

THOMAS: Dear children!

CHILDREN: Dear Papa!

THOMAS: How good it is to see you! Pip ...

PIP: Papa ...

THOMAS: Pippa ...

PIPPA: Papa ...

THOMAS: And Poppy ...

POPPY: Papa ...

THOMAS: Ah, Pip and Poppy ...

PIP and POPPY: Papa ...

THOMAS: Poppy and Pippa ...

POPPY and PIPPA: Papa ...

THOMAS: My Pip, Pippa and Poppy!

CHILDREN: Papa!

THOMAS: Now, I have presents!

CHILDREN: Presents, Papa?

THOMAS: Yes, pleasing presents for my progeny. For Poppy, a puppy ...

*He rummages in a bag and hands her a puppy*

POPPY: A puppy, Papa?

THOMAS: A puppy, Poppy. For Pip, a pipe ...

*He takes a pipe from his bag*

PIP: A pipe, Papa?

THOMAS: A pipe, Pip. And for Pippa ... an anvil.

*He hands her an anvil. She collapses under its weight.*

PIPPA: Ow.