

# Rudoi pho

**START** Sing both parts

Mrs W: "Oh I look nice... you don't"

88 89 90 91

9, Lou - p9

D

No-one's gon na tell ya when to wig-gle your bum - ba,

E+7(9)

Am

92 93 94 95

Ev-ry-bo-dy loves a lit-tle some-thing ex-o - tic,

No-one's gon-na love ya if you don't know the rhum - ba, But

E

96 97 98 99

It does-n't real-ly mat-ter if you don't know nowt,

learn-in' a lan - guage is o - ver the top, 'S

Dm

**E** Steady

100 101 102

The less you have to sell, the har-der you sell it. The  
long as you dun - no it with a bit of clout... The less you have to sell, the har-der you sell it. The

Am F

103 104

less you have to say, the loud-er you yell it. The dum-ber the act, the big - ger the con-fes-sion. The  
less you have to say, the loud-er you yell it. The dum-ber the act, the big - ger the con-fes-sion. The

D7/F# G

105 106 107

less you have to show, the loud-er you dress it. You got-ta-get up, You got-ta get up... and be

less you have to show, the loud-er you dress it. You got-ta-get up, You got-ta get up... and be

E7/Q# A F#7/A#

**F** Ensemble

116 117

Loud, loud, loud, loud,

loud!

**END**

JUDGE: Your Judges!

118 loud, loud, — 119 LOUD! 120

F#+ G+b9 G+b9

**Dance Break**

G 121 122 123 124

Cm6 Fw/Ab G

# RUDOLPHO

MATILDA

(MR WORMWOOD)

*HE goes to take his hat off, but finds it is stuck to his head, pulls at hat. Again but finds it is stuck.*

What the?

*Furious bout of pulling off trying to pull hat off. Yanks it down, then up, but nothing. HE begins to panic, yanking his hat ferociously. Remembers mechanic, who is standing there staring at him. Pause.*

I'm gonna leave this on. Looks like rain.

MISS HONEY at the WORMWOOD'S FRONT DOOR.

*Hesitates, knocks.*

MRS WORMWOOD

Who is it?

MISS HONEY

Oh, yes, er, hello, my name is Miss Honey. Matilda's teacher?

MRS WORMWOOD

Bit busy right now..

MISS HONEY

It will only take a moment...

MRS WORMWOOD

Oh, well, come in if you must.

**START** *HE shows Miss Honey in. RUDOLPHO is inside. He wears very tight trousers and every so often a little dance move bursts out of him like a nervous reaction. He looks slightly miffed at being disturbed.*

This is Rudolpho. It's nothing like that, he's my dance partner. We're rehearsing.

RUDOLPHO

Ciao.

MISS HONEY

Ah, parle Italiano? Bene. Ciao, Rudolpho, piacere. Come stai?

RUDOLPHO

*(beat)*

What?

*(to Mrs Wormwood)*

Who is this, babe? You know what interruptions do to my energy flow.

MRS WORMWOOD

What do you want, Miss Chutney?

MISS HONEY

It's Miss Honey. Well, as you know Matilda is in the bottom class and children in the bottom class aren't really expected to read—

MRS WORMWOOD

Well stop her reading then. Lord knows we've tried.

RUDOLPHO

I'm in the zone, doll. I can feel it in my hips. Don't waste this.

MRS WORMWOOD

I'm not in favour of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. A girl should think about make-up and hair dye. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks.

MISS HONEY

I... beg your pardon?

RUDOLPHO

Babes, I'm on fire here, please!

MISS HONEY

But Matilda can calculate complicated figures in her head in an instant!

RUDOLPHO

Calculate this!

*HE does a particularly extravagant move.*

MRS WORMWOOD

*(applauding)*

Oh, fantastico!

MISS HONEY

Her mind is incredible, with a little help from us she could—

END

MRS WORMWOOD

Mind? Her mind? You really don't know anything, do you...

#9 - Loud

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, MY DEAR,  
YOU'VE MADE AN AWFUL ERROR,  
YOU OUGHTN'T BLAME YOURSELF, NOW, COME ALONG.  
YOU SEEM TO THINK THAT PEOPLE LIKE PEOPLE WHAT ARE CLEVER,  
IT'S VERY QUAIN'T, IT'S VERY SWEET, BUT WRONG.

PEOPLE DON'T LIKE SMARTY PANTS WHAT GO