

## **Matilda London Cast**

### **"The Smell of Rebellion"**

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This school of late has started reeking -  
Quiet, maggots, when I'm speaking! -  
Reeking with a most disturbing scent...  
Only the finest nostrils smell it,  
But I know it oh-too-well.  
It is the odour of rebellion.  
It's the bouquet of dissent!

And you may bet your britches  
This headmistress  
Finds this foul odiferousness  
Wholly olfactorily insulting.

And so to stop the stench's spread,  
I find a session of phys. ed.  
Sorts the merely rank from the revolting.

The smell of rebellion comes out in the sweat,  
And phys. ed. will get you sweating,  
And it won't be long before I smell the pong  
Of aiding and abetting!  
A bit of phys. ed. will tell us who  
Has a head full of rebellious thoughts.  
Hold! Hold!  
Just like a rotten egg floats  
To the top of a bucket of water.

[Chorus 1:]  
(One, two, three, four...)  
The smell of rebellion!  
The stench of revolt!  
The reek of insubordination!  
(I can't take it anymore! One, two, three, four...)  
The whiff of resistance!  
The pong of dissent!  
The funk of mutiny in action!  
(That's not right!)

Before a weed becomes too big and greedy,  
You really need to nip it in the bud.  
POSITION TWO!

Before the worm starts to turn,  
You must scrape off the dirt,  
And rip it from the mud!

[Chorus 2:]

(One, two, three, four...) x2  
The whiff of insurgence!  
The stench of intent!  
The reek of pre-pubescent protest!  
(But that's not right!)  
(One, two, three, four...) x2  
The funk of defiance!  
The odour of coup!  
The waft of anarchy in progress!  
(I can't take it anymore!)

Once we've exorcised/exercised these demons,  
They shall be too pooped for dreaming!  
Some double-time discipline  
Should stop the rot from setting in!

All right - let's step it up. Double-time!  
One, two, three, four!

Discipline  
Discipline  
For children who aren't listening,  
For midgets who are fidgeting  
And whispering in history,  
Their chattering and chittering,  
Their nattering and twittering,  
Is tempered with a smattering of  
Discipline.

We must begin insisting  
On rigidity and discipline,  
Persistently resisting  
This anarchistic mischieving.  
These minutes you are frittering  
On pandering and pitying  
While little ones like this  
They just want discipline.  
The simpering and whimpering,  
The dribbling and the spittling,  
The 'Miss, I need a tissue'  
Is an issue we can fix.  
There is no mystery to mastering  
The art of classroom mistressing.  
It's discipline, discipline, discipline!

[Chorus 3:]

The smell of rebellion!  
The stench of revolt!  
The reek of pre-pubescent plotting!  
The whiff of resistance!  
The pong of dissent!  
The funk of moral fibre rotting!

Imagine a world with no children.  
Close your eyes and just dream.  
Imagine. Come on - try it...  
The peace and the quiet...  
A babbling stream...  
Now imagine a woods with a cottage,  
And inside that cottage we find  
A dwarf called Zeke, a carnival freak,  
Who can fold paper hats with his mind,  
And he says, "Don't let them steal your horses! No!"  
"Don't let them throw them away! No!"  
"If you find your way through,"  
"They'll be waiting for you,"  
"Singing 'neigh neigh'!"

She's mad!

Aha! And there, just like I said,  
The stinking maggot rears his head.  
Even the squittiest, pittiest mess  
Can harbour seeds of stinkiness.  
Have you ever seen anything more repellent?!  
Have you ever smelled anything worse  
Than that smell of rebellion?!

[Overlapping Verse 1 - Foreground:]  
The stench of revolt!  
The reek of insubordination!  
The whiff of resistance!  
The pong of dissent!

[Overlapping Verse 2 - Background:] (x2)  
Discipline! Discipline!  
Attention and order!  
Children need discipline!  
Can't have them mischieving.  
[?]

And I will not stop 'til you are squashed!  
'Til this rebellion is quashed!  
'Til glorious, sweaty discipline has washed  
This sickening scent...  
Away!

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