

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.

#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!