

START

TRUNCHBULL

Matilda Wormwood!

#11c - *Burr Sequence*

Matilda Wormwood! Where is --

MATILDA

*(stepping forwards)*

Yes, Miss Trunchbull.

TRUNCHBULL

Aha! So you admit it do you?

MATILDA

Admit what, Miss Trunchbull?

TRUNCHBULL

This clot, this foul carbuncle is none other than a disgusting criminal, a denizen of the underworld, a member of the mafia! This morning you sneaked like a serpent into the kitchen and stole a slice of my private chocolate cake from my tea tray.

MATILDA

No I did not!

MISS HONEY

Miss Trunchbull, Matilda's been here all morning.

TRUNCHBULL

Standing up for the little spitball are you? Well this crime took place before school started. Therefore she is...

*(writing on the board)*

guilty!

BRUCE

*(to the audience)*

Okay, look, alright, I stole the cake. And honestly I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up... maybe? But the thing was I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back.

*HIS belly rumbles.*

Ooops. See?

*Rumble.*

**MATILDA**

I'm not guilty, I didn't do anything!

**TRUNCHBULL**

You are guilty because you are a fiend! You are a crook, you are a thief and I shall crush you! I shall pound you!

*Rumble.*

I shall consign you to the seventh circle of hell, child, you shall be...

*Rumble.*

You shall be destroyed!

*BRUCE lets out a truly enormous burp, but really, really enormous, it goes on for ever. It hovers above him.*

**BRUCE**

It was the biggest burp I had ever done. It was the biggest burp I had ever heard, the biggest burp I had ever heard about. It was like the entire world went silent for that burp to exist, as a huge cloud of chocolaty gas wafted from my mouth and drifted... across the class...

*It drifts across the class.*

Past Lavender...

Past Alice...

Past Matilda...

*Drifts past Matilda.*

and then, my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

*MISS TRUNCHBULL is hit by the burp. Pause.*

**TRUNCHBULL**

Bruce Bogtrotter...

*The TRUNCHBULL forgets Matilda, advances on Bruce.*

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#12 - Bruce

**BRUCE**

Yes, Miss?

**TRUNCHBULL**

You liked my cake, didn't you, Bruce?

**BRUCE**

Yes, Miss Trunchbull, and I'm very sorry, but -

TRUNCHBULL

Oh, as long as you enjoyed the cake, that's the main thing.

BRUCE

Is it?

TRUNCHBULL

Yes, Bogtrotter, it is.

BRUCE

Oh. Well... I did.

*Beat.*

Thank you.

TRUNCHBULL

Wonderful. Marvellous. That makes me so happy, it gives me a warm glow in my lower intestine.

*(calling out)*

Oh, Coo-ook!

*The COOK enters, carrying a massive chocolate cake with one slice missing. SHE plonks the cake in front of Bruce. HE stares at it.*

What's the matter, Bogtrotter? Lost your appetite?

BRUCE

Well, yes. I'm full.

TRUNCHBULL

Oh, no, you're not full, I will tell you when you are full and I say that criminals like you are not full until you have eaten the entire cake!

BRUCE

But—

TRUNCHBULL

No, buts, you haven't got time for but: eat!

BRUCE

But I can't eat it all!

MISS HONEY

Headmistress, he'll be sick...

TRUNCHBULL

He should've thought of that before he made a pact with Satan and decided to steal my cake!

EAT!

STOP