

## Script: Mrs. Wormwood

### SIDE 1

#### MR. WORMWOOD

Everyone, gather round; I want my family to share in my triumph.

*(to MATILDA)*

Not you, boy.

#### MATILDA

I'm a girl!

*(MATILDA hovers, uninvited.)*

#### MR. WORMWOOD

One hundred and fifty-five old bangers on my hands. How could I possibly make the mileage go back? I couldn't very well drive each one backwards could I?

#### MICHAEL

Backwards.

#### MR. WORMWOOD

When suddenly I had the most genius idea in the world! I grabbed a drill and, using my incredible mind, I attached the drill to the speedometer of the first car, turned it on and whacked it into reverse.

#### MICHAEL

Back... wards.

#### MR. WORMWOOD

Exactly! Within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage to practically nothing.

#### MICHAEL

Backwards!

#### MR. WORMWOOD

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Expensive suits, dark glasses-

#### MRS. WORMWOOD

Russians are nocturnal; I saw it on a program last night.

#### MATILDA

That was a program about badgers.

**END**

**SIDE 2**

**MR. WORMWOOD**

In business, son, a man's hair is his greatest asset. Good hair means a good brain.

*(MR. WORMWOOD removes the towel, revealing his hair is now bright green.)*

*(MRS. WORMWOOD and MATILDA enter.)*

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

Your... hair! It's... It's... green!

*(MRS. WORMWOOD holds up a mirror.)*

**MR. WORMWOOD**

My hair's green!

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

Why on earth did you do that?

**MATILDA**

Maybe you used some of mummy's peroxide by mistake?

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

That's exactly what you've done, you stupid man!

**MR. WORMWOOD**

My hair! My lovely hair?

*(sudden thought)*

I've got my deal today! The Russians... what am I going to do?

**MATILDA**

I know what you can do.

**MR. WORMWOOD**

What?

**MATILDA**

You could pretend you're an elf.

**MR. WORMWOOD**

What are you talking about you fool? The boy's a loony.

**END**

**SIDE 3**

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

Who is it?

**MISS HONEY**

Oh, yes, um, hello, my name is Miss Honey. Matilda's teacher?

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

Bit busy right now...

**MISS HONEY**

It will only take a moment.

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

Oh, well, come in if you must.

*(inviting MISS HONEY inside)*

This is Rudolpho, he's my dance partner. We're rehearsing.

**RUDOLPHO**

Ciao (*chow*).

**MISS HONEY**

Ah, parle Italiano? Bene.

*(beat)*

What?

**RUDOLPHO**

*(to MRS. WORMWOOD)*

Who is this, babe? You know what interruptions do to my energy flow.

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

What do you want, Miss Chutney?

**MISS HONEY**

It's Miss Honey. Well, as you know Matilda is in the bottom class and children in the bottom class aren't really expected to read-

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

Well stop her reading then. Lord knows we've tried.

**RUDOLPHO**

*(dancing)*

I'm in the zone, doll. I can feel it in my hips. Don't waste this.

**MRS. WORMWOOD**

I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks. Good day.

**END**