

# Mr. Worm wood

13. All I Know - p6

99 100 101 102

James Joyce, does-n't sound noice, I - an Mc-Ew - an, (ugh) feel like spew-in.

*Bb<sup>9</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>*

103 104 105

Wil - li - am Shake - speare, Schwil - li - am Schmake - speare, Mo - by Dick

*Bb<sup>9</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>*

Mr W: Easy, Grandma.

Kick Line Half Tempo (swung ♩ of course)

106

*A<sup>7</sup>* *Bb<sup>7</sup>* *C<sup>o</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>/C<sup>#</sup>*

**START**

**G** Audience: TELLY! Audience: TELLY!

107 108 109 110

All I know I learnt from tel-ly; The big-ger the tel-ly, the smart-er the man...

*D* *F<sup>o</sup>* *Em<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>* *D* *F<sup>o</sup>* *Em<sup>7</sup>* *A<sup>7</sup>*

13. All I Know - p7

Audience: TELLY!

111 112 113

You can tell from my big tel - ly What a ve - ry cle - ver

D D/C G/B B $\flat$ 7(b $9$ ) A#sus A#sus

114 115 116

fe - lla I am!

A $7$  D D/C G/B B $\flat$ 7 D/A E $\flat$ 13 D13

~~Sogue #14~~

~~Tolly Off & Lavender's Newt~~

**END**

**START**

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!

Nonetheless, 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 to my darling, there's a good boy.~~

MR WORMWOOD

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~~

~~I was watching the programme last night.~~

~~MATILDA~~

~~It was bad, it was programme about badger.~~

MRS WORMWOOD

~~Same thing~~

(to Mr Wormwood)

And? Did it work?

Beat. HE opens the suitcase; full of cash. THEY scream with joy.

~~That's not fair! I'll have to... I'll have to... I'll have to...~~

MATILDA

But you've cheated them! That's not fair at all; they trusted you and you've cheated them!

THEY stop dancing. Glare at Matilda.

~~MRS WORMWOOD~~

~~What is the matter with you? What have we done to deserve... I'll have to...~~

#16b - Bookworm

HE grabs Matilda and drags her to her room.

MR WORMWOOD

You know what I'm going to do tomorrow? I'm gonna go down that library and tell that old bag you're never to be let in again!

MATILDA

What? No, please don't--

MR WORMWOOD

And if she does... I'll have her fired! And you will never read another stinking book as long as you live! I'll put an end to your stories young man! Now get in there and stay in there you nasty... little... creep!

**END**

#17 - Acrobat Story IV (I'm Here)

HE leaves, slamming the door behind him. MATILDA sits there, alone.

SHE begins to tell the story to herself.

MATILDA

At night the escapologist's daughter cried herself to sleep alone in her room. She never said a single word about the evil aunt's bullying as she didn't want to cause a fuss and so she suffered in silence. This only encouraged the woman to greater cruelties, until one day, she exploded:

MATILDA & AUNT

'You are a useless, filthy, nasty little... creep!'

## START Intermission

*MR WORMWOOD comes on. Takes out a piece of paper, reads.*

### MR WORMWOOD

'I would like to offer an apology for some of the things that have been going on here tonight. They are not nice things and they are not right things and I would like to state garrantorically that we do not want any children that might be here tonight watching this to go home and try these things out for themselves. I am of course talking about... reading books.

It is normal for kids to behave in this fashion, it stunts the brain, wears out the eyes, makes kids ugly, stinky, fatty, sweaty, betty, boring, gaseous and crucially, it gives them varrucas... of the mind.

Under no circumstances do we condone such activities and we do so utterly without reservoirs.'

*Puts the paper away, looks at the audience.*

Can I just ask, how many people here have ever read a book?

*Is horrified by the response, picks someone in the audience*

*You sir/ma'am, what's your name?*

~~Gets name~~

Well, ... don't take this the wrong way, but..

Bookworm, bookworm, stupid little bookworm, reading all his books like a stinky little bookworm.

You read books, like a... worm. Worms read books, you read books.

Worms are stupid

You're a... swarm.

There.

Now, ...will learn from that. Won't stop them reading, but s/he'll never put her/his hand up in a theatre again.

Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you today, the pinnacle of our ~~evolution~~ **END** as a species, the very reason we bothered evolving out of unicorns in the first place.

*MICHAEL comes out with the telly, and a little guitar.*

#13 - All I Know

SOMEWHERE ON A SHOW I HEARD  
A PICTURE TELLS A THOUSAND WORDS  
SO, TELLY, IF YOU BOTHERED TO LOOK,

(MATILDA)

MY DADDY SAYS I'M A BORE  
MY MUMMY SAYS I'M A JUMPED-UP LITTLE GERM  
THAT KIDS LIKE ME SHOULD BE AGAINST THE LAW.  
MY DADDY SAYS I SHOULD LEARN TO SHUT MY PIE HOLE  
NO-ONE LIKES A SMART-MOUTHED GIRL LIKE ME  
MUM SAYS I'M A GOOD CASE FOR POPULATION CONTROL  
DAD SAYS I SHOULD WATCH MORE TV

MR WORMWOOD bursts in, pushing past Matilda.

**START**

*The Wormwood's Living Room.*

MR WORMWOOD

Yes, sir. That's right, sir. One hundred and fifty five brand new luxury cars, sir.

*(listens)*

'Are they good runners?' Let's put it this way... you wouldn't beat them in a race.

*HE laughs hugely at his funny joke. But there is silence from the other end of the line.*

*He stops laughing, immediately.*

No, sir, yes, sir, they are good runners sir, yes, sir, indeed, sir. So, erm... how much exactly - ?

*Suddenly there is a scream. HE panics, nearly drops the phone, turns around. MRS WORMWOOD (the source of the scream) stands horrified, staring at MATILDA, who sits reading a book.*

MRS WORMWOOD

Harry!

MR WORMWOOD

Hang on---

MRS WORMWOOD

Look at this, she's reading a book. That's not normal for a five year old. I think she might be an idiot.

MATILDA

Listen to this - 'It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom -'

*Her MOTHER screams, covers her ears.*

MR WORMWOOD

Stop scaring your mother with that book, boy!

MATILDA

I'm a girl.

**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**

*(into the phone)*

I'm gonna call you straight back

*(hangs up, turning to his wife)*

Would you please shut up! I'm trying to pull off the biggest business deal of my life and I have to listen to this.

*SHE is shocked, but HE persists.*

It's your fault; you spend us into trouble and you 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—dinner doesn't microwave itself you know! If you're an escapologist I must be an acrobat to balance that lot—the world's greatest acrobat. I am off to bleach my roots and I shan't be talking to you for the rest of the evening, you... horrid little man!

**MR WORMWOOD**

But I'm going to make us rich!

**MRS WORMWOOD**

*(stops)*

Rich?

*(turns)*

How rich?

**MR WORMWOOD**

Very rich. Russian businessmen. Very, very stupid. Your genius husband is going to sell them one hundred and fifty five knackered old bangers as... brand new luxury cars!

**MATILDA**

But that's not fair! The cars will break down, what about the Russians?

**MR WORMWOOD**

Fair? Listen to the boy!

**MATILDA**

I'm a girl.

**MR WORMWOOD**

Fair does not get you anywhere, you thick-headed twitbrain! All I can say is thank heavens Michael has inherited his old man's brains, eh son?

MICHAEL

Mi-chael.

MRS WORMWOOD

Himm. 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 in which you have spoken to me tonight.

*SHE leaves. Beat. HE rounds on Matilda.*

## #1a - Intro To Naughty

MR WORMWOOD

This is your fault! With your stupid books and your stupid reading!

MATILDA

What? But I didn't do anything! That's not right!

MR WORMWOOD

Right! Right! I tell you something; you're off to school in a few days time and you won't be getting 'right' there. Oh no. I know your headmistress Agatha Trunchbull—and I've told her all about you and your smarty pants ideas.

*(coming closer)*

Great big strong scary woman she is, used to compete in the Olympics, throwing the hammer. Imagine what she's going to do to a horrible, squeaky little goblin like you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl...

MR WORMWOOD

Now get off to bed you little... bookworm!

*MATILDA goes to her room. Alone. Picks up a book.*

**END**

## #2 - Naughty

MATILDA

JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL  
TO FETCH A PAIL OF WATER, SO THEY SAY  
THE SUBSEQUENT FALL WAS INEVITABLE,  
THEY NEVER STOOD A CHANCE—THEY WERE WRITTEN THAT WAY.  
INNOCENT VICTIMS OF THEIR STORY.

LIKE ROMEO AND JULIET,