

## Matilda Cast

MATILDA Abbie

MISS TRUNCBULL Katy

MISS HONEY Ella

MICHAEL Thomas

MR WORMWOOD Charlie

MRS WORMWOOD Polly

MRS PHELPS Dora

MRS EDGE/ BIG KIDS Olivia

MR SMITH /BIG KID Amaan

MRS SMITH/ BIG KID Cerys

MR JONES /BIG KID Luca

MRS JONES/ BIG KID Kiran

BRUCE Adam

COLLIN Lewis P

LAVENDER Rosy

PARTY ENTERTAINER Frankie

DOCTOR/ SERGEI Ollie

HORTENSIA Tori

TOMMY Joe

AMANDA Ellena

NIGEL Tom

ERIC Alfie

ALICE Ellie

BIG KID [TAMIKA) Iona

BIG KID [BEN) Alex

BIG KID [RYAN) Sammy

BIG KID [TAYLOR) Robbie

BIG KID (ROBERT) Lewis H

BIG KID (Sarah) Iara

MATILDA THE MUSICAL Act 1

SONG-

Revolting Children-3 classes

CHILD

Whooo-a!

Never again will she get the best of me.

Never again will she take away my freedom.

And we don't forget the day we fought -

CHILDREN

For the right to be a little bit naughty!

Never again -

CHILD

- will the Chokey door slam!

CHILDREN

Never again -

CHILD

- will I be bullied, and -

CHILDREN

Never again -

CHILD

- will I doubt it when -

CHILDREN

My mummy says I'm a miracle.

Never again!

*MATILDA walks over to MISS HONEY. They take each other by the hand and run off.*

CHILDREN

Never again will we live behind bars.

Never again now that we know we are

Revolting children,

Living in revolting times.

We sing revolting songs,

Using revolting rhymes.

We'll be revolting children

Till our revolting's done,

And we'll have the Trunchbull bolting -

We're revolting.

Aarrh!

We are revolting children,

Living in revolting times.

We sing revolting songs,

Using revolting rhymes.

We'll be revolting children

Till our revolting's done,

And we'll have the Trunchbull bolting -

We're revolting.

TOMMY

We will become a screaming hoard!

LAVENDER

Take out your hockey stick and use it as a sword!

CHILD

Never again will we be ignored!

HORTENSIA

We'll find out where the chalk is stored!

NIGEL

And draw rude pictures on the board!

ALICE

It's not insulting!

CHILDREN

We're revolting!

We can S - P - L how we like.

If enough of us are wrong,

Wrong is right.

Every one N - O - R - T - why?

'Cause we're a little bit naughty!

So we got to stay inside the line.

If we disobey at the same time,

There is nothing that the Trunchbull can do.

CHILD

She can take her hammer and S - H - U -

CHILDREN

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 -

CHILD

Revolting times!

CHILDREN

We'll S - I - N - G -

CHILD

Songs!

CHILDREN

U - S - I - N - G -

CHILD

Rhymes!

CHILDREN

We'll be R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N - G.

It is 2L84U.

We R - E - volting.

*OLDER KIDS start jumping in from off the stage and join the CHILDREN.*

CHILDREN and OLDER KIDS

We are revolting children,

Living in revolting times.

We sing revolting songs,

Using revolting rhymes.

We'll be revolting children

Till our revolting's done.

It is 2L84U.

*The next three verses overlap.*

[CHILDREN

We are revolting children,

Living in revolting times.

We sing revolting songs,

Using revolting rhymes.

We'll be revolting children

Till our revolting's done.

OLDER KIDS

We R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N.

We'll S - I - N - G,

U - S - I - N - G.

We'll be R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N - G.

CHILD

Never again will she get the best of me.

Whooo-a!

Down, down, down, down.]

CHILDREN and OLDER KIDS

It is 2L84U.

We are revolting!

ACT 1

A bell rings. Lights up. A long table with the word "Birthday" emblazoned on it moves forward, with little hands creeping along the bottom. The table stops and the hands hit the ground.

The children begin to pop up from behind the table and speak. They are all dressed in costume: Eric as Batman, Tommy as the Incredible Hulk, Lavender as a Princess, Nigel as Spiderman, Bruce in army gear, Amanda as Superwoman, Alice as Wonder Woman, Hortensia as a queen, Collin as a soldier.

TOMMY

My daddy says I'm his special little guy!

NIGEL

My mummy says I'm a miracle!

AMANDA  
I am a princess!

BRUCE  
And I am a prince.

GIRLS  
Mum says I'm an angel sent down from the sky!

ERIC  
My daddy says I'm his special little soldier.  
No one is as handsome, strong as me.

COLLIN  
But I'm his little soldier.  
Hup, two, four, free.

ALICE  
My mummy says I'm a miracle,  
One look at my face and it's plain to see.

HORTENSIA  
  
Ever since the day I was born,  
It's been clear there's no comparison for a miracle like me.

NIGEL  
My daddy says I'm his special little soldier.  
No one is as bold or tough as me.

TOMMY  
  
Has my daddy told ya  
One day when I'm older,  
I can be a soldier

*A party entertainer enters with balloons.*

PARTY ENTERTAINER  
One can hardly move for beauty and brilliance these days.  
It seems that there are millions of these "one in a millions" these days.  
Specialness is de rigueur.  
Above average is average. Go fig-ueur!  
Is it some modern miracle of calculus  
That such frequent miracles don't render each one un-miraculous?

LAVENDER  
My mummy says I'm a precious barrelina.  
She has never seen - a!  
Prettier barrelin-a!

Four COUPLES, crouched down behind the table, begin to stand and speak.

COUPLE 1  
MRS EDGE: Take another picture of our angel from this angle over here.  
She is clearly more emotionally developed than her peers.  
What a dear!

COUPLE 2

MRS SMITH: That's right, honey. Look at mummy.

MR SMITH: Don't put honey on your brother.

MRS SMITH: Smile for mummy! Smile for mother!

MR SMITH: I think he blinked.

MRS SMITH: Well, take another!

COUPLE 3

MR JONES: Have you seen his school report? He got a C on his report!

ALL COUPLES: What?

MRS JONES: We'll have to change his school. The teacher's clearly falling short.

COUPLE 1

MRS SMITH: She's just delightful.

MRS SMITH: So hilarious.

MR SMITH: And insightful.

MR JONES: Might she be a little brighter than her class?

MRS JONES: Oh, yes, she's definitely advanced!

TOMMY: You can be all cynical,

LAVENDER: But it's a truth empirical.

CHILDREN: There's never been such a miracle, a miracle, a miracle  
As me.

"5 YEARS AGO"

MRS WORMWOOD

Look, is this gonna take much longer, doctor? I've 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

Of course I am. I always compete, doctor.

DOCTOR

I think we should have a talk.

*MRS WORMWOOD walks out from behind the curtain, heavily pregnant.*

MRS WORMWOOD

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

DOCTOR

Mrs Wormwood, do you really have no idea?

MRS WORMWOOD

Gas?

DOCTOR

Mrs Wormwood, I want you to think very carefully. What do you think might be the cause of - this?

*MRS WORMWOOD gasps.*

MRS WORMWOOD

Am I . . . Am I . . . Look, am I fat?

DOCTOR

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.

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?

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 wonderful new person is about to come into your life to bring love, and magic, and happiness, and wonder!

*MRS WORMWOOD walks back behind the curtain.*

DOCTOR  
Every life I bring into this world  
Restores my faith in human kind.

Each newborn life a canvas yet unpainted,  
This still, unbroken skin,  
This uncorrupted mind.

*BABY BORN*

DOCTOR  
And yet every single life,  
Every new life  
Is a miracle!!

MR WORMWOOD enters,

MR WORMWOOD  
Where is he? Where's my son? Oh, my word, he's an ugly little thing.

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

*MR WORMWOOD unwraps the blanket that the baby is swathed in.*

MR WORMWOOD  
Oh, my good Lord. What an ugly boy!

DOCTOR  
Mr Wormwood! This child is a girl. A beautiful, beautiful little girl.

*The DOCTOR exits and MR WORMWOOD hurries after him.*

MRS WORMWOOD

This is the worst day of my life!

DOCTOR  
Miracle!

MRS WORMWOOD  
Horrible -

DOCTOR  
Miracle!

MRS WORMWOOD  
Smelly little -

DOCTOR  
The most beautiful miracle I have ever seen!

*CHILDREN ENTER*

AMANDA  
My mummy says I'm a miracle.

ALICE  
My daddy says I'm his special little girl.

DOCTOR  
And yet, every single life,  
Every new life  
Is a miracle!

*The group sets off party poppers down the line. MATILDA ENTERS*

**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.

*MR WORMWOOD kicks her out of the way. The scene switches to the Wormwood's living room. MATILDA's brother, MICHAEL, lies lazily on a recliner. MATILDA sits to the side, reading a book.*

MR WORMWOOD  
Get out of it! Yes, sir. That's right, sir. One hundred and fifty-five brand new luxury cars, sir. Are they good runners? Oh, let's put it this way. You wouldn't beat them in a race! [He laughs then peters out.] No, sir. Yes, sir. They are good runners, sir. Yes, sir. Indeed, sir. So, erm . . . How much, exactly are we talking about?

*MRS WORMWOOD enters and screams.*

MRS WORMWOOD  
Harry!

MR WORMWOOD  
[to the phone] Hang on.

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 the best of times. It was the worst of times. It was the age of wisdom . . ."

*MRS WORMWOOD screams again.*

MR WORMWOOD

Stop scaring your mother with that book, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MRS WORMWOOD

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".

MR WORMWOOD

*[to the phone]* I'm gonna call you straight back. *[to MRS 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?

MRS WORMWOOD

I've got a whole house to look after! Dinners don't microwave themselves, you know! 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

But I'm gonna make us rich!

MRS WORMWOOD

Rich? How rich?

MR WORMWOOD

Oh, very rich. Russian businessmen: very, very stupid! Your genius husband is going to sell them one 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

"Fair." Listen to the boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MR WORMWOOD

"Fair" does not get you anywhere, you thick headed twit-brain! All I can say is, thank heavens Michael has inherited his old man's brains, eh, son?

MICHAEL

*[dully]* Michael.

MRS WORMWOOD

Hmm. Well, I shall take your 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

This is your fault. With your stupid books and your stupid reading.

MATILDA

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

MR WORMWOOD

"Right"? [He laughs.] "Right"? I'll tell you something. You're off to school in a few days' time. And you won't be getting "right" there, oh no. See, I know your headmistress. Agatha Trunchbull. And I've told her all about you and your smarty-pants ideas. Great, big, strong, scary woman she is. Used to compete in the Olympics, throwing the hammer! Imagine what she is going to do to a horrible, squeaky little goblin like you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MR WORMWOOD

Now, get off to bed, you little bookworm.

MR WORMWOOD exits while MATILDA opens a book.

MATILDA

Jack and Jill went up the hill  
To fetch a pail of water.  
So they say.  
The subsequent fall was inevitable.  
They never stood a chance.  
They were written that way:  
Innocent victims of their story.

Like Romeo and Juliet,  
'Twas 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 okay,  
And that's not right.  
And if it's not right,  
You have to put it right.

*MATILDA picks up various bottles from the vanity and reads from their labels.*

Platinum blonde hair dye. Extra strong. Keep out of reach of children. Hmm.  
Oil of Violets hair tonic. For men. Yep!

*MATILDA starts pouring the hair dye into the Oil of Violets bottle.*

MATILDA

In the slip of a bolt, there's a tiny revolt.  
The seed 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 -

ALL

'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 okay,  
And that's not right.  
And if it's not right,  
You have to put it right . . .

*[She re-enters her bedroom and jumps onto the bed.]*

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!

*MR WORMWOOD, towel wrapped about his shoulder, enters the bathroom with MICHAEL.*

MR WORMWOOD

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

MICHAEL

Secrets.

MR WORMWOOD

Yes. Yes. Secrets. The secret to my success is this. Oil of Violets hair tonic for men. Stand back, son! Your old man is going to work. *[He pulls the towel over his head and starts massaging vigorously].* Oh, yeah. Oh, that's where it's at! Oh, right. That's the bananas right there. *[He rips the towel off to reveal that his hair is green.]* Let me tell you something, son. A man in business simply cannot fail to get noticed when he looks like this.

MICHAEL

Secrets!

MRS WORMWOOD enters and screams.

MRS WORMWOOD

Your hair! It's . . . green!

MR WORMWOOD

Good Lord, woman, have you started already? It's not even eight thirty!

*MATILDA enters from her bedroom. MR WORMWOOD takes a mirror that MRS WORMWOOD brandishes.*

MR WORMWOOD

Oh! My hair is green!

MRS WORMWOOD

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

MR WORMWOOD

I don't want green hair. I didn't do anything! Oh, my hair! Oh, my lovely hair! Oh, my good Lord. I've got my deal today with the Russians. What am I gonna do?

MATILDA

I know. I know what you can do.

MR WORMWOOD

What? What is it? What can I do?

**MATILDA**

You can pretend you're an elf!

**MR WORMWOOD**

Yes! That's it! I can pretend I'm an . . . What are you talking about? You fool! The boy's a looney.

*MR WORMWOOD and MICHAEL exit. MRS WORMWOOD brushes past MATILDA with a sound of utter disgust.*

**MATILDA**

Mum, would you like to hear a story?

**MRS WORMWOOD**

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

*MRS WORMWOOD exits. MATILDA collects her books. The scene changes to the library. MISS HONEY is browsing the stacks. MRS PHELPS enters.*

**MRS PHELPS**

Matilda! What a pleasure to see you. Here in the library again, are we?

**MATILDA**

Yes. I mean, my mum wanted me to stay at 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**

Your parents must be so proud to have a girl as clever as you.

**MISS HONEY**

Good-bye, Mrs Phelps. See you next week.

**MRS PHELPS**

Good-bye, Miss Honey.

*MISS HONEY exits down the stairs at the front of the stage.*

**MATILDA**

Who was that?

**MRS PHELPS**

That lady? That was Miss Honey. She's going to be your teacher.

**MATILDA**

That lady? That lady is my -

**MRS PHELPS**

Yes, your teacher.

**MATILDA**

Right well I should get going. Bye, Mrs Phelps! See you tomorrow!

**MRS PHELPS**

After your first day of school!

*MRS PHELPS exits, the scene changes to Crunchem Hall Academy. MATILDA's classmates enter hesitantly from the front of the stage.*

**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 . . .

*BIG KIDS enter menacingly.*

ALICE

Mum says I'm an angel . . .

AMANDA

Mum says I'm an angel . . .

COLLIN

Mum says I'm an angel . . .

*BIG KIDS approach and start grabbing the CHILDREN.*

BIG KIDS

And so you think you're able  
To survive this mess by being a prince or a princess.  
You will soon see there's no escaping tragedy.  
And even if you put in heaps of effort,  
You're just wasting energy,  
'Cause your life as you know it is ancient history.  
I have suffered in this jail.  
Have been trapped inside this cage for ages,  
This living 'ell.  
But if I try I can remember,  
Back before my life had ended,  
Before my happy days were over,  
Before I first heard the pealing of the bell.  
Like you, I was curious,  
So innocent I asked a thousand questions.  
But unless you want to suffer, listen up  
And I will teach you a thing or two.  
You listen here, my dear,  
You'll be punished so severely if you step out of line.  
And if you cry it will be double.  
You should stay out of trouble  
And remember to be extremely careful.

NIGEL

Why?

BIG KIDS

Why?

BIG KID [ROBERT]

Why? Did you hear what he said?

BIG KIDS

Just you wait for phys-ed!

CHILDREN

What's phys-ed?

BIG KIDS

Physical education!

**BIG KID [BEN]**

It's the Trunchbull's speciality.

*The CHILDREN reach out from behind the gate as the BIG KIDS carry them away.*

**ALICE**

My mummy says I'm a miracle.

Ahh!

**BRUCE**

My daddy says I would be the teacher's pet!

Ahh!

**LAVENDER**

School is really fun, according to my mum.

Ahh!

**AMANDA COLLIN and ERIC**

Dad said I'd learn the alphabet!

**BIG KID [BEN]**

The alphabet? You've gotta learn to listen up, kid.

**OLDER KIDS**

And so you think you're A-ble

To survive this mess by Being a prince or a princess.

You will soon (C) see there's no escaping tragedY.

And Even if you put in heaps of eFfort,

You're just wasting enerGy,

'Cause your life as you know it is "aitchH"-ent history.

I have suffered in this Jail,

I've been trapped inside this (K) cage for ages,

This living 'eLl.

But if I try I can remeMber,

Back before my life had eNded,

Before my happy days were Over,

Before I first heard the Pealing of the bell.

Like you, I was (Q) curious,

So innocent I (R) asked a thousand questions,

But unlesS you want to suffer, listen up

And I will Teach you a thing or two.

YoU listen here, my dear,

You'll be punished so 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 eXtremely careful.

**ERIC**

Why?

**BIG KIDS**

Why?

**BIG KID [BEN]**

Why? Why? Did you hear what we said?

**BIG KIDS**

Just you wait for phys-ed! Just you wait for phys-ed.

**BIG KIDS and CHILDREN**

**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**

**Why, why, why, why, why, why, why?**

**BIG KIDS**

**Just you wait for phy-Zed!**

*The BIG KIDS exit and MISS HONEY enters.*

**MISS HONEY**

Good morning, children! My name is Miss Honey. And today is a very special day: your first day of school! Now, do any of you know any of your two times tables?

**MATILDA** raises her hand.

**MISS HONEY**

Wonderful. 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**

Well, my word . . .

**MATILDA**

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

**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 could tell me what two times twenty-eight is?

**MATILDA**

Fifty-six.

**MISS HONEY.**

Yes. Yes! That is v- . . . How about this. Now, 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 -

**MATILDA**

Nine hundred and seventy-four.

**MISS HONEY**

Twelve sevens?

**MATILDA**

Eighty-four.

**CHILDREN**

No way! [*They start chattering.*]

**MISS HONEY**

Let's leave maths for the time being . . . and look at reading. Now, can anyone read this?

*MATILDA, LAVENDER, and NIGEL raise their hands.*

NIGEL

Ooh, me, me, me, miss! I can! Me, me, me, me.

MISS HONEY

Very well. Nigel.

*NIGEL leans forward in concentration and groans in agony several times. He screams and turns around, hitting ERIC's cap against ERIC's desk. He bites the cap, screaming through his teeth. MISS HONEY hurries to pull the cap from NIGEL's mouth.*

MISS HONEY

Okay. Yes, yes. I think we'd better leave it there, Nigel. We don't want to burst a blood vessel on your first day. Lavender?

LAVENDER

Is the first word . . . "tomato"?

MISS HONEY

No. But "tomato" is a very good word.

LAVENDER

Yesss!

MISS HONEY

Matilda?

MATILDA

"I can read words."

MISS HONEY

So, Matilda. You can read words.

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.

*MISS HONEY beckons MATILDA to the back of the class.*

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 . . . in . . . in a week. My, my, that is good. Er, what books did you read?

MATILDA

Nicholas Nickleby . . . Oliver Twist . . . Jane Eyre . . . Tess of the D'urbervilles . . . The Lord of the Rings . . . Kim . . . The Invisible Man . . . The Secret Garden . . . Crime and Punishment . . . and . . . Cat in the Hat!

*The school bell rings and all the children march out. The desks descend into the ground. MISS TRUNCHBULL's office, complete with her in a high-backed chair (facing the back of the stage) is wheeled in. MISS HONEY faces the audience and raises her fist.*

**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.

MISS HONEY knocks three times and winces.

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Enter!

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

MISS HONEY  
Yes. Yes. Yes, Miss Trunchbull. There's, erm . . . In . . . In . . . In my class, that is, er, there is a little girl called Matilda Wormwood. And -

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Daughter of Mr Harry Wormwood who owns Wormwood Motors. Excellent man. Told me to watch out for the brat, though; says she's a real wart.

MISS HONEY  
Oh no, Headmistress. I don't believe Matilda's that kind of child at all.

MISS TRUNCHBULL turns off the screens with a remote and wheels around, holding a magnifying glass.

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
What is the school motto, Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY  
"Bambinatum est magitum."

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
"Bambinatum est magitum." Children are maggots! In fact, 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. [She turns the screens back on.]

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Nonsense. Haven't I just told you that she is a gangster?

MISS HONEY  
She knows her times tables.

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
So she's learned a few tricks.

MISS HONEY  
Oh, but she can read!

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
So can I!

MISS HONEY  
I have to tell you, Headmistress, that in . . . in . . . in my opinion, this little girl should be placed in the top form with the eleven-year-olds!

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
What? But she is a squib. A shrimp. An unhatched tadpole. We cannot simply place her in the top form with the eleven-year-olds. What kind of society would that be? What about rules, Honey? Rules?

MISS HONEY

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

An exception. To the rules. In my school?

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?

[She stands and approaches MISS HONEY menacingly, towering over her.]

Do you think in that moment, when my big moment came,

That I treated the rules with casual disdain?

Well? Like hell!

As I stepped up to the circle, did I change my plan?

Hm? What?

As a 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 practiced 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

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. Two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL and CHILDREN

If you want to throw the hammer for your country.

BIG KIDS

Bambinatum est magitum.

MISS TRUNCHBULL and CHILDREN

You have to stay inside the circle -

MISS TRUNCHBULL

- all the time.

BIG KIDS

Circulum, maggitum, maggitum.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

And if you want to teach success,

You don't use sympathy or tenderness.

CHILDREN and BIG KIDS

Tenderness.

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**

You have to force the little squits to toe the line!

*[She grabs a baton with a ribbon attached to it and starts twirling to the music.]*

Sing, Jenny! Two, three, four!

**MISS HONEY, BIG KIDS, and CHILDREN**

If you want to throw the hammer for your country,

**BIG KIDS**

Bambinatum! Bambinatum! Gloria Magitum!

**MISS HONEY, BIG KIDS, and CHILDREN**

You have to stay inside the circle all the time.

**BIG KIDS**

Circulum est Deus! Deus!

**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!

*[She throws the baton across the stage, does a jeté to catch it, and points her finger at MISS HONEY.]*

Now get out.

**MISS HONEY**

I have to tell you, Headmistress, that it is my intention to help this little girl. Whether you like it or not.

*MISS HONEY exits off the front of the stage. The scene changes to the Wormwood's living room. MRS WORMWOOD and MICHAEL down sit in armchairs. MATILDA sits down reading a book. MR WORMWOOD paces the stage.*

**MR WORMWOOD**

Stupid, nasty, stinking, slimy . . . Great, big, question-asking . . . How dare they speak to me like that! Who do they think they are?

**MRS WORMWOOD**

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 that these cars were all knackered. I told them, I said, "Hey. The reason the mileage is so high is a manufacturing mistake."

**MATILDA**

Is that true?

**MR WORMWOOD**

Of course it's not true.

**MATILDA**

So you lied?

**MR WORMWOOD**

Of 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 runs over and grabs MATILDA's book.*

MR WORMWOOD

What's this? Another flaming book? What's wrong with the telly?

MRS WORMWOOD

She's got no respect, that one. With her, it's all "books" and "stories".

MATILDA

Oh, no, it's a lovely book. Honest. You should read it. I'm sure you'd -

MR WORMWOOD

"Lovely"? Here's what I think of your lovely - [He starts pulling at the book as though to tear it apart.]

MATILDA

No, it's a library book! It's from the library!

*Finally, he grabs an individual page in glee.*

MR WORMWOOD

Look what I've just found! Look at that! They're individual!

*He rips out several pages and throws them dramatically on the ground.*

MR WORMWOOD

Now, get out of here, you little stink worm! [to MICHAEL] Get up, boy.

MICHAEL gets up and MR WORMWOOD sits down on his recliner. MICHAEL sits on his lap. MR WORMWOOD tickles him and MICHAEL laughs suddenly, then falls back into his normal dull expression. MATILDA collects the remains of her book.

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.

[She puts the book in the cupboard and hurries to the hat rack with a bottle reading "sooper gloo". She uses the umbrella to bring down the hat and starts lining it with glue.]

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 okay,  
And that's not right!

*MATILDA hides the glue behind her back as MR WORMWOOD enters. She holds the hat out to him. He takes it and squashes it firmly down onto his head.*

MR WORMWOOD

I've got my eye on you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

*MR WORMWOOD exits. CHILDREN and BIG KIDS run in, creating pandemonium. Eventually, they quieten down, but LAVENDER continues to jump up in down next to MATILDA, who is reading.*

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, it's fine. I think they just - fit.

LAVENDER

Right. Well, I'd better hang around just in case. If they start to squееeeze out of your ears, you're going to need help. *[She holds her hand out to MATILDA, who takes it.]* I'm Lavender, and I think it's probably for the best if we're best friends!

*NIGEL runs in up the steps stage left, screaming.*

NIGEL

Hide me! Someone poured a whole can of syrup onto Trunchbull's chair. She sat down, and when she got up . . . her knickers stayed stuck to the seat! Someone told her I did it, but I never! And now she's after me!

MATILDA

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

BIG KID (BEN)

You're done, kid. You're -

BIG KID (SARAH)

Finished!

BIG KID [RYAN]

Once Agatha Trunchbull decides you're guilty, you're -

BIG KID (TAYLOR)

Squished!

BIG KID [TAMIKA]

Yesterday, she caught Julius Rottwinkle eating a gobstopper during science. She just picked him up, swung him around, and threw him out the -

BIG KID (ROBERT)

Window!

MATILDA

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

NIGEL

Oh, Matilda! They say she's going to put me in Chokey!

MATILDA

What . . . What's Chokey?

COLLIN

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.

BIG KID (TAMIKA)

There's a place you are sent if you haven't been good,

BIG KID [BEN]

And it's made of spikes and wood.

BIG KID (RYAN)

And it isn't wide enough to sit.

BIG KID [TAYLOR]

And even if you could,

BIG KID (ROBERT)

There are nails on the bottom,

BIG KID [TAYLOR]

So you wish you'd -

BIG KID (BEN)

Stood!

When the hinges creak and the door is closed,

You cannot see squat -

BIG KID [TAMIKA]

Not the end of your nose.

BIG KID (TAYLOR)

And when you scream, you don't know if the sound came out,

Or if the scream in your head even reached your mouth!

Auuurrrgh!

MATILDA

All right. [to Nigel] When did this happen?

NIGEL

Twenty minutes ago. But, why?

*From offstage, MISS TRUNCHBULL blows on her whistle.*

NIGEL

Oh, no, she's coming!

MATILDA

You'd better hide! Quick, jackets!

*NIGEL lies down on the ground. The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS take off their blazers and throw them on top of him. They line up at the back of the stage. MISS TRUNCHBULL runs in, blowing on her whistle, and chases ERIC down until he is pulled into formation by two BIG KIDS.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[to MATILDA] You! Where is the maggot known as Nigel?

MATILDA

He's over there, under those coats.

*The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS hang their heads. MISS TRUNCHBULL walks heavily toward the coats.*

MATILDA

Where 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 falling suddenly asleep, often without knowing, or any warning at all. You see, he fell asleep, and we put him under the coats for safety. Didn't we? Didn't we?!

CHILDREN and BIG KIDS

Yes!

BIG KID [RYAN]

Narcolopsy!

MATILDA

He'll probably think he's in bed when he wakes up.

NIGEL sits up, yawning and stretching.

NIGEL

Is it time for school yet, mum? Hello! What am doing here? Well, this isn't my room at all! Oh, hello, Miss Trunchbull.

*Angrily, MISS TRUNCHBULL looks from NIGEL to MATILDA and back.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Amanda Thripp.

*The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS step back, leaving AMANDA in a spotlight.*

AMANDA

Yes, Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What have I told you about wearing pigtails? I hate pigtails!

*MISS TRUNCHBULL hurries over to AMANDA. The BIG KIDS and CHILDREN scurry away.*

AMANDA

But my mummy likes them! She says they make me look pretty!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Then your mummy is a twit!

*MISS TRUNCHBULL grabs AMANDA by the pigtails and swings her around and around. The stage goes black. When lights come up again, AMANDA is gone. The BIG KIDS and CHILDREN take up various positions around the stage and audience, pointing in every which way. The announcer from MISS TRUNCHBULL's videos starts commentating. Flashbulbs go off. A spotlight searches the theater. All the while, AMANDA's screams get louder.*

BIG KID

Here she comes!

*AMANDA stands up and screams in triumph. MISS TRUNCHBULL flails victoriously, then starts blowing her whistle. The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS line up again.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[to MATILDA] You! What is your name?

MATILDA

Matilda. Matilda Wormwood.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

So you're Wormwood, are you? I might have known. Well, Matilda Wormwood. You have just made a very big mistake. [Daintily, straightening her collar, MISS TRUNCHBULL exits off the front of the stage.]

LAVENDER

Just so you all know, she's my best friend!

BIG KIDS and CHILDREN

Wow!

*BIG KIDS and CHILDREN run off. Spangly ribbons are strung across the stage. MR WORMWOOD enters*

MR WORMWOOD

Brand new stock, sir! Oh, yes. Completely different cars, sir. Green hair? Yeah, it was, er - [He gestures to the lackey.] - National Green Hair Day! A celebration of all the wonderful green things in the world, like, er, oh, like lettuce, and snot.

Tomorrow at one? Absolutely, sir! Yeah. Bye-bye, sir. Dosvedoo-dah. [He throws the phone to the lackey.] Now, that is how you do it! [He tries and fails to pull his hat off, tugging on it several times.] Hat seems to be, er . . . [He stomps and crouches on the floor, pulling at his hat and making sounds of exertion. He flails around the stage.] Oh, my head! [He finally gives up and straightens up casually.] I think I'm gonna keep this on. Looks like rain.

MR WORMWOOD grabs his suitcase and exits. The scene changes to the Wormwood's living room. MISS HONEY enters and knocks.

MRS WORMWOOD

Who is it?

MISS HONEY

Oh, er, hello. It's Miss Honey. Matilda's teacher?

MRS WORMWOOD

Bit busy right now!

MISS HONEY

Oh, it will only take a moment.

MRS WORMWOOD

Oh, come in if you must.

MISS HONEY enters and turns away in shock.

MISS HONEY

Her mind is incredible. With a little help from us, she could go to university before she

MRS WORMWOOD

Mind? Her mind? You really don't know anything, do you?

*MISS HONEY is left in a pile stage right.*

MISS HONEY

Stop being pathetic, Jenny. Just get on your feet, Jenny.

You are going to march in there and give them a piece of your mind.

*Matilda enters*

MISS HONEY

Matilda? Could I speak to you for a moment, please? I'm afraid I've not been too successful in getting others to recognize your . . . abilities. So, starting tomorrow, I shall bring a selection of very clever books that I think will challenge your mind. And 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?

*MATILDA stares up at her for several long seconds. She then steps forward and hugs MISS HONEY tightly.*

MISS HONEY

Matilda, that . . . That is the biggest hug in the world. [She wraps her hands around MATILDA.] You're going to hug all the air out of me.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Matilda Wormwood! Matilda Wormwood!

*MISS HONEY steps away from MATILDA as MISS TRUNCHBULL enters by the blackboard.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Where is Ma-

*MATILDA holds up her hand.*

MATILDA



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! *[She takes MATILDA by the wrist and leads her to ERIC's desk.]* A denizen of the underworld! A member of the mafia! *[She shoves ERIC out of his seat so MATILDA can stand on his desk.]*

ERIC

Ah!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

This morning, you sneaked like a serpent into the kitchen and stole a slice of my private chocolate cake from my tea tray.

MATILDA

No, I did not!

MISS HONEY

*[placatingly]* Miss Trunchbull. Matilda's been here all morning.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Standing up for the little spit-ball, are you? Well, this crime took place before school started. And therefore, she is guilty!

*The room freezes as MISS TRUNCHBULL starts to write the word "GUILTY" on the board. There is a spotlight on BRUCE as he begins to talk.*

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!

*BRUCE turns back around and the scene unfreezes. MISS TRUNCHBULL finishes writing the word "GUILTY" on the board.*

MATILDA

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You are guilty, because 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, child. You shall be . . . You shall be destroyed.

*BRUCE turns around and burps for a full ten seconds. The CHILDREN thrash in their seats. The scene freezes again for BRUCE to talk.*

BRUCE

It was the biggest burp I had ever done. It was the biggest burp I had ever heard. The biggest burp I had ever heard about! It was like the entire world went silent for that burp to exist.

*A purple spotlight starts to make its way from Bruce across the classroom.*

BRUCE

As a huge cloud of chocolate-y gas wafted from my mouth and drifted across the class. Past Lavender. Past Alice. Past Matilda. And then, my great, big, beautiful chocolate-y burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull!

*The scene unfreezes. MISS TRUNCHBULL grimaces as the purple spotlight leaves her. The CHILDREN, save BRUCE, but including MISS HONEY, hide under the desks. MISS TRUNCHBULL sniffs and licks the air. She then sniffs her way*

*across the room, following the former path of the spotlight. She stops in triumph.*

**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 -

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**

Oh, no, 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**

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 . . .

*The cook enters, holding an enormous chocolate cake on a tray, along with a wooden spoon. She puts it down on the desk behind BRUCE. She exits, not before scratching her behind and wiping her nose.*

**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 have thought of that before he made a pact with Satan and decided to steal my cake!

*[sometimes, to be in time with the music: Well? Come on!]*

Eat!

**CHILDREN**

He can't!

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Eat!

CHILDREN  
He surely can't!

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Eat!

CHILDREN  
He might explode!

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Eat!!

MISS TRUNCHBULL strides to the board. Over the course of the song, she writes on the board: "Copy one million times by tomorrow. I am FULL when and only when the Headmistress says I am FULL. I am GUILTY when the Headmistress says I am GUILTY."

CHILDREN  
A single 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.

CHILDREN 1  
He can't!

CHILDREN 2  
He can!  
Bruce!

CHILDREN 1  
He surely can't!  
He surely can't!

CHILDREN 2  
You are the man,  
Bruce!

CHILDREN 1  
He might explode!

CHILDREN 2  
He's quite elastic . . .

CHILDREN 1  
He's going to blow. Make him stop!

CHILDREN 2  
He's fantastic! Look at him go!

CHILDREN 1  
I can't watch!

CHILDREN  
I think in effect,  
This must confirm, Bruce,  
What we all suspected.

You have a worm,  
Bruce!  
Or maybe your largeness  
Is like the TARDIS:  
Considerably roomier inside.

CHILDREN 1  
He can't!

CHILDREN 2  
He can!

CHILDREN 1  
He surely can't!  
He surely can't!

CHILDREN 2  
You are the man,  
Bruce!

CHILDREN  
B-R-O-O-C-E!  
Bruce!  
You'll never again be subject to abuse for your immense caboose.  
She'll 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 it it too!

The time has come to put that tumbly-tum to use.  
No excuse, Bruce.  
Let out your belt. I think you'll want your trousers loose.

Oh -  
Stuff it in. (Bruce!) You're almost finished. (Bruce!)  
You'll fit it in.  
Whatever you do, just don't give in.  
Don't let her win.  
Come on, Bruce, be our hero.  
Cover yourself in chocolate glory!

BRUCE  
It's too much! It's just too much!

MATILDA  
Go on, Bruce. Do it.

MISS TRUNCHBULL  
Silence!

*BRUCE wilts by the desk. LAVENDER puts the wooden spoon back in his hand. He drops it again. Then after several seconds, he picks it up and returns to the cake with renewed vigour.*

CHILDREN  
Oh -  
Bruce!  
You'll never again be subject to abuse for your immense caboose.  
She'll call a truce, Bruce.  
Just one more bite and you'll've completely cooked her goose.  
We never thought it was possible,

But here it is, coming true:  
We can have our cake and eat it -

Ah-ah-aah-ah  
Ah-ah-aah-ah  
Ah-ah-aah-ah  
Ah-ah-aah-ah

CHILDREN and MISS HONEY  
Ah!

MISS HONEY jumps up and down with joy.

MISS HONEY

Go on, Brucey! Yeah! Yes! *[She pauses and realizes what she has done, and slowly lowers her hands.]* Sorry, Miss Trunchbull. I got carried away.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

That's all right, Jenny. We all get carried away sometimes. Even me. *[Looking irritated, she makes her way to BRUCE's side.]* Well done, Bogtrotter. Good show. *[She exits down the steps and stops behind the first portion of the audience.]* Well? Come along, 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!

BRUCE

What?!

MISS HONEY

No. No, Miss Trunchbull. Please. You can't.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Yes, Miss Trunchbull, please, you can! Do you think I would allow myself to be defeated by these maggots, do you? Who do you think I am, Miss Honey? A weakling? An idiot? A fool? You?

MISS HONEY

He's eaten it all. He did what you asked.

MISS TRUNCHBULL takes BRUCE by the wrist and leads him off the front of the stage.

BRUCE

I did! I ate the lot! Please! No! No, not there! Don't take me to Chokey! Please! No! No!

MATILDA

That's not right!

Lights down.

**MATILDA THE MUSICAL**  
**ACT 2**

*When lights go up again, there are four swings hanging from the rafters. BRUCE and TOMMY sit on two of them. BRUCE is wearin a sign that says "I have been to CHOKEY." As the following song progresses, various CHILDREN and then BIG KIDS come down a slide at the back of the stage and take turns on the swings.*

**CHILD**

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.

**CHILD**

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.

**CHILD**

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.

And I will wake up  
When the sun comes up,  
And I will watch cartoons until my eyes go square -

**CHILDREN**

- And I won't care  
'Cause I'll be all grown up.  
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.

**BIG KIDS**

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 . . .

*The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS recline in various parts of the stage. MISS HONEY comes up the stairs by the side of the stage and sits down on a swing. MATILDA enters shortly after from the other side of the stage.*

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 . . .

*The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS start to dissipate.*

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 . . .  
[*She starts walking off stage.*]

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 okay,  
And that's not right!

MRS PHELPS

Matilda, how lovely to see you. Are you enjoying school?

MATILDA

Oh, yes. Bits of it, anyway. . . Mrs Phelps! Where's the REVENGE section?

MRS PHELPS

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

MATILDA

Oh, no. Not a *child*, exactly.

MRS PHELPS

What? Oh. Oh, yes. Of course. Matilda, you are so smart. Your parents must think they have won the lottery having a child like you.

MATILDA

Oh, yeah. Yeah, they do. They're always saying that, in fact. They say, "Matilda, we're so proud of you. You're like winning the lottery." . . . Yeah, I'd better go.

*MRS PHELPS exits and the book shelves part. The scene changes to the Wormwood's living room. MR WORMWOOD enters, dancing.*

MR WORMWOOD

I'm so clever, I'm so clever. I'm so very, very, very, very clever. I'm so very, flaming clever. What a very clever fellow I am!

MR WORMWOOD

Everyone, gather around. I want my family to share in my triumph. Not you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MR WORMWOOD

One hundred and fifty-five old bangers on my hands. All polished up, but the mileage on the car telling the truth: that each one was useless. 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 run into the workshop. I grab a drill. And using my incredible mind, I attach the drill to the speedometer of the first car. I turned it on. I whacked it into reverse.

MICHAEL

Backwards!

*MR WORMWOOD gives MICHAEL a high five.*

MR WORMWOOD

Yes, boy! Backwards! Backwards. Exactly. Within a few minutes, I had reduced the mileage on that old rust-bucket to practically nothing. I did it 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.

MRS WORMWOOD

And did it work?

*MR WORMWOOD shows her a suitcase full of money. MRS WORMWOOD screams.*

MRS WORMWOOD

Fantastico! Now I can afford new handbags

MATILDA

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



MRS WORMWOOD

What is the *matter* with you? What've we done to deserve a child like you?

*MR WORMWOOD throws down the suitcase. Behind him, the scene changes to MATILDA's bedroom.*

MR WORMWOOD

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

MATILDA

What? No! Please don't!

MR WORMWOOD

And if she does, I will have her fired! And you will never read another stinking book as long as you live. I will put an end to your stories, young man. [*He drags MATILDA by the wrist and throws her through the door to her room onto her bed.*] Now, get in there and stay in there, you nasty little creep!

*MR WORMWOOD slams the door and leaves. MATILDA lies face-down on her bed. She brings her fist down three times to great thundering sounds. Slowly, she looks up.*

*MISS HONEY enters holding a stack of books tied together.*

MISS HONEY

Matilda? I've got those books we spoke about, so you can just sit and read -

*MISS TRUNCHBULL starts blowing her whistle from off stage, then runs toward MISS HONEY and MATILDA. She is wearing a short skirt and a jumper. BRUCE scurries behind her, carrying a chair and wearing his "I have been to CHOKEY" sign. MISS TRUNCHBULL blows the whistle in MISS HONEY's face.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What are you doing with those books, woman?

MISS HONEY

[*tearfully*] They're . . . They're for Matilda!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

No, they are not. [*She grabs the books from MISS HONEY's hands.*] Not on my watch! [*She walks to stage left and shotputs the books into the wings, to the sound of breaking glass.*] 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! [*She takes the chair from BRUCE and brings it to the front corner of the stage.*] Only, Bogtrotter, here, is now a good toad. [*She slams the chair down.*] Sit!

*MISS HONEY sits in the chair. Quietly, MATILDA approaches BRUCE to see if he is all right.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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, you must first break the child. [*She blows her whistle and the CHILDREN, in gym uniforms, trot onto the stage and form a line with their hands on their heads.*] Quiet, you maggots!

MISS HONEY

No one was speaking, Miss Trunchbull.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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 starts jumping up and down.*

LAVENDER

Ooh, ooh! Me, me, me, me, me! I'll get it, Miss Trunchbull! [*She runs to the front of the stage, gives two thumbs up to the entire theatre, then runs off. MATILDA, in gym uniform, joins the others in line.*]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Stupid girl. And you. [*She goes down the line of CHILDREN.*] Flabby, disgusting, revolting! Revolting, I say! It's high time you were toughened up with a little . . . phys-ed. [*She blows her whistle and the children rush to arrange gym mats on the floor. ERIC has a little trouble pulling his out.*]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

This school, of late, has started reeking -

AMANDA

[*quietly*] Eric . . .

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[*to AMANDA*] Quiet, maggots, when I'm speaking!

*ERIC throws himself flat on his mat.*

*Most of the children fall to the ground, but MISS TRUNCHBULL sees that MATILDA is still standing.*

*Realising what she has done, MATILDA slowly lowers herself onto her mat.*

CHILDREN

One, two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The reek of insubordination.

CHILDREN

I can't take it anymore.

One, two, three, four.

MATILDA

That's not right.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Before the weed becomes too big and greedy,

You really need to nip it in the bud.

Position two!

[*She takes an inhaler from HORTENSIA and throws it into the wings.*]

The whiff of insurgence.

CHILDREN

One, two three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The stench of intent.

CHILDREN

One, two, three, four.

One, two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The odour of coup.

CHILDREN

One, two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The waft of anarchy in progress.

ERIC

Please, miss, please!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Imagine a world with no children.

Close your eyes and just dream.

Imagine - come on, try it -

The peace and the quiet.

A burbling stream.

*[She stands and jumps into a sitting position on the wooden platform.]*

ERIC

She's mad!

*LAVENDER runs on the stage with a jug of water, a cup, and a wriggling newt.*

LAVENDER

Look! The newt! Can you see? It's the newt! I've got the newt! I'm going to -

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Quiet!

*LAVENDER drops the newt into the water.*

MISS HONEY

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

*MISS TRUNCHBULL takes the jug and cup from LAVENDER.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

That is because you, Miss Honey, are pathetic. *[She takes a drink of water.]* You are wet. You are weak. *[She takes another drink.]* You are, in fact, a snivelling little -

*There is the sound of something dropping into her glass.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

- newt. Newt!

*MISS TRUNCHBULL puts the cup and jug down on the platform and scurries away from it. The children, except for ERIC, gather around, chatting excitedly.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Newt! There's a newt inside my -

MISS HONEY

Quiet, children, please! Quiet!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[*to ERIC*] You!

ERIC

No, not me! What? No! I didn't!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You did this, you vile, repulsive, malicious little sinner! [*She takes ERIC by one ear and drags him to one side.*]

ERIC

Stop! Stop!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

"Stop"? "Stop"? We were just getting started!

MISS HONEY

No, Miss Trunchbull, don't, please. You'll pull his ear 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 even now.

*MISS TRUNCHBULL grabs both of ERIC's ears and stretch them out several inches to the side.*

ERIC

Ow! Ow!

MISS HONEY

No, Miss Trunchbull, no!

MATILDA

Leave him alone! You big, fat, bully!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

How dare you. You are not fit to be at this school. 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!

*MISS TRUNCHBULL starts to rant and scream at the children, lumbering all over the stage. MATILDA stands near the front of the stage, looking anguished.*

*MISS TRUNCHBULL's words fade into the background, though she continues to rail in silence at the CHILDREN and MISS HONEY, who cower at the back of the stage. MATILDA stands on one block of the stage, which slowly rises.*

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 wonder if 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  
(like 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 for just once.

And I'm sorry,  
But I'm not quite explaining it right.  
But this noise becomes anger,  
And the anger is light.  
And this 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.

*From across the stage, MATILDA focuses her attention on the cup of water that MISS TRUNCHBULL is standing near.*

MATILDA

Tip! Go on, tip! Tip over! Tip over!

*The cup tips over toward MISS TRUNCHBULL. As she turns around, you can see that there is a newt on the back of her leg.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

And I tell you, there is nothing I shall not do, no length to which I shall not go, no punishment I shall not inflict, no ear I shall not . . . stretch . . . [*She trails off.*] What is it? What is it? There's something on me. Get it off me! Get it off me! [*She runs off stage.*]

*There is a pause.*

MISS HONEY

Well. That was interesting. I think we all better go home while we still can.

*The CHILDREN cheer and run off.*

MISS HONEY

Matilda?

MATILDA

Watch.

MISS HONEY

Matilda, I really think it would be wise -

MATILDA

Watch. Please.

*MATILDA sets up the cup again and focuses her attention on it. It sways from side to side and then tips over.*

MATILDA

I moved it with my eyes. Am I strange?

MISS HONEY

Well, I'm not going to pretend I know what it is, Matilda. But I don't believe it's something you should be frightened of. I think it's something to do with that incredible mind of yours.

MATILDA

You mean, there's no room in my head for all of my brains, so they have to squish out through my eyes.

MISS HONEY

Well, not exactly, but, er . . . Something like that. You certainly are a special girl, Matilda. Your father? Is he . . . Is he proud to have a daughter as clever as you?

MATILDA

Oh, yeah. He's very proud. He's very, very, very proud. He's always saying, "Matilda, I'm so proud to have a daughter as - "  
[*She pauses and looks at MISS HONEY.*] That's not true, Miss Honey. 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

I see. [*She leads MATILDA up onto the platform of her house.*] Here we are. Home sweet home.

*MATILDA looks around.*

MATILDA  
Are you poor?

MISS HONEY  
Er, yes. Yes, I am. Very!

MATILDA  
Don't they pay teachers very well?

MISS HONEY  
No, they don't, actually, but, er, I'm even poorer than most. You see, I . . . I used to live with my aunt. But one day I was out walking, and I . . . I came across this old shed. I fell completely in love with it. I ran to the farmer and begged him to let me move in. He thought I was mad. But 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. 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 tea bag, every electricity bill, every tin of beans. And she made me sign a contract to pay her back every penny. She . . . She even produced a document to say that my father had given her his entire house.

MATILDA  
Did he really do that?

MISS HONEY  
I don't know. But I find it hard to believe.

MATILDA  
You think . . . You think she *did him in*? Don't you, Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY  
I cannot say. All I know is that years of being bullied by that woman made me . . . pathetic! I was trapped.

MATILDA  
And that's why you live here.

MATILDA  
But Miss Honey, she's got your father's house! She's got everything that's yours.  
[*She moves to sit on the same stool as MISS HONEY.*]

MATILDA  
She did him in! Let's go to the police! [*She grabs MISS HONEY's hands and tries to drag her away.*]

MISS HONEY  
No! No, we can't! We've no evidence!

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

MISS HONEY  
It won't work, Matilda! It would be my word against hers! They'd never believe she was capable of murder! [*She wrenches her hands free from MATILDA's.*]

MATILDA

But *why*? She was so cruel to you! She beat you!

*MISS HONEY covers her ears with her hands.*

MATILDA

She shouted at you! She locked you up in tiny cupboards and threw you into cellars!

MISS HONEY

Stop, Matilda. Please.

MATILDA

Miss Honey, your aunt's a murderer. WHO IS SHE?

MISS TRUNCHBULL'S VOICE

A contract is a contract is a contract!

MATILDA

Miss . . . Miss Trunchbull.

*MISS TRUNCHBULL walks heavily onto the stage via the steps at the front. MATILDA scurries off and MISS HONEY lies down on the floor of her house as it recedes to the back of the stage. MISS TRUNCHBULL stands on a desk, which rises into the air. MISS TRUNCHBULL flails as though recreating one of her games. The CHILDREN enter and stand by the desks. MISS TRUNCHBULL realises where she is and starts lecturing the CHILDREN.*

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. If I play by the rules and . . . I do not win, then something is wrong. Something is not working. If something is wrong, you have to put it right. Even if it screams.

*MISS TRUNCHBULL walks over to the side of the stage and makes as though to pull at a big chain pull that has descended, then stops short and looks at MISS HONEY.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What are you looking at?

MISS HONEY

[*without fear*] You.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

This class is going to have a very special spelling test. Any child who gets one single answer wrong shall go to Chokey. [*to ERIC*] You! Spell . . . Oh, now, let me see. Spell "newt".

*ERIC stands on his chair and turns around.*

ERIC

Newt. N - E - W - T. Newt.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What?

ERIC

Miss Honey taught us. She's very good at teaching.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Nonsense. Miss Honey is far too soft and peachy to be good at anything. Any moron can see that. [*to HORTENSIA*] You, turn around, and spell the one thing that you all are. "Revolting."



*HORTENSIA stands and turns toward the audience.*

HORTENSIA

Revoltin'. R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N - G. Revoltin'.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You're cheating!

MISS HONEY

Of course she's not cheating! She's simply spelling a word!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

These little specks of dust can't be this clever. They are worms!

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, madam! You know nothing of teaching, and I shall prove it. [*to LAVENDER*] You, snot nose. Spell . . . "amchella-kamaneal-septicanis-timosis"!

MISS HONEY

What? That's not a word! You just made it up!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Spell or go to Chokey! And I should warn you: It has silent letters.

LAVENDER

A . . . M . . . C - H . . . E . . . L . . . L . . . A . . . [*She hesitantly starts counting on her fingers.*]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh dear. Oh, dearie, dearie -

LAVENDER

K!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

No, I'm so sorry; it was a silent Z! You're going to Chokey!

*MISS TRUNCHBULL takes LAVENDER by the wrist and drags her down the stairs off the stage. Before they get too far, NIGEL stands up on his desk.*

NIGEL

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What?

*ERIC stands on his desk.*

ERIC

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

*AMANDA stands on her desk.*

AMANDA

Table. X - A - B - L - Y. And me.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What are you doing? What's going on? Stop this. Sit down.

*HORTENSIA stands on her desk.*

HORTENSIA

You can't put us all in the Chokey!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Sit down. Sit down!

HORTENSIA

Bananas! B - X - Y - G - A -

*All CHILDREN, except BRUCE, stand on their desk and start shouting. MISS TRUNCHBULL staggers over to the chain pull and pulls it. There is a sound of a heavy door closing, and the gates of the school cast a shadow on the CHILDREN. They go silent and sit in their seats.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

"You have to put me in Chokey, too. You can't put us all in the Chokey, miss." Come now, maggots. You think I haven't thought of that?

*MISS TRUNCHBULL takes a large radio transmitter from her belt. Delicately, she extends the antenna and flips open the lid, then presses a button. Green laser beams start to shoot from every which way across the theatre, shrouding everything in green light.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

I've been busy! A whole array of Chokeys! One for each and every one of you! Now that our little spelling test is over, I can tell you that each and every one of you has failed!

*MA TILDA peeks out from under her desk and extends her hands to the chalkboard. A piece of chalk starts moving upon the board.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You see, maggots, in this world, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. And I -

NIGEL

The chalk! Look, the chalk!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What?

CHILD

It's moving.

ERIC

It's moving! It's . . . It's writing something.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What the devil? Who? Who?

CHILD

No one. No one's doing anything.

*MISS TRUNCHBULL switches off the lasers. The chalk starts writing as the CHILDREN read the words from the board.*

CHILD

Ag - a - tha. Agatha.

CHILD

This - is - Magnus.

*MISS HONEY reaches up as though to touch the letters, then looks at MATILDA.*

MISS TRUNCHBULL

He can't. He can't!

CHILD

Give - my - Jen - ny - back - her - house.

CHILD

Then - LEAVE!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

No. No, no, no, no, no.

CHILD and MISS TRUNCHBULL

Or - I - will - get - you -

CHILD and MISS TRUNCHBULL

- like - YOU - GOT - ME!

CHILDREN and MISS HONEY

Run! Run! RUN! [etc.]

*MISS TRUNCHBULL makes as though to erase the letters, but is bullied off the steps on the stage and disappears. The CHILDREN scream in triumph. BRUCE, who has until this point been silent, stands on his desk and takes out a microphone.*

CHILD

Whooo-a!

Never again will she get the best of me.

Never again will she take away my freedom.

And we don't forget the day we fought -

CHILDREN

For the right to be a little bit naughty!

Never again -

CHILD

- will the Chokey door slam!

CHILDREN

Never again -

CHILD

- will I be bullied, and -

CHILDREN

Never again -

CHILD

- will I doubt it when -

CHILDREN

My mummy says I'm a miracle.  
Never again!

*MATILDA walks over to MISS HONEY. They take each other by the hand and run off.*

CHILDREN

Never again will we live behind bars.  
Never again now that we know we are  
Revolting children,  
Living in revolting times.  
We sing revolting songs,  
Using revolting rhymes.  
We'll be revolting children  
Till our revolting's done,  
And we'll have the Trunchbull bolting -  
We're revolting.  
Aarrh!

We are revolting children,  
Living in revolting times.  
We sing revolting songs,  
Using revolting rhymes.  
We'll be revolting children  
Till our revolting's done,  
And we'll have the Trunchbull bolting -  
We're revolting.

TOMMY

We will become a screaming hoard!

LAVENDER

Take out your hockey stick and use it as a sword!

CHILD

Never again will we be ignored!

HORTENSIA

We'll find out where the chalk is stored!

NIGEL

And draw rude pictures on the board!

ALICE

It's not insulting!

CHILDREN

We're revolting!

We can S - P - L how we like.  
If enough of us are wrong,  
Wrong is right.  
Every one N - O - R - T - why?  
'Cause we're a little bit naughty!

So we got to stay inside the line.  
If we disobey at the same time,  
There is nothing that the Trunchbull can do.

CHILD

She can take her hammer and S - H - U -

CHILDREN

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 -

CHILD

Revolting times!

CHILDREN

We'll S - I - N - G -

CHILD

Songs!

CHILDREN

U - S - I - N - G -

CHILD

Rhymes!

CHILDREN

We'll be R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N - G.  
It is 2L84U.  
We R - E - volting.

*OLDER KIDS start jumping in from off the stage and join the CHILDREN.*

CHILDREN and OLDER KIDS

We are revolting children,  
Living in revolting times.  
We sing revolting songs,  
Using revolting rhymes.  
We'll be revolting children  
Till our revolting's done.  
It is 2L84U.

*The next three verses overlap.*

[CHILDREN

We are revolting children,  
Living in revolting times.  
We sing revolting songs,  
Using revolting rhymes.  
We'll be revolting children  
Till our revolting's done.

OLDER KIDS

We R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N.  
We'll S - I - N - G,

U - S - I - N - G.

We'll be R - E - V - O - L - T - I - N - G.

CHILD

Never again will she get the best of me.

Whooo-a!

Down, down, down, down.]

CHILDREN and OLDER KIDS

It is 2L84U.

We are revolting!

*With a bang, the theatre is showered in confetti. The CHILDREN and OLDER KIDS run off stage and the scene changes to the library. MATILDA is standing facing the books, with a collection of books in her hand. MISS HONEY walks in reading from a piece of paper, and MRS PHELPS stands on a small block.*

MRS PHELPS

A few days later, the Miss Honey received a letter from a solicitor. It said that her parents' will had mysteriously turned up, and she was now the owner of a beautiful old house, which had, up until that moment, been owned by the evil aunt, one Agatha Trunchbull. She moved in immediately. And she was very happy. Happier than she had ever 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 . . . [*She points happily.*] Miss Honey. And it is often said that it was the best school in all the land.

MISS HONEY

And do you know something else? Matilda was never again able to move things with her eyes. I thought it was because her mind was being challenged, but she said it was because she no longer had a need for superpowers.

MRS PHELPS

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

*There is a pause. The sound of a car pulling up is heard. MR WORMWOOD, MRS WORMWOOD, MICHAEL, enter from the stairs to the left of the stage. MICHAEL is wearing a sombrero.*

MR WORMWOOD

Don't just stand there gawping! We're going to Spain!

MATILDA

Spain? But why?

MRS WORMWOOD

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

MR WORMWOOD

I didn't know they were the flaming Russian mafia, did I? [*He takes MATILDA by the wrist.*] Come on, boy. We're leaving forever and we're never coming back.

*MR WORMWOOD starts to drag MATILDA off stage. MISS HONEY runs to stand in his way.*

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'd like to stay with me, that is. I would look after her with love and care, and I'd pay for everything. Would . . . Would you like that, Matilda?

MR WORMWOOD  
You mean . . . You mean, leave our daughter here with you?

MATILDA  
[*shocked*] What did you say? Did you . . . ?

MRS WORMWOOD  
They'll be here any minute!

MATILDA  
Dad? You called me your daughter.

*There is the sound of a car pulling up. The Wormwoods scatter.*

MRS PHELPS  
Quick! Hide in the books!

*Several HENCHMEN in dark suits walk onto stage from the steps on both sides. They are carrying weapons, including a baseball bat and a crowbar. SERGEI, their head, steps onto stage in a fur-lined cloak. He pulls a pink lollipop from his mouth.*

SERGEI  
[*to MATILDA*] You are the Wormwoods' daughter?

MATILDA  
Yes.

SERGEI  
Where is your father?

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

SERGEI  
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, I am afraid my father is quite rude. And very, very stupid.

SERGEI  
You know this? At least there is one clever one in the family.

*The HENCHMEN laugh. SERGEI cuts them off with a gesture.*

SERGEI  
What is your name, little girl?

MATILDA  
Matilda.

SERGEI

I like you, Matilda. You seem smart. Certainly, in my line of work, you don't often get to meet smart people like you. Most of the people I deal with, their thinking is all backwards. Matilda, your father has been stupid and rude to both of us, yes? I could very easily have one of my friends teach him manners. I give this as a gift to you. What do you say?

*MATILDA takes SERGEI by the hand and pulls him to the side.*

MATILDA

Mr Sergei, this is a very tempting offer. But he is my father, and I am his daughter. I think I've had enough of revenge.

*SERGEI takes his dark glasses off and bends on one knee.*

[to *MATILDA*] Your father is very, very stupid. But he is also very, very, very . . . very lucky to have you as his daughter. Although, if I happen to be doing business here again and I see him, he will not be so lucky.

*SERGEI and the HENCHMEN leave.*

MRS WORMWOOD

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

MR WORMWOOD

Wait, what about the girl?

*MRS WORMWOOD makes a sound of disgust as she hurries away.*

MR WORMWOOD

[to *MATILDA*] Do you - want to - stay here, with Miss Honey?

MATILDA

Yes. Yes, I do!

MR WORMWOOD

[to *MISS HONEY*] And do you want to, er, look after her?

MISS HONEY

I do.

MR WORMWOOD

Well. We are a bit short of room, so, yes.

MATILDA

Thank you.

*MATILDA holds out her hand to her father. He takes it gingerly in two fingers, and shakes it. After a thought, he tips his hat to her, and it comes away easily in his hand. He pauses, and exits down the stairs. MATILDA runs to MISS HONEY.*

MISS HONEY

And Matilda leapt into Miss Honey's arms -

MATILDA

- and hugged her.

MISS HONEY

Oh, Miss Honey hugged her back.

MRS PHELPS

And they hardly noticed as the Wormwoods -



MRS PHELPS  
sped away into the distance.

*MRS PHELPS exits, pushing a cart of books. MATILDA and MISS HONEY have eyes only for each other.*

MISS HONEY  
Because they had found each other.

MATILDA  
Yes. They'd found each other.

*MATILDA and MISS HONEY hold hands and walk together to the back of the stage. After a few steps, they drop hands and do cartwheels next to each other.*

*Lights go down. They come up again to ERIC gliding across the stage on a scooter. For the curtain call, the whole cast, in turns, comes out on their own scooter, wheel around the stage, and take their bows.*

**COMPANY**

When I grow up,  
(When I grow up, 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.

And when I grow up,  
(When I grow up, 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.

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.

And I will wake up  
When the sun comes up,  
And I will watch cartoons until my eyes go square,

And I won't care  
'Cause I'll be all grown up.  
When I grow up . . .

*MISS TRUNCHBULL scooters down stage as the back of the stage parts.*

**COMPANY**

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  
Won't change a thing.

**COMPANY**

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 okay  
And that's not right!

And if it's not right,  
You have to put it right . . .

**COMPANY**

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 -

*MISS TRUNCHBULL glides across the back of the stage, angrily.*

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**

Maggots!

**COMPANY**

- naughty!

The stage goes dark aside from a spotlight on MATILDA. She jumps into her characteristic pose, fists poised on her hips, head tilted high and to the right