

The BFG

by
Melissa Mathison

Based on the book by
Roald Dahl

Draft Date: June 29, 2009

EXT. LANDSCAPE - DAY

We are in DREAM COUNTRY.

Ponds, hills, meadows, clouds, sky.

The landscape looks like a JMW Turner watercolor - all minty green and pastel rose and yellow with a brilliant white smeared around its edges.

BEGIN TITLES.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY - DAY

HEAR a low hum: A buzz, really - soft, never annoying - like bees on a summer day.

Suddenly, a tiny, transparent, flying creature zips into view. Then another. And, another. So small, so quick, they are barely visible.

More little buzzers come twirling in, poised against the backdrop of pink mountaintops and lavender trees.

A BUTTERFLY NET rises into view.

A little Golden Buzzer is snagged

CLOSE: on a turquoise Glass Bottle.

The DREAM - for that is what the flying creature is - drops into the jar and the lid is screwed tight.

Like a firefly, the Dream bats against the emerald glass trying to get out.

It leaves smears of iridescent color as a residue on the jar's sides.

It spins about, painting the inside of the jar with a shimmering patina of gold.

END TITLES

INT. ORPHANAGE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

A SMALL GIRL - SOPHIE, nine or ten years old - investigates the interior of a sad refrigerator.

In the background, in a corner alcove, several pre-teen GIRLS are clustered around a battered, desktop computer. The Girls are ready for bed, in nightgowns and pajamas.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There is whispering and giggling and general sneakiness going on.

The OLDEST GIRL dictates as a YOUNGER GIRL types, the electronic glow lighting up her innocent face.

OLDER GIRL
Write: " 18, Female, California."

The Typist works.

INT. REFRIGERATOR - NIGHT

Nothing. Nothing anyone would want, anyway. Even the door-light is unappetizing, a wan yellow.

There are plastic containers of grey-colored goop and the foil covered, dried remains of a leg of something. Some white bread that has been white for weeks lounges on a shelf next to jars of aged jams and mustards.

Sophie opens the crisper drawer.

Cheese rinds. Root vegetables. Rhubarb leaps out at her - sickly purple stalks, bent in the middle.

SOPHIE
I'm hungry.

No one is listening.

INT. ORPHANAGE/ALCOVE- NIGHT

The typing and giggling continue.

OLDER GIRL (O.C.)
"I am a Victoria Secrets Model,
wear a double, no, triple D Cup ,
have waist length blond hair and
blue eyes and am up for anything."
OK. We wait.

The Girls bite their nails, listen for adults, scrunch together.

TYPIST
Look!

She reads:

TYPIST (CONT'D)
"Anything?"

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GIRLS

Ewwwu!

Older girl (dictating)
"Anything. I am right now lying
in my marble tub and eating
chocolate ice cream and drinking
champagne and ... Oh, my
girlfriend, another model, just
came in." Write that.

Typing. Girls peering at screen.

INT. ORPHANAGE/KITCHEN NIGHT

Sophie pulls a stool to a cupboard and peers in. More of
the same - nothing. Some Vegemite.

SOPHIE

I want strawberries and cream.
Ham and eggs. A pudding!

INT. ORPHANAGE/ALCOVE - NIGHT

A message back. Everyone leans in to read it.

Their collective body language reads panic. Oh, oh!
They are in over their heads!

The Older Girl hits the escape button. The Computer
screen goes black.

We HEAR footsteps. The Girls run for a back staircase.

INT. ORPHANAGE/STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The Girls silently and rapidly climb the staircase, all
bare feet and over-sized nightgowns.

INT. ORPHANAGE/HALLWAY - NIGHT

They scurry down a short hall and into a room and shut
the door.

INT. ORPHANAGE/DORMITORY - NIGHT

The Girls are all in bed, feigning sleep.

The door opens. See the silhouette of a WOMAN - the
MATRON - looking in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She waits, silently and threateningly, just a little too long for comfort, then she closes the door.

We see that one bed, a bottom bunk near the window, is still empty.

INT. ORPHANAGE/ALCOVE - NIGHT

Sophie sits alone in front of the deserted computer.

She is plain in her faded flannel nightgown, scraggly hair and wire glasses, plain as only poverty and loneliness can paint it.

She opens the screen, reads what was written and shakes her head.

SOPHIE
Terrible writing.

She clears the site.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
So boring. So hungry.

BLACK:

EXT. STREET/ENGLISH VILLAGE - NIGHT

VIEW FROM A SECOND FLOOR WINDOW:

It's a turn of the century, cobblestone street we are looking down upon: a few small, crooked shops, gabled roofs, alleyways, a pub at the corner. It's quiet, but for the blistering background music.

Sophie speaks:

SOPHIE (V.O.)
The Matron told us that "Witching Hour" used to arrive at midnight. Seems so quaint, doesn't it? Now, I'd say it's two or three in the morning. That's when I'm scared. Midnight might begin the madness, but two is for crazies. Three is for lunatics.

Suddenly, a few MALE YOUTHS spill out of the pub.

Drunken shouts. Ugly, slurred language. A knife appears - a big knife. More knives.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Hear a curse, a scream, a slash of bloody metal in the street lamp's yellow pool of light.

The VIEW pulls back inside the window.

INT. ORPHANAGE DORMITORY - NIGHT

It's a narrow dormitory - 21st century style, subsistence-living décor. Nothing posh here, just attempts at security - both individual and institutional. The other girls are asleep in their bunks.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
A child should not have to see
this type of thing.

Sophie listens in the darkness as the fight continues with screams growing fainter as the battle moves away - down the street on running boots.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But then, I've see it all.

Sophie tiptoes back towards the window.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I used to dream about parents
appearing, scooping me up in their
loving arms. I used to dream
about daring escapades as an
orphan super hero. Now, I just
have insomnia.

Now, we HEAR the voice of a MAD MAN.

Sophie peers out the window again.

EXT. VIEW OF STREET - NIGHT

Quiet. The bar sign is rapidly extinguished, a few last drunks stumble away to avoid disaster. The street is empty.

HEAR that ranting voice coming closer.

A large, lumbering MAN steps into view.

He is screaming some abuse - hard to say what - at the world. He crosses the street slowly. His voice rises and falls, a staccato of indignation.

Sophie watches him - frozen to her perch at the window sill - until he is gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She turns, chin in hand, to look in the opposite direction. All is still, quiet.

But, when she turns back to see if the Mad Man is truly gone, she spots a lurker, a man, a PHANTOM in the shadows of the deserted road. Suddenly, silently, something is moving down the road, toward her.

The Mad Man again? Another skinhead? A late patrolman? Whatever or whoever it is, it keeps to the shadows. It's very tall - its head is bent beneath awnings and rooftops.

Sophie leans forward.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Finding the Phantom, we make out a satchel - like a doctor's bag - in one hand, something long and silver tucked under his arm.

Gliding closer and closer in the shadows - not much more than an "impression" of a man - he stops.

INT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Sophie yanks her head inside. She holds her breath. She peeks out again.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Standing only a few windows down from Sophie's own, the Phantom raises his silvery-something and bends to aim it through a second floor window.

Is it a knife? A sword? Sophie tries not to watch, but ... the metal object is long and lean and the Man holds it like a dagger.

Sophie accidentally rattles the cheap metal bars she has parted on the orphanage window. The Phantom turns and two black eyes catch the street lamp's glow. He sees her! He sees her watching him!

INT. ORPHANAGE - NIGHT

Sophie jumps into her bed and pulls the blanket over her head - shivering, scared.

INT. BLANKET - NIGHT

Wait, listen - a creak, a sigh.

Sophie dares to peek.

WHAT SHE SEES: One black eye staring through the open window. Staring at her. Seeing her, seeing him.

She ducks.

Suddenly, she is tousled as the woolen blanket is wrapped tightly around her and lifted from the bed.

Sophie is indeed finally scooped up into someone's arms.

She tries to scream but nothing comes out.

And, we DASH!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The crooked buildings, the cobbled stones - it all flies by in a blurry instant.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - THE SAME - NIGHT

VIEWED from the opposite end of the street as Sophie's POV, we see the cobblestone street, the crooked buildings, the pub.

Youths pour out of the pub.

A BLACK CAPE is raised to block the view.

EXT. STREET/BEHIND THE CAPE - NIGHT

A compromised POV: opaque, seen through thin black wool.

HEAR: Drunk males shouting insults at one another.

SEE: Knives flashing.

In the distance, HEAR another voice drawing near - a lonely, self-pitying, Mad Man, hurling peevish insults at the world.

A clock strikes 3:00.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BFG (V.O.)
I am hearing all the secret
whisperings of the world.

Hear a TV, a radio, a train whistle. We hear the sound
of a punch and a grunt and the slide of cold metal.

THE BFG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I hear the tanterabogus.

The cape is lowered.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SEE : A runt of a Man wields a machete.

The sound is terrible: shouts and curses and then the
running boots and the fight moves down a side alley. The
pub sign goes out.

THE BFG (V.O.)
I hear the shriekers at night on
podding feet.

Now, the Mad Man wanders through the scene, spitting his
resentments and his spite. He comes, he goes.

We wait for quiet.

REVERSE: On THE BFG.

We see him, vaguely. This is no phantom. He is a truly
a GIANT:

A thin man with black eyes, a pointed nose, thinning
hair. He melts effortlessly into his environment,
disappearing. He moves silently down the road, toward
the orphanage.

He peers into windows.

INT. VIEW THROUGH A WINDOW - NIGHT

A MOTHER sits at the bedside of a CHILD woken by the
shrieks from the alley. She comforts her little BOY,
kisses him softly, leaves the light on in the hallway.
The Boy turns over and falls asleep.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The BFG is unseen in the shadows of the eaves. He
quietly places his doctor's bag on the cobbles.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BFG (V.O.)

I hear the childers being wished a
sweet dream by their silkys.

Selecting a green glass jar from his doctor's bag, the BFG carefully unscrews the lid and pours a couple of dollops of Dream into the mouth of a long silver trumpet and slides the trumpet in through the open window. Hidden behind his cape, he blows gently.

It's then he HEARS a Girl's frightened breathing and the creak of metal bars. He turns.

The BFG sees Sophie peering at him, watching him, as she leans out her dormitory window.

They make eye contact. Then, Sophie vanishes.

The BFG pauses. He thinks. He pulls the trumpet from the window. He tucks his trumpet under his arm, pushes his doctors bag forward with his foot and with one step, he reaches the orphanage.

He peers into Sophie's window.

INT. ORPHANAGE DORMITORY - NIGHT

WHAT HE SEES: A room of sleeping girls.

On one crumpled iron bed near the window, a lump of a blanket - shaking.

Sophie peeks from her blanket at this instant. Again, eye contact.

The BFG sighs.

THE BFG (V.O.)

I cannot possibly be letting
someone to be seeing me and
staying home.

The BFG reaches his huge hand in through the window. He pulls out a satchel of squirming blanket. He lifts his bag, and ... we DASH!

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The crooked buildings, the cobbled stones - it all flies by in a blurry instant.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE WORLD - NIGHT

CLOSE on The BFG's long legs.

England itself falls like a patchwork quilt of greens and browns and blues at his feet.

PAN up his long body, past his doctor's satchel, gripped in a calloused hand. The tightly held trumpet gleams, mirroring the reflected light of sleeping cities. The background horizon takes on the curvature of the earth.

He picks up speed. We are in silent -running as the Giant strides cross country - leaping rivers, tiptoeing off hilltops, scraping the stars with his bald head.

And now, possibly for the first time, we see his ears. HUGE EARS! They move independently - scanning, laying flat, perking.

Europe is left behind and Scandinavia approaches - Denmark to Sweden in a single bound.

PAN over and see a head peeking out of the knotted blanket flung over his shoulder; behind his enormous ear, Sophie is jostled in the lurch, blown by the breeze, backlit by the crescent moon.

In the east, dawn is approaching.

EXT. CAVE - DAWN

A blue boulder rolls back.

A dark cave beckons.

INT. CAVE - DAWN

His silhouette captured against the red sun, the BFG enters the cave.

The boulder rolls back into place.

We are in complete darkness.

We HEAR The BFG panting. It's scary. HEAR his feet, hear glass tinkling, a piece of furniture scraping the floor and an "ouch". In an odd mix of pain and cursing and yawning:

THE BFG (V.O.)
Fe fi fo fum fuddle!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

At last, a sudden blaze of light.

INT. BLANKET - DAWN

We are with Sophie, cowering in the pile of blanket.

HEAR footsteps.

She peeks out.

INT. CAVE - DAWN

She has been placed on the stone floor.

Looking up, she watches the Giant do a round of due diligence:

Trumpet is wiped with a cloth and set upright to dry, doctor's bag set on the work table, glass jars removed, lined according to size and color and made ready for storage. The Giant opens high ceiling windows with a long, hooked utensil.

He wears a collarless shirt, an ancient leather vest and faded green trousers far too short in the leg. On his feet are worn sandals with holes punched through here and there, laces and an open toe.

Now, The Giant turns to look at her. He moves toward a dining table and lifts a crude cleaver from the wooden surface.

INT. BLANKET - DAWN

Sophie pulls the frayed blanket tight, she scrunches her nightgown's neck over her head.

She sees the outline of the Giant lowering himself to the floor.

Through a hole, she sees one black eye - inscrutable. A giant thumb rests beside her on the stone floor.

The cleaver slides forward and Sophie and her blanket are lifted onto its cold surface and carried up into the air.

INT. CAVE - DAWN

Inside the blanket, her eyes above the collar of her nightgown.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT SHE SEES: We are in an enormous cavern with a high rocky roof. The walls are lined with shelves holding row upon row of glass jars.

HEAR: Water rushing.

SEE: A fireplace with a big black pot hanging over a neat stack of wood.

The small windows along the roof line dapple the morning's grey light.

A pile of rough quilts on a cot, all neatly folded, the bed made.

The black cloak hung on a peg.

A painting. A painting? A handmade chair. A Giant with gigantic ears - ears the size of french armoires! - sitting in that chair.

INT. TABLETOP - DAWN

And, Sophie is lowered to the tabletop and slid by the Giant's finger off of the cleaver and onto the bumpy wood. The blanket trails behind her.

THE BFG

I is hungry!

She shivers in fear, her knees clacking, her bare feet curled up close to her.

INT. CAVE - DAWN

The BFG moves the lantern a little closer.

THE BFG

What has us got here?

His voice echoes off the stone surfaces.

Sophie leaps to her feet and runs for it.

And the cleaver comes down with a whack!

Sophie has run out of the way, luckily, just before the cleaver halves a terribly ugly vegetable laying on the tabletop and sends slimy green juice flying.

The BFG picks up one half of this hairy cucumber and takes a bite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Sophie teeters on the edge of the tall table.

THE BFG (CONT'D)
There is no place to go, little
girlie. Unless you have wings and
you looks to me more banshee than
fairy.

His teeth are big and white and very square and they sit
in his mouth looking like huge slices of white bread. He
picks out a seed with a toothpick the size of a piano
leg.

SOPHIE
P ... Please don't eat me.

CLOSE on The BFG. Several looks cross his face: shock,
delight, remorse and forgiveness. His ears are as
expressive as his eyes.

THE BFG
You have me wrong.

They stare at one another. Sophie wipes her glasses on
her nightgown.

SOPHIE
Where am I?!

THE BFG
Giant Country.

SOPHIE
No such place.

The Giant shrugs.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
We traveled a long way!

THE BFG
It's a disdance.

Sophie stares at him.

SOPHIE
Well, I'm speechless.

She looks around and the look becomes one of
helplessness, quickly covered with toughness.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Who are you, for God's sake? What
are you?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Terrorizing a helpless child!
You are a kidnapper!

A pause.

THE BFG
You have me right.

The Giant has become suddenly morose, his head hanging,
his giant ears laying tight against the side of his head.

THE BFG (CONT'D)
Your mother and father must now be
jipping and skumping all over the
little brick house shouting,
"Hello, hello, where is she gone,
where is my baby?!"

SOPHIE
I don't have a mother and father.

THE BFG
Oh, you poor little gunna! Is you
not missing them very badly?

SOPHIE
I never knew them. They both died
when I was a baby.

A bucket sized tear drops down beside Sophie. She moves
away from it.

THE BFG
You is a nophron. Like Oliver
Twists. I know about this.

SOPHIE
Yes. You took me from an
orphanage.

THE BFG
I did not know of the destination.
It was serenduplicitous.

Pause as they look at one another - both incredulous, and
wanting more information.

THE BFG (CONT'D)
Was you ... happy ... there?

Sophie moves to the center of the table.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOPHIE

No, of course not. I hated it.
The woman who ran it was called
Mrs. Clonkers, She had rules and
you got punished.

THE BFG

How is you getting punished?

SOPHIE

She locked us in a dark cellar.
There were rats down there, I
could hear them creeping about.

Another gigantic tear falls. Sophie skips away from it
just in time.

THE BFG

You is making me sad, talking in
the past tension.

The BFG wipes away his teardrop with his enormous thumb.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

That filthy old fizzwiggler.

SOPHIE

Well, I won't be missed much.

HEAR: Outside the cave, other Giants are returning to
Giant Country. Sophie freezes.

HEAR: Below the BFG's cave, the sound of water being
slurped up - lapping - like horses at a trough.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You're not alone?

The BFG shakes his head no, then thinks, shrugs:

THE BFG

Right and left.

HEAR: a loud yawn, a slap, a howl, a belch.

SOPHIE

"Giant Country"?

The Giant nods.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Why did you take me?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

THE BFG

Because you saw me. You had to be taken away hipswitch.

SOPHIE

Why? Why would I believe what I saw - a GIANT! - with my own eyes?

THE BFG

You would first thing be yoddling the news that you were actually seeing a giant and there would be another great giant hunt.

SOPHIE

Who would I tell?

THE BFG

Human beans would be rummaging all over the world with the news translated around and getting wildly excited.

SOPHIE

I won't tell. No one would listen to me, anyway. "I was kidnapped by a Giant!" Why would they?

THE BFG

Yes, you would tell. On the yellow papers and that telly-telly bunkum box or the radio squeaker. They would be putting me into a zoo or the bunkumhouse with all those squiggly hippodumplings and crocadowndillies - any trivials. I know this.

SOPHIE

I want to convince you I wouldn't.

THE BFG

No, I know. It's happened before. Hunts. The fairies left.

Pause.

SOPHIE

The fairies left?

Sophie looks at the painting: From here it is a soft blur of pastel colors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

THE BFG (O.C.)

So, you will just have to be
staying here with me for the rest
of our life.

Sophie turns back to look at him. She sits. She lays her
head on her knees.

SOPHIE

Of "my life". You meant "of my
life".

THE BFG

I has confusions. I is sometimes
a mixed up giant.

Sophie curls up into herself.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Is you quite snuggly there in your
nightie, little pixie? You isn't
fridgy cold?

SOPHIE

I'll run away.

THE BFG

You must not ever go whiffing
about out of this cave without I
is with you or you will be coming
to a mucky-ucky end.

SOPHIE

I know how to do it, I've done it
before a thousand times. I have
instincts.

THE BFG

Those giants out there is not
firblogs nor formorians They
would eat you up in one dollop.

SOPHIE

How many more?

THE BFG

Well, there is the Bonecruncher
and the Meatdripper and the
Bloodbottler and ... The Butcher
Boy. Ten counting me.

A pause. The BFG takes a nibble of snozzcumber and makes
a face.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

SOPHIE

I think I need to lie down.

Sophie wanders back to her blanket and lies down and pulls it around her.

THE BFG

Yes, it's been a longish night.

The BFG pulls a piece of woolen lint from his trousers and fluffs it into a pillow. He tucks it under Sophie's head.

She looks around her.

SOPHIE

What are all those glass jars for?
Do you put children in them?

The BFG shakes his head no and sighs.

THE BFG

You have me wrong twice fold. I
am no bug-a-boo. They hold dreams,
child.

SOPHIE

Am I in a dream now?

THE BFG

This is a matter for philistinical
discussions and I will look
forward to those.

SOPHIE

I don't dream, actually.

THE BFG

No? Never?

SOPHIE

Never.

THE BFG

Alas and a luck.

SOPHIE

Why where you there, in the
village?

THE BFG

Just blowing dreams about.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SOPHIE

I don't know what is really
happening to me. It could be many
things.

THE BFG

Shh now, curious quincey. Shh.

Pause.

SOPHIE

You are rather surprising for a
giant.

Sophie takes off her glasses and lies them beside her on
the fluff and does, indeed fall asleep . The BFG carries
the lantern to a shelf.

INT. CAVE/WORKSHOP - DAY

Even the BFG must stand on a stool to reach a certain
dusty glass jar. He picks a second jar and a third.

He takes the jars to a worktable and carefully pours a
little from each into a mixing bowl. He swirls the
colorful concoction with a whisk, and then pours it into
his trumpet.

As she sleeps , The BFG aims the trumpet at Sophie and
blows.

FADE TO:

INT. CAVE - DAY

The BFG is asleep on his cot - vest hanging on bed post,
sandals lined up neatly beneath him - as Sophie climbs
down a leg of the table.

She races across the stone floor and finds the blue
boulder rolled open just enough for a little girl to
squeeze through. Orange sunshine awaits. A pause, and
... she is out.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

Several tremendously tall figures are silhouetted against
the fiery sun.

NINE GIANTS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They mingle in a shallow valley. A run of dirt and dust, strewn with bones and boulders, the valley is ringed with low hills, ending in the BFG's cave. Dressed in bark skirts, dragging their knuckles, the Giants pace through the loose gravel or sprawl on blue rocks, or pee against dead trees. They are brown from the sun and grey from the dust and spotted red from the blood.

They are bigger than The BFG and they are ugly, scary and disgusting. They are in discussion:

FLESHLUMPEATER

Gentle Annie is coming. Look at those puffers.

They all look up at the sky: Purple thunder clouds in the orange daylight.

Normal-sized CATTLE - they look like barn toys against the looming Giants - roam unmolested, feeding on sparse grass.

Sophie runs from her boulder cover to stand behind a milking cow.

BLOODLETTER

Don't name her or she appears.
Rain and kelpies! Don't call 'em.
Cursed we'll be. Spriggans we'll
be made into. Eating ... ecch,
grass!

In unison, fearful, they all turn together to look at the COWS and shudder, inching away from the peaceful beasts.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)

The Henkies were about last night.
I hate them, little dancing,
imping ...

He imitates a fairy dance.

FLESHLUMPEATER

I hate you!

And, like that - a fight erupts. Spit spews, hair flies, the ground echoes with thumping bodies.

BONECRUNCHER

Rawhead and bloody bones.

MEATDRIPPER

I'm trying to sleep here Tommy
Rawhead yourself!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BUTCHER BOY

Oooh, sweet dreams!

Butcher Boy spits at Meatdripper. His spit is brown and a bit bloody.

FLESHLUMPEATER

"Sweet dreams", ha!

BONECRUNCHER

Gilly Dhu.

Fleshlumpeater starts to sniff. His head turns. He sees Sophie.

He gets her in one swipe, clenched in a dirty fist.

He pulls her up to his mouth and only pauses, with her held dangling, so as to show-off for the others.

FLESHLUMPEATER

Who's this little miner? Whuppity Stoorie?

MEATDRIPPER

I want it!

MAIDMASHER

Me!

MANHUGGER

Me!

Sophie's POV: As she is lowered into the Giant's mouth.

CHILDCHEWER (O.C.)

Me!

GIZZARDGULPER (O.C.)

Me!

INT. MOUTH - DAY

It is fowl - the teeth, the gums, a skull between his blackened molars! The disgusting tongue she is just about to touch! Tonsils! The smell if we could smell it!

Sophie tries to scream but nothing comes out.

And then, darkness.

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

The darkness gives way to a lovely pink light.

HEAR that rushing, gurgling water.

Sophie awakens to a candlelit breakfast: muffins, toast, scones, marmalade, chocolate eclairs, pineapple, berries, macaroons.

She sits before a lace-covered table, on a tufted pink chair. She pulls a linen napkin to her lap and is about to take a bite when she pauses and looks for The BFG. He is sitting on his chair, smiling at her.

THE BFG

Giants is all murderful and
cannybulls and they does gobble up
human beans. You is in Giant
Country now.

Sophie can't seem to get a forkful as far as her mouth.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Not me. I is a nice, jumbly
giant. I eat vegetables. Not
human beans.

SOPHIE

"Beings", not beans.

THE BFG

Human beans.

SOPHIE

The bean is a vegetable.

THE BFG

Not the human bean.

SOPHIE

You can eat cows.

THE BFG

They have souls, too.

Sophie is trying to eat her porridge.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

You promised me.

SOPHIE

Did I?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BFG

So you will be staying here with
me for the rest of our life.

SOPHIE

Will I?

FADE TO:

INT. THE CAVE - DAY

Sophie is under her blanket. She awakens. She looks
up. She puts on her glasses.

The BFG is sitting in his chair, smiling down at her. He
is eating more of that horrible vegetable.

SOPHIE

That was a lousy thing to do.

THE BFG

Had to be done.

SOPHIE

And the breakfast?

THE BFG

A fragment of your imagination.
Dream food.

SOPHIE

What do you eat?

THE BFG

The snozzcumber.

SOPHIE

It smells bad.

THE BFG

It tastes worse. Let me choppa a
few crumbles.

He sprinkles some bits on the table.

SOPHIE

So the other giants eat humans?

The BFG nods.

THE BFG

They mooches and fooches around
until the night comes, and are
then off to farflungaway places.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Bonecruncher only is galloping off
to Turkey to gobble Turks.

SOPHIE

Why only Turkey?

THE BFG

He says the Turks of Turkey is
tasting of turkey, of course.

SOPHIE

Oh, brother.

THE BFG

Every human bean is different.
The Greeks is tasting greasy so no
Giants eat them.

SOPHIE

That's racist. Panamanians taste
like hats, I suppose.

THE BFG

You know right.

SOPHIE

And people from Wales taste like
whales. And the Danish taste like
Great Danes.

THE BFG

Like Labradors, but doggy, by
necessity. Chili is hot and
Eskimos are cold as iceticles..

SOPHIE

They'd murder your lot on the BBC.

THE BFG

The Swedes I hear is sweet.

SOPHIE

... and China taste like cups and
saucers and French taste like
fries....

THE BFG

You are gobblefunking. Don't do
it. This is a serious and
snitching subject.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE

Why should I care? I didn't care
about anybody before I came here
and I sure don't care about them
now. Eat them all, I say!

THE BFG

Hmm. You is cyclical for a baby
woman.

SOPHIE

"Cynical".

The BFG says nothing.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Do the giants run off to England?

He nods.

THE BFG

People is disappearing every day.

SOPHIE

Ask me if I care! I'm disappeared
now, too, and no one is boo-
hoo'ing for me.

THE BFG

You are making me sad again.

The BFG drops his head into his hands.

Suddenly the blue boulder rolls back and the cave is
flooded with sunlight.

BLOODLETTER (O.C.)

Runt? Is you there Runt?

Enter one Mr. BLOODLETTER.

A true introduction to the Giant reveals his sun and wind
burnt skin, his black wiry chest hairs, his long tangled
head hair. He has animal orange eyes and a huge mouth.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)

I is hearing you jabbeling. Who
is you jabbeling to, Runt?

The BFG stands - he is half the size of Bloodletter.

We don't see what has become of Sophie.

THE BFG

I is jabbeling to myself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

BLOODLETTER

Bugswallop.

Bloodletter wanders around the place. Everywhere he moves, he leaves disaster in his wake: bottles fall from shelves, the BFG's bed becomes unmade, his chair falls over.

A tiny BOOK falls to the hearth. The Black pot swings in his wake.

Bloodletter looks at the pot.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)

Empty?

The BFG nods. Bloodletter shivers and stops the swinging pot with a gnarly bare foot.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)

That's a wag-at-the-wa, stupid Runt. Don't let a hooked pot swing empty, inviting the ogres in.

Bloodletter stops and sniffs.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)

Do you have a little pettie poo, Runt? If you has a human bean I will eat him up

Bloodletter grabs The BFG by his arm and lifts him from the floor.

THE BFG

No human bean. You know me better than that Bloodletter.

BLOODLETTER

Hah! I smells it.

Bloodletter starts to dance. Squatting down, hands between thighs and calves, long chest bobbing, wild hair flying, bounding up and down. The earth shakes.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)

I smells it, I smells it!

THE BFG

I only has snozzcumber, the scrumptious snozzcumber.

The BFG lifts the vegetable from the table, searching for Sophie. She is not to be seen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

He offers Bloodletter the slimy green vegetable. The other Giant grabs it.

BLOODLETTER

You is dotty as a dogswoggler!

THE BFG

No, take a bite. It is truly
glumtious.

The BFG runs his hands along the table, he sneaks a peek under it.

Now we see Sophie, although the BFG does not:

She is nestled inside the snozzcumber, braced between seeds the size of canteloupes.

The BFG moves over to the hearth, looking casually in the rumpled bed clothing. He picks up the book. He holds it carefully in his hand.

BLOODLETTER

You is not witchfiddling me, is
you?

The BFG rises, placing the book on the mantle.

THE BFG

No, no. Never. Take a bite. I am
positive oh how
scrumpdiddlyumptios this wonderveg
is. You could live on it, too.

Now, as he turns to face his kin, the BFG sees Sophie - just as the long hairy vegetable is about to enter Bloodletter's gaping mouth.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

But, maybe not for
your taste butts ...

We wait. We wait.

BLOODLETTER

No. I has my pride.

Bloodletter tosses the snozzcumber into the deep darkness of the cave. We HEAR it splat on the floor and tumble away.

THE BFG

You is not loving it?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

BLOODLETTER

Hah! I is galloping off to
Siberina tonight to guzzle cold,
woolly nomadics.

THE BFG

You ought to be ashamed.

Bloodletter snarls at the BFG and makes his terrorizing
way across the room.

BLOODLETTER

Don't rock an empty pot, Runt.
Don't let a gwyllion in your door.
Stay away from the tartans. You
know these things as good as me.

THE BFG

Wise words.

The Bloodletter mumbles:

BLOODLETTER

Henkies ... Ewwu!

He does the Henkie dance and departs.

The BFG runs to the back of his cave.

INT. STAIRCASE - DAY

He follows a circular flight of stone stairs down as the
sound of water grows louder.

On a bottom step he finds the snozzcumber. He lifts it
up. It's empty.

He looks about.

INT. WATER CAVE - DUSK

It is an incredible space we have entered - a deeper,
wider cave than the BFG's, carved by a blue river. It is
magical and primordial and beyond any human scale.

And here, he finds Sophie.

Sophie is covered in slime. If she could look any more
pathetic she does - with slimy hair, her white nightgown
covered in pukey green snozzcumber juice, her hair full
of pulp and rind, a seed stuck atop her head like a
leprechaun's bowler hat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She sits on a rock, staring at the horizon, at the slowly setting sun.

The BFG settles on a boulder nearby. They both stare, watching the river tide ripple in and out. The crescent moon appears as the sun begins to set. They do not speak.

Take a moment, and then:

We HEAR the sound of the Giants coming closer.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/RIVER - DUSK

The Giants come to the river to drink.

They stand knee deep and maybe toss a little water under the armpits, and slosh a hairy face, and suck up water - enough water for a night of terrorizing.

BONECRUNCHER

Fe fi fo fum Here we come
Jack!

MAIDMASHER

Yah, JACK!

They howl and laugh and grunt.

BLOODLETTER

Jack! Don't say Jack!

INT. WATER CAVE - DUSK

CLOSE on Sophie: That chin in palm, staring round the blue rocky cave entrance at the Giants.

The BFG sits behind her.

Suddenly, Sophie stands and walks to the edge of the rocky promenade.

Our Giant reaches out a hand, ready to grab the girl.

Sophie stands as if center stage, spotlighted by the setting sun, and holds up her sticky hands and shakes her gooey hair and screams as loud as she possibly can.

SOPHIE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhmaaaaaaagaaa!

The Giants look up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment.

She screams again, with all the fury a ten year-old British girl can muster.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/RIVER - DUSK

We know that Bloodletter is the biggest idiot.

He slowly identifies the creature - green and stringy with red fiery eyes (her glasses reflecting the sunlight), and lit by a harsh yellow light:

BLOODLETTER

It's a banshee! A BANSHEE !!!

The Giants simultaneously, protectively, reach under their leafy skirts and grab their balls.

They turn and run. The earth moves.

INT. WATER CAVE - DUSK

As the quake rattles beneath her, Sophie turns to face the BFG and now dramatically backlit by the setting sun, she screams one more time. At him.

SOPHIE

Maaaaaagaaaaadaaaaaabaaaa!

His ears are in agreement. He nods. The sun sets.

It goes Black in an instant in Giant Country.

BLACK:

THE BFG (V.O.)

A Dream, as it goes whiffing through the air, is making a tiny little buzzing humming noise.

CUT TO:

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY/MEADOW - DAY

LONG SHOT of the BFG chasing dreams.

He is an middle-aged man running, not some spry elf; he uses stealth in place of agility.

He swipes with his butterfly net. We watch a miss, and a hit - he's got one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BFG stores his catch in a green glass jar: It is the Dream from Opening Credits - painting the glass jar gold.

THE BFG (V.O.)
 Ah, call me a winksuiffler, but
 that day began with a golden
 phizzwizard. I don't see many of
 those anymore.

The painting done, its essence captured, the BFG releases the dream.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY/HILLTOP - DAY

PULL BACK: The VIEW has been Sophie's.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
 ""Dream Country", hah!

Sophie watches from atop a lichen covered black boulder. Behind her are violet smudges of hills, a pink pond silvery sun sparkles, sage green grass and yellow blossoming broom.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 It was beautiful actually.

Sophie is now dressed in a make-shift kilt of nubby grey something-or-other, an imitation sweater, two hanks of brown leather wrapped around her feet. Her hair is tied in two braids.

She is making a daisy chain, pearly white daisies are piled in her lap.

A pesky little Dream nudges Sophie in the forehead. Sophie brushes it away. It comes back, nudges. Sophie stares at it.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I started to feel a little guilty.
 People-eating and all.

CLOSE on the Dream: Better minds than mine can tell you what it looks like. It is pale blue against the sky and transparent and it pulses. With wings.

Finally, she swats it away.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY/MEADOW - DAY

REVERSE on SOPHIE: A cranky spec swinging her arms on an ebony hillside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's The BFG's POV.

THE BFG (V.O.)
She was surprising for a child.
She frayed at my nervousness. I
was slumberish in my solitude.

The BFG walks toward her.

THE BFG (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I began a feeling of a little
guilty. Abandoned chidlers and
all.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY/HILLTOP - DAY

He sits down beside her.

SOPHIE
Good hunting?

THE BFG
Dreams is very mysterious things.
They is floating around in the air
like wispy-misty bubbles. And all
the time they is searching for
sleeping people.

SOPHIE
There are no people here. Just
me.

THE BFG
Alas and a luck.

SOPHIE
They are sort of transparent, the
dreams? Sort of "now you see 'em
now you don't"?

THE BFG
Fleeting. I hear them coming. I am
sure human beans cannot hear them,
but I do, first thing. I hear what
their story is.

SOPHIE
You can hear them as dreams?

THE BFG
Is you seeing these?

He points to his ears.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

One of the first things I noticed about you.

THE BFG

They maybe is looking a bit prosposterous to you, but they is very unusual. They is not to be coughed at.

Sophie coughs. He continues.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

They is allowing me to hear absolutely every single 'twiddly little thing. I first heard the dreams passing through Giant Country and followed them as they transmeditated.

Sophie coughs again and bats away a dream.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

You think I is swizzfiggling you?

SOPHIE

It is rather hard to believe.

THE BFG

I is not wishing to be called a fibster.

They sit in silence. Sophie works on her daisy chain.

SOPHIE

So boring.

THE BFG

You is deaf as a dumpling, but I is not going to start with fibbling to you.

SOPHIE

I seem to know that you wouldn't.

She ties on a few daisies. He sneaks a look at her work.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

So, name one single 'twiddly little thing that I know of.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BFG

I is hearing the little ants
chittering to each other as they
scuddle around the soil.

A bit impressed now:

SOPHIE

Really? Ants talk?

THE BFG

I is not saying I fully understand
their langwitch. Everyone talks.
Everything has a langwitch.

SOPHIE

What else?

THE BFG

Sometimes on a very clear night
and if I is swiggling my ears in
the right direction and the night
is very clear, I is sometimes
hearing far away music coming from
the stars in the sky.

SOPHIE

Hmm.

THE BFG

Music.

SOPHIE

Well, I'm speechless.

A pause.

THE BFG

I can hear plants and trees.

SOPHIE

Do they talk? Really? I sometimes
thought ...

THE BFG

They is not exactly talking, but
they is making noises. Little
cries and things. Responsives.

SOPHIE

That is what he always says.

THE BFG

Who says?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOPHIE

His ... what's his name? ...
Bonnie ... Prince of Wales.

THE BFG

They is a royal specimen. Ancient.
Blubberty.

SOPHIE

Not "whales", Wales. Charles ...
His Majesty.

THE BFG

"Your" Majesty.

SOPHIE

Not "My" Majesty, "His" Majesty.

THE BFG

He is not "mine" and he can't be
"his", he is "yours", am I right
or am I left?

SOPHIE

Oh, let's not squibble. Let's just
say "The" Majesty.

Sophie hangs her necklace around her neck. She admires
it.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I've never made one before.

THE BFG

Do you notice that you is always
wanting the last word?

She opens her mouth to argue.

The BFG rises.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Come, make yourself useful.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY/MEADOW - DAY

He walks toward the silvery field.

Sophie follows.

SOPHIE

How can you catch enough to supply
the world with dreams?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops.

THE BFG

I is not some Sandy Claws! I don't visit every little scamp! I can only do what one giant can do! I has my liminations.

SOPHIE

Well, what's the point then, really?

THE BFG

I am blowing dreams in to whom I see, restless in the night, dreamless. I like to send them to the childers. While all the other giants is galloping off every what way and which to swallow human beans, I might add.

SOPHIE

Seems a lot of work for one or two dreams a night. And, they come anyway to most people, without you.

THE BFG

You is never going to understand about it, that is why I am not wishing to tell you. I is not perfect. I do what I do. This is who I am.

He walks, she runs to keep pace.

SOPHIE

How long have you been at it, then?

THE BFG

Long time.

They stop in the middle of the field. The BFG's ears rotate, listening.

SOPHIE

Did your father teach you?

THE BFG

Giants have no mothers, have no fathers. You have cotton woolen for brains. Here come a few. Catch one with your hands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE

I couldn't!

THE BFG

You could.

So she tries.

LONG SHOT: Sophie runs.

She slowly becomes just a little girl - in slipping skirt, braids flying, glasses perched on the tip of her nose, daisy chain bouncing. She jumps, misses, again, runs, twirls, leaps in the air. It is a Jules Feiffer Dance to Childhood.

She gets one.

SOPHIE

I got one! It tickles!

The Giant opens a dream jar, Sophie drops in her catch and he screws the lid tight.

He listens as the Dream paints the jar a deep magenta.

THE BFG

A beauty.

SOPHIE

What does it say?

THE BFG

It's a little ... "Regret".

SOPHIE

Oh.

THE BFG

Not a bad catch. For the right sleepster, it can be just the thing.

SOPHIE

I suppose. "Live and learn".

THE BFG

"Mistooks were made".

SOPHIE

Yes.

THE BFG

It's an interestingly dream. A whoozer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOPHIE

Thank you.

Its painting done, the BFG opens the jar and lets the Dream go. We almost hear it speak.

The BFG packs his jars into his doctor's case, snaps it shut, rests the butterfly net on his shoulder and lays his hand down for Sophie.

Sophie climbs aboard.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY - DUSK

The BFG takes purposeful, giant strides across this mysterious plateau.

Sophie sits in his ear.

EXT. NO MAN'S LAND - DUSK

The BFG moves like a levitating Tibetan lama - effortlessly - across the purple plains.

The landscape becomes rockier, with cliffs and canyons and gushing waterfalls. The color becomes harsh, too - still pale, but more sickly. A mustard sun sinks behind a brown peak.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLTOP - DUSK

The BFG arrives home as the sun is about to set. He climbs a hill and stands at the top.

Giant Country is not so bad in this light. It has its softer side.

There seems to be some black soil in the distance and some nearby green grassy patches. And, the river makes a solid blue streak through the landscape. A few steams feed the earth. The land is ringed by snow covered mountains. They sparkle in the setting sun.

Close on the BFG: He looks down into the valley.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

Piles of luminous indigo boulders make tantalizingly familiar shapes. Dead brown trees stand naked as skeletons.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WHAT HE SEES: The other Giants.

They move aimlessly, listlessly. They are cumbersome, awkward and grotesque.

Suddenly - seemingly unprovoked - one Giant wraps an arm around the neck of another Giant and swings the fellow violently to the ground.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLTOP - DUSK

The sound of the heavy thud echoes, and then howls and grunts and the slobbery sounds of man-eating Giants echo - ricocheting off rock walls and across the dirty brown landscape.

THE BFG

I is snuggling you now deep in the pocket of my waistcoat.

SOPHIE

Who says "waistcoat"?

THE BFG

Hush. Be afraid.

The transfers is made.

INT. POCKET - DUSK

It's tight in here. A few holes in the beaten leather provide Sophie with a view.

THE BFG (O.C.)

We is going right past all these other giants now.

SOPHIE

Should we turn back?

THE BFG (O.C.)

Not possible. They is gallopers. If you run away they run after you.

SOPHIE

They wouldn't eat you, though?

Sophie sinks low into the leather pocket.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLTOP - DUSK

We see our hero on the hill. Below him, Giants are hungry.

THE BFG

Giants is never guzzling other giants. They just like a fight. Oh-oh.

SOPHIE (O.C.)

What?

THE BFG

Flechlumpeater is still here.

SOPHIE (O.C.)

Who?

THE BFG

Cross your figgles.

The BFG adopts a jaunty canter as he heads down into the valley.

He descends the hill and crosses the valley and is rounding home when the trouble starts.

INT. POCKET - DUSK

Sophie cowers in a dark, linty corner. Begin to HEAR them:

FLESHLUMPEATER (O.C.)

Aye, here comes the Runty one!

Groans and gags.

FLESHLUMPEATER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Oh, Runty one, we is all wondering where you is galloping off to today?

Whack! Sophie is tossed.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

Flechlumpeater has the BFG by the hair. The other Giants are gathering around, slack jawed and stupid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLESHLUMPEATER

You could be seen by snoopers and start a Giant hunt, you all runty out in the bright light like a day-tripper. We is not wanting that to happen.

He tightens his fist in the hair and yanks. Bullyboy.

FLESHLUMPEATER

(CONT'D)

Is we?

It hurts.

THE BFG

Be so kind as to be letting go of my hair.

The Giant releases him.

INT. POCKET - DUSK

Sophie's POV again: The Fleshlumpeater is way too close for comfort. He sniffs, curious.

Giants press closer, dragging their feet in the dust.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

Fleshlumpeater suddenly shoots out two hands and grabs the BFG by his vest lapels. He twirls and tosses the BFG into the air, toward another Giant.

MANHUGGER catches the BFG and gives him a shove toward a third Giant.

MANHUGGER

Bonecruncher!

BONECRUNCHER blocks the slide with his hairy chest and BFG drops to his knees.

He's grabbed. He's thrown into the air. A toss. A catch. The game might seem funny at first - the Giants find it so - but it is humiliating and cruel.

The BFG is caught in one Giant's hand and dropped carelessly to the earth.

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

Sophie is thrown. She rolls over to a cluster of Cows who are grazing near the BFG's cave. She is now thick with grey dust and bedraggled. Her braids stick out from the sides of her head.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

The BFG is getting to his feet. Slowly. He's an old Giant.

He holds up a hand of peace.

THE BFG
Enough now. You've had you
funnies. Be gentries.

BLOODLETTER
Grobby little grub.

The others join in, taunting:

FLESHLUMPEATER
Troggy little twit.

BONECRUNCHER
Squaggy little scuib.

BLOODLETTER
Let us go blokes, I is off to the
Higher Lowlands for Scotties!

BUTCHERBOY
Ruddy little runt.

Fleشلumpeater grabs The BFG again and holds him around the waist and is about to toss him when we HEAR:

SOPHIE (O.C.)
Akkkkkkkkkkkkkaaaalllllllllpaaaa!

The BFG turns first.

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

Sophie stands in shadow, surrounded by Cows. Her own shadow is humongous on the rock wall.

She is a chalky white, from head to toe. And, dripping. Sophie is coated in milk which has mixed with the grey dirt to form a creeping paste.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Braids stick up like horns, heavy woolen clothes sagging in wet clumps, skinny legs ... she is a monster.

SOPHIE
Ahhhgggggggggiieee!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

Fleشلumpeater slowly lowers the BFG to the ground.

The BFG gets his footing and moves away from the throng, inching toward her, ready to rescue.

Bloodletter takes a long look. Yes! He knows what it is! He screams in terror:

BLOODLETTER
Gruagach! It's Gruagach! A
Glaistig!

He turns and runs. Quickly, one by one, the others follow him in his dash.

BLOODLETTER (CONT'D)
Hag! Hag! Hag!

Fleشلumpeater is last to leave - staring, thinking, but not risking.

FLESHLUMPEATER
Gruagach? This time of year?

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

Sophie screams at them again and raises pumping fists. The Cows turn to observe her.

SOPHIE
Yaaaaaggggaaaatuuuuu!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

Bloodletter falls, gets up, runs:

BLOODLETTER
It's a Loireag, a Kelpie!

Fleشلumpeater follows the departing Giants. They are gone.

EXT. CAVE - DUSK

The BFG brushes off his pants and collects his butterfly net and satchel.

Finally, he moves to his cave, and silently rolls the blue boulder back.

Sophie walks in.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

CLOSE: On the painting, lit by firelight. It is a painting of Dream Country.

Sophie sits on the table, comfortable on a pincushion, drinking milk from a thimble. The fire burns, a lantern is lit, the place is quite cosy.

The BFG goes about his business. He labels dreams at the worktable,

SOPHIE

How did you learn to write?

He ignores her. He is mad.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I'm curious.

THE BFG

Be quiet now.

Finally:

THE BFG (CONT'D)

I have a book.

SOPHIE

Can I see it?

The BFG washes his hands and dries them. He crosses the room, stops at the fireplace to stir chopped snozzcumber, stewing in the black pot.

He lifts the small book from the mantle and places it in front of Sophie.

It is a human-sized book, although large, and very old, with cracked maroon leather and frayed gilt-edged papers. The title and author have long since worn away from the spine. Sophie opens it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BFG sits down. He lays an enormous, homemade magnifying glass on the table.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I lost my glasses.

The Giant digs into his vest pocket and finds her tiny glasses.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Charles Dickens. It's old.

Suddenly, the BFG recites - perfectly.

(The words sound strange. They have an incorrect accent or syllable break and sound BFG'ish, but they are correctly memorized.)

THE BFG

"With throbbing veins and burning skin, eyes wild and heavy, thoughts hurried and disordered, he felt as though the light were a reproach, and shrunk involuntarily from the day as if he were some foul and hideous thing."

A pause. The BFG opens his eyes.

SOPHIE

How did you know how to read it?

The BFG moves to a cupboard for dishes. He serves up the stew, placing a hunk of steaming snozzcumber on a plate for Sophie.

THE BFG

"It was a harder day's journey than yesterday's, for there were long and weary hills to climb; and in journeys, as in life, it is a great deal easier to go down hill than up. However, they kept on, with unabated perseverance, and the hill has not yet lifted its face to heaven that perseverance will not gain the summit of at last."

Pause.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

I'd like to be a writer.

He takes a spoonful, chews and politely wipes his mouth.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BFG (CONT'D)
I've made a decision. Right or
left, I is taking you back.
Tonight.

SOPHIE
How did you read it?

The BFG turns and looks at the painting.

Pause. Sophie looks at the landscape.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)
Tell me.

He slowly turns from the painting to Sophie.

THE BFG
There was a reader. A writer. He
was a painter, too.

Sophie understands.

SOPHIE
Someone like me. A child?

THE BFG
Alas.

A tear drops.

Sophie takes a small bite of snozzcumber.

EXT. ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

The BFG rises over a hillside - head appearing first,
girl sitting in ear, then body and trumpet and dream bag.
He wears his black cloak.

It is a miracle of camouflage, using shadow and darkness,
contour and foliage. We know he's there, but ... do we?

The Thames rolls toward London. An industrial city lies
in the distance. The BFG moves toward it.

Hear a whisper:

SOPHIE (V.O.)
One dream. I asked him to show me
one dream.

THE BFG (V.O.).
She had seen it all already.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE on Sophie: In his ear, whispering:

SOPHIE
You promised, one dream.

Factories, abandoned and boarded-up, line the river.

Beyond them, a row of houses.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Now we are on a street. It's quiet, dark, sleeping.

The BFG makes his way slowly down the road, staying to the shadows, tight against the sooty brick walls.

We pass windows - mostly dark, some softly lit - providing glimpses into strangers' lives. Many offer that silvery TV glow from behind thin curtains.

INT. WINDOWS - NIGHT

We see a cat.

An Old Woman asleep in a chair by a heater.

A Man and Woman asleep side by side in a small bed.

Finally, a child - a teenage BOY - on the second floor of an old brick house.

INT. BOY'S WINDOW - NIGHT

The Boy is wearing underwear and a sweatshirt, his arms tucked under his pillow, one leg above the covers.

A computer is on the table beside him, playing a war movie with the sound turned off.

The BFG places Sophie on the window ledge.

Sophie looks around the room: A younger BROTHER is asleep on a mattress on the floor. He has reggae playing on his Walkman, the nubs tucked into his ears.

As the BFG pulls out a few jars Sophie scans the room. We give her a moment.

WHAT SHE SEES: A photo of the whole family, a drawing, a few outgrown toys, a desk with books, a poster of Beckman and another of a half-naked woman, boy-clothes on the floor. A doorway to a dimly lit hallway and parents.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE on Sophie: We can only wonder what goes through her head. Curiosity? Excitement? Envy? Regret?

She takes it all in, then turns to the Giant.

SOPHIE

What will it be?

THE BFG

What be your pleasure, little Brownie?

She looks at the boys.

SOPHIE

Something nice. A great success!
And we need two, there are two of them.

The BFG mixes a quick brew.

SOPHIE(CONT'D)

Make them happy.

THE BFG

Well, someone has changed her tunes.

He raises his trumpet and blows, first toward our Teenager and then the little Brother.

At first, nothing.

Then, the Teenager wiggles a bit and the little Brother sort of mumbles in his sleep. Rapid eye movement.

SOPHIE

Tell me!

THE BFG

The liddle laddie is dreaming he can put his teachers to sleep. Staring very hard in a special way he puts the teacher to sleep and her head drops on her desk and she goes fast to sleep and snorkels loudly. Then in marches the head teacher and shouts, "Wake up Miss Plumridge! How dare you got to sleep in class.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Go fetch your hat and coat and leave this schooling forever, you is a boredom and you is sacked!" And then, he puts the head master to sleep, too, and he crumples slowly to the floor like a lump of jelly. And the kiddlings take over the school.

SOPHIE

Perfect. And him?

The Teenager is mumbling and twitching a bit.

THE BFG

He has written a comic book and it is so exciting no one can put it down. The character is like him, a boy hero. He can fly. It is a dense dream. Even the zombies in the streets are reading it and the police and the doctors and the dentists and no one can work because every page is such excitement. And then he wakes up, in the dream, which is a niceable touch, and he is still tinkling with excitement because he is the greatest writer ever and the womens is adoring him and then one splendilicious girl comes up and looks deep in his eyes and says, "You can draw, but your spelling is atrocious and so is your punctiliousness." But, even awake and insulted, he has a feeling of having finished something and is so proud.

Sophie nods.

SOPHIE

You do good work.

THE BFG

I appreciate you are saying so.

Sophie looks up at his kind face.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

It is time to go forward.

SOPHIE

Yes, I suppose it is. Or is it backward?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE BFG

I am a mixed up giant.

He tucks Sophie into his breast pocket. They move silently down the street.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE - NIGHT

They move south, through a forest, and we hear the wind in the willows and Sophie sees the stars sparkling overhead. Night birds sing and frogs croak and then the BFG halts suddenly.

SOPHIE

What?

THE BFG

Shhh.

SOPHIE

What?

THE BFG

"Lament".

SOPHIE

You hear it?

THE BFG

Shh.

He raises his arm and points.

In the distance, we see a giant moving across the horizon. It is Bloodletter. He seems sated, moving slowly, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand.

SOPHIE

Oh, no.

THE BFG

Yes. He has fed.

SOPHIE

What do you hear?

THE BFG

Cries. "Where are you?" Someone's have disappeared.

SOPHIE

Forever.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bloodletter meanders away, disappearing over a hilltop, heading north.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We have to stop them.

THE BFG

I is helpless as horsefeathers. I has had to get used to it. There is nothing I can do.

The BFG again marches south.

SOPHIE

I don't want to go back. I want to stay with you. We'll make a plan. We'll stop them. Together.

The BFG pauses beside a towering tree.

THE BFG

You are naifish.

SOPHIE

I have nothing to go back to. There is no lament for me. We'll make a plan.

THE BFG

I have tried before.

He starts to walk again.

SOPHIE

We can do it together. I don't know what yet. But, we can dream success.

The BFG stops. He looks down at her.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

"It is a great deal easier to go down hill than up."

His ears lift, and lower, and settle into a posture of acceptance.

They turn and head north. Uphill.

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

The BFG's head moves above the treeline.

EXT. NORTH SEA - NIGHT

The Giant hops from one oil rig to the n - silent, graceful.

EXT. THE MISTS - DAWN

CLOSE on The BFG's profile:

Sophie rides in The BFG's ear as they move silently through an ocean of golden mist.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY - DAY

Flechlumpeater is lounging, his stomach swollen, thinking.

FLESHLUMPEATER

Fool me once, shame on ... shame
on you. A fooled ... giant ...
can't get fooled again.

His fellow Giants lie snoring and digesting in the dirt. Flechlumpeater rubs his belly, thinking.

FLESHLUMPEATER (CONT'D)

He has a human bean.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Sophie paces on the BFG's bed. He chops snozzcumber.

SOPHIE

Do you usually know where they are
going?

THE BFG

Every night they is yelling at me
as they go bottling past. The
other night they was yelling, "We
is off to Mrs. Sippi and Mr. Souri
and we is guzzling them both."

SOPHIE

Disgusting. I hate them. Why is
there not public outrage at this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BFG

They is careful not to be
skedaddling off to the same
country too often. They
switchfiddles around. And, do not
forget, that human beans is
disappearing everywhere all the
time even without the giants is
guzzling them up. Human beans is
killing each other much faster
than the giants is doing it.

SOPHIE

But we don't eat each other!

THE BFG

Giants isn't eating each other
either. Giants is not very lovely
but they is not killing each
other. Human beans is squishing
each other all the time.

SOPHIE

Well, humans have never done the
Giants any harm.

THE BFG

Oh, you are so young and naifish.
And, I beg your pardon, but that
is what the piggy-wiggies and
fishies and birdie-tweeters is
saying to themselves every day. I
hear them. "What have we ever done
to them to becoming sausages and
fillets and coco vans?"

SOPHIE

Are we agreed it should be
stopped?

THE BFG

Yes. But, do not be tossing the
first stones.

SOPHIE

So. How do we do it? We need to
attract attention. You would
attract attention.

THE BFG

I is not showing myself to human
beans. The zoo. The guns.

SOPHIE

I would never let that happen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

THE BFG

You is only a giggle.

SOPHIE

We need a protector for you and a
... a person ... of power.....

THE BFG

Stop your prancing and pacemaking
on my bed.

SOPHIE

I've got it! "The Majesty"!

THE BFG

Do you think?

SOPHIE

We go to the Palace. We make an
appeal.

THE BFG

No one is believing you.

Sophie paces.

SOPHIE

No one has to believe, only dream.
You have dreams about man eating
giants.

THE BFG

Some.

SOPHIE

And human beans being eaten, I
know you have that, and ... The
Majesty? You have dreams of real
people?

He nods.

THE BFG

A dream fleets. When you is waking
up, you is saying, "Oh, thank
goodness, it was only a dream."

SOPHIE

Not if you dream all the scary
stuff - that you and I know is
truly happening - giants eating
people, oh God! - and also then
dream that a little girl and a
Giant are right there with you, in
the flesh, urging you to action!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

And when you wake up ... they are!
We are! Right there at Buckingham
Palace.

THE BFG

The Palace?

SOPHIE

London.

THE BFG

I is frightened of London. Dahl's
Chickens paints it dark, and he is
a great writernal.

SOPHIE

Don't be frightened. I was in an
orphanage there once. London is
full of tiny dark streets and no
one much is about near the Palace
at the Witching Hour. And if they
are, they have no business being
and are probably drunk. I used to
sneak out a lot. We'll climb in
the back garden.

The Giant scratches his chin.

THE BFG

This is all you can think of?

SOPHIE

It's a good plan.

He lowers his head and asks timidly:

THE BFG

You will try to protect me?

SOPHIE

I shall protect you. And feed you
delicious vegetables.

The Giant goes to his cupboard and pulls out a bottle of
pale green, fizzy liquid.

THE BFG

Let us have a toastie.

SOPHIE

What is that?

THE BFG

Frobscottle.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The BFG places the bottle on the table. He gets an empty glass jar and the thimble.

SOPHIE

It's fizzing the wrong way.

THE BFG

What is you meaning "the wrong way"?

SOPHIE

The bubbles are going down and bursting at the bottom. Our fizzy drinks the bubbles go upward.

THE BFG

Yuck. It is scrotty to have the bubbles flying up instead of down.

SOPHIE

Why?

THE BFG

You drink down into your tummy, right or left?

SOPHIE

Right.

THE BFG

And the bubbles go into your tummy?

SOPHIE

Yes.

THE BFG

Which means they will come swishwiffling up your throat and out of your mouth and make a foulsome belchy burp.

SOPHIE

A burp can be fun.

THE BFG

Yuck.

SOPHIE

But, with your drink ... what is it?

THE BFG

"Froboscottle". A ferment.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

SOPHIE

If the Frobscottle bubbles go down
from the tummy, it is much more
nasty.

THE BFG

A Whizzpopper!

SOPHIE

I suppose.

THE BFG

A whizzpopper need not be nasty.
It can be a sign of happiness. It
is music in our ears.

SOPHIE

We consider it rude.

THE BFG

You kill each other. I is taking
no lead from you in manners. And,
to be sure, everyone whizzpops.
Even The Majesty whizzpops now and
again.

He takes a gulp. He pours a drop into the thimble.
Sophie takes a tentative sip.

SOPHIE

It's delicious.

THE BFG

It is special. It is glummy. I
love it.

And then, he whizzpops - loudly! - and is lifted clean
off his feet and several feet into the air. He lands.

Sophie puts her hands on her stomach.

SOPHIE

I feel it it's coming ...

Suddenly, the blue boulder is rolled back and
Flechlumpeater appears in the brightly lit doorway.

FLECHLUMPEATER

Runt!

Sophie whizzpops. She rises from the bed. The BFG throws
his pillow over her mid-air and she falls to the bed,
beneath the coarse linen square.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

FLESHLUMPEATER (CONT'D)

You has a human bean!

There is the sound of a tiny whizzpop. The pillow bobs.

THE BFG

You are a crazy old Giant,
Fleshman, have a drink.

Fleشلumpeater sniffs around.

The BFG pours a swallop of Frobscottle down
Fleشلumpeater's throat.

FLESHLUMPEATER

Don't think you can distract me.
You is a fibster and I think you
has a childer in here.

THE BFG

No, no, of course not.

FLESHLUMPEATER

I will eat it.

Fleشلumpeater whizzpops and hits the ceiling. The BFG
gives him another dollop.

We can HEAR the other Giants departing, catching their
shadows and movements through the open door.

THE BFG

(shouts)
Where are you off to tonight, you
fellows?

Bloodletter pokes his head in.

BLOODLETTER

I is going to Merry Old to a bad
gigglers and bigglers house and
eat some little unwanted
childers. Inky binky childers.
Flesh, time is rushing, you are
in the lead.

FLESHLUMPEATER

You has no bean?

THE BFG

No, no.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

FLESHLUMPEATER

I found the last one. Didn't I?
Hmm, he was a yummy little
childer.

A pause.

THE BFG

No, not a bean in sight.

The Fleshlumpeater moves back toward the door.

FLESHLUMPEATER

I'll be back.

He whizzpops again and hits the ceiling.

He exits.

The BFG rolls the door shut.

When he turns, Sophie is sitting on the pillow.

SOPHIE

Merry old?

THE BFG

England.

SOPHIE

Bigglers? Gigglers?

THE BFG

Youths.

The BFG shoos her to the foot of his bed

SOPHIE

He found the last one?

He tightens the blanket and fluffs the pillow.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

We have no time to lose. We may
not save tonight's children ...

She waits. Finally, the BFG lays down his hand. She
climbs on and he lifts her into the air.

They are face to face.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

But, we can save tomorrow's.

He has a tear rolling down his cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You are no foul and hideous thing.
You is a gentle man.

She kisses his thumb tenderly.

INT. CAVE - DUSK

The BFG lifts his giant whisk and places a crude clay bowl on his worktable.

A little of this, a little of that, he scrapes color from dream jars and makes a frothy souffle. Sophie reads the labels, nodding her agreement.

The BFG's ears perk up. Sophie freezes in terror. Then, he shakes his head "no".

He finds Sophie's dream-catch and adds just a touch of the magenta "Regret". She smiles, sadly.

THE BFG

Tell me it again. We arrives in
London town ...

EXT. WATER CAVE - DUSK

From the Water Cave we watch The BFG - trumpet and dream bag in hand and wearing his black cloak - walk away from us, down the riverbank. Sophie is perched on his shoulder.

CUT TO:

EXT. ESTABLISHING SHOT OF LONDON - NIGHT

The City of London, all twinkling lights and pointed towers.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE/FRONT - NIGHT

The Royal Guards stand paralyzed at attention.

The Royal flag is flying.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE/BACK - NIGHT

The brick wall is topped with barbed wire and backed by rustling conifers.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's dark and silent.

EXT. THAMES RIVER - NIGHT

We see him from a distance - The BFG - rising from the black river water.

His cape and shirt and vest are folded and on his head. He carries his bag and trumpet high. He rises, bare chested.

He moves closer and closer to CAMERA. Sophie is in his ear.

As he reaches us and the water slides from his older, hairless chest and bare arms, we see a TATOO on his right shoulder: B F G - in lovely, large, Victorian cursive. The tatoo shimmers like black jewels. It was inked with a dream.

He climbs out of the Thames, shifts his clothing to his arm and slides between houseboats and freighters, all but disappearing in the shadows of the docks.

EXT. HYDE PARK - NIGHT

Sophie, in her flannel nightgown, sits in the top of a beautiful, flowering tree. The BFG sits beneath it. He is fully dressed now, his shoes hang drying on a low limb.

Sophie looks about her at the timeless urban vista of Westminster's old buildings.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

He had a name. Given to him by ...
a boy. He had lived alone for a
long time. He didn't mind it, he
said. He had his work. He
brought the cows in for company.
They multiplied. Don't eat the
cows, he said, they carry the
souls of dead giants. Giants lie
down to die and become mountains.
Look around you, he said. You can
see their faces. Their souls slip
into the animals grazing nearby.
Look at everything carefully, he
said.

Pause.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Most giants were good at heart.

The BFG sits motionless in the shadows. The grass rolls out like a carpet at his feet. He listens. Moths fly around him.

THE BFG (V.O.)

Moths carry the souls of lost children, you know? One can tell. "Sophie" she was called. She thinks her silkies gave her the name, before they passed. She had been alone, all Sophie, all this time. Didn't mind it, she fibbled. She just wanted ... a purpose.

The BFG stands and lifts Sophie to his pocket. He sweeps the black cloak over the entire scene.

THE BFG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Now she had one.

BLACK:

EXT. LONDON - NIGHT

They start to move.

There is magic to the Giant's movements. He glides. He steps over roads, he melts into tall buildings. He leaps roundabouts on little cat's paws. He nears the Palace.

EXT. BUCKINGHAM PALACE/READ - NIGHT/DAWN

It looks forboding, even for the BFG.

SOPHIE

Over that wall.

THE BFG

If they take me to the gallows
or the Tower or to a poppers house
or make me a show of silliness and
shocking humilities, you will stay
by me?

SOPHIE

That will not happen. Now, JUMP!

And he does.

EXT. PALACE/GARDEN - DAWN

Quiet. It's a lovely place: groomed, spotless, mown lawns, tall trimmed trees, perfect pretty ponds. The Palace itself looms at the far edge, shimmering white stone in the rising sun.

The BFG crouches between the brick wall and a small lagoon and stares at the huge building.

THE BFG

This place is having a hundred windows!

SOPHIE

At least.

A fish jumps. Sophie and the BFG flinch.

THE BFG

I is boggled. How is we finding where The Majesty sleeps?

SOPHIE

Let's creep forward.

They move silently through the Garden to the Palace.

An Armed GUARD walks between the BFG's legs, none the wiser.

As they near the windows:

THE BFG

Shh.

SOPHIE

What?

THE BFG

I is listening to hear the breathing of woman bean or a man bean.

EXT. PALACE - DAWN

They peek in second floor windows. Let us just say it's ornate - the best that hundreds of years and billions of dollars can buy.

Finally, at one open window, The BFG pauses. He nods. He places Sophie on the windowsill.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

Are you sure?

The BFG ignores her and opens his satchel. He removes the jar holding the specially prepared dream.

Sophie parts the draperies just an inch and looks around.

INT. PALACE/BEDROOM - DAWN

It's beautiful - all silk and velvet and plush carpet and rich upholstery, a fire dying in the marble fireplace, fine paintings. Sophie stares at one on the wall across from her: A watercolor - it looks like Dream Country.

Sophie dares to lean in.

A figure, in the four poster bed, the body moving gently up and down with each breath.

EXT. WINDOW SILL - DAWN

Sliding in beside her, comes the trumpet.

The BFG blows.

The dream slithers toward the Sleeper.

Sophie nods at the BFG.

He pulls out his trumpet, collects his bag, looks down at her and gently, kisses her on the cheek.

THE BFG

Sophie. My hero.

He backs away.

THE BFG (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought she might leave me. I
would understand if she did.

Sophie pulls the curtains to block any view of her. She settles for the wait.

Dawn. A clock strikes seven.

HEAR a voice, mumbling, caught in a pillow.

THE MAJESTY (O.C.)

Oh, no! No, someone stop them!
Don't let them do it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE MAJESTY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
I can't bear it! Oh please stop
them! It's horrible! No!

A few moans.

THE MAJESTY (O.C.) (CONT'D)
Who are you? What ...?

Silence.

Sophie looks over her shoulder.

EXT. PALACE/GARDEN - DAWN

A low fog lies across the lawn. No sign of the BFG.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
I thought he had left me.

Sophie starts to cry, searching, looking for The BFG.
She dares not call out.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I could understand why he might.

HEAR a knock at the bedroom door.

Sophie turns and peeks through the curtains.

INT. PALACE/BEDROOM - DAWN

A MAID - MARY - in a trim black dress with white collar,
enters the room, pushing a cart.

MARY
Good morning, Your Majesty.

CLOSE on Sophie, smiling:

SOPHIE (whispers to self)
The Majesty.

Mary lifts a tray: tea pot, toast, juice, newspapers.

MARY
Will you have the tray on your bed
or the table this morning?

THE MAJESTY (O.C.)
Oh, Mary, something awful.

It is an OLDER WOMAN'S voice. THE QUEEN.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARY

What is it, Madam?

THE QUEEN(O.C.)

I've just had the most frightful dream! A nightmare! It was awful.

Mary crosses the room and places the tea tray on a bedside table.

MARY

Oh, I'm sorry, Ma'm. But, it was only a dream, you are awake now. It will fade away.

Mary goes to the bedside and fluffs a few pillows and now we see her as she sits up - slightly rumped. A face known through the years, a postage stamp, an icon.

THE QUEEN

Do you know what I dreamt, Mary? I dreamt that boys and girls were being snatched out of their beds at ... juvenile ... holdings.

Mary trembles a moment as he pours tea.

MARY

Work houses?

THE QUEEN

We don't have work houses anymore, good God! That's Dickensian! Trade schools, rehabilitation centers. Delinquents. They were locked up.

More trembling from the Maid.

MARY

Yes. Please go one.

THE QUEEN

They were being eaten by the most ghastly ... Giants! Mouths, teeth, oh, their breath! - like some evil ... video game, but real, terribly real! The giants were putting their arms through dormitory windows and plucking the children out with their fingers. And eating ... Arms, legs, bones! It was all so vivid ... so real!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The Queen takes a sip of tea.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)
What on earth's the matter?
You've gone white as a sheet.

Mary falters and drops the sugar bowl with a clatter of crockery.

EXT. PALACE/WINDOW - DAWN

Sophie listens. She sees a GUARD and a DOG patrolling the garden.

She tries to become invisible, shrinking into herself in her flannel nightie, nestling up to the drapes, all the time, scouring the treetops, the far reaches, the walls - looking for the BFG.

THE QUEEN(O.C.)
I think you'd better sit down.

TIBBS (O.C.)
I'm sorry about the tray, Mam'.

THE QUEEN(O.C.)
Don't worry about the tray, sit!

Sophie drops her chin to her hands, worried.

THE QUEEN(O.C.) (CONT'D)
It was just a dream.

INT. PALACE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Mary has her chin in her hands, sitting in a bedside chair.

She reaches to the floor and lifts a sugary TIMES.

MARY
You haven't seen the papers, have you, Your Highness?

THE QUEEN
No, do I dare?

MARY
It's very like the dream you had, Mam'.

The paper is unfolded: A Headline (below the fold):

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLOSE: "BLOODBATH AT JUVENILE FACILITY: 12 children missing."

The Queen reads:

THE QUEEN

"Twelve youth, male and female, have gone missing from a facility for the criminally under-aged in Manchester. Pools of blood were found in the grounds, and outside the high walls of the suburban facility ... a leg bone ... a skull! No sign of bodies, no indication that the other inhabitants of FreeBorn Facility for Youth heard any fighting or gunshots." Oh, ghastly. The poor children, Mary!

MARY

Don't you see, Ma'm? Just like your dream.

THE QUEEN

No giants.

MARY

Well, not in the story, but so similar ... That's why I came over all queer, Ma'm.

THE QUEEN

I'm coming over a bit queer, myself. Maybe you should open the curtains.

EXT. PALACE/WINDOW - MORNING

Sophie is polishing her glasses. She puts them on. She tucks her hair behind her ears and pats down her nightgown and ... Whoosh ... The curtains are pulled open.

Mary screams.

INT. PALACE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Seen from the room, Sophie sits perched on the windowsill.

Mary runs to the wall and is about to push a Red Button.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE QUEEN

Stop.

Mary stops.

CLOSE on the QUEEN: She looks genuinely frightened.

MARY

Who are you? How did you ...?

THE QUEEN

Stop. Mary, stop please.

Sophie turns her gaze to the Queen. She curtsies from the waist.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

I don't believe it.

The Queen is still staring at her. She puffs her grey hair into place and sits up a little taller.

MARY

I'll take her out.

THE QUEEN

No. No, don't do that. Tell me, Mary, am I seeing a little girl in a flannel nightgown sitting on my windowsill?

MARY

Yes, Your Majesty.

THE QUEEN

I am not dreaming?

TIBBS

No, you are awake, Your Majesty.

Mary frowns at Sophie.

MARY

She is sitting right there, heaven only knows how she got there.

THE QUEEN

It's just what I dreamed, I dreamed her here, at the palace, at the end. A girl and a ...

She sits straighter still.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Are you real?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

SOPHIE

Y-y-yes, Your Majesty.

THE QUEEN

What is your name?

SOPHIE

Sophie, Your Majesty.

THE QUEEN

And, Sophie, how did you ... a
Giant put you on the window sill?

SOPHIE

He did, Your Majesty. At dawn.

THE QUEEN

You're not serious about the
Giant?

SOPHIE

Oh, yes. He's out there in the
garden now.

Sophie looks over her shoulder. Is he?

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

He's a good giant. Don't be
frightened.

THE QUEEN

Yes, I seem to know that he is.

Sophie is looking for the BFG. She is crying now.

SOPHIE

He is my best friend.

THE QUEEN

Sophie?

Sophie turns back to the Queen.

The QUEEN (CONT'D)

Why have you and this Giant come
to see me?

SOPHIE

I think you dreamed that part,
too. You did dream it, didn't
you, Majesty?

A pause. The Queen nods. She did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE QUEEN

How do you know?

Sophie has turned from her again.

The Queen slips out of bed. A trembling Mary wraps her in a dressing gown.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Pull yourself together, woman.

The Queen moves to the window.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Sophie?

Sophie turns to find the Queen beside her.

SOPHIE

Can I call him now?

The Queen starts to answer, but Sophie can wait no longer:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Big Friendly Giant! Big Friendly Giant! Are you still here? BFG?

THE QUEEN

The Big Friendly Giant?

SOPHIE

He's lovely.

She calls:

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Come out, come! The Majesty would like to see you. Please, come.

THE QUEEN

Come down off that ledge. Mary, get her a shawl, something ...

She helps Sophie to the floor. Mary hurries forward with a throw. Sophie leans out the window.

SOPHIE

(calling)

Come to me! I will protect you!

She turns ferociously on the Queen.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

You will do him no harm!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

The Queen looks down at her.

THE QUEEN

"By Gog and Magog". Agreed.

The Queen straightens her gown and fluffs her hair again into place. We wait.

MARY

I don't see any giant. Shall I take her away now, Ma'm?

A pause.

THE QUEEN

Let's take her downstairs and get her something to put on. Don't alert the Guard, I'll ...

And then we hear a rustle in the pines.

Sophie gasps with relief.

SOPHIE

He's coming.

EXT. PALACE/GARDEN - MORNING

And he does. 24 feet tall, erect as a skyscraper, black cloak, trumpet in hand, The BFG strides across the perfect lawn.

INT. PALACE/BEDROOM - MORNING

Mary screams.

The Queen gasps.

Sophie waves.

EXT. PALACE/GARDEN - MORNING

The BFG takes his time. He is impeccable in his calm and dignified approach. When he is close to the window, he makes a low, graceful bow.

THE BFG

The Majesty, I is your humbug servant.

THE QUEEN

He's very tall.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Finding herself, the Queen nods her head slightly and says:

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)
Delighted to meet you.

The Giant is a bit flustered now.

THE BFG
Oh, Majester, Oh, Queenie, Oh
Monarch, Oh, Golden Sovereign, Oh,
Ruler, Oh, Sultana, I is come here
with my little friend Sophie, to
give you ... a ...

THE QUEEN
A ...?

THE BFG
A sistance.

They are face to face now.

THE QUEEN
Let's have breakfast. Mary, find
Tibbs. We'll breakfast in ... the
Ballroom. Tell him to be
creative. And find an outfit for
Sophie. I have a few calls to
make. Shall we say ... 20
minutes?

Mary nods, bows and backs away.

SOPHIE
May we have sausages and potatoes
and beans and eggs and ...?

THE QUEEN
Pudding. Exactly.

INT. BALLROOM - DAY

A frantic scurrying of Butlers and Maids and Footmen and
Guards, all directed by the HEAD BUTLER - the elegant,
gaunt, MR. TIBBS.

It's creative.

Four grandfather clocks are squared up in the center of
the room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIBBS

Push the grand piano into the
center of the room.

A Cook peers in and hurries away.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

Now fetch a large chest-of-drawers
- the first salon - and put it on
top of the piano.

Scurry, carry, slide, lift.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

That will be his chair. Where is
that ping- pong table!?

A Maid:

MAID

Cook is wondering ...?

TIBBS

Multiply everything by ... 12.
No, 24!

MAID

The settings?

TIBBS

Use the Wedgewood.

MAID

Three?

TIBBS

Three. Biggest plate in the
kitchen and the biggest jug and
bowl. For one. The big one. That
flower vase from the Pope!
Squeeze a dozen dozen oranges!

Tibbs turns to a Footman.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

Get a brand new, unused garden
fork and a spade from the Royal
Gardener. Polish them! And get
the Polish sword from the back
hallway. Polish it, the Polish,
the Polish must be polished!

Two Footmen are carrying in a beautiful small table and
two antique chairs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tibbs guides them to the foot of the grandfather clock nearest the grand-piano-and-Chippendale-dresser-giant-chair.

TIBBS (CONT'D)

Grandfather by the grand lady ...

And just as the damask clothes are snapped and spread and the flowers placed in the center of the tables, the Queen and Sophie appear.

Sophie is in a very nice little princess outfit, circa 1950's.

Her hair is clean and teeth brushed.

The Queen looks splendid in her bespoke gray silk suit with a yellow blouse.

They both carry handbags.

The BFG follows behind them.

He, too, has had a wash and a tuck-in.

A Footman carries his black cloak and another his trumpet and another his dream bag.

The BFG bends to enter the 18-foot doorway and smashes his head on a chandelier, but everyone politely ignores the tinkle of crystal and they settle into place as casually as if this happened every morning.

THE QUEEN

They are coming?

TIBBS

Yes, Your Majesty.

THE QUEEN

Good. Shall we? Oh, Tibbs, bring me a crown.

They sit. The BFG waits for the ladies to be seated before he places himself, as directed, atop the grand piano.

A crown arrives on a red velvet pillow.

The Queen places the crown on her head and winks at Sophie.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Not often I get the chance.
Historical Powers and all that.
Royal Prerogative. How do I look?

SOPHIE

Stunning.

THE QUEEN

Good.

And the food starts coming. It's civilized, it's fabulous - with silver domed platters full of eggs and sausages and grilled tomatoes and fried potatoes and toast and butter and jam and perfectly balanced Footmen climbing ladders to serve the BFG.

The Queen pulls a small black book and a cell phone from her handbag and dials a number.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Hello, Silvia, it's Elizabeth. I
have a question, about ... well,
missing Swedes. Yes, ask.

THE BFG

Sweet.

Sophie motions the Giant not to interrupt.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

It's a phizz-whizzing flushbunking
breakfast!

The Queen covers the mouthpiece.

THE QUEEN

Does he always talk like that?

The Queen has tea and toast. Sophie has everything.

SOPHIE

He's had no schooling.

THE QUEEN

Really?

SOPHIE

And he has only eaten
snozzcumbers, all his life.

THE QUEEN

Oh, no. And they are ... ?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

SOPHIE

They are revolting.

THE QUEEN

They don't seem to have stunted
his growth.

Sophie smiles up at the BFG.

SOPHIE

Dream food!

Back to the phone:

THE QUEEN

Yes, yes, I knew it. I've got to
run. Lots of love.

THE BFG

It's delumptious!

The Queen dials another number.

The QUEEN

Delighted.

SOPHIE

May we have some more, please?

THE QUEEN

More! More!
Hello, Sofia, is that you, dear?

The Queen winks again at Sophie and whispers:

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Espana.

Sophie nods.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

Something rather gruesome has come
up.

A dozen Footmen carrying platters of food. A plate
tipping with piled toast. Tibbs pours coffee for the
BFG. He tastes it.

THE BFG

Ouch! What is this swigpill?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

MR. TIBBS

Coffee.

THE BFG

It's filthy. With my humble
apologists.

The BFG inhales the toast.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Frobscottle!

SOPHIE

No!

Sophie stares The BFG down.

THE QUEEN

Frobscottle?

THE BFG

Glumptious whizzpopping music.

The Queen is dialing a last number.

THE QUEEN

Would he like music? Bagpipes?
Tibbs, let's have some bagpipes!
And, more toast. Noor, dear, is
that you? Oh, Rania, oh, time
flies. How are the children?

MARY

The Palace seems to be out of
bread, Sir.

MR. TIBBS

Make some!

Mary runs to the kitchen. The Queen snaps shut her purse.

THE QUEEN

Shall we talk about Giant Country?

THE BFG

You has never heard of it,
Majesterene?

THE QUEEN

No.

THE BFG

I shall take you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (6)

THE QUEEN

Yes. I would like that. But,
first, we need a solution to the
Giants. They have been
everywhere.

And we hear music.

Enter the bagpipes.

Twelve PLAYERS march into the ballroom, playing the most
beautiful of Celtic tunes.

Behind them enter GENERALS - Army, Air Force, Navy - and
the PRIME MINISTER. Chairs are brought in as the Queen
waves to the Men to sit and wait.

THE QUEEN (CONT'D)

BFG, Sophie, these are the
country's finest minds. And the
Prime Minister. They should have
come up with some proposals for
the Giants.

As one song ends and another begins, The BFG leans over
to his bag and pulls out a tall bottle of Froboscottle.

Sophie is distracted by the military might.

THE BFG

A toastie.

SOPHIE

Proposals?

THE QUEEN

Generals?

ARMY GENERAL

Of a military nature, Your
Majesty. Invasion and force.
Shock and awe.

THE BFG

Froboscottle for everyone.

Tibbs brings a tray of champagne glasses to the table and
the BFG pours.

ARMY GENERAL

We can't rule out the nuclear
option.

The Queen frowns.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (7)

SOPHIE

We have an idea ...

Sophie has become aware of the Frobscottle.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

They should all have some. It is delicious.

Each man takes a glass and they raise them in unison.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

To Giant Country.

THE GENERALS

To Giant Country.

The Generals and the Prime Minister sip, but Sophie waylays the Queen with a question; se doesn't sip ... yet.

SOPHIE

Have you ever heard of "banshees",
Your Majesty?

THE QUEEN

Banshees? Well, of course.

The Bag Pipers break into "Garryowen". (General George Custer's 7th Battalion song.)

SOPHIE

And Keligs and Henkies and
Gruegaghs?

THE QUEEN

I have an inkling ... s from my
childhood. (Wistfully) Takes me
back. Arthur? Merlin? Guinevere?

THE BFG

They is formidables, those
padfoots. Brownies is delightful
little helpers, but those Henkies
can be vesuvius.

The Generals and the Prime Minister down their
Frobscottle.

A GENERAL

Delicious, what do you call this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (8)

SOPHIE

More Frobscottle for the Generals,
BFG.

The BFG pours.

The Generals' faces take on that Frobscottle glow. Their
stomachs rumble. They sip.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I am sure you will visit Freeborn
Facility for Youth, Your Majesty.

The QUEEN

Of course. I shall. Today.

SOPHIE

We have an idea. For you. Only
you can do it.

The Queen raises her glass.

THE QUEEN

Somehow, Sophie dear, I am not
surprised.
"Deus ex machina".

The Queens is about to drink when we HEAR the first hint
of a whizzpopper as the Prime Minister starts to rise.
Elisabeth casts a sidelong glance at her commanders.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SKIES - DAY

Military helicopters flying at full speed.

They are following the BFG, who is trying to keep his
pace under control for the slower vehicles.

Sophie rides in his vest pocket.

We pass over the North Sea.

We pass through Mist Country.

We pass over bits of brown and green and frozen tundra
and finally, narrow in on Giant Country.

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

Two PILOTS, one NAVIGATOR, two dozen JUVENILE DELINQUENTS
and a few SOLDIERS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The CHILDREN are a motley looking lot: BOYS and GIRLS, 10 to 16, skin heads with shocking facial piercings, black teens with wildly-colored dreadlocks, scary chicks with mohawks and tatoos, wearing Frankenstein boots and ripped T-shirts, knee pants and spike heels. Just your average teens. Some wear kilts with metal-toed Doc Martins.

The Navigator unfolds his map.

CLOSE: There is nothing beyond the fold. It is No Man's Land.

Someone's Ipod is playing a remix of "Satisfaction".
Someone else plays "Ride of the Valkyries" .

They fly in formation, coming out of the rising sun.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

The helicopters set down on the far side of the hill - a fair distance from the valley and the BFG's cave.

The BFG sets Sophie down and she gathers the Children around her as soldiers pull stuffed boxes from the cargo areas of the copters.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

The Giants lay snoozing in the dirt, the sun high overhead.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

The Children add seaweed and mud and glitter and foam and capes and wigs and masks to their already questionable fashions.

Soldiers stand by with machine guns ready.

The BFG stands watch on the hilltop.

Soldiers unload heavy burlap bags and hoes and rakes and shovels.

A Land Mover rolls out of a rear cargo compartment.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

Sophie marches a line of children - now looking like banshees, every one - along the low side of the hilltops. They spread out.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

Fleishlumpeater wakes, lifts an eyelid and sniffs. He mumbles to himself, rolls over and goes back to sleep.

Bloodletter sprawls on his stomach, drool pouring from his huge mouth, sleeping soundly.

The Cattle graze peacefully.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

The BFG peers down at them all.

Sophie climbs the hill behind him.

The gruesome Children fan out, ringing the valley, surrounding the Giants.

Soldiers are scattered behind them, guns ready, just below the crests of the hills.

Ready. Cue "Garryowen".

The BFG shouts:

THE BFG
Bloodletter!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

CLOSE on Bloodletter: An eyebrow raises.

THE BFG
Bonecruncher! Manhugger!
Childchewer! Meatdripper!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

The Children tighten the circle. They are still not visible to the Giants, but the Giants are surrounded.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

The Giants come slowly out of their stupors.

THE BFG (O.C.)
Gizzardgulper! You, Maidmasher!
Wake up, Bloodletter. Snap to
Butcher Boy! You is finished
Fleishlumpeater!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They roll to their backs, rise up on elbows, sit, scratch, burp and vomit and get to knees and lean on tree stumps and Fleshlumpeater stands.

It's High Noon in Giant Country.

FLESHLUMPEATER

What are you bothering about,
Runt!

THE BFG

Life as you know it is finished,
Fleshie, you flunkie fluck!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

The first wave of Juvies climbs the hill.

They are scary and ugly and look like the wildest things of any fairy tale imaginable.

They crest the hilltop.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

VIEW up onto the hilltop. The Giants see them now!

The children scream! And they dance! And howl, and spit and scowl and swing their hair and thump their chests and wail and generally look like they are at a rave.

KIDS

Bloodletter! Bloodletter!
Bloodletter!

CLOSE on Bloodletter: A pause, rubbed, unbelieving eyes, and then:

BLOODLETTER

Ogres! Banshees! Sorrows!

He lifts a boulder and tosses it, but it comes nowhere near the Shriekers.

He runs toward the other side of the valley, but ...

Here comes the Second Wave!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

More of the same, louder and wilder - mainly GIRLS in this group.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Bloodletter is stopped in his tracks.

The other Giants are running scared now. Fleshlumpeater is in a daze.

BLOODLETTER

Hags, Hags!

The Girls smite the earth with hoes and spades.

Sophie is up front and center, waving her hair, screaming her happy thoughts.

SOPHIE

Waaaaagaaaaaalaalaaa!!

BUTCHER BOY

Bug-a-boo, bug-a-boo!

MEATDRIPPER

Bogle! Bugbear! Hobgoblins!

The Giants are wild themselves now - with fear.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

Fleshlumpeater might try to calm them, but he has no skills at calming.

FLESHLUMPEATER

We be gentry, lads, we be gentry.

THE BFG

You be snortling! You be
flushbunkled! Splitzwiggled!
Swogswalloped! Bopmuggered!

Fleshlumpeater sees a route to escape and makes for it, but no!

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLS - DAY

The Third Wave! Crazy little creatures are the British youth.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DAY

The BFG walks down the hill, closer to Fleshlumpeater. The bad Giant sits on the ground. The BFG squats beside him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

THE BFG

We can do this the hard way, or
the eastern way.

The Giants cluster together, shivering, humbled. They sink to the ground.

LONG SHOT: The kids keep it coming. Years of rage, tons of fun - they scream and twist and shout.

CUT TO:

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY - DAY

Beyond the valley, past the BFG's cave, there is dark soil.

The Land Mover is working there.

Digging a hole?

The Soldiers collect all uprooted snozzcumbers.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/VALLEY - DUSK

The Giants sit in a crumpled circle, eating snozzcumbers.

They are sitting on a giant netting, a web of knots.

Only a few banshees are necessary to scare them into submission now.

And, the Soldiers are still there, with guns, protecting the rioting, stone throwing, nasty, unruly, lawbreaking children.

We HEAR a helicopter.

Slowly, the netting closes around the giants and they are lifted - a package of hairy arms and legs - whimpering.

EXT HOLE DUSK

The GIANTS are lowered into a hole just over the hill from The BFG's cave.

In the background, the backhoes and caterpillars are busy churning up and smoothing out the disheveled rich black soil.

A blanket of earth spreads out toward Giant Country's snow capped mountains.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

Four dozen children lie sleeping on the Giant's cot, covered with his blanket, tucked in, smiling with their eyes closed.

The BFG stands at the foot of his bed. He raises his trumpet.

He blows them a fabulous dream.

INT. CAVE - NIGHT

The BFG sits in his chair. The lantern is lit, the painting shimmers in the golden light.

Sophie is on the table, reading aloud:

SOPHIE

"Please, sir, he's weeding the garden," replied a small voice. To be sure," said Squeers, by no means disconcerted. "So he is. Bottinney, noun substantive, a knowledge of plants. When he has learned that bottinney means a knowledge of plants, he goes and knows 'em. That's our system, Nickleby; what do you think of it?

Sophie takes a sip of Froboscottle.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

I think perhaps someday you could become a real writer.

THE BFG

Oh, I would love that! Do you think I could?

SOPHIE

I know you could. Why don't you start by writing a book about you and me?

THE BFG

I'll give it a try.

Pause.

THE BFG (CONT'D)

Sophie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE

Yes, BFG?

THE BFG

Do you think I might have an
elefant?

I would so much like to have a
jumbly big elefant and go riding
through green forests picking
peachy fruits from the trees all
day long?

SOPHIE

I don't see why not.

They smile and sip. Whizzpop!

FADE TO:

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/GARDEN - A SPRING DAY

The Giants are tending their garden - an orchard of
giant fruit trees and rows upon rows of giant vegetables.

The ground is broken into furrows and streams of water
irrigate.

Such big plants are growing! Big tomatoes and big squash
and big corn and big grapes and big lettuce.

And, the Giants?

Well, still big, still lumbering, they are washed and a
little tidied up - just a little. They now wear bucolic
hair decorations and some fresh leafy skirts and daisy
chains - big daisies.

They are ... subdued. They are ... at peace? For now.

They be Farmers. Gentry. For now.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

He worked hard on his book and in
the end he completed it.

Flechlumpeater prunes and picks his snap peas, while
snacking on a handful of giant blueberries. He smacks
away Bonecruncher's foraging hand.

Bloodletter runs around with a giant pumpkin on his head,
trying to scare the others.

SEE A MAN: sitting on a hilltop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Rather shyly, he showed it to the
Queen. The Queen read it aloud to
her grandchildren.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY/HILLTOP - DAY

We move closer to him.

SOPHIE (V.O.)
Then the Queen said, "I think we
ought to get this book printed
properly and published so that
other children can read it."

It's PRINCE CHARLES.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Her own son, Bonny Prince Charles,
found a certain validation and a
sudden purpose in the story.

Charles sits at a table, under an umbrella, in a low
campaign chair.

He peruses architectural plans - landscaping plans - as
he sips on that musical, green fizzy liquid. His own
huge ears seem to move up and down, forward and backward -
studiously - as he edits the plans.

TIBBS stands behind him, sneaking a sip of the magical
brew himself.

EXT. CAVE - DAY

The boulder is rolled open.

Elephants wander about - bigger than the Cows, but not
big enough, not yet.

The BFG can be seen in his cave.

INT. CAVE - DAY

Nothing much has changed.

We HEAR the water gurgling delightfully in the
background.

The workshop and shelves of dreams are still in place. A
pot simmers on the hearth. The bed is made.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The BFG sits at his table. He does have a library now - a shelf full of Big Books!

The BFG writes - big pencil in hand, paper piling up - happily.

SOPHIE (V.O.)

But, where you might ask is this
book that the BFG wrote?

We find Sophie - in a summer dress, her hair loose and wavy - again, on the tabletop. She sits in an armchair, her feet on an ottoman, reading from a giant piece of paper - correcting with a red pencil.

SOPHIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)

It's right here. You just
finished it.

The VIEW pulls out of the Cave.

EXT. GIANT COUNTRY - DUSK

The VIEW moves over Giant Country and we see the entire, magnificent, sprawling garden.

The VIEW keeps moving: Over the hills and the snow capped mountains, through pearly skies.

EXT. BEYOND - DUSK

Over No Man's Land and the canyons and waterfalls.

Across a purple plain.

EXT. DREAM COUNTRY - DUSK

And down, into Dream Country.

We HEAR a tiny buzz.

It seems to say ... can you hear it?

THE END