

Matilda Act 2

MATILDA THE MUSICAL

ACT 2

LAVENDER

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

[]

All right. Look. What I do is I volunteer to give the Trunchbull a jug of water. And on the way back . . . No! I don't want to tell you anymore because I don't want to ruin it!

[]

Well . . . On the way back, I find a newt. A newt is like a really ugly lizard that lives in water. And so I pick it up and . . . No! I'm not saying any more!

[]

I'm going to put the newt in the Trunchbull's jug! It's going to be brilliant!

BRUCE

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.

BRUCE and TOMMY

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.

AMANDA and ERIC

And when I grow up,
I will eat sweets every day,
On the way to work,
And I will go to bed late every night.

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 . . .

MISS HONEY

When I grow up,
I will be brave enough to fight the creatures
That you have to fight
Beneath the bed each night
To be a grown up.
When I grow up . . .

MATILDA

Just because you find that life's not fair, it
Doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.

If you always take it on the chin and wear it,
Nothing will change.

MISS HONEY

When I grow up . . .

[]

MATILDA

Just because I find myself in this story,
It doesn't mean that everything is written for me.
If I think the ending is fixed already,
I might as well be saying
I think that it's 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 , exactly.

MRS PHELPS

Matilda, are you sure something –

MATILDA

You want to hear the next part of my story?

MRS PHELPS

Story? Did you say "story"? Did you say . . . Matilda! What are we waiting for?

MATILDA

Slowly, very slowly, the Acrobat wrapped her shiny white scarf around her husband's neck.

MATILDA AND ACROBAT

"For luck, my love – "

MATILDA

– she said, kissing him with the gentlest of kisses.

MATILDA and ACROBAT

"Smile. We have done this a thousand times."

MATILDA

But suddenly, she hugged him with the biggest hug in the world, so hard that he thought she would hug all the air out of him. And so, they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed.

MATILDA

The great escapologist had to escape from the cage, lean out, catch his wife with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher with the other, and put out the flames on her specially-designed dress within twelve seconds before they reached the dynamite and blew his wife's head off!

MRS PHELPS

Sorry, go on.

MATILDA

The trick started well. The moment the specially-designed dress was set alight, the acrobat swung into the air. The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects. One second. Two seconds. They watched as the flames crept up the dress. Three seconds. Four seconds. She began to reach out her arms towards the cage. Five seconds. Six seconds! Suddenly, the padlocks pinged open, and the huge chains fell away. Seven seconds. Eight seconds. The door flung open, and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and their child. Nine seconds! Ten seconds!

MRS PHELPS

Oh, I can't look!

MATILDA

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

MRS PHELPS

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

MATILDA

No.

MRS PHELPS

No?

MATILDA

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

MRS PHELPS

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

MATILDA

She broke every bone in her body. Except for the ones at the ends of her little fingers. She did manage to live long enough to have their child, but the effort was too great. "Love our little girl," she said. "Love our daughter with all your heart. She was all we ever wanted."

ACROBAT'S VOICE

Love our girl with everything. She is everything.

MATILDA

And then, she died.

MATILDA

And then, things got worse.

MRS PHELPS

What? "Worse"? Oh, no, Matilda. Not worse. They can't get worse.

MATILDA

I'm afraid they did. Because the escapologist was so kind that he never for one second blamed the evil sister for what happened. In fact, he asked her to move in and help look after his daughter. She was nothing but rude to the little girl, making her wash, iron, cook, and clean, and beating her if she did a thing wrong. But always in secret, so that the escapologist never suspected a thing. And so the poor little girl grew up with the meanest, cruelest, horrible-est aunt you can possible imagine!

MRS PHELPS

Let's call the police!!

MATILDA

Mrs Phelps! It's . . . It's just a story.

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.

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! [] Come, here you! []

MRS WORMWOOD

No, stop, stop. There's only one man I do with!

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 knackered. 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

Yes, boy! Backwards! Backwards. Exactly. Now, a drill's motor: It rolls backwards thousands of times a second. And 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. Great, big, nasty-faced apes. Expensive suits, dark glasses; dunno who they thought they were.

MRS WORMWOOD

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

MATILDA

That was badgers. It was a programme about badgers.

MRS WORMWOOD

Same thing! . . . And did it work?

MRS WORMWOOD

Fantastico! Now I can afford Rudolpho all day long!

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 with you? What've we done to deserve a child like you?

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. [] Now, get in there and stay in there, you nasty little creep!

MATILDA

At night, the escapologist's daughter cried herself to sleep, alone in her room. She never said a single word about the evil aunt's bullying, because she didn't want to cause a fuss, and so she suffered in silence. This only encouraged the woman to greater cruelties, until one day, she exploded!

MATILDA and ACROBAT'S SISTER []

"You are a useless! Filthy! Nasty little creep!"

MATILDA

And she beat her, threw her into a dank, dark, dusty cellar, locked the door, and went out.

MATILDA

But that day, the escapologist happened to come home early. And when he heard the sound of his daughter's tears – [] – he smashed the door open!

ESCAPOLOGIST

Don't cry.

I am here, little girl.

Please don't cry.

Dry your eyes.

Wipe away your tears, little girl.

Forgive me.

I didn't mean to desert you.

Don't cry, little girl.

Nothing can hurt you.

You've nothing to fear.

I'm here.

MATILDA and ESCAPOLOGIST

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

MATILDA and ESCAPOLOGIST

"We shall be together, forever."

MATILDA

Don't cry, daddy.

I'm all right, daddy.

Please don't cry.

Here, let me wipe away your tears.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Forgive me.

MATILDA

Daddy, forgive me.

ESCAPOLOGIST

I didn't mean to desert you.

MATILDA

I didn't want to upset you.

Please, daddy, don't cry.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Don't cry, little girl.

MATILDA

I'll be all right.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Nothing can hurt you.

MATILDA

With you by my side,

I have –

MATILDA and ESCAPOLOGIST

– nothing to fear.

MATILDA []: You're here.

ESCAPOLOGIST []: I'm here.

MATILDA

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

MATILDA and ESCAPOLOGIST

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

MATILDA

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

MISS HONEY

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What are you doing with those books, woman?

MISS HONEY

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

No, they are not. [] Not on my watch! [] There is an age for reading and an age for being a filthy little toad! These are toads. Aren't you, Bogtrotter?

BRUCE

Yes, Miss Trunchbull.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Yes, Miss Trunchbull! [] Only, Bogtrotter, here, is now a good toad. [] Sit!

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. [] 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

Ooh, ooh! Me, me, me, me, me! I'll get it, Miss Trunchbull! []

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Stupid girl. And you. [] Flabby, disgusting, revolting! Revolting, I say! It's high time you were toughened up with a little . . . phys-ed. []

MISS TRUNCHBULL

This school, of late, has started reeking –

AMANDA

[] Eric . . .

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[] Quiet, maggots, when I'm speaking!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

– reeking, with a most disturbing scent.

Only the finest nostrils smell it,

But I know it oh-too-well.

It is the odour of rebellion.

It's the bouquet of dissent!

And you may bet your britches this Headmistress

Finds this foul odiferousness

Wholly olfactorally insulting.

And so, to stop this stench's spread,

I find a session of phys-ed

Sorts the merely "rank" from the "revoting".

[]

The smell of rebellion comes out in the sweat,

And phys-ed will get you sweating.

And it won't be long before I smell the pong

Of aiding and abetting.

A bit of phys-ed will tell us

Who has a head full of rebellious thoughts.

[]

Hold, hold!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Just like a rotten egg floats to the top
Of a bucket of water.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The smell of rebellion.

The stench of revolt.

CHILDREN

One, two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The reek of insubordination.

CHILDREN

I can't take it anymore.

One, two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The whiff of resistance.

The pong of dissent.

The funk of mutiny in action.

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!

[]

Before the worm starts to turn,

You must scrape off the dirt

And rip it from the mud!

The whiff of insurgence.

CHILDREN

One, two three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The stench of intent.

CHILDREN

One, two, three, four.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The reek of pre-pubescent protest.

The pong of defiance.

CHILDREN

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

Once we've "exercised" these demons,
They shall be too pooped for scheming.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Some double-time discipline
Should stop the rot from setting in!
[]
All right, let's step it up. Double time.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

One, two, three, four.
Discipline. Discipline.
For children who aren't listening;
For midgets who are fidgeting
Or whispering in history.
Their chattering and chattering,
Their nattering and twittering
Is tempered with a smattering
Of discipline.

We must begin insisting
On rigidity, and discipline,
Persistently resisting
This anarchistic mischieving.
These minutes you are frittering
On pandering and pitying
While little 'uns like this:
They just want discipline.

The simpering and whimpering,
The dribbling and the spitting,
The "miss, I need a tissue" –
It's an issue we can fix.
There is no mystery to mastering
The art of classroom discipline.
It's discipline, discipline –

CHILDREN

Discipline!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

The smell of rebellion,
The stench of revolt,
The reek of pre-pubescent plotting.
The whiff of resistance,
The pong of dissent,
The funk of moral fibre rotting . . .

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.

[]

Now imagine a woods with a cottage,

And inside that cottage we find

A dwarf called Zeek,

A carnival freak

Who can fold paper hats with his mind.

And he says,

"Don't let them steal your horses.

No!

Don't let them throw them away.

No, no, no!

If you find your way through,

They'll be waiting for you, singing,

"Neigh! Neigh!"

[]

ERIC

She's mad!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Aha!

And there, just like I said:
The stinking maggot rears his head!
Even the squitiest, pitiest mess
Can harbour seeds of stinkiness.
Have you ever seen anything more repellent?
Have you ever smelled anything worse than
That smell of rebellion?

[MISS TRUNCHBULL

The stench of revolt.
The reek of insubordination.
The whiff of resistance.
The pong of dissent.

CHILDREN*

Discipline. Discipline.
No more whispering.
Children need discipline.
Cut out that whispering.
If you're mischieving,
She'll sniff you out.
Without a doubt,
She's a snout in a million.
Discipline. Discipline.
No more whispering.
Children need discipline.
Cut out that whispering]

MISS TRUNCHBULL

And I will not stop till you are squashed;

Till this rebellion is quashed;

Till glorious, sweaty discipline has washed

This sickening stench – away!

[]

LAVENDER

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Quiet!

MISS HONEY

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

That is because you, Miss Honey, are pathetic. [] You are wet. You are weak. [] You are, in fact, a snivelling little –

MISS TRUNCHBULL

– newt. Newt!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Newt! There's a newt inside my –

MISS HONEY

Quiet, children, please! Quiet!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

[] You!

ERIC

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You did this, you vile, repulsive, malicious little sinner! []

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.

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

I shall crush you. I shall pound you. I shall dissect you, madam! I shall strap you to a table and perform experiments on you! All of these disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you. Yes, you! I shall feed you to the termites. And then I shall smash the termites into tiny fragments
...

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.

MATILDA

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

– miserable collection of excuses for children, and you, madam, standing there like the squirt of squits, are its beating heart! But I am a match for you. 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 . . . [] What is it? What is it? There's something on me. Get it off me! Get it off me! It's heading north! [] I've got a newt in my knickers! I've got a newt in my knickers! []

MISS HONEY

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

MISS HONEY

Matilda?

MATILDA

Watch.

MISS HONEY

Matilda, I really think it would be wise –

MATILDA

Watch. Please.

MATILDA

I moved it with my eyes. Am I strange?

MISS HONEY

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

MATILDA

What do you think it is? This thing with my eyes.

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. I . . . I met your mother. She's . . . unusual. What about 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 – " [] 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. [] Here we are. Home sweet home.

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, because of, er, other reasons. 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. Magnus was his name. He was very kind. But, er, 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? Magnus. Did he really just give her his house?

MISS HONEY

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

MATILDA

You think . . . You think she ! 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.

MISS HONEY

This roof keeps me dry when the rain falls.

This door helps to keep the cold at bay.

On this floor I can stand on my own two feet.

On this chair I can write my lessons.

On this pillow I can dream my nights away.

And this table, as you can see,

Well, it's perfect for tea.

It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

It isn't much, but it is enough –

MATILDA

But Miss Honey, she's got your father's house! She's got everything that's yours.

[]

MISS HONEY

On these walls, I hang wonderful pictures.

Through this window, I can watch the seasons change.

By this lamp, I can read!

And I . . . I am set free.

MISS HONEY

And when it's cold outside, I feel no fear.

Even in the winter storms, I am warmed

By a small but stubborn fire.

And there is nowhere I would rather be.

It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

For this is my house.

This is my house.

It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

MISS HONEY

This is my house.

This is my house.

It isn't much, but it is enough –

ESCAPOLOGIST

Don't cry –

MISS HONEY

And when it's cold and bleak, I feel no fear.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Please don't cry. I'm here.

MISS HONEY

Even in the fiercest storms, I am warmed –

ESCAPOLOGIST

Please don't cry.

MISS HONEY

By a small but stubborn fire.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Let me wipe away your tears.

Forgive me –

MISS HONEY

Even when outside, it's freezing –

ESCAPOLOGIST

I didn't mean to desert you.

MISS HONEY

I don't pay much heed.

ESCAPOLOGIST

I know that I hurt you.

MISS HONEY

I know that everything I need

Is in here.

MISS HONEY

It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

MATILDA

Miss Honey, is this your father's scarf?

MISS HONEY

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

MATILDA

An acrobat.

MISS HONEY

Yes. Yes, she was. And my father was –

MATILDA

An escapologist.

MISS HONEY

Matilda, how did you know that?

MATILDA

So . . . So they were your parents!

MISS HONEY

What? Who?

MATILDA

The people in my story!

MISS HONEY

What story?

MATILDA

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

MISS HONEY

You've seen my life?

MATILDA

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

MISS HONEY

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! []

MATILDA

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

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. She killed Magnus. WHO IS SHE?

MISS TRUNCHBULL'S VOICE

A contract is a contract is a contract!

MATILDA

Miss . . . Miss Trunchbull.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I am a winner. I play by the rules, and I win. 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

What are you looking at?

MISS HONEY

[] 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. [] You! Spell . . . Oh, now, let me see. Spell "newt".

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. [] You, turn around, and spell the one thing that you all are. "Revolting."

HORTENSIA

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You're cheating!

MISS HONEY

Of course she's not cheating! She's simply spelling 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. [] You, filth-bog, 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 . . . []

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!

NIGEL

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

What?

ERIC

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

AMANDA

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

MISS TRUNCHBULL

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

HORTENSIA

You can't put us all in the Chokey!

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Sit down. Sit down!

HORTENSIA

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

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

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!

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.

CHILD

Ag - a - tha. Agatha.

CHILD

This - is - Magnus.

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! []

BRUCE

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 –

BRUCE

– will the Chokey door slam!

CHILDREN

Never again –

BRUCE

– will I be bullied, and –

CHILDREN

Never again –

BRUCE

– will I doubt it when –

CHILDREN

My mummy says I'm a miracle.

Never again!

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!

BRUCE

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.

BRUCE

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 -

BRUCE

Revolting times!

CHILDREN

We'll S - I - N - G -

BRUCE

Songs!

CHILDREN

U - S - I - N - G -

BRUCE

Rhymes!

CHILDREN

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

It is 2L84U.

We R - E - volting.

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.

[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.

BRUCE

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!

MRS PHELPS

A few days later, the Acrobat and the Escapologist's daughter 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 . . . [] 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. Sometimes I would look at her . . . The little girl who had done so much to help others, but was stuck with parents who were mean, and cruel, and called her names, and I would feel my blood boil, and I would wish that I could just . . . do something.

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.

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? [] Come on, boy. We're leaving forever and we're never coming back.

MISS HONEY

Let Matilda stay here! With me.

MR WORMWOOD

I beg your pardon!

MISS HONEY

Mr Wormwood, I would love to take Matilda. If she'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

[] What did you say? Did you . . . ?

MRS WORMWOOD

They'll be here any minute!

MATILDA

Dad? You called me your daughter.

MRS PHELPS

Quick! Hide in the books!

RUDOLPHO

What if they damage my legs? My beautiful legs?

SERGEI

[] 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 daughter is quite rude. And very, very stupid.

SERGEI

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

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.

MICHAEL

Backwards!

SERGEI

Приятно познакомиться с такой умной девочкой.

[]

MATILDA

Спасибо. Мне тоже приятно познакомиться с вами.

[]

SERGEI

Ты говоришь по-русски?

[]

MATILDA

[Ne tak horošo, kak mne hotelos' by. No ja budu starat'sja i izučat' dal'se.]

SERGEI

Matilda! Who taught you how to speak Russian?

MATILDA

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

SERGEI

I am Sergei! It is truly an honour to meet you, Matilda Wormwood. Matilda, your father has been stupid and rude to both of us, yes? I could very easily have one of my friends teach him manners. And one day, when he leaves hospital, he will still be stupid, but not so rude, I think. I give this as a gift to you. What do you say?

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

This little girl . . .

This miracle . . .

Matil-da . . .

HENCHMAN 1

Da?

HENCHMAN 2

Da?

HENCHMEN

Da!

SERGEI

[Čto vy delaete?!]

HENCHMAN 1

[Vy skazali "Da"!]

HENCHMAN 2

[Ja ne skazal "Da"!]

SERGEI

[Matil'DA! ja skazal "Matil'DA"!]

SERGEI

[Čto s vami segodnja!]

[] 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.

MRS WORMWOOD

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

MR WORMWOOD

Wait, what about the girl?

MR WORMWOOD

[] Do you – want to – stay here, with Miss Honey?

MATILDA

Yes. Yes, I do!

MR WORMWOOD

[] 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.

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 –

RUDOLPHO []

And Rudolpho!

MRS PHELPS

As the Wormwoods and Rudolpho sped away into the distance.

MISS HONEY

Because they had found each other.

MATILDA

Yes. They'd found each other.

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 . . .

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

Maggots!

COMPANY

– naughty!