

MRS WORMWOOD

Stop, stop! There's only one man I do that with!

MR WORMWOOD

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

*(to Matilda, as SHE begins to join them)*

Not you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

**START**

*Nevertheless, MATILDA, hovers on the outside uninvited.*

MR WORMWOOD

~~One hundred and fifty five old bangers on my hands. All polished up, but the mileage on the clock telling the truth: that each one was... knackered. 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 ran into the workshop, 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

Yes, boy, backwards, backwards, exactly! A drill's motor whirls backwards thousands of times a second and within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage on that old rust bucket to practically nothing. I did it to every single car!

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MRS WORMWOOD

Stop talking now, darling, there's a good boy.

MR WORMWOOD

**END**

~~Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Great big nasty-faced apes, expensive suits, dark glasses; don't know who they thought they were.~~

MRS WORMWOOD

~~Russians are nocturnal, I saw it on a programme last night.~~

MATILDA

~~That was badgers, it was a programme about badgers.~~