**1:15: 47**

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

**ESTELLA:** Oh, Pip, Pip. Will you never take warning?

*He turns. Bejewelled, silhouetted in the doorway in her ball-gown, she looks more beautiful than ever before.*

**PIP:** How can you do it, Estella?

**ESTELLA:** What?

**PIP:** Give your affections to that man.

**ESTELLA:** All sorts of ugly creatures hover about a lighted candle. Can the candle help it?

**PIP:** No, but you can.

**ESTELLA:** Perhaps. If I cared.

**PIP:** But you must care! To encourage a man as despised, as addle-headed and unworthy and boorish as Bentley Drummle, a man who has nothing to recommend him except money...

**ESTELLA:** Pip, don’t let it affect you so.

**PIP:** I can’t help it! To give that man the looks and smiles you never give to me...

**ESTELLA:** Do you want me to deceive you?

**PIP:** Do you deceive him?

**ESTELLA:** Yes! Yes, him and many, many other men. I deceive all of them but you.

**PIP:** Then why am I to be spared?

**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 Drummle

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.