

## YOUNG PIP AUDITION PIECES

PAGE 5

(His words conjure up PIP, as a young boy.

MAGWITCH the convict suddenly appears as if from a dark pit and grabs PIP.)

MAGWITCH What's your name, boy?

Quick. Give it mouth.

PIP Pip, sir.

M Where's your mother?

(PIP points to gravestone).

PIP There, sir.

M Where do you say?

PIP There, sir. 'Also Georgiana." My mother.

And there's my father. 'Late of this parish.' And my brothers. Twelve brothers, sir.

M So where do you live? Supposing I lets you live. Which I ain't decided yet.

PIP With my sister, sir. Mrs Joe Gargery. Wife of the blacksmith, sir.

M Blacksmith?

PIP Yes, sir.

M You know what a file is?

You know what wittles is?

Then you bring me a file and you bring me wittles or I'll have your heart and liver out.

And see here, boy. I ain't alone. There's a young man with me, boy, and in comparison with that young man I am an angel. This young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself of getting at a young boy, and at his heart, and his liver. A boy may lock his door, and he may be warm in bed, may draw the clothes over his head and think himself safe, but this young man will creep his way to him and tear him open. Now what do you say?

PIP I'll bring you what you want sir.

M: And what's that?

Pip: That's a file, sir. And wittles.

M And you'll be secret?

PIP: Very secret.

M Say 'The Lord strike me dead if I don't'

PIP The Lord strike me dead if I don't.

M And you'll remember?

PIP If you'd let me stay upright, sir, perhaps I wouldn't be sick, and I could remember

better. Please let me go.  
M                      Bring it in the morning then, boy. In the morning!  
PIP                   Goodnight, Sir

AUDITION PIECE 2

PAGE 14, 15 16

(ESTELLA leaves him. PIP crosses over to JOE, MRS JOE and MR WOPSLE and is back in the forge.)  
MR WOPSLE          Well, boy. How did you get on up town?  
PIP                   Pretty well.  
MRS JOE              Pretty well is no answer.  
MR WOPSLE          Now, boy. Miss Havisham. What was she doing when you went in to see her?  
PIP                   Sitting.  
MR WOPSLE          Good! This is the way to have him! And where was she sitting?  
PIP                   In a coach.  
MR WOPSLE          Excellent. Hear that, mum? In a coach. We are beginning to hold our own. In a what did you say?  
PIP                   A coach. A black-velvet coach. And Miss Estella whom I think is her niece handed her cake and wine through the window. On a gold plate. And I got up to eat miné, because she told me to. I think it was because of the dogs.  
MR WOPSLE          Dogs?  
PIP                   Four immense wolfhounds. And they fought for veal cutlets out of a silver basket.  
MRS JOE              Is this possible, Mr Wopsle?  
MR WOPSLE          She is flighty, ma'am. Very flighty. And what did you play at?  
PIP                   Flags.  
MRS JOE              Flags?  
PIP                   Etella waved a blue flag and I waved a red one and Miss Havisham waved one. with little gold stars  
MR WOPSLE          See, ma'am. They played with flags.  
MRS JOE              But what could it all mean?  
PIP                   And I'm to go back in a week.

Exit MRS JOE and MR WOPSLE. Joe.

JOE          What are you telling me, Pip? You don't mean to say it's all untrue?  
PIP          All of it.  
JOE          But not all of it, Pip. Not all of it.  
PIP          Every word, Joe. I'm sorry.  
JOE          You mean to say there was no black welwet coach? NO flags? No veal cutlets? Oh, come on, Pip, if there weren't any veal cutlets at least there was dogs?  
PIP          No, Joe.  
JOE          A dog?  
              A puppy? That's terrible, Pip. That's awful. What possessed you?  
PIP          I wish you'd taught me to dance.  
JOE          What's that got to do with anything, Pip, old son?  
PIP          And I wish my boots weren't so thick and my hands so coarse.  
JOE          What's come over you, Pip, old chap?

PIP Joe, there was a beautiful young lady there and she said I was common.

JOE But you are not common, Pip. You're uncommon on some things. I mean, you're uncommon small.

PIP Joe, that's no comfort.

She told me I was common and I looked at myself and knew.

I am common. And that's where the lies come from, somehow.

JOE Lookee here, Pip at what I said to you by a true friend. And this true friend, Pip, this true friend do say: if you can't get to be uncommon through going straight, you'll never get to do it through being crooked. So don't tell any more on 'em lies, Pip, and live well and die happy. And what larks, eh, Pip. When you're my regular "prentice. What larks.