

MATILDA THE MUSICAL

ACT 1

ERIC

My mummy says I'm a miracle!

TOMMY

My daddy says I'm his special little guy!

Ow!

AMANDA

I am a princess!

BRUCE

And I am a prince.

ALL GIRLS

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

ERIC, TOMMY, and BRUCE

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.

ERIC, TOMMY, and BRUCE

But I'm his little soldier.

Hup, two, four, free.

ALICE and 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.

Ow!

NIGEL, TOMMY

My daddy says I'm his special little soldier.

No one is as bold or tough as me.

Has my daddy told ya

One day when I'm older,

I can be a soldier

NIGEL

And shoot you in the face!

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 .

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?

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.

LAVENDER

My mummy says I'm a precious barrelina.
She has never seen – a!
Prettier barrelin–a!
She says if I'm keen, I have to cut down on the cream,
But I'm a barrelina –
So give me more cake!

COUPLE 1

MAN: Take another picture of our angel from this angle over here.
WOMAN: She is clearly more emotionally developed than her peers.
BOTH: What a dear!

COUPLE 2

WOMAN: That's right, honey. Look at mummy.
MAN: Don't put honey on your brother.
WOMAN: Smile for mummy! Smile for mother!
MAN: I think he blinked.
WOMAN: Well, take another!

COUPLE 3

MAN: Have you seen his school report? He got a C on his report!
ALL COUPLES: What?

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

COUPLE 4

WOMAN: She's just delightful.

MAN: So hilarious.

WOMAN: And insightful.

COUPLES

Might she be a little brighter than her class?

Oh, yes, she's definitely advanced!

[COUPLES

Take another picture of our angel from this angle over here.

She is clearly more emotionally developed than her peers.

What a dear!

That's right, honey, look at mummy.

Don't put honey on your brother.

Smile for mummy, smile for mother.

I think he blinked.

Well, take another!

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.]

CHILDREN

My mummy says I'm a –

CHILDREN and COUPLES

Miracle!

CHILDREN

That I'm as tiny and as shiny as a –

CHILDREN and COUPLES

Mirror ball!

CHILDREN

You can be all cynical,

But it's a truth empirical.

There's never been a miracle, a miracle, a miracle

As me.

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. But this time, I've got a secret weapon. Rudolpho! He's part Italian, you know. Very supple. 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, 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

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. 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?

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 to bring love, and magic, and happiness, and wonder!

MRS WORMWOOD

Oh, bloody hell!

DOCTOR

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

NURSE

Push, Mrs Wormwood, push!

MRS WORMWOOD

I'll push you in a minute!

DOCTOR

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

DOCTOR and CHILDREN

Ev-er-y life is unbelievably unlikely.
The chances of existence almost infinitely small.

DOCTOR

The most common thing in life is life . . .

DOCTOR

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

MR WORMWOOD

Where is he? Where's my son?

DOCTOR

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. [] Oh, my word, he's an ugly little thing.

DOCTOR

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

MR WORMWOOD

Oh, my good Lord. Where's his fingie?

DOCTOR

His what?

MR WORMWOOD

His fingie. His whatchamacallit. His do-dah. What've you done with his fingie?

DOCTOR

This child doesn't have a "thingie" –

MR WORMWOOD

What? A boy with no fingie? Look what you've done, you stupid woman. This boy's got no fingie.

DOCTOR

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

MRS WORMWOOD

Is there still time for the Bi-Annual Inter-Championship Amateur Sausage –

MR WORMWOOD

Dance competition's over. You missed it. [] Look, I don't suppose we could exchange it 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.

And this gown is nothing like the semi-formal,

Semi-Spanish gown

I should be wearing in the semi-finals tonight!

MRS WORMWOOD

I should be dancing the Tarentella

Qui mon fella Italiano.

MRS WORMWOOD

Not dressed in hospital cotton,

With an owchie . . . front bottom.

And this –

DOCTOR

Miracle!

MRS WORMWOOD

Horrible –

DOCTOR

Miracle!

MRS WORMWOOD

Smelly little –

DOCTOR

The most beautiful miracle I have ever seen!

MR WORMWOOD

I can't find his frank 'n' beans!

DOCTOR

Ev-er-y life is unbelievably unlikely.

CHILDREN

My mummy says I'm a miracle.

DOCTOR

The chances of existence almost infinitely small.

CHILDREN

My daddy says I'm his special little guy.

DOCTOR

The most common thing in life is life –

CHILDREN

Hup, two, four, free!

DOCTOR

And yet, every single life,

Every new life

Is a miracle!

Miracle!

Miracle!

COUPLES, CHILDREN, and DOCTOR

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

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 like 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

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! [] No, sir. Yes, sir. They are good runners, sir. Yes, sir. Indeed, sir. So, erm . . . How much, exactly are we talking about?

MRS WORMWOOD

Harry!

MR WORMWOOD

[] 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 . . . "

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

[] I'm gonna call you straight back. [] 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?

MRS WORMWOOD

"Escapologist", he says! 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

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 thickheaded twit-brain! All I can say is, thank heavens Michael has inherited his old man's brains, eh, son?

MICHAEL

[] 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.

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"? [] "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.

MR WORMWOOD

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.

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.

Platinum blonde hair dye. Extra strong. Keep out of reach of children. Hmm.

Oil of Violets hair tonic. For men. Yep!

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 –

'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 . . .

[]

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

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. []. Oh, yeah. Oh, that's where it's at! Oh, right. That's the bananas right there. [] 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

Your hair! It's . . . green!

MR WORMWOOD

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

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!

MATILDA

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

MRS WORMWOOD

That's exactly what you've done. Oh, you stupid man.

MR WORMWOOD

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.

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 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. And do you tell them lots of stories like you do with me? I love your stories, Matilda! And that's not a hint, by the way. But if you did happen to have a story you wanted to tell –

MISS HONEY

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

MRS PHELPS

Good-bye, Miss Honey. And good luck with the Tolstoy.

MRS PHELPS

As I was saying, Matilda. I'm not hinting, but if you did happen to have a story you wanted –

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. Now, look. Are you going to tell me a story or not?

MATILDA

Once upon a time –

MATILDA

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 feats together anyone has ever seen. And people would come from miles around: kings! queens! celebrities! and astronauts! But not just to see their skill, 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 dogs would weep with joy.

MATILDA

The moved into a beautiful old house at 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 shiny white scarf that the acrobat always wore, for then they knew that they had only 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 . . .

MATILDA

"We have everything that the world has to offer," said the wife.

ESCAPOLOGIST []

We have everything . . .

MATILDA

"But we do not have the one thing in the world we want most."

ACROBAT and ESCAPOLOGIST []

But the one thing . . .

MATILDA

"We do not have a child."

ESCAPOLOGIST []

Patience, my love.

MATILDA

"Patience, my love," the husband replied. "Time is on our side. Even time loves us."

MRS PHELPS

Oh, 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 sound of a child playing.

MRS PHELPS

Oh, 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 into ever more dangerous feats, as their work became the only place they could escape ! And so it was, they decided to perform the most dangerous feat ever known to man! "It is called," said the husband, announcing the event to the world's press, who had gathered to listen with bated breath – [] – "'The Burning Woman, Hurling Through the Air, with Dynamite in Her Hair, over Sharks and Spiky Objects, Caught By the Man Locked in a Cage', and it is the most dangerous feat ever known to man!

MATILDA and ACROBAT []

"It is our destiny – "

MATILDA

– said the wife, smiling sadly and slipping her hand into his.

MATILDA and ACROBAT []

"It is where the loneliness of life has led us."

MRS PHELPS

Well, what happens?!

MATILDA

I . . . I don't know. Not yet, anyway.

MRS PHELPS

What? But I . . . Isn't there some more? I mean . . . Well, I suppose your mother will be waiting for you. Is she here? I'd love to meet her, actually –

MATILDA

Bye, Mrs Phelps! See you tomorrow!

MRS PHELPS

After your first day of school!

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 . . .

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 []

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 []

It's the Trunchbull's speciality.

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 and ERIC

Dad said I'd learn the alphabet!

BIG KID []

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 "aitcH"-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 []

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!

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?

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! []

MISS HONEY

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

NIGEL

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

MISS HONEY

Very well. Nigel.

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 the "tomato" is a very good word.

LAVENDER

Yesss!

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 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

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

. and . . . !

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 principal's office like a little girl.

It's just pathetic!

Oh! Right.

Look at you hesitating. Hand's 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'll 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!

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 Moturs. 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

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. []

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?

[]

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!

[]

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!

[]

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.

MR WORMWOOD

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

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

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 – []

MATILDA

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

MRS WORMWOOD

You show the little brat! Go on, then!

MR WORMWOOD

Oh, this is thick! How do you do this? Come on!

MR WORMWOOD

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

MR WORMWOOD

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

MATILDA

Do we have any super glue?

MR WORMWOOD

In the cupboard. And, while you're at it, why don't you stick your stupid book to your stupid head?

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.

[]

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!

MR WORMWOOD

I've got my eye on you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

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 squееееее 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!

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

You're done, kid. You're –

BIG KIDS

Finished!

BIG KID []

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

BIG KIDS

Squished!

BIG KID []

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

BIG KIDS

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?

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.

BIG KIDS

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

BIG KID []

And it's made of spikes and wood.

BIG KIDS

And it isn't wide enough to sit.

BIG KID []

And even if you could,

BIG KIDS

There are nails on the bottom,

BIG KID []

So you wish you'd –

BIG KIDS

Stood!

When the hinges creak and the door is closed,

You cannot see squat –

BIG KID []

Not the end of your nose.

BIG KIDS

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. [] When did this happen?

NIGEL

Twenty minutes ago. But, why?

NIGEL

Oh, no, she's coming!

MATILDA

You'd better hide! Quick, jackets!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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

MATILDA

He's over there, under those 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 []

Narcolopsy!

MATILDA

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

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.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Amanda Thripp.

AMANDA

Yes, Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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

AMANDA

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Then your mummy is a twit!

BIG KID

Here she comes!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[] 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. []

LAVENDER

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

BIG KIDS and CHILDREN

Wow!

MR WORMWOOD

Brand new stock, sir! Oh, yes. Completely different cars, sir. Green hair? Yeah, it was, er – [] – 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. [] Now, that is how you do it! [] Hat seems to be, er . . . [] Oh, my head! [] I think I'm gonna keep this on. Looks like rain.

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.

MRS WORMWOOD

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

RUDOLPHO

Ciao.

MISS HONEY

Oh, parle Italiano? Ciao, Rudolpho. Piacelli. Come stai?

RUDOLPHO

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

MRS WORMWOOD

What do you want, Miss Chutney?

MISS HONEY

Oh, it's Miss Honey. Erm, well, as you know, Matilda is in the bottom class. And . . . And children in the bottom class aren't really expected to read.

MRS WORMWOOD

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

RUDOLPHO

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

MRS WORMWOOD

Look. I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever-pants, Miss Hussy. A girl should think about make-up and hair dye. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, and look at me. You chose books. I chose looks!

RUDOLPHO

Babes, I'm on fire, here! Please! []

MISS HONEY

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

RUDOLPHO

Calculate this! []

MRS WORMWOOD

Fantastico!

MISS HONEY

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

MRS WORMWOOD

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

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 quaint, 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 gotta learn to stand up and stick out from the

Crowd!

A little less flat, 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.

[]

Whoa! Neigh!

MRS WORMWOOD

No one's gonna tell you when to shake your tush.
Well, you got a light. Don't hide it under a bushel.
No one's going to look if you don't stand out.
No one's going to 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 got.
Even if what you got is not a lot.
You gotta be loud!

You gotta give yourself permission to shine.
To stand up and be proud!
Whee!
A little less zzz, a lot more zing.
A little less shh, a lot more schwing.
A little less dressing like your mum.
A little more bah-da, ba ba ba-da bom!

[]

Oh, I look nice. [] You don't!

No one's gonna tell you when to wiggle your bumba.

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 much!

RUDOLPHO

As long as you don't know it with the volume up.

MRS WORMWOOD and 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.

MRS WORMWOOD and RUDOLPHO

You gotta get up!

You gotta get up and be loud!

JUDGE

Your judges!

MRS WORMWOOD

I'm the best! I'm the best! I'm the best!

MRS WORMWOOD

Ten! Of course! I mean, what else?

You gotta be loud!

Stand out from the crowd!

Are you listening?

You gotta be loud!

Stand up and be proud!

BACKGROUND SINGERS

Loud, loud, loud, loud!

Loud, loud, loud, loud!

Loud, loud, loud, loud!

MRS WORMWOOD

You gotta be loud!

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.

Leave it alone, Jenny. The more that you try,

The more you'll just look like a fool.

This it 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.
And another door closes. And Jenny's outside.

MATILDA

And so, the great day arrived! 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 Spiky Objects, Caught By the Man Locked in a Cage*. Everything was arranged by – [] – the Acrobat's sister, a frightening woman who used to be an Olympic-class hammer-thrower, who loved nothing better than to scare the children of the town. People whispered that in her dark and brooding heart, she resented the sister, both her success and her love.

MATILDA

Suddenly, out came the Escapologist, dressed as usual in his tights and 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 room.

MATILDA and ESCAPOLOGIST

Ladies and gentlemen! Boys and girls! *The Burning Woman, Hurling Through the Air, with Dynamite in Her Hair, Over Sharks and Spiky Objects, Caught By the Man Locked in a Cage* has been . . . cancelled!

MRS PHELPS

No!

MATILDA

Yes! The audience gasped so loud that a passing aeroplane caught it on its instrumentation and recorded it as an atmospheric phenomenon.

MATILDA and 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!

MATILDA

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 and the ACROBAT'S SISTER []

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

MRS PHELPS

No!

MATILDA and the ACROBAT'S SISTER []

"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 Spiky Objects, Caught by the Man Locked in a Cage will be performed, and performed this day, or . . . off to prison you both shall go!"

MRS PHELPS

No! No!

MRS PHELPS

Well, what happened next?

MATILDA

I don't know. 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 it ends. And . . . I'm not crying because it's sad. It's just that they want that child so very much. It must be wonderful for a child to be so wanted.

MATILDA

Yes, wonderful. Good-bye, Mrs Phelps.

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?

MISS HONEY

Matilda, that . . . That is the biggest hug in the world. [] You're going to hug all the air out of me.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Matilda Wormwood! Matilda Wormwood!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Where is Ma—

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! [] A denizen of the underworld! A member of the mafia! []

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

[] 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!

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. [] Oops! See!

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

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.

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!

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 . . .

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!

[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!!

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!

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

Go on, Brucey! Yeah! Yes! [] Sorry, Miss Trunchbull. I got carried away.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

That's all right, Jenny. We all get carried away sometimes. Even me. [] Well done, Bogtrotter. Good show. [] 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.

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!

