

HARDTHRASHER: Ah, Pip Bin, welcome to St Bastard's! Welcome, welcome indeed. And how kind! You have brought me the gift of a pipe.

*He takes PIP's pipe from him. PIP protests.*

PIP: Actually, no, sir, that's –

*HARDTHRASHER suddenly turns into a raging psychopath*

HARDTHRASHER: Did I say speak? Did I? Did I tell you to speak?

PIP: No, sir.

HARDTHRASHER: You do it again! The impudence! Did I say speak? Did I?

*A now terrified PIP stands awkwardly silent.*

I ask you a question and you dare not respond, boy? Answer me clearly and simply: did I tell you to speak?

PIP: No, sir ...

HARDTHRASHER: Again you do it! Again you speak!

PIP: But you told me to!

HARDTHRASHER: Such insolence I have ne'er heard! You must be beaten, boy!

PIP: Why?

HARDTHRASHER: Because this is a nineteenth-century English public school. It's kind of our thing. Plus, my name's Wackwell Hardthrasher. What did you expect?

PIP: Most grown-ups I know have ironic names.

HARDTHRASHER: Oh, we don't do irony here. This is a school of facts and directness. And it is a fact that you will be beaten directly.

Right, quick word about the school rules: there's actually only one! Which is 'obey every rule'. And this is the rulebook.

*He dumps a massive book on PIP*

Break one, and I'll beat you. Break two, and I'll thrash you. Same as beating, just a bit more freestyle. And break three and you'll go to the school salt mines. Their briny atmosphere drives boys mad with thirst. I've even seen them try to drink their own heads. The results are horrific ... and stimulating.