

~~PIPPA. Sorry... I just need... a few minutes alone. To compose myself. That I might marry you with a smile. The first of our marriage.~~

~~BENEVOLENT. And the last if I have my way.~~

~~HARDTHRASHER. Come, Benevolent. Let us give the girl the time she needs. I have some rather good communion brandy in my vestry...~~

*He leads* BENEVOLENT *offstage*. PIP, HARRY and POPPY *hurry to* PIPPA.

PIP. Weep not, dear sister Pippa... for I have come to rescue you!

PIPPA. Oh, dear brother Pip! And dear sister Poppy! And...

HARRY. Harry Biscuit at your service, Miss Bin.

PIPPA. How do you do, Harry Biscuit.

*She shakes* HARRY *by the hand*. *He goes wide-eyed*. *So does* PIPPA.

Oh! Tingles...

HARRY. Me too...

*They look at each other, still holding hands. Then finally let go.*  
Must be the dreadful tension of this situation.

PIPPA. Of course. (*Beat*.) Oh! To think I now see the brother and sister I thought I would ne'er see again! These past weeks I have been comforted only by my trusty anvil...

*She pats her trusty anvil which is nearby.*

...but now I have my beloved siblings back! Though what is wrong with Poppy?

PIP. Alas, she is not well.

POPPY. Cold... so cold...

HARRY. We think it might be a cold.

POPPY. It is as if my body is made of icebergs, icicles and penguin genitals! I fear my life is ebbing coldly away...

## ADDITION: Pip, Pippa ACT ONE

### + Harry

PIPPA. No! Oh, Poppy, poor Poppy!

*She starts weeping. BENEVOLENT reappears upstairs. PIP and HARRY drop to the floor to hide, pulling POPPY down with them.*

BENEVOLENT. Don't tell me, now you miss your sister Poppy.

PIPPA. So, so much!

BENEVOLENT. Well, I tire of delay. Pippa Bin: you have one minute before I come down there and marry you.

*He goes offstage again; PIP, HARRY and POPPY come back into view.*

PIPPA. What are we to do?

HARRY. I have an idea, Pip Bin...

PIP. What, Harry?

HARRY. Three words for you –

PIP. Do not say 'hot air balloon', Harry.

HARRY. Actually, I was going to say 'swans, swans, swans'.

PIP. And do you have any swans yet?

HARRY. Still no. Sorry, Pip Bin.

PIP. It's all right. I know what to do. Pippa: out of your wedding dress.

PIPPA. Er... why?

PIP. Just do it!

*PIPPA starts undressing.*

HARRY. I shan't look! I shall use these Bibles as moral spectacles!

*HARRY picks up two Bibles and covers his eyes with them. Meanwhile PIPPA is out of her dress... and PIP starts putting it on himself.*

PIPPA. What are you doing?

PIP. You ~~shall~~ not marry Benevolent: I shall. It will buy you time to escape... and seek help for Poppy. Now hurry, for the minute is nearly up. Go! Go now!

PIPPA. Thank you, dear brother...

PIP. Harry, you must go with them. And please... protect my sisters.

HARRY. I shall. Good luck, Pip Bin.

PIP. And you, Harry Biscuit. We shall meet again soon.

PIPPA *kisses PIP then goes, she and HARRY helping* POPPY.

POPPY. We're going outside again? Brilliant. Because that'll help with the cold...

*Just as they leave, BENEVOLENT enters with* HARDTHRASHER 2. PIP *quickly flips the wedding dress's veil down over his face.*

BENEVOLENT. At last. Now, Reverend: marry us.

HARDTHRASHER 2. Of course. Will you, Gently Lovely Nice Nice Benevolent take...

BENEVOLENT. Yes! I will! Get on with it.

HARDTHRASHER 2. Right. Will you, Pippa Wheelie Bin, take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband?

PIP (*high-pitched*). I won't.

BENEVOLENT (*high-pitched*). Whoops, no, changed my mind, I will, I shall and I do.

PIP. Damn.

HARDTHRASHER 2. Great! Nuptials to nuptials, wed to wed, you're now married until you're dead.

BENEVOLENT. And now to kiss my bride...

*He raises the veil. And recognises PIP.*

What? You!

PIP. Yes, me. Thought I'd come to the wedding after all. And remember how you did not give me a chance to RSVP? Well now I shall.

*He punches* BENEVOLENT.

BENEVOLENT. Ow! How is that an RSVP?

PIP. A Really Serious Violent Punch.

HARDTHRASHER 2. How did you escape St Bastard's? My brother would never have allowed it.

PIP. Alas, he is dead. Actually, no, un-alas. He was horrible.

HARDTHRASHER 2. No... Wackwell... dear brother...

HARDTHRASHER 2 *wanders away, lost in griefful thoughts.*

PIP. So I'm not dead. And you're not married to my sister. Oh, and as today is my eighteenth birthday, I think I'll claim my inheritance now, thank you.

BENEVOLENT. Well that's not going to happen.

*Suddenly, there is a loud splashing sound from off.*

POPPY (*offstage*). Oh, blimey that's cold!

*And now PIPPA and HARRY rush back in with a drenched* POPPY.

HARRY. Hello, Pip Bin! You said we would meet again soon... and here I am!

PIP. But this is too soon! Why haven't you escaped?

PIPPA. We tried! But no sooner had we left than Poppy fell into a river!

POPPY. Alas, I mistook the river for a lovely warm bath. So I jumped in. But it was not a bath. Or lovely. Or, most importantly, warm. So I am now colder than ever. Oh, it is as if winter itself has crept into my soul!

PIPPA. Mr Benevolent... though you are clearly evil, you are also her guardian: please do something.