

FADE IN:

1 EXT. MARSHES, KENT - DUSK 1

A BOY runs across the dark, flat wilderness of the North Kent marshes. A bitterly cold December evening, the misty light is fading and the boy races as if trying to outrun the darkness.

This is PHILLIP PIRRIPI - 'PIP'. He is eight years-old.

2 EXT. CHURCH, MARSHES - DUSK 2

A small, squat church sinks on the boggy ground. A yew tree - PIP snaps off a twig and adds it to the forlorn bunch of wintry sticks he carries.

A modest tombstone bears the inscription;

Five tiny lozenge-shaped graves mark the childrens' final resting place.

PIP lays his modest tribute and sets about brushing away the weeds and dead-leaves that clutter the grave -

- as an IMMENSE FIGURE looms behind him and snatches him up. PIP goes to cry out, but a filthy hand is clamped across his mouth as he is hoisted, weeping and struggling, into the air.

THE CONVICT

Hold your noise! Hold your noise, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!

The convict is a formidable figure, immense and terrifying, his head and face brutally shaven and scarred. His name is MAGWITCH, though we won't hear this spoken aloud for some time.

MAGWITCH

Tell us your, name! Quick!

PIP

Pip!

MAGWITCH

Once more! Give it mouth!

PIP

Pip! Pip, sir!

Then PIP is flipped upside down, held by his ankles, shaken.

MAGWITCH

Got wittles on you, boy? Tell me!

PIP

No, sir!

- then upright again, he's seated on a tombstone, his tiny face held in massive, manacled hands.

MAGWITCH

What fat cheeks you ha' got. Darn me if I couldn't eat em. Where's your mother?

PIP

There, sir!

(MAGWITCH flinches -)

'Also Georgiana', with my father. 'Late of this parish'. My brothers too.

MAGWITCH

An orphan, eh? Who d'you live with? That's supposin' I you live.

PIP

My sister, sir - Mrs Joe Gargery, wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir...

MAGWITCH

Blacksmith, eh?

(a moment)

You know what a file is?

PIP

Yes, sir.

MAGWITCH

And you know what wittles is?

PIP

Yes, sir, food, sir.

MAGWITCH

(breath hot on PIP's face)

Now I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me in comparison with which I am an angel, has a secret way of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver, so that they may be roasted and ate. It is in vain for a boy to hide from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, and that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open...

(MORE)

MAGWITCH (CONT'D)

(whispers in the ear of the
terrified boy)

You bring me tomorrow morning early, at
yonder battery, that file and them
wittles - never daring to say a word -
and I will do what I can to keep that
young man out of your insides.

Understand?

(PIP nods)

Speak it out!

PIP

Yes, sir!

MAGWITCH

Now. Get you home.

PIP turns, tumbles away, pausing just long enough to turn
and see the convict disappear into the misty graveyard.

3 EXT. MARSHES, KENT - DUSK 3

PIP runs towards home as fast as he can. His stride slows.

A gibbet hangs over the road, empty but still sinister in
the gathering gloom.

PIP steps warily beneath, then starts to run once again.

4 EXT. GARGERY HOUSE, MARSHES - NIGHT 4

PIP's home adjoins the forge. Made of wood, the house is
modest but comfortable enough, and a safe refuge now.

PIP barrels towards the door, and straight into -

5 INT. KITCHEN, GARGERY HOUSE - NIGHT 5

JOE GARGERY, the blacksmith - a rich Kentish accent.

JOE

There you are! Your sister's been out a
dozen times looking for you, old chap.

And on cue, a ferocious cry comes from outside.

MRS JOE (O.S.)

PIP! PIIIIIP!

With practiced efficiency, JOE takes a towel, wads it up,
uses it to pad the back of PIP's trousers.

JOE

She's on the rampage, Pip, and she's got

And as her monologue continues, PIP slides out from his hiding place and exchanges looks with his ally JOE.

A mute conversation; 'you alright, old chap?', 'thank you,

- 7 INT. LANDING, GARGERY HOUSE - DAWN 7
- Every floorboard creaks as PIP tip-toes past JOE and MRS JOE's bedroom. A glimpse through the door - his sister snoring.
- 8 INT. LARDER, GARGERY HOUSE - DAWN 8
- PIP lifts the lid from a stoneware pot and removes a magnificent meat-pie.
- Brandy is poured from bottle to flask, the flask corked, the bottle now half-full. PIP thinks a moment, tops the bottle up with a filthy viscous liquid - tar water. He shakes the bottle in the hope of hiding the deception.
- PIP turns and jumps; a dead hare hangs from the ceiling, its glassy eyes glaring accusingly at the young thief.
- 9 OMITTED 9
- 10 EXT. BATTERY, MARSHES - DAY 10
- Christmas Day is damp and misty as PIP hurries guiltily towards the old fort that is their rendezvous. A seated figure is visible through the mist -
- THE CONVICT is slumped, cold and miserable, on a stone, inspecting the wounds caused by his manacles. PIP approaches, gathers his nerves, and touches the man on his shoulder.
- The figure turns -
- But it's a different CONVICT; gaunt, sinister, with cruel, brooding eyes and a livid bruise on his face.
- He swipes at PIP with his chained hands, and PIP turns and flees, the hunched figure hobbling after him, growling.
- 11 EXT. BATTERY, MARSHES - DAY 11
- Breathless, PIP stumbles on, relieved to see that the cannibalistic young man has gone, for the moment at least. But suddenly -
- MAGWITCH
- Well, did you bring it boy?
- MAGWITCH scoops PIP up into the air.
- PIP
(handing over the bag)
- Yes, sir. Here, sir.

MAGWITCH

And what's in the bottle?

PIP

Brandy.

Back on the ground, PIP watches MAGWITCH drain the bottle of brandy, then set about the pie, scooping great handfuls into his mouth, glaring about him like a starving dog protecting his food.

MAGWITCH

You brought no-one with you?

PIP

No, sir!

MAGWITCH

And asked no-one to follow?

PIP

I would not do that, sir.

MAGWITCH's eyes burn into PIP. Finally -

MAGWITCH

I believe you. A cold-hearted hound you'd be, at your time of life, to hunt down a wretch as near to death and dunghill as me.

PIP, despite himself, is encouraged by the approval.

PIP

I'm glad you enjoy the pie.

MAGWITCH

Thankee, my boy, I do.

PIP

There'll be none left for him!

MAGWITCH

For 'him'? Who's 'him'?

PIP

The young man you spoke of. Who wants to eat my liver.

MAGWITCH

Oh, him?

(Laughs-)

He won't want no pie.

PIP

He looked as if he did.

MAGWITCH
Looked? What d'you mean, looked?

PIP
I saw him.

MAGWITCH
When?

PIP
Just now.

MAGWITCH
Where?

PIP
Down by the river.

MAGWITCH
Dressed like me? Bruised face? Here?
Badly bruised?
(PIP nods)
Give me the file, boy!

Immediately MAGWITCH is sawing wildly at his chains, oblivious to the raw red wounds about his ankles, muttering to himself.

MAGWITCH (CONT'D)
Hunt him down like a bloodhound I will. Let him go free? Let him make a tool of me again and again? That villain? No, I'll take him to the bottom of the river if I have to drag him there myself...

PIP
Goodbye, then sir. A merry Christmas to you!
Goodbye...

And getting no response, PIP shrinks away into the mist.

A Christmas carol, sung with great volume and little tune -

12

INT. PARLOUR, GARGERY HOUSE - DAY

12

A squeeze-box wheezes away. The carol is performed by MR PUMBLEHOOK and the GARGERY's other Christmas guests; MR and MRS WOPSLE and MR and MRS HUBBLE. These clerks and tradesmen are what pass as gentle-folk in the narrow confines of the village, and MRS JOE is appropriately puffed-up.

PIP does his best to slip in un-noticed, but MRS JOE sees him, and discreetly draws her finger across her neck.

12A INT. PARLOUR, GARGERY HOUSE - DAY

12A

Later. The Christmas dinner is laid. PUMBLECHOOK dominates the festivities, a large man with dull eyes and a mouth like a fish.

PUMBLECHOOK

For the great feast that we are about to receive - thanks to ma'am - may the good Lord make us truly thankful.

ALL

Amen.

MRS JOE

Did you hear that? Be grateful!

PUMBLECHOOK

- especially, my boy, to those as what brought you up by hand.

MRS HUBBLE

Why is it that the young are never grateful?

A moment's contemplation of this devastating gambit.

PUMBLECHOOK

Naturally vicious!

Mumbles of 'true, true'! PIP is in hell, but JOE is there.
JUMP CUT - Meal underway, PIP picking at fat and gristle.

JOE

More gravy, old chap?

MRS JOE

Oh, I nearly forgot! Ladies and gentleman, do leave a little room for the savoury pork so kindly provided for by dear Mr Pumblechook.

PUMBLECHOOK

No more than you deserve, ma'am.

MRS JOE

I'll get it now. Shall I get it now? I'll get it now.

Murmurs of approval. She heads off to the larder to search for the treasured pie, now long gone. PIP shrinks further in his seat.

JOE

You look awful white, old chap. Have some gravy -

PUMBLECHOOK
I often say, a slice of
savory pork pie will lie
on top of anything you care
to mention and do no harm.

MRS JOE (O. S.)
It's here somewhere!

MRS HUBBLE
Wise words, as always.

PUMBLECHOOK
Especially with a little brandy....

MRS JOE returns -

MRS JOE
At least it was here. It's gone!

And now PUMBLECHOOK explodes into coughing and retching.

PUMBLECHOOK
TAR WATER! In the brandy!

PIP regards JOE, and the possibility of larks - then MRS JOE, still glaring dangerously. No contest -

15 OMITTED 15

16 EXT. MARSHES, KENT - DUSK 16

As night creeps in, so does the fog. The SOLDIERS advance in loose formation, a long line almost lost to each other in the mist. PIP and JOE pass beneath the old gibbet, PIP regarding it with dread. A whisper -

PIP

I hope we don't find 'em, Joe.

JOE

I hope so too, old chap.

16A EXT. MARSHES, KENT - DUSK 16A

The hunt continues. Voices from the mist -

VOICE (O.S.)

Murder! Help! Help me! Murder!

SOLDIER (O.S.)

Over here! They're over here. Get some light.

Torches are lit ablaze now, their sulphurous flames glowing in the fog as the soldiers, JOE and PIP head to -

17 EXT. RIVER, MARSHES - DUSK 17

A ferocious fight is taking place, with MAGWITCH looming huge and victorious over his slighter opponent.

The second CONVICT's face is a mess of mud and blood, with a vicious gash down one side of his face, the fight so brutal that the SOLDIERS can only stand and watch, too frightened to intervene, spectators in a flame-lit arena. The SERGEANT pushes through -

The ghost of a smile, as he places the large manacled hand

JOE
(a moment, then -)
Ever the best of friends, ain't us, Pip?

PIP
Ever the best of friends, Joe.

JOE
And when you's apprenticed to me - what
larks.

A bellow echoes across the marshes.

MRS JOE (O.S.)
PIP! JOE! GET BACK HERE NOW!

JOE
She must be, what, two mile off?
(PIP laughs)
Best get us back then, old chap.

21 OMITTED 21

22 INT. PARLOUR, GARGERY HOUSE - DAY 22

PIP is tugged and pulled into his best suit.

MRS JOE
Mr Pumblechook here -

PUMBLECHOOK
- her tenant, don't you see.

MRS JOE
- goes to pay his rent and Miss 'Avisham says does he know a boy who might go and play there for her pleasure and Mr Pumblechook, being always considerate and thoughtful of us -

PUMBLECHOOK
- no more than you deserve -

MRS JOE
- mentions this boy, prancing here. He's to go straightaway! For all we know our fortune might be made and all he has to do is play!

PIP
But I don't want to...

The affect on MRS JOE is startling. She reddens, clutches at her heart.

MRS JOE
Listen to me, ungrateful wretch. D'you want to mix with people of quality and breeding, or stay here and rot with this great Lumpen noodle?

PIP
Stay here?

MRS JOE
WHAT! WHAT! WHAT DID YOU SAY!

PIP looks to JOE, but there's nothing he can do. PIP nods

PIP

ESTELLA

She don' t.
 (The gate is closed on
 PUMBLECHOOK. To PIP -)
 Come along.

And with a glance back at the indignant, excluded PUMBLECHOOK, PIP follows her into the house.

25 INT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY

25

The gloomy house is lit by a great many candles. ESTELLA takes one up and leads the way. Portraits and draped furniture can be glimpsed as they make their way up a fine staircase towards a door. They stop outside.

ESTELLA

Are you frightened?

PIP

I don' t know.

ESTELLA

Go in then.

PIP

After you, miss.

ESTELLA smiles scornfully and walks away. PIP takes a breath and pushes the door open...

26 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

26

The room is lit with candles, with no glimpse of daylight. It is the bedroom, and MISS ELEANOR HAVISHAM sits in front of the mirror of her dressing table.

She is quite the strangest lady he - or we - have ever seen. The wedding dress, the gloves, the veil are all decayed to a yellow-grey. The bride too has taken on this ashen, sickly taint.

MISS HAVISHAM

Come nearer. Let me look at you.

PIP approaches gingerly, taking in more of the room; the stilled pendulum, the clock stopped at twenty to nine, the half-packed suitcase, the once-fine clothes now dusty and decayed.

MISS HAVISHAM

Look at me!

(He does so)

You are not afraid of a woman who has never seen the sun since you were born?

PIP

No, ma'am.

MISS HAVISHAM

Then come closer.

(her hand on her chest)

Do you know what I touch here?

PIP

Your heart.

MISS HAVISHAM

!

The word is spoken with a weird pride.

MISS HAVISHAM

I sometimes have sick fancies and I have a sick fancy that I want to see some play. Play. Play!

(PIP stands, frozen)

Are you sullen and obstinate?

PIP

No, ma'am! I am very sorry for you and sorry that I can't play. If you complain of me I will get into trouble with my sister, so I would play if I could, but it's so new here....

She regards him. A moment. Very quiet.

MISS HAVISHAM

So new to him, so old to me, so melancholy. Call Estella! Estella!

ESTELLA is already approaching, lit by candlelight. She walks past him and straight to MISS HAVISHAM. With a strange mechanical movement, a ritual almost, ESTELLA places her head on her lap.

MISS HAVISHAM picks a brooch from the dressing table and places it against ESTELLA's dress, in her hair, watching how the jewels compliment her skin.

MISS HAVISHAM

Your own one day, my dear, and you will use it well.

(she fixes the brooch to

ESTELLA, as if arming her)

Now. Let me see you play cards with him.

ESTELLA

But he's a common labouring boy.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Well?

(whispered, for ESTELLA
only)

You can break his heart.

They both look to PIP.

ESTELLA

What do you play, boy?

PIP

Nothing but beggar my neighbour, miss.

MISS HAVI SHAM

So. Beggar him.

27

INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

27

The card game. MISS HAVI SHAM looks on.

PIP

The jack of diamonds.

ESTELLA

'Jack'! He calls the knaves 'jacks', this boy.

(MISS HAVI SHAM smiles)

And what coarse hands he has, and what thick boots. He's nothing but a stupid, clumsy labouring boy.

Humiliated, fighting back tears, PIP looks to MISS HAVI SHAM.

MISS HAVI SHAM

You say nothing of her. What do you think of her?

PIP

I don't like to say.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Whisper in my ear.

And PIP approaches, until his face is close to MISS HAVI SHAM - the yellow skin, the milky eyes.

PIP

I think she is very proud.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Anything else.

PIP

I think she is very pretty.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Anything else?

PIP

I think she is very insulting. I think I should like to go home.

MISS HAVI SHAM

What? And never see her again?

And PIP looks to ESTELLA. Beautiful. A whisper.

PIP

I think I'd like to see her again.

MISS HAVI SHAM smiles - she has won.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Then you . . . But when, when shall I have you here again?

PIP

Today is Wednes. . .

MISS HAVI SHAM

No Wednesdays, Thursdays, Fridays here, no days of the week, no weeks of the year. Come again after six days. Estella, take him down. Feed him.

28 EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DUSK

28

PIP waits in the yard of the derelict brewery as ESTELLA approaches. She carries a tray of bread, a mug of beer which she places on the floor in front of the boy.

It's as if he were a dog in disgrace. The gesture is so hurtful and humiliating that tears start in Pip's eye.

YOUNG ESTELLA sees this. With an effort PIP struggles to retain his dignity. ESTELLA merely smiles and walks away.

28A INT. GARGERY HOUSE - NIGHT

28A

PIP's slammed into the wall, MRS JOE hissing into his ear.

MRS JOE

Did you disgrace yourself?

PIP

No -

MRS JOE

And did she pay you?

PIP

No -

MRS JOE

Or say she'd do something for us, a reward?

PIP

She wants me to return -

MRS JOE

Then you will return, d'you hear me, you'll return and play nicely until she sees us right. D'you understand?

And she lets the shaken PIP go. JOE looks on, powerless.

29

INT. FORGE, GARGERY HOUSE - DAY

29

A shower of sparks. PIP watches from his usual spot, taking in JOE's thick boots, his coarse, dirty hands, the grime on his face as he hammers to the dirge-like song 'Old Clem'.

PIP holds up his own hands, examines them; the dirt under the scruffy nails. Suddenly, JOE breaks off singing.

JOE

Something wrong, old chap?

PIP

I wish you hadn't taught me to call the knaves jacks.

JOE

What's that, Pip?

PIP pauses for a moment. Then, in a rush -

PIP

And I wish my boots weren't so thick and my hands weren't so coarse and I wish I wasn't common!

He tries to run but JOE stops him, scoops him up -

JOE

Now, now old chap. That's enough now, what's all this talk? 'Common'? Who says you's common? Tell me -

PIP

The girl, at Miss Havisham's.

JOE

But you aren't common in the least, old boy! To my mind you are most uncommon. Uncommon small and an uncommon scholar...

PIP

I am ignorant and backward, Joe.

JOE

And what of that letter you wrote, with the fine 'J' and the 'O', the most uncommon 'O' I ever saw...

PIP

I know nothing! You think much of me, that's all.

JOE

And ain't that something, old sport? Ain't that something?

PIP reads aloud from a scrappy Bible -

PIP

'...and the Lord said unto Aaron 'Thou and
thy sons and thy father's house..

An apple core hits him on the forehead. A classroom

And while their teacher sleeps the class read aloud in a monotonous whisper. BIDDY catches PIP's eye. She smiles.

32 INT. VILLAGE CLASSROOM/SHOP - DAY 32

The class files out. BIDDY looks up. PIP is waiting there.

PIP

I wonder if...you might teach me.

BIDDY

Teach you what, Pip?

PIP

Everything. I want to know everything.

BIDDY

(She laughs -)

? Goodness, well that might take a little time. Pip, whatever for?

For THIS -

33 EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY 33

YOUNG ESTELLA, austere and beautiful, opens the gate. Wordlessly, PIP follows. As they walk -

ESTELLA

Do you know the name of the house, boy?
It is Satis House.

PIP

Is that...Greek?

ESTELLA

Greek or Latin or Hebrew or all three,
for 'enough'.

PIP

Enough House. That's a curious name.

ESTELLA

Don't loiter! It meant, when it was
given, that whoever had this house, could
want for nothing else

34 INT. HALLWAY, SATIS HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS 34

ESTELLA

They must have been easily satisfied.

The shabby remains of the HAVISHAM and POCKET families wait, and wait, and wait.

Three women, one man, shifty, unappealing, they regard PIP as birds of prey might regard a sickly lamb.

SARAH POCKET
(to ESTELLA)
Is this him? Is this the boy?

ESTELLA
(still walking)
None of your business...

COUSIN RAYMOND
Well! Of all the...

CAMILLA
Will she see us today? We have been waiting!

MRS RAYMOND
Waiting all morning!

SARAH POCKET
We only wish to help!

Smiling conspiratorially, ESTELLA whispers to PIP.

ESTELLA
Miss Havisham's poor relations. She calls them her vultures. Ignore them. It drives them

PIP glances back at the glaring relatives and smiles. A sense of mischievous solidarity with ESTELLA -

35

INT. CORRIDOR, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

35

PIP
And are they your relations too?

ESTELLA
Certainly not. I have no relations.

PIP
Then Miss Havisham is not your -

ESTELLA
(stops suddenly, turns)
Well?

PIP
Well, miss?

ESTELLA
Am I pretty?

PIP
You are very pretty.

ESTELLA

Am I insulting?

PIP

Not so much as last time, no.

And ESTELLA slaps him, very hard. Pip gathers himself.

ESTELLA

Why don't you cry?

PIP

(tearful, defiant)

Because I don't want to -

ESTELLA

You cried last time, I saw you -

PIP

- and I'll never cry for you again.

ESTELLA raises her hand to strike again

JAGGERS

Whom have we here?

A large, well-dressed man - JAGGERS, MISS HAVISHAM's solicitor. Powerful, immaculate, self-assured, he takes PIP's chin in his large, manicured hand.

JAGGERS

This is the boy, is it? Well I have a pretty large experience of boys, and you're a bad set of fellows. Behave yourself.

(to ESTELLA)

He's to wait in the ballroom.

36

INT. BALLROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

36

The door is closed on PIP. A fire has been lit in the great, grand ballroom, but the smoke hangs in the air like marsh mist. Rising out of it is the great, long banquet table, covered with dust and mould. In the centre of the room stands the clock, hands stopped at twenty to nine.

Both repelled and fascinated by the sight, PIP moves towards the table's centre-piece, a cake, now overhung with cobwebs and black with fungus.

PIP peers closely, then recoils in disgust as a fat black beetle crawls from beneath the rotten icing. A voice -

MISS HAVISHAM

What do you think it is?

PIP

A cake?

MISS HAVI SHAM

A bride cake. Mine! Take my hand, walk with me.

He does so, starting a slow steady circuit of the table.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Today is my birthday -

PIP

Many happy ret-

MISS HAVI SHAM

I will not have it spoken of! On this day of the year, long before you were born, this heap of decay-

(- the cake -)

- was brought here and we have worn away together. Mice have gnawed at it and sharper teeth than mice have gnawed at me. When the ruin is complete, when they lay me dead in my bride's dress on the bride's table, the curse will be finished on .

PIP

On who, Miss Havi sham?

But ESTELLA, the HAVI SHAMS and POCKETS are waiting in the doorway.

SARAH POCKET

Miss Havi sham. How well you look!

MISS HAVI SHAM

(to PIP)

Ah, the vultures. Estella - feed the boy.

37

EXT. GARDENS, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

37

Eating his lunch, a hunk of bread, PIP starts to explore the strange, overgrown gardens.

- In a courtyard, a once fine coach stands derelict, a remnant of another era.

- The stables, empty and sinister.

- A once elegant greenhouse, twisted and shattered.

- Rows and rows of barrels, the source of the Havi sham fortune, now broken and drained. There's someone there.

- YOUNG ESTELLA, stood still, holding her face up to the warmth of the sun, eyes closed. A private reverie. PIP hides, watches -

- as now ESTELLA skips from barrel to barrel, singing quietly to herself. Youthful, natural, exuberant, not at all the stern and harsh girl we have seen before now. PIP watches, sinking deeper into love, when -

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Who are you?

PIP turns. A PALE YOUNG GENTLEMAN, his own age, lanky and puny.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Who let you in? Who gave you leave to prowl about?

PIP

Estella.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Estella? That !

And now we see ESTELLA's p. o. v, watching unseen.

PIP

Take that back!

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

I will not!

PIP

You will take that back.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

Fight me then.

(and he starts to take off
his jacket)

Regular rules. Come to the ground!

And he starts to prance like some absurd prize-fighter. In her hiding place, ESTELLA stifles her laughter.

PIP, too, isn't quite sure what to do until a feeble jab lands on his arm, and he responds with a neat punch to the pale YOUNG GENTLEMAN's nose. It's as much fluke as skill, but he's surprised to see the boy sprawling on the floor.

The boy takes the blow in very good spirits, dabbing at his nosebleed, springing to his feet.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN

That means you won. Honour is satisfied.
Much obliged. Good afternoon!

And pulling on his jacket, the ridiculous YOUNG GENTLEMAN strides off.

ESTELLA watches this all, her cheeks flush, exhilarated.

38

EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DUSK

38

PIP is shown to the gate once more.

ESTELLA

You are to return the day after tomorrow
at noon and alternate days after that.
Expect no reward.

As she turns the key, ESTELLA pauses.

ESTELLA

You may kiss me. If you like.

PIP

What for?

She simply smiles and offers her cheek.

PIP kisses it. A moment of pure bliss and utter confusion -

And then he is somehow out of the gate, watching ESTELLA walk away.

CLOSE on ESTELLA; her private smile -

39

EXT. THE BATTERY, MARSHES, KENT - DAY

39

- and then on BIDDY, smiling indulgently as PIP struggles.

PIP

... Henry II, Richard I. King John? Henry
III, Richard the...?

BIDDY

Edward I, II and III, Richard II, Henry -

PIP

How do you manage it, Biddy?

BIDDY

Manage what?

PIP

PIP

May I tell you a secret?

BIDDY

I suppose you may.

PIP

I don't want to be a blacksmith. I want to be a gentleman.

BIDDY

Oh I wouldn't if I was you. Aren't you fond of the forge? And Joe?

PIP

Yes...

BIDDY

Then don't you think you'd be happier as you are?

PIP

I have a particular reason.

BIDDY

To do with a certain young lady I suppose. Your princess.

(PIP says nothing)

And do you want to be a gentleman to win her? Or to spite her?

PIP takes this in; the truth is he's not sure.

BIDDY

Once again: Henry III -

PIP

Edward I, II and III, Richard II, Henry IV...

Music up. The wheeze of a harmonium -

40	OMITTED COVER SHOT IN SCENE 29.	40
41	OMITTED	41
42	INT. KITCHEN, GARGERY HOUSE - DAY	42

PIP scrubs at his hands, in an attempt to get the filth off. Wincing, he scrubs and scrubs until the skin is pink and raw.

43 INT. CORRIDOR, SATIS HOUSE - DAY 43

PIP's gentleman-hands are pushing a wheelchair as he sings 'Old Clem'. MISS HAVISHAM sings along in a quavering voice, as if singing in her sleep.

ESTELLA (V.O.)

44 INT. BALLROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY 44

Music plays on an old music-box. ESTELLA is teaching an awkward, clumsy PIP to dance -

PIP

But why?

ESTELLA

Because he was a man of course. This was before I was born. You are out-of-time. Listen -

PIP

So what do you remember?

ESTELLA

I remember nothing. Nothing before Miss Havisham. 1-2-3, 1-2-3

PIP

So is your name Havisham?

ESTELLA

Of course, what other name might it be? You ask a great many questions. I don't ask you about your parents -

PIP

My parents are dead. They died when I was a child.

ESTELLA hesitates, just for a moment.

ESTELLA

Then we are both orphans. And that is all we have in common.

Suddenly -

MISS HAVISHAM

Estella!

PIP and ESTELLA start guiltily.

MISS HAVISHAM
What are you doing?

ESTELLA
(stepping away from him)
Teaching Pip to dance. Like a gentleman.

MISS HAVISHAM takes this in.

MISS HAVISHAM
You are growing tall, Pip. Bring the
blacksmith to see me.

45 OMITTED INCORPORATED INTO 44 45

46 OMITTED INCORPORATED INTO 47 46

47 INT. CORRIDOR, SATIS HOUSE - DAY 47

JOE, absurd in his Sunday Best, looks in the mirror, licks his hand and smooths down a stubborn tuft of hair as ESTELLA leads PIP and JOE towards MISS HAVISHAM's room.

PIP holds JOE's hand, reassuringly. But as they reach the door, he drops it.

48 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY 48

Imperious, MISS HAVISHAM surveys the Blacksmith who, in his anxiety and confusion, insists on addressing all his answers to PIP. ESTELLA watches, amused.

MISS HAVISHAM
You are the husband of the sister of the
boy?

JOE
Being that I hup and
married your sister, by
which I meantersay -

PIP
Just say yes, Joe. Just
'yes'. Yes, Miss Havi sham.

MISS HAVISHAM
And you have reared the boy with the

MISS HAVISHAM

The boy has made no objection to the trade?

JOE

Larks being the great wish of your heart, Pip -

MISS HAVISHAM

Enough! Estella -
(she looks up)
Bring me that purse.

Reluctantly, ESTELLA does so.

MISS HAVISHAM

Pip has earnt a premium here. Here are five and twenty guineas. Give it to your new master, Pip. You are now a blacksmith. Goodbye.

ESTELLA
It seems unlikely.

And with this she turns and, holding the lamp aloft, walks away.

C. U. on ESTELLA - her private sadness.

JOE holds out his hand. A moment of hesitation, then PIP takes it and walks off into the darkness.

FADE TO BLACK:

The sound of hammering, the roar of a furnace.

CAPTION. TEN YEARS LATER...

FADE IN:

51 INT. FORGE, GARGERY HOUSE - DAY 51

The noise, sweat and soot of the forge. Face and hands black from the smoke, the ADULT PIP hammers at the red hot iron. Nineteen now, he has grown into a fine, handsome young man; dark-featured, strong, determined.

JOE works nearby, well into middle-age now, but still retaining his child-like gaucheness. He and PIP eat a makeshift lunch, tearing at bread with sooty hands.

There's a figure in the doorway; ADULT BIDDY, now in her early twenties, carrying a pile of books. More womanly, a little neater, but with the same pleasant, open face.

PIP
Joe, may I?...

JOE nods assent.

52 EXT. MARSHES, KENT - DAY 52

PIP and BIDDY run full pelt across the marshes. A beautiful summer's day.

53 EXT. THE OLD BATTERY, MARSHES, KENT - DAY

BI DDY
Go on. . . Pi p?

PI P
I wi sh. . . I wi sh I cou ld fall i n l o ve wi th
you.

BI DDY
Oh.

PI P
Can I say thi s to you?

BI DDY
Don' t mi nd me.

PI P
I wi sh that I cou ld l o ve you and my work
and settle down wi th Joe at the forge,
and that we cou ld all be si tti ng here
together, three completel y di fferent
peopl e. I wi sh that I cou ld be content,
but. . .

BI DDY
You cannot.

PI P
(' No')
Mi ght you be content wi th me?

BI DDY
I mi ght. But then I' m easi l y pleased.

A smi l e. Pi p takes her hand, but i n consolat i on now.

BI DDY
Do you thi nk of her very often?

54

EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY

54

The house remains unchanged. Illicit, a trespasser, PIP
loiters at the chained gate, hoping for a glimpse of a
face at the window.

No sign of life.

INT. FON1E, GA1ERYHOUSE - DNIGHsurt4 Q Q Q 17 /F278 19 12 re W n /

A figure steps out of the shadows. A large, well-dressed man with a dark complexion, a face from the past.

MISS HAVISHAM'S solicitor. JAGGERS.

56

INT. KITCHEN, GARGERY HOUSE - NIGHT

56

JAGGERS seems incongruous and uneasy in the humble kitchen.

JAGGERS

You are Phillip Pirrip, commonly known as Pip, am I right?

PIP

Yes, sir.

JAGGERS

And this is your brother-in-law, Joseph, or 'Joe' Gargery.

JOE

I am that man.

JAGGERS

Your wife, Mr Gargery?

JOE

Dead, sir. Bad heart. Passed away this five years, sir, while on the rampage and I miss her every -

JAGGERS

Condolences. My name is Jaggars and I am a lawyer in London. I am pretty well known. I have unusual business to transact with you and I commence by explaining that it is not of my originating. If my advice had been asked, I would not be here. It was not asked, and you see me here. Do you understand?

(Nothing from PIP and JOE)

Joseph Gargery, I am the bearer of an offer to relieve you of this young fellow your apprentice. I am here to inform you that he has great expectations!

(PIP and JOE

uncomprehending.)

He has come into a handsome fortune, and it is the desire of the present possessor of this fortune that he be removed from his present circumstances and brought up as a gentleman in London.

PIP, his heart beating fast, turns to JOE.

JAGGERS

Now. Do you have any objections?

PIP

No...no, I don't think so...

JAGGERS

There are, of course, conditions. The first is that you always retain the name of Pip. You have no objection I daresay.

PIP

I...have no objection.

JAGGERS

The second stipulation is that the name of the liberal benefactor remains a profound secret until the person chooses to reveal it. You most positively prohibited from making any enquiry on this question. Do you understand?

PIP

I understand.

JAGGERS

Mr Gargery?

Throughout the above, JOE has gone into a sort of trance.

JAGGERS

Mr Gargery, this is for you.

(A purse -)

Twenty guineas. As compensation. For the loss of his services.

He drops the money on the table. JOE stares at it.

JOE

If you think money can make compensation for the loss of the little orphan what come to the forge and was ever the best of friends...

JAGGERS

Yes, the sentiment is touching, now do you want the money or no -

And JOE is standing suddenly, fist raised, red-faced.

JOE

If you're a man, come on!
Bull-baiting and badgering
me in my own home. Well
come on! Come on I say!

PIP

Enough, Joe! Please, enough

-

And JOE sits back down. Gingerly, JAGGERS returns the money to his pocket.

PIP escorts JAGGERS from the house.

JAGGERS

Well Mr Pip, I think the sooner you leave here the better. Shall we say one week?

PIP

And what will I do in London?

JAGGERS

'Do'?

PIP

What will be my trade, my profession?

JAGGERS

A gentleman. You will be a gentleman.
(He offers his hand -)

BIDDY

Oh, they do very well here, do they?

PIP

But if, when, I choose to bring Joe into a higher sphere, they will hardly do him justice -

BIDDY

And don't you think he knows that?

(PIP is taken aback)

Have you never considered that he may be proud?

PIP

Proud?

BIDDY

Yes, proud, too proud to let anyone take him out of a place that he is competent to fill and fills well and with respect - I thought you knew this! I thought you of all people would know him best of all!

And BIDDY walks off briskly, leaving a pensive PIP.

JOE has been watching. He smiles.

64

INT. KITCHEN, GARGERY HOUSE - NIGHT

64

Late that night. JOE sits in front of the fire as PIP, dressed in his old clothes, stands behind him and cuts his hair. A scene that has taken place many times before, but anxious now, JOE frightened almost. Until -

PIP

You know I shall never forget you, Joe.

JOE

Ever the best of friends, old chap.

JOE lays his hands on PIP's.

And they lapse into silence once more.

65

OMITTED

65

65A

EXT. GARGERY HOUSE - DAY

65A

And now it's time to say goodbye. PIP is walking away, when he feels something hit him in the back. He turns to look - a shoe, thrown by JOE.

JOE

Sorry! It was meant for luck.

Another shoe comes flying - BIDDY's now. And another, all of them laughing, as PIP dodges the hail of shoes, turns and leaves. As BIDDY cries, JOE comforts her.

65B EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY

65B

PIP stands at the gates of Satis House, practicing his lines, his elocution.

PIP

Miss Havisham I wished to say. Good afternoon, Miss Havisham, I wondered if I might...

A figure approaches with a lamp; MISS SARAH POCKET, one of the vultures. She regards him with undignified contempt.

SARAH POCKET

What do you want?

65C INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

65C

MISS HAVISHAM sits at her dressing-table, as before, but older, frailer, more decayed. Around her, waiting on her word, are the vultures - CAMILLA POCKET, COUSIN RAYMOND, MRS RAYMOND, their faces grim and resentful. SARAH POCKET shows PIP in.

MISS HAVISHAM

Pip! Pip! Come join us. How handsome you look in your finery. Come closer!
(with malicious relish)
You remember my cousin Sarah Pocket. She works for me now. I like her.

SARAH scowls, takes her place amongst the POCKETS.

PIP

(choosing his words)
I came to take my leave of you, Miss Havisham -

MISS HAVISHAM

Yes, I have seen Mr Jaggers, I know all about it. You are adopted by a mysterious benefactor?

PIP

Yes, Miss Havisham.

MISS HAVISHAM

How mysterious! Who is it be? But isn't that wonderful news, everyone!

The POCKETS, the vultures, are speechless with rage, but powerless. MISS HAVISHAM is positively gleeful.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Go now. All of you, go -
(the POCKETS file past the
usurper, glaring. The two
of them now -)

She's abroad, Pip, educating for a lady,
far out of reach; prettier than ever;
admired by all who see her. Do you feel
that you have lost her? Be patient, Pip.
I'm sure your paths will cross.

PIP

I hope so.
(taking her hand)
Miss Havi sham, I wished to say how
grateful I am for -

MISS HAVI SHAM

Hush now, Pip. You will always keep the
name of Pip, you know.
(JAGGERS' words exactly. She
returns to her mirror)
Goodbye, Pip. Goodbye.

66 INT. SMITHFIELD MEAT MARKET, LONDON - DAY 66

And we are plunged straight into the heat and filth of the
meat market on a summer morning; no scenic view, no
splendour, just the noise and bustle of a working city.

Clutching JAGGERS' address in one hand, a carpet bag in
the other, PIP alights from his coach and is immediately
overwhelmed by the clamour and chaos.

67 EXT. JAGGERS' OFFICES, SMITHFIELD - DAY 67

PIP staggers to the door of JAGGERS' s office, an
unprepossessing ramshackle affair.

He forces his way through a crowd at the door; a shabby,
desperate lot, all awaiting the lawyer's return.

68 INT. JAGGERS' OFFICES, SMITHFIELD - DAY 68

Two ghastly black plaster heads sit on a high mantel piece.

A clerk stands on a chair, dusting them. Short, pock-
marked, square-faced, this is MR WEMMI CK.

WEMMI CK

Mr Jaggers' I'll be with you shortly, Mr
Pip. He's at the Bailey, getting evidence
together.

PIP
 (The heads-)
 Whose likenesses are they?

WEMMICK
 'Likenesses'? This is their true selves!
 Casts made in Newgate, fresh from the
 gallows. Murderer, and a forger of wills.
 Very crafty in particular, this one but
 the evidence was too strong.
 (To the death mask)
 Not so crafty now are you, my friend?
 (WEMMICK steps down off the
 chair, shows PIP a ring on
 his finger)
 This was his too. Made a gift of it to
 me, just before the end.

And with a shudder, PIP notices that WEMMICK wears a number of similar rings; dead mens' jewellery, two handfuls of it.

WEMMICK
 Not worth much, but they're portable, and
 they're property. That's my guiding star,
 Mr Pip; get hold of portable property.
 (a bustle at the door)
 That's Mr Jagers now.

And sure enough, JAGGERS bursts into the room, surrounded by an extraordinary gaggle of clients and suitors. Even as he addresses PIP he keeps up a running dialogue with the desperate clients, who swarm around him, bees around a hive. (The following at great speed, italics addressed to PIP, the rest thrown out into the hubbub, like crumbs to pigeons.)

JAGGERS
 Now I have nothing to say to YOU, and I
 want to know no more than I know -
 - and as for you, it's a toss-
 up, I told you it was a toss-up, have you
 paid Mr Wemmick? Yes or no? Yes? Good.
 Now let go of my coat! -
 - One
 more word from YOU and I will throw in
 the case, do you hear? 'Feelings'? Who
 spoke of 'feelings'? We'll have no
 'feelings' here -
 - not another word, not one, or I
 will drop the case, now let go of my coat
 and get out of my way.
 !

HERBERT

Mr Pip?

PIP

Mr Pocket?

HERBERT

I am extremely sorry, but I thought, coming from the country you might like a little fruit. Strawberries!

(a red pulpy mess)

Strawberry jam! Have you seen your lodgings? It is by no means splendid, but I'm sure we shan't come to blows...

He stops in his tracks, stares at PIP, then raises his fists and assumes an absurd boxing stance.

HERBERT

Put them up! Come on, come on...

Is he mad perhaps?

PIP

I beg your pardon?

HERBERT

Take your ground! Regular rules apply!

And PIP remembers too.

HERBERT

The prowling boy!

PIP

The pale young gentleman!

73

INT. CHAMBERS, BARNARD'S INN - DAY

73

SERVING BOYS lay out a meal in the small, comfortable drawing room - a kind of early take-away. Wine is poured and HERBERT tells his story =

HERBERT

I was there with my Aunt Sarah on a trial visit. Miss Havisham fancied that she wanted to 'see me play'. Clearly she didn't take a fancy to me. Poor taste on her part but just as well, otherwise I might have been what-d'you-called-it to Estella.

(PIP leans in)

Affianced. Betrothed. Engaged. But it was not to be.

PIP

I'm very sorry.

Reeling, she stumbles backwards into the dressing table. Jars of powder, jewels fall to the floor. ARTHUR looks on in horror and shame.

79 INT. BALLROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 79

The SERVANTS hear a terrible cry.

79A INT. SATIS HOUSE - DUSK (FLASHBACK) 79A

The wedding veil masks ELEANOR's haunted face as she walks the corridors of the great house.

HERBERT (V.O.)

She received the letter -

PIP (V.O.)

- when she was dressing for marriage -

PIP/HERBERT (V.O.)

- at twenty minutes to nine.

A hand clad in white wedding-lace reaches into a great clock and stops the pendulum. The time is turned back to twenty to nine -

The wooden shutters on the high windows are closed against the summer evening light, the great curtains are drawn -

On the table, the glorious wedding-cake -

A small figure in white retreats into the darkness of the house. The doors slam shut.

80 INT. CHAMBERS, BARNARD'S INN - NIGHT 80

HERBERT

It was a conspiracy between the groom and her brother to defraud Miss Havisham and break her heart. And in that they most surely succeeded.

(a moment)

Let's step out, get some fresh air shall we?

81 OMITTED 81

82 OMITTED 82

83 OMITTED 83

84 OMITTED 84

85 INT. TAVERN - NIGHT 85

PIP and HERBERT, drunk and companionable now, are squeezed into the corner of a smoky Smithfield tavern.

HERBERT

Trade - that's where the money is. In the future I shall trade to Egypt for silks and spices, Ceylon for elephant's tusks -

PIP

But for now?

HERBERT

For now I am a clerk. In a counting house, with a sweetheart whom I can't afford to marry.

PIP

Is there profit in being a clerk?

HERBERT

None whatsoever. Not a penny.

86 EXT. BARNARD'S INN - NIGHT 86

PIP and HERBERT stumble home, pretty drunk now.

HERBERT

But you look about you, you know? That's the grand thing. You go to work every day, and look about you and one day you see your opening and you swoop!

(his arm around PIP)

You know. I don't much care for 'Mr Pip'. I tell you what I should like. Seeing as we are so harmonious, and you have been a blacksmith, would you mind 'Handel' for a familiar name?

(PIP doesn't get it)

The Harmonious Blacksmith? It's by Handel?

(he sings a phrase)

Do you mind?

PIP

I would like it very much.

And arm-in-arm, woozy with ale, they stagger on.

87 INT. JAGGERS OFFICE, SMITHFIELD - DAY 87

Hungover, PIP looks on as WEMMICK unlocks the cash-box. JAGGERS is there, with a told-you-so look.

JAGGERS

Back so soon! Very good, very good. Now I've taken the liberty of enrolling you in a gentleman's club...

87A EXT. FINCHES CLUB, MAYFAIR - NIGHT 87A

The headquarters of -

JAGGERS (V.O.)

The Finches of the Grove. It's quite the thing, apparently, for gentlemen of distinction.

88 INT. DINING ROOM, MAYFAIR - NIGHT 88

A dining room, heavy with cigar smoke, packed with drunken, bellicose young men in evening dress.

STARTOP

As Bullfinch of this Grove, and in the most honoured name of Chaffinch -

THE FINCHES

Fringillae!

STARTOP

Goldfinch -

THE FINCHES

Carduelis!

STARTOP

- and Hawfinch!

THE FINCHES

Coccothraustes!

STARTOP

- may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the noble finches of the Grove! Gentlemen -

THE FINCHES

Huzzah! Huzzah! For the Finches of the Grove.

Glasses are raised and dashed down. On PIP and HERBERT, bemused.

Later, cigars are savoured. PIP coughs, HERBERT whispers -

HERBERT

HERBERT

'Mademoiselle'?

And they collapse into appalled laughter. And -

89 INT. DINING ROOM, MAYFAIR - NIGHT 89

Anarchy now, as the room is demolished in a mad, violent, brawling game, a version of the Eton wall-game. Bread flies through the air, wine sloshes onto clothes and carpet as SERVANTS look on in horror. Bullingdon-style high-jinks.

Instinctively, PIP can't help but tidy-up a little. DRUMMLE watches...

90 OMITTED 90

91 OMITTED 91

92 OMITTED 92

92A INT. HALLWAY, MAYFAIR APARTMENT - DAY 92A

HERBERT approaches, a young woman on his arm; small, pretty, a little fierce.

HERBERT

Handel, this is Clara. My beloved fiancée. Aren't I the lucky one?

CLARA

Herbert, please -

PIP

So pleased to meet you. Shall we -

And they enter...

93 INT. MAYFAIR APARTMENT - DAY 93

Empty rooms, high-ceilinged and refined, a far cry from Barnards Inn. PIP, HERBERT and CLARA look around. HERBERT seems a little wary, but PIP's mind is made up.

PIP

What do you think? It would be at my
expense, of course.

HERBERT looks to CLARA, warily.

CLARA

You're a

95 OMI TTED 95

96 OMI TTED 96

97 OMI TTED 97

98 INT. JAGGERS OFFICE, SMITHFIELD - DAY 98

WEMMI CK opens the cash-box once more.

JAGGERS
I'd like to meet these extravagant
Finches of yours.

PIP
But why?

JAGGERS
Tomorrow evening, no ceremony, no dinner
dress. Shall we say six o'clock? Wemmi ck,
pay him the money.

And JAGGERS is gone. WEMMI CK counts out the money.

PIP
What should I make of him, Mr Wemmi ck?

And now they stand before the strangest house - a small cottage amongst gardens and ditches, unremarkable in every respect except that castle's crenelations have been added to the roof, the windows given fake Gothic frames, a flagstaff and miniature moat added. The result is absurd, but homely too.

WEMMICK

That's a real flagstaff, and on Sunday I run up a real flag. My own doing. Looks pretty, don't it?

102 INT. WEMMI CK' S PARLOUR - DAY

102

They sit down for a simple, pleasant supper.

WEMMI CK

I'm my own plumber, my own gardener, my own carpenter, it's all mine. We're as proud of it as Punch, isn't that right, Aged?

AGED P

All right, John my boy, very good.

PIP

Does Mr Jaggers admire it?

WEMMI CK

Never seen it, never heard of it, never seen the Aged, never heard of him. When I come into The Castle I leave Mr Jaggers behind and if it's not in any way disagreeable, you'll oblige me by doing the same.

PIP

Of course. I quite understand.

WEMMI CK

Though I will give you one piece of advice, Mr Pip. When you dine with Mr Jaggers tomorrow, look at his housekeeper.

PIP

His housekeeper? Why?

WEMMI CK

I'll say no more here, not here. But mark my words - look at his housekeeper, and see a wild beast tamed.

103 INT. DINING ROOM, JAGGERS' HOUSE, GERRARD STREET - NIGHT 103

MOLLY THE HOUSE-KEEPER stands sentinel in the corner of the room, impervious to the chatter of the Finches. PIP is fascinated by MOLLY, watching her intently. Tall, lithe, nimble, early-forties, there's something compelling about her, something familiar.

The Finches complete their absurd ceremony.

STARTOP

- may the present promotion of good feeling ever reign predominant among the noble finches of the Grove! Gentlemen -

THE FINCHES

Huzzah! Huzzah! For the Finches of the Grove.

Throughout this, DRUMMLE sneers and rolls his eyes, and JAGGERS sees him do so.

JAGGERS

Pip, tell me, who's the spider? Blotchy, sprawly, sulky fellow.

BENTLEY DRUMMLE lounges on a chair alone, examining JAGGERS' glassware with a snobbish eye.

PIP

That's Bentley Drumml e. The richest young man in Engl and.

MOLLY delivers the bowl for JAGGERS to wash his hands. A little woozy, PIP stands in the doorway.

PIP

I apologise, if anything disagreeable...

JAGGERS

Pooh! It's nothing, Pip. I like that Spider though.

PIP

Do you? I don't.

JAGGERS

No, quite right. Don't have anything to do with him. Keep as clear of him as you can. But I do like the fellow, Pip. He has great promise. Why, if I was a fortune-teller...

(He catches PIP's eye)

But I am not a fortune teller. You know

HERBERT

(more manic hand-shaking)

Mr Gargery, I've heard a great deal about you.

JOE

(flattered)

You have? But what is there to say?

PIP

A very great deal. Suppose we have a celebration?

109

INT. CHOP HOUSE, FARRINGDON - DAY

109

PIP, HERBERT and a mystified JOE enter. Not a restaurant exactly, but a fashionable eating house; noisy, bustling.

PIP

The finest place in London. The pressed duck is superb.

(WAITERS descend)

They know us here...

A WAITER takes hold of JOE's hat and coat. JOE holds on tight, as if being robbed. PIP places a hand on JOE's arm. JOE lets go...

Jump cut. WAITERS set dishes. JOE tucks the napkin in to his shirt collar as the others lay it on their laps.

HERBERT

How do you find London, Mr Gargery?

JOE

London! London - what a place! a place! 'Course, I wouldn't keep a pig in it myself...

JOE stares helplessly at the array of cutlery. PIP indicates discreetly which spoon to use. HERBERT notices PIP passing on the lesson.

JUMP CUT to later. JOE, a little drunk and garrulous now, is mopping up his gravy with a hunk of bread, as PIP looks on, uncomfortable.

JOE

...and Biddy's ever right and ready, a teacher now, and a fine one too. She sends her regards to you...

HERBERT

Mr Gargery - more wine?

JOE pauses to empty from his glass. Before PIP knows what he's saying -

PIP

Joe, there's really no need to be so conscientious in emptying your glass. The rim should never touch your nose, Joe.

And JOE lowers the glass, and attempts a smile. PIP is mortified, but it's too late. The damage is done.

HERBERT

Gentlemen, if you'll excuse me...

Sensing the discomfort, he leaves. A silence, then -

JOE

(With false brightness)

Well, business concluded, I'll be off!

Flustered, he reaches into his pocket for his purse.

PIP

You are going now?

JOE

Yes I am.

PIP

Put your money away, Joe.

JOE

No, I insist..

PIP

You won't stay the night?

JOE

No, I will not.

(sorting through coins)

Now, I have five bob here...

PIP

For God's sake, put your money away!

His voice is too loud. People are staring. A terrible moment, as JOE puts his money away.

110

EXT. STREET, CHOP HOUSE - DAY

110

PIP follows JOE out into the street.

PIP

At least let me walk you to the coach -

JOE

I'll find my way.

But MISS HAVISHAM is staring over his shoulder, gesturing with her eyes. PIP follows her gaze, and sees;

Out of the darkness steps ESTELLA, all grown-up now. Startlingly beautiful and womanly.

113

EXT. GARDENS, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

113

The gardens are little changed since PIP and ESTELLA played there as children.

ESTELLA

I am to be sent to London. I am to go on show - myself and the jewels.

PIP

Do you wish to go on show?

ESTELLA

Why ask? We have no choice, you and I, but to obey instructions.

They are at the old brewery; the site of YOUNG PIP and HERBERT's fight all those years ago. ESTELLA steps across the barrels - an echo of the past. For a moment, some of that old girlishness returns.

ESTELLA

I watched you, you know. That day, fighting for my honour. I must have been a strange little creature to hide and

ESTELLA

ESTELLA

Oh, I have a heart to be stabbed in or
shot in, and if it ceased to beat I
should cease to be.

(she takes his hand, places
it over her heart)

But I have no softness there, no
sympathy. Sentiment. Nonsense. I've been
made that way.

(PIP is about to speak)

I am serious, Pip. If we're to be thrown
together you believe me. For both
our sakes.

PIP

I'm sorry, I cannot. I will not.

ESTELLA

(A moment.)

Very well. It is said at any rate. Come,
Miss Havisham will be expecting you at
your old post.

And she walks towards the house, PIP following on, his
eyes fixed on her extraordinary beauty.

114

INT. GREAT HALL, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

114

MISS HAVISHAM whispers in PIP's ear.

MISS HAVISHAM

Is she beautiful, graceful, well-grown?
Do you admire her?

PIP

Of course.

MISS HAVISHAM

Then love her, love her, Pip. If she
favours you, love her, if she wounds you,
love her, if she tears your heart to
pieces - as it gets older, it will tear
deeper - love her, love her, her...

(her arm is round his neck,
pulling him in -)

I adopted her to be loved, bred her,
educated her, developed her into what she
is that she might be loved. You know what
is, Pip? Blind devotion, self-
humiliation, degradation, utter
submission, giving up your heart and soul
to the smiter as I did to ...

A voice -

JAGGERS

Miss Havisham!

The lawyer stands in the doorway, ESTELLA a little behind him, breathless, disturbed.

JAGGERS

That is enough excitement for one day.
Pip, you are requested to escort Estella to London tomorrow morning. I suggest an early night. Miss Havisham, shall we take a trip? Once round?

And JAGGERS begins to push MISS HAVISHAM on one of her circuits of the wedding banquet. PIP and ESTELLA share one last look.

115A EXT. GARGERY HOUSE - DUSK 115A

PIP approaches the forge. He must apologise.

116 OMITTED 116

116A INT. FORGE, GARGERY HOUSE - DUSK 116A

JOE is back, hard at work, his back to the door. PIP watches for a moment. About to speak -

But what could he possibly say? Unseen, he slips away without a word.

117 EXT. COUNTRY LANE - DAWN 117

Next morning, and their carriage hurtles towards London. In her furred travelling dress, ESTELLA is more beautiful than ever, and as PIP drinks her in, she leans out of the window, feeling the sun and breeze on her face.

Exhilaration, an escape -

118 EXT. BRANDLEY HOUSE, RICHMOND GREEN - DAY 118

ESTELLA's luggage is unloaded at the door of the fine house of her chaperone, MRS BRANDLEY and her daughter MISS BRANDLEY.

ESTELLA

Mrs Brandley is to be paid a large sum of money to introduce me to society. The jewels and I. We are to be shown to people and people are to be shown to us.

PIP

May I come and see you?

ESTELLA
Of course. Miss Havisham expects it.

PIP
And may I kiss you again?

She thinks a moment. Then steps back and, in the shadow of the coach, offers up her cheek.

PIP kisses her, then searches her face for some response. Impassive, emotionless. Nothing.

ESTELLA
Goodbye, Pip.

119

EXT. LONDON STREET - NIGHT

119

PIP
I love her, Herbert. I adore her.

PIP and HERBERT, a little drunk and sentimental.

HERBERT
You've always adored her. You brought your adoration and your luggage here together.

PIP
If I adored her then, I adore her twice as much now.

HERBERT
Lucky for you then, that you're picked out for her.
(PIP looks to him)
How can it be otherwise?
(A deep breath -)

120 INT. JAGGERS OFFICE, SMITHFIELD - DAY 120

Hungover, PIP looks on as WEMMICK unlocks the cash-box once more.

JAGGERS

I see bills from vintners, bills from jewellers, bookmakers. I expected you to go wrong, Mr Pip, but really you're excelling yourself.

PIP

I'll endeavour to show more restraint -

JAGGERS

Do as you will, it is no business of mine. Wemmick, give Mr Pip the money he requires. Now if you'll excuse me...

And he heads off to his office. As he opens the door, PIP glimpses a figure; BENTLEY DRUMMLE. JAGGERS shakes his hand warmly. DRUMMLE catches PIP's eye - an insolent grin.

The door is closed on PIP -

121 OMITTED 121

121A OMITTED 121A

121B OMITTED 121B

INT. STAIRCASE, BALL, RICHMOND - NIGHT

Spoiling for a fight, the Finches storm down the staircase into -

123

INT. BALLROOM, ASSEMBLY ROOMS, RICHMOND - NIGHT

123

A grand society ball is in full swing. The room is packed with young London's brightest and finest. But none is more striking, more beautiful and startling than ESTELLA.

She stands amidst a pack of love-lorn suitors; handsome, high-society men. The FINCHES storm in and, sensing trouble, the crowd parts.

ESTELLA catches swaggering DRUMMLE's eye, and offers up a radiant smile. Then she sees PIP.

Their eyes lock, and for a fleeting moment, there's a look of startling sadness and regret in ESTELLA's eyes -

Then it is gone, and once again she is beautiful, cold, invulnerable. She takes DRUMMLE's hand.

DRUMMLE

A waltz!

The music begins, and ESTELLA and DRUMMLE start to dance.

All this is observed by JAGGERS, dispassionately observing the resolution of a plan.

PIP can take no more. Devastated, he flees. ESTELLA spots this, stops dancing abruptly and goes to follow -

- but DRUMMLE's meaty hand grasps her bare arm.

DRUMMLE

The dance is not yet over.

The other DANCERS see this confrontation.

ESTELLA

Remove your hand, sir.

Their eyes lock - a challenge. ESTELLA is unflinching. DRUMMLE concedes. ESTELLA departs, leaving her would-be lover standing alone, humiliated.

JAGGERS, watching, smiles.

124

OMITTED, INCORPORATED INTO SC. 123.

124

A verandah overlooks the Thames. Alone, PIP contemplates the view and his own misery, when;

ESTELLA

ESTELLA

Oh, Pip. Why do you think?

A moment. The music from the ballroom can still be heard and, without speaking, ESTELLA crosses to PIP and takes his hand.

Nervously, PIP places his other hand on ESTELLA's waist. A breathless, intimate moment, their faces close as they dance.

Then a voice -

JAGGERS

Lovely evening, isn't it? A storm later.
So they say. Estella - Mr Drumble
requires your presence.

(ESTELLA hesitates)

Urgently.

(she leaves)

You should hurry home, Pip.

PIP

I thought...I was led to believe...

JAGGERS

Dangerous to presume anything, Pip.

And he leaves PIP in his agony. Over the Thames, a crackle
of1ver the Thames, 8

129

INT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

129

- in an echo of the graveyard scene, a figure LOOMS UP behind PIP, step towards him, arms outstretched. PIP shouts out -

PIP (CONT'D)
Who are you?! What are
you. . .

MAGWITCH
I startled you!

PIP
What do you want?! How did
you get in here?

MAGWITCH
Forgive me, Master, I
didn't mean to startle you.

PIP
GET AWAY FROM ME!

PIP looks to the door, and MAGWITCH braces himself,
dangerous now -

MAGWITCH
Who's there?

PIP
No-one.

MAGWITCH
This here 'erbert - ?

MAGWITCH

How about a drink first?

130 INT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

130

MAGWITCH pours rum into glasses.

PIP

How have you been living?

MAGWITCH

A sheep farmer, stock breeder, in the New World, many a thousand mile off.

PIP

You've done well?

MAGWITCH

I've done wonderful well. Seems you've done well too.

MAGWITCH takes in the apartment.

PIP

I have, thank you, and I'd like, if I may, to give you this gift -

(His pocket book-)

A token. For old times. Before you go. Here -

And he holds out a one pound note to the convict.

MAGWITCH regards the money for a second; not insulted, just a little amused.

He folds the money lengthwise, gives it a twist, holds it to the candle. As he watches it burn -

MAGWITCH

Might a varmint make so bold as to ask you you have done well, since we were on those marshes?

PIP

I have come into some property.

MAGWITCH

And might a varmint ask property?

PIP

I cannot say her name. There are conditions.

MAGWITCH

Conditions. Hm. Could I make a guess as to your income? Might the first figure be...5?

And a terrible truth starts to dawn for PIP. In a great rush -

MAGWITCH

And a guardian, you will have had a guardian, a lawyer maybe, with a name beginning with a...J?

(PIP stumbles to the door)

A 'J' perhaps who might have sent me your address when I landed in Portsmouth? A Mr p'raps?

(and MAGWITCH is upon him, embracing him)

Yes dear boy, I've made a gentleman of you! I swore that time as sure as I ever earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you. I lived rough so that you should live smooth, I worked hard that you should be above work. And when the blood horses of them colonists kicked up dirt in my face, and they called me a convict, a common fellow, I said to myself 'I'm making a better gentleman than you will ever be'

(tears in his eyes now-)

And Pip - you're him! I made you! I'm your father, Pip.

PIP

You are not my father!

MAGWITCH

Your second father then, and you're my son, no, more to me than any son!

(His hands are on PIP's face now, drinking in the sight of him)

Look at you, dear boy! Look at these lodgings, fit for a lord, and this watch and this ring and your linen and your clothes. And your books too, hundreds of them! Read 'em all, have you? You shall read 'em to me, dear boy, and I shall be so proud to think that I'm the maker of such a man!

And MAGWITCH's arms are once again around his 'son', a son who feels nothing but fear and repulsion for this man.

131

INT. BEDROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

131

Dawn is breaking as MAGWITCH lies in clean white linen, taking in his boy.

MAGWITCH

How good-looking you've grown. Isn't there bright eyes somewhere wot you love to think on?

(PIP nods. MAGWITCH
whispers)

Then her eyes shall be yours too, dear boy, if money can buy 'em.

(PIP tries a smile)

Now I must sleep, long and sound. A long time since I slept. You'll keep a watch, my boy?

PIP

I will.

MAGWITCH

Because, look here, caution is necessary. I was sent for life. It's death to come back. I should be hanged if took.

PIP

You risked your life to come to me?

MAGWITCH

That's right, dear boy.

PIP

But I don't even know your name.

MAGWITCH

Magwitch. Abel Magwitch. And now, I think that I will sleep.

And he closes his eyes, and is almost instantly asleep.

132

INT. BEDROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY

132

Morning comes. PIP sits in the same spot, watching over the sleeping convict, taking in his coarse features, the creased, scarred face, the powerful, tattooed hands - his 'father'.

On the bedside table a jack-knife lies, huge and sinister, its blade exposed, ready for use. On the mantelpiece, tightly-bound rolls of cash, high denomination notes, more money than PIP has ever imagined. PIP holds one in his hand.

Sunlight is on the pillow; MAGWITCH stirs. PIP returns the money to the pile, crosses to the curtain, and is about to pull it shut -

Outside, in the park, a silhouetted figure in the dawn light. Tall, thin, sinister, he stares implacably at the window.

PIP pulls the curtain closed.

133

INT. JAGGER'S OFFICE, SMITHFIELD - DAY

133

PIP storms past WEMMI CK into JAGGERS' office, to find his guardian on his feet, uncharacteristically defensive.

JAGGERS

Now, Pip, be careful, be very careful...

PIP

Is it true?

JAGGERS

And don't commit yourself, don't tell me anything I don't want to know...

PIP

Is what I have been told true?

JAGGERS

'Told' implies verbal communication, you can't have verbal communication with a man in New South Wales.

(WEMMI CK loiters)

Wemmick, the door.

WEMMI CK pulls the door closed, and takes a seat.

PIP

I was led to believe -

JAGGERS

- nothing, Pip. You believed what you chose to believe. I am not responsible for that. Now, have an

WEMMI CK clears hi s throat - a look to JAGGERS.

JAGGERS

Well, I suppose you might as well hear it from me as anyone. The Spider has played hi s hand, Pi p.

134 EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY

134

PIP, on horseback thi s time, arrives breathless and agitated at Satis House. He rides up to the front gate, dismounts, pulls urgently at the bell.

A figure saunters towards the gate with an arrogant swagger. BENTLEY DRUMMLE, a supercilious grin plastered all over hi s face.

DRUMMLE

Can I help you?

PIP

Open thi s gate, Drumml e, or I swear...

DRUMMLE

Why, i t' s the ' smi thi e' s boy! Don' t lose your temper, ' smi thi e' s boy. Seems to me you' ve lost quite enough already...

And he opens the gate.

PIP barges past hi m, DRUMMLE' s mocking laughter ringing out behind hi m.

135 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY

135

MISS HAVISHAM and ESTELLA are in their usual place, the old lady petting the beautiful girl who, nevertheless, seems to carry an extra weight of sadness with her today.

MISS HAVISHAM

Pi p! What wind has blown you -

PIP

ENOUGH!

ESTELLA looks up, startled at PIP' s defiance. Yes, there is something of the knight-of-old about PIP thi s time.

PIP

What I have to say to Estella I will say before you. But Miss Havi sham; when you first took me from my home, I came as a kind of servant, to gratify a whim and be paid for it.

MISS HAVI SHAM

Ay, Pip -

PIP

And when I fell into my mistake, of
imagining that you were my benefactor -

MISS HAVI SHAM

- I let you go on.

PIP

Was that... kind?

MISS HAVI SHAM

KIND!

(with real rage)

Who am I, for God's sake, to be ? It
me, do you hear? To punish my
relations. You were adequately paid I
believe. What else do you want, Pip?

And now PIP gathers himself, and turns to ESTELLA.

PIP

Estella, you know I love you, have loved
you ever since I first saw you in this
house. Foolishly I'd hoped that Miss
Havisham had meant us for each other.
Clearly the idea was absurd, and I hope
Miss Havisham will take what pleasure she
can from knowing that I am as unhappy as
she ever meant me to be.

MISS HAVI SHAM flinches, puts her hand to her chest.
ESTELLA stands, speaking in that steady voice of hers.

ESTELLA

It seems these are sentiments, emotions,
that I am not able to comprehend. When
you say you 'love me', I understand it as
a form of words -

(her heart -)

- but it touches nothing here.

PIP

I don't believe you.

A beat.

ESTELLA

Did I not warn you?

PIP

Yes.

ESTELLA

Did you think I did not mean it?

PIP

No. It is not natural -

ESTELLA

(a flash of anger)

It is natural in

PIP

And yet still I love you. I know that I'll never call you mine, Estella, but still I love you and beg you - Do not marry Bentley Drumml e. Someone else, anyone, but not that brute...

ESTELLA

Too late.

A beat. ESTELLA looks to MISS HAVI SHAM, then back to PIP.

ESTELLA

It's too late. I am going to marry him. The preparations are already under way.

PIP

You can't let Miss Havi sham...

ESTELLA

It is my own act. Miss Havi sham has urged me to wait, to reconsider -

She looks to MISS HAVI SHAM, who looks away with what might well be shame. With a defeated shrug -

ESTELLA

- but I am tired of my life. We will do well enough!

(She holds out her hand)

Give me your hand.

(He does so. There are tears in both their eyes. A whisper)

Be happy, Pip. This will pass in time. I'll be out of your thoughts in a week.

PIP

Out of my thoughts? You are part of my existence, part of me. You're in every thought, in every line I have ever read since I first came here. You're in the river, the sails of ships, the marshes, the clouds, the sea, the stones of London. Until the last hour of my life you will remain in me, part of the little good, part of the evil.

(his face next to hers)

And I will always think of the good.

(a kiss)

Goodbye. God bless you.

PIP is about to walk from the room, when -

MISS HAVI SHAM
So proud, so hard.

PIP

I'd like to help Mr Pocket. He has been a loyal and decent friend and I'd like to use the money that remains to do one good thing. I'd like to purchase a position for him. Without his knowledge.

WEMMICK

Allowing for debts, which are considerable I might add, that's five hundred pounds, sir. All invested in a friend?

PIP

Every last penny. What is your advice?

WEMMICK

Well, if I was in the Office, sir, I would suggest that you should take the five hundred pounds, choose your bridge - there are six to choose from up as high as Chelsea Reach - and throw the money off it. You'll lose it just the same, but it'll be quicker. Those are my sentiments, in the office.

PIP

But your home sentiments, your Walworth sentiments?

WEMMICK

My Walworth sentiments would be - I'll see what I can do. Ain't that right, Aged P?

AGED P

Yes, John, my boy.

And PIP watches as the father and son nod and wink, nod and wink.

138 EXT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

138

It's very late now as PIP returns. He looks anxiously up at the window of his apartment. He has been away too long - he must hurry.

139 INT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

139

He rushes into the rooms, and hears a faint knocking, a muffled moan, a whisper. Tentatively, he walks down the hall and discovers -

HERBERT, held high against the wall, his heels kicking the

140 EXT. BALCONY, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT 140

PIP and HERBERT sit in their usual spot, HERBERT drinking a medicinal brandy with a tremulous hand.

PIP
He wishes to buy us a house! In Hyde Park! A coach, horses...

HERBERT
Can't you... accept?

PIP
How can I?

141 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - CONTINUOUS 141

MAGWITCH is listening in; thoughtful, sad.

PIP (O.S.)
I've seen him try to murder a man. He might have murdered you -

HERBERT (O.S.)
And yet he risked his life to find you.

PIP (O.S.)
He says... he says I am the son he never had.

MAGWITCH frowns. The contempt in PIP's voice is plain to hear.

142 EXT. BALCONY, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT 142

PIP
...The idea appals me, Herbert, but even so, he must not be captured, not on my behalf.

He stops speaking. MAGWITCH is there.

MAGWITCH
Gentlemen -

143 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT 143

MAGWITCH
Now, dear boy, and Pip's comrade, I'm not going to tell you my life like a song or story-book, but to give it to you short and handy. In jail and out of jail, in jail, out of jail. That's my life - until I met my boy here.
(a proud look)
(MORE)

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

I played my part, though I can't say I'm proud of it...

- only now REVEAL the carrier of the letter to be MAGWITCH.

146 EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK) 146

Watching from a carriage at the end of the drive, COMPEYSON and MRS COMPEYSON. MAGWITCH joins them.

COMPEYSON

Well done, Abel.

From Satis House, a terrible scream. MAGWITCH, uncomfortable, ashamed.

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

Oh, for a while, there was money. A whole lot of money, and we betted and gamed and drank our way through it...

147 INT. LODGING HOUSE, LONDON - DAY (FLASHBACK) 147

A squalid rented room. ARTHUR lies shivering on the filthy mattress.

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

... 'til one of our number went to the bad, turned to drink, opium, lost his mind...

C.U. on ARTHUR HAVISHAM as he takes a deep breath, closes his eyes, mumbles something -

ARTHUR HAVISHAM

Forgive me.

- and drops out of sight.

148 INT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT 148

On MAGWITCH, a haunted look in his eye as he recalls.

MAGWITCH

Bad conscience, I s'pose.

149 EXT. ALLEYWAY, SMITHFIELD (FLASHBACK) 149

ARTHUR HAVISHAM hangs dead from a home-made noose.

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

'Course conscience wasn't summat that'd trouble Compeyson. Cold as death he was.

REVEAL COMPEYSON, MRS COMPEYSON and MAGWITCH regarding the dangling corpse.

COMPEYSON

Cut him down, Abel.

150

INT. SITTING ROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT

150

MAGWITCH

That was a dark time, the time wi' Compeyson. Always in debt to him, always under his thumb, always working, always a-getting into danger, for years and years, until I was his black slave. He was younger than me, but he'd got craft and he'd got learning. I had a missis at that time -

PIP

You were married?

MAGWITCH

(He hesitates)

No matter. The short of it is. We got committed for felony, putting forged notes into circulation. 'Separate defences,' Compeyson says, 'no communication'.

151

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

151

In the dock stands MAGWITCH, a forlorn sight.

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

I sold everything, all but the clothes on my back, so I could get Jiggers...

As JAGGERS holds forth, MAGWITCH's eyes drift up to the public gallery, where a BABY cries.

MRS MAGWITCH greatly upset, presses her face to the weeping child. WE DO NOT SEE HER FACE YET.

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

...for all the good it did me.

152

INT. COURT ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

152

COMPEYSON in the dock; well-dressed, penitent, respectable as his LAWYER holds forth.

MAGWITCH (V. O.)

Says the counsellor for Compeyson, wasn't he the younger and well brought-up and of a good school? Wasn't he a ?

Jump cut; The JUDGE is speaking now.

JUDGE

Abel Magwitch, you have, almost since your infancy, been an offender against our laws despite repeated

155 EXT. UNDERWATER - DAY (FLASHBACK) 155

MAGWITCH peers through the gloom of the dank water.

Grapeshot breaks the surface as the GUARDS open fire. A glimpse of COMPEYSON, eyes bulging, sinking away into the darkness...

156 INT. SITTING ROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - NIGHT 156

MAGWITCH

Thinking, hoping, that he'd drowned I swam to the shore and was hiding among the graves there, envying those that were in 'em -

(he takes PIP's hands)

- when my boy here found me. My boy.

PIP finally speaks.

PIP

Is he dead?

MAGWITCH

Who?

PIP

Compeyson.

MAGWITCH

He'll wish I am, if he's alive. And he'll wish he was, if I find him.

PIP

And the lady he defrauded. Her name was -

MAGWITCH

'Avi sham. Miss 'Avi sham.

157 INT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY 157

The next morning. MAGWITCH sits in front of a mirror, a towel draped around his shoulders, as PIP cuts his long grey hair, still wary, but with a new sympathy.

PIP

I was thinking, perhaps, we might take a trip abroad. Until we can be sure that it is safe here.

MAGWITCH

Together?

PIP

Of course.

MAGWITCH reaches up and takes the hand that holds the scissors.

MAGWITCH
The idea don't 'appal' you?

And PIP realises that he must have been overheard.

PIP
Of course not.

A beat, and the haircut continues.

EXT. SOHO - DAY

JAGGERS

As to Compeyson, I'd strongly advise your Uncle to pack his bags. If he's found, he'll hang, and it's safe to presume that Mr Compeyson does not wish him well...

And JAGGERS freezes. Someone has entered the room.

MOLLY stands shaking, a terrible mania in her wide eyes.

MOLLY

He's back. Abel's come back. You told me he'd never come back.

JAGGERS

Calm now, Molly -

MOLLY

He mustn't find out, ever. Poor, poor Abel. What did you make me do! It was wicked, -

JAGGERS

Abel won't find out, I'll make sure of

- 161 INT. COACH - DAY 161
- The darkened coach has something of the air of a confessional. C. U. of a visibly shaken JAGGERS.
- JAGGERS
Magwitch and Molly had a child. A girl. A pretty thing.
- 162 INT. COURT ROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK) 162
- MAGWITCH is dragged down into jail, stealing one last glimpse of the BABY, being held aloft to him by the WEeping WOMAN - MOLLY.
- JAGGERS (V. O.)
But Molly was a fierce one, wild and passionate like her husband, and not a girl to let injustice go unpunished.
- It's the last time MAGWITCH will ever see his child.
- 163 INT. BOARDING HOUSE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 163
- A figure watches as MRS COMPEYSON sleeps comfortably in her bed. But something makes her stir. She opens her eyes and sees;
- MOLLY MAGWITCH.
- Before she can scream, MOLLY's hands are around her neck. MRS COMPEYSON's hands claw at MOLLY's arms, the nails digging deep into her attacker's wrists - the source of the scars.
- But her attacker is too strong. MRS COMPEYSON's eyes bulge in her head, her tongue swells horribly in her mouth.
- MOLLY watches this, implacable, cold.
- And soon MRS COMPEYSON lies dead.
- 164 INT. COACH - DAY 164
- JAGGERS
A terrible crime, cold-blooded and ruthless. Assuming of course that Molly did it.
- PIP
And did she?
- JAGGERS
To be guilty and to be found guilty are not the same thing at all.
(MORE)

JAGGERS (CONT' D)

(A deep breath; almost a confession)

Put the case that a woman, accused of murder, came to her legal adviser, and put the case that this same legal adviser held a trust to find a child for an eccentric rich lady to adopt and bring up. Put the case that he lived in an atmosphere of evil where children were generated in great numbers for certain destruction, habitually whipped, imprisoned, transported, neglected, abused in ways that you can hardly imagine. Put the case that there was one pretty little child out of the heap who could be saved. Put the case that the legal adviser said to the mother -

165 INT. JAGGERS' OFFICE, SMITHFIELD - NIGHT (FLASHBACK) 165

Late at night, JAGGERS interrogates the weeping MOLLY.

JAGGERS

Give the child into my hands, and I will do my best to get you off. If you are saved, your child is saved; if you are lost, your child is saved too.

JAGGERS speaks in the moment now, whispering in her ear.

And MOLLY makes her decision.

166 INT. COACH - DAY 166

PIP

And the child was your ?
(JAGGERS says nothing)
And what of Magwitch?

JAGGERS

The father was told...

PIP

Say his name!

JAGGERS

was told that his child was dead. Consumption.

(PIP regards JAGGERS with utter contempt)

Put the case that the child was now safe. Wealthy. Soon to be married to one of the richest men in England.

PIP

And one of the vilest.

JAGGERS
Estella is not the Spider's reward.
Estella is his punishment.

PIP
And you arranged it.

JAGGERS
As instructed by my client. Only as
instructed.

The coach comes to a halt.

PIP
And what did Miss Havisham want with the
child?

JAGGERS
That -
(opens the coach door)
- you must ask her yourself.

REVEAL -

166A	EXT. SATIS HOUSE - DAY	166A
	Satis House stands before PIP, gloomier than ever. PIP steps down from the coach and approaches the house.	
167	OMITTED	167
168	OMITTED AND INCORPORATED INTO 166	168

172 INT. HALLWAY/BALLROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY - (PRESENT) 172

PIP stands at the door to MISS HAVISHAM's room. He pushes at the door and -

173 INT. BALLROOM, SATIS HOUSE - NIGHT - (FLASHBACK) 173

MISS HAVISHAM, some sixteen years younger than in the PRESENT, is seated at her place at the bridal banquet. A fire throws strange shadows onto the wall.

Alone in this blacked-out room, with the strange veiled figure all in white, the infant ESTELLA is terrified.

She glances towards the banquet, already mouldering and corrupted after six years of decay.

INFANT ESTELLA looks to JAGGERS for aid, but he is already stepping backwards towards the door. He looks shaken.

And now the woman in white is holding out her hand. A glimpse of her face beneath the veil.

MISS HAVISHAM

JAGGERS (CONT' D)

If she were to discover that her father
is a convict, her mother a murderess?
Would she thank you, do you think?

178 INT. MASTER BEDROOM, SATIS HOUSE - DAY 178

MISS HAVISHAM lies in her room. A surreal sight, she has been wrapped entirely in cotton wool and bandage, a strange mummy-like creature, only her face exposed.

Her thin lips mutter the same words over and over again. PIP approaches to hear better. Her incantation;

MISS HAVISHAM

PIP bends and gently kisses her hairline. Still the incantation doesn't stop.

PIP walks away, never to return.

179 EXT. MAYFAIR APARTMENTS. DAY 179

His burnt hands bandaged, pale and deprived of sleep, PIP heads back to his Mayfair apartments. He is walking across the courtyard when a voice calls out to him; The PORTER.

PORTER

Sir! A note for you. Most important the gentleman said.

PIP takes the note. It reads;

DON'T GO HOME. W.

PIP glances towards the apartment. Sure enough, TWO FIGURES stand menacingly by the door. They meet his gaze.

Plain-clothes policemen? Criminals? PIP doesn't wait to find out. Stepping backwards, he turns and runs.

180 EXT. SMITHFIELD STREET. DAY 180

Thick fog. PIP walks behind a shifty-looking WEMMI CK.

WEMMI CK

Did you destroy my note?

PIP

I did.

WEMMI CK

Best not to leave any evidence. They're on to him, Mr Pip.

(MORE)

HERBERT

Apologies, Handel. The fact is - well, she thinks you're rather a malign influence on me.

PIP

And she's right. Herbert, are you sure you want to...

HERBERT

Handel, I don't think I've ever been more excited!

182 OMI TTED

182

183 OMI TTED

183

184 EXT. BOAT-HOUSE DAY 184

Afternoon now. The fog has lifted. PIP, HERBERT and MAGWITCH walk down the muddy shore towards a rowing boat.

185 EXT. ROWING BOAT, THAMES - DAY 185

As MAGWITCH sits in the prow, PIP and HERBERT row with all their might. The city is behind them now, the river opening out into an estuary and marshland.

Pulling hard at the oars, PIP glances down at his burnt hands. The blisters have burst, and blood is seeping through the bandages.

He holds on to the oars, and rows on.

186 EXT. ROWING BOAT, THAMES - DUSK 186

The journey continues, past Gravesend now, the spring day fresh but bright. PIP glances to his side;

HERBERT (CONT' D)
 (HERBERT sees the blood on
 PIP's hands)

Let's rest by the bank.

They row towards the reed-beds.

187

EXT. ROWING BOAT, REED-BEDS, MARSHES - DUSK

187

The boat nestles in a quiet bay, their hiding place until the steamer arrives.

While HERBERT keeps watch, PIP reads to MAGWITCH, who sits smoking in the spring sun, silent and introspective.

PIP

You seem despondent, Abel.

MAGWITCH

Not a bit of it. To sit here and have my smoke alonger my dear boy...

(He breaks off.)

I had a little child once. I didn't tell you afore. Pretty little thing, a girl. Died while I was in prison. 'Appens often enough, but I tell you dear boy, there weren't a day as I was rotting on that hulk when I didn't think on her face, and what a dear pretty thing she were. And when I saw you on those marshes, well, you brought her to my mind, and p'rhaps that's why I took to you so strong. You two'd been about the same age. Now I knows I'm no father to you, my dear boy. You had a father and lost him, and an old varmint like me ain't about to replace him. But I hope as I've been a friend to you this little time we've had.

PIP

You speak as if we were parting. In an hour we'll be safe again.

MAGWITCH

Well perhaps we will and perhaps we won't.

He places his hand over the side of the boat, and lets his fingertips run through the water.

MAGWITCH

We can no more see to the bottom of the next few hours than we can see to the bottom of this river, no more hold their tide than I can hold this. And it's run through my fingers...

(holds up his hand)

...and gone. You see?

They say no more. A moment passes.

HERBERT
Listen! Can you hear?...

188

EXT. ROWING BOAT, THAMES - NIGHT

188

HERBERT and PIP pull as hard as they can to the centre of the river. Sure enough, the steamer is approaching, paddles churning the water, the means of their escape.

But before it, a dreadful sight.

The Thames River Police, twelve strong uniformed men, giving their boat a formidable pace.

PIP shoots a look to MAGWITCH, who seems resigned. Nevertheless, PIP and HERBERT continue to row into the path of the steamer -

- which now sounds its horn in warning.

The Police Boat is making fast progress too. An officer stands at the helm;

RIVER POLICE
You have a returned convict there! His name is Abel Magwitch. I apprehend the man, and call upon him to surrender!

Against all hope, PIP and HERBERT continue to row. PIP glances back at the advancing boat, and the steamer behind it, its horn sounding once more.

In the Police Boat, a black-clad figure cowers. COMPEYSON, the dark, scarred face clearly visible.

MAGWITCH sees him too. PIP sees a momentary glimpse of the jack-knife, clenched in MAGWITCH's hand, the brutality of old returning to his face.

And now the police boat is beside them, POLICEMEN clinging on to the side in preparation for the arrest.

But too late. With a terrible cry, MAGWITCH hurls himself onto a terrified COMPEYSON, knocking him backwards into the water -

Horns blare -

And now the steamboat is suddenly upon them, great paddles chewing through PIP's boat like matchwood. PIP and HERBERT hurl themselves into the water, turning just in time to see a furious thrashing, a glimpse of a screaming face, as MAGWITCH and COMPEYSON are dragged beneath the steamer's churning paddles.

Strong arms haul PIP into the police galley. He tries to break free, to throw himself after MAGWITCH, but the POLICEMEN hold him tight.

189

INT. POLICE GALLEY, THAMES - NIGHT

189

The steamer has sailed on. The water is calmer now, and covered with debris. As PIP scans the surface, hope fading, he reaches for some of the debris;

Paper. Money. Five, ten pound notes, hundreds of pounds-worth, sodden and useless.

POLICEMAN

Over there!

And a black shape bobs on the surface; MAGWITCH.

He is hauled into the boat. Blood seeps from a gash in his head, and his breathing is painful and laboured. PIP places his arms round the man's shoulders, as his eyes flicker open.

An impassioned whisper -

PIP

JAGGERS (CONT' D)

The money, the land is all forfeit to the crown. You have nothing, Pip. Not a penny.

PIP

Can we keep that from him?

(A look from JAGGERS)

I'd like him to think that I'm a gentleman still.

192 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

192

Another day. PIP sits in MAGWITCH's cell, reading Shakespeare. MAGWITCH lies quietly, his breath coming in gasps.

193 INT. CORRIDOR - DAY

193

PIP pushes MAGWITCH in his wheel chair along a corridor. He's in his respectable best, but nothing can disguise the deterioration in his condition.

MAGWITCH

Best a gentleman should not be knowed to belong to me now. Sit where I can see you and I don't ask no more.

PIP

Nonsense. I'll be right by your side.

MAGWITCH smiles, and we REVEAL -

194 INT. ROYAL COURTS OF JUSTICE - DAY

194

- the dock of the courtroom, where MAGWITCH joins thirty or so other PRISONERS, men and women, all awaiting sentence.

A spring rain falls on the great high windows of the courtroom. As the judge takes his place, PIP takes his seat just to the side of the dock.

JUDGE

I must, amongst you, single out a miserable man who, after many years of living a peaceable and honest life in exile decided, in a fatal moment, to return to the country where he was expressly proscribed. Whatever the motive for his return, there can be only one punishment, a punishment which he shall share with all of you here before me today...

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

The JUDGE solemnly reaches for the square of black silk which he places on his head.

We see the faces of the guilty; some defiant, some sobbing and weeping, some covering their faces, some staring morosely as the JUDGE delivers the communal sentence.

JUDGE

By the power vested in me by this court,
I sentence you all to death by hanging...

*

Gasps, sobs, screams, sighs from the thirty-two convicted men and women.

But with immense dignity MAGWITCH keeps his eyes fixed forward, his great hand clasped in PIP's.

194A EXT. STREET - DAY

194A

HERBERT

Dear Handel, I am very much afraid that I must leave you when you most need me.

PIP

Herbert?

HERBERT

The fact is it seems that I have... expectations.

194B EXT. COACH - DAY

194B

HERBERT is about to board his coach.

HERBERT

It's a small firm, run by a Mr Clarriker, of Liverpool, and I'm to be given a partnership! Completely out of the blue! Clara is most excited. We can marry now, at last.

*
*

PIP

I'm delighted for you, Herbert. It's wonderful news.

HERBERT

And what of you, Pip? Do you have any plans? Because in this branch of ours I am going to need a...

(here goes -)

One, two, three -

PIP

A clerk?

HERBERT

Say that you will think upon it, in a few months, when... this is over.

PIP

I will.

HERBERT

(they embrace)

We did have some adventures, didn't we?

PIP
We did. We did.

195 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY

195

Another visit. MAGWITCH is lying on his bed, eyes fixed on the ceiling, breath coming in gasps. PIP looks to the WARDER, who shakes his head - 'Not long now.' PIP crouches close.

PIP

Are you in much pain today?

MAGWITCH

I don't complain, dear boy.

PIP

You never do.

(PIP is crying now.)

If you had stayed away -

MAGWITCH

And not seen this face, dear boy?

PIP

I wish... I had been more deserving of your love.

MAGWITCH

Hush. A gentleman. My very own.

His breath is very laboured now. PIP leans in -

PIP

Magwitch, I must tell you. You had a child once, whom you loved and lost -

MAGWITCH turns his eyes to PIP.

PIP

She... She lived, and found powerful friends. She is living now. She is a lady and very beautiful. And I love her.

MAGWITCH's eyes are wet now. A profound joy.

With one last effort, he lifts PIP's hand to his lips and kisses it.

MAGWITCH closes his eyes...

196 INT. BEDROOM, BOARDING HOUSE - DAY (FLASHBACK)

196

A wordless scene.

A bright spring Sunday morning twenty years before.

MAGWITCH and MOLLY lie in tangled sheets, MOLLY's sleeping head upon her husband's shoulder.

In MAGWITCH's arms is the baby ESTELLA, laughing, gurgling, her small hands reaching for her father's face.

MAGWITCH presses his face against his beautiful baby daughter, taking in the smell of her. He smiles, and laughs and laughs...

197 INT. PRISON CELL - DAY 197

MAGWITCH lies dead. PIP sits in silence, holding his hand, unwilling now to let go.

FADE TO BLACK.

198 OMITTED 198

199 INT. BEDROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY 199

PIP, in the throes of fever, opens his eyes with some effort. TWO BURLY MEN stand over him: Debt Collectors.

PIP

I don't know you.

BAILIFF ONE

Concerns a debt, sir, of-

BAILIFF TWO

One hundred and twenty-five pounds, fifteen and six.

Bleary-eyed, PIP looks around. The place has been stripped of all furniture, all paintings, even the curtains.

PEPPER, the vengeful MAN-SERVANT is nonchalantly filling his pockets with silver cutlery. Merry whistling accompanies the burglary.

PIP

I don't have it.

BAILIFF ONE

No, we thought not, sir -

BAILIFF TWO

- so we've come to arrest you.

BAILIFF ONE

If you'd like to come with us, sir.

PIP

Yes. Yes, of course -

And PIP pulls back the sheet, and tries to stand, and promptly faints away.

FADE TO BLACK:

VOICE

Pip? Oh, Pi -i p. . .

FADE IN:

200

INT. BEDROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY

200

PIP opens his eyes, and stares at the ceiling a moment. He turns his head on the pillow and sees -

JOE GARGERY, his large head on the pillow next to him.

JOE

Hullo there.

PIP

Is it... Joe?

JOE

Which it is, old chap.

And he smiles his old smile.

PIP

Oh, Joe, you break my heart. Forgive me, will you Joe? For my ingratitude. . .

JOE

Dear old Pip, old chap, you and me was ever friends. Now you sleep, old chap,

PIP
Miss Havisham, Joe - is she dead?

JOE
I wouldn't go as far as to say that, but
she ain't...

PIP
...living, Joe?

JOE
She ain't living.

PIP
Do you know what happened to her
property, Joe?

JOE
It went to Miss Estella and her -

PIP
Her husband.

JOE
That's the one. Her husband.

And there it is. PIP rises slowly and retreats to the
bedroom. A moment, then JOE follows on -

202

INT. BEDROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY

202

PIP sits and stares at the wall of the barren room.

- 203 INT. BEDROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY 203
 PIP wakes once more. The apartment is empty - something is wrong.
- 204 INT. LIVING ROOM, MAYFAIR APARTMENTS - DAY 204
 On the mantelpiece, a pile of papers.
 Bills and invoices, all PIP's debts. All marked with the same words - 'Paid in Full'.
 And a note, written in a rudimentary hand.
 'have departed fur you are well dear pip join me sunday for larks ever best of friends J'
- 205 OMITTED AND INCORPORATED INTO 194A 205
- 206 OMITTED AND INCORPORATED INTO 194B 206
- 207 EXT. MARSHES, KENT - DAY 207
 In sturdy, sensible boots, PIP strides across the marshes of his youth towards his old home.
 It's a beautiful June day, and he carries everything he owns in a back-pack.
 The gibbet hangs over the road. PIP hesitates, but only momentarily. Then he marches beneath it, fearless now.
 In the distance, smoke rises from the forge.
 PIP breaks into a run...
- 208 EXT/INT. GARGERY HOUSE - DAY 208
 PIP is about to enter the kitchen, when he sees a figure through the window. He hesitates...
 BIDDY, his childhood sweetheart, is arranging flowers on the table.
 PIP watches for a moment, smiling affectionately, the ghost of a romantic feeling reviving within him. BIDDY wears her Sunday best, and has a glow about her that he hasn't seen before.
 PIP steps into the doorway.

PIP

Biddy? I came to see you as quickly as I could. I wanted to tell you, Biddy -

She turns, puts her hand to her mouth, startled, the flowers still clasped in her other hand; a bouquet.

And PIP realises -

BIDDY

Oh, Pip - it's my wedding day!

For one tiny moment, there's a flicker of disappointment on his face.

But then JOE is there, beaming in his Sunday best, and PIP rushes in, embracing them both and laughing, laughing...

208A

EXT. THE OLD BATTERY, MARSHES, KENT - DUSK

208A

After the ceremony, the newly weds and their only guest head for their old spot. JOE gives BIDDY a piggy-back, PIP follows on, watching them with pleasure. Perhaps she even throws him her bouquet...

209

EXT. THE OLD BATTERY, MARSHES, KENT - DUSK

209

As the sun goes down, the three friends sit side-by-side in their old spot, BIDDY and JOE still in their wedding finery.

PIP

Your life savings, Joe!

JOE

It's only money, Pip.

PIP

Nevertheless, I will work and work and I will pay you back, every last penny, if it takes me...

JOE

Enough now.

BIDDY smiles, takes JOE's hand, looks to PIP.

And the three friends sit there, watching as the sun goes down.

FADE TO BLACK:

210

EXT. ALLEYWAY, LIVERPOOL - DAY

210

*

A letter, sealed in red wax.

It is held in the hand of a young ENGLISH BOY, seven years-old, clutching it tightly as he hurtles through the back streets.

*
*

211 EXT. ALLEYWAY, LIVERPOOL - DAY 211

*

The BOY finds a staircase in amongst the tangle of alleys, and clambers up the stairs to -

*

212 INT. OFFICES, LIVERPOOL - DAY 212

*

The modest, somewhat ramshackle offices of CLARRIKER-

*

ESTELLA smiles - a smile that's also sad, softened - and holds out her hand to PIP.

214

EXT. PARK - DAY

214 *

PIP and ESTELLA sit. A comfortable silence, broken eventually.

*

ESTELLA

He died. Two years ago. He was beating his horse, and the horse had the good taste to kick him in the head.

*

PIP

I'm sorry to hear that.

ESTELLA

Pip, I know you too well for you to pretend a sorrow you do not feel.

PIP

I'm sorry for anything that brings you sorrow.

ESTELLA

Then rest assured I feel none. My husband and I made each other perfectly miserable, just as intended.

(a shrug, a wry smile)

I have been bent and broken, but I hope into a better shape

PIP

Do you think that you might... marry again?

ESTELLA doesn't answer.

ESTELLA

I've been abroad a great deal, travelling

*

PIP

I do. Always. You are a part of me,
Estella.

*

ESTELLA
'You are in the ships', you said, 'and
the river.'

She looks at him for a long time.

*

PIP
I love you, Estella.

*

A moment.

*

ESTELLA
I am glad.

FADE TO BLACK.

END TITLES