

MATILDA

2. Naughty - 6

Matilda: Yep.

67 68 69 70

mp $B\flat 2$ A^7

D START

71 72 73 74

In the slip of a bolt there's a ti - ny re-volt; The seed of a war... in the creak of a floor

p Dm $A^7/C\sharp$

75 76 77 78

- board; A storm can be - gin with the flap of a wing, The ti - ni - est mite... packs the night-i - est

Dm/C Dm/B

79 80 81 82

sting. Ev - 'ry day starts with the tick of a clock;... All es - capes start with the click of a lock.

mp $B\flat 2$ F/A

2. Naughty - 7

83 If you're stuck in your sto - ry and wan - na get out, — You don't have to cry, —

84

85

cresc.

Gm7

F/A
cresc.

86 you don't have to shout, — Cos if you're lit - tle, you can do a lot, — You must

87

88

f

gliss.

8b2

89 - n't let a lit - tle thing like lit - tle stop you. If you sit a - round and let them get on top, — You

90

91

92

F/A

Gm7

2. Naughty - 8

93 3 94 95 96

won't change a thing. Just be-cause you find that life's not fair, It

97 98 99 100 relaxed

does-n't mean that you just have to grin and bear it. If you al-ways take it on the chin and wear it, You

101 102 103 > > 104 > 105

might as well be say-ing you think that it's O-K and that's not right. And if it's not

2. Naughty - 9

106 107 108 109

right, You have to put it right. But

mf

Dm C/E F Dm E7 A7

110 111 112 113

no-bo-dy else_ is gon-na put it right for me, No-bo-dy but me is gon-na change my sto-ry,

f

Gm C A7 D7

114 115 116

Some-times you have to be a lit-tle bit naugh-ty!

Gm7

C F

Matilda

19. Quiet (The Eye Of The Storm)

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Matilda: LEAVE HIM ALONE!!! [GO]

Piano introduction in G minor, 12/8 time. The right hand plays a half note G4, and the left hand plays a half note G3. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the time signature is 12/8. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb).

Trunchbull: ...I shall crush you, I shall
pound you, I shall dissect [ON] you madam...

Moderato $\text{♩} = c.80$

Piano accompaniment for Trunchbull's entrance. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a series of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the time signature is 12/8. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The dynamics are marked 'mf' and 'f'.

Piano accompaniment for Matilda's entrance. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a series of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the time signature is 12/8. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The dynamics are marked 'f'.

Piano accompaniment for Matilda's song. The right hand plays a series of eighth notes, and the left hand plays a series of eighth notes. The tempo is marked 'Moderato' and the time signature is 12/8. The key signature has two flats (Bb and Eb). The dynamics are marked 'subito p'.

19. Quiet - 2

8 *Gm* 9 *Ab2*

know-ing if "red" means the same thing in your head as "Red" means in my head when some-one says "red"? And how

10 *Gm* 11 *Ab2*

if we are tra-vel-ling at al-most the speed of light and we're hold-ing a light, that light would still

12 *Gm* 13 *Ab2*

tra-vel a-way from us, at the full speed of light, which seems right in a way, but I'm try-ing to

14 *Absus* 15 *A*

say I'm not sure, but I won-der if in-side my head I'm not just a bit diff-'rent from some of my

16 Bb G/B 17 C $A7/C\sharp$

friends These an-swers that come in - to my mind un - bid-den, these sto-ries de - li-vered to me ful - ly

p

cresc.

B 18 Dm 19 $Eb2$

writ-ten. And when ev-'ry-one shouts like they seem to like... shout-ing, The noise in my head is in-cre-di-bly loud

(top part all 8va)

cresc. poco a poco

20 Dm 21 $Eb2$

And I just wish they'd stop, my dad and my mum And the te-le and sto-ries would stop for just

22 C/E 23 E_m

once. And, I'm sor-ry I'm not quite ex-plain-ing it right But this noise be-comes an - ger, and the an - ger is

mp

24 D^b 25 Fm/C

light. And this burn-ing in sideme would u - su - ally, fade. But it is -n't to-day, And the heat and the

mf *cresc.*

26 $D^b\Delta$ 27 E^b11

shout-ing And my heart is pound-ing And my eyes are burn-ing and sud-den - ly,

cresc.

19. Quiet - 5

rall. $E\flat^9$ $E\flat^{11}$ $E\flat^5$

28

ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry thing is

f

[tam tam]

C Semplice (meno mosso)

29

Qui - et.

subito p

END

(MISS HONEY)

WHEN I GROW UP—

WHEN I GROW UP—

MATILDA

(same time as MISS HONEY)

JUST BECAUSE YOU FIND THAT LIFE'S NOT FAIR,
IT DOESN'T MEAN THAT YOU JUST HAVE TO GRIN AND BEAR IT
IF YOU ALWAYS TAKE IT ON THE CHIN AND WEAR IT,
NOTHING WILL CHANGE.
JUST BECAUSE I FIND MYSELF IN THIS STORY IT
DOESN'T MEAN THAT EVERYTHING IS WRITTEN FOR ME
IF I THINK THE ENDING IS FIXED ALREADY I MIGHT AS WELL
BE SAYING I THINK THAT ITS OK AND
THAT'S NOT RIGHT.

START

MATILDA enters the library. MRS PHELPS is there.

MRS PHELPS

Matilda! How lovely to see you! Are you enjoying school?

MATILDA

Oh yes. Bits of it anyway...

Beat.

Mrs Phelps, where's the revenge section?

MRS PHELPS

What? Well, we don't have a revenge section. Why? Is there a child at school who's behaving like a bully?

MATILDA

Oh no not a child exactly...

MRS PHELPS

Matilda, are you sure something's not—

MATILDA

Do you want to hear the next part of the story?

MRS PHELPS

Story? Did you say story? Did you say...? Matilda what are we waiting for...

SHE gets into position as MATILDA conjures the story.

#16 – Acrobat Story III

MATILDA

Slowly, very slowly, the acrobat wound her shiny white scarf around her husband's neck,

MATILDA ~~ACROBAT~~

'For luck, my love.' she said, kissing him with the gentlest of kisses.

'Smile – we have done this a thousand times'

MATILDA

But suddenly she hugged him with the biggest hug in the world, so hard that he felt that she would hug all of the air out of him.

And so they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed.

The great escapologist had to escape from the cage, lean out, catch his wife with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher with the other, and put out the flames on her specially designed dress within twelve seconds, before they reached the dynamite and blew his wife's head off!

MRS PHELPS screams out loud.

Beat.

MRS PHELPS

Sorry. Go on.

MATILDA

The trick started well.

END

The moment the specially designed dress was set alight the acrobat swung into the air. The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects— one second, two seconds—they watched as the flames crept up the dress— three seconds, four seconds—she began to reach out her arms towards the cage—five seconds, six seconds—suddenly the padlocks pinged open and the huge chains fell away—seven seconds, eight seconds—the door flung open and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and the child—nine seconds, ten seconds...

MRS PHELPS

Oh, I can't look!

START On - The Trunchbull Revelation

MATILDA

(staring at the scarf)

Miss Honey, is this your father's scarf?

MISS HONEY

Well, yes. My mother gave it to him before she died, you see she was—

MATILDA

An acrobat.

MISS HONEY

Well... well yes, she, she was. How did you...? And my father was—

BOTH

An escapologist.

MISS HONEY

(suddenly standing up)

Matilda, how do you know that!

MATILDA

So... so they were your parents?

MISS HONEY

What? Who? I don't...

MATILDA

The people in my story!

MISS HONEY

What story?

MATILDA

A story! I've been telling a story and I thought I was making it up, but it's real! It's your life! I've seen your life!

MISS HONEY

You've seen... my life?

MATILDA

She did him in! Let's go to the police!

MISS HONEY

What? No, no, we can't, we have no evidence!

MATILDA

But you could just tell them! Tell them she did it!

MISS HONEY

That wouldn't work, Matilda, it'd be my word against hers! And they would never believe she was capable of murder.

MATILDA

But why? She was so cruel to you, she beat you, she shouted at you, she locked you up in tiny cupboards and threw you in cellars.

MISS HONEY

Stop Matilda, please!

MATILDA

Miss Honey, your aunt's a murderer! She killed Magnus, who is she?

AUNT / TRUNCHBULL

'a contract is a contract is a contract!'

MATILDA

Miss Trunchbull!

*The klaxon sounds, The TRUNCHBULL, waiting, her medals clutched to her bosom.
The CHILDREN file in, shocked.*

END

TRUNCHBULL

In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I am a winner. I play by the rules and I win. But if I play by the rules and I... do not win, then something is wrong, something is not working. And when something is wrong you have to put it right. Even if it screams.

MISS HONEY stands glaring at the TRUNCHBULL. SHE notices.

What are you looking at?

MISS HONEY

You.

Beat. TRUNCHBULL is momentarily taken aback, but carries on.

TRUNCHBULL

This class is going to have a very special spelling test. Any child who gets one single answer wrong, shall... go... to chokey.

The CLASS are horrified.

(Pointing at Eric)

You! Spell, oh now, let me see... Spell newt.

ERIC

(stands)

Newt. N-E-W-T. Newt.

Beat.