

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 she could actually fly, got married.

They performed some of the most incredible feats together that 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 and dogs would weep with joy. They moved into a beautiful old house on the edge of town and in the evenings would walk and take to the air. And each night the children of the town would wait in anticipation, hoping for a glimpse of the shiny white scarf that the acrobat wore - for they knew they only had to cry, "Tricks, tricks!" and the great performers would instantly oblige with the most spectacular shows, just for them. But although they loved each other, and although they were famous and everyone loved them, they were sad. "We have everything the world has to offer," said the wife, "but a child".

Bruce: IT was the biggest burp I had ever done. 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, a huge chocolaty cloud of gas wafted from my mouth and across the class.. Past Lavender, Past Alice, Past Matilda... and then, my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now 5444444784\5

seemed to have a mind of its own wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

Lavender: Hello. I'm Lavender by the way. Matilda's best friend. There's a bit coming up that is all about me. Well, not exactly about me, but I play a big part in it. But I'm not going to say what happens because I don't want to spoil it for you.

Alright, look, What I do is volunteer to get the Tunchbull a glass of water. And then...

No! I don't want to tell you any more because I don't want to ruin it.

Well, on the way back I find a newt. A newt is a really ugly lizard that lives in water, so I pick it up and - No! I will not say anymore!

I'm going to put the newt into Trunchbull's glass. It's going to be brilliant!

Miss Honey (Matilda):

Honey: You certainly are a special girl, Matilda. I met your mother. She's... unusual. What about your father? Is he proud to have a daughter as clever as you?

Matilda: Oh, Yeah. Very. He is very proud. He's very, very proud. He's always saying, "Matilda, I am very proud to have a daughter as.."

That's not true, Miss Honey. That's not what he says. He calls me a liar and a cheat and a nasty little creep.

Miss Honey: I see. Here we are, home sweet home.

Matilda: Are you poor?

Miss Honey: Yes, I am. Very.

Matilda: Don't they pay teachers much?

Miss honey: Well, they don't, actually. But I am poorer than most because of... Other reasons. You see, I used to live with my aunt. But one day I was out walking and I came across this little, old shed. I fell completely in love with it. I ran to the farmer and begged him to let me move in. He thought I was mad! But he agreed and I've lived here ever since.

Matilda: But Miss Honey, you can't live in a shed!

Miss Honey: I'm not strong like you, Matilda. You see, my father died when I was young. 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. Then, when I got my job as a teacher, she presented me with a bill for all of those years that she looked after me. She made me sign a contract that I'd pay her back every penny.

Mr & Mrs Wormwood:

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

Mr Wormwood: I'm gonna call you straight back - Would you shut up! I'm 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 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. I am off to bleach my roots and I shan't be talking to you the rest of the evening, you horrid little man!

Mr Wormwood: But I am going to make us rich!

Mrs Wormwood: Rich? How rich?

Mr Wormwood: Very rich. Russian businessmen. Very, very stupid. Your genius husband is going to sell them 155 knackered old bangers as new luxury cars!

Mrs Wormwood: Well I shall take the money when you earn it. And I shall spend it. But I shan't enjoy it because of the despicable way you have spoken to me tonight.

Mrs. Phelps (Matilda)

Mrs Phelps: Matilda! What a pleasure to see you. Here in the library again, are we?

Matilda: Yes. I mean, my Mum wanted me to stay at home with her. She hates it when I go out. She misses me so much. Dad too loves having me around.

Mrs Phelps: 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. Oh, and that's not a hint, by the way. But... if you did happen to have a story you wanted to tell me...

Matilda: Who was that lady that was just leaving?

Mrs Phelps: That lady? That was Miss Honey. She's going to be your teacher.

Matilda: That lady... That lady... is my...

Mrs Phelps: Yes, your teacher. Now Matilda, are you going to tell me that story or not?

Trunchbull

How dare you! You are not fit to be in this school! You ought to be in prison, in the deepest, darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out on a trolley with a muzzle on your mouth. I shall crush you. I shall dissect you, madam. I shall strap you to a table and perform experiments on you. All of these disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you!

I shall feed you to the termites, and then I shall smash the termites into tiny fragments, and then I shall grind the tiny fragments into dust and feed the dust to the bloodworms. And then I shall feed the bloodworms to the birds and release the birds into the air and shoot the birds with my shotgun, and so on and so on. Ad infinitum, madam. Ad infinitum!

I shall rip the rebellion out of this class and devour it whole. I shall hang each and every one of these maggots upside down by their ankles until all of their bodily fluids drain out through their noses and into jars! Which I shall send to their parents with their school reports on which I shall write, 'Could do better!'

Sergei (Matilda):

Sergei: You are the Wormwood daughter?

Matilda: Yes

Sergei: Where is your father?

Matilda: He's... I don't know.

Sergei: The Wormwood. He is a stupid man. And being stupid he assumed I was stupid too. And that is very, very stupid - and rude- thing to do.

Matilda: Yes. I'm afraid my father is quite rude and very, very stupid.

Sergei: You know this? At least there is one clever one in the family. I like you, Matilda, you seem smart. Sadly, in my line of work I don't often get to meet smart people like you. Matilda, your father has been stupid and rude to both of us. I can very easily have one of my friends teach him some manners. And one day, when he leaves hospital he will still be stupid, but not so rude, I think. I give this as my gift to you. What do you say?

Matilda: Mr Sergei, this is a very tempting offer. But he is my father and I am his daughter. I think I have had enough of revenge.