

AUDITION SCENE 4: MISS TRUNCBULL and MISS HONEY

MISS TRUNCBULL: Don't just stand there like a wet tissue. Get on with it.

MISS HONEY: Yes. Yes. Yes, Miss Trunchbull. There's, erm . . . In . . . In . . . In my class, that is, er, there is a little girl called Matilda Wormwood. And –

MISS TRUNCBULL: Daughter of Mr Harry Wormwood who owns Wormwood Motors. Excellent man. Told me to watch out for the brat, though; says she's a real wart and a gangster.

MISS HONEY: Oh no, Headmistress. I don't believe Matilda's that kind of child at all.

MISS TRUNCBULL: What is the school motto, Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY: "Bambinatum est magitum."

MISS TRUNCBULL: "Bambinatum est magitum." Children are maggots!

MISS HONEY: Miss Trunchbull, Matilda Wormwood is a genius!

MISS TRUNCBULL: Nonsense. Haven't I just told you that she is a gangster?

MISS HONEY: She knows her times tables.

MISS TRUNCBULL: So she's learned a few tricks.

MISS HONEY: Oh, but she can read!

MISS TRUNCBULL: So can I!

MISS HONEY: I have to tell you, Headmistress, that in . . . in . . . in my opinion, this little girl should be placed in the top form with the eleven-year olds! I believe that . . . Matilda Wormwood is an exception . . . to the rules.

MISS TRUNCBULL: An exception. To the rules. In my school?

AUDITION SCENE 5: MR WORMWOOD

Ladies and gentlemen! Hey. Before we, er, continue with proceedings, I would like to offer an apology for some of the things that have been going on here tonight. They are not nice things, and they are not right things. And I would like to state, guarrantorically, that we would not like any children who might be here tonight watching this to go home and try these things out for themselves.

I am, of course, talking about reading books. Now, it is not normal for kids to behave in this fashion. It stunts the brain, it wears out the eyes; it makes kids ugly, stinky, fatty, sweaty Betty, boring, gaseous . . . and crucially, it gives them head lice of the soul. Under no circumstances do we condone such activities, and we do so utterly without reservoirs.

AUDITION SCENE 6: MRS. WORMWOOD and MISS HONEY

MRS. WORMWOOD: Who is it?

MISS HONEY: Oh, er, hello. It's Miss Honey. Matilda's teacher?

MRS. WORMWOOD: Bit busy right now!

MISS HONEY: Oh, it will only take a moment.

MRS. WORMWOOD: Oh, come in if you must.

MRS. WORMWOOD: This is Rudolpho! Oh, it's nothing like that. He's my dance partner. We're rehearsing. What do you want, Miss Chutney?

MISS HONEY: Oh, it's Miss Honey. Erm, well, as you know, Matilda is in the bottom class. And . . . And children in the bottom class aren't really expected to read.

MRS. WORMWOOD: Well, then stop her reading! Lord knows we've tried. Look. I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever-pants, Miss Hussy. A girl should think about make-up and hair dye. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, and look at me. You chose books. I chose looks!

MISS HONEY: But Matilda can calculate complicated figures in her head in an instant! Her mind is incredible. With a little help from us, she could go to university before she –

MRS. WORMWOOD: Mind? Her mind? You really don't know anything, do you? Somewhere along the way, my dear, You've made an awful error. You oughtn't blame yourself now, come along. You seem to think that people like people what are clever. It's very quaint, it's very sweet, But wrong. People don't like smarty-pants what go 'round, Claiming that they know stuff we don't know.