



# *The Great Expectations*

dramatization of Charles Dickens' novel

by Christian Lanciai (*in Swedish 2009,*  
*translated into English in April 2020*)

*The Characters:*

Mr. Wopsle  
Joe Gargery, blacksmith  
Philip Pirrip, called Pip  
Jaggers, lawyer  
Miss Havisham  
Sarah Pocket  
Herbert Pocket  
Wemmick, Jaggers' assistant  
Estella  
Pip's servant boy  
Bentley Drummle  
other society cavaliers and ladies  
Abel Magwitch  
river policemen  
Compeyson  
a prison guard  
a judge

The action is in and east of London during the 1830s

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Act I scene 1. At the pub "Three Jolly Bargemen"

*Wopsle* I warrant you, that he must be guilty! He is definitely more than proven so! It couldn't be anyone else! The coroner and prosecutor are agreed, and the lawyer has no case!

*Joe* He seems guilty by all means, but I never approved of a death sentence for anyone.

*Pip* Neither do I, Joe. It happens now and then that an innocent is hanged, which isn't proved until afterwards, and how will you then exonerate him? Justice must be fair, or else it is no justice.

*Joe* Exactly, Pip. You would make a better judge than most.

*Wopsle* Do you suggest then, Joe, that cold-blooded murderers should live at the expense of the crown until they die or escape, which most of them do, instead of having their just punishment and the same brutal death as they inflicted on others?

*Joe* No, Mr Wopsle, I am not suggesting that.

*Jaggers (has entered without notice)* Mr Wopsle, are you aware that the man you just sentenced to death has never been proven beyond a shadow of a doubt to ever have committed any crime?

*Wopsle* But it says in the paper...

*Jaggers* Are you aware, that according to British law no one is guilty until proven so beyond any shadow of doubt?

*Wopsle* But everything indicates...

*Jaggers* Would you yourself be willing to be part of that jury that was constituted to judge this man, declare him guilty without any witness having been cross examined, like in this case, and see him hanged, and afterwards still be able to sleep well at night?

*Joe* Mr Wopsle, I don't think anyone would like to sit in such a jury.

*Pip* No normal human being would surely wish to declare anyone guilty without clear evidence?

*Joe* Exactly, Pip.

*Jaggers* Am I having the honour of speaking with the blacksmith Joe Gargery and his young brother-in-law Pip?

*Joe* Yes, Sir, that's is all right, Pip is my apprentice since several years.

*Jaggers* Then I have a private affair with you.

*Joe* With us, Sir?

*Jaggers* Allow me to explain myself. I am a jurist in London and arrived here on the special mission to find you and communicate an important matter concerning Pip's entire future.

*Pip* I didn't know I had any future.

*Jaggers* You have it now. Can we go aside and speak in private? (*The others of the company get the hint and leave.*) The matter in brief, is that Pip has great expectations.

*Joe* Pip! Your dream is about to come true!

*Pip* I almost had brushed all such dreams aside.

*Joe* Great expectations! Who could give Pip such a gift of providence?

*Jaggers* My principal is secret and must remain secret until the person in question himself wishes to reveal himself. It could be a matter of years and even longer. Pip has a vast fortune to expect as he grows of age, but until then it is his secret benefactor's wish that Pip should be educated to become a gentleman. In order to acquire that education he must of course interrupt his apprenticeship and move to London. Do you have any objections, Mr Gargery?

*Joe* I know, Sir, for sure that this is something of what Pip always dreamed of and wished. We were always the best of partners, and he was always happy with me and Bidly, which is why he chose to learn to become a blacksmith and stay with

us, but I always knew at heart that he wished for something else. The last thing I wish is to stand in his way.

*Jaggers* Any objections, Pip?

*Pip* It's like Joe says, but I can guess who the benefactor might be, since I always now and then had strange rewards from an old lady whom I sometimes served...

*Jaggers* There must be no mention or speculation whatsoever in the secret benefactor's identity, as long as the principal in question doesn't wish to appear in person. No one has any knowledge of this affair except my principal and me and you two now. There is one more condition insisted on by the principal.

*Pip* We are all set on edge.

*Jaggers* Pip shall always call himself only Pip in this matter, no family name and no other surname than Pip. That's the most earnest of my principal's conditions.

*Pip* I was never called anything else and hardly even know my real name.

*Joe* Pip has always been just Pip.

*Jaggers* Mr Joe Gargery, you have the fullest right to demand any form of compensation for thus being bereft of an apprentice.

*Joe* I could never ask anything for Pip. I can't accept any payment for him. He is not for sale.

*Jaggers* Do you mean that you claim to keep him as your apprentice?

*Joe* On the contrary, Sir, I make no claims at all. His sister, my wife, took care of him during all these years and for nothing, and we shall not be paid anything for that.

*Jaggers* Still Pip will need some funds to start with, for instance to get himself properly dressed. He can't come to London like that.

*Joe* Of course not, Sir.

*Jaggers* Is twenty guineas enough? (*pours some coins on the table. Joe and Pip are flabberghasted.*)

*Joe* Twenty guineas! I never saw so much money in all my life!

*Pip* Neither did I, but Miss Havisham gave me twenty-five guineas for playing with Estella.

*Jaggers* May I suggest her relative Matthew Pocket for your guide and instructor in London? You could then stay with his son Herbert Pocket.

*Pip* Herbert Pocket! That pale lad who at any cost wanted to fight with me!

*Jaggers* Then I assume we have reached an agreement. You should get settled in London as soon as possible.

*Pip* May I say farewell to all my friends first?

*Jaggers* Of course. And then find yourself a tailor already tomorrow. Thank you, gentlemen, Remember, the benefactor must remain unknown. (*leaves*)

*Joe* Who do you think it could be, Pip? Could it really be the old mad Miss Havisham?

*Pip* It could hardly be anyone else. I played at her place for years and humoured her in every way and assisted her when she wanted to move about in her rooms. And Estella is now being educated to become a fine lady abroad. Estella is not even any relation. If she does so much for Estella by sheer caprice she could do the same for me. We almost became like a brother and sister.

*Joe* But were they not very mean to you?

*Pip* Miss Havisham was deserted by her bridegroom just before her wedding, Joe, and has since then only lived to revenge herself on men. She brought Estella up to be her instrument, but I loved Estella, Joe. She was the only girl and woman in my life apart from my sister and Biddy.

*Joe* Whatever will Biddy say about this, Pip? She is very fond of you.

*Pip* And I am very fond of both of you. But I must not miss this chance, must I, Joe? Especially if it could turn me into a gentleman worthy of Estella?

*Joe* No, Pip, this is the chance of your life, which you always have been waiting for, and now it suddenly turns up like a world of surprise. And I can only wish, Pip, that it will only be a blessing to you. (*takes Pip around his shoulders, and they go out together.*)

Scene 2. At Miss Havisham's.

*Havisham* What are you doing, Sarah? Why are you so hysterical?

*Sarah Pocket* Miss Havisham, it is Pip who has called! He is all dressed up and is going to London!

*Havisham* What does he want?

*Sarah* He wished to make a farewell visit.

*Havisham* Well, show him in then! I know what it is all about. I have met Jaggers. Don't just stand there like a lost sheep! There is nothing to be shocked about!

*Sarah* But the uncouth working boy! (*rushes out*)

*Havisham* So Pip will be a fine gentleman just like my Estella in France, while I keep moulding away among my old rotten memories and are not even allowed to die although I age a hundred years every day... Alas, you wedding guests who never arrived, missing you has been my only happy company since then. The shock of my bridegroom's betrayal on the threshold of the church cast me out of time and transformed me immediately into a dusty old mummy, a ghost lady of darkness, the matron of spiders and rats and their constant companion, a phantom in limbo without anything but her melancholy and death to live for, which never will come for my release... Well, I hear that paltry Sarah Pocket arrive with my Pip...

*Sarah (enters with a light and Pip)* Here he is, Miss Havisham.

*Pip (enters, all dressed up)* I have come to say good-bye, Miss Havisham.

*Havisham* I heard it all from Mr Jaggers. I understand you will be a wealthy man, Pip.

*Pip* Yes.

*Havisham* And a gentleman.

*Pip* Yes.

*Havisham* And you will always only be called Pip.

*Pip* Yes.

*Havisham* There you are, Sarah, a golden boy, the blacksmith's apprentice with the coarse hands and the rustic language, whom Estella found such pleasure in making fun of and scolding. Aren't you missing her, Pip?

*Pip* Yes.

*Havisham* Wasn't she very beautiful?

*Pip* Yes.

*Havisham* Now she will be even more beautiful. She is being educated in France to be able to handle any admiring man in any way and to squeeze his heart to pieces, like she did yours.

*Pip* I still miss her.

*Havisham* You were always so kind, Pip, with all your simple and uncouth manners. Wasn't it Estella who made you start yearning for a better life?

*Pip* Yes, it was, Miss Havisham.

*Havisham* Well, now you have it. Make the best of it, grow to be a perfect gentleman, and one day perhaps Estella might overlook your hopelessly male coarseness.

*Pip* I am extremely grateful, Miss Havisham. (*kisses her hand*)

*Havisham* Don't thank me. Thank your fortune that you now have Jagers for a guardian and that you got away from the simple life at the forge. At last you can start living.

*Pip* Yes, Miss Havisham.

*Havisham* Good. Now be off and leave me alone with my eternal wedding guests who never arrive. Perhaps there will still be something left of the wedding cake when you come back... Look at his outfit, Sarah Pocket! Aren't you jealous of his new status, the poor blacksmith groom, who the first times only was brought to tears for the sake of the lovely Estella... Go now, Pip, and be the perfect gentleman! Take me out of here, Sarah Pocket! *(She helps Miss Havisham out.)*

*Pip* She is like a fairy of a fairy tale, like as if she used her crutch like a magic wand to stuff my clothes with golden dust... Well, she might be completely off her mind by her eccentric derangement because of her tragedy, but for me she only worked good, if though it always was in the mean disguise of bitterness. *(leaves)*

### Scene 3. Herbert's and Pip's apartment in Barnard's Inn.

*Herbert* You are fortunate indeed, Pip. I was also considered a candidate as a playmate for Estella and Miss Havisham and even a relative, but she didn't like me, and I didn't like her, the old ghost lady who only could wail and complain. How did you manage to get into her favours?

*Pip* I fell in love with Estella.

*Herbert* That bitch! Miss Havisham brought her up only for an instrument of hers to get a personal revenge on all men.

*Pip* I know too little about her story.

*Herbert* It's an entire novel. Her father was atrociously rich by his brewery, but when his wife died he remarried and had a son, who then became Miss Havisham's half brother. He became the ruin of the family, a downright rotten egg from the start, who lost half of the family fortune on gambling and rotten business besides loose engagements and indulgences to the extreme. He induced a colleague, another scoundrel as rotten as himself, to lay snares for Miss Havisham, who was a virgin and utterly inexperienced and naïve at the time, and he succeeded. A large wedding was prepared, and all society was invited to the great party in the big house. The preparations were generously extensive and extraordinary to say the least. On that morning, when she just had prepared herself for the wedding magnificently dressed up, she received a letter from him. He had let her down. Then time and life stopped and ceased to exist for her.

*Pip* So that's why all the clocks stopped at twenty past nine.

*Herbert* She went out of the time dimension and has since then led her strange limbo life as an unblest spirit completely out of reality. She has never undone her wedding outfit no matter how much it has turned yellow and tattered, it is as fine and splendid as it was then in silk and lace and a splendid veil with jewellery and ringlets, and the sumptuous wedding feast banquet table has never been cleared. It is hardly noticeable how the pagoda wedding cake slowly but definitely is collapsing bit by bit, since it was so generously composed at large, but all the wedding table is dressed in cobwebs. How on earth did you come to be introduced to her?

*Pip* It was my uncle Pumblechook who got the strange idea. But I may never call him uncle for my sister. He is only her uncle.

*Herbert* What's the matter with your sister?

*Pip* There are sometimes escaped convicts from the galleys. For some reason they always seem to smell their way to Joe's forge and break in, perhaps because there are files. They do want to get rid of their shackles. On one occasion there were

two reckless escapes, and one of them attacked my sister and hit her head so hard with a shackle, which he used as a sledge. She never recovered. She is an incapacitated parcel of care and can only communicate by a slate. Biddy and Joe take turns in caring for her.

*Herbert* Who is Biddy?

*Pip* My teacher at school, a good friend of uncle Pumblechook's. But what about Estella? Who is she really? She is no relative, or is she?

*Herbert* Definitely not, but Miss Havisham adopted her and brought her up to be a monster. She was always there as long as I can remember.

*Pip* Could she in some way be connected with Mr Jaggers?

*Herbert* Not as far as I know. Mr Jaggers is Miss Havisham's lawyer and your guardian, which rather clearly indicates that she is your benefactor, doesn't it? But why keep the matter so secret, when it is so obvious?

*Pip* She is a mystery.

*Herbert* Perhaps, but the mystery runs even deeper.

*Pip* What are you thinking of?

*Herbert* Mr Jaggers' contacts are exclusively weird. He is known for accepting hopeless cases and winning them. He is a very clever lawyer but seems to only accept cases that present challenges. Now he has taken you on, who has a twenty years older sister who has been beaten all but to death by an escaped convict, which category of clients appear to frequently haunt your home. Has it happened often?

*Pip* It happened once in my childhood.

*Herbert* Tell me. We can have our meal in the meantime. Dinner is ready. *(collects the food and serves while Pip tells his story.)*

*Pip* It's a strange story. I visited the grave of my parents by the church at home by the coast, when suddenly I was attacked by a convict. He was starved and forced me to help him with food, brandy and a file. It was just before Christmas. I stole the best of our Christmas food from our pantry for his sake.

*Herbert* On the subject of food, Pip, since you are to become a gentleman, it's not good manners to put your knife into your mouth, simply because you might cut your tongue with it.

*Pip* Bravo, Herbert! Educate me! Develop me!

*Herbert* Go on. You stole all your Christmas food for him.

*Pip* My sister always used to use the cane and whip and the water pump and everything else on me, and I expected to be more or less executed when all the best of the Christmas food would prove missing at the Christmas table with even uncle Pumblechook present, when the soldiers came knocking on our door asking for Joe's professional knowledge for the repair of some handcuffs.

*Herbert* And Pip, don't stuff all the food into your mouth at the same time. It will harm your articulation, if you tell something of interest.

*Pip* Thank you, Herbert. The prisoner was caught, and I followed Joe and the soldiers out in the marshes as they were ringed in.

*Herbert* Was it several?

*Pip* There were two.

*Herbert* Were you attacked also by the other one?

*Pip* No, but both were caught. I and Joe were there. When the prisoner caught sight of me I tried by shaking my head to make him understand that it wasn't I who had betrayed him. Then something remarkable happened.

*Herbert* Well?

*Pip* The prisoner confessed to having stolen Christmas food and a file at our place. He hadn't at all. I had stolen it for him. Why did he take the blame for my crime?

*Herbert* Perhaps he knew that your sister used the whip and lash on you.

*Pip* No, he didn't. But somehow he wanted to protect me.

*Herbert* Perhaps he was one of those many innocents with life sentences for whose justice Mr Jagers fought all these years. We shall probably never know.

*Pip* No, we shall probably never know.

*Herbert* Thanks for a splendid dinner, Pip. Unfortunately you are the one who has to pay for it since you are Miss Havisham's chosen gentleman and not I.

*Pip* I am grateful for your guidance, Herbert, and will gladly be your host since you as her relative are discriminated. Your father is my regular instructor, but I think you will do even better.

*Herbert* We have come to very good terms from the beginning, Pip, and I will do my best to help you on.

*Pip* Thank you, Herbert! One day perhaps you will be rich while I find myself discarded by my benefactress, like she discarded you.

*Herbert* Let's not hope for that. Cheers, Pip, for the continuity of our successful co-operation!

*Pip* Cheers, Herbert! *(They drink to each other and are cheerful and happy.)*

*Herbert* One last reminder, my dear friend. After a finished dinner it is hardly very practical to stuff your napkin into your wineglass.

*Pip* Did I stuff my napkin into my wineglass?

*Herbert* Obviously quite unintentionally.

*Pip* My goodness! I actually did it! How on earth and why?

*Herbert* You can hardly answer that question yourself.

*Pip* No, absolutely not. Total distraction. It just happened like that. Pardon me. *(Pulls the napkin out of the wineglass.)*

*Herbert* Another thing, Pip, now when you are to become a gentleman. May I call you something else than Pip?

*Pip* What is your choice?

*Herbert* I always associate you with 'The Harmonious Blacksmith' by Handel. May I call you Handel?

*Pip* Of course! Why not!

*Herbert* Then I think we'll have another toast, my dear Handel.  
*(They refill and drink heartily to each other again.)*

#### Scene 4. Mr Jagers' office.

*Jagers (washing his hands)* If only I could get rid of all my dirty customers as easily as I can wash my hands, but I can't, while I can wash my hands, so at least I wash my hands.

*Wemmick (appearing)* Pip is here, Sir.

*Jagers* Back so soon? Is he in need of money again?

*Wemmick* I suppose so.

*Jagers* He will have his money, so that he then may leave. Show him in, Wemmick.

*Wemmick* Mr Jagers will receive you, Pip.

*Pip* Thank you, Mr Wemmick. How is the old man?

*Wemmick* As cheerful as ever, probably because of his total deafness, since all he understands is when you give him a friendly and positive nod, which everyone does.

*Jagers* Are you in need of money again, Pip?

*Pip* I am afraid so, Sir.

*Jagers* How much? Fifty pounds?

*Pip* That would be a little like overdoing it.

*Jagers* Yes or no?

*Pip* I think it's too much, Sir.  
*Jaggers* So something less then. Five pounds?  
*Pip* I am afraid that would be too little.  
*Jaggers* So you'll need more than five pounds. Could you specify an approximate sum?  
*Pip* Is twenty pounds too much, Sir?  
*Jaggers* It's neither too much nor too little but a rather convenient sum. Well, how do you like your bachelor's life as a gentleman? May one ask what might be the cause of the increased expenditure?  
*Pip* I am afraid that I bought too much furniture, and then I got myself a valet, and the books I read also have their price, and Herbert can't pay for himself, but he helps a lot, while I am the only one who wastes.  
*Jaggers* Your benefactor will be pleased to hear that you are happy, and that's the main thing. Any other news?  
*Pip* My brother-in-law Joe will soon come for a visit. He wants to see how I am doing.  
*Jaggers* The blacksmith?  
*Pip* Yes.  
*Jaggers* Whatever could tempt him to come to London?  
*Pip* That's what I wonder as well.  
*Jaggers* Take care of him so that he doesn't get lost. That's all, Pip. Wemmick!  
*Wemmick* Yes, Sir.  
*Jaggers* Give Pip twenty pounds and write a receipt on it.  
*Wemmick* Yes, Sir.  
*Jaggers* Good luck, Pip. I hope Joe will not be shocked by your new way of life.  
*Pip* I hope so too.  
*Jaggers (alone)* A strange case, the opposite of the cuckoo story. A simple sparrow is brought up to the realm of falcons, a duckling is brought up to be a swan, and now enters the sparrow's father to see if the sparrow has done well or not. A remarkable social experiment, that could end up in any manner.

#### Scene 5. Barnard's Inn.

*Herbert* Wasn't it today he was supposed to come?  
*Pip* Yes.  
*Herbert* We have done everything for his reception. We couldn't have made it better. You are not tense, are you, Pip?  
*Pip* Honestly speaking, I am not quite certain.  
*(You hear faltering, cautious footsteps outside, a long pause, then one single knock, while Herbert and Pip watch each other. Pip goes to open.)*  
*Pip* Joe! Welcome!  
*Joe (comes fumbling in, grotesquely dressed up fine clothes)* Pip! What a gentleman you have become!  
*Pip* This is Herbert, my roommate, Joe.  
*Joe (shakes violently hands with Herbert)* I can't say how happy I am to meet you, Sir.  
*Herbert* The pleasure is entirely on my part, I am sure.  
*Pip* Have a seat, Joe! We have prepared a simple breakfast.  
*Joe* Simple, indeed! *(fumbles with his hat)*  
*Pip* Shall I take care of your hat?  
*Joe* No, Pip, I had better handle it myself.  
*Pip* How are they all at home?  
*Joe* Only well, Pip. How are you yourself?

*Pip* As you can see, as fit as a prince.

*Joe* Yes, I can see. (*fumbles with his hat, puts it at last on a shelf, from which it constantly falls down, why Joe all the time must rush up and save it. Herbert and Pip exchange looks. Finally the hat ends up in the soup. Pip takes care of it, dries it and puts it in a safe spot.*)

*Herbert* I just remembered that I have an important errand in town. Excuse me. (*excuses himself and disappears.*)

*Joe* Like we now are alone, Pip, I regret that I have come. I don't fit into your new world, Pip, and I didn't come voluntarily, but duty made me come. I have a message, Pip, from Miss Havisham.

*Pip* From Miss Havisham?

*Joe* Yes, from herself. She called on me one day. Don't think that I wanted to go there, but Biddy said I had to go, since Miss A probably had something to say concerning you, and she did. She asked me to tell you, Pip, that Estella has come back.

*Pip* Estella?

*Joe* Yes, Pip, Estella, and that she wished to see you.

*Pip* Was it only because of that you came to London?

*Joe* Yes, actually, Pip, but if it hadn't been for Mr Wopsle, I wouldn't have come at all. He had something to do in London. He is here to play at a theatre, Pip, but the theatre is not for me to understand. So I took it for a reason to come to you and to deliver Miss A's message. That is done now, so I can return to my forge and my home by the moor. I would never manage in a city like this, Pip. I would only get lost, disappear and perish.

*Pip* Won't you stay for dinner?

*Joe* No, Pip, I'll go back at once. This outfit is like a fancy costume, and I feel terribly buttoned up in it, like a stuffed doll. But if you are happy with this life, Pip, I only wish you all the best and that you may constantly make progress.

*Pip* Thanks, good old Joe.

*Joe* Our hearts are burning for you out there at the moors, Pip, every day you are away. We wish you all the very best. (*breaks up in haste*)

*Pip* Dear old Joe, your simple honesty is greater than all London. But Estella is back, and she wants to see me, and she is a fine lady now, and I have a new life to present to her! What lovely great expectations!

Act II scene 1. At Miss Havisham's.

(*Enter Pip into the darkness, carefully treading his way with a candle, knocks cautiously on a door.*)

*Havisham (from inside) Enter!*

(*Pip enters, and the scene presents Miss Havisham's room.*)

Welcome back, Pip. We have been expecting you. Well?

*Pip* Here nothing has changed, but I suppose you must find me rather changed.

*Havisham* It's obvious that you have risen in the world. There are no changes here, since there is nothing here that even could change for the worse. But just like you, there is a young lady that has changed somewhat. Don't you recognize her? Aren't you going to greet Estella? (*Not until now the young lady below and beside Miss Havisham turns her face towards Pip and the audience, a lovely young lady.*)

*Pip* Estella!

*Estella* No wonder, you don't recognize me, Pip. We haven't seen each other since we were children.

*Havisham* Isn't she beautiful, Pip? Isn't she irresistible? Have you ever seen anyone so beautiful?

*Estella* Don't let my outward appearance deceive you, Pip. Within I have no heart. There is only emptiness. But you seem to have found yourself a life.

*Pip* A new and better life, I am sure.

*Havisham* Go out and walk in the garden, children. You have much to talk about after all these years.

*Pip (rising, offering his arm to Estella)* Shall we?

*Estella* I shall be delighted, Pip. (*accepts Pip's arm, and they walk out into a garden grown wild, where the revolving scene brings them.*)

*Pip* What do you mean by saying you have no heart? All people do have hearts. Or else they wouldn't be human.

*Estella* You can hit me in the heart by a bullet, Pip, and then I will die, but you know what I mean. I have no feelings, no tenderness, no empathy for others, nothing.

*Pip* But you must have. Or else you couldn't live. What is a human being without human feelings? She does not exist.

*Estella* That's exactly my condition. I am nothing. Miss Havisham brought me up the whole way to what I am, and what am I? Like herself a dazzling impressive showpiece of superficial grandeur, while in me she has replaced her decay with the opposite, the best imaginable education a woman can get in France, but it is only superficiality and for show, just a reflection of a mirage, just a feigned mask, just a professional fake. Have no illusions about me, Pip. Deep inside I am just a cold stone.

*Pip* Don't you think Miss Havisham intended us for each other? Hasn't she adopted you and done everything for you, and hasn't she done the same for me and just skipped the adoption to bring us the more securely together?

*Estella* You are jumping to conclusions, Pip. You know nothing about her or about your benefactor. How can you be so sure she is the one? As long as your benefactor hasn't made any move to plead guilty to the identity, it could be just anyone and even your foolish uncle Pumblechook. Don't fool yourself, Pip. That's the worst thing you could do.

*Pip* I can't imagine it could be anyone else than Miss Havisham. No one else would have any motive.

*Estella* Be realistic, Pip. You don't know who it is. Stick to that.

*Pip* Do you know who it is?

*Estella* No.

*Pip* Do you know that it is not Miss Havisham?

*Estella* No.

*Pip* She is a tragic caricature of herself who buried herself alive in extreme self-love and self-pity, but even she has a heart, no matter how strongly she denies it, and she has done everything for you. Even you must therefore also have a heart.

*Estella* I will soon come to London, Pip. I would like to meet your friends then.

*Pip* Absolutely. You already know Herbert.

*Estella* Herbert Pocket? That conceited fool who Miss Havisham first tried to thrust on me before she found you? I was watching you as you were fighting as children. I never had so much fun in my life. He did everything to challenge you and provoke you and practically forced you to fight him, while you quite simply gave him one knockout after the other.

*Pip* So you looked on in secret?

*Estella* Yes!

*Pip* And after that you allowed me to kiss you. It was the only time.

*Estella* Yes.

*Pip* We are best friends now.

*Estella* Yes. I hear you live together.

*Pip* What did you have against him?

*Estella* He was a relation. Miss Havisham always loathed them. They always hung on to her like a flock of expectant vultures, but they will get nothing from her. That is perhaps the only reason why she adopted me.

*Pip* Is it because Matthew Pocket was the only one who warned her against her becoming husband?

*Estella* He appears to be your tutor now.

*Pip* Yes, and he is excellent as such.

*Estella* I am sure. But the entire family is only made up of careless negligents. Is Herbert in any order? Is he good for anything?

*Pip* He has great ideas and is an ideal optimist.

*Estella* But nothing substantial?

*Pip* No.

*Estella* There you are. Beware of illusions, Pip. The grander, the more beautiful and the more fantastic they are in their idealism, the more painful will be the awakening, which always must happen. Shall we go back to Miss Havisham?

*Pip* Do you know what my greatest ambition is, which I see almost like a mission?

*Estella* No?

*Pip* To one day be able to open up all the rooms in Miss Havisham's haunted house, to pull down all the draperies and the curtains from the windows to let in the light, to drive out all rats and spiders and clear out all dust and cobwebs, in brief, to make a clean sweep of all Miss Havisham's follies.

*Estella* It will never be possible as long as she lives.

*Pip* And you will never find your own life as long as she keeps her heart buried in stone.

*Estella* Do you think I could melt it down, Pip? Then you'll have to melt down Miss Havisham's first. She made me what I am.

*Pip* That's my ambition, Estella.

*Estella* An ambition could be stronger than an illusion. It could perhaps save you, Pip.

*Pip* I would rather save both her and both of us from her curse.

*Estella* What is her curse?

*Pip* Her destiny, which she tries to impose on you.

*Estella* And could you walk free of it, if you are her protégé?

*Pip* I don't know.

*Estella* Let's go back in, Pip.  
(*They return to Miss Havisham. Jaggers is there.*)

*Jaggers* So you are here on a visit, Pip?

*Pip* You as well, it seems.

*Jaggers* I am Miss Havisham's lawyer since many years.

*Havisham* He is the only person I ever could trust. He saved my business after the disaster, like he has saved many lives besides mine. For him there is no situation impossible to reverse from injustice to justice.

*Jaggers* I am only casual, Pip. What are you doing here? A vacation from London?

*Pip* Estella returned from France.

*Jaggers* Yes, as an accomplished lady. You have really given her an excellent education, Miss Havisham. Shall we take a round about the banqueting hall?

*Havisham* Yes, I need some movement. (*moves over to the wheelchair. Jaggers starts wheeling her out, but she stops by Pip.*)  
(*intimately*) Love her, Pip. If she deceives and hurts you, love her even more. If she tears your heart to pieces, then love her the more for it, and the older and stronger it grows, the more it will hurt. I only took her on to make her loved. I made her what she is only to make her loved. Love her, Pip.

*Pip* Do you know what love is, Miss Havisham?

*Havisham* Do I know what love is? It is blind devotion, complete humility and submission, trust and faith in everything and all the common sense of others, so that you with all your heart and soul give yourself entirely to the loved one, even if he is only a breaker of hearts. Wouldn't I know what love is? Here is love, Pip, the eternal lost and wasted bride! *(She has constantly raised her voice during this and almost cries out the last with her crutch like an accusation against the sky in all her tremendously pathetic apparition.)*

*Jaggers* How about your ride, Miss Havisham? *(wheels her out)*

*Estella* See you in London, Pip.

*Pip* It will be my greatest pleasure to find you there.  
*(He politely kisses her hand, and they separate.)*

*Estella* He is hopelessly lost in Miss Havisham's trap, and he isn't even aware of it. Well, the least thing I can do is to save him.

## Scene 2. Barnard's Inn.

*Herbert (by a frugal meal)* I hope he will soon be back, so that I don't have to starve any more... *(approaching footsteps in the stairs)* Like by order! What would our lives be without this golden boy!

*Pip (enters)* Herbert! I have seen Estella!

*Herbert (hardly surprised)* You don't say.

*Pip* Now we must have a real supper and celebrate! Throw that awful cold dish away!

*Herbert* You don't have to ask me twice.

*Pip* I have brought a roasted chicken, and we will have pastries and red wine from the baker's shop! Get a move on, poor wretch, *(to the boy servant)* and fix it all at once! *(The boy runs off.)* I trust I have your complete confidence, Herbert? Can you keep a secret?

*Herbert* So far I never managed to reveal any.

*Pip* Thank you, Herbert. My dear Herbert, I am in love with Estella.

*Herbert (disappointed)* Is that your secret?

*Pip* Yes.

*Herbert* It's no secret, Handel, at least not to me.

*Pip* What do you mean?

*Herbert* I mean, that it has always been written all over your face as long as we have known each other. You almost never spoke of anyone else than Estella, and every time you did, your face acquired a dreamy expression as if you had seen some higher light. You have always been lost, Pip, since the day we as boys fought over her without being aware that it was really over her. I gave up from the start, chilled to defeat by her hardened heart of coldness.

*Pip* But her meanness is now all over.

*Herbert* Are you sure?

*Pip* She has come back from France as the loveliest lady in the world, and Miss Havisham has formally ordered me to love her, and honestly speaking, Herbert, I don't think I have anything against it.

*Herbert* That sounds serious.

*Pip* It is serious.

*Herbert* Undoubtedly. But as your friend I must ask you if you know what you are entering. Miss Havisham's formal order directly raises my most alarming worry and misgivings. If any woman ever hated men, she was the one, and no one *could* hate men more vehemently. What kind of a creature did she bring up Estella to be? I

am afraid she has turned her into a breaker of hearts. Can't you see any way out of what could be worse than a death trap?

*Pip* No, Herbert, I don't.

*Herbert* Miss Havisham has undoubtedly ordained you for each other for good or for worse but maybe just to give Estella the pleasure of tearing your heart to pieces and bereaving you of your soul.

*Pip* Already as a child my soul was lost to her

*Herbert* I know. Has Jaggers ever approved of your relationship?

*Pip* Never with one word.

*Herbert* He is your guardian, as you know. He is the only one you can trust. That he never cared to mention a word of your relationship means that he has taken care of not encouraging it, and he never does or bypasses anything without good reasons. Your case is rock sure, or else Jaggers would never have accepted it, but Estella is something else. She is outside the matter, and I sense some danger, my good Handel. As you know, neither the good Handel ever married and was perhaps the happier for that with his harmonious blacksmith.

*Pip* Have you never been in love yourself, Herbert? Do you know what it means?

*Herbert* If I know. I am since long in love with the girl upstairs, the sweet Clara. As soon as I get settled with some economy I will confess my love for her, but until then it's no use.

*Pip* Can you understand my love for Estella?

*Herbert* Not more than I can understand a blind moth's attraction to the light which only will burn his wings.

*Pip* You view it rather darkly.

*Herbert* No, Handel, I only view it from outside, but you are shut up inside it.

*Pip (looks away and changes the subject)* She will come to London soon. Then you will see for yourself how irresistible she has grown.

*Herbert* I leave her all to you, Handel. Perhaps you were meant for each other but maybe not without a dark purpose. I will watch over you, Handel, and carefully follow the development of the affair. As long as Jaggers doesn't abandon you there is hope for it to end well, proceeding across a calm sea without shallows, but watch out, Handel! Nothing is more dangerous than beauty in connection with self-deception.

*Pip* If there is beauty at all it couldn't be anything but true. Beauty can never deceive, since beauty is the very essence of truth.

*Herbert* What does Estella say herself? Does she respond to your feelings?

*Pip* She claims to have no feelings.

*Herbert* There you are.

*Pip* But no beauty could be without feelings, if only it is alive.

*Herbert* I will follow you on your journey, Pip, which must needs a vigilant pilot.

*Pip* Thank you, Herbert. I can't see that I could have anything to fear, though.

*Herbert* Not even the economy?

*Pip* Alas, Herbert, don't remind me of it! The mere thought of our economy fills me with an abyss of remorse.

*Herbert* I am the one who should have remorse, since I am living on you.

*Pip* No, Herbert, I feel like your seducer. I am the one who imposed on you all that furniture, to make your room as fine as mine. You didn't ask me for it, but you were too good to decline. I am the one who got us this absurd burden of a valet who only causes us both irritation and trouble. We both know that we didn't really need him. I am the one who raised our debts to absurd levels, not you.

*Herbert* Thank heavens that you will soon come of age. Then perhaps your benefactor will explain himself.

*Pip* It's just as possible that she won't, but only will veil herself in a thicker sieve of mystery and tragic self-adoration.

*Herbert* When will Estella come to London?  
*Pip* Any time. I have been requested to meet her and help her settle down. She will stay in Richmond with some rich lady with connections.  
*Herbert* Then perhaps you'll never see her any more.  
*Pip* Yes, if I go there.  
*Herbert* Do you think she would want you to?  
*Pip* I know she will.  
*Herbert* You are lost.  
*Pip* If I am, Herbert, you will be too, since you are with me and we are completely dependent on each other.  
*The servant boy* A letter, Sir.  
*Pip (receives it)* From Jaggers. He wants to see me.  
*Herbert* Thank heavens for your coming of age.  
*Pip* I say the same. It could save our situation, at least for the time being.  
*Herbert* Yes, Handel, or else we are both lost.  
*Pip* Jaggers is like a godfather. He holds all the strings but refuses to ever show his cards in order to stick to the rules of the game under strictest discipline, which is only about doing what is right. As long as he is there I feel safe.  
*Herbert* He will probably never let you down, Handel.

### Scene 3. Jaggers' office.

*Jaggers* I have asked Pip to come here at five o'clock, Wemmick.  
*Wemmick* That should be on account of his coming of age?  
*Jaggers* If you know, why do you ask?  
*Wemmick* It was no question.  
*Jaggers* Yes, it was a question. If it was not a question it was an insinuation about hinting at some secret knowledge about Pip's private affairs. Neither you nor I have anything to do with that, Wemmick.  
*Wemmick* But you are still his guardian.  
*Jaggers* Only until five o'clock. Then he will be his own and entirely in the hands of his benefactor.  
*Wemmick* Whom no one and nothing can reveal.  
*Jaggers* Whom no one and nothing *may* reveal, Wemmick.  
*(Pip turns up.)*  
 Here he is. Leave him to me, Wemmick. *(Wemmick leaves.)*  
 Well, Pip, what can I do for you?  
*Pip* Mr Jaggers, you have asked me to come. Here I am and punctually to be safe and sure.  
*Jaggers* Yes, it's undoubtedly better to be punctual than to be too late or too early.  
*Pip* So naturally I am excited about what consequences my coming of age could carry.  
*Jaggers* Of course. Wemmick! *(Wemmick appears at once.)* Get that envelope for Pip with his name on it. *(Wemmick fetches it.)* Do you have any questions concerning your coming of age?  
*Pip* It would be strange if I hadn't.  
*Jaggers* Well, let's hear.  
*Pip* May I today learn who my benefactor is?  
*Jaggers* The answer is no.  
*Pip* Will I soon know?  
*Jaggers* Ask something else.  
*Pip* What's that mysterious envelope waiting for me?

*Jaggers* At last you get to the point. It's not any mysterious or secret matter at all but something most practical. (*receives the envelope from Wemmick and gives it to Pip*) Open it, Pip.

*Pip* (*opens it with trembling hands and is astonished*) Five hundred pounds!

*Jaggers* A small start, Pip. I have careful instructions. This amount is what you will have a year to live on until further, Pip, until your benefactor chooses to change the matter. You may raise 125 pounds every quarter, neither more nor less. That's all I have for you today. Any more questions?

*Pip* My heart is brimming over with gratitude for my benefactor.

*Jaggers* That is no question.

*Pip* Will that person ever reveal himself?

*Jaggers* A reasonable question, Pip, I admit, since your whole life is dependent on this enigmatic person who now for three years has kept you on edge by staying invisible and anonymous. I can only say this, Pip. If and when that person reveals himself, I shall be completely out of the picture and will have nothing more to do with that matter, which will be entirely up to yourselves. My only function is as the representative and agent of that person. If and when that person reveals himself, I will not even have to know anything about it. That's all I have to say, Pip.

*Pip* It is as I thought.

*Jaggers* What did you think?

*Pip* That instead of revealing the identity at my coming of age, my benefactor only hides deeper in unapproachable mystery.

*Jaggers* That's your conjecture, Pip.

*Pip* And what is yours?

*Jaggers* Let's leave that as irrelevant.

*Pip* But why all this secrecy? Is it for the sake of Estella? Is that person hiding behind Estella?

*Jaggers* Estella Havisham? She has nothing to do with your situation, Pip, if I will confess though that she is a beauty and a highly educated and cultivated lady.

*Pip* You have a total detachment to everything, Mr Jaggers.

*Jaggers* It's best that way, Pip. Or else I would not be a lawyer.

*Pip* So good-bye then until further, Mr Jaggers.

*Jaggers* Good-bye, Pip, and thanks for your visit. (*Pip bids politely and respectfully farewell, takes Mr Jaggers' hand and leaves.*)

*Wemmick* (*coming back*) How did he take it?

*Jaggers* How did he take what?

*Wemmick* The continued anonymity of his benefactor.

*Jaggers* He took it like a man, Wemmick, and it's best for all as long as that situation suffers no change.

#### Scene 4. A ball in Richmond.

*All are fashionably dressed up according to highest society standards.*

*A waltz is concluded with Bentley Drummle and Estella (in white).*

*Drummle* Your beauty transports the entire company into a state of ecstasy, Miss Estella.

*Estella* I hope you don't consider yourself more favoured by me than anyone else.

*Drummle* Is that a warning or an encouragement?

*Estella* Both.

*Drummle* Then I will continue courting you, if I may.

*Estella* Of course you may, but don't expect any feelings.

*Drummle* I never did, for I have none myself.

*Estella* Then we match each other well.

*(A new dance begins, he invites her again, and they dance out.)*

*Pip* Every glance and every flirt you offer anyone else are daggers in my heart, and still I enjoy it at the same time. Must love then be so damned sado-masochistic? The more you torture me by encouraging your numerous cavaliers, the more I adore you, and the more my pains increase. Still I can't let you go, and I have to be true and faithful to you, for we have so much in common, an entire childhood, and Miss Havisham has bound us together for good and for worse. You are her heiress, and I am her protégé, her destiny has bound us firmer together than any marriage could do, but why do you encourage this Bentley Drummle, this superficial dandy and fortune-hunter, this cold calculating fish, this utterly false playboy, this card without a soul and without consideration, without tenderness and without feelings? If you had given your heart to a human person, it wouldn't have hurt so deeply is it does now when you give yourself to a bloodless reptile.

*(The dance is over, Estella is separated from Bentley and joins Pip.)*

*Estella* Why aren't you dancing, Pip?

*Pip* Because you are dancing with everyone, and I enjoy it more to see you dance than to dance with anyone myself.

*Estella* I have seen your longing eyes. All these cavaliers mean nothing to me, Pip.

*Pip* Why then do you favour Bentley Drummle?

*Estella* I don't favour him. He just keeps courting me more fervently than anyone else.

*Pip* Yes, I have noticed.

*Estella (amused)* Don't tell me you are jealous!

*Pip* It goes deeper than that, Estella. It's not jealousy, which is black and dark and egoistic, but I feel only pain.

*Estella* I have warned you against me, Pip.

*Pip* Do you think any warnings could stop nature from reacting normally at the pressure of ordinary human feelings?

*Estella* They mean nothing to me, Pip, and least of all Bentley Drummle. What can the light do to stop the moths from gathering around it and get burned by it? Don't be a stupid moth like everyone else, Pip. You are above such matters. You are the only one I respect. That's why I keep you at distance not to trample on you like on everyone else.

*Pip* You are ruthless, Estella.

*Estella* What can nature do against nature? We are like we are, Pip. I was brought up and formed into a crusher of hearts and an irresistible beauty clinically free from tenderness and compassion, and that's how I am, like the scorpion is what he is when he stings himself in associating with others. You got a totally different kind of upbringing by the kindest and simplest natural father in the world and has suddenly been transformed into a knight in shining armour, who doesn't know himself how to master his own overwhelming feelings. Keep at a safe distance, Pip, and save yourself. Don't become a poor scorpion stinging itself to death by engaging himself too deeply for nothing. *(sails out with another cavalier.)*

*Pip* How can I stop nature? How can I mitigate my love for her? It just will not work. It has to consistently grow, and her detachment only makes matters worse.

*Drummle (enters)* How are you, Pip? You are not dancing.

*Pip* There was only one lady for me, and she dances with everyone else.

*Drummle* Perhaps it could amuse you that I intend to propose to her.

*Pip* It doesn't amuse me at all.

*Drummle* But it amuses me to reveal it. You may warn her if you want. I am rather certain about her accepting it anyway.

*Pip (growing pale)* She has many suitors.

*Drummler* I know, but I am the only one as cold as she.

*Pip* She is not cold!

*Drummler* What are you thinking of? Have you known her so long like a brother and are still that naïve? She is the coldest, most impersonal and most superior beauty in London, and you imagine her to have any human feelings? I never thought that of you, Pip, that you could be that stupid.

*Pip* Unlike you, Bentley Drummler, I am human and honest. I will never let you harm her.

*Drummler* There is no risk. She is invulnerable. (*A dance is over, and Bentley sweeps off with Estella again.*)

*Pip* You don't know women, Bentley. No woman is invulnerable, not even Estella. That insight is perhaps my only advantage over you. (*retires discreetly.*)

#### Scene 5. Satis House.

*Havisham* Have all my efforts been in vain? Is Estella, the only thing I could live for, gradually leaving me? Something tells me that this day will be decisive. It's the first time Pip comes here to stay the night, and he is coming with Estella.

*Estella* (*enters with a candle, which she puts out*) There you are, foster mother, as impressing as ever in your absurdity. Imagine that you actually never changed one detail in this room and your preposterous outfit for thirty years, while at the same time you kept withering more than any flower.

*Havisham* Are you deriding me, Estella?

*Estella* Not at all. I am just casually saying what comes to my mind.

*Havisham* Where is Pip?

*Estella* He will come.

*Havisham* Didn't he escort you from London?

*Estella* (*sits down beside and below her*) Foster mother, in all things I have always been submissive to you and obeyed you in all things. When I went to London, Pip took care of me as befits a gentleman, he has been exemplary all the way if though a bit soft sometimes, and even now he has at your request escorted me all the way here. He only had a small matter to attend to at home in his forge. His sister has recently died.

*Havisham* Yes, I heard about it, after many years helpless in bed. She was worse off than I.

*Estella* No one is worse off than you.

*Havisham* Now you are deriding me again.

(*Enter Pip, like Estella with a candle, which he puts out.*)

*Pip* Good day, Miss Havisham. If there is any unchangeability in this world, it must be this room with its connected banquet and wedding hall and this entire house.

*Estella* The least cleaned wedding place in the world...

*Havisham* Estella!

*Estella* ...since thirty years.

*Havisham* It pleases me to see you, Pip. Come here. Let me look at you. You look nicer than ever. Are you happy with your life as a gentleman?

*Pip* I am happy with everything, except that Estella is still not happy with me.

*Havisham* Hasn't he been a gentleman good enough for you, Estella?

*Estella* I am not unhappy or dissatisfied, foster mother, just cold, as you always taught me to be.

*Havisham* Isn't she beautiful, Pip? Isn't she growing more beautiful every day, for each new admirer who gets lost in her, for each new suitor who falls down to her? Who cannot love her, Pip?

*Estella* You taught me everything, foster mother, except to respond to feelings, which I don't understand. This is the only lack in my education – I have no feelings and can have no feelings.

*Havisham* Haven't I given you all my love?

*Estella* Yes, but in such a twisted way, that it only taught me to abhor it. Didn't you since my earliest childhood teach me to look down on all men, despise them and hate them, if they tried anything? Haven't you made me the instrument of your revenge on the men, just for the sake of one failure of a man, whom you allowed yourself to be duped by?

*Havisham* What are you saying, Estella? Are you attacking me? Are you tired of me? Haven't I given you everything including all my jewellery?

*Estella* You have given me everything, foster mother, but what does it mean when you at the same time deliberately withheld from me the most important part of life, emotional life, the joy of life and happiness? By your own unhappiness you methodically banished every possibility of happiness in my life, by keeping me constantly confined here in the darkest home in the world, with a wild and beautiful garden by all means, but even that shut up behind sealed walls with a gate constantly locked, while my only company has been your petty relatives, that mean Pocket family who always hated me for being adopted by you. What kind of a life did you give me, foster mother, of a constant quarantine in darkness?

*Havisham* I sent you over to France.

*Estella* Yes. Not until then my eyes were opened to the possibilities of life. But it was already too late. My heart was already a frozen stone, and my soul was transformed into an icicle. Behold your life's work, foster mother, the most beautiful, admired and worshipped woman in the world, whom you bereft of her soul from the beginning. What is a life without a soul to feel it?

*Havisham* You are cursing me.

*Estella* No, foster mother, I am just showing you a mirror, at the same time seeing myself in it. I have no illusions. I know what I am. I am the result of your aborted life, of which you have made me a copy.

*Havisham* Alas, how she scolds me!

*Estella* Don't feel sorry for yourself, foster mother. You are not pitiable. Instead of burying yourself alive you could have lived, but you preferred to dig yourself down in self-pitying misery.

*Pip* Pardon me, my ladies, but you seem to manage well alone. I have some business to attend to in the village. My sister has passed away, as you know, Miss Havisham.

*Havisham* Has it ever been discovered who almost battered her to death?

*Pip* No. I will come back later. *(is happy to get away.)*

*Estella* I leave you alone, foster mother. Obviously I am not in my best mood today, wherefore I leave you in peace. *(leaves the room also.)*

*Havisham* Alas, I thought a withered and damaged tree still could continue maintaining and bestowing life by ground-shoots and new plantations, but she has grown out of me and is no longer of the same tree. But she is all I have except those poor abominable Pockets. She and Pip would make the perfect and ideal couple, but she doesn't love him and can't learn to love him any more, while he still would make the most faithful husband in the world. He learnt that from his foster father, that good and simple blacksmith. Is it then my fault that she cannot love? Is it my fault that my own love was so brutally uprooted, that I couldn't encourage and inspire her to any real love but only to the contrary?

*(rises suddenly and starts walking around)*

You mad old bride, you pathetic old maid without comfort, you ghost of a wandering phantom of unblestness, shall then even your last life be taken away

from you, this child of sorrow and misfortune, by which life gave me another chance by entrusting her in my care, who thanks to me learned to regard love as a bad joke deserving only scorn and disdain, and who consistently only seems to have a talent for what I always implanted in her by my vanity, to drive men mad by torturing them to mortal pains, while her foremost victim appears to become this poor faithful fellow Pip, a man of honour and with a heart, who thought he could become a gentleman worthy enough for Estella. No gentleman can ever be worthy of a real woman. That's the sum of my gruesome experience of life.

*(Pip returns, notices that she is suddenly walking about, retreats discreetly and waits without being noticed by Miss Havisham.)*

And still I appear to have missed something. I made Estella perfect, I scrapped all men and especially the Pocket family and taught her to do the same, but what is a woman without a man? That's me, an old ghost, an eternally withering bride, the discarded woman who for that only has been the more consumed by love until there is almost only the skeleton left of her, this absurd living mummy of a raving ghost, who only is good for tottering and staggering around at night in eternal sleepless unrest intermittently wailing and silently crying without tears with her constantly bleeding heart of bottomless woe and misery. *(sits down exhausted in her old armchair by the fireplace.)* The bride who was cheated of her wedding and her happiness can neither live nor die. Estella, can you judge me? Could not even a woman show me any understanding and mercy? *(starts wailing and quietly crying for herself.)*

*Etsella (has appeared behind Pip)* That's how she goes on every night, and it has been like that for thirty years. No one has ever felt more sorry for herself than she. Come, Pip. I will show you to your room. *(They leave.)*

*(Miss Havisham remains, quietly wailing for herself.)*

### Act III scene 1. Pip's rooms.

*(Bad weather with rains and storm outside. He is sitting reading when there is a knock.)*

*Pip* Who is it? *(No answer. Pip rises, goes to open the door and looks around, addresses someone down the stairs.)* Who are you looking for?

*A voice* Mr Pip on top.

*Pip* That's me.

*The voice* It brings me pleasure to see you, Mr Pip. *(comes up)*

*Pip* Do I know you? Who are you?

*Magwitch* I have come a long way across the oceans just to see you at last, Pip.

*Pip* You seem to know me, but I don't know you.

*Magwitch* No wonder. Don't be afraid of me. You are bursting with question marks and apprehension, but it's not that dangerous. May I come in?

*Pip (lets him in without a word. He gets inside and starts removing his wet outfit.)*

You couldn't have arrived in a more terrible weather.

*Magwitch* It was even worse on the journey. I have been wet for two months.

*Pip* Where have you come from?

*Magwitch* From Australia.

*Pip* I don't know anyone in Australia.

*Magwitch* You didn't know that I was in Australia. I haven't always been there.

– You have a fine set of books. What a nice apartment. You really have become a gentleman. I must congratulate.

*Pip (makes an effort at politeness)* If you tell me your business, you will have something warm to drink before you leave.

*Magwitch* Thank you, my friend. Let me just congratulate you on your rise as a gentleman. Here you live like a lord. I wonder how a poor orphan and smith's apprentice could come into such a position?

*Pip (terror-struck)* Now I recognize you!

*Magwitch* I have aged, Pip. It's fifteen years ago, but I have never forgotten it. You were great that Christmas, and it gave me something to live for. Let me guess what could have happened to you. You have a certain interest per annum. Could that figure possibly start with 5?

*Pip (more and more terror-struck)*

*Magwitch* And until you came of age you had a certain guardian, possibly a lawyer, whose name perhaps started with J?

*Pip (utterly devastated, collapses into a sofa)*

*Magwitch* It is over, Pip. At last I have revealed myself. I have come home. I have never forgotten your heroic contribution to ease the life of a poor convict out on the moors that Christmas. That good will gave me something to live for, and it became you! I swore, that if I ever made a shilling it would be yours, and no matter how wretched I was without any education and social background, I swore that you should have it all, that if I never could become acceptable myself, I would make the only good person I ever met in my life into a real gentleman. And I have succeeded! All your appearance with your home and your manners and style speak the unquestionable language of a gentleman! I have succeeded in realizing an ideal, which I never could reach myself, by bestowing it on another!

*Pip (has somewhat recovered from the shock)* Was no one else privy to your plans?

*Magwitch* Only Jagers.

*Pip* No one else?

*Magwitch* Absolutely no one else! This was a lovely rum toddy. Now I can sleep well tonight. Where may I sleep?

*Pip* My roommate Herbert is absent at present. You may borrow his room in the meantime.

*Magwitch* You had better draw the curtains.

*Pip* How so?

*Magwitch* I have made some reputation in Australia, Pip! I made a fortune out of nothing! And all mine is yours! But here in England I am just a convict deported for life. If any authority learned that I was here I would be hanged at once.

*Pip* So you have risked your life just to see me?

*Magwitch* I am sixty years, Pip. From that day you never know how much time you have left. I wanted to see my gentleman before I died, Pip. Was it wrong? Are you as afraid of me now as you were then out in the moors? But in Australia I am a respected citizen, although I am neither educated nor have any higher rank than a former convict. But my sign of nobility is that I have done everything for you. Was it wrong?

*Pip* I don't even know your name.

*Magwitch* Magwitch. Abel Magwitch is my name.

*Pip* You must understand, Abel Magwitch, that your sudden appearance as my benefactor with a sentence of death hanging over you must imply certain complications.

*Magwitch* I couldn't wait any longer.

*Pip* I must have a talk with Jagers about it.

*Magwitch* Wemmick also knows that I am here. I got your address by him.

*Pip* In brief, let's sleep on it. That's the best thing we can do about it at the moment.

*Magwitch* You reason like a true gentleman. Thanks for not driving me out again, Pip. It's very cold and wet out there.

*Pip* Obviously I have you to thank for everything.

*Magwitch* Did you never suspect that it could be me?

*Pip* No, never.

*Magwitch* I am sorry that I have revealed myself, but after all I had done for you, I could not hold back any more.

*Pip* It's natural, Abel Magwitch.

*Magwitch* Yes, nothing can stop nature. Here I am now at the mercy and grace of my at last reclaimed gentleman. I am satisfied. The rest doesn't matter. Good night, Pip. I'll go to rest. Sleep well you too. (*goes into Herbert's room*)

*Pip* As if I could! This is too much and decidedly the worst shock in my life. Estella! Miss Havisham! It wasn't you! You only used me as a convenient object to vent and practice your hatred of man on! And the worst thing of all is how I have failed and let down Joe, the only honest person in my life! How can I live with this? My benefactor a convict under a sentence of death! It's as if all his and my riches now suddenly are no more than those heavy shackles I once helped him to get rid of, just to now find them forged around my feet, so that all my life is forfeited... (*passes out*)

(*Total darkness, storm with lightning and thunder, Pip moves restlessly in bed with obvious nightmares, sometimes cries out, ends up by going quiet and motionless, then the light starts to appear, a key in the door, and Herbert enters all soaked and shaking off the bad weather, which carries on outside.*)

*Herbert* Handel! What on earth are you doing in the middle of the floor?

*Pip (awakens)* Herbert! (*all awake*) Already back?

*Herbert* Aren't you happy to see me?

*Pip* If I am! You have no idea!

*Herbert* You look as if you just had passed all Golgatha.

*Pip* That's not very far from the truth. We have had a visitor, Herbert.

*Herbert* How nice! Which one?

*Pip* Let's just call him my uncle from the country.

(*Enter suddenly Magwitch abruptly with a small Bible.*)

*Magwitch* May death strike you at once if you divulge anything at all! Swear! (*offers Herbert the Bible to swear on.*)

*Pip* This is my roommate, uncle. He is completely reliable.

*Magwitch* Of course. Or else he would not be your roommate. Swear!

*Herbert (sees no choice, in an effort to oblige, lays his hand on the Bible)* I swear to observe absolute obligation of silence.

*Magwitch* Good! Now you are forsworn for good and forever!

*Herbert* I didn't know you had an uncle, Handel.

*Pip* I didn't know that either until yesterday. He sort of just turned up, and it's not even my uncle. This, Herbert, is my one and only benefactor, who just arrived from Australia.

*Herbert* Much obliged, Sir. (*tries to be polite and shake hands with Magwitch*) I didn't know, Handel, that your benefactor was in Australia.

*Pip* I didn't know that either.

*Herbert* This should imply some sudden changes and new orientations in your life and perhaps also in mine, Handel?

*Pip* To cut a long story short, Herbert, this is the convict whom I helped as a child, which I told you about. For a reward he decided to help me in life, which he did indeed and with the greatest honour. He is deported to Australia for life with a sentence of death should he ever come back. Now he has come back.

*Herbert (sits down amazed)* Great heavens!

*Pip* Exactly how I reacted as well.

*Magwitch* Well, gentlemen, my entrance seems to have been strikingly efficient enough. And what's even better: I have come here to stay.

*Herbert (to Pip)* Does anyone know that he has come back?

*Magwitch* Absolutely no one except Mr Jagers and Mr Wemmick. I just couldn't keep away any longer, gentlemen. You must understand me. Pip here provided me

with the only thing in my life I could live for, the only sunray in my life, the only glimpse of humanity I ever experienced. I know I am a revolting man in my gross simplicity and brutalized by life almost beyond human recognizability, but I did make an effort to become better, thanks to Pip here, who gave me my first and last meaning of life. And I can see, Mr Herbert, that if I succeeded in making a gentleman out of Pip here, which I did, then he has succeeded in making a gentleman out of you. Consequently I have a perfect right to be proud of both of you. (*takes a seat in Pip's finest armchair, takes out his pipe and tobacco, lights it and starts complacently smoking.*)

*Pip (cautiously)* What are your plans?

*Magwitch* I told you. To stay here.

*Pip* But you must understand that you can't stay here now when Herbert has returned.

*Magwitch* Very well. Then you have to find me a place to stay, Pip. The humblest den would be enough.

*Herbert* You must have led a very interesting life, Sir. Don't you think we should know what you really have been doing?

*Magwitch* Very well. I have served my sentence in full and been punished well enough. My conscience is clear, and I have nothing to hide. I don't know how I entered the world or who my parents were but found myself an outcast from the beginning and turned to life in the street. But you have to go on living once you've started. In order to live I started stealing. Then my life turned into a constant return in and out of prisons, until a certain gentleman discovered me and found me useful. This gentleman, well brought up and born rich but rotten from the beginning, was a crook by the name of Compeyson, younger than I and in everything my contrary and a devil. I never chose crime as a way of life myself. I was forced to it to survive. Compeyson was in no way obliged to choose a criminal way of living but did so by his own will. He was a forger and swindler who had made a lot of money by seducing a rich heiress, whom he let down on the day of their wedding. That was the coup of his life. His accomplice was the bride's half brother, a certain Arthur, whom he then drove to his death by ruining his life, like he had ruined his bride's.

*Herbert (cautiously with dread)* Was the name of the bride and her brother possibly Havisham?

*Magwitch* Yes, exactly. How did you know?

*Pip (with equal dread)* Herbert is a relation.

*Magwitch* Then you know all about it.

*Herbert* Please go on, Sir.

*Magwitch* Well, Compeyson was caught and I with him as his accomplice for having spread forged money. He got seven years, I got fourteen, since I lacked education, was older and rougher and came from the street, while he was well dressed, had his hair done and had a lawyer. We were put in the same galley, and I did everything I could to get at him. I wanted at least to mark him for life. Once I almost succeeded, but we were separated at once, and he got no more than a scar across half his face. After that he was scared to death of me. When I succeeded in escaping he also escaped just from fear of me. It was that Christmas, Pip, when you met us both out in the moors. I didn't know then that he had escaped, but I vowed to get him caught. He couldn't be let free. I was just settling with him out on the moor when the soldiers surrounded us. He was allowed to continue serving his seven years, while I was deported to Australia. There I vowed to reward Pip for his contribution, so I worked hard to make money in Australia and made myself a fortune. It's yours, Pip. All that is mine is yours. You are the only success of my life. I had a wife as well, but that is a different story. She fared as ill as I. That's all. Finally I wished to see if I really had managed to make a gentleman out of Pip, and to my

great joy my wildest expectations had come more than true with a vengeance. I am satisfied, Pip, with you and with my life in spite of everything. The rest doesn't matter. I will not make any more movements. I am finished with all my crooked ways, since I have found my way home to you, Pip.

*Herbert (after a pause)* A strange story. Our destinies are linked together, Mr?

*Magwitch* Here my name is Provis, for the sake of security.

*Herbert* Mr Provis, the misfortune of you and my family has then been caused by the same person. Do you know if he is still living?

*Magwitch* I am sure. He was younger than I.

*Herbert* Here in England?

*Magwitch* Yes.

*Herbert* Since he had every reason to fear for his life from you, he must have followed your development. Is there any possibility that he could know that you have returned to England?

*Magwitch (is quiet)*

*Pip* That possibility could hardly be excluded.

*Herbert* In that case he would not hesitate to inform on you and have you hanged.

*Magwitch (with subdued threatening anger)* If I ever see him again I will hang him first. *(rising)* You have heard my story. By a fortunate coincidence, Pip, your roommate knows the character of my life's evil genius. You will probably discuss the matter between yourselves. I will go to have some rest in the meantime. *(walks out again into Herbert's room.)*

*Herbert* We must get him out of the country, Pip.

*Pip* He refuses for my sake.

*Herbert* Then you must follow him.

*Pip* I am afraid you are right.

*Herbert* I am sure Compeyson is on his tracks. Like your uncle I have lived in the shadow of the curse of this Compeyson all my life. Like your uncle is determined to see him dead if he ever sees him again, Compeyson will probably be equally determined to send him to the gallows, if he can.

*Pip* Let's call him Mr Provis. My only existing relative is my brother-in-law Joe, who is his opposite in everything.

*Herbert* As you wish. In brief, Handel, your great expectations have met with some complications.

*Pip* It's worse than that, Herbert. They have come to a sudden and fearful end.

*Herbert* We shall find our way out of them, I am sure, Handel. In all his simplicity, Provis is no fool, and we know where we have Compeyson, but Compeyson does not know where we are.

*Pip* It almost feels like we had been chosen by destiny to become Miss Havisham's and Mr Provis' avengers.

*Herbert* Or saviours, Handel. The knot has been tied for us, and it's our challenge to resolve it.

*Pip* I will have a talk with Jaggers already today. *(leaves)*

*Herbert (alone)* So Compeyson drove Arthur Havisham to his death. I always wondered what happened to him. Together they finished three fourths of the Havisham fortune and left Miss Havisham as a ghost of a wreck behind. What a mess!

Scene 2. Jaggers' office.

*Jaggers* Be very careful, Pip. Don't expose anyone, not yourself nor anyone else. I know nothing and want to know nothing.

*Pip* I actually only wish to have it confirmed what I have learned is true and the whole truth or not.

*Jaggers* What have you learned?

*Pip* That my benefactor, who so far has been unknown to me, is a certain Abel Magwitch.

*Jaggers* It is correct – in New South Wales in Australia.

*Pip* And he is the only one?

*Jaggers* He is the only one.

*Pip* Miss Havisham had nothing to do with it? I always thought she was the one.

*Jaggers* She had nothing to do with it and knew nothing.

*Pip* Still it seemed so obvious the whole way, that it had to be her.

*Jaggers* Always stick to facts, Pip. Appearances are always deceptive. So your benefactor in New South Wales has finally revealed himself. I kept warning him from coming here and expressly made it clear to him that he probably would not be pardoned, that he was deported for life and therefore, if he ever showed up in the country, would be liable to the severest punishment of the law. I strongly dissuaded him with very serious warnings, and without doubt he acted accordingly.

*Pip* Without doubt.

*Jaggers* Mr Wemmick has informed me that a certain Provis has made contact from Portsmouth and asked for your address, which Wemmick has sent him. This Provis appears to be an agent for Abel Magwitch in New South Wales.

*Pip* That is correct.

*Jaggers* Abel Magwitch still has an account here, which I ask to at once transfer to Mr Provis and you. That would conclude our business, since you now are in direct contact with your benefactor in New South Wales by Mr Provis, whom I hope will observe strict discretion until he returns to Australia.

*Pip* I hope so too.

*Jaggers* Then that is all for the time being. Any further questions, Pip?

*Pip* Not at present.

*Jaggers* I will naturally remain at your service for consultation, but only for you, Pip, not for Mr Provis.

*Pip* Thank you, Mr Jaggers.

*Jaggers* You are welcome. Our business isn't finished yet. Wemmick! (*He appears.*) Show Pip the way out. (*Wemmick takes care of Pip.*)

*Jaggers (alone)* He had everything settled, and then he risks everything and more lives than his own just for old age sentimentality. Poor old bungler of a wretched criminal! (*starts washing his hands*)

Scene 3. Satis House.

*Estella is sowing on a cushion at the feet of Miss Havisham.*

*Havisham* Are you sure you are not acting in haste?

*Estella* It doesn't matter, foster mother. Now or later – it makes no difference. There is no reason for refusal or to postpone it. We might as well go through with it at once and have done with it.

*Havisham* Certain matters are better postponed forever.

*Estella* We are so different, foster mother. We are not of the same blood. We shall never understand each other.

*Havisham* What about Pip then?

*(He just happens to enter with a candle.)*

Pip! What a surprise! What brings you here?

*Pip* For the first time Estella went here without me. I wondered why.

*Havisham* Has anything happened, Pip? You seem upset and worn out but at the same time somewhat more mature, as if you had experienced some drastic change.

*Pip* Miss Havisham, my benefactor has revealed himself. To my great surprise it was not you.

*Havisham* No, it was not I.

*Pip* The discovery of my benefactor will not improve my position but rather inflict on it, if I can maintain it at all. I must ask you why you encouraged me in my illusion to believe it was you.

*Havisham* I did not encourage you, Pip. I just let you keep your illusion.

*Pip* Was it kind of you to deliberately let me remain a victim to a self-deception?

*Havisham (angered)* And who am I, that I should be kind?

*Pip* Why did you do it? Was it just to tease and thwart your relatives?

*Havisham* They are all a bunch of greedy hyenas.

*Pip* Not at all, Miss Havisham. Those who constantly come to your house to sit here like expectant vultures may be like that, but Herbert Pocket and his father Matthew, my teacher and his family, are not. They are good and honest people who deserve better than to be classified as greedy hyenas.

*Havisham* They are your friends. What do you wish for them?

*Pip* I have already done what I could myself for Herbert, but others can do more for his family who are more closely related to them. By my new situation I can unfortunately not do anything more right now.

*Havisham* Your admonition may be justified, and I will think it over. What more do you have on your mind?

*Pip* My love for Estella, which I so far kept as a secret, concealing it from you in the blind faith that it was part of your plans and schemes. To my horror it has dawned on me that you have only been using my good faith all the time, as a kind of object and plaything to practice your hatred of men on. But I still love Estella as much as when I saw her for the first time as a child. I have always been faithful to you, Estella, and to you alone.

*Estella* You dreaming boy, didn't I warn you? There appear to be feelings and fantasies that I cannot understand. Your words do not touch me, Pip.

*Pip* I ran into that clout Bentley Drummle at the inn on the way here. Is he still pursuing you?

*Estella* I am going to marry him.

*Pip* That supercilious cad! You can't be serious! You can't love him, Estella!

*Estella* I don't know what love is. It means nothing to me, Pip.

*Pip* You can't throw away yourself and your life on such a superficial rogue and opportunist!

*Estella* Who else would I throw away myself on? Would I waste myself on someone who soon would realize that I could not have any feelings for him and make him as unhappy as you? I respect and regard you as a brother, Pip. That is why I have left you in peace. Bentley doesn't understand anything and feels nothing and thinks he could use me, while it will rather be the opposite. Don't imagine that he will be happy with me. We shall both be well off but no more.

*Pip* Is it Miss Havisham who has brought you to this?

*Estella* No, it was my own decision entirely. She wanted me to wait. We had better separate here, you incurable dreamer. You should be glad that I didn't torture your feelings any more than I did.

*Pip* There is no end to your admirers. Surely there must be more among them who love you like I do. Why then abandon yourself to the worst of them all?

*Estella* Because he is the only one who would not come to harm by it. You know how I am. The cruelty which Miss Havisham planted in me through all my life I don't notice myself that I obviously practice. Go clear of me and save yourself, Pip. That's the best I can do for you.

*Pip* I will never be able to separate from you, Estella. You have grown to be a part of very being.

*Estella* After my wedding you will have forgotten me within a week.

*Pip* Never, Estella! (*gets all upset and rushes out*)

*Havisham* (*wakes up to some insight*) What have I done?

*Estella* You have only brought me up according to your nature. The result is the perfect daughter you never had yourself, the perfect breaker of hearts, who must touch the hearts of men to devastate their lives. I am your life's work, foster mother, and it works.

*Havisham* (*with deep but quiet insight*) Alas, what have I done!

#### Act IV scene 1.

*Herbert* How bad is it?

*Wemmick* Unfortunately there are grounds for worrying. It has been observed in Australia that a notable rich sheep dealer has disappeared without a trace. Since this sheep dealer is an ex-convict deported for life the risk is that some authority will be notified.

*Herbert* And Compeyson?

*Wemmick* He is alive and well.

*Herbert* Is he on to it?

*Wemmick* He if anyone should be. But the worst thing is, that Pip's house is under surveillance.

*Herbert* How can we warn him?

*Wemmick* I already did. His gatekeeper has a clear message from me to him, which expressly warns him against going home. As soon as he gets it he should come here directly.

*Herbert* So we could expect the good Handel here at any moment?

*Wemmick* Yes.

*Herbert* Wemmick, I can trust you, since you are as initiated as Jaggers in this intricacy in which we find ourselves. One of the problems is that our man from Australia has succeeded too well. Handel is more than a gentleman. He doesn't know that I know, but I have seen him through. He was the one who gave me the office I now hold by sacrificing half of his year's income.

*Wemmick* Honestly speaking, Herbert Pocket, it doesn't surprise me. Pip is completely blinded by his unfortunate love for that icily cold-blooded beauty Estella, and it's for her sake alone that he succumbed to the temptation of becoming a gentleman, which turned into his life's ambition, while he probably would have been happier and had an easier life if he had stayed on at the forge with his brother-in-law master Joe.

*Herbert* He thought Miss Havisham was his protector.

*Wemmick* And unfortunately none of us had the right to relieve him of that illusion, while Miss Havisham herself was only amused and felt flattered by it.

*Herbert* And that's where he probably is now. The risk is that he is making some settlement with them.

*Wemmick* And ends up right in this mess with the increasing concern and worries about our friend in Australia and his growing mortal danger.

*(Enter Pip suddenly and agitated.)*

*Pip* What luck! Here you both are! What has happened?

*Wemmick* You had better not go home for some time, Pip. Your house is under surveillance.

*Herbert* You look worn and torn and pale, Handel.

*Pip* No wonder. Where is Provis?

*Herbert* In complete security for the moment, Handel. We have housed him with my girlfriend's discouraging father, who makes such a noise that no one willingly visits the house. Provis is lodged behind him where no one can suspect that there is a quiet and prudent old pensioned pilot, who is quite satisfied with spending his days stuffing his pipe and playing patience.

*Pip* What would I do without you, Herbert?

*Herbert* How were our ladies Havisham?

*Pip (more bitter)* I would rather not talk about it. Estella is marrying Bentley Drummle, of all rotten scoundrels. We have separated forever.

*Herbert* Something tells me, Handel, that such a misalliance hardly could last and perhaps not even for a short time. Never say never. We all three grew up together. Such bonds are more difficult to dissolve than a marriage.

*Pip* Alas, Herbert, at least I have been forced to give up for the moment. May she marry, and may Bentley Drummle perish in the relentless Havisham hatred of men if he wants to. I can't be sorry for him. Instead I am now free to concentrate on my poor exposed godfather. How is he?

*Herbert* He is here. He has been expecting you, Handel. *(opens a discreet door)* Come out, uncle Provis. Your lad is here.

*Magwitch (enters)* At last, my boy! Everything will be all right! I am not the slightest bit appalled by the situation. I am ready for anything. The only thing that matters is that I am here with my Pip, who once saved my life enough for even me to put down an effort to do something proper of my life.

*Pip* We must leave the country, uncle. That's your only chance. I am being watched since someone must know that you have returned.

*Magwitch* I will not leave this country again without you, Pip.

*Pip* That's what I mean. That's why I must follow you.

*Herbert* All is about ready already. The house in which Provis lives is by the river. We are both excellent rowers, Handel. If we practice on a regular basis, no one will suspect that we have a plan. When a convenient ship leaves for Australia, we have our uncle and pilot ready here to follow, and you will both get on board. Such a simple plan can't go wrong.

*Pip* Herbert, your provident wisdom never ceases to astonish me. What do you think, uncle? Are you with us?

*Magwitch* If you follow, Pip, I will follow. That's how simple it is. It was perhaps irrational and foolhardy of me to come back to England, but I just couldn't keep away. I had to see my gentleman. I had to see if my life's venture had succeeded. Jagers gave me only short reports about your debts. I wanted to see what the reality looked like and discovered to my infinite joy that it excelled all my wildest expectations. Your great expectations, Pip, transcended my strongest wishes and dreams. The rest does not matter. I am satisfied and old enough to be indifferent to what more destiny could have to offer, and if it's only death I have nothing to complain of. I am content.

*Pip* Thank you, uncle. Then this enterprise shall be all that we engage in from now on, and I pledge my life on the responsibility for your safety. Nothing

must go wrong or further imperil our existence, and if anything would go wrong, it shall be entirely on my responsibility only and on no one else's.

*Magwitch (takes Pip's hands between his own and shakes them tenderly)* What a gentleman I succeeded in making of you, Pip! I just wished to make an ordinary gentleman, but he himself turned into the best one! How wouldn't I be pleased and proud and happy to have succeeded so utterly beyond all expectations to reach such a wonderful conclusion of my life after such a thoroughly miserable and wretched life from the start!

*Wemmick* I think, gentlemen, it's time for some dinner.

*Herbert* You said it, Wemmick! That's the only thing missing!

*(They start contentedly preparing for their dinner. Magwitch goes back into his room.)*

*Wemmick (aside)* May I commit myself to giving you some good advice, Pip?

*Pip* I know since of old, Wemmick, that you only give good advice. Go right ahead.

*Wemmick* Considering the precarious situation with the sword of Damocles hovering over your uncle's head, I would advise you to directly transfer his assets to a safe account.

*Pip* I can't touch a penny more of his assets, Wemmick. He has given me more than I can ever repay him. It's over now with my wasteful life at the cost of another. I thought it was all right by Miss Havisham for the sake of Estella, but now that doesn't work any more. I have lost Estella, and Miss Havisham is replaced by my uncle, whom I cannot use. It's over with my great expectations, Wemmick. Now all that matters is to save the life of my uncle. Not until he is back in safety in Australia with me, there could be any question of using his money for any constructive purpose again.

*Wemmick* It was just some good advice, Pip. You don't have to follow it. *(exchanges a glance with Herbert, and they understand each other.)*

One more thing, Pip. Jaggers has had a small letter from Miss Havisham, in which she asks you to visit her on a small matter of business. *(gives him a note)*

*Pip (reads it)* Yes, it's just what she says. A matter of business. It will probably be the last time I see her, now that Estella is gone. *(stares blindly in front of him. Wemmick and Herbert observe him.)*

## Scene 2. Satis House.

*Havisham (alone)* When will this flower at last have withered long enough? Now it stands alone in the flowerbed, since its only company, the rarest and most radiant of roses, which I myself furnished with mortally poisonous and sharpest thorns, been plucked and robbed of me by a churl. Well, it's my own fault, and my punishment for my life and crimes is that I may never wither to extinction.

*Pip (entering with a candle)* Miss Havisham, you asked me to come.

*Havisham* Yes, I did. Thank you, Pip, for coming without delay. You became such a peerless gentleman.

*Pip* I have never before seen you so lonesome.

*Havisham* You if anyone have reason to hate me, and still you regard me with some compassion. Thank you, Pip, and forgive me.

*Pip* For what?

*Havisham* For Estella, for removing her heart by an operation to replace it with a stone of ice.

*Pip* You are not to ask my forgiveness for that but of her.

*Havisham* She will never forgive me, for such is the nature of that frozen stone of ice that I so carefully and methodically transformed her into.

*Pip* I understand that she is happily married.

*Havisham* No, Pip, she is mortal poison, exactly as poisonous as I ordained her to be. She will torture him to death, if he at all is susceptible to torture. That's why she chose him, because he was so insensitive. Alas, Pip, all I wanted with her was to save her from my own fate. I never wanted her to marry or even to be exposed to men. But then she proved already as a child to have charm and beauty, and I realized she would become irresistible. Then I found myself obliged to do my best to harden her against the men by turning her into an efficient instrument of vengeance in my hands. But I never could imagine, Pip, that she would happen to such a man as you. Yes, Pip, as women we are criminal, we used you as a means of practice for our implacable hatred of men, we are guilty, and it was unpardonable, since your heart proved more human, more warm and more sensitive than we thought possible for any man. Too late I realized that you would have been the very right man for my Estella. Then she was already accomplished in her education as a destroyer of men, and I couldn't annul the long education and have it undone.

*Pip* Who were her parents?

*Havisham* I don't know. I asked Jiggers for a small girl to be able to take care of and bring up as my own. After some time he brought her, and I adopted her and gave her the name of Estella.

*Pip* I know who her mother is. She is Jiggers' housekeeper, a tamed wild animal whom he a long time ago saved from the gallows for a jealous murder. She was in that context also accused of having taken the life of her child, which never could be proved. That's why he could get her acquitted and the child saved by placing it with you.

*Havisham* So you know the mother. Who is the father?

*Pip* No one knows. Probably some other criminal.

*Havisham* Jiggers would probably know.

*Pip* In that case he would never reveal it.

*Havisham* So we have saved Estella for an even worse fate than her parents'. Well, Pip, to our business matter. You asked me to do something for the honourable branch of the Pocket family. I will do so. How much does the poor family need?

*Pip* Nine hundred pounds.

*Havisham* A neat sum. Since you are the one who defines it I trust that it covers all what they need without surplus. I will give Jiggers authority to pay it. The matter is actually already formally settled. I just needed the figure. *(takes a paper and writes)* Nine – hundred – pounds. There you are, Pip. My best regards to Jiggers. Is there nothing you want for your own part?

*Pip* My hands are full, Miss Havisham, with troubles and worries in which you have no part and no blame, no matter how unhappy you managed to make me.

*Havisham* I have asked your forgiveness and wish that I could atone for it all, however impossible I realize that to be. What kind of troubles?

*Pip* Human troubles, that cannot be resolved with money.

*Havisham* Consequences of the revelation of your true benefactor?

*Pip* Miss Havisham, consequences caused by the same person who ruined your life.

*Havisham* Compeyson?

*Pip* He served seven years on a galley for his crimes but is still a criminal and a threat against my benefactor's life.

*Havisham* That even you should be struck by that villain's curse!

*Pip* Not yet. So far he constitutes only a threat and worries.

*Havisham* And your benefactor had his life ruined by him just like me?

*Pip* Yes, Miss Havisham.

*Havisham* Then I should know him. And you can't tell me who it is?

*Pip* You are unknown to him. He has never seen you. Consequently you can't know him either.

*Havisham* Well, Pip, let it be. Wheel me one last time around my wedding and funeral banquet table, and then go out to your own life and leave mine forever. I leave you in peace but will ask you and Estella of forgiveness until I die.

*Pip* If she ever gives it I will also grant it.

*Havisham* Not everything is lost yet, Pip. Still something could be saved. An idiot like Bentley Drummle is just a parenthesis.

*Pip* I just hope he will not harm her.

*Havisham* She can't be harmed, Pip. I have made that certain. Her wedding with such a man could only end worse than this (*indicates the wedding table*) but only for him. She is safe by that special womanliness I gave her for an inheritance, which is more than all my fortune. Love her, Pip. You were the only one worthy of her. She is yours and belongs to no one else.

*Pip* You try to give me hope in an abyssal night of storms and thunder.



*Havisham* That is the night, Pip, which I lived through all my life of only remorse, hatred and nightmares, which I now believe myself to descry an end of. I discarded all the others, Pip, even your good friend Herbert Pocket, but I could never dismiss you, for you always outlived all your trials and proved alone to be able to keep it up as a gentleman. Wheel me around my wedding table, which will turn into my funeral requiem party. Every time I make this last sightseeing journey of my life I see all the brilliant sparkling wedding guests that never arrived, but they are with me in the timelessness of eternity. The eternal bride is always celebrating her wedding but without a bridegroom in another better reality than this one. Never celebrate a

wedding, Pip. Here you see the naked truth behind all weddings and marriages – just rotten lies and eternal decay without even any hope for any final conclusion or disruption.

*(Pip quietly wheels her around the rotten wedding table and then out from there while the light slowly fades out.)*

Act V scene 1. The Thames.

*Pip and Herbert come rowing in with Provis for a pilot and a sailor's bag in the rear.*

*Herbert* So far everything has gone well, and the weather is with us. We felt watched and followed all night, but the more frightened you are, the less you usually have to be fear.

*Pip* We are here, uncle. All we have to do now is to remain here waiting for the ship. Soon we will be out of England and free, uncle. Then it's over. *(gently touches Provis' knees)*

*Magwitch* As you wish, my dear boy. You have been grand all the way. I am proud of you. I would never have left England without you.

*Herbert* There is just one detail missing in the story of your life, uncle. You never told us about your wife.

*Magwitch* She was of the same kind as I, more wild than tame, born and grown up in the gutter, a beggar child, soft and what's worse, with a terrible temper. She had gipsy blood. She was deadly jealous of me. We even had a little child, a little daughter. When she was caught for homicide she was also accused of having killed our child. Jiggers got her acquitted. The child murder could never be proved. No one knows how the child died, since they never found any body.

*Pip* What was her name?

*Magwitch* Molly. Life never gave her any chance. We found each other in our misfortune of injustice. We had both been sentenced innumerable times, so we couldn't figure out who had got most sentences, but we had that in common, that we were frequently unjustly condemned, like when I received a worse punishment than Compeyson who was the real calculating criminal, who managed to get away most of the times while those he used were charged with his crimes. The mere thought of him awakens the volcano inside me approaching some eruption. I never killed, but he is the only one I could murder and with every right without any second thoughts and with nought but a feeling of having done the right thing. He scoffed me and said: "What a wife you have, who takes the life of your own child!" Like his accusations and renouncements led to my verdict, so did his accusations bring her to trial.

*Pip* What happened to her after he acquittal?

*Magwitch* I have no idea. I suppose she vanished in the multitude.

*Pip (to Herbert)* Jiggers' housekeeper is called Moly, and she is Estella's mother.

*Herbert* Do you remember when Jiggers showed us her hard rugged hands?

*(to Magwitch)* Did she have hard hands with many scars, as if she often had been in fights?

*Magwitch* She always got mixed up in fights. Her hands were terrible. If any woman could be a strangler she was the one. That's what she was charged with. I don't know how her victims died, but it certainly was not intentional nor calculated. It was one of her usual fights. Perhaps it was an accidental homicide, but her hands could strangle without her knowing what she was doing. She could never kill anyone on purpose, no matter how wild and furious she could be.

*Herbert* Uncle, we know her.

*Magwitch* How come?

Pip She is Jagers' housekeeper, who he has kept for twenty years. How long is it since Jagers got Molly acquitted?

Magwitch Twenty years ago.

Herbert And Jagers' housekeeper is called Molly and answers directly to your description of her.

Pip And what is more...

Herbert Handel, look! The schooner is coming!

*(Some smoke is seen by the horizon, which is increasing. All three look that way.)*

Pip Our liberation is here, uncle. Soon we will be free.

Magwitch I am happy and content with my hero of a gentleman. He always transcends all my greatest expectations.

Herbert *(points another way)* Handel, look!

Pip The custom officials. What do they want from us?

Herbert Who is the man aft, who is concealing his face?

Pip It must not be...

*A voice (in a megaphone from outside)* You have a returned deported convict on board. He is sitting in the stern. His name is Abel Magwitch and he calls himself Provis. I arrest that man and urge him to give himself over and you to assist me in that.

*(The other boat suddenly comes up along side with them, rowed with four oars by four river policemen. The speaking one holds the rudder. By his side the man stands who hides his face. Magwitch turns around, sees his persecutor, attacks him at once, snatches away the protection of his face, revealing a partly terribly disfigured face, which at once expresses the greatest terror and fear. Both vanish over board. Pip's and Herbert's boat is wrecked, they also fall over board but are rescued by the river policemen to the other boat. The schooner in the meanwhile just goes on under constant tooting while horrified and hysterical passengers cry out on board pointing at the accident.)*

Policeman 1 *(after the schooner is gone)* I can see a face.

Policeman 2 Let's save him for God's sake.

Herbert It's Provis.

*(He is fished on board badly hurt.)*

1 He has had a cut in his breast and another in his head.

2 The schooner must have struck them.

1 What about the other one?

2 Not a trace.

Magwitch *(in great pain and with great effort)* Now I am satisfied, Pip. I have committed my life's first and last murder. I have made justice. Now I can die in peace. And you are my gentleman, whom I leave behind, the only good thing I did in life.

Pip Uncle, your daughter is alive, I know her, and I love her.

Magwitch *(digests this for a while)* Pip, you constantly excel yourself. I knew the fellow to put the wages on the first time I saw you. You are not bad, and you are the first one I met who wasn't. *(passes out)*

1 We must have him cared for at once.

2 Has he got anything on him?

1 Just a big purse.

2 It is now the property of the crown with everything he owns.

1 And the other one, his informer?

2 Not a trace. He will turn up as a corpse in time, if the sea hasn't taken him already.

*(The boat slowly starts to move away under a melancholy mood. Herbert does his best to take care of Pip, who never lets go of Magwitch's hand.)*

Scene 2. At court.

*Jaggers* Your honour, as his attorney since many years, so that I actually may claim to know everything about him, I must insist, that this is not just an ordinary convict ejected by society to a lifetime of criminal life. For twenty years he has led an exemplary life in Australia as a diligent and respected citizen who by hard work managed to make a considerable fortune in property and capital.

*Judge* His exemplary career in New South Wales cannot annul the fact that he as deported for life returned to England, well aware of the severest punishment of the law as an unavoidable welcome greeting.

*Jaggers* I must insist though that there are extenuating circumstances. Why was he so eager to make a decent living with a fortune in Australia, and why did he risk all this by coming back? The only reason was a ward whom he loved, a simple orphaned apprentice of a blacksmith out by the sea, who once proved to have a heart and compassion with an abominable escaped convict enough to offer him a helping hand. The convict never forgot this and only therefore settled for a decent and honourable life in order to be able to make of this boy a gentleman. And he succeeded in this remarkable idealism. The boy became an exemplary gentleman, which all who knew him can bear witness of. Then this ultimate human trait appears in the deported convict in his weakness, that he wishes to see this gentleman in reality. And he risks everything just for this.

*Judge* Go on.

*Jaggers* This young gentleman understands better than his foster father himself what a mortal danger he runs by reappearing in England and at once takes measures to follow him back to Australia himself. An unhappy turn of fate arranged, that the convict's life's fiend, a former employer, who consistently used his employee criminally to give him the blame for it and get away with all the profits himself, kept himself informed of the deported convict's business and actions and was alerted when he left Australia, to make ready to immediately report him when he reached British soil. He succeeded in this exactly as the convict and his ward were prepared to leave England for good. The dramatic confrontation occurred off Gravesend on open waters, in which the ship, which was to carry the convict and his ward out of England for good, ran into their rowing boat and over the convict himself, who attracted deadly wounds in his head and breast with two broken ribs that cut into the lung, in which accident the informer himself perished. Now I ask your honour and justice: is it fair to send such a dying man to the gallows after all his self-sacrifices, of which the greatest was to risk his life just to see his ward?

*Judge (with careful consideration)* Mr Jaggers, in your speech you have taken into account all human touching details of the case resulting in a story that in its sincere truth cannot leave any heart untouched. I grant that you are perfectly right in asserting that there are almost overwhelming extenuating circumstances. We cannot overlook the law however, not change it or make exceptions, since that would be to dissolve it and undermine the entire system of law and order. You must have been aware of this already before you composed your appeal and surely, as the astute and prominent lawyer you are, not had any illusion about the case but realized that it was hopeless. A convict deported for life has returned to England, and the punishment of law for that is death. That is all. Nothing can alter this except perhaps some distant new law in the future, when it is too late, when already too many have been sacrificed for similar crimes, who morally could have been the opposite. I accept your appeal for what it is: a gesture and demonstration for a more human legislature, and as such it will be filed. Thank you, Mr Jaggers, for trying to make higher and better justice than what we and the law are capable of. *(concludes the session.)*

Scene 3. In prison.

Magwitch is lying dying, Pip sits beside him holding his hand.

*Magwitch* So they insist on hanging a sick and dying man?

*Pip* We have tried everything, uncle. Jagers has appealed, I have written petitions to all thinkable authorities and even to Her Majesty, and a pardon in the last moment is not excluded.

*Magwitch* It is autumn, Pip, and I am satisfied. I couldn't have had it any better. I am happy and content with you. My life never got a chance to get out of the misery I was born in, but you gave me that chance and something to live for. I am satisfied. I succeeded in making a real gentleman.

*(Pip bends over and kisses his hands, which are holding both of Pip's.)*

*Magwitch* Tell me again about my daughter.

*Pip* She is alive. She is very beautiful. She was taken care of and brought up by a rich and noble lady. She became the finest lady in the world.

*Magwitch* What a pity that I may not see her. I would have loved to see you two together. So she became a fine lady without my help?

*Pip* Yes, the very finest.

*Magwitch* And you love her?

*Pip* She is the love of my life.

*Magwitch* Don't tell me more. It's enough. I don't want to know any more. Thank you, my boy, for alone having gilded my life, but by this last gift my blessing is doubled. I am satisfied. I felt it, when I left, that I went home to die, to meet my destiny and to settle with the injustice of my life. I succeeded beyond all expectations on every point. Thank you, Pip. *(brings his hands to his lips and kisses them)* Also you have at least done something good in life. We will not have suffered in vain, when we will be able to show up ourselves to eternity. That, Pip, is the best result you can reach in life: not to have suffered in vain.

*Pip (bends over him and cries quietly)*

*Magwitch* That's enough, Pip. I have settled with life. You still have it ahead of you. You still have your great expectations. Take care of my daughter, and be happy. *(dies)*

*Pip (bends down over him and cries)*

*A guard (coming up)* It's over, Sir. He escaped at last. Justice can't harass him any more. *(claps him gently, who must rise and be off, inconsolable. The guard supports him as he totters out.)* Can you make it, Sir?

*Pip* Have I reached this far, I should at least be able to also find my way home. *(staggers away. The guard watches him leave, considerably worried.)*

Scene 4. Pip's apartment, on the verge of collapse.

*Pip comes staggering in.*

*Pip* I just wanted to cry out my eyes, but it will not work, for my despair is too unfathomable. Pip, you have lost everything. You have absolutely nothing left. All your dreams have been crushed, and all your closest kin have perished with them. Herbert, I don't blame you. You got a fine job in the Orient and have departed with honour, and I might follow you leaving everything to join you in the flattering capacity as your bookkeeper. Perhaps I'll never see you again. But first I must get well, if it is possible, for this heart has been broken too thoroughly to be able to withstand the latest strains. Jagers and Wemmick are quarrelling with me for not having saved my uncle's fortune while I could. Now everything is lost, and every penny, that he worked as a slave to save for me, is taken by the crown. My only joy is that he was allowed to die without knowing it. He thought his enormous fortune safe

in my and Jaggers' hands, but there was no document to verify it, and everything went down the drain of government bureaucracy.

And what about Estella with her unblest foster mother Miss Havisham, what has become of you? Is he beating you? Is he abusing you? I witnessed how he reated his horses with greater brutality than any animal, and I fear he can't treat women any better. And I loved you so, Estella! How could you deny yourself such a sincere and honest love? Miss Havisham took the blame and bitterly regretted her education of her when it was too late, and now she is dead, at last through with her life of only anguish and languishment.

And Joe and Bidly, my only true friends, who I treated shamefully by neglecting them for years, how could I atone for what I failed in my duties towards them?

Don't accuse me, Jaggers. I only wanted to do what was right. When my benefactor made himself known with his story, with the extraordinary sacrifices he made for just an idea, an unattainable ideal, the perfect gentleman, who he tried to turn me into with the power of his money, how then could I accept any penny more of his riches? He had made me a gentleman, but as the gentleman I had become I had to refuse to accept any penny more.

*(Enter two dark gentlemen.)*

What do you want?

1 We are looking for Mr Pip Pirrip.

*Pip* I am the one.

2 We are here for a distraint of 127 pounds.

*Pip* I have no money and am ill. Wait until I get well.

1 We have already waited too long.

2 A distraint is a distraint.

*(Pip collapses completely.)*

1 What shall we do?

2 *(feeling his front)* He has a burning fever. Put him there on the sofa. *(They do so.)*

1 We will have to wait with the distraint.

2 At least until he gets well.

*Joe (has entered inconspicuously)* How much is it?

2 127 pounds.

*Joe* I have savings. I can pay.

1 Are you related?

*Joe* I am his brother-in-law.

1 Well then. That settles it. Sign here, and the debt is transferred to you.

*Joe (signs with difficulty)* I can pay it all within a week.

2 Then we beg to recommend ourselves.

*(The two dark gentlemen raise their hats and leave.)*

*Joe sits down with Pip.)*

*Joe* Pip, old chap, when we heard rumours about you not being so fine a gentleman any more, Bidly told me to immediately go to you. I arrived just in time. *(dries his front)*

*Pip* Is it really you, Joe?

*Joe* Yes, Pip, old chap, I should have come sooner, but we knew nothing. Your Estella is married in France, Miss Havisham is dead, who wasn't your benefactor at all, while your real benefactor also is dead and has taken all your great expectations with him.

*Pip* It was all the fault of Miss Havisham's faithless husband, the most ruthless and rotten of all scoundrels!

*Joe* We know. He is also dead.

*Pip* How do you know all this?

Joe Your guardian Mr Jaggers was very particular about his companion Mr Wemmick keeping us carefully informed about how you carried on, so that we would not worry.

Pip Good old Joe! You have watched over me during all my absence! What kind of caretakers were here to visit me?

Joe They were no caretakers, Pip. They were debt-collectors, but you are free of all debts.

Pip Who paid them?

Joe Biddy taught me to read and write, so I could sign yours truly.

Pip You good old Joe! I will pay you back every penny!

Joe You do as you like, old chap, but you don't have to.

Pip You are healing my broken heart, Joe.

Joe I hope so indeed.

Pip How is Biddy?

Joe Only well. She is Mrs Joe Gargery now.

Pip Joe! At last!

Joe What do you mean, 'at last'?

Pip At last you got yourself a worthy housewife! My sister only beat us up!

Joe She did indeed. But she sure was handsome before she beat us.

Pip If ever anyone deserved someone, it was you and Biddy who deserved each other.

Joe I say so too. That's why we married.

Pip I must come home, Joe. My years as a gentleman are my only lost years. I was only happy at home with you. May I come back?

Joe What a question, Pip! But first you must get well.

Pip I will get well at once if only I may come out in nature away from this stifling London with its terrible streets crawling with criminality and oozing with vile stench!

Joe You will come home, Pip, as soon as you are strong enough. And then we'll celebrate! What larks, Pip, we shall have again, from morning till midnight!

Pip (*tenderly embracing him*) O, thank you, Joe, for never letting me out of sight!

Joe That's the very last thing I could have done, Pip, old chap.

(*They cry their hearts out in each others' arms.*)

## Scene 5.

The garden of Satis House, like later in Act II scene 1.

Estella I could lose everything except this magic garden of this magic house, where I was imprisoned as a child to have my life saved from the men. Miss Havisham, all your efforts were in vain. Your treatment of men only led me to forsake the best of them and to accept the worst of them to spare the others. Yes, foster mother, you succeeded in turning me into a breaker of hearts, but by being married to the only one whose heart couldn't be broken, since he had no heart, I only succeeded in breaking the only heart that did not deserve it. You know that by now in your heaven, Miss Havisham, but can it be atoned for? (*walks further on out of sight in her own ponderings.*)

(*enter Pip*)

Pip This is where I and Herbert fought it out the first time for Estella's heart and favours. Here I saw her for the first time, when she unlocked the gate for me. Here we had all our most sincere conversations. Where is she now? Lost like all the others? No one was a winner in this drama except Joe and Biddy, who found each other, because they were out of it.

*Estella (discovers him) Pip!*

*Pip* Estella!

*Estella* What are you doing here?

*Pip* What are you doing here yourself? I thought you were in France and happily married!

*Estella* I have come back.

*Pip* Yes, I can see that, but why?

*Estella* I am a widow, Pip. My husband died in a riding accident. He maltreated one horse too much.

*Pip* I hope he didn't maltreat you.

*Estella* He did, but I survived every maltreatment, which you also seem to have done.

*Pip* Estella, the years have gone by, we have suffered much and gone through much, but we are still back where we started in the same garden.

*Estella* I came back here to possibly take over Miss Havisham's timeless role as an eternally lost bride.

*Pip* She is dead, Estella, but we are alive. Even she must not have suffered in vain. Perhaps she is the one who now has rejoined us. I haven't been here since her death.

*Estella* Neither have I.

*Pip* What will you do?

*Estella* What do you advise me to?

*Pip* Clear out at last all the ghosts from our lives and this house, Estella. Tear down all curtains and draperies covering the windows and let in some light! I have dreamt of one day being able to do that ever since I was a child. Miss Havisham cultivated her ghosts, but we have nothing to do with them. Restore the house, Estella, put it in order, chastise this wonderful wild garden but not more than necessary, let the light into our lives, and let us live! That's what we are for, Estella.

*Estella* Your advice is good, Pip, but aren't we a bit too old and mature to try to start all over from the beginning, as if we still were children?

*Pip* We don't need to, Estella. We were always like brother and sister, and Herbert was like a cousin. Don't forget that your father made me his adopted son and heir, although it was all taken by the crown.

*Estella* We are united in his fate, Pip, and also in Miss Havisham's, as they both were victims to the same evildoer, the spider's web of whose perdition we all were unsuspecting victims of.

*Pip* Estella, something tells me that we at last are too experienced and mature to ever again have to suffer from painful departures from each other.

*Estella* I think you are right, Pip. We don't even have to marry, since we already have each other, like we did from the beginning without really being aware of it.

*(She leans her head against his shoulder, and they quietly walk out together.)*

*The End.*

*Diskit, 1.9.2009,  
translated in April 2020.)*

*Some recommendation.*

Few writers are as difficult to dramatize as Dickens, since he has his own personal style, which in every way is incomparable and unsurpassable. His often presented children as leading characters doesn't make it easier. This could be seen as an effort at a compromise with the impossibility of dramatizing Dickens: the idea occurred, that it could be possible to turn "Great Expectations" into a theatre play, if you commenced it after Pip's childhood. The great difficulty is of course the boat scene on the Thames, which with modern technique nevertheless presents a challenge which even can be mastered by enough illusory presentation on stage in spite of all, and even without water, if though both Pip, Herbert and Magwitch should be brought up again wet through.

Good luck, all producers and directors!

Christian.