**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 manipu-*

*lates 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: Why?

BFG: Human beans is not *believing* in giants, is

they? Human beans is not *thinking* giants exist.

SOPHIE: I do.

BFG: Ah, but that is because you has *seen* me

If I hadn't snitched you, you would be scuddling

around yodelling the news on the telly-telly

bunkum box that you were actually seeing a

giant, and then a great giant-hunt, a mighty

giant look-see, would be starting up all over

the world.

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*]

SOPHIE: Gosh! What on earth are they doing?

BFG: Nothing. They is just moocheling and

footcheling around and waiting for the night

to come. Then they will be galloping off to

places where human beans is living

to find chiddlers to guzzle for their suppers.

SOPHIE: Where?

BFG: All over the world.

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. Welling-

ton 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. Sud-*

*denly 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.

BFG: But I is *not* eating chiddlers, not I!

I is a nice and jumbly giant! I is the BFG.

SOPHIE: The BFG?

BFG: The Big Friendly Giant! What is your

name?

SOPHIE: My name is Sophie.

BFG: How is you doing, Sophie?

[*He gently shakes hands with the SOPHIE DOLL*]

I cannot help thinking about your poor

mother and father. By now they must be

jipping and skumping all over the house shout-

ing, 'Hallo, hallo, where is Sophie gone?'

SOPHIE: I don't have a mother and father.

They died when I was a baby.

BFG: You is a norphan?

SOPHIE: Yes.

*[The BFG carefully takes the SOPHIE DOLL*

*from SOPHIE and holds it up to his eye level*]

BFG: Oh you poor little scrumplet. You is

making me sad.

SOPHIE: Don't be sad. No one at the orphanage

will be worrying much about me.

BFG: Was you happy there?

SOPHIE: I hated it. It was horrid. There were rats down

there.

BFG: The filthy old fizzwigglers! You is making

me sadder than ever.

[*He sobs, hands the SOPHIE DOLL back to SOPHIE,*

*and sits on the stool*]

SOPHIE: Don't cry, BFG. Please.

[*The BFG recovers a little*]

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.

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