

(MISS HONEY)

WHEN I GROW UP—
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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 IT'S 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

END

The trick started well.

The moment the specially designed dress was set alight the acrobat swung into the air. The crowd held their breath as she hurtled 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!