

THE BFG

David Wood

- SOPHIE: I think eating people is horrible.
- THE BFG: I has told you. I is not eating people. Not !! I is a freaky giant! I is a nice and jumbly giant! I is the BFG!
- SOPHIE: The BFG?
- THE BFG: The Big Friendly Giant! What is your name?
- SOPHIE: My name is Sophie.
- THE BFG: How is you doing, Sophie. (*He shakes hands with the doll.*) Is you quite snugly in your nightie, Sophie? You isn't fridgy cold?
- SOPHIE: I'm fine.
- THE BFG: I cannot help thinking about your poor mother and father. By now they must be jipping and skumping all over the house shouting, 'Hallo, hallo, where is Sophie gone?'
- SOPHIE: I don't have a mother and father. They died when I was a baby.
- THE BFG: You is a norphan?
- SOPHIE: Yes.
- THE 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.
- THE BFG: Was you happy there?
- SOPHIE: I hated it. Mrs Clonkers locked me in the cellar once.
- THE BFG: Why?
- SOPHIE: For not folding up my clothes.
- THE BFG: The rotten old rotrasper!
- SOPHIE: It was horrid. There were rats down there.
- THE BFG: The filthy old fizzwiggler! You is making me sadder than ever. (*He sobs.*)
- SOPHIE: Don't cry, BFG. Please. Listen, tell me – if you don't eat humans, what do you eat?
- THE BFG: (*pulling himself together*) That, little Sophie, is a squelching tricky problem. In this sloshflunking Giant Country, happy eats like pineapples and pigwinkles is simply not growing. Nothing is growing except for one extremely icky-poo vegetable. It is called the snozzcumber.
- SOPHIE: The snozzcumber? There's no such thing.
- THE BFG: Is you calling me a fibster?

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SOPHIE: Well ...

THE BFG: (*getting cross*) Just because you has not seen something isn't meaning it isn't existing. What about the great squizzly scotch-hopper?

SOPHIE: I beg your pardon?

THE BFG: And the humplecrimp?

SOPHIE: What's that?

THE BFG: And the wrapascal? And the crumpscoddle?

SOPHIE: Are they animals?

THE BFG: They is common animals. Swipe my goggles! I is not a very know-all giant myself, but it seems to me you is an absolutely know-nothing human bean. Your brain is full of rotten-wool.

SOPHIE: You mean cotton-wool.

THE BFG: (*grandly*) What I mean and what I say is two different things. (*He stands.*) I will now show you the repulsant snozzcumber.

The BFG finds a huge black and white striped, knobbly, cucumber-shaped vegetable, rather like a giant's club.

SOPHIE: Gosh. It doesn't look very tasty.

THE BFG: It's disgusterous! It's sickable! It's maggot-wise! (*He breaks it in two.*) Try some.

SOPHIE: Pooh! No, thank you.

THE BFG: There's nothing else to guzzle. Have a go.

The 'SOPHIE' doll nibbles some.

SOPHIE: Ugggggh! Oh no! It tastes of frogskins. And rotten fish.

THE BFG: (*roaring with laughter*) Worse than that! To me it is tasting of clockcoaches and slimewanglers.

SOPHIE: Do I really have to eat it?

THE BFG: Unless you is wanting to become so thin you will be disappearing into a thick ear.

SOPHIE: Into thin air. A thick ear is something quite different.

THE BFG: (*going to answer back, but checking himself*) Words is oh such a twitch-tickling problem to me. I know exactly whatwords I is wanting to say, but somehow they come out all squiff-squiddly.

SOPHIE: That happens to everyone.

THE BFG: (*sadly*) Not like it happens to me. I is speaking the most terrible wigglish.

SOPHIE: I think you speak beautifully.

THE BFG: (*brightening*) You do? You is not twiddling my leg?

SOPHIE: No. I love the way you talk.

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THE BFG: How wondercrump. How whoopsey-splunkers. Thank you, Sophie.