

MRS JOE AUDITION PIECE P 7 AND 8

MRS JOE: (Off.) Where's that boy?
JOE: You be careful, Pip. She's after you.
She's on the rampage.
MRS JOE: (Off: louder.) Where is that boy?
JOE: And the worst of it is, Pip, she's got
Tickler with her. You hide here, old chap.
PIP hides. Enter MRS JOE.
MRS JOE: Where is he?
She finds PIP.
MRS JOE: So there he is. The little wretch.
She beats PIP.
PIP: Thank you.
(MRS JOE gives them their supper: a
chunk of bread each).
MRS JOE: Here's your supper. Wears me out it does,
feeding you. Wears me down to skin and
bone. And me so sick and weak. So be
grateful. Go on. Be grateful.
(JOE eats. He keeps wanting PIP to
compare slices. PIP is about to eat, but
remembers the convict. And all the while
MRS JOE cleans and cleans.)
MRS JOE: Why didn't you marry a slave
and be done with it? Tell me that.
(PIP finally manages to hide his slice.)
JOE: That won't do, Pip. Won't do at all.
MRS JOE: What won't do?
JOE: You'll do yourself a mischief, Pip.
It'll stick somewhere.
MRS JOE: What'll stick?
JOE: You can't have chewed it at all.

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MRS JOE: Chewed what, you big booby? Chewed what?

JOE: You know, Pip, you and me is always friends, and I'd be the last to tell on
you any time. But such a bolt! Such a great uncommon bolt as that!

MRS JOE: Been bolting his food, has he? You come along here and be dosed.
(She gives JOE and PIP a dose of revolting medicine.)

MRS JOE: Tar. Does you a power of good. And here's a dose for you and all.
You've had a turn. You could do with it.
(PIP and JOE choke on the revolting medicine. A distant gun goes off.)
And there's the guns going off. As if I didn't have enough to do without
guns

JOE: Another convict off.

PIP: What's a convict?

MRS JOE: Convicts are them that gets imprisoned in hulks.

PIP: But what are hulks?

MRS JOE: Haven't I enough to do what with scrubbing and toiling and cleaning and wearing myself down to the bone? And me so sick and weak? How should I have time to answer questions?

PIP: But what are they?

MRS JOE: Hulks is where people are put because they are bad. Because they rob and murder and steal. Because they are generally wicked. And they always begin by asking questions.

Now go to bed the pair of you. Blundering boobies! Go to bed.

Exit JOE and MRS JOE. PIP takes the food to the hungry and cold

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JOE: There's surely no harm in half a day off.

MRS JOE: Oh! Did you hear that? Did you hear that?

MR WOPSLE: At him, mum. Keep at him.

MRS JOE: To say that to me. A married woman.

To be told that by my husband. My own husband.

The insult! Mr Wopsle, I have been insulted. By my own husband!

And by the boy, Mr Wopsle! Insulted by that ungrateful boy!

The boy that I brought up by hand!

He'll be the death of me, Mr Wopsle. Me so sick and weak.

And it's the ingratitude! The ingratitude that cuts me to the heart!

The ingratitude of one brought up by hand!

And me so sick and weak! I cannot bear it!

I simply cannot bear it! O! O!! O!!!

MRS JOE goes on the rampage. Then she bursts into tears.

MR WOPSLE: Sad and bereft the lady weeps. Her cruel husband deprives her of her sleep.