORLICK: Oi, not so fast!

(He advances menacingly... then Pop and Georgiana knock him out cold with the Gravedigger's spade.)

PIP: Mum.. Dad... you saved me!

POP: I'm sorry kid.

GEORGIANA: Your father and I were talking - seeing you attacked by that hooligan really put things in perspective for us. Life is fragile, after all.

POP: Yes. We couldn't let him kill you. Then we thought that maybe we might have overblown our differences.

GEORGIANA: And so, we're going to give it another go. Get back together.

PIP: Oh my gosh! Does this mean we'll be a family again?!

POP: Uh, what?

GEORGIANA: Oh, god, this is awkward. No, sorry Pip, we don't want you to *die* but yeah no, we still don't want to be your *parents*.

POP: Yeah, that sounds like way too much responsibility.

(The orphans 'awww' sadly in unison)

DAVID: Oh, poor Pip!

PIP: You can't just NOT be my parents! I'll always be your son!

GEORGIANA: Ehh, I don't think it works like that.

PIP: I think me sharing your surname suggests differently. I'll always be Philip Pirrip!

POP: 'Pirrip'? What are you talking about?

PIP: I was named after you? Philip Pirrip?

POP: That's not my name? I'm Pholip Porrip.

PIP: You mean I've been using the wrong name for years??

POP: *(making it up as he goes along)*... Which means... legally we have different surnames, so we have no parental responsibility for you whatsoever, so... Sorry-bye-don't-call-a-lawyer GEORGIANA RUN!

(The two start to run off giggling. Pop bumps into Georgiana.)

GEORGIANA: You clumsy oaf!!

POP: What's wrong with you!

GEORGIANA: My god, how could I have ever thought this would work?????

(They exit bickering. Pip is left, shocked. Then remembers -)

PIP: Miss Havisham!

(He goes to run off, but very slowly and obviously steps over Orlick even though he could have gone round. Starts to run again when Escape enters.)

ESCOPE: Ah, Pip, there you are.

PIP: Esco-pay??

ESCOPE: It's Escape.

PIP: Whatever. Look, Satis House -

ESCOPE: It's too late. Miss Havisham is dead. We think she set the fire herself.

TIM: *(Horried)* Oh my god. That's very dark for 'light entertainment'.

ESCOPE: But I am here with two messages - sent urgently. One from Herbert Pocket? He says you must return to London, now. Another from a Mr Wemmick - 'An old enemy back in town.'

PIP: How did you even find me here???

ESCOPE: *(like he's stupid)* I'm Escape Hubble... I have excellent long-distance vision. You should close your curtains at night, by the way. No one needs to see all that.

(Wordlessly she walks off, mildly disgusted, leaving Pip horrified.)

PIP: I can't do this alone. Orphans! Please!

ANNIE: As if! You have given up everything that we orphans call sacred. You're not unfortunate, and now you're not even an orphan!

DAVID: Come on, his parents don't want him, that's pretty unfortunate.

TIM: They're still alive! Our song was 'orphans are us', not 'children of divorce are us'!

NICHOLAS: Tim, your parents aren't even divorced, you can't talk! I say we help him.

OLIVER: Okay, but I warn you Pip, our price won't be cheap. It'll be even MORE than a shilling this time.

ANNIE: Yes - and the sun may come out tomorrow, but I expect the payment TODAY!

PIP: Fine! Look, have this cheque from Miss Havisham. Now please, my friends are in danger!

He runs off.

ANNIE: Wow, that worked?! I was expecting, like, two shillings and some gum, but this works too!

They follow after him.

2.9 - The Escape

(Wemmick and Herbert are onstage, talking to each other. Witch and Mags stand aside. Pip enters.)

PIP: Herbert.

HERBERT: You're here!

PIP: Of course.

(They hug. Then rapidly feel awkward and turn it into a no homo bro hug.)

WEMMICK: ... I'm here too.

PIP: Oh, hi there, Mr Wemmick.

(The orphans come running on.)

WITCH: AAAH! ORPHANS!

PIP: It's okay. They're with me.

WEMMICK: I'm glad you're here. A ... complication has arisen.

MAGS: *(Darkly)* Compeyson.

HERBERT: The man who swindled Miss Havisham? But why does that matter to you?

MAGS: He was there the night we met, Pip.

PIP: The man with the scar?

WITCH: Yes, us three was once a team of criminal masterminds. Then one day he stole our money, and framed us for it.

MAGS: We were sentenced to life in prison. He got seven years.

HERBERT: But that's not fair!

MAGS: Welcome to the world, kid. He was rich and charming. We were poor and alone.

WEMMICK: Compeyson wants to finish what he started. He's figured out where they are, and he's bringing the cops.

HERBERT: But these two idiots are refusing to leave without seeing you.

MAGS: We came here for you! We're perfectly prepared to take the risks!

PIP: That's *stupid*. If they find you, they'll kill you.

MAGS: (*With bravado*) So be it. We have nothing else. Molly left me when I was arrested - and our daughter died, Old Jagger said. What else is there left for me?

WITCH: Well, what about [me]-

PIP: Molly? Mags - your daughter isn't dead! She's alive and well. Beautiful, intelligent - her name is Estella!

(*The orphans gasp dramatically*)

MAGS: Stop that!

(*Compeyson enters. The Orphans spot him and gasp, frantically trying to get the others' attention.*)

OLIVER: Guys -

MAGS: We're busy here!

COMPEYSON: A Mags. Belle Witch.

(*Mags and Witch spin around.*)

MAGS: You!

(*He charges, and Wemmick holds him back.*)

COMPEYSON: (*Sneering*) Lovely to see you, chaps.

HERBERT: What do you want?

COMPEYSON: To see you rot in jail.

MAGS: I'll take you with me!

COMPEYSON: How do you suggest you'll do that? Unlike you, I'm a free man. In fact, I just so happened to be going on a little walk around London, when you, out of nowhere, attacked me. That should be enough to get you on the scaffold for good.

WITCH: Haven't you done enough?

COMPEYSON: Enough? No! Thanks to your INCOMPETENCE, I lost everything!

MAGS: Except all the money you'd already extorted, and the rest of your life!

COMPEYSON: The police are on their way. It's already too late.

HERBERT: Not if they can get to their ship back to Australia before the cops arrive.

COMPEYSON: It's impossible.

HERBERT: You see, you're not the only one who can give the police a tipoff.

WEMMICK: I told them about how my father anticipates an invasion from the export ships in Walworth. Almost like some criminals are using them for a grand escape, I said.

COMPEYSON: What?!

HERBERT: He thinks the Big Loom machine-made clothes are the invasion.

WEMMICK: But they don't know that, do they now?

COMPEYSON: And why would they believe you!

WEMMICK: I'm a lawyer. You're a criminal. Who seems more honest to you?

OLIVER: Probably the criminal, honestly.

WEMMICK: All Witch and Mags need to do is get on the boat right now and they'll escape just in time for the coppers to realise Walworth doesn't have a port.

COMPEYSON: You'll never make it! I'll stop you!

OLIVER: No you won't! ORPHANS, ATTACK!

(The orphans scream and charge at Compeyson, who is overcome by them)

(Witch and Mags look at each other.)

WITCH: Come on, old friend. Let's go.

(She holds out her hand. Mags reaches for it.)

MAGS: I'm so sorry, Belle. I have to finish what he started. Enjoy Adelaide.

WITCH: No!

(He pulls away, and lunges for Compeyson. They go offstage. Funny sound effects which the cast winces to. Eventually, Mags returns. Stumbles. Falls to the ground.)

WITCH: Mags!!!!

MAGS: Compeyson... is dead...

HERBERT: They need to leave now! The police will be here any minute!

MAGS: You should go, Witch.

WITCH: Not without you!

MAGS: I think - I'm dying. I'm sorry. Pip - tell my daughter - I hope she lives well -

WITCH: No! Please! Abraham - I love you!

(Gasps all around)

MAGS: Belle? You love me?

WITCH: I do. I love our little farm, you making me bacon and eggs every morning - I love everything about you! Please, hold on a little longer, and we can make it back and be happy! Don't you want that?

MAGS: I - I do!

WITCH: Then come on!

(She gets him to his feet, and they stand up.)

WITCH: Goodbye, Pip.

PIP: Goodbye. And thank you.

(They stagger off.)

DAVID: Good for them!

2.10 - GrapEST Expectations

(Grape Expectations pub. Joe sits at a table comforting Pumblechook. Biddy sits uncomfortably on the side of the table, with Wopsle, who looks haunted. Escape sits elsewhere, waiting for Tel.)

PUMBLECHOOK: I can't believe this! All my work for nothing! How can all his money be gone?!

JOE: Turns out his sponsor wasn't Miss Havisham after all, it was some escaped convicts. So the government pocketed what was left of his inheritance.

PUMBLECHOOK: Oh! Don't mention Miss Havisham or pockets to me! Dead, and didn't leave me a single sixpence! Meanwhile, half her fortune to her *servant* and the other half to some 'Matthew Pocket'! Ridiculous!

BIDDY: *(Drily)* Yes, ridiculous that she'd send money to her loyal employee and to her cousin, not to you, a man she never met.

PUMBLECHOOK: Exactly! Life is so unfair!!

(He dissolves into more sobs. Joe pats him uncomfortably.)

Enter the Orphans. They are decked out (maybe in leather jackets?)

OLIVER: Excuse me sir, I'll take five of your finest alcohols please.

INNKEEPER: *(Grunts)*

NICHOLAS: Don't it feel great to be rich!

ANNIE: Sure does!

DAVID: *(Takes one sip of a drink and immediately acts drunk)* Aw, I love you guys so muchhh. My orphans.

INNKEEPER: Virgin.

DAVID: What?!?!?!

INNKEEPER: Virgin mojito. You're orphans - underage.

David is embarrassed.

TIM: We're not orphans anymore, we're not unfortunate.

NICHOLAS: Which everyone knows is the defining characteristic of orphanhood.

ANNIE: What are we now, then?

DAVID: Best friends!

THE ORPHANS: Awww!!

ANNIE: I think I'm going to like it here, guys.

(Perhaps the motif of that Annie song could be played in the background of that line)

DAVID: Oh my gosh, look! It's Gonzo! My flea! You came back from Laos on a ship from Australia, you say? What luck!

(They celebrate.)

OLIVER: What a perfect ending - everyone's happy!

DICKENS: WHAT? ENDING?? No, this can't be it! There must be more! I get paid by the word, you know!

(Sees the Orphans, still celebrating)

Hey, you lot look like you have stories to tell! My name is Charles Dickens and I'm putting together a team....

(He shows them a cheque)

TIM: God bless us, everyone!

JOE: Still, it is nice to have my boy back around the house again.

BIDDY: ... Do you know when he'll be here?

(Joe looks at her knowingly)

JOE: You haven't seen him yet, have you?

BIDDY: No.

JOE: I'm sure you two can make up. He's like a new man now, you'll see.

BIDDY: Maybe.

ESCOPE: Are you... alright, there, Mr Wopsle?

(Mr Wopsle is staring into space.)

WOPSLE: Ug.

ESCOPE: What's up with him?

BIDDY: His show ran out of money.

ESCOPE: Ah.

WOPSLE: *(miserably)* They just don't understand true art!!

INNKEEPER: *(Grunts, in affirmation)*

BIDDY: I know, sir.

(Tel enters)

ESCOPE: Tel, darling!

TEL: Hello, love. Well, it's official - Orlick has been convicted. He's off to the hulks next week.

ESCOPE: Wow! Your big lead into the horse mafia, and you've finally cracked it. Your one mission these last six years was to bust this case open, and now the horse mafia has bolted, they're in the wind, they've hoofed it. What now?

(Tel stares dramatically into space.)

TEL: I... don't know. I've been in so deep on this case... I've forgotten who I am. Who is Tel Hubble? What do I do with my life now? Now I've experienced the thrill of the race... It's all horse-story *(like history)* How can I go back to small-town cwimes?

ESCOPE: Hay, that's life. Maybe you should get a hobby. Something more stable.

WOPSLE: What about the mysterious death of Miss Havisham? The whole place burning down the very same night as two mysterious criminals escaped... I smell foul play! You're no one-trick pony, you could take on a new case!

(Awkward silence.)

ESCOPE: We could get a dog?

TEL: That would pwobably fix it, yeah!

WOPSLE: *(Finally triumphant and joyful again)* Then I can solve the case! I always wanted to play a detective role!

PUMBLECHOOK: *(Still sobbing)* How can I recover from this? This is the worst thing that has ever happened to me!

(Pip enters.)

PIP: *(Sarcastically)* I'm so sorry my misfortune inconvenienced you.

(Biddy drops her fork on the floor with a clatter/makes some other clear sign of surprise.)

BIDDY: Pip! Hi! Can we talk?

(They step to the side.)

BIDDY: Look - about the way we left things -

PIP: Biddy, I'm so sorry. I know I was horrible to you. Can you ever forgive me?

BIDDY: *(Relieved)* Oh, Pip! Of course I forgive you. *(Jokingly elbowing him)* Idiot.

(Pip laughs. The two have a moment.)

PIP: Also, I - *(He hesitates)* I realise I don't deserve you, but if you still wanted me - *(He leans in for the kiss)*

BIDDY: *(Awkwardly dodging)* Oh. Pip. No. Absolutely not.

PIP: But - you always used to - I thought -

BIDDY: It's been years! Things have changed. And - I have to tell you something...

PIP: ... You're in love with someone else?

BIDDY: Yes. I am.

PIP: Wait. Is it JOE?? GROSS! I mean - I respect you - no it's gross he's twice your age what's wrong with you -

BIDDY: What?? No!! Why would it be Joe?!

PIP: You're right that would be super weird. *(furtive looks at Dickens)*

DICKENS: Yeah, totally, who would do that... *(Frantically starts crossing things out in his notebook)*

PIP: Who, then?

(Estella enters, without seeing Pip.)

ESTELLA: Babe, I found the uno pack Miss Ravishem gave us!

PIP: Estella? Wait - are you two together?

(They look at each other. Hold hands.)

BIDDY: I'm sorry Pip, I -

PIP: Don't apologise. I just want you to be happy. We're family, Bids. No matter what.

(She gets emotional at this, and pulls Pip into a hug. They share a moment. Pip then turns to Estella.)

I thought you married Drummle?

ESTELLA: I did. But you were right. He was terrible, so he had an unfortunate accident with his horse.

PIP: Oh! Did you - *(He raises his eyebrows meaningfully in a way which implies 'murder him')*

ESTELLA: It was a *really* unfortunate accident. Point is - I've realised that my mother was definitely not the only reason I couldn't love a man.

PIP: Of course! So the *only* reason you didn't love me was because you were into women! Score!!

ESTELLA: *Wellll -*

BIDDY: *(Interrupting Estella, nudging her)* Sure, if it helps you sleep at night.

PIP: Oh well. Guess I'm alone then.

BIDDY: Maybe not.

(She gestures to the side of the stage, where Herbert has entered with Matthew.)

HERBERT: Handel?

PIP: Herbert?! *(They hug)*

HERBERT: I needed to see you. You left so quickly. Mr Wemmick told me what you did for me, using your inheritance to get me a job.

PIP: It was nothing.

HERBERT: It wasn't! Maybe if you'd kept those shares, you would still be able to live in London, what you always wanted!

PIP: No, no. You deserved that job. I just want you to be happy.

HERBERT: And I you...

(Estella and Biddy look at each other. They push the two closer together, then run away.)

HERBERT: Look, Handel, I know you love Estella -

PIP: I don't! Not anymore! But don't you have a girlfriend? Clara?

HERBERT: Pip, I have to finally confess something. Clara's a hand puppet. It's you. It's always been you.

(Slow motion running towards each other. They hug.)

MATTHEW: Son?! I am disgusted!

HERBERT: Father -

MATTHEW: I am cognizant of your delirium at the acquisition of such a fine mate, but that is no excuse to use split infinitives! Barkeep, get my new son-in-law a libation!

INNKEEPER: *(To Matthew)* You want anything?

MATTHEW: No thank you, sir. When I drink I wind up doing terrible things like using an Oxford comma.

INNKEEPER: I'm a Cambridge man myself.

(Matthew gasps in horror. Pop and Georgiana enter.)

POP: Barkeep, a bottle of wine please. White.

GEORGIANA: No, red!

POP: White!

GEORGIANA: Red!

INNKEEPER: Rosé?

POP: Fine.

INNKEEPER: *(Grunts, in irritation.)*

GEORGIANA: Oh, hello, Joe!

JOE: *(Thinking nothing of it)* Hi Georgie.

(He double-takes.)

Wait a second-!

TEL: Aren't you two cwiminals???

POP: Oh no, the fuzz! Run!

GEORGIANA: This is all your fault, Pholip!

(Tel chases Pop and Georgiana off.)

PIP: *(Laughing)* Well, I think it will be nice to live a quiet life now. No more escaped prisoners.

BIDDY: I agree. Hey, who wants some of this wine!

(Everyone cheers. The orphans go for it - Biddy won't give any to them (no underage drinking in this OULES play))

(During the celebrations, Mags and Witch enter, holding hands.)

WITCH: Hey, I'll have some of that!

(Silence abruptly falls. Pip and Herbert gape at Mags and Witch. Mags is grinning intently at Estella, his newfound daughter.)

PIP: Oh dear.

MAGS: Estella! Nice to meet you! I'm your father!

(Blackout/abrupt end of scene.)

SONG - [The Final Song](#)