

TRUNCH BULL 1

6. The Hammer - p2

19

treat - ed the rules with cas - ual dis - daiu? Well? LIKE HELL!

26 **B START**

As I stepped up to the cir - cle, did I change my plan? Hmm? What?

29

As I chalked up my palms, did I wave my hands? I did not!

32

As I start - ed my spin did I look at the view? Did I drift off and

35

dream for a min-ute or two? Do you think I fal-tered or a-mend-ed my ro-ta-tion?

38

Do you think I al-tered my in-tend-ed e-le-va-tion? As the ham-mer took

41

off, did I change my grunt from the grunt I had prac-tised for ma-ny a month? Not a jot! Not a

45

dot did I stray from the plot! Not a de-tail of my throw was ad-just-ed or for-

6. The Hammer - p4

C

48 In 2

got-ten. Not e-ven when the ham-mer left my hands and sailed high up, up a-bove the stands

mp spread chords as desired

Am Aw/G Aw/F#

ad lib.

D Simply

53 did I let my-self go? No, no, no, no, no, no, no... If you want to throw the

lightly

G A^o/D G⁷ C

57 ham - mer for your count - ry You have to stay in-side the

mf

sim.

G/D C C

61

cir - cle all the time. If you want to make the

G/D C F

65

team you don't need hap - pi - ness or self - es - team, You just

D7/F# C A7/C#

68

need to keep your feet in - side the line.

Dm G C

TRUNCHBULL 2

18. The Smell Of Rebellion - p6

START

57 58 59 60

fi - ance, the o - dour of coup, the waft of a - nar - chy in pro - gress. Once we've

One two three four, one two three four.

Am E7/B Am/C E/D F7 E7

Die! Please, please! Please!

E Colla voce, straight

61 62 63

ex - er - cised these de - mons, they shall be too pooped for sche - ming. Some dou - ble - time dis - ci - pline should

mf Dm Am B7

Trunchbull: All right, let's step it up.
Double-time. [GO]

64 65

stop the rot from set - ting in.

[bongos + pno]

Double-time, fast 4
(straight ♩)

66 67 *ad lib.* 68

1, 2, 3, 4... Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, for child - ren who aren't lis - ten - ing, for

Am *etc.*

69 70 71

mid - gets who are fid - get - ing and whis - per - ing in his - to - ry, their chat - ter - ing and chit - ter - ing, their

E7 *Dm*

72 73 74

nat - ter - ing and twit - ter - ing is tem - pered with a smat - ter - ing of dis - ci - pline. We

Am *F7* *E7* *Am*

18. The Smell Of Rebellion - p8

G

75 must be - gin in - sis - ting on ri - gi - di - ty and dis - ci - pline, per - sis - tent - ly re - sist - ing this an -

76

77

Am

E7

78 - ar - chis - tic mis - chief - in', these min - utes you are frit - ter - in' on pan - der - ing and pi - ty - ing, while

79

80

Dm

Am

81 lit - tle 'uns like this, they just need dis - ci - pline. The

82

F7

E7

Am

H

83 84 85

sim - per - ing and whim - per - ing, the drib - bling and the spit - tl - ing, the "Miss, I need a tis - sue", it's an

Am E7 #

86 87 88

is - sue we can fix. There is no mys - te - ry to mas - ter - ing the art of class - room mis - tress - ing; it's

Dm Am

89 90

dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline... kids The smell of re - bel -

Dis - ci - pline!

F7 E7 Am

72
START

MATILDA

TRUNCHBULL

How dare you! You are not fit to be in this school! You ought to be in prison, in the deepest, darkest, darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out, strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth!

I shall crush you! I shall pound you, I shall dissect, you madam! I shall strap you to a table and perform experiments on you. All of those disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you – yes, you!

But suddenly everything seems to go quiet, slow motion, almost stopped. MATILDA steps forward to the audience, alone, like stepping out of the scene.

MATILDA

HAVE YOU EVER WONDERED, WELL I HAVE, ABOUT HOW WHEN I SAY, SAY "RED", FOR EXAMPLE, THERE'S NO WAY OF KNOWING IF "RED" MEANS THE SAME THING IN YOUR HEAD AS "RED" MEANS IN MY HEAD WHEN SOMEONE SAYS "RED"?

AND HOW IF WE ARE TRAVELLING AT ALMOST THE SPEED OF LIGHT AND WE'RE HOLDING A LIGHT, THAT LIGHT WOULD STILL TRAVEL AWAY FROM US, AT THE FULL SPEED OF LIGHT, WHICH SEEMS RIGHT IN A WAY, BUT I'M TRYING TO SAY

I'M NOT SURE, BUT I WONDER IF INSIDE MY HEAD I'M NOT JUST A BIT DIFFERENT FROM SOME OF MY FRIENDS THESE ANSWERS THAT COME INTO MY MIND UNBIDDEN THESE STORIES DELIVERED TO ME FULLY WRITTEN

AND WHEN EVERYONE SHOUTS LIKE THEY SEEM TO LIKE SHOUTING, THE NOISE IN MY HEAD IS INCREDIBLY LOUD AND I JUST WISH THEY'D STOP, MY DAD AND MY MUM AND THE TELE AND STORIES WOULD STOP JUST FOR ONCE AND, I'M SORRY I'M NOT QUITE EXPLAINING IT RIGHT BUT THIS NOISE BECOMES ANGER, AND THE ANGER IS LIGHT AND THIS BURNING INSIDE ME WOULD USUALLY FADE BUT IT ISN'T TODAY, AND THE HEAT AND THE SHOUTING AND MY HEART IS POUNDING AND MY EYES ARE BURNING AND SUDDENLY, EVERYTHING, EVERYTHING IS

QUIET.

(MATILDA)

LIKE SILENCE BUT NOT REALLY SILENT.
 JUST THAT STILL SORT OF QUIET;
 LIKE THE SOUND OF A PAGE BEING TURNED IN A BOOK,
 OR A PAUSE IN A WALK IN THE WOODS.

QUIET.

LIKE SILENCE BUT NOT REALLY SILENT.
 JUST THAT NICE KIND OF QUIET;
 LIKE THE SOUND WHEN YOU LIE UPSIDE DOWN IN YOUR BED,
 JUST THE SOUND OF YOUR HEART IN YOUR HEAD.

AND THOUGH THE PEOPLE AROUND ME,
 THEIR MOUTHS ARE STILL MOVING,
 THE WORDS THEY ARE FORMING
 CANNOT REACH ME ANY MORE

AND IT IS QUIET.
 AND I AM WARM.
 LIKE I'VE SAILED INTO THE EYE OF THE STORM.

MATILDA steps back into the scene. Focuses on the glass

(whispering)

Go on. Tip... tip over... tip... tip over!

#19a - Newt III / 2nd Glass Tipping

The scene snaps back into full speed/volume and suddenly the glass throws itself (and the newt) at the TRUNCHBULL. At first she hardly notices, just feeling something a little... but then suddenly she gives a yelp and leaps in the air, grabbing for her posterior.

TRUNCHBULL

YOU miserable collection of excuses for children, and you, madam, standing there like the squirt of squirts, are its beating heart. But I am a match for you and I tell you that there is nothing that I shall not do, no length to which I shall not go, no punishment I shall not inflict, no ear I shall not stretch back, no finger I shall not... what is it? what is it? Get it off me. Get it off me... it's heading north...

I've got a newt in my knickers.

(TRUNCHBULL)

Another yelp, runs somewhere else.

I've got a newt in my knickers!

SHE runs at the kids, desperate to get the newt out

I've got a newt in my knickers!

Runs off screaming, with a newt in her knickers.

Pause. MISS HONEY looks back at the class.

END

MISS HONEY

Well. That was interesting.

I think we'd all better go home. While we still can.

CLASS cheers runs off. All except MATILDA who hasn't moved a muscle.

Matilda?

MATILDA

Watch.

MATILDA goes to the glass, stands it up.

MISS HONEY

Matilda, I think it would be wise to go before...

MATILDA

Watch. Please.

Concentrates. Silence. The glass tips over. MISS HONEY jumps. She goes over to the glass. Picks it up. Examines it. Looks under the desk. Looks at the glass again. Looks at Matilda.

I moved it with my eyes.

Am I strange?

Beat. MISS HONEY stares at her, dumbfounded. Then...

MISS HONEY

How do you fancy a nice cup of tea?

#19b - Walk to Miss Honey's

THEY walk, through hedgerows, woods, glades with flowers.

MATILDA

What do you think it is? This thing with my eyes?

START

Suddenly SHE knocks

TRUNCHBULL

Enter!

For a second SHE considers running away, but then SHE goes in...

Well don't just stand there like a wet tissue, get on with it.

#5a - Trunchbull Office

MISS HONEY

Well, yes, Miss Trunchbull there's, in, in, in, in my class that is, there is, Mat, a little girl called Matilda Wormwood, and —

TRUNCHBULL

Daughter of Mr Harry Wormwood who owns Wormwood Motors. Excellent man. Told me to watch out for the brat, though, says she's a real wart.

MISS HONEY

Oh no, Headmistress, I don't think Matilda is that kind of child at all.

TRUNCHBULL

What is the school motto, Miss Honey?

Beat.

HONEY

Bambinatum est maggitum.

TRUNCHBULL

Bambinatum est maggitum. Children are maggots. In fact it must have been her who put that stink bomb under my desk this morning. I'll have her for that. Thank you for suggesting it.

MISS HONEY

But I didn't...

Miss Trunchbull; Matilda Wormwood is a genius.

TRUNCHBULL

(beat)

Nonsense! Haven't I just told you that she is a gangster?

MISS HONEY

She knows her times tables.

TRUNCHBULL

So she's learnt a few tricks...

MISS HONEY

But she can read!

TRUNCBULL

So can I.

MISS HONEY

I have to tell you, Headmistress, that in my opinion this little girl should be placed in the top form with the eleven year olds.

TRUNCBULL

What? But she is a squib, a shrimp, an un-hatched tadpole. We cannot just 'place her in with the eleven year olds' — what kind of society would that be? What about rules, Honey, rules?

MISS HONEY

I believe that Matilda Wormwood is an exception to the rules.

TRUNCBULL

An exception?

END

#6 – The Hammer

To the rules?

In my school?

LOOK AT THESE TROPHIES,
SEE HOW MY TROPHIES
GLEAM IN THE SUNLIGHT?
SEE HOW THEY SHINE?
WHAT DO YOU THINK IT
TOOK TO BECOME ENGLISH
HAMMER-THROWING
CHAMPION 1969
DO YOU THINK IN THAT MOMENT
WHEN MY BIG MOMENT CAME
THAT I TREATED THE RULES
WITH CASUAL DISDAIN?

WELL?
LIKE HELL.

AS I STEPPED UP TO THE CIRCLE, DID I CHANGE MY PLAN?
HUH? WHAT?