

BENEVOLENT: Such a sad occasion. Come ...

*He goes towards them, open-armed, seemingly nice. But:*

... let me taste your pain. So ... nourishing.

PIP: Sir ... what has happened to poor Papa?

BENEVOLENT: Alas, your father made a terrible mistake. For one day, as we exploited the South Indies, he asked whether our actions were entirely right; and whether we ought not treat the locals as equals and share our profits with them.

PIP: How is that a mistake? It sounds perfectly fair ...

BENEVOLENT: Because later that day, your father was killed. By penguins.

PIP: Penguins?

BENEVOLENT: Yes, penguins. Each evening we had a habit of watching the sunset together from a local cliff top ...

Alas, you know how clumsy your father could be ... and, that evening, as we watched the setting sun, he slipped ...

... and fell to the rock-filled beach below. Luckily, he missed the beach and seemed to be alright ...

... but – alas again – for some reason, that morning your father had filled his pockets with fresh mackerel. Perhaps he intended to perform a scientific study of the species ... or perhaps he just mistook them for his house keys. Alas, the fishy fragrance attracted some feral penguins ...

They tore your father limb from limb until he was no more.

*A slight pause. Then:*

PIP: No more what?

BENEVOLENT: No more ... alive.

PIP: But ... how is Papa's death connected with him wanting to share profits with the locals?

BENEVOLENT: Oh, um ... it's totally not. Now, smoked mackerel bite, anyone? They're one hundred per cent fresh mackerel ... and hand-made by trained penguins.