

Matilda The Musical, Miss Trunchbull

Play *Matilda The Musical*

Author *Dennis Kelly*

Role *Miss Trunchbull*

Actor *Bertie Carvel*

How dare you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. You ought to be in prison! In the deepest dankest darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth. I shall crush you. I shall pound you. I shall dissect you madam. I shall strap you down to a table and perform experiments on you. I shall feed you to the termites, and then I shall squash the termites into tiny fragments. And then I shall crush those tiny fragments into dust. And then I shall take the dust and feed it to the bloodworms. Then the bloodworms I shall feed to birds and the birds I shall release into the air and shoot them down with my 12 balled shotgun and so on, and so on, an infinitum madam, and infinitum. Your father is a crook and so are you. Last night I was driving home in the monstrosity he sold me and the engine fell out. Well what do you say to that madam? You say nothing, and there is nothing you can say because you are genetically predisposed to evil and you must be destroyed before you are allowed to go on and grow a centimetre taller than you currently are. Vomit! Puke! Snot Stain are you listening? All of these disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you, yes you! I shall rip the rebellion out of this class and devour it whole. I shall hang each and every one of you upside down by your ankles until all of your bodily fluids drain out through your noses and into jars, yes jars, which will be sent home to your parents with your school reports on which I shall write 'Could do better!'. Miss Honey has allowed her weakness and filth to permeate through this miserable collection of excuses for children and you, madam, standing there before me like the squirt of squids, are it's beating heart. You are the axis of evil, you are the nexus of necrosis, you are a rotting lump of pure wrong. You are the dark heart of all that is unholy in this land, a black hole of wrongheadedness from which, no light, no strength, no discipline can escape. But I am a match for you, madam. In me you have met the avenger, the spirit of all that is right. And I tell you there is nothing I shall not do, no length to which I shall not go, no punishment I shall not inflict, no ear I shall not stretch, no finger I shall not snap back to defeat you. Yes, I defeat you in exaltation, do you hear? Are you listening? Are you listening madam?