

The BFG

Excerpt – Sophie and BFG discuss issues gastronomic

- SOPHIE: *(short silence)* May I ask you a question?
- BFG: Shoot away.
- SOPHIE: What were you doing in our village last night?
- BFG: Aha! Now you nosy as parking lot.
- SOPHIE: And the suitcase you had, what on earth was THAT about?
- BFG: *(pause)* You is asking me to tell you whoppsy big secrets.
- SOPHIE: I won't tell a soul! How could I? I'll be here for the rest of my life.
- BFG: You could tell other giants.
- SOPHIE: They'd eat me before I had the chance. Please tell me – what were you doing in our village last night? I promise, you can trust me.
- BFG: *(pause)* I was blowing a dream into the room of those children.
- SOPHIE: Blowing a dream, what do you mean?
- BFG: I is a dream blowing giant. When all the other giants is gallping off to eat beans, I blow dreams into the bedrooms of sleeping children.
- SOPHIE: Hold on here – where do you get these dreams?
- BFG: I collect them. See in there bottles – billions of dreams.
- SOPHIE: But you can't collect a dream – a dream is something you can't get ahold of.
- BFG: Aha – what do you think I have THESE for *(he points to his ears)*
- SOPHIE: Yes, they are rather large.
- BFG: It so I can hear the natty dream whizzing by.
- SOPHIE: That's amazing!
- BFG: Yes, it are sad.

SOPHIE: Sad? How?

BFG: Because it means I also hear every bad sound. When you pull flower from the garden, it scream so loud I cannot think.

SOPHIE: How awful.

BFG: You think I hornswiggling you? Then fine, I not a fibster. I done now.

SOPHIE: No, tell me more.

BFG: If I chopping down tree, I hear the tree crying inside while I cutting,

SOPHIE: Crying?

BFG: Like an old man dying....slowly. (pause) Trees is living like you and me. I hear the micies too.

SOPHIE: What do they say?

BFG: I don't know..I don't talk micie talk.

SOPHIE: Hey, are you sure there's nothing else to eat around her? I'm famished. Even some water would be good

BFG: Whater?

SOPHIE: Water.

BFG: Water...what's that?

SOPHIE: Why you drink it of course!

BFG: No, here we drink Froboscottle. All giants is drinking Froboscottle.

SOPHIE: Is it as nasty as your snozzcumbers?

BFG: NEVER! It's sweet and jumbly, with fizz that go right to the bottom.

SOPHIE: To the bottom? But that's the wrong way! Fizz should go to the top, not the bottom.

BFG: What is you meaning "the wrong way"? Fizz goes down, not up. It go up, and....

SOPHIE: I don't understand.

BFG: Tell me what name you call your frobscottle?

SOPHIE: Well, we'd call it pop..or soda or Coke or Pepsi.

BFG: and the bubbles go up?

SOPHIE: Yes, up.

BFG: Why that catastrophous.

SOPHIE: Why?

BFG: When you drink this Cokie or Pep, the bubbles go down in your stomach, is that right or left?

SOPHIE: Right.

BFG: And the bubbles fizz upwards, to your mouth, and make fulsome belchy burp!

SOPHIE: Yes, true again...

BFG: Us giants NEVER make belchy burp. It disgrossing.

SOPHIE: But if the bubbles go *down*.....

BFG: Yes.....

SOPHIE : (*embarrassed*) Well, not to put too fine a point on it...but if they go down, you'll make another nasty sound, an even louder and ruder noise!

BFG: Oh, you mean a whizzpopper!

SOPHIE: What?

BFG: Oh yes, us giants making whizzpoppers all the time! Whizzpoppers are a sign of happiness! Surely even human beans make whizzpoppers.

SOPHIE: Well, yes, but they're considered rude.

BFG: But everyone whizzpops! Even kings and queens and schoolteachers whizzpopping all the time! Here, let's have some frobscottle and you'll find out!

SOPHIE: Thank you, no, maybe later...

BFG: All left. (*he senses something in the air*) I must go now.

SOPHIE: Go? Where are you going?

BFG: To catch some dreams. (*looks at her*) You should come with me.