

SIDE A

MR. WORMWOOD

Everyone, gather round; I want my family to share in my triumph.

(to MATILDA)

Not you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

(MATILDA hovers, uninvited.)

MR. WORMWOOD

One hundred and fifty-five old bangers on my hands. How could I possibly make the mileage go back? I couldn't very well drive each one backwards could I?

MICHAEL

Backwards.

MR. WORMWOOD

When suddenly I had the most genius idea in the world! I grabbed a drill and, using my incredible mind, I attached the drill to the speedometer of the first car, turned it on and whacked it into reverse.

MICHAEL

Back... wards.

MR. WORMWOOD

Exactly! Within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage to practically nothing.

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MR. WORMWOOD

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Expensive suits, dark glasses-

MRS. WORMWOOD

Russians are nocturnal; I saw it on a program last night.

MATILDA

That was a program about badgers.

END

SIDE B

MR. WORMWOOD

In business, son, a man's hair is his greatest asset. Good hair means a good brain.

(MR. WORMWOOD removes the towel, revealing his hair is now bright green.)

(MRS. WORMWOOD and MATILDA enter.)

MRS. WORMWOOD

Your... hair! It's... It's... green!

(MRS. WORMWOOD holds up a mirror.)

MR. WORMWOOD

My hair's green!

MRS. WORMWOOD

Why on earth did you do that?

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?

(sudden thought)

I've got my deal today! The Russians... what am I going to do?

MATILDA

I know what you can do.

MR. WORMWOOD

What?

MATILDA

You could pretend you're an elf.

MR. WORMWOOD

What are you talking about you fool? The boy's a loony.

END

SIDE C

MRS. WORMWOOD

Who is it?

MISS HONEY

Oh, yes, um, hello, my name is Miss Honey. Matilda's teacher?

MRS. WORMWOOD

Bit busy right now...

MISS HONEY

It will only take a moment.

MRS. WORMWOOD

Oh, well, come in if you must.

(inviting MISS HONEY inside)

This is Rudolpho, he's my dance partner. We're rehearsing.

RUDOLPHO

Ciao *(chow)*.

MISS HONEY

Ah, parle Italiano? Bene.

(beat)

What?

RUDOLPHO

(to MRS. WORMWOOD)

Who is this, babe? You know what interruptions do to my energy flow.

MRS. WORMWOOD

What do you want, Miss Chutney?

MISS HONEY

It's Miss Honey. 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

(dancing)

I'm in the zone, doll. I can feel it in my hips. Don't waste this.

MRS. WORMWOOD

I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks. Good day.

END

SIDE D

MATILDA

And so the great day arrived.

(MATILDA)

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. Suddenly, out came the Escapologist.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... *(chord)* The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air *(chord)* With Dynamite In Her Hair *(chord)* Over Sharks And Spiky Objects *(chord)*, Caught By The Man Locked In The Cage... *(chord)* has been... cancelled.

MRS. PHELPS

No!

ESCAPOLOGIST

Cancelled because my wife is... pregnant.

MRS. PHELPS

So it has a happy ending?

MATILDA

No!

(MATILDA)

Just then the Acrobat's sister stepped forward and produced... a contract.

TRUNCHBULL *(from offstage)*

I have paid for the posters, publicity, the catering, the toilet facilities. Where is my profit? A contract is a contract. You will perform on this day or off to prison you both shall go!

MRS. PHELPS

No, no!

(MATILDA begins to exit.)

W-w-what happens next?

MATILDA

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

END

SIDE E

(TRUNCHBULL)

Well?

(They have no idea what she means.)

Come along, Bogtrotter.

BRUCE

What? Where?

TRUNCHBULL

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

BRUCE

What?

MISS HONEY

No, Miss Trunchbull please, you can't!

TRUNCHBULL

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

(The TRUNCHBULL storms back to BRUCE and grabs him by the wrist.)

BRUCE

No, please! Not that! Don't take me to chokey. Not that! Nooo!

(The TRUNCHBULL drags BRUCE out.)

MATILDA

That's not right!

END

SIDE F

TRUNCHBULL

(to MISS HONEY)

Sit.

(MISS HONEY sits.)

Miss Honey, you believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories. That is not teaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child.

(She blows a whistle. The KIDS march on, stop, silent. Pause.)

Quiet you maggots!!!

MISS HONEY

But no one was speaking, Miss Trunchbull.

TRUNCHBULL

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

LAVENDER

I'll get it Miss Trunchbull.

(LAVENDER gets up. She is hugely excited. She cannot help but give the audience a huge thumbs-up as she goes.)

TRUNCHBULL

Stupid girl.

(to the others)

Look at you. Flabby! Disgusting! Revolting! Revolting, I say! I think it's time we toughened you all up with a little... Phys-ed.

END

SIDE G

LAVENDER

Matilda, do all those brains in your head give you a headache? I mean it's got to hurt, all squished in there.

MATILDA

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

LAVENDER

Well, I'd better hang around just in case they start to squeeze out of your ears. I'm Lavender. And I think it's probably for the best if we're best friends.

(LAVENDER holds her hand out. They shake. NIGEL enters, panicked.)

NIGEL

Hide me! Someone poured a whole can of treacle onto Trunchbull's chair! Someone told her I did it and now she's after me!

MATILDA

That's not fair!

BIG KID 2

Once Agatha Trunchbull decides you're guilty you are squished.

END

SIDE H

NIGEL

Cat; C-A... F! Cat.

(TRUNCHBULL glares at him.)

I... I got it wrong, Miss. You have to put me in chokey too.

TRUNCHBULL

Whaaaat...?

ERIC

Dog; D-Y-P. Dog. And me.

AMANDA

Table; X-A-B-F-Y. And me.

TRUNCHBULL

What are you doing? What's going on? Stop this!

HORTENSIA

You can't put us all in chokey. Banana; G-T-A-A-B-L!

MATILDA

Bully; P-Y-T-L-F-D-R-V-S-W

END

Matilda Jr Monologues

TRUNCHBULL

How dare you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. You ought to be in prison! In the deepest dankest darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth. I shall crush you. Your father is a crook and so are you. Miss Honey has allowed her weakness and filth to permeate through this miserable collection of excuses for children and you, madam, standing there before me like the squirt of squids, are it's beating heart.

BRUCE

Okay! Look! All right! I stole the cake. And honestly, I was really, definitely, sort of, almost thinking about owning up. 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'd scoffed it down too quick, and now it was beginning to fight back. [His stomach growls.] Oops! See!

MATILDA

Yes. Well, I needed to learn to read words so that I could read sentences. Because basically a sentence is just a big bunch of words. And if you can't read sentences, you've got no chance with books.

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. And she keeps trying to tell me stories, Harry. Stories. Who wants stories? I mean, it's just not normal for a girl to be all . . . "thinking". Your father wants to escape this! What about me, then? I've 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 am 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

Would you please shut up? I am trying to pull off the biggest business deal of my life and I have to listen to this. It's your fault. You spend us into trouble and you expect me to get us out. What am I? A flaming escapologist? I'm gonna make us rich! Russian businessmen: very, very stupid! Your genius husband is going to sell them one hundred and fifty five old cars as brand-new luxury cars.[to MATILDA] And you with your stupid books and your stupid reading - get off to bed, you little bookworm.

MISS HONEY

I'm not strong like you, Matilda. My father died when I was young. Magnus was his name and he was very kind. But when he was gone, my aunt became my legal guardian. She was mean and cruel like you can hardly imagine. And then, when I got my job as a teacher, she presented me with a bill for looking after me all those years. And she made me sign a contract to pay her back every penny. She even produced a document that said my father had given her his entire house.

