Estella Monologue

You silly Boy, how can you talk such nonsense? You must know I have no heart. Oh! I have a heart to be stabbed in or shot in, I have no doubt, and of course, if it ceased to beat I should cease to be. But you know what I mean. I have no softness there, no – sympathy – sentiment – nonsense. I am serious, if we are to be thrown much together, you had better believe it at once. I am to come to London. I am going to live, at a great expense, with a lady there, who has the power – or she says she has – of taking me about, and introducing me, showing people to me and showing me to people.