

TRUNCHBULL

Sit. Miss Honey, you believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories. That is not teaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child.(She blows a whistle. The KIDS march on, stop, silent. Pause.)Quiet you maggots!!!

MISS HONEY

But no one was speaking, Miss Trunchbull.

TRUNCHBULL

Miss Honey, when I say 'Quiet, you maggots', you are entirely included in that statement. Where is my jug of water?

LAVENDER

I'll get it Miss Trunchbull.

TRUNCHBULL

Stupid girl.(to the others)Look at you. Flabby! Disgusting! Revolting! Revolting, I say! I think it's time we toughened you all up with a little... Phys-ed.

TRUNCHBULL

Well?
Come along, Bogtrotter.

BRUCE

What? Where?

TRUNCHBULL

Oh, did I not mention? That was the first part of your punishment. There's more. The second part. And the second part is... chokey!

MISS HONEY

No, Miss Trunchbull please, you can't!

TRUNCHBULL

Do you think I would allow myself to be defeated by these maggots? Did you? Who do you think I am, Miss Honey? A weakling? An idiot? You?