

Great Expectations: Acting it out

M: 'Hold your noise! Keep still, you little devil, or I'll cut your throat!' (*seizes Pip by the chin*)

P: 'O! Don't cut my throat, sir. Pray don't do it, sir.'

M: 'Tell us your name! Quick!'

P: 'Pip, sir.'

M: 'Once more. Give it mouth!'

P: 'Pip. Pip, sir.'

M: 'Show us where you live. Pint out the place!'

(Pip points. Magwitch turns him upside down and takes the bread, and eats it)

M: 'You young dog, what fat cheeks you ha' got. Darn Me if I couldn't eat 'em, and if I han't half a mind to't!'

P: 'I do hope you won't eat my cheeks, sir.'

M: 'Now lookee here! Where's your mother?'

P: 'There, sir!' (*Magwitch runs a short way*) 'There, sir! Also Georgina. That's my mother.'

M: 'Oh! And is that your father alonger your mother?'

P: 'Yes, sir, him too; late of this parish.'

M: 'Ha! Who d'ye live with – supposin' you're kindly let to live, which I ha't made up my mind about?'

P: 'My sister, sir – Mrs Joe Gargery – wife of Joe Gargery, the blacksmith, sir.'

M: 'Blacksmith, eh?' (*Looks at his leg and at Pip several times. Takes hold of Pip and leans him back, stares down into his eyes*) 'Now lookee here, the question being whether you're to be let to live. You know what a file is?'

P: 'Yes, sir.'

M: 'And you know what wittles is?'

P: 'Yes, sir.'

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M: 'You get me a file. And you get me wittles. You bring 'em both to me. Or I'll have your heart and liver out.'

P: 'If you would kindly please to let me keep upright, sir, perhaps I shouldn't be sick, and perhaps I could attend more.'

M: 'You bring me, to-morrow morning early, that file and them wittles. You bring the lot to me, at that old Battery over yonder. You do it, and you never dare to say a word or dare to make a sign concerning your having seen such a person as me, or any person sumever, and you shall be let to live. You fail, or you go from my words in any partickler, no matter how small it is, and your heart and your liver shall be tore out, roasted, and ate. Now, I ain't alone, as you may think I am. There's a young man hid with me, in comparison with which young man I am a Angel. That young man hears the words I speak. That young man has a secret way pecooliar to himself, of getting at a boy, and at his heart, and at his liver. It is in wain for a boy to attempt to hide himself from that young man. A boy may lock his door, may be warm in bed, may tuck himself up, may draw the clothes over his head, may think himself comfortable and safe, but that young man will softly creep and creep his way to him and tear him open. I am a keeping that young man from harming of you at the present moment, with great difficulty. I find it very hard to hold that young man off your inside. Now, what do you say?'