

Mr. Wormwood **Intermission**

MR WORMWOOD comes on. Takes out a piece of paper, reads.

Start

MR WORMWOOD

'I would like to offer an apology for some of the things that have been going on here tonight. They are not nice things and they are not right things and I would like to state garrantorically that we do not want any children that might be here tonight watching this to go home and try these things out for themselves. I am of course talking about... reading books.

It is normal for kids to behave in this fashion, it stunts the brain, wears out the eyes, makes kids ugly, stinky, fatty, sweaty, betty, boring, gaseous and crucially, it gives them varrucas... of the mind.

Under no circumstances do we condone such activities and we do so utterly without reservoirs.'

Puts the paper away, looks at the audience.

Can I just ask, how many people here have ever read a book?

Is horrified by the response, picks someone in the audience

You sir/madam, what's your name?

Gets name

Well, ... don't take this the wrong way, but...

Bookworm, bookworm, stupid little bookworm, reading all his books like a stinky little bookworm.

You read books, like a... worm. Worms read books, you read books.

Worms are stupid

You're a... swarm.

There.

Now, ...will learn from that. Won't stop them reading, but s/he'll never put her/his hand up in a theatre again.

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you today, the pinnacle of our achievements as a species, the very reason we bothered evolving out of unicorns in the first place.

MICHAEL comes out with the telly, and a little guitar.

End

#13 - All I Know

SOMEWHERE ON A SHOW I HEARD
A PICTURE TELLS A THOUSAND WORDS
SO, TELLY, IF YOU BOTHERED TO LOOK,

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

End

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!