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SIMON:

(To audience) Oh, hello girls and boys, mums and dads – are you enjoying yourselves? *(They respond: “Yes”.)* Why, what are you doing? ... Do you know, I'm sick of getting the blame for everything round here, when all our problems are really caused by that Giant. It's all his fault – even the weather! When you hear thunder, that's him stomping around in his castle. And the lightning is the gnashing of his teeth. If it snows, it means he's got dandruff. But when it rains ... well, I run inside quick! ... And as for the wind! *(He wafts his hand under his nose.)*

SIMON:

Seriously, though, I'm so scared of that Giant, it's making me ill. I went to the doctors about it, but he just said I had "fee fi fum fobia"! ... Trouble is, it's spoiling all my "fee fi fo fun"! ... I say, girls and boys, would you like to be in my gang? ... You would? Well, will you do me a favour in return, then? Every time you see me, when I say, "Hi-ya, gang", I want you to shout back, as loud as you can: "Don't be silly, Simple Simon!" Will you do that for me? Let's have a practice. *(He nips off SR and re-appears.)* Hi-ya, gang! *(Disappointedly:)* You've been drinking Night Nurse again, haven't you? ... Let me just explain something to you – they say a show is only as good as its audience, so if you think I'm rubbish, it's your fault! ... We'd better try again, but I need you to shout much louder this time! *(He repeats the business, going SL.)* That's more like it – thanks everyone. Well, now you're all in my gang, I'm not going to let that Giant frighten me anymore. No, I'm going to be very brave from now on ...

(Thunder SFX interrupt him as lights flash and then dim. SIMON reacts, wails in fright, picks up his pots and pans and runs off SR. The Giant's voice then booms out:)

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