

## Matilda Script 2013

### Scene 1: Matilda Was Born

Narrator One:

Everyone is born, but not everyone is born the same. Some will grow to be butchers, or bakers or candlestick makers. Some will only be really good at making Jell-O Salad. One way or another, though, every human being is unique, for better or for worse. Most Parents believe their children are the most beautiful creatures ever to grace the planet. Others take a less emotional approach.

Narrator Two:

Harry and Zinnia Wormwood lived in a very nice neighbourhood in a very nice house, but they were not really very nice people. The wormwoods were so wrapped up in their own silly lives, that they barely noticed they had a daughter. Had they paid attention to her at all, they would have realized she was a rather extraordinary child. They called their daughter Matilda.

## **Miracle**

### Scene 2: The Reader Of Books

Narrator Three:

By the time she was four, Matilda had read every magazine in the house. One night she got up her courage and asked her father for something she desperately wanted.

Harry:

A book? What do you want a book for?

Matilda:

To read.

Harry:

To read? Why would you want to read when you got the television set sitting right in front of you? There's nothing you can get from a book that you can't get from a television faster.

Narrator:

Matilda already knew that she was somewhat different from her family. She saw that whatever she needed in this world, she'd have to get herself.

## **Loud**

### Scene 3: Matilda Goes to School

Narrator One:

Matilda had always wanted to go to school, because she loved to learn. She tried to imagine what her new school would be like. She pictured a lovely building surrounded by trees, and flowers and swings. Well, there was a building..... And children, so regardless of what Crunchem Hall looked like, she was happy to be there. After all, any school was better than no school at all, isn't it!?!?

T-Bull:

You, detention. You're too small. Grow up quicker. Heads up. Shoulders back. Stomachs in. Stand up straight.

Lavender:

Hey!

Matilda:

Sorry.

Lavender:

That's okay. It's much better than being out there.

Matilda:

Is that my teacher?

Lavender:

No. That's the principle, Miss Trunchbull.

Matilda:  
You've got to be kidding!

Hortensia:  
You squirts better skedaddle. I'm not kidding.

Matilda:  
I'm Matilda.

Lavender:  
Lavender.

Hortensia:  
I'm Hortensia.

Matilda:  
She doesn't really hit children with that riding crop, does she?

Hortensia:  
No. It's mostly for scare. What she does is worse. Like yesterday, in the second grade, the Trunchbull makes a weekly visit to every classroom, to show the teachers a thing or two about handling kids.

Samantha: Julius ate two M&Ms during her lesson.

Matilda:  
And she caught him?

Samantha:  
Of course!

Matilda:  
Was Julius okay?

Samantha:  
After being thrown out the window, of course, he wasn't okay. He lived, if that's what you mean.

Lavender:  
The Trunchbull used to be in the Olympics: Shot put, javelin, hammer throw. The hammer throw was her specialty.

Matilda:  
So she does this all the time?

Samantha:  
Better than being put in "The Choke".

Matilda:  
The Choke?

Hortensia:  
Yeah, The Choke. It's a tall, narrow, hole in a wall behind a door. You have to stand in the drippy pipes with jagged edges, and the walls have broken glass with nails sticking out.

Matilda:  
She puts kids in there?

Hortensia:  
I've been in there twice. Sometimes she leaves you in there all day.

Matilda:  
Didn't you tell your parents?

Hortensia:  
They didn't believe me. I mean, would your parents believe it?!?

T-Bull:

Sixty lines - "I must obey Miss Trunchbull." .... Out of my way!

Matilda:  
Here she comes.

T-Bull:  
Ah. Fresh meat! Amanda Thripp. What are those!?

Amanda:  
What's what, Miss Trunchbull?

T-Bull:  
Hanging down by your ears.

Amanda:  
You mean my pigtails?

T-Bull:  
Are you a pig, Amanda?!?

Amanda:  
No, Miss Trunchbull.

T-Bull:  
Do I allow pigs in my school?

Amanda:  
My mommy thinks they're sweet.

T-Bull:  
Your mommy is a TWIT. You'll chop those off before school tomorrow or I'll....

Amanda:  
But, but I don't .....

T-Bull:  
Did you say, "But"?

Hortensia:  
Hammerthrow.....

Lavender:  
Definitely.

T-Bull:  
I'll give you, "But"!

Students:  
Good loft. Excellent release. Think she's going to make the fence? Going to be close one.

T-Bull:  
Quiet! Get to class before I throw you all in the Chokey.

Matilda:  
Lavender, what's my teacher like?

**Entr'acte**

#### **Scene 4: School**

Narrator:  
But Matilda's teacher, Miss Honey, was one of those remarkable people who appreciates every single child for who he or she is.

Amanda:  
I scooped these up for you, Miss Honey.

Honey:

How lovely. Thank you, Amanda. Okay. Listen up everyone. We have a new student with us today. This is Matilda Wormwood. I'd like you to sit over here with Lavender. Now, you all remember how scary your first days at school were, so I'd like you to be especially nice to Matilda and make her feel welcome. Could you get her workbook for her, please? You can sit down.

Narrator:

Miss Honey was a wonderful teacher, and a friend to everyone. But her life was not as simple and beautiful as it seemed. Miss Honey had a deep, dark secret. And though it caused her great pain, she didn't let it interfere with her teaching.

Honey:

Well, Matilda. You've come on a very good day, because we're going to review everything we've learned so far. Now, it's alright if you don't know understand any of this, because you're brand new, but if you do know an answer, just raise your hand. Okay, now we've been working on our two-times tables. Would anyone like to demonstrate? .... Okay. Let's do some together. Two times four is .....? Two times six is .....? Two times nine is ....? Excellent. You've been practicing. Pretty soon you'll be able to any multiplication, whether it's two times 7 ... . Very good. Or 13 times 379.

Matilda:

Four thousand, nine hundred, and twenty-seven.

Honey:

I beg your pardon?!?

Matilda:

I think that's the answer. 13 times 379. Four nine two seven.

Honey:

It is! Matilda, you know how to multiply big numbers?

Lavender:

WOW!

Matilda:

I read this book last year in mathematics at the library.

Honey:

You like to read?!?

Matilda:

Yes. I love to read.

Honey:

What do you like to read?

Matilda:

Everything. But lately I've been reading Darles Chickens. .... I mean Charles Dickens. I could read him every day.

Honey:

So could I. .... All right, everyone. Take out your workbooks. Let's start with section three. I'll be back in a moment.

## **When I Grow Up**

### **Scene 5: Bruce And The Cake**

**Bruce**

### **Scene 6: The Newt**

Narrator:

With the FBI watching her father and the Trunchbull terrorizing her school, it was a rare and happy moment when Matilda could just play with her friends.

Lavender:

A frog!! A frog!! A frog!!

Students:  
What is it, Lavender.

Students:  
It's a salamander. It's a chameleon.

Matilda:  
It's a newt. "Any of the small semi-aquatic salamanders from the genus triturus".

Bruce:  
"Some are brightly colored and secrete irritating substances."

### **Scene 7: The Weekly Visit**

Lavender:  
Miss Honey!!!!

Honey:  
Miss Trunchbull teaches our class today, Lavender. Please get a water pitcher.

Lavender:  
But, Miss Honey!!!!

Honey:  
No, quickly. She'll be here any second. .... Oh, make sure the water's cold, Lavender. Vinny, cover the fish. Put away the art project. Put away anything colorful. Charley, won't you get those crayons for me?

Narrator Two:  
Most great ideas come from hard work and careful planning. Of course, once in a while, they just jump out at you.

Honey:  
Rayna. Rayna. Cover the birds and the beetles. Hurry! I hear her coming! Okay now. Last time, some of you forgot yourselves. Don't speak unless you're spoken to. Don't laugh. Don't smile. Don't even breathe loudly.

T-Bull:  
Don't breathe at all.

Honey:  
Good morning, Miss Trunchbull.

Students:  
Good morning, Miss Trunchbull.

T-bull:  
SIT!!!! ..... Shoo. I have never been able to understand why small children are so disgusting. They're the bane of my life. They're like insects: they should be got rid of as early as possible. My idea of a perfect school is one in which there are no children... at all. Do you agree, Miss Honey? Now you, front of the class!

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T-Bull:  
Next time I tell you to empty your pockets, you'll do it faster, won't you?!?

Student:  
Yes, Miss Trunchbull.

T-Bull:  
Miss Honey, this might be the most interesting thing you've ever done. Sit down, you squirming worm of vomit. Get up!! Can you spell?

Amanda:  
Miss Honey taught us how to spell a long word yesterday. We can spell "difficulty".

T-Bull:  
You couldn't spell 'difficulty' if your life depended on it.

Amanda:

She taught us with a poem.

T-Bull:

A poem. How sweet. What poem would that be?

Students:

Mrs. D. Mrs. I. Mrs. F - F - I. Mrs. C Mrs. U. Mrs. L - T - Y.

T-Bull:

Why are these women married?!? Mrs. D. Mrs. I. You're supposed to be teaching spelling, not poetry.

T-bull:

I cannot for the life of me understand why small children take so long to grow up. I think they do it deliberately, just to annoy me. What's funny?!? Come on. Spit it out. Speak up. I like a joke as well as the next fat person. It's a snake! It's a snake! It's a snake! One of you tried to poison me! Who? Oh, Matilda. I knew it.

Matilda:

I just thought you'd like to know, it's not a snake. It's a newt.

T-Bull:

What did you say?!?

Matilda:

It's a newt, Miss Trunchbull.

T-Bull:

Stand up, you villainous sack of goat slime! You did this!

Matilda:

No, Miss Trunchbull.

**Naughty/Revolting Children**