

TRUNCHBULL

Quiet!

LAVENDER hands over the jug

Start

MISS HONEY

I don't think this is teaching at all, I think it's just cruelty!

TRUNCHBULL

That is because you, Miss Honey, are pathetic.

Pours water. Drinks

You are wet. You are weak.

Pours water. Drinks

You are, in fact, a snivelling... little...

Pours water. The newt plops in.

... newt?

#18b - Newt II

SHE looks at the glass. Suddenly SHE screams and leaps away. The CHILDREN all gather round.

Newt! Newt! It's a—

NIGEL

What is it?

TOMMY

Oh, it's disgusting! It's a snake!

HORTENSIA

Watch out Miss Trunchbull, it's going to bite!

ALICE

I bet it's poisonous

MISS HONEY

Quiet, children, please!

Silence. The TRUNCHBULL is transfixed.

Suddenly SHE whirls and points a huge finger the only child who has not moved (who happens to be ERIC).

YOU!

TRUNCHBULL

ERIC

What? No, not me, I didn't—

TRUNCHBULL

Cockroach! You did this, you vile, repulsive, malicious little sinner!

SHE grabs Eric by the ears.

ERIC

Ow! No, stop!

TRUNCHBULL

What's that, Maggot? Stop? When we're only just getting started...

SHE begins to yank on Eric's ears.

ERIC

Ah, ah, ow!

MISS HONEY

Miss Trunchbull don't, please! You'll pull his ears off!

TRUNCHBULL

(through the exertion)

I have discovered, Miss Honey, through many years of experimentation that the ears of small boys do not come off—they stretch. In fact I think I can feel these ones... stretching... now!

MISS HONEY

Miss Trunchbull, no!

TRUNCHBULL yanks, and Eric's ears do in fact stretch.

ERIC

Ahhhhhh! Stop, stop!

But SHE readies herself for another yank, another stretch. Suddenly MATILDA stands up.

MATILDA

(standing up)

Leave him alone, you BIG FAT BULLY!!!