ROALD DAHL’S MATILDA THE MUSICAL

An abridged schools version of ROALD DAHL’S MATILDA THE MUSICAL Book by Dennis Kelly. Music and Lyrics by Tim Minchin.

The sheet music to accompany the songs included in this script is published by Wise Publications (part of The Music Sales Group) and is available to purchase from Musicroom (www.musicroom.com / 01284 725 725).

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**MATILDA THE MUSICAL- MIDI**

**SCENE 1- BIRTHDAY**

**SONG- MIRACLE**

**Narrator:** Most parents think their own children are miracles and the brainiest or prettiest people, the bravest soldiers, the best ballerinas, the most special people on earth, don’t they? Well, there was one family where this was definitely not the case. Mrs. Wormwood, nine months pregnant, wants more than anything to dance in the bi-annual international amateur Salsa and Ballroom Dancing Championship in Paris. She does NOT want another baby. Her husband, Mr. Wormwood, doesn’t much care, but if there is going to be another baby, it has to be a boy. The doctor who is delivering the beautiful new girl, Matilda, can’t believe these parents!

**Mr. Wormwood**: Oh my word, he’s an ugly little fella.

**Doctor**: Mr. Wormwood, this child is a girl. A beautiful, beautiful little girl.

**Mr Wormwood**: I don’t suppose we can exchange it for a boy, could we?

**Mrs. Wormwood**: This is the worst day of my life.

**SCENE – HOUSE**

*Five years later Mr. Wormwood, on the phone at home, is running his dodgy business dressing up old banger cars as luxury limousines. Suddenly Mrs. Wormwood screams from the next room. When her husband rushes in she shouts that their five year old daughter is ‘doing it again!’*

**Mrs. Wormwood**: Five years old and she’s reading. Books, if you don’t mind. That’s not normal - the child is clearly an idiot.

**Matilda**: Listen to this - ‘It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was an age of wisdom . . . ‘

**Mr. Wormwood:** Who do you think you are? You’re off to school in a few days’ time and I know the headmistress, Agatha Trunchbull. I’ve told her all about you. Imagine what she’s going to do to a horrible squeaky little goblin like you, boy.

**Matilda:** I’m . . . I’m a girl . . .

*(Mr and Mrs Wormwood freeze)*

**SONG - NAUGHTY**

*During the song, Matilda swaps Mr Wormwood’s hair tonic for Mrs Wormwood’s Bleach, Mr Wormwood puts it on his hair*

**Mrs. Wormwood**: Your . . . hair! It’s . . . green!

**Mr. Wormwood**: (looking in a mirror): My hair’s green!

**Mrs. Wormwood**: What on earth did you do that for? Why do 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?

**SCENE: LIBRARY**

*Mrs. Phelps, the librarian, greets her happily and asks her to tell her a story.*

**Matilda:** Once upon a time . . .

*Mrs. Phelps squeals with delight and puts a ‘Closed ’ sign up on the library door*.

**Matilda:** Once upon a time the two greatest circus performers in the world fell in love and got married. People would come from miles around to see their skill and their love for each other. But though they loved each other, though they were famous and everyone loved them, they were sad. ‘We do not have a child,’ they said. Their sadness drew them to ever more dangerous feats and they decided to perform the most dangerous feat ever known to man. It was called: The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spiky Objects, Caught By The Man Locked In The Safe.

**SCENE- SCHOOL**

*It’s the first day of school.*

*The children sit at their desks. Suddenly there’s a ‘testing, testing’ sound coming through a speaker system. The Big Kids freeze and then so do the New Kids. Agatha Trunchbull, the headmistress, speaks:*

**Trunchbull**: Prisoners Letchworth, Rottwinkle, Finglebottom and Gubbinsworth: report to my study immediately for . . . re-education. (Fiercely) WHAT. IS. THE SCHOOL. MOTTO.

**Big Kids:** ‘Bambinatum est Maggitum,’ Miss Trunchbull.

**Trunchbull**: ‘Bambinatum est Maggitum.’ ‘Children are maggots.’ Back to work, maggots.

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

***MATILDA*** *raises her hand.*

**MISS HONEY**: Wonderful. Matilda, isn't it? Please, stand, and do as much as you can.

**MATILDA**: One times two is two. Two times two is four. Three times two is six. Four times two is eight. Five times two is ten. Six times two is twelve. Seven times two is fourteen. Eight times two is sixteen. Nine times two is eighteen. Ten times two is twenty. Eleven times two is twenty-two. Twelve times two is twenty-four.

**MISS HONEY**: Well, my word . . .

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

**MISS HONEY**: Stop. Stop! Good heavens. How far can you go?

**MATILDA**: I don't know. Quite a long way, I think.

**MISS HONEY**: Do you think you could tell me what two times twenty-eight is?

**MATILDA**: Fifty-six.

**MISS HONEY**. : Yes. Yes! That is v– . . . How about this. Now, this is much harder, so don't worry if you don't get it. Two times . . . four hundred and eighty-seven. If you took your time –

**MATILDA**: Nine hundred and seventy-four.

**MISS HONEY**: Twelve sevens?

**MATILDA**: Eighty-four.

**CHILDREN**: No way! [*They start chattering.]*

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

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

**NIGEL**: Ooh, me, me, me, miss! I can! Me, me, me, me.

**MISS HONEY:** Very well. Nigel.

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

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

**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 squeeeeze out of your ears, you're going to need help. [She holds her hand out to MATILDA, who takes it.] I'm Lavender, and I think it's probably for the best if we're best friends!

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

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

**MATILDA**: That's not fair! That's not fair at all!

**KID:** You're done, kid. You're –

**KIDS:** Finished!

**KID** : Once Agatha Trunchbull decides you're guilty, you're –

**KIDS:** Squished!

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

**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.

**Trunchbull**: Where is he? Where is he?

**Matilda:** (to the Trunchbull): He’s over there under those coats where he’s been for the last hour

**Trunchbull:** What/ An hour?

**Matilda**: Oh yes. You see unfortunately, Nigel suffers from the rare but chronic sleep disorder, narcolepsy. He fell asleep and we put him in the coats for safety. Didn’t we? Didn’t we?

**Big Kids**: Yes!

**Nigel** *coming out from under the coats and yawning:* Is it time for school yet, mum?

**SCENE- HOUSE**

*Miss Honey knocks the door. Mrs. Wormwood is at home practising her dancing with her rather greasy partner, Rudolpho.*

**Mrs. Wormwood**: What do you want, Miss Chutney?

**Miss Honey:** It’s Miss Honey. Well, as you know Matilda is on the bottom class and children in the bottom class aren’t expected to read –

**Mrs. Wormwood**: Well stop her reading then. 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**: I’m not in favour of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. A girl should think about make-up and hair dye. Looks is more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks.

**SCENE- LIBRARY**

*While Miss Honey is at the Wormwoods’, Matilda is in the library telling Mrs. Phelps the next part of her story about the Acrobat and her husband, the Escapologist. Matilda acts out all the parts*.

**Escapolog**ist: Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls, ‘The Burning Woman Hurling through the Air with Dynamite’ has been cancelled - cancelled because my wife is . . . pregnant.

**The Acrobat’s Wicked Sister** (*producing a paper contract*): A contract you have signed to perform this feat, and perform you shall!

**Mrs. Phelps**: No, no! What happened next?

**Matilda:** I don’t know yet. I’ll tell you tomorrow.

**SCENE- SCHOOL**

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** Matilda Wormwood! Matilda Wormwood!

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** Where is Ma–

**MATILDA** 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!

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

**MATILDA** No, I did not!

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

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

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

**BRUCE** Okay! Look! All right! I stole the cake. And honestly, I was really, definitely, sort of, almost thinking about owning up. Maybe. But the thing was, I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick, and now it was beginning to fight back. [His stomach growls.] Oops! See!

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

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** You are guilty, because you are a fiend. You are a crook. You are a thief! And I shall crush you. I shall pound you. I shall consign you to the seventh circle of hell, child. You shall be . . . You shall be destroyed.

*BRUCE turns around and burps for a full ten seconds. The scene freezes again for BRUCE to talk.*

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

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

*The scene unfreezes. MISS TRUNCHBULL grimaces as the purple spotlight leaves her. The CHILDREN, save BRUCE, but including MISS HONEY, hide under the desks. MISS TRUNCHBULL sniffs and licks the air. She then sniffs her way across the room, following the former path of the spotlight. She stops in triumph.*

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** Bruce Bogtrotter.

**BRUCE** Yes, miss?

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** You liked my cake, didn't you, Bruce?

**BRUCE** Yes, Miss Trunchbull! And I'm very sorry –

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** Oh, no, no, no, no, no. As long as you enjoyed the cake. That's the main thing.

**BRUCE** Is it?

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** Yes! Bogtrotter, it is.

**BRUCE Well**, I did. Thank you.

**MISS TRUNCHBULL** Wonderful. Marvellous. That makes me so happy. It gives me a warm glow in my lower intestine.

**Trunchbull**: I say that criminals like you are not full until you’ve eaten the entire cake!

**Bruce:** But I can’t eat it all! Miss Honey: Headmistress, he’ll be sick….

**Trunchbull:** EAT!

**SONG: BRUCE**

*(Bruce puts the last but into his mouth. Suddenly, no longer able to contain herself, Miss Honey jumps up and screams)*

**Miss Honey:** Go on Brucie!

**SCENE- LIBRARY**

*In the library Mrs. Phelps waits anxiously for the end of Matilda’s story. The acrobat hugs her husband and comforts him before they perform the most dangerous act of all time.*

**Matilda (**acting out the story herself as far as possible): The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects. They watched as the flames crept up the dress. The door of the safe flung open and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and child and . . .

**Mrs. Phelps**: Oh, I can’t look!

**Matilda:** The Escapologist used just a touch too much foam to kill the flames and suddenly their hands became slippy . . . and she fell. She broke every bone in her body, but lived long enough to have their child.

(*It’s so real to her that the characters actually appear. The wicked aunt has thrown the Escapologist’s little girl, now about Matilda’s age, into a dark cellar and locked the door. The little girl huddles in a corner, shivering and crying. Matilda tries to comfort her but the girl doesn’t notice. Suddenly there’s a banging on the door and the Escapologist, home early, bursts in and both girls run to him. He puts his arms around both of them and the girls fall asleep from exhaustion. Then the Escapologist makes a promise to his sleeping daughter)*

**Escapologist:** This demon, this villain, this monster. Bullying children is her game, is it? Then let us see what this creature thinks she can do when the wrath of a grown man stands before her!

**Matilda:** And that was the last the little girl ever saw of her father. Because he never ever came home. Ever again.

**SCENE- SCHOOL**

**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.  
[*She starts walking off the stage with the microphone, then stops.*]  
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!  
[*She walks off stage. After a moment, she runs back on.*]  
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!  
[*She raises her fists and growls, then huffs off. Before she can make it off stage, she turns around.*]  
I'm going to put the newt in the Trunchbull's jug! It's going to be brilliant!

*LAVENDER runs out and the stage. CUE MUSIC*

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 . . .

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

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

*The CHILDREN and BIG KIDS start to dissipate.*

MATILDA  
Just because you find that life's not fair, it  
Doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.  
If you always take it on the chin and wear it,   
Nothing will change.

MISS HONEY  
When I grow up . . .  
[*She starts walking off stage.*]

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

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

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**:Quiet!

*LAVENDER drops the newt into the water.*

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

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

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL :–** newt. Newt!

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: Newt! There's a newt inside my –

**MISS HONEY**: Quiet, children, please! Quiet!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: [*to ERIC*] You!

**ERIC:** No, not me! What? No! I didn't!

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

**ERIC**: Stop! Stop!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**:"Stop"? "Stop"? We were just getting started!

**MISS HONEY**: No, Miss Trunchbull, don't, please. You'll pull his ear off!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: I have discovered, Miss Honey, through many years of experimentation, that the ears of small boys do not come off. They stretch. In fact, I think I can feel these ones stretching even now.

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

**ERIC:** Ow! Ow!

**MISS HONEY**: No, Miss Trunchbull, no!

**MATILDA**: Leave him alone! You big, fat, bully!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: How dare you. You are not fit to be at this school. You ought to be in prison! In the deepest, dankest, darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out, strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth!

I shall crush you! I shall pound you, I shall dissect you. I shall feed you to the termites and then I shall smash . . .

**Matilda**: (whispering to herself): Tip it . . . tip it over!

(Magically the glass tips over and the newt leaps onto the Trunchbull who screams and screams and then stops. Everyone looks at each other and then at Matilda.)

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I am a winner. I play by the rules, and I win. If I play by the rules and . . . I do not win, then something is wrong. Something is not working. If something is wrong, you have to put it right. Even if it screams.

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: What are you looking at?

**MISS HONEY**: [*without fear*] You.

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

*ERIC stands on his chair and turns around.*

**ERIC**: Newt. N - E - W - T. Newt.

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: What?

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

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

*HORTENSIA stands and turns toward the audience.*

**HORTENSIA:** 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. [*to LAVENDER*] 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 . . . [*She hesitantly starts counting on her fingers.*]

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: Oh dear. Oh, dearie, dearie –

**LAVENDER**: K!

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

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

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: What?

*ERIC stands on his desk.*

**ERIC**: Dog. D - Y - P. Dog. And me!

*AMANDA stands on her desk.*

**AMANDA:** Table. X - A - B - L - Y. And me.

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: What are you doing? What's going on? Stop this. Sit down.

*HORTENSIA stands on her desk.*

**HORTENSIA**: You can't put us all in the Chokey!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: Sit down. Sit down!

**HORTENSIA**: Bananas! B - X - Y - G - A –

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

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: 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!

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: You see, maggots, in this world, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. And I –

**NIGEL:** The chalk! Look, the chalk!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: What?

**CHILD**: It's moving.

**ERIC**: It's moving! It's . . . It's writing something.

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: What the devil? Who? Who?

**CHILD** No one. No one's doing anything.

*The chalk starts writing as the CHILDREN read the words from the board.*

**CHILD:** Ag - a - tha. Agatha.

**CHILD**: This - is - Magnus.

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

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: He can't. He can't!

**CHILD**: Give - my - Jen - ny - back - her - house.

**CHILD**: Then - LEAVE!

**MISS TRUNCHBULL**: No. No, no, no, no, no.

**CHILD and MISS TRUNCHBULL**: Or - I - will - get - you –

**CHILD and MISS TRUNCHBULL**: – like - YOU - GOT - ME!

**CHILDREN and MISS HONEY**: Run! Run! RUN! [*etc.*]

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

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!

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

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

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 –

We'll S - I - N - G –

U - S - I - N - G –  
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.

*The next three verses overlap.*

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

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

CHILDREN and OLDER KIDS  
It is 2L84U.  
We are revolting!

**Narrator:** At long last and after a great deal of trouble, justice triumphs and we have a happy ending to this story. Mr. Wormwood has been found out by the Russian Mafia he was trying to fool and the Wormwoods are forced to leave town. Miss Honey, now comfortably off and living in a big house, has a special request.

**Miss Honey**: Let Matilda stay here with me! I would look after her with love and respect and care and I’d pay for everything. Would you like that, Matilda?

**Matilda:** Yes! Yes I would!

**Mr. Wormwood**: Well, we’re a bit short of room . . .

(Matilda and Miss Honey hug each other)

**Narrator**: They had found each other.

The End.