

**TRUNCHBULL**

Bruce Bogtrotter...

*The TRUNCHBULL forgets Matilda, advances on 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 planks the cake in front of Bruce. HE stares at it.*

What's the matter, Bogtrotter? Lost your appetite?

**BRUCE**

Welt 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!