

(Dramatic chord and/or pyroflash SL as lights change to a sinister state and the WITCH enters with her broomstick DSL in green spot. She looks up as if talking to the Giant.)

WITCH: Alright, alright, you grumpy old Gut-Bucket – I'm just on my way to get you one of these nice fat people to eat! That's what you asked for isn't it? ... "To have somebody round for tea"? *(Seeing the audience:)* Oh, did the Giant frighten you, girls and boys? Don't you worry about him – he loves children. Oh, yes – he has one every morning for breakfast! ... And sometimes he even has steak and kiddie pie! ... But right now, he's waiting for his dinner, so have any of you got a nice plump parent you don't need any more? ... But I must admit, I'm getting pretty fed up running around after that Giant – perhaps I should find him a henchman to do all his dirty work – then I won't have to be at his beck and call all day long. Now, let me see – who is nasty enough for the job? How about Craig Revel Horwood? *[Or whoever]* No, I know – Rancid the Ratman. He's an outcast from the village who works as the local rat-catcher. *(Calling:)* Rancid, come here, boy – now!

RANCID: *(He enters DSR in blue spot and approaches the Witch.)* You called, your Wickedness?

WITCH: Remember me, Rancid?

RANCID: *(Coming face to face with her)* I don't recall the face, but your breath is familiar.

WITCH: Quiet! How would you like to be my apprentice?

RANCID: Oh, yes, Lord Sugar ... I mean, your Evilness.

WITCH: You are to assist me in looking after Giant Gut-Bucket. *(Pointing to the audience:)* Think of this lot out here as his food store ... and take him some whenever he's hungry!

RANCID: Sounds like fun – but how do I get to his castle?

WITCH: Here, take this broomstick. *(She holds out her broomstick for him.)*

RANCID: Cor! A Nimbus 2000!

WITCH: Yes, but don't go using it for any private mileage!

(RANCID takes the broomstick in such a way that it lifts her cloak and he notices her legs.)

RANCID: Ooh, I do like your blue cords.

WITCH: Blue cords? Them's me varicose veins! *(She covers her legs again.)* And you better not fail me Rancid or I'll give you a taste of my Black Magic!

RANCID: Ooh good – I like the ones with the soft centres!