

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!