

TRUNCHBULL

Matilda Wormwood!

#11c - Burp 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)***START**
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!

~~Trunchbull~~

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

~~Trunchbull~~

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

END

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—

21. Revolting Children

START

Kids cheer [START]

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Freely / colla voce

2 Bruce

Woah! _____ Ne-ver a-gain will she get the best_ of me,

4 3 5

Ne-ver a-gain will she take a - way_ my free - dom, And we won't for - get_ the day_ we

6 *Very steady - accel. poco a poco* 7 3

fought for the right to be a lit - tle bit naugh - ty! Ne-ver a-gain will the cho - key door

8 Am7

All Kids:
Never again!

8 9 10

slam... ..will I be bull ied and... ..will I doubt it when my mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle.

4 D/F# 8 clicks

Driving rock ♩=116

11 12

Bruce on bottom line here

Ne-ver - a-gain will we live be - hind bars. Ne-ver a-gain now that we know we are

c D



13 **A** [REDACTED]

Re-volt-ing child-ren Liv-ing in Re-volt-ing times. We sing Re-volt-ing songs Us-ing

14 15

B⁵ G⁵ A⁵

16 17 18

Re-volt-ing rhymes. We'll be Re-volt-ing child-ren 'Til our Re-volt-ing's done. And we'll

Lower line joins top line on "done"
(remaining harmony on click track only)

C⁵ G⁵ B⁵/F[#] E⁵ D⁵

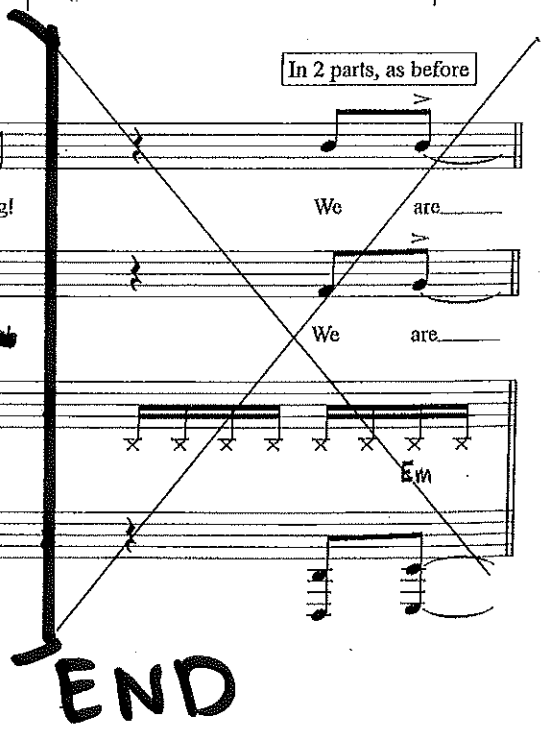
19 20

have the Trunch-bull bolt-ing. We're re-volt-ing! We are

We are

In 2 parts, as before

D⁵ E⁵ E⁵ M



END