**SOPHIE IN GIANT COUNTRY**

*Curtain up.*

*Before the play proper begins, SOPHIE shows the*

*audience the SOPHIE DOLL.*

SOPHIE:

This is Sophie, an orphan. One night, from her dormitory window, she sees …a giant!

[*Enter the BFG. He snatches the SOPHIE DOLL and carries it to the cave*]

He snatches her and, terrified, she finds herself carried off to a strange country unknown to human beings.

[*SOPHIE goes to the cave and kneels at the table as the BFG puts the SOPHIE DOLL down. SOPHIE takes the SOPHIE DOLL and manipulates it like a puppet, while providing SOPHIE's voice*]

BFG: *[Standing over the SOPHIE DOLL]*

Ha! What has us got here?

[*He looks carefully at the SOPHIE DOLL. At first he should not appear very friendly*]

SOPHIE: [*Nervously*]

Where am I?

BFG:

This is my cave.

SOPHIE:

Why did you snatch me and bring me here?

BFG:

Because you *saw* me. If anyone is ever *seeing* a giant, he or she must be taken away hipswitch.

SOPHIE:

So what's going to happen to me now?

BFG:

You will just have to be staying here with me for the rest of your life.

SOPHIE:

Oh no!

BFG:

Oh yes! Now, I is hungry!

SOPHIE: [*Gasping*]

Please don't eat me!

BFG: [*Bellowing with laughter*]

Just because I is a giant, you think I is a man-gobbling canny-bull! No!

SOPHIE:

Oh, good.

BFG:

Yes, you is lucky. If one of the other giants is snitching you, they is crunching you up. Bones crackety-crackety-cracking. Gobble, gobbledy, gone!

SOPHIE:

Other giants? You mean there are more of you?

BFG:

Well this *is* Giant Country!

[*He picks up the SOPHIE DOLL*]

Be peeping out over there, little girl, and be seeing a brain-bogglingsome sight.

[*He carries the doll to the cave entrance. SOPHIE follows. They peep out at the other side, where the other GIANTS appear, lumbering about, looking menacing and hungry, grunting and occasionally threatening one another. They make themselves identifiable as the BFG mentions them*]

BONECRUNCHER:

I is fancying a gallop to Turkey to guzzle some tasty Turkish chiddlers.

[*The other GIANTS rumble their approval*]

BFG:

That's the Bonecruncher. He is thinking Turkish chiddlers is juiciest chiddlers.

[*The BONECRUNCHER bumps into the FLESHLUMPEATER, who roars threateningly, making the BONECRUNCHER cower*]

SOPHIE:

Who's that big, fierce one?

BFG:

That's the Fleshlumpeater.

FLESHLUMPEATER:

I is fancying getting my chompers round a handful of chiddlers from Wellington!

SOPHIE:

Where's Wellington?

BFG:

Your head is full of squashed flies. Wellington is in New Zealand.

BLOODBOTTLER:

I could be murdering some chiddlers from England!

[*The other GIANTS roar their approval*]

SOPHIE:

England?

BFG:

That's the Bloodbottler. He is thinking the English chiddlers is tasting ever so wonderfully of crodscollop.

SOPHIE:

I'm not sure I know what that means.

BFG:

Meanings is not important. I cannot be right all the time. Quite often I is left instead of right.

[*A row breaks out among the GIANTS. They grunt and push, arguing about where to g*o]

Let's go back. You will be coming to an ucky-mucky end if any of them should ever be getting his gogglers upon you.

[*They return inside the cave*]

There. You is safe in here.

[*They freeze during the following action*]

CHILDCHEWER:

'Tis the witchy hour!

[*The others grunt their agreement and all begin a kind of war-dance. Suddenly they all stop*]

MEATDRIPPER:

'Tis time for supper!

[*All excitedly agree and lumber round again. They suddenly stop*]

GIZZARDGULPER:

Human beans . . .

BONECRUNCHER:

Turkish chiddlers...

FLESHLUMPEATER:

Wellington chiddlers . . .

BLOODBOTTLER:

English chiddlers

ALL:

Here we come!

[*Roaring excitedly, the GIANTS run towards the audience, pounding along on the spot. Eventually, after at least twenty paces, they stop and menacingly look about them, hungrily sniffing. Suddenly, with a whoop, they find some dolls, swoop on them, pick them up, throw them to each other, roaring in hungry anticipation. Suddenly they all hold the dolls aloft* ]

Human beans! Human chiddlers!

[*They savagely mime eating the dolls, as though stuffing their mouths, tearing off limbs, chewing and chomping. Having gorged themselves, they happily sink to the floor and, as though in a drunken stupor, start snoring. Then their snores fade as the action returns to the cave*]

SOPHIE:

I think eating children is horrible. Listen, BFG, we can't just sit here and do nothing.

BFG:

What is you meaning?

SOPHIE:

We can't let any more children be eaten. We've got to stop those brutes.

BFG:

Us? Redunculus and umpossible.

SOPHIE:

[*Building to a climax*] Nonsense! It's up to us! We've got to save the children of the world.