

SCENE 7.

Outside the Giant's Castle. Front cloth or tabs.

The strobe stops, or alternatively the KING, DAME, TRUMPET and SIMON run on.

KING. (very breathless) That's far enough, I can't run any further.

DAME. I think we've lost him.

SIMON. It's very creepy here though.

SARGE. (off on mic) Intruder patrol!

DAME. What's that?

COCKR'S. (off) Go to your left, your right, your left
Go to your left, your right, your left – hey!

DAME. Freeze!

(They ALL freeze in unlikely positions. A group of several COCKROACHES enter marching.)

COCKR'S. (Singing) We don't care that we're not tall
Cos Way-Up-High we're havin' a ball!
Feeee, Fiiiiii –fo and fum
Anyone sees us they're gonna run!

(COCKOACHES exit marching...)

The four on stage relax.)

DAME. Phew! That was close.

SARGE. (off on mic) All clear!

DAME. They're coming back!

(The COCKROACHES march back on stage, as the four re-freeze in even more unlikely positions.)

If we find you, better watch out
You'll get eaten, aint no doubt
Feeee, Fiiiiii –fo and fum
Anyone sees us they're gonna run!

SARGE. HALT!!!

(The COCKROACHES halt to attention.)

Stand easy.

(COCKRAOCH SMITH raises his hand.)

What is it Cockroach Smith?

SMITH. Permission to smoke, Sarge?

SARGE. Permission denied.

SMITH. **(whining)** Oh, Sarge.

SARGE. You should know better, Cockroach Smith!

SMITH. **(crestfallen)** Sorry, Sarge.

(COCKROACH JONES raises his hand.)

SARGE. Yes, Cockroach Jones?

JONES. How long are we on patrol, Sarge?

SARGE. As long as it takes, Cockroach Jones. Remember – we are the elite!

(COCKROACH CHETWYN-DOUGLAS-SCOTT raises his hand.)

Yes, Cockroach Chetwyn-Douglas-Scott?

C-D-S. Can we all have a marshmallow, Sarge?

SARGE. Good idea, Goblin Chetwyn-Douglas-Scott. Let's all have a marshmallow.

(They all take out their marshmallows and eat contentedly for a moment.)

Right. Everyone finished?

(They all nod, swallowing hastily.)

Good. Now, there may be other intruders about, so we need to look vicious, horrible and nasty. So, let me see it in your faces!

(COCKROACHES pull vicious faces.)

And in your attitudes!

(COCKROACHES maintain faces and assume threatening attitudes.)

And in your blood curdling sounds of warlike doom!

(COCKROACHES all blow a loud raspberry.)

Excellent! I'm proud to serve with you. We'll set out on patrol again – and if any of you see the castle ghost, blow him one of those!

(COCKROACHES all blow another raspberry.)

Massive. (**Cadence calling**) We don't care that we're not tall!

COCKR'S. (**marching off**) Cos Way-Up-High we're havin' a ball!
Feeee, Fiiii – fo and fum
Anyone sees us they're gonna run!
Go to your left, your right, your left,
Go to your left, your right, your left – hey!

DAME. Phew - they didn't see us!

KING. Luckily, we're expert at concealment.

SIMON. Yes, but what about that castle ghost? I don't like ghosts!

TRUMPET. Neither do I!

DAME. I can just about take a cockroach; but I don't think I could bear it if I saw a ghost.

SIMON. Nor me, I need some help! (**to AUDIENCE**) Help me! Help me!

(**AUDIENCE respond.**)

Thank you! I don't feel scared anymore. I don't care how spooky it is up here. I like it up here! Ghosts? Well, let's just go and see! (**Exits purposefully.**) Now, where is this ghostie?!

DAME. Simon – Simon come back!

SIMON. (**screaming off and running back on the other side**) What am I doing?

KING. Look, we just need to keep our spirits up.

SIMON. How do we do that?