

ROALD DAHL'S

MATILDA THE MUSICAL

By

Dennis Kelly

Music and Lyrics By Tim Minchin

CHARACTERS:

Matilda Wormwood

Mrs. Wormwood

Mr. Harry Wormwood

Michael Wormwood

Mrs. Phelps

Miss Jennifer Honey

Miss Agatha Truchbull

Bruce Bogtrotter

Lavender

Amanda Thripp

Nigel

Teacher/Doctor

Escapologist

Midwife/Older student/Acrobat

The Children: Eric, Alice, Hortensia, Tommy, Reginald

Mother(1)/Older student/Russian Mafia

Father(1)/Older student/Russian Mafia Don (Sergei)

Mother(2)/Older student/Russian Mafia

Father(2)/Older student/Russian Mafia

Mother(3)/Older student/Russian Mafia

Father(3)/Older student/Russian Mafia

ACT ONE

SCENE ONE

[A birthday party. All children are hidden underneath a table laid out with cakes and balloons. One by one, they emerge from under the tablecloth.]

1: MIRACLE

LAVENDER

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE

REGINALD

MY DADDY SAYS I'M HIS SPECIAL LITTLE GUY

ALICE

I AM A PRINCESS

BRUCE

AND I AM A PRINCE

LAVENDER, AMANDA, ALICE, HORTENSIA

MUM SAYS I'M AN ANGEL SENT DOWN FROM THE SKY

BRUCE, ERIC, REGINALD

MY DADDY SAYS I'M HIS SPECIAL LITTLE SOLDIER,
NO ONE IS AS HANDSOME, STRONG AS ME.

BRUCE

IT'S TRUE HE INDULGES MY TENDENCY TO BULGE.
BUT I'M HIS LITTLE SOLDIER!
HOP, 2-4-3!

AMANDA, HORTENSIA

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE
ONE LOOK AT MY FACE, AND IT'S PLAIN TO SEE.
EVER SINCE THE DAY DOC CHOPPED THE UMBILICAL CORD,
IT'S BEEN CLEAR THERE'S NO PEER FOR A MIRACLE LIKE ME!

NIGEL, TOMMY

MY DADDY SAYS I'M HIS SPECIAL LITTLE SOLDIER.
NO ONE IS A BOLD OR TOUGH AS ME.
HAS MY DADDY TOLD YOU,
ONE DAY WHEN I'M OLDER,
I CAN BE A SOLDIER

NIGEL

AND SHOOT YOU IN THE FACE!

[Enter TEACHER.]

TEACHER

ONE CAN HARDLY MOVE FOR BEAUTY AND BRILLIANCE THESE DAYS.
IT SEEMS THAT THERE ARE MILLIONS OF THESE ONE-IN-A-MILLIONS
THESE DAYS
SPECIAL-NESS SEEMS DE RIGUEUR
ABOVE AVERAGE IS AVERAGE – GO FIGURE
IS IT IS COME MODERN MIRACLE OF CALCULUS,
THAT SUCH FREQUENT MIRACLES DON'T RENDER EACH ONE UN-
MIRACULOUS.

ALL KIDS

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE
ONE LOOK AT MY FACE, AND IT'S PLAIN TO SEE.
EVER SINCE THE DAY DOC CHOPPED THE UMBILICAL CORD,
IT'S BEEN CLEAR THERE'S NO PEER FOR A MIRACLE LIKE ME!

*[Enter PARENTS, who form a small audience watching their
children perform.]*

LAVENDER

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A PRECIOUS BARRELINA.
SHE HAS NEVER SEEN A PRETTIER BARRELINA
SHE SAYS IF I'M KEEN, I HAVE TO CUT DOWN ON THE CREAM,
BUT I'M A BARRELINA, SO GIVE ME MORE CAKE!

MOTHER (1) & FATHER (2)

TAKE ANOTHER PHOTO OF OUR ANGEL IN THAT COSTUME THAT I MADE

MOTHER (1)

THE ROLE OF TREE HAS NEVER BEEN PORTRAYED WITH SUCK
CONVINCING SWAY

MOTHER (2)

THAT'S RIGHT, HONEY, LOOK AT MUMMY!

FATHER (2)

DON'T PUT HONEY ON YOUR BROTHER

MOTHER (2)

SMILE FOR MUMMY; SMILE FOR MOTHER!

FATHER (2)

I THINK SHE BLINKED

MOTHER (2)

WELL, TAKE ANOTHER!

FATHER (3)

HAVE YOU SEEN HIS SCHOOL REPORT? HE GOT A 'C' ON HIS
REPORT!

MOTHER (3)

WHAT?!

FATHER (3)

WE'LL HAVE TO CHANGE HIS SCHOOL. HIS TEACHER'S CLEARLY
FALLING SHORT.

MOTHER (1)

SHE'S JUST DELIGHTFUL.

FATHER (1)

SO HILARIOUS AND

MOTHER (1) & FATHER (1)

INSIGHTFUL.

ALL PARENTS

MIGHT SHE BE A LITTLE BRIGHTER THAN THE NORM?
I KNOW TO BOYS IT'S FRIGHTFUL FORM!

ALL CHILDREN & ALL PARENTS

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE
ONE LOOK AT MY FACE, AND IT'S PLAIN TO SEE.
EVER SINCE THE DAY DOC CHOPPED THE UMBILICAL CORD,
IT'S BEEN CLEAR THERE'S NO PEER FOR A MIRACLE LIKE ME!
MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A **MIRACLE**
THAT I'M AS TINY AND AS SHINY AS A **MIRROR BALL**.
YOU CAN BE ALL CYNICAL, BUT IT'S A TRUST EMPIRICAL.
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE AS ME!

[Exit CHILDREN and PARENTS, Enter MRS. WORMWOOD and DOCTOR]

MRS. WORMWOOD

Look, is this going to take much longer
Doctor? I got a plane to catch at three.
I'm competing in the Bi-annual
International Amateur Salsa and Ballroom
Dancing Championships in Paris.

DOCTOR

You're getting on a plane Mrs. Wormwood?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Oh yeah. I've been training four hours a
day for the last two years, and I can
tell you one thing – if Jennifer
Lyttleton thinks she's walking off with
the coveted Golden Shoe this year, she's

got another thing coming!

DOCTOR

Ok...

MRS. WORMWOOD

I've got a secret weapon – Rudolpho.
He's part Italian you know. Very subtle
and he has incredible upper body
strength.

DOCTOR

I think we should have a talk.

MRS. WORMWOOD

So, what is it? What's wrong with me?

DOCTOR

Mrs. Wormwood, you really have no idea?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Wind?

DOCTOR

Mrs. Wormwood I would like you to think
very carefully. What do you think might
be the cause of this?

MRS. WORMWOOD

... Am I... [*chuckles*]... Am I? Oh look, am I
fat?

DOCTOR

Mrs. Wormwood, you're pregnant.

MRS. WORMWOOD

WHAT!?!

DOCTOR

You're going to have a baby!

MRS. WORMWOOD

But I've got a baby, I don't want another one! Isn't there something you can do?

DOCTOR

You're nine months pregnant.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Antibiotics or... OH MY GOOD LORD! What about the Bi-annual International Amateur Salsa and Ballroom Dancing Championships!?

[MRS. WORMWOOD moans in the background]

DOCTOR

A baby Mrs. Wormwood, a child, the most precious gift the natural world can bestow upon us has been handed to you. A brand new human being, a life, a person. A wonderful new person is about to come into your life and bring you love and magic and happiness and wonder.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Oooooowwwwww! Bloody 'ell!

[Enter MIDWIFE. MRS. WORMWOOD begins to give birth]

DOCTOR

EVERY LIFE I BRING INTO THIS WORLD RESTORES MY FAITH IN HUMANKIND.

MIDWIFE

Push Mrs. Wormwood, push!

MRS. WORMWOOD

I'll push you in a minute!

DOCTOR

EACH NEW-BORN LIFE, A CANVAS YET UNPAINTED...
THIS STILL UNBROKEN SKIN...
THIS UNCORRUPTED MIND...

EVERY LIFE IS UNBELIEVABLY UNLIKELY.
THE CHANCES OF EXISTENCE,
ALMOST INFINITELY SMALL.
THE MOST COMMON THING IN LIFE IS LIFE,

[Baby cries]

DOCTOR

AND YET EVERY SINGLE LIFE,
EVERY NEW LIFE IS A MIRACLE! MIRACLE!

[Enter MR. WORMWOOD]

MR. WORMWOOD

Where is he? Where's my son?

DOCTOR

Ah Mr. Wormwood... are you smoking a
cigarette?

MR. WORMWOOD

What? Oh of course I'm sorry Doctor what
am I thinking? This calls for a proper
smoke!

*[MR. WORMWOOD snubs out his cigarette and begins to smoke a
cigar]*

MRS. WORMWOOD

Who won? Was it Jennifer Lyttleton?
Maybe I could get a later flight or
something...?

DOCTOR

Mrs. Wormwood, please stay where you

are... as I keep telling you, you are in no condition to dance the tarantella.

MR. WORMWOOD

Oh my word, he's an ugly little fella, ain't he?

DOCTOR

This is one of the most beautiful children I've ever seen.

MR. WORMWOOD

Yeah, well you need glasses mate... he looks like a prune. Oh my good lord Doctor. Where's his thingy?

DOCTOR

What?

MR. WORMWOOD

His 'doo-daa', his 'whatchamacallit'. What you done with his thingy?

DOCTOR

This child doesn't have a 'thingy', Mr Wormwood...

MR. WORMWOOD

WHAT?! A boy with no thingy?

[MR. WORMWOOD shows the baby to MRS. WORMWOOD]

Look what you've done you stupid woman! The boy's got no thingy!

DOCTOR

Mr. Wormwood the child is a girl! A GIRL! A beautiful, beautiful little

girl.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Is there still time for the Bi-annual
Interchampions Amateur Sausage and
Ballroom Dancing...

MR. WORMWOOD

The competition's over. 'Ere Doctor I
don't suppose we could exchange him for
a boy could we?

MRS. WORMWOOD

This is the worst day of my life!
OH, MY UNDERCARRIAGE DOESN'T FEEL QUITE NORMAL.
MY SKIN LOOKS JUST REVOLTING IN THIS FOUL FLUORESCENT
LIGHT,
THIS GOWN IS NOTHING LIKE THE SEMI-FORAL, SEMI-SPANISH
GOWN I SHOULD BE WEARING IN THE SEMI-FINALS TONIGHT.
I SHOULD BE DANCING THE TARANTELLA
QUI MON FELLA ITALIANO
NOT DRESSED IN HOSPITAL COTTON,
WITH A SMARTING FRONT BOTTOM,
AND THIS...

MRS. WORMWOOD

HORRIBLE...

DOCTOR

MIRACLE!

MRS. WORMWOOD

SMELLY LITTLE -

DOCTOR

MIRACLE!

MRS. WORMWOOD

WEAKLY LITTLE BALL OF FAT!

MR. WORMWOOD

What the hell was that?

MRS. WORMWOOD

WILL SOMEONE GIVE THIS THING A BOTTLE?

MR. WORMWOOD

OR SWAP IT FOR A LATER MODEL?

MR. WORMWOOD, MRS. WORMWOOD

WHY DO BAD THINGS ALWAYS HAPPEN TO GOOD PEOPLE?
FINE UPSTANDING CITIZENS LIKE YOU AND ME?
WHY WHEN WE'VE DONE NOTHING WRONG,
SHOULD THIS DISASTER COME ALONG?
THIS HORRIBLE, WEIRD LOOKING...

MRS. WORMWOOD

HAIRY LITTLE STINKY THING

MR. WORMWOOD

WITH NO SIGN OF A WINKY-DING AT ALL

DOCTOR

MIRACLE, MIRACLE, A MIRACLE; EVERY LIFE'S A MIRACLE,
BEAUTIFUL MIRACLE I HAVE EVER SEEN...

MR. WORMWOOD

I CAN'T FIND HIS FRANK AND BEANS...

DOCTOR, ADULTS

EVERY LIFE IS UNBELIEVABLY UNLIKELY.
THE CHANCES OF EXISTENCE, ALMOST INFINITELY SMALL.
THE MOST COMMON THINK IN LIFE IS LIFE,
AND YET EVERY SINGLE LIFE, EVERY NEW LIFE IS A MIRACLE!
MIRACLE! MIRACLE!

[Enter CHILDREN]

ALL CHILDREN

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE
ONE LOOK AT MY FACE, AND IT'S PLAIN TO SEE.
EVER SINCE THE DAY DOC CHOPPED THE UMBILICAL CORD,
IT'S BEEN CLEAR THERE'S NO PEER FOR A MIRACLE LIKE ME!
MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE
THAT I'M AS TINY AND AS SHINY AS A MIRROR BALL.
YOU CAN BE ALL CYNICAL, BUT IT'S A TRUTH EMPIRICAL.
THERE'S NEVER BEEN A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE, A MIRACLE AS ...!

[MATILDA emerges from behind the group.]

MATILDA

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A LOUSY LITTLE WORM.
MY DADDY SAYS I'M A BORE.
MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A JUMPED-UP LITTLE GERM.
THAT KIDS LIKE ME SHOULD BE AGAINST THE LAW.
MY DADDY SAYS I SHOULD LEARN TO SHUT MY PIE HOLE.
NO ONE LIKES A SMART-MOUTHED GIRL LIKE ME
MUM SAYS I'M A GOOD CASE FOR POPULATION CONTROL
DAD SAYS I SHOULD WATCH MORE TV.

SCENE TWO

[The Wormwoods' living room. MATILDA is reading a book while MICHAEL is sitting on the sofa watching television. Enter MR. WORMWOOD on his phone.]

MR. WORMWOOD

Yes Sir, that's right Sir. One hundred and fifty-five brand new luxury cars Sir. Are they good runners? Lets put it this way – you wouldn't beat them in a race.

[MR. WORMWOOD laughs manically to himself]

MR. WORMWOOD

They ARE good runners sir. Indeed sir. Sir how much exactly...

[Enter MRS. WORMWOOD]

MRS. WORMWOOD

HAAAAARRRRRYYYYY!

MR. WORMWOOD

Hang on a sec...

MRS. WORMWOOD

Look at this! She's reading a book! That's not normal for a five-year-old. I think she might be an idiot.

MATILDA

Listen to this: It was best of times, it was the worst of times, it was an age of wisdom...

MRS. WORMWOOD

O000OW!

MR. WORMWOOD

Will you stop scaring your mother with that book boy?!

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MRS. WORMWOOD

She keeps trying to tell me stories, Harry. I mean, who wants stories? I tell ya' it's not normal for a girl to be all...

MR. WORMWOOD

I'm gonna call you straight back, sir!

[MR. WORMWOOD puts the phone down]

Will you please SHUT UP?! I'm trying to land the biggest deal of my life and I've got to listen to this! And it's your fault! You spend money like water, and expect me to get us out of it. What am I? A flaming escapologist!?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Escapologist he says. What about me then? I got a whole house to look after. Dinners don't microwave themselves you know. If you're an escapologist, I must be an acrobat to balance that lot. THE WORLD'S GREATEST ACROBAT! I'm off to bleach my roots and I shan't be talking to you for the rest of the evening. You horrid little man.

MR. WORMWOOD

I'm going to make us rich!

MRS. WORMWOOD

RICH?! How rich?

MR. WORMWOOD

Very rich. Russian businessmen – very, very stupid. Your genius husband is gonna sell them a hundred and fifty five

knackered old bangers as brand new luxury cars.

MATILDA

But that's not fair! The cars will break down. What about the Russians?

MR. WORMWOOD

Gah! Listen to the boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MR. WORMWOOD

Fair does not get you anywhere you thickety-twit-brain! All I can say is thank goodness Michael has inherited some of his father's brains, eh son?

MICHAEL

MICHAEL!

MRS. WORMWOOD

Yeah. Well I shall take the money when you earn it and I shall spend it. But I shan't enjoy it because of the despicable way in which you have spoken to me tonight.

[MRS. WORMWOOD exits]

MR. WORMWOOD

Oh no I... I... *[To Matilda]* This is your fault. With your stupid books and your stupid reading!

MATILDA

What? But I didn't do anything. That not

right.

MR. WORMWOOD

Right?! Right... *[laughs to himself]* I tell you something you are starting school in a few days time and you will not be getting 'right' there. Oh no. I know your headmistress – Agatha Trunchbull.

1a: NAUGHTY UNDERSCORING

And I've told her all about you and your smarty-pants ideas. Great big strong scary woman she is. Yeah used to compete in the Olympics – throwing the hammer! Just imagine what she's going to do to a horrible squeaky little goblin like you, boy!

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MR. WORMWOOD

Get off to bed you nasty little bookworm!

[Exit MATILDA. Blackout, as underscoring surges to a climax.]

SCENE THREE

[Matilda's bedroom.]

2: NAUGHTY

MATILDA

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER.
SO THEY SAY, THEIR SUBSEQUENT FALL WAS INEVITABLE.
THEY NEVER STOOD A CHANCE; THEY WERE WRITTEN THAT WAY -
INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THEIR STORY.

LIKE ROMEO AND JULIET,
'T WAS WRITTEN IN THE STARS BEFORE THEY EVEN MET
THAT LOVE AND FATE AND A TOUCH OF STUPIDITY
WOULD ROB THEM OF THEIR HOPE OF LIVING HAPPILY.
THE ENDINGS ARE OFTEN A LITTLE BIT GORY.
I WONDER WHY THEY DIDN'T JUST CHANGE THEIR STORY.
WE'RE TOLD WE HAVE TO DO WHAT WE'RE TOLD, BUT SURELY
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO BE A LITTLE BIT NAUGHTY.

JUST BECAUSE YOU FIND THAT LIFE'S NOT FAIR,
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO GRIN AND BEAR IT.
IF YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND WEAR IT,
NOTHING WILL CHANGE.
EVEN IF YOU'RE LITTLE YOU CAN DO A LOT, YOU
MUSTN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE 'LITTLE' STOP YOU.
IF YOU SIT AROUND AND LET THEM GET ON TOP, YOU
MIGHT AS WELL BE SAYING YOU THINK THAT IT'S OK,
AND THAT'S NOT RIGHT.
AND IF IT'S NOT RIGHT, YOU HAVE TO PUT IT RIGHT.

CINDERELLA, IN THE CELLAR,
DIDN'T HAVE TO DO MUCH AS FAR AS I COULD TELL.
HER GODMOTHER WAS TWO THIRDS FAIRY.
SUDDENLY HER LOT WAS A LOT LESS SCARY.
BUT WHAT IF YOU HAVEN'T GOT A FAIRY TO FIX IT?
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO MAKE A LITTLE BIT OF MISCHIEF.

JUST BECAUSE YOU FIND THAT LIFE'S NOT FAIR, IT
DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO GRIN AND BEAR IT.
IF YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND WEAR IT,
NOTHING WILL CHANGE.
EVEN IF YOU'RE LITTLE YOU CAN DO A LOT, YOU
MUSTN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE 'LITTLE' STOP YOU.
IF YOU SIT AROUND AND LET THEM GET ON TOP, YOU
MIGHT AS WELL BE SAYING YOU THINK THAT IT'S OK,
AND THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

AND IF IT'S NOT RIGHT, YOU HAVE TO PUT IT RIGHT.

[*MATILDA looks through her parents' bathroom cupboards*]

MATILDA

Platinum blonde hair dye, extra strong,
keep out of reach of children. Hmmm...

Oil of Violet Hair Tonic for men. Yep!

[*MATILDA pours the hair dye into the hair tonic and shakes*]

IN THE SLIP OF A BOLT, THERE'S A TINY REVOLT.
THE SEEDS OF A WAR IN THE CREAK OF A FLOORBOARD.
A STORM CAN BEGIN WITH THE FLAP OF A WING.
THE TINIEST MITE PACKS THE MIGHTIEST STING.
EVERY DAY STARTS WITH THE TICK OF A CLOCK.
ALL ESCAPES START WITH THE CLICK OF A LOCK.
IF YOU'RE STUCK IN YOUR STORY AND WANT TO GET OUT,
YOU DON'T HAVE TO CRY; YOU DON'T HAVE TO SHOUT.

'CAUSE IF YOU'RE LITTLE, YOU CAN DO A LOT, YOU
MUSTN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE 'LITTLE' STOP YOU.
IF YOU SIT AROUND AND LET THEM GET ON TOP, YOU
WON'T CHANGE A THING.
JUST BECAUSE YOU FIND THAT LIFE'S NOT FAIR, IT
DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO GRIN AND BEAR IT.
IF YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND WEAR IT,
YOU MIGHT AS WELL BE SAYING YOU THINK THAT IT'S OK.
AND THAT'S NOT RIGHT.
AND IF IT'S NOT RIGHT, YOU HAVE TO PUT IT RIGHT.

BUT NOBODY ELSE IS GONNA PUT IT RIGHT FOR ME.
NOBODY BUT ME IS GONNA CHANGE MY STORY.
SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO BE A LITTLE BIT NAUGHTY.

[*Exit MATILDA*]

SCENE FOUR

[The bathroom. Enter MR. WORMWOOD and MICHAEL]

2a: GREEN HAIR UNDERSCORING

MR. WORMWOOD

In business son, a man's hair is his greatest asset. Good hair means good brain. The secret to my success in business...

MICHAEL

Secret!

MR. WORMWOOD

Yeah, the secret to my success is Oil of Violet Hair Tonic for men. Stand back son, your old man is going to work.

[MR. WORMWOOD applies the hair tonic and rubs his hair with a towel]

Oh yeah, that's the stuff! Booyah! Ooh yeah that is good that is! That's the bananas!

[MR. WORMWOOD removes the towel to reveal that his hair is green]

Let me tell you something son. A man in business cannot fail to get noticed when he looks like this.

MICHAEL

Secret!

MR. WORMWOOD

Yeah, secret, yeah

[Enter MRS. WORMWOOD]

MRS. WORMWOOD

OWWWWW! Your hair! It's... It's Green!

MR. WORMWOOD

Blimey woman, you started already? It's not even eight thirty.

[MR. WORMWOOD looks at himself in the mirror]
My hair! It... It's... It's Green!

[Enter MATILDA]

MRS. WORMWOOD

What on earth did you do that for? Why do you want green hair?

MR. WORMWOOD

I don't want green hair.

MATILDA

Maybe you used some of mummy's peroxide by mistake.

MRS. WORMWOOD

That's exactly what you've done you stupid man!

MR. WORMWOOD

My hair! My lovely hair! Oh my good lord, I've got my big deal today with the Russians! What am I going to do?

MATILDA

I know, I know what we could do!

MR. WORMWOOD

Tell me, tell me please what can I do?

MATILDA

You could pretend you're an elf!

MR. WORMWOOD

Yes! That's it! I'll pretend I'm an
elfffffffff...

What did you tell me that for? The boy's
a loon!

[Exit MR. WORMWOOD and MICHAEL]

2b: HEAR A STORY UNDERSCORING

MATILDA

Mum, would you like to hear a story?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Don't be disgusting! Go on, creep back
to that library of yours or something.
The sooner you are locked up in school,
the better.

[Exit MATILDA and MRS. WORMWOOD]

SCENE FIVE

[The library. Enter MRS.PHELPS, and MATILDA. MISS HONEY is browsing the books at the back.]

MRS. PHELPS

Oh Matilda! What a pleasure to see you.
Keeping you from home are we?

MATILDA

Yes, I mean mum wanted me to stay home with her. She hates it when I go out. She misses me so much. Dad too, he loves having me around. But I think it's good for grown-ups to have their own space.

[MRS. PHELPS chuckles to herself]

MRS. PHELPS

Your parents must be so proud to have a girl as clever as you. Do you tell them lots of stories like you do with me? I love your stories Matilda – that is not a hint by the way... But if you happen to have a story that you would like...

MISS HONEY

Bye Mrs. Phelps, see you next week.

MRS. PHELPS

Oh, bye Miss Honey and good luck with the Tolstoy.

2c: GOOD LUCK WITH THE TOLSTOY UNDERSCORING

As I was saying Matilda, I'm not hinting but...

MATILDA

Who was that?

MRS. PHELPS

Ah, that lady. That was Miss Honey. She

is going to be your teacher.

MATILDA

That lady. That lady's my teach...

MRS. PHELPS

Yes, yes, yes your teacher. Now look are you going to tell me a story or not?

MATILDA

Once upon a time...

[Miss Phelps stops her, pulls up a stool, then beckons her to continue.]

3: ACROBAT STORY 1

Once upon a time the two greatest circus performers in the world - an escapologist, who could escape from any lock that was ever invented, and an acrobat, who was so skilled it seemed as if she could actually fly - fell in love and got married. They performed some of the most incredible stunts together that anyone had ever seen. And people would come for miles around, kings, queens, celebrities and astronauts. And not just to see their skills but also to see their love for each other, which was so deep that it was said that cats would purr as they passed them, and that dogs would weep with joy. They moved into a beautiful old house on the edge of town and in the evenings they would walk and take the air. And each night the children of the town would wait in anticipation, hoping for a glimpse of the shining white scarf that the acrobat always wore. For then they knew that only needed to cry 'TRICKS TRICKS' and the great performers would instantly oblige with the most spectacular show just for them. But although they loved each other, although they were famous

and everyone loved them, they were sad.

ACROBAT

WE HAVE EVERYTHING.

ESCAPOLOGIST

WE HAVE EVERYTHING.

MATILDA

'They had everything the world has to offer' says the wife 'but we do not have the one thing in the world we want most'

ACROBAT & ESCAPOLOGIST

BUT THE ONE THING.

MATILDA

'We do not have a child'
'Patience my love' the husband replied
'time is on our side, even time loves us'

MRS. PHELPS

Aww Matilda...

MATILDA

But time is the one thing no-one is master of. And as time passed they grew quite old and still they had no child. At night they listened to the silence of their big empty house and they would imagine how beautiful it would be if it was filled with the sounds of a child playing.

MRS. PHELPS

Matilda, this is very sad.

MATILDA

Do you want me to stop?

MRS. PHELPS

Don't you dare!

MATILDA

Their sadness overwhelmed them and drew them on to even more dangerous feats. As their work became the only place they could escape the inescapable tragedy of their lives! And so it was they decided to perform the most dangerous feat ever known to man!

MATILDA & ESCAPOLOGIST

It is called...

MATILDA

Said the husband, announcing the event to the world's press, who had gathered to listen with bettered breath.

MATILDA & ESCAPOLOGIST

The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air, With Dynamite In Her Hair, Over Sharp And Spikey Objects, Caught By The Man Locked In A Cage, and, it is the most dangerous feat, ever known to man!

MATILDA & ACROBAT

It is our density.

MATILDA

Said his wife, smiling sadly and slipping her hand into his.

MATILDA & ACROBAT

It is where the loneliness of life has led us.

[There is a long silence.]

MRS. PHELPS

Well, what happened?

MATILDA

I don't know, not yet anyway.

MRS. PHELPS

But... no Matilda... can't I hear some more... I mean... Oh well, your mother must be waiting for you. Is she here? I would to meet her actually...

MATILDA

Goodbye Mrs. Phelps. See you tomorrow!

MRS. PHELPS

Ooh, after your first day at school!

3a: PRISON CAMP UNDERSCORING

[Exit MRS. PHELPS and MATILDA]

SCENE SIX

[The school playground. Enter all children.]

4: SCHOOL SONG

NIGEL

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE.

TOMMY

MY DADDY SAYS I'M HIS SPECIAL LITTLE GUY.

LAVENDER

I AM A PRINCESS,

ERIC

AND I AM A PRINCE.

ALICE

MUM SAYS I'M AN ANGEL

AMANDA

MUM SAYS I'M AN ANGEL

NIGEL

MUM SAYS I'M AN ANGEL

OLDER SCHOOL CHILDREN

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE **A**-BLE [ABLE]
TO SURVIVE THIS MESS BY **B**-ING [BEING]
A PRINCE OR A PRINCESS, YOU WILL SOON **C** [SEE],
THERE'S NO ESCAPING TRAGE-**D** [TRAGEDY].
AND **E**-VEN [EVEN]
IF YOU PUT IN HEAPS OF **F**-ORT [EFFORT],
YOU'RE JUST WASTING ENER-**G** [ENERGY],
'CAUSE YOUR LIFE AS YOU KNOW IT IS **H**-ENT [ANCIENT] HISTORY.
I
HAVE SUFFERED IN THIS **J**-AIL [JAIL].
I'VE BEEN TRAPPED INSIDE THIS **K**-GE [CAGE] FOR AGES,
THIS LIVING H-**L** [HELL],
BUT IF I TRY I CAN REM-**M**-BER [REMEMBER],
BACK BEFORE MY LIFE HAD **N**-DED [ENDED],
BEFORE MY HAPPY DAYS WERE **O**-VER [OVER],
BEFORE I FIRST HEARD THE **P**-LING [PEALING] OF THE BELL...
LIKE YOU I WAS **Q**-RIOUS [CURIOUS],
SO INNOCENT I **R**-SKED [ASKED] A THOUSAND QUESTIONS,
BUT, UNL-**S** [UNLESS] YOU WANT TO SUFFER,
LISTEN UP AND I WILL **T**-CH [TEACH] YOU A THING OR TWO.
U [YOU], LISTEN HERE, MY DEAR,

YOU'LL BE PUNISHED SO SE-V-RELY [SEVERELY] IF YOU STEP OUT
OF LINE,
AND IF YOU CRY IT WILL BE W [DOUBLE, YOU] SHOULD STAY OUT
OF TROUBLE,
AND REMEMBER TO BE X-TREMELY [EXTREMELY] CAREFUL.

REGINALD

WHY?

OLDER STUDENT

Y? [WHY] DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?

OLDER STUDENTS

JUST YOU WAIT FOR PHY-Z [PHYS. ED.]!

BRUCE, LAVENDER, AMANDA, NIGEL

WHAT'S PHYS. ED.?

OLDER STUDENT

PHYSICAL EDUCATION!

ERIC

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE.

BRUCE

MY DADDY SAID I WOULD BE THE TEACHER'S PET

LAVENDER

SCHOOL IS REALLY FUN, ACCORDING TO MY MUM

NIGEL

DAD SAYS I WOULD LEARN THE ALPHABET

OLDER STUDENT

The alphabet? You've got to learn to listen, kid!

OLDER STUDENTS

SO YOU THINK YOU'RE A-BLE [ABLE]
TO SURVIVE THIS MESS BY B-ING [BEING]
A PRINCE OR A PRINCESS, YOU WILL SOON C [SEE],
THERE'S NO ESCAPING TRAGE-D [TRAGEDY].
AND E-VEN [EVEN]
IF YOU PUT IN HEAPS OF F-ORT [EFFORT],
YOU'RE JUST WASTING ENER-G [ENERGY],
'CAUSE YOUR LIFE AS YOU KNOW IT IS H-ENT [ANCIENT] HISTORY.

I

HAVE SUFFERED IN THIS J-AIL [JAIL].
I'VE BEEN TRAPPED INSIDE THIS K-GE [CAGE] FOR AGES,
THIS LIVING H-L [HELL],
BUT IF I TRY I CAN REM-M-BER [REMEMBER],
BACK BEFORE MY LIFE HAD N-DED [ENDED],
BEFORE MY HAPPY DAYS WERE O-VER [OVER],

BEFORE I FIRST HEARD THE **P**-LING [PEALING] OF THE BELL...
LIKE YOU I WAS **Q**-RIOUS [CURIOUS],
SO INNOCENT I **R**-SKED [ASKED] A THOUSAND QUESTIONS,
BUT, UNL-**S** [UNLESS] YOU WANT TO SUFFER,
LISTEN UP AND I WILL **T**-CH [TEACH] YOU A THING OR TWO.
U [YOU], LISTEN HERE, MY DEAR,
YOU'LL BE PUNISHED SO SE-**V**-RELY [SEVERELY] IF YOU STEP OUT
OF LINE,
AND IF YOU CRY IT WILL BE **W** [DOUBLE, YOU] SHOULD STAY OUT
OF TROUBLE,
AND REMEMBER TO BE **X**-TREMELY [EXTREMELY] CAREFUL.

REGINALD

WHY?

OLDER STUDENT

Y? [WHY] DID YOU HEAR WHAT HE SAID?

OLDER STUDENTS

JUST YOU WAIT FOR PHY-**Z** [PHYS. ED.]!

A-B-C-D-E-F-G-H-I-J-K-L-M-N-O-P-Q-R-S-T-U-V-W-X

CHILDREN

Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y-Y

OLDER STUDENTS

JUST YOU WAIT FOR PHY-**Z** [PHYS. ED.]!

[Exit ALL]

4a: SCHOOL SONG INTO CLASSROOM

SCENE SEVEN

[The classroom. Miss Honey is addressing the children.]

MISS HONEY

Good morning everyone! My name's Miss Honey, and today is a very special day. You're first day of school. Now do any of you know your two times table?

[MATILDA raises her hand]

Matilda isn't it? Please stand and do as much as you can

MATILDA

One times two is two
Two times two is four
Three times two is six
Four times two is eight
Five times two is ten
Six times two is twelve
Seven times two is fourteen
Eight times two is sixteen
Nine times two is eighteen
Ten times two is twenty
Eleven times two is twenty-two
Twelve times two is twenty-four

MISS HONEY

Oh my word! That's...

MATILDA

Thirteen times two is twenty-six
Fourteen times two is twenty-eight
Fifteen times two is thirty
Sixteen times two is...

MISS HONEY

Stop stop. Good heavens! How far can you go?

MATILDA

I don't know, quite a long way I think.

MISS HONEY

Do you think you can tell me what two times twenty-eight is?

MATILDA

Fifty-six.

[Other children look from MATILDA to MISS HONEY in shock]

MISS HONEY

Yes, that is... how about this? This is much harder so don't worry if you don't get it. Two times four hundred and eighty seven. If you took your time do you think...

MATILDA

Nine hundred and seventy four

[Other children look from MATILDA to MISS HONEY in shock]

MISS HONEY

Twelve sevens?

MATILDA

Eighty-four

SCHOOL CHILDREN

No way!

[SCHOOL CHILDREN start to talk among themselves].

MISS HONEY

Lets let that rest for the time being and look at reading. Now can anyone read this:

NIGEL

I can! Pick me me me me me me me me me me!
me!

MISS HONEY

Ok ok, Nigel.

[NIGEL scares at board but can't read so tenses up]

NIGEL

Aahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

MISS HONEY

Oh yes, yes, I think we'd better leave
it there now. We don't want to burst a
blood vessel.

[LAVENDER puts her hand up]

LAVENDER

Is the first word... tomato?

MISS HONEY

No. But tomato is a very good word.

LAVENDER

Yes!

MISS HONEY

Matilda?

MATILDA

I can now read words.

MISS HONEY

So Matilda, you can read words.

MATILDA

Yes, well I needed to learn to read words to read sentences because basically a sentence is a big bunch of words. And if you can't read sentences, you've got no chance of reading books.

MISS HONEY

And... have you read a whole book yourself Matilda?

MATILDA

Oh yes more than one. I love books. Last week I read quite a few.

MISS HONEY

A few? In a week? My, my that is good. What books did you read?

MATILDA

Nicholas Nickleby,
Oliver Twist,
Jane Erye,

4b: MATILDA'S BOOKS

Tess of the D'Urbervilles,
Lord of the Rings,
Kim,
The Invisible Man,
The Secret Garden,
Crime and Punishment,
and... Stig of the Dump!

[School bell rings and exit ALL]

SCENE EIGHT

[Outside MISS TRUNCHBULL'S office. Enter MISS HONEY.]

5: PATHETIC

MISS HONEY

KNOCK ON THE DOOR, JENNY.
JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
DON'T BE PATHETIC.

KNOCK ON THE DOOR, JENNY.
THERE'S NOTHING TO FEAR.
YOU'RE BEING PATHETIC.
IT'S JUST A DOOR.
YOU'VE SEEN ONE BEFORE.
JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

LOOK AT YOU TRYING TO HIDE, SILLY.
STANDING OUTSIDE THE PRINCIPLE'S OFFICE
LIKE A LITTLE GIRL.
IT'S JUST PATHETIC.
OHH...

LOOK AT YOU HESITATING,
HANDS SHAKING...
YOU SHOULD BE EMBARRASSED.
YOU'RE NOT A LITTLE GIRL.
IT'S JUST PATHETIC.

KNOCK ON THE DOOR, JENNY.
WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?
JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

PERHAPS I WILL WAIT.
SHE'S PROBABLY HAVING A MEETING OR SOMETHING
AND WON'T WANT TO BE INTERRUPTED.
IF ANYTHING, CAUTION IN THESE SITUATIONS IS
SENSIBLE.
ONE SHOULD AVOID CONFRONTATION WHEN POSSIBLE.
I'LL COME BACK LATER THEN!

BUT THIS LITTLE GIRL...
THIS MIRACLE...

KNOCK ON THE DOOR, JENNY.
JUST KNOCK ON THE DOOR.
DON'T BE PATHETIC.

[The sound of knocking]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Enter.

5a: TRUNCHBULL OFFICE

[Long pause]

Don't just stand there like a wet tissue. Get on with it!

[Miss Honey enters]

MISS HONEY

Yes, yes, yes, Miss Trunchbull. There's... umm... in my class that is... there is a little girl called Matilda Wormwood.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Daughter of Mr Harry Wormwood, owner of Wormwood motors. Excellent man. He told me to watch out for the brat though, says she's a real wart.

MISS HONEY

No headmistress, I don't think Matilda is that kind of child at all!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What is the school motto Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY

Babinatum est magitum.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Babinatum est Magitum! – Children are maggots. It must have been her who put that stink bomb under my desk this morning. I'll have her for that. Thank you for suggesting it.

MISS HONEY

But I didn't... Miss Trunchbull, Matilda Wormwood is a genius!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Nonsense, Jenny! I just told you she is a gangster.

MISS HONEY

She knows her times tables.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

She's learnt a few tricks.

MISS HONEY

But she can read!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

So can I.

MISS HONEY

I have to tell you headmistress. In my opinion, this little girl should be placed in the top form with the eleven year olds.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

She is a squib, a shrimp, an un-hatched tadpole. I cannot simply place her in the top form with the eleven year olds. What kind of society would that be? What about rules Miss Honey? Rules.

MISS HONEY

I believe that Matilda Wormwood is an exception to the rules.

6: THE HAMMER

MISS TRUNCBULL

An exception...? To the rules...? In my school...?

MISS TRUNCBULL

LOOK AT THESE TROPHIES.
SEE HOW MY TROPHIES GLEAM IN THE SUNLIGHT.
SEE HOW THEY SHINE.
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT TOOK TO BECOME
ENGLISH HAMMER-THROWING CHAMPION 1969?
DO YOU THINK IN THAT MOMENT, WHEN MY BIG MOMENT
CAME,
THAT I TREATED THE RULES WITH CASUAL DISTAIN?
WELL? LIKE HELL!
AS I STEPPED UP TO THE CIRCLE, DID I CHANGE MY
PLAN?
HMM? WHAT?
AS I CHALKED UP MY PALMS, DID I WAVE MY HANDS?
I DID NOT!
AS I STARTED MY SPIN, DID I LOOK AT THE VIEW?
DID I DRIFT OFF AND DREAM FOR A MINUTE OR TWO?
DO YOU THINK I FALTERED OR AMENDED MY ROTATION?
DO YOU THINK I ALTERED MY INTENDED ELEVATION?
AS THE HAMMER TOOK OFF, DID I CHANGE MY GRUNT,
FROM THE GRUNT I HAD PRACTISED FOR MANY A MONTH?
NOT A JOT, NOT A DOT DID I STRAY FROM THE PLOT.
NOT A DETAIL OF MY THROW WAS ADJUSTED OR
FORGOTTEN.
NOT EVEN WHEN THE HAMMER LEFT MY HANDS
AND SAILED HIGH UP, UP ABOVE THE STANDS, DID I
LET MYSELF GO.
NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO! NO!
NO! NO!

IF YOU WANT TO THROW THE HAMMER FOR YOUR COUNTRY,
YOU HAVE TO STAY INSIDE THE CIRCLE ALL THE TIME,
AND IF YOU WANT TO MAKE THE TEAM,
YOU DON'T NEED HAPPINESS OR SELF-ESTEEM,
YOU JUST NEED TO KEEP YOUR FEET INSIDE THE LINE.

SING, CHILDREN - 2, 3, 4!

MISS TRUNCHBULL + CHILDREN

IF YOU WANT TO THROW THE HAMMER FOR YOUR COUNTRY,
HABINOT EST MAGITEM.

YOU HAVE TO STAY INSIDE THE CIRCLE ALL THE TIME.

CIRCULAR! MAGITEM! MAGITEM!

AND IF YOU WANT TO TEACH SUCCESS, **AAAH...**

YOU DON'T USE SYMPATHY OR TENDERNESS.

TENDERNESS...

YOU HAVE TO FORCE THE LITTLE SQUITS TO TOE THE
LINE!

SING, JENNY - 2, 3, 5!

MISS TRUNCHBULL + CHILDREN + MISS HONEY

IF YOU WANT TO THROW THE HAMMER FOR YOUR COUNTRY,

REGOTEM... REGOTEM VARIA MAGITEM...

YOU HAVE TO STAY INSIDE THE CIRCLE ALL THE TIME.

TEMPERO ES TE ISTE IS.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

APPLY JUST ONE SIMPLE RULE -

TO HAMMER-THROWING, LIFE, AND SCHOOL -

LIFE'S A BALL, SO LEARN TO THROW IT.

FIND THE BALLY LINE, AND TOE IT,

AND ALWAYS KEEP YOUR FEET INSIDE THE LINE.

Now get out.

MISS HONEY

I have to tell you, headmistress, that
it is my intention to help this little
girl. W... w... whether you like it or not.

6a: HAMMER TO WORMWOODS

SCENE NINE

[The Wormwoods' living room.]

MR WORMWOOD

Stupid, stinking, slimey, smelly, great big question-asking... How dare they talk like that to me? Who the hell do they think they are? Filthy... flippin... nasty, stupid Russians...

MRS WORMWOOD

Ohhh... don't tell me we're not rich...

MR WORMWOOD

It's the mileage... They took one look at the mileage on the first car, and they said "these cars are knackered". I told 'em – I said the reason the mileage is so high is a manufacturing mistake.

MATILDA

Is that true?

MR WORMWOOD

Course it's not true...

MATILDA

So you lied?

MR WORMWOOD

Course I lied.

MATILDA

And they didn't believe you?

MR WORMWOOD

Of course they didn't believe me... I'VE
GOT GREEN HAIR!

MICHAEL

I've got hair...

MR WORMWOOD

Oh... what's that... another stinking book?
WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE TELLY?

MRS WORMWOOD

She's got no respect, that one. It's all
books and stories.

MATILDA

But that was a lovely book... honestly if
you wanted to...

[Mr Wormwood walks over, cutting Matilda short.]

MR WORMWOOD

Lovely, is it? Yeah? Here's what I think
of your lovely... BOOK!

7: NAUGHTY REPRISE

*[He snatches it out of her hands, and begins attempting to
tear the whole book in half with his bare hands.]*

MATILDA

No! No! You can't... it's a library book!

MRS WORMWOOD

Go on! Show the little brat!

*[The parents continue to laugh sadistically, as Mr Wormwood
struggles to make any impact on the book at all. Eventually,
he gives up, opens the book, and begins to cruelly tear out
individual pages, flinging them down at the floor in a fit
of rage, one by one.]*

MR WORMWOOD

Now get out of here, you little

stinkworm.

[As Matilda silently stands, in shock, Mr Wormwood swings round and begins to tickle a hysterical Michael, his mood instantly transformed.]

MATILDA

Do we have any superglue?

MR WORMWOOD

In the cupboard. *[Pause as Matilda exits]...* 'Ere... while you're at it... Why don't you stick that stupid book to your stupid head!?

[Mr & Mrs Wormwood burst into hysterical laughter. Matilda re-enters with superglue. All but Matilda exit. There is now a hat stand on stage, with Mr Wormwood's hat on top.]

MATILDA

JUST BECAUSE YOU FIND THAT LIFE'S NOT FAIR IT
DOESN'T MEAN YOU HAVE TO JUST GRIN AND BARE IT..
IF YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND WEAR IT..
NOTHING WILL CHANGE..

[As the tempo of the music picks up, Matilda reaches up and takes down the hat, and begins carefully filling it up with the superglue.]

EVEN IF YOU'RE LITTLE YOU CAN DO A LOT, YOU
MUSTN'T LET A LITTLE THING LIKE 'LITTLE' STOP YOU.
IF YOU SIT AROUND AND LET THEM GET ON TOP, YOU
MIGHT AS WELL BE SAYING YOU THINK THAT IT'S OK,
AND THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

Mr Wormwood enters. Matilda hides the superglue behind her back, and offers her father his hat. He takes it suspiciously, but puts it on.

MR WORMWOOD

I've got my eye on you, boy..

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

Blackout.

SCENE TEN

[The schoolyard. Chaos – paper airplanes flying everywhere, children running and screaming. Matilda is approached by Lavender.]

LAVENDER

Matilda? Can I ask you a question? Do all those brains in your head give you a headache? I mean... it's GOT to hurt... all squished in there...

MATILDA

No... no it's fine... I think they just... fit.

LAVENDER

Right. Well look – I'd better hang around, just in case... If they start to squeeze out of your ears, you're going to need help! I'm Lavender, and I think it's probably for the best if we're best friends!

[Suddenly, we hear a long scream that gets louder and louder and louder until Nigel runs in.]

NIGEL

Aaaaaahhhhhhhh... Help me! Someone poured a whole can of treacle onto the Trunchbull's chair... she sat down, and when she got up, her knickers stayed stuck to the seat! Someone told them I did it... But I never... and now she's after me...

MATILDA

That's not fair! That's not fair at all!

OLDER SCHOOLCHILD

You're done, kid. You're finished.

ANOTHER OLDER SCHOOLCHILD

The moment the Trunchbull decides who's guilty... You're squished!

ANOTHER OLDER SCHOOLCHILD

Yesterday, she caught Julia Scrumping stealing her liquorish allsorts during science... she picked him up, swung him around, and threw him out the window!

MATILDA

Don't listen to them. That didn't really happen! They're just trying to scare us.

NIGEL

But Matilda... they're saying that she's going to put me in CHOKEY!

8: CHOKEY CHANT

[A flash of lightening and a loud clap of thunder, as the music suddenly bursts out.]

MATILDA

What's chokey...?

NIGEL

They say it's a cupboard in her office that she throws children into... They say she's lined it with nails, and spikes, and bits of broken glass...

OLDER CHILDREN

THERE'S A PLACE YOU ARE SENT IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN GOOD,
AND IT'S MADE OF SPIKES AND WOOD,
AND IT ISN'T WIDE ENOUGH TO SIT, AND EVEN IF YOU COULD,
THERE ARE NAILS ON THE BOTTOM SO YOU'LL WISH YOU STOOD!

WHEN THE HINGES CREAK! AND THE DOOR IS CLOSED,
YOU CANNOT SEE SQUAT, NOT THE END OF YOUR NOSE,
WHEN YOU SCREAM YOU DON'T KNOW IF THE SOUND CAME OUT,
OR IF THE SCREAM IN YOUR HEAD EVEN REACHED YOUR MOUTH!

MATILDA

Alright, look; when did this happen?

NIGEL

Twenty minutes ago. But why?

[A loud whistle is blown.]

NIGEL

Oh no! She's coming!

MATILDA

You need to hide! Quick – the blazers!

[Nigel lies down on the stage, and Matilda buries him under a pile of school blazers. Miss Trunchbull enters, blowing her whistle repeatedly, in a ridiculous manner.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Where is the maggot known as Nigel?

MATILDA

He's... over there... under those coats...
Well he's been for the last hour,
actually...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What? An hour?

MATILDA

Oh yes... you see... unfortunately, Nigel suffers from the rare but chronic sleep disorder, narcolepsy. The condition is characterised by the sufferer experiencing bouts of chronic fatigue, and suddenly falling asleep, often with very little warning at all. You see, Nigel fell asleep so we put him in the coats for safety, didn't we?

[All the children simply stare at her, gobsmacked.]

DIDN'T WE?

[They all suddenly snap out of their state, and nod and murmur in agreement.]

OLDER CHILD

Snugglilopsy...

MATILDA

He'll probably think he's in bed when he
WAKES UP!

[Nigel suddenly springs to life from under the coats, pantomiming exhaustion.]

NIGEL

[Yawning] AAAaawhhhh! Is it time for school yet, mum? *[Opening his eyes]* What am I doing here? This isn't my room at all! Oh! Hello, Miss Trunchbull!

[Miss Trunchbull stares furiously at Nigel, steaming, but suddenly spins round and points at Amanda in the crowd of children.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Amanda Thripp...

8a: AMANDA THRIPP - PIGTAILS

AMANDA

Yes, Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What did I tell you about wearing pigtails? I HATE PIGTAILS!

AMANDA

But mummy likes them... she says they make me look pretty...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Well your mummy... IS A TWIT!

[Miss Trunchbull picks Amanda up by her pigtails and spins her around, as though she is preparing to throw the hammer. She finally lets go, and Amanda goes flying before the ensemble finally catches her. Miss Trunchbull curtsies

victoriously, before realising her place and breaking the moment by beginning another sporadic bout of whistling. She finally approaches Matilda.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What is your name?

MATILDA

Matilda. Matilda Wormwood.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh so you're Wormwood, are you? I
might've known... Well Matilda Wormwood...
You've just made a very big mistake.

[She looks as though she is about to announce a punishment, but instead just stands there awkwardly before marching off.]

LAVENDER

Just so you all know... SHE'S MY BEST
FRIEND!!!

KIDS

Wow!

8b: HAT BUSINESS TO WORMWOODS

SCENE ELEVEN

[Mr Wormwood's second hand car company. Enter MR WORMWOOD and a mechanic.]

MR WORMWOOD

[On the phone] Brand new stock, sir!
Yeah! Completely different set of cars!
Green hair? Er... er... OH! It was National
Green Hair Day, sir! A celebration of
all the wonderful green things in the
world! Like... lettuce! And... umm... snot!
Tomorrow at one? Absolutely, sir!
Wonders! Dos-nee-doo-dah! Bye-bye now!
[He puts the phone down.]
Now THAT is how you do business.

[He laughs loudly to himself, and attempts to pull off his hat. It is stuck. He continues to attempt in various Ad Lib comic ways, before finally giving up.]

I'm gonna keep this on... looks like rain...

[Exit MR. WORMWOOD.]

SCENE TWELVE

[The Wormwood's house. Miss Honey knocks on the door. Inside, Mrs Wormwood and Rudolpho are preparing to dance.]

MRS WORMWOOD

Who is it?

MISS HONEY

Oh... er... Hello? It's Miss Honey...
Matilda's teacher...

MRS WORMWOOD

We're busy right now...

MISS HONEY

It'll only take a moment...

MRS WORMWOOD

Eugh... alright then. Come in if you must.

[Rudolpho melodramatically spins in to meet Miss Honey.]

This is Rudolpho. Oh it's nothing like
that! He's my dance partner. We're
rehearsing.

[Rudolpho struts up to Miss Honey, and kisses her on the hand.]

RUDOLPHO

Ciao.

MISS HONEY

Ah si parla italiano! Buona! Parlo un
pococosi! Come stai?

RUDOLPHO

Wha? What is this, babe? You know what

interruptions do to my...
[He poses] Energy Flow...

MRS WORMWOOD

What do you want, Miss Chutney?

MISS HONEY

It's Miss Honey... um, well, as you know, Matilda is in the bottom class and children in the bottom class aren't really expected to read...

MRS WORMWOOD

Well stop her reading then! Lord knows we've tried...

RUDOLPHO

I'm getting loose now, doll... I can feel it in my hips to waist! Yes!

MRS WORMWOOD

I'm not in favour of girls getting all... cleverpants, Miss Hussy... Girls should think about makeup and hairdye! Looks are more important than books! I mean... look at you, and look at me! You chose books, I chose looks!

MISS HONEY

I beg your pardon...?

RUDOLPHO

Babes! I am on fire...

MISS HONEY

But Matilda can calculate complicated figures in her head in an instant!

RUDOLPHO

[Sliding acrobatically along the floor]
Calculate this!

MRS WORMWOOD

Ooh! Fantastico!

MISS HONEY

But her mind... with a little help from
us, she can...

MRS WORMWOOD

Mind? Her MIND? *[She bursts into
laughter.]* You really don't know
anything, do you!?

9: LOUD

MRS WORMWOOD

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, MY DEAR,
YOU'VE MADE AN AWFUL ERROR.
YOU OUGHTN'T BLAME YOURSELF NOW. COME ALONG...
YOU SEEM TO THINK THAT PEOPLE LIKE PEOPLE WHAT
ARE CLEVER.

IT'S VERY QUAIN'T. IT'S VERY SWEET. BUT WRONG.
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE SMARTY-PANTS WHAT GO 'ROUND
CLAIMING THAT THEY KNOW STUFF WE DON'T KNOW.

Now here's a tip...

WHAT YOU KNOW MATTERS LESS
THAN THE VOLUME WITH WHICH WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW'S
EXPRESSED.

CONTENT HAS NEVER BEEN LESS IMPORTANT, SO...
YOU HAVE GOT TO BE...

LOUD!

GIRL, YOU'VE GOT TO LEARN TO STAND UP
AND STICK OUT FROM THE CROWD!
A LITTLE LESS FLATS, A LOT MORE HEEL!
A LITTLE LESS FACT, A LOT MORE FEEL!
A LITTLE LESS BRAINS, A LOT MORE HAIR!
A LITTLE LESS HEAD, A LOT MORE DERRIERE!

NO ONE'S GONNA TELL YOU WHEN TO SHAKE YOUR TUSH.
WELL, YOU'VE GOT A LIGHT; DON'T HIDE IT UNDER A
BUSHEL.

NO ONE'S GONNA LOOK IF YOU DON'T STAND OUT.
NO ONE'S GONNA LISTEN IF YOU DON'T SHOUT.
NO ONE'S GONNA CARE IF YOU DON'T CARE,
SO GO AND PUT SOME HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR!
'CAUSE YOU'VE GOTTA HIGHLIGHT WHAT YOU'VE GOT,
EVEN IF WHAT YOU'VE GOT IS NOT A LOT.

YOU'VE GOTTA BE LOUD, LOUD, LOUD!
YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE YOURSELF PERMISSION TO SHINE,
TO STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD, CROWD, CROWD!

A LITTLE LESS BZZZ, A LOT MORE ZING!
A LITTLE LESS PSHH, A LOT MORE SCHWANG!
A LITTLE LESS DRESSING LIKE YOUR MUM,
A LOT MORE BUM-BA, BUM-BUM, BA-DA-BUM!

Oh, I look nice! YOU don't!

NO ONE'S GONNA TELL YOU WHEN TO WIGGLE YOUR BUM-
BA!

RUDOLPHO

NO ONE'S GONNA LOVE YOU IF YOU DON'T KNOW THE
RUMBA!

MRS WORMWOOD

EVERYBODY LOVES A LITTLE SOMETHING EXOTIC,

RUDOLPHO

BUT LEARNING A LANGUAGE IS OVER THE TOP.

MRS WORMWOOD

IT DOESN'T REALLY MATTER IF YOU DON'T, KNOW,
KNOW'T!

RUDOLPHO

AS LONG AS YOU DON'T KNOW IT WITH A BITTER CLOUT.

MRS WORMWOOD + RUDOLPHO

THE LESS YOU HAVE TO SELL, THE HARDER YOU SELL
IT!
THE LESS YOU HAVE TO SAY, THE LOUDER YOU YELL IT!
THE DUMBER THE ACT, THE BIGGER THE CONFESSION!
THE LESS YOU HAVE TO SHOW, THE LOUDER YOU DRESS

IT!
YOU'VE GOTTA GET UP. YOU'VE GOTTA GET UP AND BE
LOUD!
STICK OUT FROM THE CROWD!

A LITTLE LESS...
A LITTLE MORE...
A LITTLE LESS...
A *LITTLE MORE!*

NO ONE'S GONNA TELL YOU WHEN TO OH, OH, OH!
NO ONE'S GONNA SHOW YOU WHEN TO AH, AH, AH!
IF YOU WANT A LITTLE BIT OF MM, MM, MM...
YOU CAN'T SIT AROUND GOING LA, LA, LA!
NO ONE'S GONNA CARE IF YOU DON'T CARE,
SO GO AND PUT SOME HIGHLIGHTS IN YOUR HAIR!
'CAUSE YOU'VE GOT TO HIGHLIGHT WHAT YOU'VE GOT.
AND WHAT DO YOU GOT?

YOU GOTTA BE LOUD!
YOU GOTTA GIVE YOURSELF PERMISSION TO SHINE
STICK OUT FROM THE CROWD

YOU'VE GOT TO BE:
LOUD! (X7)

[DANCE BREAK]

YOU'VE GOT TO BE LOUD, LOUD, LOUD!
OOOH!
STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD, CROWD, CROWD!

YOU'VE GOT TO BE LOUD, LOUD, LOUD!
OOOH!
STAND OUT FROM THE CROWD, CROWD, CROWD!

LOUD! (X12)

OOOH, YOU'VE GOT TO BE LOUD!

[Miss Honey leaves the Wormwood's house.]

10: THIS LITTLE GIRL

MISS HONEY

STOP BEING PATHETIC, JENNY.
STOP PRETENDING, JENNY.
THAT YOU ARE GOING TO MARCH IN THERE AND GIVE

THEM A PIECE OF YOUR MIND.
LEAVE IT ALONE, JENNY.
THE MORE THAT YOU TRY, THE MORE YOU'LL JUST LOOK
LIKE A FOOL.
THIS IS NOT YOUR PROBLEM.
YOU'VE NOT GOT THE SPINE.
YOU ARE A TEACHER, JUST GO BACK TO SCHOOL.

BUT THIS LITTLE GIRL... THIS MIRACLE...
SHE SEEMS NOT TO KNOW THAT SHE'S SPECIAL AT ALL.
AND WHAT SORT OF TEACHER WOULD I BE IF I LET THIS
LITTLE GIRL FALL?
I CAN SEE THIS LITTLE GIRL NEEDS SOMEBODY STRONG
TO FIGHT BY HER SIDE...
INSTEAD, SHE'S FOUND ME. PATHETIC LITTLE ME.
ANOTHER DOOR CLOSES, AND JENNY'S OUTSIDE.

SCENE THIRTEEN

[Back in the library, Matilda is continuing her story to Miss Phelps.]

MATILDA

And so the great day arrived.

11: ACROBAT STORY II

It was like the entire world had gathered to see:
The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spikey Objects, Caught By The Man In The Safe.
Everything was arranged by the acrobat's sister – a frightening woman who used to be an Olympic-class hammer thrower, and who loved nothing better than to scare the children of the town. People whispered that in her dark and brooding heart she resented her sister, both her success and her love.

Suddenly, out came the escapologist, dressed as usual in his tights and his spangly costume, but there was no sign of the acrobat and no glimpse at all of her shiny white scarf. And instead of a musical fanfare, there was silence as he solemnly strode into the ring.

MATILDA + ESCAPOLOGIST

Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls...
The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spikey Objects, Caught By The Man Locked In The Cage...
has been... CANCELLED!

MRS PHELPS

No...

MATILDA

Yes. The audience gasped so loud that a passing airplane caught it on its

instrumentation and reported it as an atmospheric phenomenon.

MATILDA + ESCAPOLOGIST

Cancelled... because my wife is... PREGNANT!

MRS PHELPS

Oh Matilda!

MATILDA

Absolute silence. You could have heard a fly burp. Then suddenly, the audience jumped to its feet and roared in appreciation! The great feat was instantly forgotten, and the applause went on for nearly an hour...

MRS PHELPS

So it has a happy ending?

MATILDA

...forgotten by everyone except, that is, the acrobat's sister. When all had quietened down, she stepped forward and produced... a contract.

MRS PHELPS

A... a contract...?

MATILDA + THE SISTER (TRUNCBULL)

A contract you have signed to perform this feat, and perform this feat you shall!

MRS PHELPS

No!

MATILDA + THE SISTER (TRUNCBULL)

I have paid for the posters, publicity,
the catering, the toilet facilities... if
I give the crowd their money back, where
is my profit?

A CONTRACT IS A CONTRACT IS A CONTRACT!
My hands are tied.

The Burning Woman Hurling Through The
Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over
Sharks And Spikey Objects, Caught By The
Man Locked In The Safe... will be
performed, and performed this day, or...

...off to prison you both shall go!

MRS PHELPS

No, no!

[Long pause.]

Well... what happened next?

MATILDA

I don't know yet... I'll tell you
tomorrow.

MRS PHELPS

WHAT?! I don't know if my nerves will
make it until tomorrow...

MATILDA

Mrs Phelps... are you crying...? Maybe I
shouldn't tell you any more...?

MRS PHELPS

Oh no, Matilda, we must find out how
this ends... And I am not crying because
it is sad... It's just... that they want
this child so very, very much. It must
be wonderful for their child to be so
wanted!

MATILDA

Yes. Wonderful. Goodbye Mrs Phelps.

[Matilda exits.]

7: BAR 52-END: SCHOOL UNDERSCORING

SCENE FOURTEEN

[The classroom.]

MISS HONEY

Matilda? Can I speak to you for a second? I'm afraid I've not been too successful in getting others to recognise your... abilities. So... starting tomorrow, I shall bring a collection of very clever books that will challenge your mind. You may sit and read while I teach the others, and... well... if you have any questions, I shall do my best to answer them. How does that sound?

[Instead of answering, Matilda holds Miss Honey's gaze before running up and hugging her very tightly.]

MISS HONEY

Matilda... That is the biggest hug in the world. You're going to knock all the air out of me!

[Suddenly, Miss Trunchbull enters.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Matilda Wormwood! MATILDA WORMWOOD?

MATILDA

[Terrified]

Yes, Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

So you admit it, do you?

MATILDA

Admit what, Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

This clot. This foul carbuncle is none other than a disgusting criminal! The nemesis of the underworld!

[Bruce suddenly appears very guilty and puts his hand over

his mouth in shock.]

This worm slid like a serpent into kitchen, and stole a slice of my private chocolate cake from my tea tray!

MATILDA

No I did not!

MISS HONEY

Miss Trunchbull... Matilda's been here all morning...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Standing up for the little spitball, are you? Well this crime took place before school started. THEREFORE, SHE IS GUILTY.

11b: BURP SEQUENCE

[All onstage freeze, apart from Bruce who addresses the audience.]

BRUCE

Ok - look, alright - I stole the cake! And honestly - I was really definitely sort of almost thinking about owning up! Well... maybe... But the thing was, I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see - the Trunchbull's cake was SO GOOD, that I scoffed it down too quick. And now it was beginning to fight back...

[His stomach rumbles loudly.]

BRUCE

Oops... see?

[Everyone unfreezes and the scene continues.]

MATILDA

I'm not guilty! I didn't do anything!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Nonsense, you are a fiend. You are a

crook. You are a THIEF. And I shall
crush you. I shall POUND you. I SHALL
CONSIGN YOU TO THE SEVENTH CIRCLE OF
HELL. You shall be... You shall be
destroyed.

*[Suddenly Bruce spins round, and lets out an enormous loud
burp that goes on for ages. Once he is done, he addresses
the audience again.]*

11c: POST-BURP

BRUCE

It was the biggest burp I'd ever done!
It was the biggest burp I'd ever heard.
It was the biggest burp I'd have heard
about. It was like the entire world went
silent for that burp to exist. As a huge
cloud of chocolaty gas wafted from my
mouth and drifted across the class... past
Lavender, past Alice, past Matilda, and
then, my great big beautiful chocolaty
burp took on a mind of its own... and it
flew into the face of The Trunchbull!

*[As Miss Trunchbull smells the chocolate on his breath, she
descends upon Bruce menacingly.]*

12: BRUCE

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Bruce Bogtrotter...

BRUCE

Yes, Miss?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You liked my cake, didn't you Bruce.

BRUCE

Yes Miss Trunchbull. And I'm very sorry
that...-

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh no, no, no, no... as long as you

enjoyed the cake. That's the main thing.

BRUCE

Is it?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Yes, Bogtrotter. It is.

BRUCE

Oh. Well... I did... thank you...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Wonderful. Marvellous. That makes me so happy. It gives me a warm glow in my lower intestine. Oh, Cook?

[COOK hobbles in, carrying a massive chocolate cake on a tray.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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

BRUCE

Well... yes... I'm full...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh no, you are not full. I'll 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-

MISS TRUNCHBULL

No buts! You haven't got time for but.
EAT.

BRUCE

But I can't eat it all...

MISS HONEY

Headmistress, he'll be sick...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

He should've thought of that before he
made a pact with Satan and decided to
steal my cake!

EAT!

CHILDREN

HE CAN'T!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

EAT!

CHILDREN

HE SURELY CAN'T!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

EAT!

CHILDREN

HE MIGHT EXPLODE!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

EAT!

CHILDREN

CONSIDER A SLICE
OR EVEN TWO, BRUCE...
MIGHT HAVE BEEN NICE,

BUT EVEN YOU, BRUCE,
HAVE TO ADMIT
BETWEEN YOU AND IT
THERE'S NOT A LOT OF DIFFERENCE IN SIZE.

[CHORUS - GROUP 1:]
HE CAN'T!
HE SURELY CAN'T!
HE SURELY CAN'T!
HE MIGHT EXPLODE.
HE'S GOING TO BLOW.
MAKE HIM STOP!
I CAN'T WATCH!

[CHORUS - GROUP 2:]
HE CAN! BRUCE!
YOU ARE THE MAN, BRUCE!
HE'S QUITE ELASTIC!
HE'S FANTASTIC!
LOOK AT HIM GO!

[CHORUS - BOTH GROUPS:]
AND WE MADE A BET
THIS MUST CONFIRM, BRUCE,
BUT WE ALL SUSPECTED
YOU HAVE A WORM, BRUCE,
OR MAYBE YOUR LARGENESS IS
A BIT LIKE A TARDIS -
CONSIDERABLY ROOMIER INSIDE.

[CHORUS - GROUP 1:]
HE CAN'T!
HE SURELY CAN'T!
HE SURELY CAN'T!

[CHORUS - GROUP 2:]
HE CAN! BRUCE!
YOU ARE THE MAN, BRUCE!

[CHORUS - BOTH GROUPS:]
B-R-O-O-C-E!

[BRIDGE 1:]
BRUCE!
THE TIME HAS COME
TO PUT THAT TUMBLY TUM TO USE.
YOU PRODUCE, BRUCE,
FANTASTICALLY ENTHUSIASTIC GASTRIC JUICE.

OHH...
EAT IT UP. LICK IT UP. SUCK IT UP.
WHATEVER YOU DO, DON'T CHUCK IT UP,
AND MUCK IT UP!

[BRIDGE 2:]
COME ON, BRUCE, BE OUR HERO!
COVER YOURSELF IN CHOCOLATE GLORY!

BRUCE!

[CHORUS 1:]
YOU'LL NEVER AGAIN BE SUBJECT TO ABUSE,
FOR YOUR IMMENSE CABOOSE!
WE SHOULD CALL A TRUCE, BRUCE.
WITH EVERY SWALLOW YOU ARE TIGHTENING THE NOOSE.
WE NEVER THOUGHT IT WAS POSSIBLE,
BUT HERE IT IS COMING TRUE.
WE CAN HAVE OUR CAKE AND EAT IT TOO!

BRUCE!
THE TIME HAS COME
TO PUT THAT TUMBLY TUM TO USE.
THERE'S NO EXCUSE, BRUCE.
LET OUT YOUR BELT.
I THINK YOU'LL WANT YOUR TROUSERS LOOSE.

OOOOOH! STUFF IT IN.
BRUCE!
YOU'RE ALMOST FINISHED.
BRUCE!
YOU'LL FIT IT IN.
WHATEVER YOU DO, JUST DON'T GIVE IN.
BRUCE!
DON'T LET HER WIN!
BRUCE!

COME ON, BRUCE, BE OUR HERO.
COVER YOURSELF IN CHOCOLATE GLORY.

MATILDA

Go on Bruce! Do it...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Silence!

OHH...
BRUCE!

YOU'LL NEVER AGAIN BE SUBJECT TO ABUSE,
FOR YOUR IMMENSE CABOOSE.
WE SHOULD CALL A TRUCE, BRUCE.
JUST ONE MORE BITE AND YOU'LL HAVE
COMPLETELY COOKED THE GOOSE.
WE NEVER THOUGHT IT WAS POSSIBLE,
BUT HERE IT IS COMING TRUE.
WE CAN HAVE OUR CAKE AND EAT IT...

AAAH... AAAH... AAAH... AAAH... AAAH...!

MISS HONEY
GO ON BRUCIE!!!

[A long pause as everyone stares at the hysterical Miss Honey who suddenly composes herself.]

MISS HONEY
Sorry... Miss Trunchbull... I got carried
away...

MISS TRUNCHBULL
That's alright Jenny. We all get carried
away sometimes. Even me.

[Very long pause as Miss Trunchbull tries to understand what just happened.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL
Well done, Bogtrotter. Good show.

[Miss Trunchbull goes to exit, but stops.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL
Come, Bogtrotter...

BRUCE
What? Where...?

MISS TRUNCHBULL
Oh did I not mention? That was only the
first part of your punishment. There's
more: the second part. And the second
part is CHOKEY.

12: BAR 125: CHOKEY UNDERSCORING

MISS HONEY

No! Miss Trunchbull... please... you can't...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[Imitating her]

Miss Trunchbull... please... you CAN!

Do you think I'm going to allow myself to be defeated by these maggots? Do you?

Who do you think I am, Miss Honey? A weakling? An idiot? A shrew!?

[Grabbing Bruce] YOU!

MISS HONEY

But he ate it all... he did what you asked!

BRUCE

But I ate the lot! I did it! Nooooo!!!!

[He is dragged off to CHOKEY by Miss Trunchbull.]

MATILDA

THAT'S NOT RIGHT!

BLACKOUT.

INTERVAL.

ACT TWO

SCENE ONE

[Enter MR. WORMWOOD]

MR. WORMWOOD

Ladies and Gentlemen can I have you attention please. I have a very important announcement to make. I would like to apologise for some of the things that have been going on here tonight. They are not nice things and they are not right things. I would like to state guarantorically that we do not want any children, who might be in here tonight watching this, to go home and try these things for themselves. I am of course talking about READING! It is not normal for kids to behave in this fashion. It stunts the brain, wears out the eyes, makes kids ugly, stinking, fatty, sweaty, petty, boring gaseous and crucially it gives them verruca's of the soul. Under those circumstances do we condone such activities and we do so utterly without reservoirs. I'll just ask if there are any grown-ups in tonight who like reading books. Stick your hands up then. Any grown-ups like reading books? Any grown-ups like reading books? Any grown-ups... You Sir, what's your name? ... **[AUDIENCE MEMBER'S NAME]**?! Ha! There's a surprise! Don't take this the wrong way mate but... BOOKWORM! BOOKWORM! STINKY LITTLE BOOKWORM! READING ALL YOUR BOOKS LIKE A STINKY LITTLE BOOKWORM! Hahaha! You read books like a worm! Worm's read books, you read books! Worms are stupid! You're a swurm! Now **[AUDIENCE MEMBER'S NAME]** will learn from that experience, it won't stop them reading but he will never put his hand up again. Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, I would like to present to you now live on stage, what I truly believe to be the pinnacle of our success as a species, the very

belief that we evolved out of unicorns
for instance. MICHAEL!

[Enter MICHAEL with a Ukulele]

13: ALL I KNOW (TELLY)

MR. WORMWOOD [+ MICHAEL]

SOMEWHERE ON A SHOW I HEARD
THAT A PICTURE TELLS A THOUSAND WORDS,
SO TELLY, IF YOU BOTHERED TO TAKE A LOOK,
IS THE EQUIVALENT, OF LIKE, LOTS OF BOOKS!

ALL I KNOW I LEARNED FROM TELLY, [TELLY!]
THIS BIG BEAUTIFUL BOX OF FACTS.
IF YOU KNOW A THING ALREADY,
BABY, YOU CAN SWITCH THE CHANNEL OVER JUST LIKE THAT.

ENDLESS JOY AND ENDLESS LAUGHTER...
FOLKS LIVING HAPPILY EVER AFTER...
ALL YOU NEED TO MAKE YOU WISE
IS 23 MINUTES PLUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY WOULD WE WASTE OUR ENERGY?
TURNING THE PAGES 1, 2, 3,
WHEN WE CAN SIT COMFORTABLY
ON OUR LOVELY BUMFERLIES,
WATCHING PEOPLE SINGING AND TALKING AND DOING STUFF?!

ALL I KNOW I LEARNED FROM TELLY. [TELLY!]
THE BIGGER THE TELLY [TELLY!], THE SMARTER THE MAN!
YOU CAN TELL FROM MY BIG TELLY [TELLY!],
JUST WHAT A CLEVER FELLA I AM!

TAKE IT AWAY, SON. [**TERRIBLE GUITAR SOLO**]
You can't learn that from a stupid book.

ALL I KNOW I LEARNED FROM TELLY [TELLY!]
WHAT TO THINK AND WHAT TO BUY.
I WAS PRETTY SMART ALREADY,
BUT NOW I'M REALLY, REALLY SMART — VERY, VERY SMART.
ENDLESS CONTENT, ENDLESS CHANNELS...
ENDLESS CHAT ON ENDLESS PANELS...
ALL YOU NEED TO FILL YOUR MUFFIN,
WITHOUT HAVING TO REALLY THINK OR NOTHING!

WHY WOULD WE WASTE OUR ENERGY,
TRYING TO WORK OUT ULYSSES,
WHEN WE CAN SIT HAPPILY

ON OUR LOVELY BAPPERLIES
WATCHING SLIGHTLY FAMOUS PEOPLE,
TALKING TO REALLY FAMOUS PEOPLE?

ALL I KNOW I LEARNED FROM TELLY. [TELLY!]
THE BIGGER THE TELLY [TELLY!], THE SMARTER THE MAN!
YOU CAN TELL FROM MY BIG TELLY [TELLY!],
JUST WHAT A CLEVER FELLA I AM!

Who the dickens is Charles Dickens?
Mary Shelly? Cor, she sounds smelly.
Harry Potter? What a rotter...
Jane Austen in the compost bin...
James Joyce doesn't sound nice.
Ian McEwen? Ugh, I feel like spewin'.
William Shakespeare? Swilliam
Shakespeare...
Moby Dick – easy Grandma!

All together now!

ALL I KNOW I LEARNED FROM TELLY. [TELLY!]
THE BIGGER THE TELLY [TELLY!], THE SMARTER THE MAN!
YOU CAN TELL FROM MY BIG TELLY [TELLY!],
JUST WHAT A CLEVER FELLA I AM!

13: ENTR'ACTE

[MICHAEL & MR. WORMWOOD tries as variety of way to remove the superglued hat from MR. WORMWOOD's head, before finally succeeding with explosives. Exit both victoriously.]

SCENE TWO

[Playground, enter children]

14: WHEN I GROW UP

TOMMY

WHEN I GROW UP,
I WILL BE TALL ENOUGH TO REACH THE BRANCHES
THAT I NEED TO REACH TO CLIMB THE TREES
YOU GET TO CLIMB WHEN YOU'RE GROWN UP.

REGINALD

AND WHEN I GROW UP,
I WILL BE SMART ENOUGH TO ANSWER ALL
THE QUESTIONS THAT YOU NEED TO KNOW
THE ANSWERS TO BEFORE YOU'RE GROWN UP.

ALICE & ERIC

AND WHEN I GROW UP,
I WILL EAT SWEETS EVERY DAY,
ON THE WAY TO WORK, AND I WILL
GO TO BED LATE EVERY NIGHT.

TOMMY, REGINALD, ALICE, ERIC

AND I WILL WAKE UP
WHEN THE SUN COMES UP, AND I
WILL WATCH CARTOONS UNTIL MY EYES GO SQUARE,

LAVENDER, NIGEL, ERIC

AND I WON'T CARE 'CAUSE I'LL BE ALL GROWN UP.

WHOLE ENSEMBLE

WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN I GROW UP

I WILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY ALL
THE HEAVY THINGS YOU HAVE TO HAUL
AROUND WITH YOU WHEN YOU'RE A GROWN UP.

AND

WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN I GROW UP

WHEN I GROW UP

I WILL BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FIGHT THE CREATURES
THAT YOU HAVE TO FIGHT BENEATH THE BED

EACH NIGHT TO BE A GROWN-UP.

AND WHEN I GROW UP,
I WILL HAVE TREATS EVERY DAY,
AND I'LL PLAY WITH THINGS THAT MUM PRETENDS
THAT MUMS DON'T THINK ARE FUN.

AND I WILL WAKE UP
WHEN THE SUN COMES UP AND I
WILL SPEND ALL DAY JUST LYING IN THE SUN.
AND I WON'T BURN 'CAUSE I'LL BE ALL GROWN UP.
WHEN I GROW UP...

[Exit SCHOOL CHILDREN. Enter MISS HONEY.]

MISS HONEY

WHEN I GROW UP,
I WILL BE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FIGHT THE CREATURES
THAT YOU HAVE TO FIGHT BENEATH THE BED
EACH NIGHT TO BE A GROWN UP.
WHEN I GROW UP_____.

MATILDA

JUST BECAUSE YOU FIND THAT LIFE'S NOT FAIR, IT
DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO GRIN AND BEAR IT.
IF YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND WEAR IT, NOTHING
WILL CHANGE.

MISS HONEY

WHEN I GROW UP_____.

MATILDA

JUST BECAUSE I FIND MYSELF IN THIS STORY,
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT EVERYTHING IS WRITTEN FOR ME.
IF I THINK THE ENDING IS FIXED ALREADY,
I MIGHT AS WELL BE SAYING I THINK THAT IT'S OK,
AND THAT'S NOT RIGHT!

[Exit MATILDA, enter LAVENDER]

LAVENDER

Hello! I'm Lavender! By the way,
Matilda's best friend! There's a bit
coming up that's all about
meeeeeeeeeeee! Well, it's not exactly
about me but I play a big part in it.
I'm not going to say what happens
because I don't want to spoil it!

[LAVENDER beings to walk off stage, then stops]

Alright! Look, what I do is I volunteer
to get the Trunchbull a jug of water.
And then...

[LAVENDER gasps and puts her hands over her mouth]

No I won't say anymore because I don't
to ruin it!

[PAUSE.]

Well on the way back I find a newt. A
newt is like a really ugly lizard that
lives in water. And so I pick it up and..
AHHH! NO! I won't say anymore!

*[LAVENDER stamps her feet while walking to the back of the
stage.]*

While no-one's looking... I put it into
the Trunchbull's jug!

14a: TRUNCHBULL'S JUG

[LAVENDER exits]

SCENE THREE

[Library, enter MATILDA and MRS. PHELPS]

MRS. PHELPS

Ohhhh Matilda! How lovely to see you!
Are you enjoying school?

MATILDA

Ummm, yes - bits of it anyway.

[MATILDA looks through the bookshelves]

MATILDA

Mrs. Phelps! Where's the revenge
section?

MRS. PHELPS

What!? We don't have a revenge section...
Why? Is there a child at school who is
behaving like a bully?

MATILDA

Ummm no, not a child exactly.

MRS. PHELPS

Matilda, are you sure...

MATILDA

Do you want to hear the next part of my
story?

MRS. PHELPS

Did you say story? Did you say... Matilda
what are we waiting for?

15: ACROBAT STORY III

MATILDA

Slowly, very slowly, the acrobat wound

her shiny white scarf around her husband's neck.

MATILDA + ACROBAT

For luck, my love,

MATILDA

She said, kissing him with the gentlest of kisses.

MATILDA + ACROBAT

Smile – we have done this a thousand times.

MATILDA

But suddenly, she hugged him with the biggest hug in the world, so hard that he felt she would hug all the air out of him. And so they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed. The great escapologist had to escape from the safe, lean out, catch his wife with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher and put out the flames on her specially designed dress within twelve seconds, before they reached the dynamite and blew his wife's head off.

MRS PHELPS

AAAAAah!! *[Pause as she composes herself.]* Sorry. Go on.

MATILDA

The trick started well. The moment the specially designed dress was set alight the acrobat swung into the air. The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects – one second, two seconds – they watched as the flames crept up the dress – three

seconds, four seconds – she began to reach out her arms towards the safe – five seconds, six seconds – suddenly the padlocks pinged open and the huge chains fell away – seven seconds, eight seconds – the door flung open and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and the child – nine seconds, ten seconds...

MRS PHELPS

Oh, I can't look!

MATILDA

Eleven seconds – and he grabs her hand and, and, and suddenly the flames are covered in foam before they can both be blown to pieces.

MRS PHELPS

Hooray! So the story does have a happy ending after all?

MATILDA

No.

MRS PHELPS

No?

MATILDA

No. Maybe it's the thought of their child. Maybe it was nerves, but the escapologist used just a touch too much foam, and the hands became slippery... and she fell.

MRS. PHELPS

No! Was... was she okay? Did she survive?

MATILDA

She broke every bone in her body except for the ones at the ends of her little fingers. She managed to live long enough to have their child. The doctor said it was an absolute miracle she managed to hold on. But the effort was too great.

MATILDA + ACROBAT

'Love our little girl'

MATILDA

She said,

MATILDA + ACROBAT

'Love our daughter with all your heart, she is all we ever wanted.'

MATILDA

And then she died.

[MRS. PHELPS cries]

MATILDA

And then things got worse.

[MRS. PHELPS looks up in disbelief]

MRS. PHELPS

What? Worse? Oh no Matilda not worse, they can't get worse!

MATILDA

But I'm afraid they did because so kind was the escapologist that he never for one second blamed the acrobat's sister for what had happened and in fact. And so she moved in to help look after his daughter. She was nothing but cruel to the little girl, making her wash and iron and cook and clean and, beating her if she did a thing wrong. But always in secret so the escapologist never

suspected a thing. And so the poor little girl grew up with the meanest, cruellest, horrible aunt you could possibly imagine!

MRS. PHELPS

Let's call the police!

MATILDA

Mrs. Phelps, it's just a story!

MRS. PHELPS

What? Of course. Oh Matilda, you are so smart, your parents must think they won the lottery with a child like you.

MATILDA

Oh yeah yeah yeah, they always say that. They say Matilda, we are so proud of you, you're like winning the lottery. Yeah, I better go.

[Exit MRS. PHELPS]

SCENE FOUR

[Wormwood house, enter MR. WORMWOOD, MICHAEL and MRS. WORMWOOD]

15a: I'M SO CLEVER

MR. WORMWOOD

I'M SO CLEVER. I'M SO CLEVER
I'M SO VERY VERY VERY VERY CLEVER.
I'M SO VERY FUNNY CLEVER
WHAT A FUNNY CLEVER FELLA I AM!

[Gesturing to Mrs Wormwood, and pulling her in.]
Come 'ere you!

[Cuddling her tightly.]

MRS. WORMWOOD

There's only one man I do that with.

MR. WORMWOOD

Gather round everyone! I want my family
to share of my triumph. Not you boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MR. WORMWOOD

I had 155 knackered old bangers on my
hands all polished up but the mileage on
the clock telling the truth that each
one was knackered. How could I possibly
make the mileage go back? I couldn't
very well drive each car backwards could
I?

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MR. WORMWOOD

Yeah, when suddenly I had the most
genius idea in the world. I ran to the

workshop and grabbed a drill, and using my incredible mind I attached the drill to the speedometer of the first car, turned it on and then wacked it in reverse!

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MR. WORMWOOD

Yes son. Backwards! Backwards exactly! Now, the drill flying round backwards a thousand times a second, and within a few minutes I produced the mileage on the old dust bucket to practically nothing! I then did that to every single car!

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MRS. WORMWOOD

Stop talking now darling, there's a good boy.

MR. WORMWOOD

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Great big nasty faced apes in expensive suits and dark glasses. I don't know who they thought they were.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Russians are nocturnal. I saw it on a programme last night.

MATILDA

That was badgers. That was a programme about badgers.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Same thing! Did it work?

[Excitedly, Mr Wormwood pulls open a suitcase full of cash, revealing it to his wife.]

MRS. WORMWOOD

Fantastico! Now then to employ Rudolpho all day long!

MATILDA

But you cheated them. That's not fair at all. They trusted you and you cheated them!

MRS. WORMWOOD

What is the matter with you?! What have we done to deserve a child like you!?

MR. WORMWOOD

I've had enough!

15b: BOOKWORM

[MR. WORMWOOD takes MATILDA to her room, exit MICHAEL and MRS. WORMWOOD]

MR. WORMWOOD

Do you know what I'm going to do tomorrow? I'm gonna go down that library and I'm going to tell that old bag you are to never be let in again.

MATILDA

What? No please don't!

MR. WORMWOOD

And if she does I'll have her fired and

you will never read a stinking book as long as you live! I am going to put an end to your stories, young man. Now get in there and stay in there! You nasty little creep!

[Exit MR. WORMWOOD]

16: ACROBAT STORY IV (I'M HERE)

MATILDA

At night the escapologist's daughter cried herself to sleep alone in her room. The escapologist knew nothing of the aunt's wickedness, and she never said a word, as she didn't want to add to her father's pain. This only encouraged the woman to greater cruelties, until one day, she exploded:

MATILDA + THE SISTER (TRUNCBULL)

You are a useless, filthy, nasty little creep!

MATILDA

And she beat her, and threw into a dank, dark, dusty cellar, locked the door and went out. But that day, the escapologist happened to come home early. And when he heard the sound of his daughter's tears, he smashed the door open.

[Suddenly there is a banging noise on the door. It bursts open. It is the escapologist, furious. The little girl runs to him, and they hug for all they are worth.]

ESCAPOLOGIST

DON'T CRY, I AM HERE LITTLE GIRL.
PLEASE DON'T CRY, DRY YOUR EYES,
WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS, LITTLE GIRL.

FORGIVE ME, I DIDN'T MEAN TO DESERT YOU.
DON'T CRY LITTLE GIRL, NOTHING CAN HURT YOU,
YOU'VE NOTHING TO FEAR, I'M HERE.

MATILDA + ESCAPOLOGIST

Have I been wrapped up in my grief for my wife that I have forgotten the one thing that mattered to us most? I love you so much, my daughter, I shall spend the rest of my life making it up to you. We shall live together forever.

MATILDA

DON'T CRY, DADDY. I'M ALRIGHT, DADDY.
PLEASE DON'T CRY. HERE, LET ME WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS.
DADDY, FORGIVE ME, I DIDN'T WANT TO UPSET YOU,
PLEASE DADDY, DON'T CRY, I'LL BE ALRIGHT,
WITH YOU BY MY SIDE, I HAVE NOTHING TO FEAR.
YOU'RE HERE.

MATILDA

But when the little girl fell asleep, the escapologist's thoughts turned to the evil aunt and an almighty rage grew inside his great heart.

MATILDA + ESCAPOLOGIST

This demon, this villain, this monster! She has sullied the memory of my wife, she has betrayed the trust of her own sister, she has shown cruelty to the most precious reality of my marriage. Bullying children is her game, is it? Then let us see what this creature thinks she can do when the wrath of a grown man stands before her!

MATILDA

But that was the last the little girl ever saw of her father, because he never ever came home, ever again.

SCENE FIVE

[School Gym, enter MISS HONEY, MATILDA, MISS TRUNCHBULL and SCHOOL CHILDREN]

MISS HONEY

Matilda! I got those books we spoke about. So you can just sit and read.

[She is interrupted by MISS TRUNCHBULL bursting in, blowing her whistle repeatedly.]

16a: WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THOSE BOOKS?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What are you doing with those books woman?

MISS HONEY

They are for Matilda.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

They are not. Not on my watch! There is an age for reading and an age for being a filthy little toad. These are toads, aren't you Bogtrotter?

BRUCE

Yes Miss Trunchbull.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Yes Miss Trunchbull. Bogtrotter here is now a good toad. SIT.

It has become clear to me Miss Honey that you have no idea what you are doing. You believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories, this is not teaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child.

[Blows a whistle.]

Quiet you maggots!

MISS HONEY

Who was speaking Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUCHBULL

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

LAVENDER

Ooh I'll get! I'll get it Miss Trunchbull!

[Lavender winks at the audience, runs off and back on again with a jug of water and a cup.]

MISS TRUCHBULL

Stupid girl... Pathetic, flabby, disgusting, revolting... revolting, I say. It is high time you were toughened up. Phys. ed.

[Blows whistle]

17: THE SMELL OF REBELLION

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.

[She removes her tracksuit to reveal a sports bra and skirt beneath.]

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.

(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!

(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 WAF T 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 PITTING
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!

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!

*[She steps up to the vault, and performs a textbook
somersault.]*

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'!"

NIGEL

She's mad!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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?!

THE STENCH OF REVOLT!
THE REEK OF INSUBORDINATION!
THE WHIFF OF RESISTANCE!
THE PONG OF DISSENT!

AND I WILL NOT STOP 'TIL YOU ARE SQUASHED!
'TIL THIS REBELLION IS QUASHED!
'TIL GLORIOUS, SWEATY DISCIPLINE HAS WASHED
THIS SICKENING STENCH...
AWAY!

MISS HONEY

I don't think this is teaching at all. I
think it is just cruelty.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

That is because you, Miss Honey, are
pathetic. You are wet! You are weak! You
are a rat, a smithering little wart.

[She approaches ERIC, and grabs him by the ears.]

YOU! You outrage! You maggot!

ERIC

Ow! Stop! Stop!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Stop?! Stop?! We're just getting started.

MISS HONEY

No Miss Trunchbull don't please you'll pull his ears off!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

I have discovered Miss Honey through many years of experimentation that the ears of small boys do not come off. They stretch, in fact I think I can feel these ones stretching now.

[She pulls at his ears, and stretches them, pulling them out away from his head.]

SCHOOL BOY

Owwwwwww!

LAVENDER

Leave him alone! You BIG FAT BULLY!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

How dare you. You are not fit to be in this school, you ought to be in prison! In the deepest dampest darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth! I shall crush you!

18: QUIET

[As MISS TRUNCHBULL speaks, her words become distant and the scene begins to fade away, until it is merely silent slow motion taking place behind MATILDA.]

I shall pound you! I shall dissect you madam! I shall strap you to a table and perform experiments on you! I shall feed you to the termites, and then I shall smash the termites into tiny fragments. And then I shall grind the tiny

fragments into dust..._____

MATILDA

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED, WELL I HAVE,
ABOUT HOW WHEN I SAY, SAY, RED, FOR EXAMPLE,
THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING IF RED
MEANS THE SAME THING IN YOUR HEAD
AS RED MEANS IN MY HEAD
WHEN SOMEONE SAYS RED?

AND HOW IF WE ARE TRAVELLING
AT ALMOST THE SPEED OF LIGHT,
AND WE'RE HOLDING A LIGHT,
THAT LIGHT WOULD STILL TRAVEL AWAY FROM US
AT THE FULL SPEED OF LIGHT?

WHICH SEEMS RIGHT IN A WAY,
BUT I'M TRYING TO SAY... I'M NOT SURE...
BUT I'M WONDERING INSIDE MY HEAD,
I'M NOT JUST A BIT DIFFERENT FROM SOME OF MY FRIENDS...
THESE ANSWERS THAT COME INTO MY MIND UNBIDDEN...
THESE STORIES DELIVERED TO ME FULLY WRITTEN...

AND WHEN EVERYONE SHOUTS - THEY SEEM TO LIKE SHOUTING -
THE NOISE IN MY HEAD IS INCREDIBLY LOUD,
AND I JUST WISH THEY'D STOP, MY DAD AND MY MUM,
AND THE TELLY AND STORIES WOULD STOP JUST FOR ONCE.

I'M SORRY - I'M NOT QUITE EXPLAINING IT RIGHT,
BUT THIS NOISE BECOMES ANGER, AND THE ANGER IS LIGHT,
AND ITS BURNING INSIDE ME WOULD USUALLY FADE,
BUT IT ISN'T TODAY, AND THE HEAT AND THE SHOUTING,
AND MY HEART IS POUNDING, AND MY EYES ARE BURNING,
AND SUDDENLY EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING IS...

QUIET...
LIKE SILENCE, BUT NOT REALLY SILENT...
JUST THAT STILL SORT OF QUIET
LIKE THE SOUND OF A PAGE BEING TURNED IN A BOOK,
OR A PAUSE IN A WALK IN THE WOODS.

QUIET...
LIKE SILENCE, BUT NOT REALLY SILENT...
JUST THAT NICE KIND OF QUIET,
LIKE THE SOUND WHEN YOU LIE UPSIDE DOWN IN YOUR BED.
JUST THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART IN YOUR HEAD...

AND THOUGH THE PEOPLE AROUND ME,
THEIR MOUTHS ARE STILL MOVING,
THE WORDS THEY ARE FORMING
CANNOT REACH ME ANYMORE.

AND IT IS QUIET...
AND I AM WARM...
LIKE I'VE SAILED
INTO THE EYE OF THE STORM...

[MATILDA stares at the cup on the table, fixing it with her gaze, concentrating with all her energy at it.]

MATILDA

Come on... tip... tip... you can do it... come
on... tip... TIP...! [etc]

[Incredibly, it tips over by itself, pouring water and the newt all over MISS TRUNCHBULL. The children start reacting, amazed.]

18a: GET THE NEWT OFF

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Get it off me! Get it off me! There is
something in my knickers. There is
something in my knickers!

[MISS TRUNCHBULL runs in circles hysterically, before disappearing offstage.]

MISS HONEY

Well... that was interesting. I think we
all better go home. While we still can.

SCHOOL CHILDREN

Yes!

[SCHOOL CHILDREN run off in excitement]

MISS HONEY

Matilda?

MATILDA

Watch. Watch please?

18b: SECOND GLASS TIPPING

[MATILDA stares at the cup on the surface and it falls over again.]

I moved it with my eyes. Am I strange?

MISS HONEY

I think, I think, I think... how do you
fancy a nice cup of tea?

18c: WALK TO MISS HONEY'S

[Exit MATILDA and MISS HONEY]

SCENE SIX

[MISS HONEY'S HOUSE, Enter MATILDA and MISS HONEY]

MATILDA

What do you think it is? This thing with my eyes? Am I strange?

MISS HONEY

Not strange. You're not strange, Matilda. You're special. I'm not going to pretend I know what it is Matilda, but I don't believe it is something we should be frightened of. I think it is something to do with that incredible mind of yours.

MATILDA

You mean there is no room in my head for all my brains so they have to squish out through my eyes?

MISS HONEY

Well, not exactly. But something like that. You really are a special Matilda. I met your mother, she's unusual. What about your father? Is he proud to have a daughter as clever as you?

MATILDA

Oh yeah! He's very proud, he is very very, very proud. He's always saying Matilda, I am very proud to have a daughter...
That's not true, that's not what he says. He's not proud at all. He calls me a liar and a cheat and a nasty little creep.

MISS HONEY

Here we are, home sweet home.

MATILDA

Are you poor?

MISS HONEY

Yes. Yes I am, very.

MATILDA

Don't they pay teachers very much?

MISS HONEY

Well they don't actually. But I'm even poorer than most because of other reasons. You see, I used to live with my aunt and one day I was out walking and I came across this old shed; I fell completely in love with it. I grabbed the farmer and begged him to let me move in. He thought I was mad and he agreed and I've lived here ever since.

MATILDA

But Miss Honey you can't live in a shed!

MISS HONEY

I'm not strong like you Matilda. You see, my father died when I was young. Magnus was his name. He was very kind. But when he was gone, my aunt became my legal guardian. She was mean and cruel and horrible, like you can hardly imagine. And when I got my job as a teacher, she suddenly presented me with a bill for looking after me all those years. She had written everything down, every teabag, every electricity bill, every tin of beans. She made me sign a contract to pay her back, every penny. She even used a document to say that my father had given her his entire house.

MATILDA

Did he really do that? Magnus, did he really just give her his house?

MISS HONEY

I don't know. But I find it hard to believe. Just like that I cannot believe that he would've ... that he would have killed himself. It is what she said happened...

MATILDA

[Gasps] You think... You think she did him in, don't you Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY

I don't know what to say, although, those years of being bullied by that woman have made me Pathetic. I was trapped.

MATILDA

And that's why you live in a shed.

19: MY HOUSE

MISS HONEY

THIS ROOF KEEPS ME DRY WHEN THE RAIN FALLS.
THIS DOOR HELPS TO KEEP THE COLD AT BAY.
ON THIS FLOOR, I CAN STAND ON MY OWN TWO FEET.
ON THIS CHAIR, I CAN WRITE MY LESSONS.
ON THIS PILLOW, I CAN DREAM MY NIGHTS AWAY.
AND, THIS TABLE, AS YOU CAN SEE,
WELL, IT'S PERFECT FOR TEA.

IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH.

MATILDA

But Miss Honey, your aunt's got your father's house. She has everything that

is yours.

MISS HONEY

ON THESE WALLS, I HANG WONDERFUL PICTURES.
THROUGH THIS WINDOW, I CAN WATCH THE SEASONS CHANGE.
BY THIS LAMP, I CAN READ, AND I - I AM SET FREE.
AND WHEN IT'S COLD OUTSIDE, I FEEL NO FEAR.
EVEN IN THE WINTER STORMS, I AM WARMED
BY A SMALL BUT STUBBORN FIRE,
AND THERE IS NOWHERE I WOULD RATHER BE.

IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.
FOR THIS IS MY HOUSE.
THIS IS MY HOUSE.
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.
THIS IS MY HOUSE.
THIS IS MY HOUSE.
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH.

[Enter ESCAPOLOGIST.]

ESCAPOLOGIST

DON'T CRY...

MISS HONEY

AND WHEN IT'S COLD AND BLEAK,

ESCAPOLOGIST

PLEASE DON'T CRY...

MISS HONEY

I FEEL NO FEAR.
EVEN IN THE FIERCEST STORMS,

ESCAPOLOGIST

PLEASE DON'T CRY...

MISS HONEY

I AM WARMED BY THIS SMALL AND STUBBORN FIRE.

ESCAPOLOGIST

LET ME WIPE AWAY YOUR TEARS...

MISS HONEY

EVEN WHEN OUTSIDE IT'S FREEZING,

ESCAPOLOGIST

FORGIVE ME. I DIDN'T WANT TO DESERT YOU.

MISS HONEY

I DON'T PAY MUCH HEED.

ESCAPOLOGIST

I KNOW THAT I HURT YOU...

MISS HONEY

I KNOW THAT EVERYTHING I NEED IS IN HERE.
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.
IT ISN'T MUCH, BUT IT IS ENOUGH FOR ME.

19a: THE TRUNCHBULL REVELATION

MATILDA

Miss Honey, is this your father's scarf?

MISS HONEY

Yes. Yes it is. My mother gave it to him
before she died. You see she was an...

MATILDA

She was an acrobat.

MISS HONEY

Yes, she was and my father was an...

MATILDA

Escapologist.

MISS HONEY

Matilda, how did you know that?

MATILDA

So they were your parents?

MISS HONEY

What? Who?

MATILDA

The people in my story

MISS HONEY

What story?

MATILDA

A story. I've been telling a story and first I thought I was making it up but it's real. It's your life! I've seen your life...

MISS HONEY

You've seen my life?

MATILDA

She did him in! Let's go to the police!

MISS HONEY

What? No, no we can't! I have no evidence.

MATILDA

We can just tell them. Tell them she did it!

MISS HONEY

No, no that won't work Matilda, it's my word against hers, and they would never believe she was capable of murder.

MATILDA

Why? She was so cruel to you, she beat you, she shouted at you, she locked you up in tiny cupboards and threw you in cellars.

MISS HONEY

Stop please.

MATILDA

Miss Honey, your aunt is a murderer. She killed Magnus! Who is she?

MISS TRUNCHBULL'S VOICE

A contract, is a contract, is a contract.

MATILDA

Miss Trunchbull!

[The music surges at the revelation. Exit MATILDA and MISS HONEY.]

SCENE SEVEN

[Classroom, Enter SCHOOL CHILDREN, MISS HONEY and MISS TRUNCHBULL.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

In this world, children, there are two types of human being: the winners and the losers. I am a winner – I play by the rules and I win. But if I play the rules and ... do not win, then something is wrong. Something is not working. If something is wrong, we have to put it right, even if it screams. What are you looking at? This class is going to have a very special spelling test. Any child that gets one single answer wrong shall go to chokey! You! *[Gesturing to TOMMY]* spell, now let me see, spell newt.

TOMMY

Newt, N-E-W-T, newt. Miss Honey taught us, she is very good at teaching.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Nonsense! Miss Honey is far too soft and peachy to be any good at anything! Anyone can see that. You! *[Gesturing to Alice]* Stand up turn around and spell the one thing you all are: revolting!

ALICE

Revolting, R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N-G, revolting.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You're cheating!

MISS HONEY

Of course she's not cheating, she's simply spelling the word!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

These little specks of dust can't be
this clever, they are...

MISS HONEY

I taught them, that's all! With kindness
and patience and respect.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

How dare you bring those words into my
classroom! You know nothing of teaching
and I shall prove it! You! [*Gesturing to
Lavender*] Thift-bog-snuff-nose! Spell
amchellakamilalexpectitourstus.

MISS HONEY

What? That is not a word – You're just
making up...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

I should warn you it has silent letters.

LAVENDER

A-N-C-H-E-L-L-A-

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh dear, oh deary deary dear...

LAVENDER

K!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

I'm so sorry. It was a silent Z! You're
going to chokey!

BRUCE

Cat, C-A-F. I got it wrong miss, You have to put me in chokey too.

NIGEL

Dog, D-Y-P, me too!

ALICE

Table, X-A-B-S-Y, and me!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Sit down!

BRUCE

You can't put us all in the chokey!

[All the children begin to stand up and spell words wrong.]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

'You can't put me in the chokey too'
'you can't put us all in the chokey miss'. Come now maggots, did you think I hadn't thought of that?

[MISS TRUNCHBULL presses a button causing a dramatic lighting change. The entire auditorium strobos, before being filled with lasers.]

I've been busy. RIGHT! The spelling test is over and I can tell you that each and every one of you has failed! You see maggots, in this world there are two types of human being: the winners and the losers. And I...

[The chalk on the backboard begins to move.]

TOMMY

The chalk, look the chalk! It's moving! It's moving! Look! It's writing something!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Who? Who?

TOMMY

No one! No one is doing anything!

NIGEL

A-ga-tha

LAVENDER

Agatha - this - is - Mag-a-nus

MISS TRUNCHBULL

God dear god!

BRUCE

Give - my - Jenny - back - her - house -
then...

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Stop this! Stop this!

ALICE

Leave! - Or - I - Will - Get - You -
Like - You - Got - Me!

ALL CHILDREN

Run. Run! RUN!

*[MISS TRUNCHBULL runs out, and the class erupts with cheers.
Bruce stands, and pulls out a handheld mic.]*

21: REVOLTING CHILDREN (II)

BRUCE

WOAH!
NEVER AGAIN WILL SHE GET THE BEST OF ME!
NEVER AGAIN WILL SHE TAKE AWAY MY FREEDOM.
AND WE WON'T FORGET THE DAY WE FOUGHT

SCHOOL CHILDREN

FOR THE RIGHT TO BE A LITTLE BIT NAUGHTY! NEVER AGAIN!

BRUCE

WILL THE CHOKEY DOOR SLAM!

SCHOOL CHILDREN

NEVER AGAIN!

NIGEL

WILL I BE BULLIED, AND

SCHOOL CHILDREN

NEVER AGAIN!

BRUCE

WILL I DOUBT IT WHEN

SCHOOL CHILDREN

MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A MIRACLE!
NEVER AGAIN!
NEVER AGAIN WILL WE LIVE BEHIND BARS!
NEVER AGAIN NOW THAT WE KNOW ARE...

REVOLTING CHILDREN...
LIVING IN REVOLTING TIMES...
WE SING REVOLTING SONGS
USING REVOLTING RHYMES.
WE'LL BE REVOLTING CHILDREN,
'TIL OUR REVOLTING'S DONE,
AND WE'LL HAVE THE TRUNCHBULL VAULTING.
WE'RE REVOLTING!

WE ARE REVOLTING CHILDREN...
LIVING IN REVOLTING TIMES...
WE SING REVOLTING SONGS
USING REVOLTING RHYMES.
WE'LL BE REVOLTING CHILDREN,
'TIL OUR REVOLTING'S DONE,
AND WE'LL HAVE THE TRUNCHBULL VAULTING.
WE'RE REVOLTING!

BRUCE

WE WILL BECOME A SCREAMING HORDE!

LAVENDER

TAKE OUT YOUR HOCKEY STICK, AND USE IT AS A SWORD!

NIGEL

NEVER AGAIN WILL WE BE IGNORED!

HORTENSIA

WE'LL FIND OUT WHERE THE CHALK IS STORED,

ERIC

AND DRAW RUDE PICTURES ON THE BOARD!

ALICE

IT'S NOT INSULTING;

SCHOOL CHILDREN

WE'RE REVOLTING!

WE CAN S-P-L HOW WE LIKE!
IF ENOUGH OF US ARE WRONG,
WRONG IS RIGHT!
EVERY WORD N-O-R-T-Y...
'CAUSE WE'RE A LITTLE BIT NAUGHTY!
YOU SAY WE OUGHTA 'STAY INSIDE THE LINE'...
IF WE DISOBEY AT THE SAME TIME,
THERE IS NOTHING THAT THE TRUNCHBULL CAN DO!
SHE CAN TAKE HER HAMMER AND S-H-U.
YOU DIDN'T THINK YOU COULD PUSH US TOO FAR,
BUT THERE'S NO GOING BACK NOW, WE...

R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N
WE'RE S-I-N-G
U-S-I-N-G...
WE'LL BE R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N-G.
IT IS 2-L-8-4-U.
WE ARE R-E-VOLTING!

WE ARE REVOLTING CHILDREN...
LIVING IN REVOLTING TIMES...
WE SING REVOLTING SONGS
USING REVOLTING RHYMES.
WE'LL BE REVOLTING CHILDREN,
'TIL OUR REVOLTING'S DONE,

AND WE'LL HAVE THE TRUNCHBULL VAULTING.
WE'RE REVOLTING!

WE ARE REVOLTING CHILDREN...
LIVING IN REVOLTING TIMES...
WE SING REVOLTING SONGS
USING REVOLTING RHYMES.
WE'LL BE REVOLTING CHILDREN,
'TIL OUR REVOLTING'S DONE,
AND WE'LL HAVE THE TRUNCHBULL VAULTING.
WE'RE REVOLTING!

[Exit all.]

SCENE EIGHT

[Library, Enter MRS. PHELPS]

21a: A FEW DAYS LATER

MRS. PHELPS

A few days later, the acrobat's and escapologist's daughter received a letter from a solicitor. It said that her parent's will had mysteriously turned up and she was now the owner of the beautiful old house which had been, up until that moment, been owned by the evil aunt – one Agatha Trunchbull. She moved in immediately and she was very happy.

[Enter MISS HONEY]

Happier than she had even been in her entire life

MISS HONEY

And as for Miss Trunchbull, she was never seen again. The chokeys were immediately destroyed and a new headmistress took over.

MRS PHELPS

And her name was... Miss Honey! And it was often said it was the best school in the whole of the land.

MISS HONEY

You know something else, Matilda has never again been able to move things with her eyes. I thought it was because her mind was being challenged but she said it is because she no longer had a need for superpowers. But sometimes I would look at her, the little girl who had done so much to help others, but was stuck with parents who are mean and cruel and called her names. And I would

feel my blood boil and I would wish that I that I could just... do something.

MRS. PHELPS

So this is the end and I wish so much that I could tell you that this story has a happy ending. I wish so much that I could tell you that Matilda got the love that she deserved. But perhaps the truth is not all stories have happy endings.

[Car screech noise and enter MR WORMWOOD, MRS WORMWOOD, MICHAEL, MATILDA and RUDOPHLO.]

21b: WE'RE GOING TO SPAIN

MR. WORMWOOD

Don't just stand there gulping. We're going to Spain.

MATILDA

Spain? But why?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Because this idiot, this nitwit, this twit-brain, seemed to think it was a good idea to sell one hundred and fifty five old bangers to the Russian Mafia.

MR. WORMWOOD

Well I didn't know they were the flaming Russian Mafia did I? Come on boy, we're leaving forever and we're not coming back!

MISS HONEY

Let Matilda stay here, with me!

MR. WORMWOOD

I beg your pardon!

MISS HONEY

Mr. Wormwood, I would love to take Matilda if she would like to stay with me that is. I would look after with love and care, and I'd pay for everything! Would you like that Matilda?

MR. WORMWOOD

What? You mean leave our daughter 'ere with you?

MATILDA

What did you just say, did you just call me your...

MRS. WORMWOOD

They'll be here any minute!

MR. WORMWOOD

Dad, you called me your daughter.

[Car screech noise, WORMWOOD FAMILY hide behind bookcases but looking through gaps between the books]

MRS PHELPS

QUICK! Quick, hide in the books!

RUDOLPHO

What if they damage my legs, my beautiful legs!

[Enter SERGEI and RUSSIAN MAFIA MEMBERS. SERGEI, THE DON LEADER, STRUTS IN, CLENCHING WHAT APPEARS TO BE A TOOTHPICK BETWEEN HIS LIPS, BUT WHAT HE REMOVES TO REVEAL IS A BRIGHT PINK LOLLIPOP.]

21c: ARRIVAL OF THE RUSSIANS

SERGEI

You are the Wormwood's daughter?

MATILDA

Yes.

SERGEI

Where is your father?

MATILDA

He's ... I don't know.

SERGEI

The Wormwood is a stupid man, and being stupid he assumed I was stupid too. And that is a very, very stupid and rude thing to do.

MATILDA

Yes, but I afraid my father is quite rude and very, very stupid.

SERGEI

You know this? Well at least there is one clever one in your family.

[MAFIA laugh, DON looks at them and they immediately stop]

What is your name little girl?

MATILDA

Matilda

SERGEI

I like you Matilda. You seem smart and in my line of work I don't normally get to meet smart people like you. Most of the people I meet, their thinking is all backwards.

MICHAEL

BACKWARDS!

[The whereabouts of the WORMWOOD family becomes apparent for the MAFIA – who hold them still, MR. WORMWOOD falls to the floor in front of SERGEI]

SERGEI

Vy, skhavatit' ikh I privesti ikh zdes'.
YA budu zabolit'sya o nikh.

MATILDA

Pozhaluista... ne delai etogo. Oni moye
sem'ya!

[The mafia freeze, amazed.]

SERGEI

Vy govornite Rossii?

MATILDA

Da! Teper', pozhaluista ne povredit
moyei sem'e...

SERGEI

Matilda, who taught you how to speak
Russian?

MATILDA

Well, I taught myself I suppose. I was
reading Dostoyevsky and I just thought
it would be best to read it in the
language it was written in.

SERGEI

I am Sergei, it is truly an honour to
meet you Matilda Wormwood. Matilda, your
father has been stupid and rude to both,
yes? I could very easily have one of my
friends here teach him manners and one

day when he leaves hospital, he will still be stupid but not so rude anymore. I give this to you as a gift, what do you say?

MATILDA

This is a very temping offer. But he is my father and I'm his daughter. I think I've had enough of revenge.

22: PERHAPS A CHILD

SERGEI

THIS LITTLE GIRL
THIS MIRACLE
MATILDA

MAFIA MEMBERS

Da?

[MAFIA MEMBERS go to attack WORMWOOD FAMILY]

SERGEI

No! NOT DA, **MATILDA!**

MAFIA MEMBERS

WHAT? YOU SAY DA! DA!

SERGEI

Matil-**da!** Matil-**da!** NOT DA!

You're father is very, very stupid, he is also very, very, very, very lucky to have you has his daughter. Although if I happen to be doing business here again and I see him – he will not be so lucky.

[DON hods at MAFIA MEMBERS and they leave threateningly.]

MRS. WORMWOOD

Quick! Let's get out of here before they change their minds.

MR. WORMWOOD

But... what about the girl?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Oh!

MR. WORMWOOD

Do you want to stay? Here with Miss Honey?

MATILDA

Yes, yes I do.

MR. WORMWOOD

And you want to look after her?

MISS HONEY

I do.

22a: THEY HAD FOUND EACH OTHER

MR. WORMWOOD

Well, we are a bit short of room... So, yes...

MATILDA

Thank you.

[Awkward hug and then the WORMWOOD FAMILY exit]

MISS HONEY

And Matilda leapt into Miss Honey's arms.

MATILDA

And hugged her.

MISS HONEY

Oh! And Miss Honey hugged her back!

MRS. PHELPS

And they hardly noticed as the
Wormwoods...

RUDOLPHO (OFFSTAGE)

And Rudolpho!

MRS. PHELPS

They hardly noticed as the Wormwoods AND
RUDOLPHO sped away into the distance.

MISS HONEY

Because they had found each other.

MATILDA

Yes, they found each other.

*[Hand in hand, MISS HONEY and MATILDA walk downstage, before
together doing a playful cartwheel, and exiting.]*

23: BOWS

CURTAIN CALL

THE END.

