

MR WORMWOOD

I'M SO CLEVER, I'M SO CLEVER,
I'M SO VERY, VERY, VERY, VERY CLEVER.
I'M SO VERY FLAMING CLEVER,
WHAT A VERY CLEVER FELLA I AM!

Start

Come here you!

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 now, 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

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

MATILDA

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

MATILDA

MRS WORMWOOD

Same thing.

(to Mr Wormwood)

And? Did it work?

Beat. HE opens the suitcase: full of cash. THEY scream with joy.
Fantastico! Now I'll be able to afford Rudolpho all day long!

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 a child like you?

#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!

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

HE leaves, slamming the door behind him.