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# David Copperfield

By Charles Dickens

"Like many fine parents,  
I have in my heart of hearts,  
A favorite child,  
And his name is David Copperfield."  
David Copperfield The Younger

### **Chapter 1:**

Mrs. David Copperfield, I think.

Yes.

Miss Trotwood.

You've heard of her, I dare say?

I... I've had that pleasure.

Now you see her.

Eh, come in.

Don't do that!

Come, come!

Why, bless my soul, you're a very baby.

I'm old enough to be a widow.

And a mother, if I live.

I'm all a tremble,

I shall die, I'm sure.

Nonsense, have some tea.

Oh, dear me.

David Copperfield was  
my favorite nephew.

I'm afraid to admit that

I was mortally offended

When he married without consent of me  
to a wet dull, like her.

Of course, I'd never seen you.

Now that there's a child coming,  
what will you call your gal?

Perhaps it will be a boy.

Don't contradict.

I have a presentiment it'll be a girl.

And I shall be her godmother.

She shall be christened Betsey Trotwood  
Copperfield.

She must be well brought up.

I shall see to that.

Far better than my impractical Nephew  
would have done.

Mr. Copperfield has been dead  
only six months.

It is cruel of you to speak  
unkindly of him to me.  
Peggotty... Peg...  
My lamb, my lamb, my precious.  
I'll fetch the doctor.  
Come come come, don't dodder.  
Fetch the doctor.  
My lamb, my baby,  
Peggotty is here, my sweet.  
I beg your pardon, ma'am.  
I say, I beg your pardon...  
I beg your pardon, ma'am.  
This is Dr. Chillip.  
Dr. Chillip.  
I am happy to congratulate you.  
All is well over, and well over.  
Mercy on the man, what's he doing.  
Can't he speak?  
Some local irritation, ma'am.  
Fiddlesticks! How is she?  
Well, as comfortable as one can  
expect a young mother to be.  
The baby, how is she?  
She?  
I apprehended you had known.  
It's a boy.  
A boy!  
David...  
David...  
Poor father.  
How lonely and dark it must be  
for him at night,  
While we're at home by the fire.  
David.  
I would have you, if you will,  
assume with me into to  
The greatest eternally lovely qualities  
of charity.  
I hope, and indeed I know,  
having lived among you all  
For so many years.  
But it is not an unknown thing,  
a quality foreign to many of you.  
And yet, how well also I know,

that you may,  
In the difficulties of your daily life,  
Find that the qualities of charity  
Aren't always so easy,  
so ready to observe.  
As one may suggest today...  
That man, he looks like  
the black panther in my animal book,  
Mother.  
Hush dear.  
You'll frighten mothers.  
"In the early summer months,  
the streams run dry.  
The crocodile, hmmm...  
Sets out for new waters foreign to men.  
But if the stream merely becomes lower,  
It buries itself in the mud  
and waits for rain."  
Bed, Master David?  
Mommy promised me I had to wait up.  
I'm not sleepy.  
Were you ever married, Peggotty?  
Heck, no.  
You are a very handsome woman,  
aren't you?  
Ha, me handsome Davy?  
Ha, no...  
Oh, drat them buttons.  
Now, read me more  
about them crocindills.  
Some sort of a vegetable, isn't it?  
Ma'ma!  
Mama, I waited up.  
I knew you would, my darling.  
This little fellow is highly privileged.  
Why, dear!  
Dear little boy,  
I cannot wonder at his devotion.  
David, you shouldn't be rude.  
Mr. Murdstone went through  
so much trouble to bring me home.  
Let us say goodnight, my fine boy.  
Goodnight.  
Hahahaha, come come.

Let us be the best of friends.  
Why David, that's the wrong hand.  
No no no no, a brave little fellow.  
Goodnight.  
Goodnight.  
Oh Mother, you do look pretty tonight.  
Do I darling?  
Hope you had a pleasant evening, ma'am.  
Much obliged to you, Peggotty,  
I had a very pleasant evening.  
A stranger or so makes an agreeable change.  
No, no, it won't do.  
No price would make it do, no way.  
How can you be so aggravated,  
you cruel thing?  
Not such on as this,  
Mr. Copperfield wouldn't have liked.  
That I say and that I swear!  
Good heavens, you'll drive me mad!  
Was ever any poor girl so ill-used  
by her servants as I am.  
What have you got against Mr. Murdstone?  
Is it to be hinted that  
I'm lacking in affection  
For my precious treasure?  
The dearest little fellow that ever was.  
Nobody never went and  
hinted no such thing.  
I'm a naughty mama to you, Davy.  
I'm a nasty, cruel, selfish, bad mama.  
I don't love you at all, do I?  
Yes you do...  
I never meant to hurt you ma'am.  
I never meant to.  
Master David?  
Yes, Peggotty?  
How would you like to spend a fortnight  
with me at my brothers'  
At Yarmouth?  
It would just be a treat.  
Is your brother an agreeable man,  
Peggotty?  
Ah, what an agreeable man he is.  
He's a fisherman.

Oh I say, Peggotty.  
Oh, and there are the boats and the sea.  
Oh oh, but Peggotty,  
what will mama do while We're away?  
She can't live in this big room  
all by herself.  
Oh bless you.  
Don't you know?  
Why, she's going to stay with friends.  
Oh'hoho, she'll have plenty of company.  
If that's it, I'm ready to go.  
Splended, now off to bed.  
Goodbye my love.  
Goodbye, mother.  
Take precious care of him, Peggotty.  
What do you think?  
Take care of yourself, ma'am.  
Drive very safely,  
won't you dear Mr. Barkis.  
Bye, ma'am!  
Goodbye mama!  
Goodbye, ma'am!  
Goodbye mama, goodbye!  
Goodbye, darling!  
Goodbye. Goodbye.  
Goodbye, David!  
Goodbye, mama, goodbye. Goodbye.  
Goodbye, my love!  
Goodbye.  
Oh, there's my Am!  
Growed out of all knowledge!  
Am!  
Hi!  
Am! So good to see ya!  
How are ya?  
Who's that one?  
That's Ham, her nephew.  
Oh.  
No sweethearts, I believe?  
What?  
No person courting.  
Oh no, no.  
Ahh.  
Well, when you was talking

to her private,  
Perhaps you'd tell her  
that Barkis is willing.  
That Barkis is willing.  
Is that all the message?  
Well, y... y... ya... yes.  
Barkis is willing.  
Very well, Mr. Barkis.  
I'll tell her.  
Yon's our house, Master Davy.  
Put me down.  
Ooo, it's a real boat  
that's been in the water.  
Yes.  
But it's upside down. Hahahaha.  
Well, it's all so delightful.  
See the pretty dears.  
Well, I made it, so how are you?  
Hah ha, Lass!  
Ahh, Daniel.  
Well sir, I'm glad to see you sir.  
Very glad.  
You'll find us rough, sir.  
But you'll find us ready.  
Haa ha, how's my little Emily?  
Ha ha ha, blue like your eyes, my pretty.  
That come in a big boat  
all the way from France.  
Thank you!  
Oh, drat that chimney.  
I am a Ione lorn creature,  
and... and everything  
Goes contrary with me.  
Oh, it'll soon leave off poor girl.  
It's the same for all of us.  
But I feel it more.  
Oh, oh, I've got a visitation  
in the back!  
Oh, mmm, it's the creeps.  
Too bad, too bad.  
Oh, I ain't what I wish myself to be,  
am I?  
I'd better go in  
the poor house and die,

And be a riddance.  
She's been thinking of the old one.  
Mr. Peggotty.  
Yes sir?  
Did you give you son the name Ham  
Because you lived in a sort of ark?  
No sir, t'was given by his father,  
my brother  
Joe.  
Dead, Mr. Peggotty?  
Drown dead.  
But little Emily, Mr. Peggotty,  
she's your daughter, isn't she?  
No sir. My brother-in-law,  
Tom, was her father.  
Dead, Mr. Peggotty?  
Drown dead.  
Haven't you any children, Mr. Peggotty?  
No Master, I'm a bachelor.  
A bachelor?  
Why, who's that Mr. Peggotty?  
That's Mrs. Gummidge.  
Gummidge. Why I merely thought...  
Come Davy, come!  
I'll show you to your room.  
Now that Mrs. Gummidge,  
her husband was Dan's partner.  
He was drowned.  
Was he the oldest?  
Yes dear.  
Emily, and her cousin Ham, are orphans.  
My brother adopted them.  
Mrs. Gummidge too.  
Oh, he's as good as gold  
and as true as steel.  
But he gets very angry when people  
talk about his helping people.  
I'll be careful.  
Oh Peggotty, I just remembered.  
I have a message for you  
from Mr. Barkis.  
What message?  
All he said was, "Barkis is willing."  
Hahahaha, and I gave up on him,



hahahaha.

What is it?

What are you laughing at?

What is it?

He's an attractive man, though.

He wants to marry me, hahahaha.

Oh, oh, but I wouldn't  
leave you or your mother

For a whole basket of buttons.

Especially now.

Why not?

Oh, nothing, nothing.

I would go away over there in a big ship.

That's France,

where my blue beads come from.

And Spain's there.

We're only poor fisher folk,

But some day I might be a lady,  
and go everywhere.

Then take Mr. Peggotty, he's a good man.

Good!

If I was ever to be a lady,

I'd get him a sky blue coat

With diamond buttons,

and a cocked hat, and a box of money.

Look! I'm going to France.

Emily! Come back quickly!

Emily! Emily! Come here!

That's fun, dancing near the edge.

Come on, come on! We're here! Come on!

Where's ma ma?

Wait a bit Master Davy,

And I'll tell you something.

Where's ma ma?

What's the matter?

She's not dead, Peggotty?

Ah! Wa, ah, oh, bless ya, no.

Something's wrong, Peggotty.

What do you think, Master Davy,

You've got a pa.

A new one.

A... a... a new one?

Yes. Come and see him.

I don't want to see him!

But you want to see your ma ma.

Come.

"...Picture of the castle.

And compliments from the presidency  
on when it was bestowed. But..."

David!

Clara my dear, recollect!

Control yourself.

Davy boy, how do you do?

Well, I put the kitchen in order.

Goodness knows it needed it.

Tubs, jars, tea bags, pickles,  
peppers, and no end of rubbish.

Is this your boy, sister-in-law?

Yes... David.

This is Miss Murdstone.

Generally speaking, I don't like boys.

How do you do, boy?

I'm very well.

I hope you are.

Hmm, wants manner.

Now Clara, my dear, I am come here,  
as you know,

To relieve you all the trouble I can.  
You're far too pretty and thoughtless  
to manage a house properly.

If you'll be good enough  
to give me your keys.

Why... why must I?

You'll find everything will go on  
quite well without disturbing you

I should like to be consulted  
about any changes in my own house.

My own house?

Our house, I mean.

Edward, let there be an end to this.

I go tomorrow.

Jane Murdstone, will you be silent!

Clara, I wonder you...

I'm sure I managed very well  
before we were married.

I'd tell you if I didn't.

Clara, you astound me!

Even if I don't do everything

quite right,  
I thought you were pleased once  
at my being a little inexperienced.  
I'm sure you said so.  
I did have a certain satisfaction  
in the thought of  
Forming your character.  
And giving to it the firmness  
in decision that it lacked.  
But when my sister is kind enough  
to come here,  
And assume the condition,  
something like a house keeper's,  
And when she meets with a base return,  
my own feeling toward  
You, chills.  
Oh don't my love, don't Edward,  
don't say that.  
Whatever I am, I'm affectionate.  
I must have affection.  
No display of emotion can  
have the least weight with me.  
You lose breath.  
I'm sorry, I'm sorry.  
I have a great many defects, I know.  
And it is very good of you to endeavor  
to correct them.  
Very well.  
Then it is understood that I am  
to attend to everything  
In the future?  
Yes Jane, I don't object to anything.  
I pray, let us be friends.  
I couldn't live under coldness  
or unkindness.  
I'm so sorry.  
David, go to your room!  
Master Davy, you're not to sleep in  
your dear mama's room anymore.  
You have a room, all to yourself.  
Does mama know?  
Peggotty, come here! I want you!  
Not all croc... crocodiles...  
are flesh eaters.

But due to false claims...  
they mostly are...  
Where is the boy?  
Late for his lessons, as usual.  
My dear Clara, All winter long  
I've observed your attempts  
To teach David.  
He grows ever more sullen and stubborn.  
Makes no progress, whatever.  
Forgive me, dear Edward,  
but David has always been considered  
Very bright  
In his studies.  
How many English Countesses are there.  
There are six in the north, eight  
in the middle counties, and...  
And... And six in the east,  
And... and... and... and...  
and in the south,  
There are...  
Clara!  
And in... and in the south,  
there are... in the south...  
Oh Davy, Davy.  
Now Clara, don't say, Oh Davy, Davy."  
That's childish.  
He knows his lesson,  
or he does not know it.  
He does not know it.  
No, I'm afraid he does not.  
Edward, please!  
David, sit down!  
Take your slate.  
If I go to a cheesemonger's shop  
and buy one hundred  
Double-Gloucester cheeses  
At four pence-halfpenny each...  
And if I sell half of them  
at six pence-halfpenny...  
Twenty at five pence...  
And use the rest myself.  
Do I make a profit or loss?  
I can't think!  
I can't do it!

Oh Davy, Davy.  
I can't do it. I can't do it.  
So!  
Edward, please!  
I tell you Clara,  
I have been often flogged myself.  
To be sure, of course.  
I am, I think, not quite well.  
Why Jane, we could hardly expect Clara  
to bear,  
With perfect firmness,  
The worry and torment that David  
has occasioned her today.  
David, you and I will go upstairs, boy.  
Don't Mr. Murdstone, don't,  
I tried, don't.  
Don't...  
Clara, are you a perfect fool?  
In your condition.  
I do my lessons.  
David, come here!  
If I had an obstinate horse  
that dogged to feel good,  
What do you think I would do?  
I don't know.  
I'd beat him.  
I'd make him wince and smart.  
I'd say to myself,  
"I'll conquer that fellow."  
And if were to cost him all the blood  
that he had, I'd do it!  
Mr. Murdstone, sir! Don't!  
Pray don't beat me sir!  
I have tried to learn!  
I think I could do it  
with my mother alone,  
But I can't learn while you  
and Miss Murdstone are by.  
Can't you David?  
Indeed I can't!  
We shall see!  
Mr. Murdstone, don't sir! Ow!  
So, he bites, does he?  
Ow! Mr. Murdstone! Ow! Ow!

Mother! Mother!  
Be as soft as a mouse,  
or the cat will hear us.  
Is mama very angry with me, Peggotty?  
Not at all.  
Your mama's not very well.  
Oh dear. Oh dear.  
Don't be frightened, my precious.  
Soon you'll be having  
a little brother or sister.  
Davy dear, if I don't come  
to see you often,  
It ain't because I don't love you.  
It's because I think it's better  
for you.  
And there's someone else, besides.  
Oh, thank you, Peggotty.  
Hasten Doctor Chillip!  
She's in great pain!  
Peggotty! Peggotty!  
What's happened?  
Peggotty! Peggotty! Someone open!  
Peggotty! Peggotty!  
Peggotty!  
Peggotty!  
Peggotty! Peggotty! Peggotty! Peggotty!  
Peggotty! Peggotty! Peggotty! Peggotty!  
Peggotty's here, darling.  
Peggotty's here. Shhh... Shhh.  
Young as you are David,  
you'll learn to be brave.  
Your mama...  
The precious... the darling...  
She's... she's...  
Feared dead...  
She's gone.  
And your little brother,  
the innocent, he's dead too.  
Oh Peggotty... Peggotty.  
There there.  
Just before the end, she said to me,"  
I shall never see my pretty darling  
again."  
How did she know that?

Something seemed to tell her.  
And it was the truth.  
But she whispered to me,  
"I'm very tired, God,  
keep my fatherless boy.  
"Tell him his mother has blessed him."  
It was before day break,  
when she turned to me,  
Put her poor head on my arm, and died.  
Like a child going to sleep.  
Oh Peggotty, we're all alone now.  
Davy.  
Goodbye Peggotty.  
Goodbye, my precious. My love.  
Peggotty won't forget you.  
I didn't take what belongs to me, mum.  
Would you like to see that?  
Thank you, I've seen quite enough of  
you and your things. Good day.  
Goodbye to you, mum.  
David, don't doodle.  
Don't be unhappy, David.  
I will be happy, Peggotty,  
and I'll see you sometimes.  
Oh, but Peggotty, you haven't given  
Mr. Barkis his proper answer,  
You know.  
Oh, bless the boy.  
Answer to what?  
Barkis is willing'.  
What would you say, darling,  
if I was to marry Mr. Barkis?  
I would think it would be  
a very good thing.  
Then you would always have a horse  
and cart to bring you to  
See me again.  
Oh, the sense of the boy.  
We have come to a decision  
regarding your future.  
My dear sister, leave this to me,  
if you please.  
I'm afraid I have no place for you  
in my house now.

You have a rebellious disposition.  
It must be conformed to the ways  
of the working world.  
It must be bent, broken if necessary.  
Crushing is what it wants.  
Crushed it shall be.  
Again, Murdstone, please!  
The sooner you begin your fight  
with the world, the better.  
In London, there is a firm of  
Murdstone and Grinby  
In the wine trade.  
Yes.  
Grinby employs several boys.  
It shall give employment to you.  
Yes.  
You'll earn your own food  
and pocket money.  
Your lodging, I've arranged for  
with Mr. Micawber.  
Yes.  
Now remember,  
you're going to London to work.  
To work!  
To work.  
We know you're in there!  
We're not going to wait forever  
for you to pay your debts!  
If you don't pay,  
we'll take all the rest of your goods!  
Aye, and your precious little girl, too.  
Aye Micawber, either you pay or  
you go to the debtor's prison.  
Nobody home!  
No collectors can come in here!  
Oh! Stop it! Get up!  
Oh, the scene of our beautiful stead,  
So desecrated with  
those no good creatures.  
Please ma'am, I am David Copperfield.  
I was told I was to lodge here.  
Ah, welcome Master Copperfield.  
I am Mrs. Micawber.  
This is my family.



I'm Clickett, the house maid  
from the new orphanage.  
Mind your manners, Clickett.  
I never thought before I was married,  
And when I lived with pa and mama,  
That I should ever find it necessary  
to take a lodger.  
Stop it dear, stop it!  
Oh, I am forgetting.  
You must be impatient to see your room.  
Yes ma'am.  
Come dear.  
Baked potatoe! Baked potatoe here!  
A baked potatoe, sir?  
No thanks.  
You're all heart, sir.  
Even so.  
We're not waiting forever for you  
to pay us your debts!  
If you don't pay us your debts,  
we'll have you throw in jail!  
You can't hide from all of us!  
Pay us, will you? Just pay us!  
No luxury, but simple comfort.  
Pay up Micawber! Pay up Micawber!  
We're not going to wait!  
Pay up Micawber!  
Aahhh! Mr. Micawber!  
Children, it is your papa!  
Always relentlessly pursued onto  
an aerial housetop,  
And vice-versa.  
I have thwarted the malevolent  
macabreations of  
Our tireless enemies.  
In short, I have arrived.  
My family, ah... how are you doing?  
My children, my home!  
This is Master David Copperfield,  
who has come to lodge with us.  
Oh, just so. Pardon me children.  
All that we have is yours,  
Master Copperfield.  
Our domestic comfort, quiet,

the privacy, call them your own.  
Thank you sir.  
Count on us, now and forever.  
I will, Mr. Micawber.  
Now that you are about to share with us  
the privileges  
Of our domain,  
I will make no stranger of you.  
As man to man, I will confide in you.  
That for years, I have been hounded,  
most unjustly,  
By my creditors.  
Short sighted fools, they are.  
I'm sorry, sir.  
I grant you, that I have  
already tried the coal trade,  
Haberdashery trade,  
And Her Majesty's Marines,  
and found none of these entirely  
Suited to my,  
Somewhat, special talents.  
But now...  
Yes, Mr. Micawber?  
I am confidently expecting something  
to turn up!  
My Micawber, you've been here  
three weeks, ain't you?  
Yes sir.  
Then why ain't you learned nothing!  
Gentlemen, gentlemen.  
Gentlemen!  
Gentlemen! In the aggregate,  
I judge you to be  
a highly distasteful collection.

**And to detail:**

deserving of  
Merciless chastisement.  
You'll oblige me by removing  
your own unsavory person  
From my immediate vicinity.  
In short, Get out!  
Oh, thank you Mr. Micawber.  
You're so kind to me.

Not at all!

And now, since this is  
a red letter day, in that hourly,  
I am expecting something  
extraordinary to turn up,  
Let us return and discover  
what culinary triumphs  
Mrs. Micawber has prepared for us.  
Oooo, how wonderful.

Imperative, my dear Copperfield.  
Imperative.

For as I have frequently had  
occasion to observe,  
When the stomache is empty,  
the spirits are low.

I predict, my dear Copperfield,  
that we can confidently depend on  
Mrs. Micawber assembling a terrain of  
Cocky-leaky soup,  
Bean of cutlet, breaded,  
and a jug of eggnog.

And the pudding?

The pudding!

A special pudding, the very thing.  
Greetings Micawber.

You are a misapprehension,  
my good fellow.

Oh, no you don't.

You're Micawber all right.

You owe me ten pounds,  
ten for the last year.

Officer, do your duty.

Mr. Micawber, you're under arrest.

And on what charges do you take  
this unwarrantable procedure?

A court order for debt.

I'm the Assistant Officer to  
the Sheriff of Middlesex.

Now, are you coming quietly?

Copperfield, you perceive before you,  
the shattered fragment

Of a temple once called man.

The blossom has blighted,  
the leaf has withered,

The God of day goes down  
upon the dreary scene.  
In short, I am forever floored.  
King's Bench Prison  
Boy, you're always ringing that bell,  
but today's the last time.  
Your friend Micawber is being released  
and is leaving town.  
He's leaving town?  
Come along, come along.  
What is it?  
Come little friend, open your heart.  
Nothing really, but I shall miss you  
so very much.  
At Murdstone and Grinby,  
I feel so alone and desperate.  
I do indeed.  
You've been so good to me,  
you and Mrs. Micawber.  
And as long as I had such friends,  
I couldn't despair.  
My little friend,  
you're like one of our own.  
But now that you'll be going,  
and there'll be nobody, well,  
I don't know what I shall do.  
Indeed, I do not.  
My motto has always been,  
nu desparemdum.  
In short, never despair.  
I have an Aunt in Dover.  
I thought perhaps...  
The very thing, my dear Copperfield.  
Your Aunt will welcome you  
with open arms.  
She may not want to see me.  
Is not blood thicker than water?  
Peggotty told me  
she's very cantankerous.  
Perhaps she would shut me out.  
And Dover's a long way.  
True. Too true.  
Nevertheless, as the bars says,  
nothing attempted, nothing gained.

And should this formidable Aunt  
repulse you, write me a letter.  
We are friends for life, young Copperfield.  
Who we two, a'run around.  
And graced and pulled the gowans fine.  
And...  
Although, what gowans are,  
I'm not exactly aware.  
However, we'll take a pull of them  
just the same.  
Bring that bag here.  
Put that bag on the coach.  
Days of Nicademus!  
Sorry sir.  
Master Copperfield, your conduct  
has always been of most delicate  
And obliging description.  
You have never been a lodger.  
You have been a friend.  
Copperfield, at present,  
I have nothing to bestow but advice.  
Still, that advice is so far  
worth taking,  
I have never taken it myself.  
And I am the miserable creature  
you behold.  
Young friend, I counsel you.  
Annual income twenty pounds,  
Annual expenditure nineteen pounds,  
result happiness.  
Annual income twenty pounds,  
Annual expenditure twenty one pounds,  
result misery.  
Farewell Copperfield.  
I shall be happy to  
improve your prospects  
In case anything turns up.  
Which I may say, I am hourly expecting!  
Thank you my love, thank you my darling.  
Master Copperfield?  
Farewell Copperfield!  
Farewell my lad!  
I say, sixpenn'orth of bad halfpence.  
I hope you know me again when you see me.

I wasn't staring at you to be rude.  
I was wondering if you could  
take my box to the Dover coach office?  
I can pay you six pence.  
Are you sure you got the money  
to pay me?  
Oh yes.  
Let me see it.  
I have it here.  
Stop! Give me back my money!  
Call to the police for it, stupid!  
He's taken all my money!  
Give me back my box!  
Out of my way stupid little boy!  
London to Dover 72 miles.  
Dover 64 miles.  
London 21 miles.  
Dover 51 miles.  
Dover 34 miles.  
20 miles to Dover.  
10 miles to Dover.  
5 miles to Dover.  
Janet! Donkeys!  
I want you and Richard to follow me!  
Clear off! I told you young men before!  
Clear off!  
We're only trying to get by.  
Ow! Why are you hitting me! Ow!  
Stop hitting me!  
Just stay out off this green!  
Excuse me, ma'am.  
Go away! Go along!  
No boys here!  
If you please, Aunt.  
I'm your nephew.  
Bless my soul alive!  
I am David Copperfield,  
of Blunderstone,  
Where you came on the night  
when I was born, and saw my dear mama.  
I have been very unhappy since she died.  
I have been slighted,  
and taught nothing,  
And put to work not fit for me.

It made me run away to you.  
I was robbed at first setting out,  
and have walked all the way,  
And have never slept in a bed  
since I began the journey.  
Oh dear! Oh dear!  
Mercy, oh mercy! Mercy on this boy!  
Swallow this, now.  
Come, swallow this. Swallow this.  
Oh, come.  
Sit, my boy. Lie down. Lie down. Ah!  
Madame, what's happened?  
What are you doing?  
Ah oh, this too.  
Mr. Dick, don't be a fool,  
whatever you are, because nobody can be  
More discreet than you can,  
when you choose.  
You've heard me mention  
David Copperfield?  
David Copperfield?  
David?  
Ah, to be sure, certainly.  
He's done a pretty piece of business.  
He has run away.  
Now, the question I put to you is  
what shall I do with him?  
Ah, do with him?  
Come, come, come,  
I want some sound advice!  
Don't pretend to be wool-gathering  
when you are as sharp as  
A surgeon's lancet.  
Why, if I was you, I should...  
...I should wash him!  
Janet! Mr. Dick sets us all right.  
Heat the bath!  
Yes ma'am.  
Mercy, you're a dirty child.  
Here David.  
David, David.  
Look, a bubble as big as my head.  
Oh, watch out.  
Mercy help us.

Hurry child.  
Let me dry you.  
Is he... is... is Mr. Dick  
at all out of his mind?  
He's been called mad.  
How I shouldn't have the benefit  
of his society.  
As for advice, nobody knows  
what that man's mind is, but myself.  
A distant relative of mine.  
If it hadn't been for me,  
his own brother would  
Have had him shut up for life.  
Threatening to petition to  
the Lord Chancellor  
Now to get his rights back.  
He's the most friendly creature  
in exsistance.  
May I...  
May I stay here with you, Aunt?  
Mercy upon us,  
I don't know until I've had a talk  
With your stepfather.  
To bed with you know.  
Not now, please. Not now.  
Off to bed with you. To bed with you.  
Bless my soul. Mercy upon us.  
Our Father, who art in heaven,  
Hallowed be Thy name  
for bringing me here.  
I'm pleased.  
I don't want anybody to take me away.  
Please God,  
please may I have a home now?  
Like mama and I had once.  
And let no boys be homeless.  
I'm sorry God, I'm very sleepy.  
Cause I walked such a long, long way...  
Ha! Cherub!  
How does the world go? Hmm?  
I'll tell you what.  
I shouldn't wish it to be mentioned.  
It's a mad world.  
Mad of bedlam, boy. Haha.



Aunt Betsey sends her compliments,  
and asks how  
You are coming along  
with your petition.  
I believe I'm doing very well.  
Do you remember the date  
that King Charles the First  
Had his head cut off?  
I believe it was in the year 1649.  
Well, though the books say,  
but I don't see how that can be.  
Because if it was so long ago,  
how could the trouble got out of  
His head when it was cut off,  
and into mine?  
I'm sure I don't know.  
It's very strange.  
King Charles's head is always  
popping into whatever I write.  
But, no matter. No matter. Haha.  
What do you think of that? A kite.  
Oh, it's a beautiful one.  
I made it.  
We'll go and fly it. You and I, hmm?  
We're off to fly the kite!  
We're off to fly the kite!  
Up! Up! We're off to fly the kite!  
We're off to fly the kite!  
David! Come! Come!  
We're coming now!  
We're coming!  
David, your stepfather is coming today.  
Must I go away with him, Aunt?  
I can't do anything about it,  
I can't say I'm sure.  
Ah! Janet! Donkeys!  
Go on with you! Get off the greens!  
You have no business here!  
But Aunt, that's Mr. Murdstone  
and his sister.  
I don't care who it is!  
I won't be trespassed upon!  
Janet! Donkeys!  
Ah, Janet!

How dare you! How dare you!  
We've been through those donkeys  
on our green places before!  
Keep them off!  
Get off! Get off! Get out of here!  
You bold faced thing! Ah!  
Scat!  
Mr. Murdstone and his sister, ma'am.  
Show them in.  
Can I go away, Aunt?  
No sir! Certainly not!  
I don't allow anybody  
to ride over that turf.  
I make no exceptions.  
Your rule is rather awkward  
to strangers.  
Oh, is it?  
Miss Trotwood!  
Well, you are Mr. Murdstone.  
Mr. Dick, an old and intimate friend.  
On whose judgment, I rely.  
Be seated!  
Well, sir?  
Miss Trotwood, I...  
Of all the boys in the world,  
I believe this one is the worst.  
Jane Murdstone, will you have  
the goodness not to interrupt me!  
Miss Trotwood,  
I am here to take David back.  
I shall deal with him as I think best.  
But I warn you, that if you step in  
between him and me now,  
You step in forever.  
I'm not to be trifled with!  
For the first and last time,  
is he ready to go?  
And you ma'am?  
Have you anything to say?  
I have nothing to add,  
Except to thank you for your politeness.  
Your very great politeness, I'm sure.  
And what does the boy say?  
Are you ready to go, David?

Please don't let me go.  
They made my poor mama very unhappy.  
They've never liked me  
or been kind to me.  
Please let me stay with you, Aunt.  
And you Mr. Dick.  
What do you think I should do  
with this child?  
Do? Have him measured  
for a suit of clothes directly?  
Mr. Dick give me your hand.  
Your common sense is invaluable.  
I'll take my chance with the boy.  
If he's all you say he is,  
At least I can do as much for him  
than as you have done.  
But I don't believe a word of it.  
Miss Trotwood,  
if you were a gentleman!  
Bah! Stuff and non sense!  
How exquisitely polite!  
Do you think I don't know  
what kind of a life  
You must have led this boy's mother,  
that poor,  
Unhappy child you married.  
What a woeful day it was  
for the soft little creature  
When you first came her way.  
Smirking and making great eyes at her.  
I'll be bound, as if  
you couldn't say "boh" to a goose!  
I never heard anything so elegant.  
Smooth and silky you were.  
The poor little innocent  
had never seen such a man.  
He was made of sweetness.  
He worshipped her.  
Doted on her dear little boy.  
He was to be another father to him.  
And they were all to live together  
in a garden of roses.  
And when you had made sure of her,  
you began to break her.

To train her like a poor caged bird  
wearing her life away.  
Teaching her to sing your notes.  
This is either insanity or intoxication.  
You're a tyrant!  
You tormented that simple child  
through her boy here.  
That is why sight of him  
is odious to you.  
You broke her heart,  
and gave her wounds that she died of!  
And there's the truth for you!  
The woman's mad.  
Good day to you, sir and goodbye!  
Good day to you, ma'am.  
Let me see you ride a donkey  
over my green again,  
And as sure as you have a head  
upon your shoulder,  
I'll knock your bonnet off  
and tread upon it!  
Thank you! Oh, thank you Aunt!  
King Charles is King of the castle.  
King Charles is King of the castle.  
But why must I go away, Aunt Betsey?  
I want to stay with you and Mr. Dick.  
You have to be educated, David,  
and take your place in the world.  
There isn't a finer school  
in Canterbury than Dr. Strong's.  
You must make us proud, David.  
Never be mean in anything.  
Never be false. Never be cruel.  
Avoid these three vices and  
I can always be hopeful for you.  
Very well, Aunt. I'll try.  
There's a good boy.  
Isn't he Mr. Dick?  
The finest boy... in England.  
But I love you, and Mr. Dick so much.  
I don't want to go away.  
Now now.  
What a kind man you're going  
to live with, Mr. Wickfield,

My business advisor and good friend.  
He has such a pleasant old house.  
And Canterbury isn't far away.  
How was school today, David?  
Great fun.  
What do you think happened, Agnes?  
Steerforth, the head boy you know,  
and everyone's hero,  
Let me bowl to him at cricket.  
And he walked back to school with me.  
How fine.  
Papa, you're tired.  
Yes... yes Agnes.  
Perhaps I am.  
Shall I take those papers downstairs,  
father dear?  
My little guardian.  
Ever since her mother died.  
May I take them Mr. Wickfield?  
Thank you David,  
Thank you.  
You're working late tonight, Mr. Heep.  
Ah ha, Master Copperfield.  
Pray, Master Copperfield,  
do call me Uriah, if you please.  
Certainly.  
I'm improving my legal knowledge.  
I suppose you are quite a great lawyer.  
Me? Oh, no Master Copperfield.  
I'm a very humble person,  
I'm well aware.  
My mother is likewise, humble.  
We live in a humble abode.  
We've many things to be thankful for.  
My father's former calling was humble.  
He was a sexton.  
What is he now?  
He is a partaker of glory at present,  
Master Copperfield.  
I'm thankful for my place here with  
Mr. Wickfield.  
Oh, what a worthy gentleman he is.  
Perhaps you'll be a partner  
in Mr. Wickfield's business

One of these days.  
Me? Oh, no Master Copperfield.  
I'm far too humble for that.  
I think you would come  
into the business at last.  
Why? I have no views of that, sort.  
Oh yea, I think you will.  
Certainly. Oh, I know.  
And won't Miss Agnes be glad, eh?  
Mother will be expecting me.  
Will it suit your convenience  
if I snuff the candle?  
Yes, Uriah.  
Goodnight, Master Copperfield.  
Goodnight, Uriah.  
The silent gliding on of existence.  
The unseen, unfelt progress of life  
from childhood to youth...  
The end of school days.  
Latin verses.  
If it weren't for you, Agnes.  
I should never have learned them.  
Steerforth, how how handsome.  
How astonishing clever he was.  
Always so generous.  
Agnes, do you remember this?  
Oh, what fun we used to have  
on those Sunday walks.  
Remember?  
I carved a little wooden heart for you  
with my first penknife.  
Oh, but you will have lost  
that years ago.  
We really must finish your packing,  
David,  
Or we'll be late  
for the party at school.  
Here.  
Oh, you can't imagine how excited I am.  
A few days holiday.  
And a short visit with  
my beloved Peggotty's in Yarmouth.  
And then London,  
and start serious work on my book.

Agnes?

Those are tears in your eyes.

Father and I in this quiet old place,  
will be sorry

When you're gone.

Ah, but I shouldn't be at the other end  
of the world.

I'll write to you and see you often.

I shall always want to confide in you,  
Agnes.

Whatever happens,  
whenever I fall in trouble.

Even when you fall in love?

Haha, even then.

My only wonder is, you're not been  
in love yourself by this time.

Ah, but I know of no one  
who even deserves to love you.

Someone better than anyone  
I've ever seen here,  
Must rise up before I'd give my consent.

Ah, David.

Haha, even then, I should hesitate.

How proud we shall be  
when your first book is completed.

How much I shall owe to you,  
if it ever is completed.

What faith I ever had in my writing  
was to be by you.

Ah, I shall miss you like my right hand.

Although, that does not say much.

For there's no head in my right hand.

And no heart.

And they both will miss you terribly.

Oh, Master Copperfield.

Mr. Copperfield, I should say.

I... I'm so busy, I didn't see you.

You seem very busy indeed these days,  
Uriah.

Yea, I'm so glad to be of use  
to Mr. Wickfield.

What an excellent man he is.

But...

How imprudent he has become.

Anyone else had been in my place  
during the last few years,  
He'd have had Mr. Wickfield  
under his thumb.  
Under his thumb!  
Haha, b... but I'm the humble instrument  
that is humbly serving him.  
Pardon me.  
I assume this imposing epithet houses  
the brightest star  
In my armament of  
Earthly companions.  
I allude to Master David Copperfield.  
Micawber!  
Copperfield.  
Mr. Micawber, how wonderful to see you  
in Canterbury.  
Thank you.  
This successful conclusion of  
my paragonation through the highways  
And byways is a happy ardory  
that something extraordinary  
Is bound to turn up.  
Will you excuse me please, sir?  
Mr. Micawber, this is Uriah Heep,  
who works for my good friend,  
Mr. Wickfield.  
How do you do?  
Any friend of my friend Copperfield,  
has a personal claim upon me.  
Oh thank you, thank you sir.  
But I am too humble to be called  
a friend, Mr. Micawber.  
I'm grateful to Mr. Copperfield  
for his kindness.  
Now, if you'll excuse me.  
A man, I perceive,  
of remarkable shrewdness.  
Ah! Fruit.  
Now tell me, how is Mrs. Micawber?  
Mrs. Micawber is,  
I am pleased to state, in status quo.  
In short, was it not for unfortunate  
Circumstances,



not unconnected with finance...  
Tell me.  
No, no.  
I shall never be able to hold my head  
erect before my fellow man.  
But, I confide in you,  
that we are being held  
Virtually as prisoners at the Sun Inn.  
The sum involved is admittedly trifling.  
Oh, you must allow me.  
Never! Never!  
Oh please. I insist.  
You overwhelm me.  
Your generosity flaws me.  
"Should old acquaintance be forgot,  
and never to return..."  
Goodbye, Mr. Micawber.  
Goodbye.  
I am impressed with your friend, Heep.  
He has been good enough  
to offer me employment  
In a confidential capacity.  
Then, something did turn up!  
Perhaps the foundation of a new career.  
I have an acquaintance with the law.  
Only as a Defendant, of course.  
Would it be too much to hope that  
Mr. Micawber would eventually be  
eligible for a judge,  
Of a chancellor?  
Yes! He'd be eligible.  
I wish you all success.  
Thank you.  
Have a good holiday.  
Enjoy London, and have a good time  
with all your old friends  
At Yarmouth.  
And why should they have  
such an unchristian name as Peggotty,  
I don't know.  
Oh, thank you Aunt.  
Thank you for everything.  
Fiddlesticks.  
Save your sentiment for Agnes.

David will have no time  
for sentiment in London,  
Seeing the sight of his good friend,  
Steerforth.  
Oh, there's no one like Steerforth.  
He belongs to the grand world,  
Yet he's as kind and simple  
as if he were  
A country cutlet, like myself.  
You're a good friend, David.  
I hope he's worthy of you.  
Remember Agnes, I promised.  
You'll see how I work at my writing.  
Goodbye you all, goodbye.  
Goodbye.  
Why, Copperfield, Old Boy.  
Steerforth!  
I... I never was so glad.  
But David... David.  
Where's the little nipper  
that I used to order about at school?  
Order about, it was an honor.  
The great Steerforth.  
Head boy.  
So kind and protective  
to a small nobody.  
I shall never forget  
what a hero you were.  
Oh, my dear David.  
I was never anybody's hero.  
Not even my own.  
Come on.  
There are some fine, highstepping girls  
dancing tonight, David.  
It's a gala evening, Steerforth.  
I've always wanted to see  
"The Enchanted Bird."  
Yes, but I can scarcely be excited  
over an old bird over forty,  
Being shot by a bow and arrow.  
David, that's the stage.  
Oh, Auntie, isn't it lovely?  
I say, don't let her know it...  
In the next balcony

is the most beautiful girl.  
Oh Steerforth, what heavenly curls.  
By Jove, she is pretty.  
But those two hags with her...  
Oh, how wonderful  
if I could only speak to her.  
Oh, but I never shall.  
Unless something happens  
like the theater catching fire.  
There is a much easier way than that.  
Trust an old hand.  
Dear, oh dear.  
My glasses.  
Excuse me ma'am.  
I'll find them in the interval.  
In the meanwhile, allow me.  
I have an excellent pair.  
Thank you sir.  
Is not the ballet charming?  
Yes, yes indeed.  
I'm afraid you can see  
but half the stage.  
I wonder, I dare hardly suggest it,  
but, our bow has a better view.  
I wonder whether I may not tempt you  
and the other ladies to share.  
Lorenda, do you think?  
Oh, it is most irresilient.  
I'm afraid Dora cannot see  
the ballet too well.  
I think we might venture, Emilia.  
A gentleman, I'm sure.  
It's too kind... too much.  
Dora, come along.  
Now, I trust you have an adequate view.  
A pleasurable one, thank you.  
Permit me.  
Thank you.  
Yes... yes, I've always considered  
botany a fascinating subject.  
One learns so much from nature.  
Oh, indeed.  
In the quite of the country of Norwood,  
We are able to devote our lives to Dora.

I shall be riding often  
in the direction of Norwood,  
Miss Spenlow.  
Oh, oh yes indeed.  
How... how agreeable.  
Oh, she's like a dove.  
We have the most beautiful dove cage  
at home.  
Oh Miss Spenlow,  
I would love to see the dove cage.  
May I call?  
May I call?  
Would your Aunts have any objection?  
Can he be so cruel as to shoot her?  
Sometimes, love is cruel, Miss Spenlow.  
Do you think so? Oh!  
Oh! Now he's drawn his bow!  
Oh dear.  
Be careful!  
She's escaped.  
She's escaped!  
Please Miss Spenlow, may I call?  
Perhaps.  
If my Aunt permits.  
The old sun must be amused  
by the constant spectacle  
Of romantic lovers.  
Come along, David.  
Let's take them by surprise.  
Oh Steerforth,  
they're very simple people.  
Why, of course.  
I'll be anything you please.  
Comical, sentimental,  
or whatever the scene suggests.  
They're the best people in the world.  
Why, of course they are, David.  
Of course they are.  
Oh, I never felt so good.  
Oh dear, oh dear, oh dear.  
Master David, Master David...  
David! David boy!  
This is Steerforth, my friend.  
Emily. Ham, how are you?

This is Emily, sir.  
And this is my nephew, Ham sir,  
Mr. Steerforth.  
How are you?  
Well, to think of you two gentlemen  
coming here tonight  
Under this roof.  
Come here, my little pet.  
Come here, my little Emily.  
If this ain't the brightest night  
in your Uncle's life as ever was,  
Or ever will be, I'm a shellfish.  
Boiled in oil, too.  
Now listen mates,  
there's something I got to tell you.  
Hahaha, she knowed I was going to tell.  
And, whatever does this  
here blessed carp puller do,  
But lose that there heart of his to  
our little Emily.  
Tonight, he makes so bold as to  
ask for her hand, and she agreed.  
I know that if I capsized,  
and to see the town light shing  
For the last time,  
I'd go down quiet a thinking  
there was a man ashore the iron true  
To my little Emily  
as long as that man lived.  
I'd lay down my life for her,  
Master Davy.  
Why gentlemen, she's more to me than...  
More to me than I'd ever want.  
More to me than I can ever say.  
There's a many a man  
who can say it better.  
No man could say it better, or  
deserve happiness more than you, Ham  
Ham, I give you joy.  
Thank you sir.  
And unless you can induce your niece  
to return, I shall go.  
For such a gaze at your fireside  
tonight,

I would make for the wealth  
of the Indies.  
I'll go fetch  
the bright-eyed little thing.  
It can't be! Davy!  
Oh, my darling!  
Cheers Peggotty, cheers.  
What a fine young thing you are.  
I... I can't see you for the feeling.  
Dear Peggotty.  
I'm sorry to hear about poor Mr. Barkis.  
Aye, he went out with the tide,  
as you may say, Davy.  
Oh, he was a good and faithful man.  
If your sweet mother could see you now,  
Davy.  
Yes, Peggotty, do you remember  
when she and I  
Danced together in the winter twilight?  
To hear the music box,  
and to sleep with her under the wall.  
Oh, but wait.  
Steerforth, this is my beloved Peggotty.  
Why Peggotty, I've known you so long.  
I've known the crocodile book,  
And the workbox with  
St. Paul's Cathedral on the lid.  
And because of what you've been  
to David, I love you as he does.  
I'm... I'm proud to know you sir.  
And you were so good to Davy at school.  
Here's the little bride.  
Oh, what a good though, woman.  
Gather around, young gentlemen,  
I'm as rough as a sea porcupine,  
but I makes you welcome.  
Thank you, Mr. Peggotty.  
And now I have a toast to propose.  
A toast, to little Emily,  
the flower of Yarmouth.  
Here's to her beauty, her happiness,  
and her marriage.  
And here's to the one  
who is to marry her,

The luckiest man in all England.  
Here! Here!  
"Go, fetch me some of  
your father's gold.  
And some of your mother's feed.  
And two of the best nags  
from out of the stable.  
Where there stood thirty and three.  
They mounted upon their milk  
white steeds.  
And rode them side by side.  
Catch hold of my hand,  
my fair pretty maid.  
And I will make you my bride."  
Weeks passed amid old scenes.  
The Yarmouth Skipper.  
Why David, you come upon me  
like a reproachful ghost!  
Not reproachful, Steerforth.  
I've been looking at the pictures  
in the fire.  
Oh, I detest this mongrel hour,  
neither day nor night.  
What have you been doing?  
I've been taking some letters  
to the Postman.  
What? Dora again?  
Is it twice or three times a day  
you write to your dear intended?  
I envy you.  
What is it, Littimer?  
I beg your pardon sir.  
I've arranged for the boat  
for the summer.  
I think you will find the terms  
satisfactory.  
Exceedingly satisfactory.  
Isn't Littimer the perfect servant,  
David.  
Respectable, discreet, and a skinflint.  
Thank you very much sir.  
You see, I'm going to take my yachting  
seriously.  
Oh, we'll have

a glorious summer sailing, David.

Two idle apprentices,  
sailing and daydreaming.

You of your Dora,  
and I...

Hang on Littimer,  
when is the boat to be ready?  
It's being freshly rigged sir,  
and renamed.

What are you gonna call her?

The Little Emily.

Oh, won't that make Emily proud.  
She's an engaging little beauty,  
that girl.

But isn't that a rather chattel  
headed fellow she's going to marry?

Steerforth! Don't!

Don't be terribly cynical.

I see how well you understand  
these simple people,

And how perfectly you want  
only their happiness.

And I admire you for it.

I believe you're honest.

I believe you're good, David.

Oh, I wish we all were.

David, if anything should ever  
separate us, promise me...

You'll always think of me at my best.

You have no best with me, Steerforth.

And no worst.

Oh dear, does here it come.

A chill off and creeping up my back.

Oh, I'm a Ione, lorn creature.

And everything goes contrary with me.

Oh, cheer up my pretty Mother.

No Daniel, nothing's nicer to me  
than to be Ione and lorn.

Oh, come on old girl.

It hasn't been so bad the past weeks.

With Master Davy and Mr. Steerforth  
to keep us merry.

I know, but I'm Ione and lorn.

A real sailor man, he's become



this summer, Mr. Steerforth.  
Always happy just sailing along  
with Ham and Emily.  
There. That's for little Emily.  
They burn bright and cheerful at night,  
so when I'm here  
And Emily's coming home,  
I put the light in the window for her.  
Aye, here she is.  
Where's Emily?  
Master Davy,  
will you come outside a minute  
And see what Emily  
and me is gonna show you?  
Ham, what's the matter?  
Master Davy...  
For heaven sake, tell me.  
Oh, that I'd have died for her.  
Would die for her now.  
But she's gone.  
Gone?  
Emily's run away.  
And I pray God kill her sooner  
than her come to disgrace.  
You're a scholar, sir.  
You know what's right and best.  
What am I to say them indoors?  
How am I gonna break it to him,  
Master Davy?  
What's a 'miss?  
It's Emily.  
A letter sir, from Emily.  
You read it sir.  
Read it slow.  
I... I don't knows I can understand.  
"When you, who loved me so much  
better than I ever have deserved,  
See this, I shall be far away."  
Far away.  
Emily far away.  
"Never to come back.  
Unless he brings me back a Lady.  
You that I have wronged,  
Love someone that will be true to you

and worthy of you.  
Tell Uncle that I never have loved him  
half so much, as I do now."  
Who's the man?  
Master Davy, leave us a bit.  
I want to know his name.  
A servant came with a strange coach and  
horses outside of town  
This morning.  
Almost before day broke.  
A man was inside.  
A man you know, Master Davy.  
Emily went to him.  
Steerforth.  
It ain't no fault of yours, Master Davy.  
I'm far from leaving it onto you.  
The man is Steerforth.  
I'm a dead man's soul.  
If I'd one thought of  
what was in his mind...  
Strike me down dead  
I'd have drown him and thought it right.  
Where you going?  
I'm going to find my Emily!  
Where Dan?  
Anywhere! No ones stopping me!  
No no no no no, Dan!  
Settle a little while  
until your thinking right.  
Not as you are now.  
Sit you down.  
Give me your forgiveness Dan,  
for ever haven been a wife to you.  
Oh, what a most contrary's  
ever been to this.  
Dan, remember at the little orphan  
you took in.  
Now, soften your poor heart.  
I forgive her.  
I do forgive her.  
But I must find her,  
if it takes to the end of my days.  
"My Dear Aunt Betsey,  
I send you the first copy of

my first book.  
My happiness over it's publication  
Has helped me forget my disillusionment  
in Steerforth.  
I have a secret to confide in you.  
Would you meet me at the Wickfield home  
this Thursday  
To discuss this..."

My dear boy.  
His first work between covers at last.  
And how good it is.  
I knew one day the promise of  
his short stories would be fulfilled.  
Did you happen to glance  
at the dedication?  
To the dear one who has given me  
courage, inspiration, and love.  
Look for yourself child,  
you know who that means, I suppose.  
Oh no, Aunt Betsey, it couldn't.  
David's always thought of me  
only as a sister.  
Tut tut, then why should he say  
in his letter  
That he has a secret to confide in me.  
"A most important decision of my life.  
I know it will make you happy."  
Bless my soul, what's keeping him?  
Is the London coach late?  
Oh my dear, it's as plain as  
a pike's staff.  
He realizes where his happiness lies.  
How I've dreamed that you and he...  
Oh Aunt Betsey!  
I've tried not to show it.  
Aunt Betsey!  
Agnes!  
Come, come, come.  
And what is the important news?  
I'm in love.  
Completely. Utterly.  
With someone, the loveliest,  
most beautiful...  
Her name is Dora Spenlow.

Dora Spenlow?

I hope you've acted wisely, David.

Why? Oh, she's more loving,

more adorable than

I ever dreamed anybody could be.

I'm so glad, David.

So very glad.

Micawber!

My good friend, Micawber.

I am too humble to be called a friend.

Aha... I must stop that.

"Wickfield & Heep"

What does this mean?

It can't be!

It is.

My friend Heep,

has advanced his personal situation.

In short, he's a partner.

Micawber?

Your servant.

Don't you think that Heep is  
rather a peculiar partner for  
Mr. Wickfield?

My dear Copperfield, all I can say  
about my friend Heep is that  
He has responded to  
my financial appeals with generosity.  
In exchange, of course, for my I.O. U...  
(In exchange... I... O... U... )

He has some strange power over  
Mr. Wickfield, hasn't he?

I should imagine he's made good use  
of his opportunities here.

Isn't that so?

I am here in the capacity of confidence  
and trust.

Therefore, allow me to suggest  
that we do not discuss the affairs  
Of Masters Wickfield and Heep.

I offer no offense, I hope.

As you wish.

Ah, four o'clock.

May I pour you a dish of tea?

Coming, coming Mr. Heep!

Come here, Micawber!  
Excuse me, excuse me.  
Dear me, what a prophet you turned out  
to be Mr. Copperfield, eh?  
Remember?  
You said I might be a partner  
with Mr. Wickfield someday.  
Eh?  
Mr. Uriah, you've been  
a great help to me.  
My father always used to say to me,  
"Be humble Uriah, and  
You'll get on if what goes down bad."  
"Be humble Uriah,"  
Says father, "and you'll do."  
I must say, it ain't done bad.  
Here.  
Sh... shall we go to the drawing room,  
Father?  
Perhaps a little music?  
Have another conic with Mr. Copperfield  
and me before you go sir.  
Stay a bit.  
Yes, yes, I'll stay a bit.  
Very well, Father.  
Come fellow partner,  
If I may take the liberty,  
I'll give you another toast.  
To the devinest of her sex, eh?  
Agnes Wickfield, haha.  
Oh, I know that I'm a humble individual  
to give you her health,  
But I admire her, adore her.  
May I speak out among friends?  
To be her father is a proud distinction.  
But to be her husband, oh.  
You!  
What's the matter with you?  
Have you gone mad?  
She's all I have.  
Look at him, he dares...  
Please sir.  
Step by step, I've abandoned to him  
my money, reputation,

Peace and quiet, house and home!  
Oh, I kept them for you,  
I kept them for you!  
But now I finally see you  
for what you really are! You!  
Cover his mouth, Copperfield!  
He might say something he'll be sorry  
for afterwards,  
And you'll be sorry to have heard.  
Eh, fellow partner?  
Let sleeping dogs lie.  
Father?  
Come.  
Before we close the subject,  
You are one to understand that  
Agnes Wickfield is as far above you  
And your aspirations as the moon itself.  
Hmmm, you've always hated me,  
Master Copperfield.  
I am well aware.  
Thought me too humble.  
But now, I'm not going to be  
pushed to the wall by someone  
Who isn't humble.  
All's fair in love!  
It takes two to make a quarrel,  
Master Copperfield.  
I won't be one,  
and now you know what to expect.  
I expect only this from you, deceit and  
treachery.  
Oh, Davy! Oh, beauty!  
Ooo, mind Jip!  
That's to punish you for  
your bad behavior.  
Ah Jip, oh Jippy,  
to think I could be cruel.  
Jippy's just so cute to her mama.  
"I cannot leave of dancing,  
Tra-la-la-la.  
I cannot leave of dancing,  
With Jip, my little Jip. I..."  
Oh, Dody!  
Darling! Oh.

Dody. Mmmmm.

Oh Dody, I've been so impatient.

Dody, you've forgotten something.

Dody, you brought me a present,  
What is...

Now... now, I do hope the evening's going  
to go well.

And you have a good dinner for  
Aunt Betsey and Mr. Dick?

Oh, you're so tiresome, Dody.

Dinner's going to be beautiful.

Oh Dody, what's in the parcel?  
Come and get it.

Give me one show.

My dearest little wife.

Dody, what is it?

It's the latest cookery book.

Oh. Isn't that a clever Dody.

Oh but now we can have  
the most wonderful diner.

My dear love,  
I was shocked at the butcher's bill.  
Where is the account book?

Oh, it's about. Somewhere.

Here's a recipe for turtle soup.  
"Hang the turtle up by its hind legs,  
and before it can draw  
In its neck,  
Cut off its head."

Oh Dody, I... I couldn't do that.

Sweet peas, now that sounds nice.

Doesn't it Jippy?

What a mess.

Dora, my life,  
this is not the place for the idle.

I can't find the account book.

Try the guitar case, or... hahaha,

Oh Dody, it's in Jip's pagoda.

Why Jip, you naughty little thing.

Were you keeping the accounts?  
Were you?

Oh my pet,  
All these drawings of flowers and ships.  
This seems to be my own likeness.

Jip, apparently, has walked over it.  
And as for the accounts,  
well they seem very peculiar.  
I'm sure I'm very affectionate.  
But those figures are so obstinate.  
They will not add up.  
Oh Dody, Dody don't be cross.  
Don't be a naughty old blue beard.  
Oh Dody, look at those wrinkles.  
There! Hahahahaha...  
Hahahahaha, oh my darling.  
Oh, my Dody.  
Haha.  
Now Jip, you mustn't be tiresome.  
Jip tiresome?  
Dear me, no. Of course not.  
Oh Dody,  
I bought the most beautiful  
little barrel of oysters,  
And the man said  
that they are delicious.  
Well, here they come.  
They seem rather obstinate oysters.  
I don't think they've been opened.  
We did have the most beautiful  
oyster knife, but it's lost.  
Ow! Well, that finishes the oysters.  
Writing a story in Monsley Pass  
isn't easy.  
Ah, mutton.  
That's always sure to be good.  
Splended, splended.  
I've seen some of the illustrations.  
I hope...  
It seems to be all burned.  
The butcher said  
it was the very best mutton.  
It may be the very best dear,  
But unfortunately it's burnt  
on one side and raw on the other!  
Now... now, Jippy.  
Now, now, now, now.  
Well Dora!  
This is a fine dinner you've given us!



Oh don't! Oh don't!  
Oh dear, I shall never stand it,  
never stand it,  
Oh!  
Dody!  
My darling!  
Dody! You won't hurt her.  
I was naughty.  
But it was all my fault.  
No.  
Yes Dody. #No my darling.  
The err was all my fault.  
I've... I've been trying to change you,  
And when I should have been trying  
To relieve you of all of your cares.  
Why didn't I think of it before?  
Think of what, Dody?  
Well, we'll send for my Peggotty.  
And she shall come look after us both.  
Now, my precious,  
You must be weary.  
No Dody, don't send me to bed. Don't.  
Dody, may I ask you something?  
It may be silly.  
What wonderful thing is that?  
I want to help  
when you're so industrious.  
May I...  
May I hold the pens?  
Yes dear.  
A talking pen, might disturb my Dody.  
Oh... Dody!  
My darling, what is it?  
What's wrong?  
Master Davy. Master Davy.  
What's the matter?  
Dora's not worse, is she?  
No, Master Davy.  
She's resting comfortable.  
But my brother Dan's here.  
He has news of Emily!  
Master Davy.  
It was in Napels, by the sea,  
There he wearied of her, and left her.

When she knowed she was abandoned,  
Her heart died in her.  
That snake, his servant, insulted her.  
Told her he'd been left there  
by his master to marry her.  
Something cast off for a servant's use.  
She tried to die by her own hand.  
So he locked her up, imprisoned her.  
And she, my poor lass, when night come,  
She forced a window and  
escaped to the shore.  
She fought herself home.  
Wandering on the Yarmouth beach,  
She stumbled on calling out for us  
who loved her.  
Thinking that here was the old boat,  
and there was  
Her dear friends.  
When morning broke, they found her.  
By God's mercy, they took her in  
and cared for her.  
All night long, we've been together.  
Her arms around my neck,  
and her head laid here.  
We knows full well we can put  
our trust in one another forevermore.  
One thing, Master Davy,  
is heavy on my mind.  
'Tis Ham, sir.  
He was cut deep and  
lost his care for life.  
I've heard how in rough weather  
and in danger,  
He's first to follow his mates  
As if he hoped the sea would take him.  
Sir, would you go to Yarmouth,  
as soon as maybe,  
And get word to Ham.  
Tell him as how Emily remembers  
all his kindness.  
And how she begs his forgiveness.  
And says goodbye.  
I'll go by the first coach.  
What boat is that?

It looks like a schooner from  
Spain or Portugal.  
Hello Mrs. Gummidge. Where's Ham?  
He's gone down there to  
help with the rescue.  
I must see him.  
I have an important message  
from Dan Peggotty.  
Oh Master Davy,  
don't let him do anything dangerous.  
Give me a line  
and I'll swim out to them!  
Ham! Ham! Ham!  
Be careful with the precious,  
Master Davy.  
Be careful. Be careful.  
Everything's all ready for her.  
The bed's all made and comfortable.  
There you are, Jip right next to you.  
There you are my darling.  
Dody, look at the garden.  
The blossoms are out.  
Now I know I shall be well  
and strong again.  
And when you can run about  
as you used to, we shall make Jip race.  
Dody, you must take me to London  
to see the Enchanted Bird again.  
Promise?  
Of course sweetie.  
Our patient seems to have borne  
the journey down stairs  
Remarkably well.  
So I shall be on my way.  
Until tomorrow, my dear.  
Oh, you must allow me to see you  
to the door, doctor.  
Thank you.  
How can we ever thank you enough?  
My boy, there's something you must know.  
She is better, isn't she?  
She's in so much brighter spirits.  
Doctor...  
She's... she's not going to...

No David, no.  
Her life's in no immediate danger.  
But I cannot give you any hope  
for any real recovery.  
Sorry David.  
Dody, come and look at our garden.  
We'll be walking there soon.  
I'm coming, my love.  
Yes doctor?  
Her strength is done.  
Poor Dora.  
Dody?  
Yes Darling?  
Is... is it lonely downstairs, Dody?  
You'll soon be well and strong again,  
my Dora.  
Ah Dody, sometimes I think...  
you know it is  
Always a silly little thing I thought,  
that will never be.  
No, no, my darling.  
I'm with you.  
I won't allow anything to happen to you.  
Dody, I'm afraid...  
I was too young.  
I wasn't fit to be a wife.  
We... we've always been very happy,  
my sweet Dora.  
I've was very happy, very.  
But, as the years went on...  
My dear boy would have wearied  
of his child wife.  
He would have realized, more and more,  
What was... what was once in his home.  
She wouldn't have improved.  
You know Dody, it's better as it is.  
Dody?  
Yes, my dear.  
I... I want to speak to Agnes.  
Let no one else come.  
I want to speak to Agnes, quite alone.  
Oh Dody,  
You could never love your child wife  
More that you do now.

And in more years, she would have...  
she would have so tried  
And disappointed you,  
that you may not have been  
Able to love her half as well.  
Oh Jip, if we shall ever be again.  
"Miss Agnes Wickfield  
Canterbury  
England, Kent"  
"...Year has made me realize  
my love of home.  
I have also been perturbed by  
a curious letter I have received  
From Micawber about  
your father's affairs,  
And so I am returning to England  
Immediately.  
Yours Affectionate,  
David"  
I'm sure I never signed that paper.  
Oh yes Mr. Wickfield,  
I can assure you that you did.  
But I... I must have been out of  
my mind to think I had the power.  
Take it more quietly, father.  
Then you'll remember.  
I'm afraid Mr. Wickfield is  
a little careless.  
I warned him,  
but he wouldn't listen to me.  
I did listen!  
I listened far too often!  
Don't let him upset you, father.  
That's right Miss Agnes,  
I fancy all the same,  
You'll need some help  
from before you're done.  
Lf... if you were to suggest  
to Miss Agnes that  
She be a little kind to me,  
We should manage the business very well.  
I'm sure it would be good  
for all parties.  
He'll be sorry for this.

Don't despair sir.  
I'll get to the bottom of this.  
Micawber's the key to it.  
He knows better than anyone  
what Uriah's been up to it.  
Oh, but he's sold his soul to Uriah,  
the same as I have.  
Oh, it's true, Micawber's been  
strange lately.  
I, myself have been worried.  
But he's always been so honest, so true,  
I... I can't believe he's false  
until I've seen him.  
Miss Trotwood, Mr. Copperfield,  
and Mr. Dick.  
Well isn't this...  
this is an unexpected pleasure,  
Miss Trotwood.  
There have been some changes  
in the office since  
I was a humble clerk.  
But I'm not changed, Miss Trotwood.  
I think you're pretty constant  
to the promise of your youth,  
If that's any satisfaction to you.  
Oh, thank you for your good opinion.  
No good opinion's wasted upon you,  
Uriah Heep!  
Still seeking that quarrel,  
Master Copperfield?  
I'm seeking more than that.  
Out of my way, Micawber.  
What are you waiting for!  
Because... because... in short I choose!  
Ah, you was always a worthless fellow  
as all the world knows.  
It will oblige me to get rid of you.  
Now you go along.  
I'll talk to you presently.  
If there's a scoundrel in all  
this world with who I've talked  
Too much, that scoundrel's name is Heep!  
Oh, I see. A conspiracy, eh?  
Well, we understand each other,

you and me.  
There's no love between us.  
You was always a puppy with  
a proud stomache  
When you first come in here.  
You envy me rise.  
You'll make nothing of this!  
I'll match you!  
Mr. Micawber, there's a change  
in this fellow  
That assures me we're right.  
Deal with him as he deserves.  
Ah, precious set of people ain't you,  
Trying to buy me clerk over!  
The very scum,  
as you yourself was before  
Copperfield before anyone  
had charity on you!  
Miss Wickfield, if you have  
any love for your father,  
Don't you join them,  
Because if you do, I'll ruin him!  
Scoundrel!  
Miss Wickfield, Mr. Wickfield,  
and others whom it may concern!  
In denouncing  
the most consummate villain  
That ever existed,  
I ask no consideration for myself,  
But I declare that Heep,  
and Heep only of the firm  
Wickfield and Heep,  
Is a forger and cheat!  
Liar! Give me those. Ah!  
I'll get even with you for this!  
You want to carry out my orders!  
You're in it as much as I!  
Approach me, approach me,  
You... you... you heep of infamy!  
And if your head is human,  
I'll break it!  
I cast off your yoke!  
I defy you!  
Come on! Come on! Come on!

My charges against Heep are as follows:

First,

He has caused Mr. Wickfield to sign Documents of importance representing them as of no importance.

Thereby, empowering Heep to draw out trust money.

Prove this you Copperfield, or in good time

Thank you.

Heep, has systematically forged to various books

And documents the signature of Mr. Wickfield.

I have in my possession several imitations of

Mr. Wickfields signature,

The work of this monster Heep!

I have now concluded,

And although poverty and imprisonment may follow,

I trust the labor of these investigations may be

As a sprinkling of sweet water upon my funeral pile.

I ask no more,

but in the name of justice,

Let it be said of me,

as of a gallant naval hero,

That what I have done,

I did for England, home and beauty.

Yours et cetera, et cetera,

et cetera, Wilkins Micawber.

The books!

The books are gone!

Who stole the books!

I did!

When you gave me the keys

this morning as usual.

Don't be uneasy,

they're in my possession.

I'll take care of them.

Oh so, you receive stolen goods, do you?

In these circumstances, yes.



Hmmm. What do you want done?  
I'll tell you what must be done.  
Mr. Wickfield, please.  
First, the deed of partnership  
must be given over to me, now. Here.  
Supposing I haven't got it.  
But you have, therefore,  
we won't suppose that.  
Then you must return the bonds  
you've taken, and all the money  
You've appropriated to the last penny.  
All the partnership books and papers  
must remain in our possession.  
Hmm, must I?  
I don't know about that.  
I must have time to think about it.  
Certainly.  
In the meantime, you may wish to  
repose in Mason jail.  
Mr. Dick, will you go around and  
get a couple of officers.  
With the greatest pleasure.  
Oh, no, no, now, don't let us be hasty.  
Don't let us be hasty.  
Master Copperfield, We've lost  
our tempers perhaps.  
Allow me to bend.  
I'm a very humble person,  
Master Copperfield.  
I have no wish to rise above my place.  
The keys?  
Is that all, Master Copperfield?  
Yes.  
Then I humbly beg to wish you  
all a very good day.  
Goodness me,  
who is that David's bringing home?  
I must speak plainly, Agnes.  
After Dora died,  
I went away lonely and miserable.  
I stayed away realizing my need of you.  
I've returned loving you.  
David, the night that Dora died,  
I was alone with her if you remember.

The last thing that she asked me was  
that I should take her place.  
I've loved you all my life.  
Heh, high time, too.  
Eh, Mr. Dick?

**THE END:**