

SIDE 1 – MATILDA

Once upon a time the two greatest circus performers in the world, an escapologist, who could escape from any lock that was ever invented, and an acrobat, who was so skilled, it seemed as if she could actually fly, fell in love and got married. They performed some of the most incredible feats together anyone has ever seen, and people would come from miles around: kings, queens, celebrities, and astronauts. And not just to see their skill, but also to see their love for each other, which was so deep that it was said that cats would purr as they passed them, and dogs would weep with joy. "We have everything that the world has to offer," said the wife. "But we do not have the one thing in the world we want most." "We do not have a child." "Patience, my love," the husband replied, "Time is on our side, even time loves us." But time is the one thing no one is master of, and as time passed, and they grew quite old, and still, they had no child. Their sadness overwhelmed them, and drew them on to ever more dangerous feats, as their work became the only place they could escape the inescapable tragedy of their lives!

SIDE 2 - ALL KIDS (not auditioning for Matilda)

Okay, look, alright, 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 belly rumbles.) Ooops. See? (Rumble) (Pause) 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, as a huge cloud of chocolaty gas wafted from my mouth and drifted... across the class... past Lavender... past Alice... past Matilda... and then my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

SIDE 3- MR WORMWOOD and MRS WORMWOOD

MR WORMWOOD

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

MRS WORMWOOD enters and screams.

MRS WORMWOOD

Harry!

MR WORMWOOD

[*to the phone*] Hang on.

MRS WORMWOOD

Look at this. She's reading a book. That's not normal for a five-year-old. I think she might be an idiot.

MATILDA

Listen to this: "It was the best of times. It was the worst of times. It was the age of wisdom . . . "

MRS WORMWOOD screams again.

MR WORMWOOD

Stop scaring your mother with that book, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

MRS WORMWOOD

And she keeps trying to tell me stories, Harry. Stories. Who wants stories? I mean, it's just not normal for a girl to be all . . . "thinking".

MR WORMWOOD

[*to the phone*] I'm gonna call you straight back. [*to MRS WORMWOOD*] Would you please shut up? I am trying to pull off the biggest business deal of my life and I have to listen to this. It's your fault. You spend us into trouble and you expect me to get us out. What am I? A flaming escapologist?

MRS WORMWOOD

"Escapologist", he says! What about me, then? I've got a whole house to look after! Dinners don't microwave themselves, you know! If you're an escapologist, I must be an acrobat to balance that lot. The world's greatest acrobat! I am off to bleach my roots . . . and I shan't be talking to you for the rest of the evening, you horrid little man!

MR WORMWOOD

But I'm gonna make us rich!

SIDE 4 Miss Trunchbull

How dare you? I shall crush you. I shall pound you. I shall dissect you madam. I shall strap you down to a table and perform experiments on you. I shall feed you to the termites, and then I shall squash the termites into tiny fragments. And then I shall crush those tiny fragments into dust. And then I shall take the dust and feed it to the bloodworms. Then the bloodworms, I shall feed to birds and the birds, I shall release into the air and shoot them down with my 12 balled shotgun and so on, and so on, ad infinitum madam, ad infinitum. Are you listening? All of these disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you, yes you! I shall rip the rebellion out of this class and devour it whole. I shall hang each and every one of you upside down by your ankles until all of your bodily fluids drain out through your noses and into jars, yes jars, which will be sent home to your parents with your school reports on which I shall write 'Could do better!'.

SIDE 5- MISS HONEY

I'm not strong like you, Matilda. You see, my father died when I was very young. Magnus was his name. He was very kind. But when he was gone, my aunt became my legal guardian. She was mean and cruel like you can hardly imagine. And then, when I got my job as a teacher, she presented me with a bill for looking after me all those years. She'd written everything down: every tea bag, every electricity bill, and every tin of beans. And she made me sign a contract to pay her back every penny. She even produced a document that said my father had given her his entire house. I find it hard to believe that he really left it to her. Just like I cannot believe that he would have...killed himself, which is what she said happened.

SIDE 6 - MRS PHELPS

Matilda! What a pleasure to see you; here in the library again, are we? Your parents must be so proud to have a girl as clever as you. And do you tell them lots of stories like you do with me? Oh, I love your stories, Matilda. And that's not a hint, by the way. But if you did happen to have a story you wanted to tell me — I'm not hinting, but if you did happen to have a story you wanted to tell me — Now look, are you going to tell me a story or not?