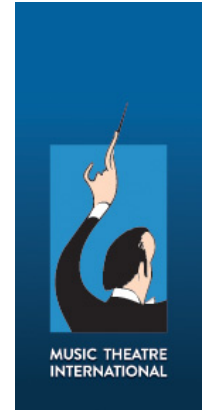


Music Theatre International

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Audition Central: Roald Dahl's Matilda The Musical JR.

Script: Miss Honey

SIDE 1

MISS HONEY

I'm not strong like you, Matilda. My father died when I was young. Magnus was his name and he was very kind. But when he was gone, my aunt became my legal guardian. She was mean and cruel like you can hardly imagine. And then, when I got my job as a teacher, she presented me with a bill for looking after me all those years. And she made me sign a contract to pay her back every penny. She even produced a document that said my father had given her his entire house.

END

SIDE 2

MRS. WORMWOOD

Who is it?

MISS HONEY

Oh, yes, um, 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.

(inviting MISS HONEY inside)

This is Rudolpho, he's my dance partner. We're rehearsing.

RUDOLPHO

Ciao *(chow)*.

MISS HONEY

Ah, parlo Italiano? Bene.

(beat)

What?

RUDOLPHO

(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

(dancing)

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

MRS. WORMWOOD

I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks. Good day.

END

SIDE 3

(TRUNCHBULL)

Well?

(They have no idea what she means.)

Come along, Bogtrotter.

BRUCE

What? Where?

TRUNCHBULL

Oh, did I not mention? That was the first part of your punishment. There's more. The second part. And the second part is... chokey!

BRUCE

What?

MISS HONEY

No, Miss Trunchbull please, you can't!

TRUNCHBULL

Do you think I would allow myself to be defeated by these maggots? Did you? Who do you think I am, Miss Honey? A weakling? An idiot? You?

(The TRUNCHBULL storms back to BRUCE and grabs him by the wrist.)

BRUCE

No, please! Not that! Don't take me to chokey. Not that! Nooo!

(The TRUNCHBULL drags BRUCE out.)

MATILDA

That's not right!

END

SIDE 4

TRUNCHBULL

(to MISS HONEY)

Sit.

(MISS HONEY sits.)

Miss Honey, you believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories. That is not teaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child.

(She blows a whistle. The KIDS march on, stop, silent. Pause.)

Quiet you maggots!!!

MISS HONEY

But no one was speaking, Miss Trunchbull.

TRUNCHBULL

Miss Honey, when I say 'Quiet, you maggots', you are entirely included in that statement. Where is my jug of water?

LAVENDER

I'll get it Miss Trunchbull.

(LAVENDER gets up. She is hugely excited. She cannot help but give the audience a huge thumbs-up as she goes.)

TRUNCHBULL

Stupid girl.

(to the others)

Look at you. Flabby! Disgusting! Revolting! Revolting, I say! I think it's time we toughened you all up with a little... Phys-ed.

END