**SCENE 1**

Matilda and her family are sitting as if watching television.

Narrator 1 It’s a funny thing about mothers and fathers. Even when their child is the most horrible little wart you could ever imagine, they still think he or she is wonderful

Narrator 2 Some parents go further. They become so blinded by adoration they manage to convince themselves their child has qualities of genius.

Narrator 3 I can guarantee that each and every parent sitting here right now thinks their own child is the best actor. Of course, only my parents are right. Hi Mum!

Narrator 4 Occasionally though, one comes across parents who take the opposite line, who show no interest at all in their children, and these are worse than the doting ones

Narrator 1 Mr and Mrs Wormwood were two such parents. They had a son called Michael, and a daughter called Matilda. Michael was of course going to inherit the family business, but Matilda was looked at as no more than a scab. You know, one of those things you get on your knee after you’ve scraped it. Eurrgh

Narrator 2 It’s bad enough when parents treat ordinary kids as scabs and bunions, but it seems a lot worse when the child is extraordinary

Narrator 3 And Matilda WAS extraordinary. She was sensitive, brilliant, and very, VERY clever

Narrator 4 By the age of one and a half her speech was perfect and she knew as many words as most grown ups

Matilda 1: Mother, please may I have more of these delicious pureed courgettes please?

Mother tramps in, slams some stuff down and goes back to telly

Narrator 1: By the time she was three, Matilda had taught herself to read while studying the newspapers and the magazines that lay around the house

Matilda 1 Hmm, Auto Trader says now is the time to fit snow tires, but Heat magazine seems to indicate a foreign holiday is in order if Cheryl is to be considered a role model

Narrator 1: At the age of four she could read fast and well, and what she really wanted was a BOOK. However, there were no books in the house, can you imagine anything so DREADFUL?

Matilda 1: Daddy, could you buy me a book?

Mr Wormwood:a BOOK – what d’you want a flaming book for?

Matilda 1: To read Daddy

Mr W: What’s wrong with the telly for heaven’s sake? We’ve got a lovely 54 inch screen telly with Netflix, Prime, Sky and all the channels, and now you come asking me for a book? You’re getting spoiled my girl.

Mrs W: Well I’m off down the bingo

Mikey: I suppose I’ll get myself to school then – can’t wait to be done with all this boring reading and writing and start earning money with you DAD

Mr W: That’s my boy. Right, I’m off to work, these cars won’t sell themselves, and there are plenty of suckers out there to sell them to.

Narrator 2: Matilda, who you will recall was still only four, was left alone like this every day.

Narrator 3: Normally she would amuse herself by teaching herself how to cook, or to wire a plug

Narrator 4: However, this afternoon, the day her dad refused to get her a book, she decided to do something about it. She set out all by herself and went to the Library

Matilda walks along and around the stage, Mrs Phelps arrives on stage.

Mrs Phelps: Can I help you my dear?

Matilda 1: Can you tell me where the children’s books are please?

Mrs P: They’re over there on those lower shelves, would you like me to find you find a nice one with lots of pictures in it?

Matilda 1: No thank you, I’m sure I can manage.

Matilda sits and reads and reads while Mrs P looks thoughtful

Narrator 2: From then on, every afternoon as soon as her mother had gone to bingo, Matilda took herself to the library. When she had read every children’s book in the places she started to look for something else.

Mrs Phelps: Can I help you Matilda?

Matilda 1: I’m wondering what to read next, I’ve finished all the children’s books.

Mrs P: You mean you’ve looked at all the pictures?

Matilda 1: Yes, but I’ve read the books as well. Some weren’t very good, but I loved the Secret Garden best of all, particularly the bit about following the Robin.

Mrs P: Erm, how old are you?

Matilda 1: Four and a half

Mrs P: /flustered/ er…what sort of book would you like to read next?

Matilda 1: I would like a really good one, a famous one.

Mrs P: /hesitantly/ ok, how about this one – it’s Great Expectations by Charles Dickins, he write a LOT /mutters/ I must be mad

Matilda 1: Thanks! This is great /Sits and reads thoroughly./

Mrs P: You know, if you got a library card, you could borrow books to take home with you.

Matida 1: /excited/ I didn’t know that, could I really!

Mrs P: Yes, here you go. And here is some more Dickins for you to be getting on with (gets a whole pile /Matilda staggers/

Matilda 1: Thank you Mrs Phelps!

Narrator 3: So from then on Matilda would take all the books back to her room and read most afternoons, often with a lovely hot chocolate which of course she had to make herself.

Narrator 4: The books transported her into new worlds and introduced her to amazing people who lived exciting lives. She travelled to Africa with Hemingway, India with Kipling, and as she read, she knew that she was not alone.

**SCENE 2 SELLING CARS**

Narrator 1: Now, the fact was that Mr Wormwood was a Crook. Everyone in the village knew it. Matilda knew it. Even the police knew it. The only people who didn’t know it were the people who bought his cars from him.

Detective 1: 5.17 Subject and dependants entering the domicile

Detective 2: I make it 5.18

Detective 3: And I don’t know about subject and dependants and domicile– but Harry Wormwood and his family have just entered the house

Detective 1: That’s what subject and dependants entering the domicile means. It’s cool police speak, means no one knows what we’re talking about.

Detective 2: I don’t know what you’re talking about. And It’s 5.19 now

Detective 3: Shut up, and get down, the little girl

Detective 1: female minor

Detective 3: whatever, she’s looking right at us……

Narrator 1: Harry Wormwood owned a used car showroom at the end of the village. One of the reasons Matilda wasn’t yet at school is that he needed someone at home to receive stolen car parts. He’d also forgotten how old she was.

Mr W: Mikey my boy, it’s time for you to learn the family business

Mikey: Cool dad, does that mean I can finish boring school?

Mrs W: Soon dear, soon.

Mr W: So I buy an old wreck cheap and I sell it for big money

Mikey: How dad, how?

Mr W: So, if the gear box sounds rattley, what I do is mix plenty of sawdust in with the oil, and then it runs sweet as a nut…..for maybe a couple of miles!

Mrs W: Your Father is so clever

Matilda 2: But isn’t that dangerous?

Mr W: Shut up squirt, what do you know? Anyway and if the car has a high mileage on it, what I do is I take a drill that winds both ways, set it to reverse, wind back the mileometer and make it look like the car has just had one little old lady driver – the idiots are falling over themselves to buy my cars!

Mikey: Amazing dad!

Matilda 2: But that’s dishonest dad

Mr W: What do you know ignorant little twit? No one got rich by being honest – customers are there to be diddled.

Mrs W: And it means we can have our nice big telly and food on our table..err…laps

Mr W: And I made some HUGE sales today. See if you can work it what profit I made Mikey – this’ll be your business one day– hang on I’ve got the paper here. So Car number one I bought for £278 and I sold it for 1425, got that?

Mikey: yes dad

Mr W: Car 2 cost me 118 and sold for 760, got it? Car 3 cost £111 adn sold for £999.50p,

Mikey: slow down dad

Mr W: Car 4 cost 86 pounds and I sold it for 699.50, and Car number five, which I sold to that battelaxe old schoolmistress Miss Trunchbull, cost 637 andsold for 1649.50. Have you got all that. Now Mikey, work out the profit and tell me how much your brilliant father made today

Mikey: this is really hard……

Matilda 2: Dad, you made exactly 4303.50p

Mr W: Shut up, and stop guessing, Mikey and I are doing man’s stuff with business here

Matilda 2: But Dad, look at your answer, it should be 4303.50p – is that what you’ve got?

Mr W: Say that again

Matilda 2: 4303.50p I’m sure it’s right

Mr W: You, you little cheat! You looked at the paper

Matilda: Daddy, I’m the other side of the room, how could I possibly see it?

Mr W: No one in the world could come up with that answer that quickly – you must have looked, you are a cheat and a liar young lady and that is that.

Matilda 2: No, I’m not….

Mr W: Don’t answer back. I’m big and you are small, I’m smart and you are dumb, and I say you are a cheat and a liar, and when PEOPLE are bad, they need to be punished. No telly for you this evening, get out of here, and take your dumb book with you.

Narrator 1: Now what Mr Wormwood had meant to say was that when Children are bad they needed to be punished. But when he said that when ‘people are bad they need to be punished’, it gave Matilda LOTS to think about.

**SCENE 3 PUNISHMENTS**

Mrs W: Ok everyone, I’ve been to the chippy, everyone grab your trays, it’s nearly time for Britain’s Got Talent.

Matilda 2: Mummy, would you mind if I eat my supper in the dining room so I could read my book?

Mr W: I would mind! Supper is a family gathering and no one leaves the table til it’s over

Matilda 2: But we’re not at the table, we never are, we’re always eating off our knees and watching the telly

Mr W: What’s wrong with watching the telly may I ask?

Matilda 2: It’s not as good as…..

Mr W: <picks up book> What is this trash anyway?

Matilda 2: It’s not trash, it’s beautiful, it’s called Moby Dick

Mr W: Moby what?! I’m fed up of all your reading, you should be watching telly like a normal kid. There’s nothing you can get from a book that you can’t get from the telly and quicker

Matilda 2: Well a documentary might….but I’m not sure if Britain’s Got Talent…

Mr W: Well I’m fed up of all your reading <takes book and starts ripping it up>

Matilda 2: Daddy, that’s a library book, it doesn’t belong to me, I have to return it

Mr W: Do I look like I care? Now shut your nasty mouth and let us watch the telly in peace.

Matilda sits there fuming. Everything wobbles slightly.

Narrator1: Matilda started to think. If People are bad they need to be punished. And Daddy was bad. Hmmmm.

Matilda 2: I think I have an idea.

<goes to washstand>

Matilda 2: Hmmmm. Daddy’s oil of violets hair gel – he puts that in his hair every day. Hmmmm. Mummy’s hair bleach – extra strong for bottle blondes. Maybe if I just get rid of a little of this…..and do a little of this….and shake it up a bit. There. Time for bed I think.

Narrator 1: the next morning, Mr Wormwood was getting ready for work.

Mr W: Gotta get ready Mikey, gotta look good – people don’t buy cars, they buy me – and if I look good, rich, respectable, then the cretins trust me and buy more cars.

Mikey: Wow dad, that’s clever. I’ve got to get ready for school worse luck

Matilda 2: I wish I could go to school, I’m 5 and a half

Mrs W: You’re 4 silly

Matilda 2: No, I’m 5 and a half I was supposed to start in September, I told you.

Mr W: <comes in> But we need you here to take deliveries and things

Everyone looks aghast at Mr W

Mikey: Daddy, what have you done to your HAIR

Mr W: What, What do you mean about my Hair

Mrs W Sweetie – you’ve gone and died your Hair, what did you do that for?

Matilda 2: Maybe daddy muddled up his hair oil with your hair bleach Mummy

Mrs W: WHAT! What a stupid thing to do. You mean that stuff is still in your hair – wash it out now before it makes the whole lot fall out!

<pretend to wash it out over the kitchen sink

Mr W: What am I going to do, I can’t go to work like this

Narrator 1: But Matilda had an answer for this too

Matilda 2: Why not put your hat on Daddy – it’s cold, you can keep it on all day.

Mr W: Yes, give us it here.

Mrs W: Aw sweetie, that’s ok but you should let me dry your hair first, take it off

Mr W: I, I can’t. I can’t get it off

Mrs W: Don’t be silly <tugs and pulls>

Mrs W: Mikey, give me a hand

Mikey: I can’t do it, it’s like it’s glued to his head

Mr W: Don’t be ridiculous, why would I glue a hat to me head – it must have shrunk and the fibres have stuck to my head.

Mrs W: Well, we’ll have to cut if off

Mr W: My best hat!

Mrs W: There

Matilda 2: Daddy, there are still bits stuck to your forehead, they look like slugs. People will think you have slugs on your head. Or lice.

Mr W: GGGGGGRrrrrrrr, I’ve had just about enough of you. Why aren’t you at school, you should be at school and out of my hair

Mrs W: I wouldn’t talk draw attention to your hair dear.

Matilda 2: But I want to go to school, I should have started last year, I was telling Mummy

Mr W Well I’m going to talk to that Head teacher Miss Trunchbull I sold the car to the other day, she seems like a woman who doesn’t take any rubbish from snotty little kids. You’ll go tomorrow, and that’s that you loud mouthed snip

Matilda 2 YES!

Everyone Sings Naughty

INTERVAL CHANGE MATILDAS

**SCENE 4 MATILDA (3) GOES TO SCHOOL**

Detective 1 Agent P, Agent D, the female minor has changed her routine

Detective 2 Yes Agent M, satchel, check, uniform, check, hair ribbon, check

Detective 3 It looks like she is going to school. Check, she is heading in the direction of Crunchem Academy

Detective 1 Why do we call each other by our last initials?

Detective 2 I dunno. What’s your name Agent M?

Detective 1 Nathan Whats your name Agent P?

Detective 2 Nathan.

Both together to Detective 1 Agent D, ‘What’s your name’ Agent D

Detective 3 Nathan….no…err…Chinedu

All Pause……

Detective 1 Agent P, Agent D, continue your observations.

Matilda 3 It doesn’t look very nice…..but I guess it’s school, and that’s what matters

Lavendar Hello, are you new?

Matilda 3 Yes I am. You look fun

Lavendar Thanks, so do you, shall we be friends?

Matilda 3 I would love a friend!

Lavendar Uh oh

Matilda 3 Who’s that?

Trunchbull /Strides in/ Detention, you are too small. Stop that laughing, my office, 10 minutes

Lavendar THAT is Miss Trunchbull, quick, hide

Hortensia Hey, new bugs, I wouldn’t do that if I were you. If Miss Trunchbull catches you hiding, she’ll break you.

Matilda 3 She seems very fierce

Hortensia You wouldn’t believe the half of it. You’ve got a treat coming, she hates very small children and loathes the bottom class, that’s you, and everyone in it. She thinks 6 year olds are grubs that haven’t yet hatched out.

Lavendar Gosh

Hortensia If you survive your first year you many just manage to live through the rest of your time here. But many don’t survive. They get carried out on stretchers screaming, I’ve seen it often.

Matilda 3 But that can’t be right

Hortensia Oh yes. I suppose you know the Trunchbull has a lock up in her private quarters called the Chokey

Both the Chokey?

Hortensia The Chokey is a very tall, very narrow cupboard. You can’t sit down in it, you have to stand, and the walls are made of cement with bits of broken glass sticking out so you can’t lean against them while you are in there.

Matilda 3 Can’t you lean against the door?

Hortenisa Nails! Nails all over it, hammered in from the outside. I’ve been in there twice!

Lavendar What did you do?

Hortensia The first time I put golden syrup all over Miss Trunchbull’s chair, it made a lovely squishy squelch when she sat down I can tell you… then I put itching powder in her tracksuit, she was not happy.

Matilda 3 How did she know it was you?

Hortensia She is amazingly good at guessing – it’s almost like she can smell who did it, and she is usually right.

Lavendar You’re very brave….

Hortensia Oh no, Oh dear, she’s seen Amanda Thripp.

Trunchbull You there, small female child

Amanda Thripp looks surprised and nervous

Trunchbull What are THOSE in your hair

Amanda /puzzled/ what, these? They’re pigtails

Hortensia Miss Trunchbull hates pigtails and that silly girl Amanda has let her hair get even longer over the summer

TB I want those filthy pig tails off before you come back to school tomorrow – Chop them off and throw them in the bin

Amanda My mmummy likes them, she ppplaits them for me every morning

TB Your mummy’s a twit! Pigtails are for pigs, and are you a pig?

Amanda My mummy thinks I look lovely

TB I don’t give a stuff what your mummy thinks you cheeky slug. /grabs Amanda’s hair/

Hortensia Ooh, she’s for it now. Miss Trunchbull used to throw the hammer in the Olympics. She’s getting up speed, 10 to 1 she’s going to throw her.

Amanda is whirled round, released and flies off stage

Leah Well thrown sir

Hortensia She’s flying through the air, will she make the fence? Yes she’s over! 10/10 for distance, 9/10 for style

TB Hmph, not bad considering I’m not in strict training.<stalks off>

Matilda 3 She’s mad!

Lavendar Don’t the parents complain?

Hortensia Well, would you believe it if you hadn’t seen it with our own eyes?

Matilda 3 Oh gosh, I hope she’s not our teacher.

**SCENE 5 MISS HONEY**

Narrator 3 But fortunately, Miss Trunchbull was not Matilda’s teacher. Matilda’s teacher was Miss Jennifer Honey. She had a lovely face and gentle eyes. She was a mild, quiet person, who had that rare gift of being adored by every small child under her care.

Children are singing baby shark as Miss Honey and Matilda come in.

Miss Honey Ok settle down now children. Class, we have a new child today. This is Matilda – can everyone say hello and make her feel at home

Everyone Hello Matilda

Miss Honey Now Matilda, don’t worry if all of this seems a bit new and strange, or if you can’t do the things that we are learning, you will soon catch up, but if you do think you know an answer, be brave and put up your hand.

Miss Honey Ok Everyone – we have been looking at our two times table. Who can tell me two times two

Lavendar 4

Miss Honey Two times six?

Nigella Eight

Miss Honey Not quite

Julius 12

Miss Honey That’s right. How about two times 12

Matilda 3 24. Then it’s 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40

Miss Honey Stop! How far can you go?

Matilda 3 I don’t know, quite a long way I think

Miss Honey So If I asked you two times 28?  
Matilda 3 56 Miss Honey

Miss Honey Ok, how about something much harder, like two times 487? Could you tell me that?

Matilda 3 Oh Yes, it’s Nine hundred and seventy four.

Miss Honey /flabbergasted/ Very good. That is really splendid. Do you know any of the other mulitiplication tables?

Matilda 3 I think so

Miss Honey Twelve sevens?

Matilda 84

Miss Honey fourteen nineteens

Matilda 3 296

Miss Honey Have your mummy and daddy taught you a special way to do this?

Matilda 3 No, they haven’t taught me anything at all. My head just sort of does it. I’ve always said to myself that if a little pocket calculator can do it, which is just a lump of metal, why can’t I?

Miss Honey Why indeed.

Lavendar That’s not fair, how come she can do it and we can’t

Miss Honey Errr..you’ll soon catch up. Now onto spelling. Who can spell cat

Nigella C A T

Miss Honey Very good. Has anyone begun to learn to read sentences at home?

Lavendar/Nigle We have

Miss Honey Can anyone read this

Lavendar The first word is I

Matilda 3 and the rest are ‘have already begun to read long sentences’

Miss Honey Ooooo KKKK, Matilda, can you read?

Matilda 3 mostly, though I don’t really know what all the words mean

Miss Honey Can you have a go at reading this (Pride and Prejudice)

Matilda 3 it is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife. Oh, I’ve read this book, it’s really funny.

Miss Honey Erm…….everyone stay here for a while and work on your workbooks.

Goes to see Miss Trunchbull

TB Yes, what is it. Oh Miss Honey. What’s the problem, those stinkers been flicking spitballs at you?

Miss Honey Gosh no. It’s about Matilda Wormwood, the new girl

TB Oh, daughter of the car dealer in the village, excellent man, sold me a new car, runs like clockwork and hardly any mileage on it. He says the little brat is a real wart.

Miss Honey Oh no, that cant’ be right.

TB Oh yes miss Honey it darn well is right. I’ll bet she’s a nasty little worm, and believe me, little girls are much much worse than little boys – much harder to squash down. Nasty little things little girls are – Glad I never was one

Miss Honey Oh, but Matilda is actually very bright, I think she might be a genius

TB A Genius? Piffle. You must be out of your mind. Her father says she’s an annoying spot

Miss Honey But she can read

TB So what, so can I

Miss Honey It’s my opinion that she needs to be taken out of reception and put in Year 6 immediately

TB So that’s your game, trying to shuffle her off onto some other poor teacher. I can see your plot madam – I’ve always been able to see right through you. No, you keep her in your class and it is up to you to see the little viper behaves herself. Now clear off.

Miss Honey I will help her. Miss Trunchbull must be wrong about her parents, I’ll go and see them.

**SCENE 6 MISS HONEY AT MATILDA’S PARENTS**

Detective 1 Lone female adult approaching the building

Miss Honey Good evening officers, I wonder if you could direct me to the Wormwood’s House?

Detective 2 Of course madam – just over there

Miss Honey It’s so good to see police officers enforcing law and order in the community

Detective 3 We’re. not. Police. Officers

Miss Honey Oh I see, you’re undercover. Well, I hope you get the criminals!

Detective 1 Are we that obvious?

Detective 2 Of course not, we have sunglasses on

Detective 3 She must just be a very clever woman, probably a teacher.

Miss Honey dings the doorbell

Mr W Yes, if you’re selling raffle tickets I don’t want any

Miss Honey I’m not, forgive me for butting in on you like this, but I’m Matilda’s teacher….

Mr W Got into trouble already has she? Well, she’s your responsibility from now on, you have to deal with her

Miss Honey She’s no trouble at all, in fact, she’s brilliant, may I come in to talk to you about her

Mr W It’s very inconvenient, we’re right in the middle of one of our favourite programs

Miss Honey If you think some rotten TV programme is more important than your daughter then you don’t deserve to be a parent

Mr W Ok Ok, keep your hair on, come in and let’s get it over with

Mrs W Who is it sweetie?

Mr W some teacher woman wanting to talk about Matilda

Mrs W But Alfonso is just about to propose to Ermintrude, you can’t turn it off – just do the sound, I can keep watching with the subtitles on

Miss Honey (still slightly frustrated) This was your daughter’s first day at school and

Mrs W We know that, hurry up won’t you, is that all you came to tell us?

Miss Honey Of course not – did you know that most 5 year olds can’t spell or read, but Matilda is already reading books by Dickins and Austen

Mrs W Who are they? I thought Austin made cars. So what?

Miss Honey Erm….did you know that she can do Maths in her head to a really complicated level?

Mr W So what, so can a calculator

Miss Honey So you haven’t taught her to read books or do Maths?

Mrs W Of course, not, why would we do that? Waste of time, being good at reading and maths isn’t going to get her a husband is it Miss Homely?

Mr W She just wastes a lot of time in her room reading books rather than watching good decent stuff on telly

Miss Honey But, but, I think with some tuition she would be ready for university in only two or three years….

Mrs W University! What a hoot! No one wants to marry a ‘clever’ girl – she should be spending time on her looks. Looks is more important than books Miss Hunky

Miss Honey But, but

Mrs W Now look at me Miss Hamster, and then look at you. You chose books and I chose looks – and who’s ended up better off? I have a nice house and a rich husband and you’re slaving away teaching a lot of nasty children the ABC

Mr W Quite right sugarplum

Miss Honey But if she went to university she could be a doctor, or a lawyer, or a police officer like those ones in the car outside.

Mrs W A woman’s purpose in life is to get a rich husband, and that’s that. And anyway, what do you know about anything - they’re not policemen outside, they told me they’re speedboat salesmen

Miss Honey Speedboat salesmen? In Hackney? Oh I give up. <turns to Matilda> - I’ve brought some year 6 books for you to have a look at – I’ll leave them just here

Matilda 3 <whispers> thanks Miss Honey!

**SCENE 7 ASSEMBLY**

‘All Children to the Assembly Hall, All Children to the Assembly Hall’

Lavendar Oh dear, this can’t be good

Matilda 3 What do you think is going to happen?

Nigella Where are the other teachers?

Hortensia Hiding in the staff room I’ll bet

Amanda Shhhhh, it’s the Trunchbull

Trunchbull (TB) ‘Betty Bogtrotter! Where is Betty Bogtrotter?!’

Betty Here Miss Trunchbull

TB Come up here, and look smart about it

Betty walks nervously up to the front – muttering and whispering amongst the kids

TB Stand here. This clot, this foul carbuncle, this poisonous pustule, this zit that you see before you is none other than a disgusting criminal, a denizen of the underworld, a member of the Mafia

Betty Who me?

TB A thief! A crook! A pirate! A Brigand! A Rustler! Do you deny it you miserable gumboil?

Betty I don’t know what you’re talking about

TB I tell you what I’m talking about you blister! Yesterday morning, during break, you sneaked like a serpent into the kitchen and stole a slice of my private chocolate cake from my tea tray! My private cake! Real butter, real cream! And you stole it and ate it, do you deny it?

Betty It’s hard for me to remember particular cakes

TB Don’t lie to me Bogtrotter, the cook saw you eating it! You like my special cake don’t you Bogtrotter? It’s rich and delicious isn’t it Bogtrotter?

Betty Very good (oomph, puts her hands in front of his mouth as she realised what she has said)

TB You’re right! Cook, did you hear that, the girl likes your cake, she adores your cake, do you have any more you could give her?

Cook I do indeed Miss Trunchbull.

TB Well, bring it here, bring it here

Cook brings a slice of chocolate cake and puts it in front of Bruce

TB There you are Bogtrotter, a slice, all for you, every bit of it…..why don’t you try it?

Lavendar I bet it’s made of frogs

Nigella I bet it’s full of pepper

Hortensia I bet cook spat in it

Matilda 3 Oh don’t eat it Betty, don’t eat it

Betty Err….no thank you

TB But I insist, it would be very impolite to cookie not to eat it, you must show her how grateful you are. <Pause> Come on, I haven’t got all day…….it’s good isn’t it. Have another slice

Betty That’s enough thank you, I don’t want another slice

TB EAT! YOU WANTED CAKE, YOU STOLE CAKE, AND NOW YOU’VE GOT CAKE AND YOU WON’T LEAVE THIS PLATFORM TIL YOU HAVE EATEN IT ALL, DO YOU UNDERSTAND? EAT! EAT EAT!

Matilda 3 Do you think she can do it?

Lavendar No, it’s impossible

Nigella She’ll be sick half way through

TB EAT! EAT FASTER! And stop stopping, next time you stop you’ll go straight in the Chokey!

Matilda 3 She’s doing well

Lavendar She’ll be sick, it’s going to be horrid

Hortensia Choking or the Chokey, what a horrible choice

Amanda I can’t watch

Matilda 3 Come on Betty, you can do it!

<other children severally, yeah, you can do it, come on Betty>

All eat, eat, eat EAT EAT EAT EAT

Betty finishes, and burps. All cheeeeeeeeeeeeer

TB GRRRRRRRRRR – <lifts up plate, smashes it on his head and storms off>

**SCENE 8 LAVENDAR AND THE NEWT**

(Lavender is playing in the pond).

Lavender: Oooh. This one’s big. Perfect.

Ms Trunchbell: Everyone back to class and stop squelching around in the mud you disgusting child!

Lavender: Yes miss (under her breath) This’ll be fun.

(It is now in class. Lavender sneaks newt into a water jug)

Ms Honey: Now class, our lesson today is going to be taught by Ms TrunchbUll. I’m sure…

Ms Trunchbell: Just get on with it! I need to start showing these miserable little tapeworms who’s boss. Now! Who’s learnt their 3 times tables and who’s been lazing about on the couch mmm?

Ms Honey: But they’ve not learn...

Ms Trunchbull: (shouting) You! What’s your name!

Nigella Nigella

Ms Trunchbull: What’s 3 x 3

Nigella 12? Errr 18? Errr Flamingo? Purple?

Ms Trunchbull Useless. You, what’s your name?

Matilda 3: Matilda.

Ms Trunchbull: Matilda eh. Wormwood?

Matilda 3: Yes.

Ms Trunchbull: Ah. The little problem wart. Looks like your crook of a father was right about you. Sold me a smoking wreck of a car the double-crossing rat- like father like daughter eh?…what’s 3x7!?

Matilda 3: 21

Ms Trunchbull: Grrr. Maybe you should try….3x9!

Matilda 3: 27

Ms Trunchbull: 12x3!

Matilda 3: 36

Ms Trunchbull: Well. Looks like your pathetic parents taught you some maths after all so you could nip at me like a shark. A tiny, sly baby shark (kids start singing baby shark Trunchbull stops them by whamming her cane on the desk and then moves to water Jug) but I’m going catch you out you see? I’m going to drain the water out of your filthy little tank as easily as I do to this glass of water. (pours herself glass of water and drinks most of it).

Lavender: Hehehe.

Ms Trunchbull: What did you say?

Lavender: Nothing …honest.

Ms Honey: Um…. Ms Trunchbell. The glass.

Ms Trunchbull: What is……AAAAAAARGH!

Ms Honey: Oh dear.

Ms Trunchbull: Gaaaaah! It’s a lizard! It’s a snake! It’s a dragon! It’s a shark /minor outbreak of baby shark again/ It’s a worm! It’s a frog! It’s a fish! It’s a…..

Matilda 3: It’s a newt.

Ms Trunchbull: w-w-what was that you-you toad.

Lavender: Matilda don’t.

Matilda 3: It’s a newt, I read about it in one of Mr Darwin’s books. It’s harmless.

Ms Trunchbull: You’re a newt you-you-you-yooooooou-you did this didn’t you, you villainess, you ignorant traitor! I’ll lock you in the chokey for a fortnight and throw away the key!

Julius: Ooooh, the chokey cokey.

Ms Trunchbull: shuddup and stop flossing!

Julius: What’s the matter? Lost your vbucks?

(Ms Trunchbull promptly grabs Julius and throws him out the window)

Ms Trunchbull: Now who else wants to try me!? Lavender? Amanda? I’ll throw all of you miserable little vomit bags out just you watch me!

Matilda 3: Stop it please!

Ms Trunchbull: Who are you to plead with me you revolting little slug? You see I’m right, you’re wrong, I’m big, you’re small and above all, you can do nothing to stop me.

Narrator 2: This was too much for all the little thoughts and wonders inside Matilda’s head. This was her time to take action.

(Matilda concentrates, the newt is thrown onto Ms Trunchbull)

Ms Trunchbull: Aaaaaargh get it off (flails around for a bit) I don’t know how but you did this Matilda but you did. I’ll be back! Just you wait, I’ll be back!

(Ms Trunchbull runs off stage)

Lavendar: Thank you for not telling

Matilda 3: Best friends!

(everyone goes out to break)

Matilda 3: Ms Honey, can I talk to you?

Ms Honey 3: Yes of course.

Matilda 3: I think I made that newt fly onto Ms Trunchbull.

Ms Honey 3: Oh Matilda, that’s very sweet but I don’t think it was …. Oh my.

(cup is being held in mid-air)

Matilda 3: See?

Ms Honey: Yes, I do see but I really don’t believe my eyes, this is fantastic. Why don’t you visit my house after school today?

Matilda 3: oh, yes please, that would be wonderful.

**SCENE 9 WALKING TO MISS HONEY’S HOUSE**

Miss Honey and Matilda 3 are walking along the road.

Miss H See that house there, that’s where Miss Trunchbull lives

Matilda It looks very grim

Miss H Oh, not at all, it’s a perfectly lovely house. They say that once upon a time a doctor and his wife and little daughter lived there, but sadly, the doctor’s wife died, and so he asked his wife’s sister to come to help look after the house.

Matilda Miss Trunchbull?

Miss H Yes

Matilda But she hates kids, what was she like to the Doctor’s little daughter?

Miss H Perfectly beastly – she neither wanted to hear her or see her, and once she actually broke her arm!

Matilda No, that’s awful! But what did the Doctor say?

Miss H Well here is the worst bit. About five years later the Doctor himself died. They say he killed himself

Matilda But why would anyone with a little daughter do that?

Miss H I just don’t know. But somehow his will was lost, Miss Trunchbull said that the house and everything in it had been left to her, and the little daughter had to live with her until finally she escaped!

Matilda She escaped?!

Miss H Yes, she found a lovely little house to rent from a local farmer for less than no money, because of course Miss Trunchbull had stolen all her money. She planted loads of lovely wildflowers and honeysuckle round the door and oh look here we are

Matilda But the little house in the story…it’s this house isn’t it?

Miss H Yes, you are a smart little girl, it is this house

Matilda But then that means……

Miss H Yes. Aunt Trunchbull.

Matilda Miss Honey, I think I have an idea…. But I need to go home and practise

INTERVAL, CHANGE MATILDA 4, MISS HONEY 2

**SCENE 10 PRACTISING**

Matilda 4 Hello Policemen

Detective 1 We are NOT policemen

Detective 2 No, we’re speedboat salesmen

Detective 3 /Aside/ Speedboat salesmen???? In London????

Matilda 4 Well if you’re not policemen why are you always watching the house?

Detective 1 We’re keen gardeners

Detective 2 And your mum has a very nice garden

Detective 3 And we want to sell her a speedboat because her garden is so nice

Detective 1 What?

Detective 2 <bats at detective 3, they have a small scrap>

Matilda 4 Ok then, bye policemen

Detective 1 We’re not policemen.

This scene is mostly mimed. Matilda focusses on stuff, gradually makes things wobble, then fly around the room.

Flyers make things move as Matilda points at them

Get the music from the film.

Matilda 4: I’m ready!

**SCENE 11 AT MISS TRUNCHBULL’S HOUSE**

This scene is also mostly mimed. Flyers in place to wobble the right things.

Matilda 4: Right, I’ve got to scare Miss Trunchbull into leaving her house

Miss Trunchbull is sitting eat chocolates. The Box moves each time she tries to grab one

She gets up and looks around. Makes a grab for the box but it flies in her face

Her Hammers and javelins start shaking, then flying around – Miss Trunchbull grabs one and tries to fight the others. The eventually fly out of the window.

Doors are opening and shutting. Miss Honey’s doll flies into Miss Trunchbull’s face and they spin around like doing a dance, then the doll flies out

Lastly, the painting comes off, dances around, bops her on the head, then flies back onto the wall the other way round – Magnus is on it

Miss Trunchbull: Shrieks – this crazy house, I’m out of here!

She runs out of the hosue

Matilda 4: Time to go <runs off> but leaves hair ribbon

Miss Trunchbull: <bends down> What’s this, a ribbon. I know that Ribbon. Maaaattildddaaa Woooooorrrrmwooooddddd!

SCENE 12 Magnus

(Children are in class are waiting for Ms Trunchbull)

Lavender: I hate it when miss Trunchbull teaches us. She always makes it horrible for us especially you. Aren’t you worried?

Matilda 4: No not really. I’ll be ready this time at least I think I will.

Julius: Yeah. Takes more than a broken leg to…..

(Ms Trunchbull walks in and walks to the front with a wicked smile)

Ms Trunchbull: Now, what shall I do to all you miserable little maggots today mmm?

Nigella: Why is she so happy?

Lavender: That does not bode well.

Ms Trunchbull: Oh, I’ve got an idea. (shouting) Move the tables to the back you sluggish turds!(back to smooth voice) We’re going to play a little game.

Lavender: That definately does not bode well.

Nigella: We’re doomed.

Ms Trunchbull: Now get in a line in front of me and be smart about it! Now, this is the game. First all of you stand in a line like the little scumbags you are, then I go to each and every one of you and I will inspect every inch of you screeching piles of horse droppings and send whoever was responsible for going into my house and snatching my treasured belongings to the chokey for a year and a day. Then I am going to expel you and put you on the next flight to the sahara desert! Understand?

Everyone: Y-yes miss.

Ms Trunchbull: Although I could always just guess couldn’t I. And I know dribbling welps like you don’t like that. Or I could solve it without inspecting you but how do I do that I wonder?(draws ribbon out of pocket) Now who was wearing this yesterday who isn’t wearing it today. (shouting) come on! Own up or it’s the chokey for all of you. Who was it!? Nigella? Lavender? Betty or …. Matilda. Yes Matilda, you didn’t think I’d leave this unfinished did I. I said I’d be back and I am. I……

Matilda 4: It was me.

Ms Trunchbull: What was that you clotpole!?

Matilda 4: It was me You’re right.

Ms Honey: Matilda?

Matilda 4: Come on, send me to the chokey if you want but you might want to look behind you first.

Ms Trunchbull: What is….. oh. OH!

(Message appears on the board. Children read it out.)

All Children: Agatha… It’s Magnus. I am Magnus. Give my Jenny back her house. Give my Jenny her wages. Give them to her then get out. Get out and never come back or I will get you. I will get you like you got me. That is a promise Agatha.

Amanda: Look at Ms Trunchbull.

Nigella: Ding ding ding, she’s out cold

Lavender: Ha! She looks like she has white face paint on.

Ms Honey: Matilda you, you…. I don’t know what to say.

Matilda 4: How about I told you so (they hug).

Lavendar: Who else gets the feeling that Ms Trunchbull’s not zonked.

Ms Trunchbull: Grrrrr. I’ll wring your little necks I’ll….(Amanda hits her over the head with a schoolbook Ms Trunchbull).

Amanda: That’s for calling my Mum a twit.

Lavender: She’s not going to be out for long, grab whatever you can!

Matilda 4: Your lunches!

Nigella: Her cane!

Matilda 4: The schoolbooks!

Amanda: Don’t forget the newt.

Ms Honey: Don’t you think the newt is a bit much.

Matilda 4: Come on she’s stirring.

Ms Trunchbull: W-what is going wha? You-you scumbags!

Ms Honey: I wouldn’t do that if I where you.

Ms trunchbull: Oh no.

Matilda 4: charge

(Children throw objects at Ms Trunchbull and chase her out of the school)

Narrator 4 : And after that Ms Trunchbull dissapeared and never bothered anyone ever again.

**SCENE 13 THE HAPPY ENDING**

Detective 1 Subjects leaving the house

Detective 2 With a suspiciously large number of suitcases….

Detective 3 They’re doing a runner, after them!

Matilda 4: So (says something learned about something the kids have been learning at St JJ’s this term)

Miss Honey: That’s right. Oh look, there are those nice police officers that used to hang out outside your house

Matilda 4 Uh Oh

Miss Honey: Oh, and there are your parents, I wonder why they look so stressed

Matilda 4 You never bought a car from my dad did you?

Miss Honey: No…..why…

Mr W Quick, Matilda, get in the car, we gotta get going

Mrs W Yes come on sweetie, we need to go right now

Mikey We’re missing EastEnders!

Mr and MrsW Shut up!

Matilda 4 Go, go where?

Mr W Venezuela, gonna make a new start, house and land are really cheap out there at the moment

Mrs W We’re going to be speedboat salesmen, got the idea from those other speedboat salemen

Matilda 4 What, those policemen?

Miss Honey But Venezuela, haven’t you read the news?

Mr W Reading, reading, it’s always reading with you teachers. Now come on

Matilda 4 But I don’t want to go! Miss Honey…

Mrs W Hurry up!

Matilda 4 Miss Honey, I did prepare for such an emergency back at the library when I was four….I’ve got adoption papers here if everyone could just sign them?

Mr W Adoption papers? How much do I have to pay?

Matilda 4 Nothing at all….that is if Miss Honey will have me?

Miss Honey of course I will Matilda….if you’re sure your parents will let you go?

Mrs W She’s my daughter….but I guess it’s one less mouth to feed

Mikey And I’ll be an only child again, yay!

Mr W Ok, hand the papers over.. there…and there…..Oh, and if the speedboat salesmen turn up, I was never here. And my name’s not Wormwood.

Mrs W Byeeeeeeeee!

Miss Honey and Matilda hug

Narrator 1 And so Matilda and Miss Honey both got what they wanted, a loving family, and the opportunity to learn and live happily and freely.

All sing When I Grow Up