

PIP: Why, the memories I have of this place. Once I sat against this very gravestone ...

*PIP sits against the gravestone.*

– and was startled by a –

*And suddenly a hand reaches round and grabs him like earlier.*

– aaargh! Ghost! Ghoul! Spirit!

*But it's actually a bedraggled POPPY.*

POPPY: I am none of those. I am just a girl.

PIP: Aargh, girl! Horrible, scary – wait! You are not just a girl: you are my sister Poppy!

POPPY: Dear brother Pip? Can it be? Oh, joy!

PIP: But why are you here?

POPPY: After I fled the house that dread day, I have remained nearby, living off the land. And living outside I have been cold ... so cold ...

*She shivers to prove this.*

PIP: Well, mayhap my presence will warm you.

POPPY: Spiritually yes. Though physically I'd prefer a coat ... or a blanket ... or maybe a pair of cocker spaniels I could wear like furry radiators.

PIP: Alas, I have none of those.

POPPY: Then cold I must remain. I am still as cold as a disapproving stare from a maiden aunt.

I can't feel my legs ... or my arms ... there is no feeling in my chest ... all I can feel is a tiny bit of my stomach ...

PIP: And how does that feel?

POPPY: Cold.

PIP: Might have guessed ...

POPPY: Oh! I fear I shall never get to marry my lovely young clergyman ... and have my lovely children and lovely dogs ... for there are angels all around me, beckoning me unto heaven ...

And now I can see Jesus as well ...

He has a warm coat for me. And a scarf. Which he knitted himself! How kind. Would I like a bowl of hot soup? Why, thank you, Jesus. What's that, Jesus? Would I like to sit next to you by the fire? Yes, please! Oh, how warm I am now! So warm! Warm forever ... oh, dear brother and sister ... Jesus says I must bid you farewell ... for I am going now ... going ... going ... going ... nearly there ... gone.

*POPPY slumps into death*