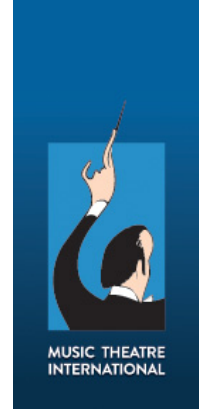


Music Theatre International

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

Script: Matilda Wormwood

SIDE 1

LAVENDER

Matilda, do all those brains in your head give you a headache? I mean it's got to hurt, all squished in there.

MATILDA

No, it's fine. I think they just... fit.

LAVENDER

Well, I'd better hang around just in case they start to squeeze out of your ears. I'm Lavender. And I think it's probably for the best if we're best friends.

(LAVENDER holds her hand out. They shake. NIGEL enters, panicked.)

NIGEL

Hide me! Someone poured a whole can of treacle onto Trunchbull's chair! Someone told her I did it and now she's after me!

MATILDA

That's not fair!

BIG KID 2

Once Agatha Trunchbull decides you're guilty you are squished.

END

SIDE 2

MATILDA

And so the great day arrived.

(MATILDA)

Everything was arranged by the Acrobat's sister - a frightening woman who used to be an Olympic-class hammer thrower, and who loved nothing better than to scare the children of the town. Suddenly, out came the Escapologist.

ESCAPOLOGIST

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... *(chord)* The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air *(chord)* With Dynamite In Her Hair *(chord)* Over Sharks And Spiky Objects *(chord)*, Caught By The Man Locked In The Cage... *(chord)* has been... cancelled.

MRS. PHELPS

No!

ESCAPOLOGIST

Cancelled because my wife is... pregnant.

MRS. PHELPS

So it has a happy ending?

MATILDA

No!

(MATILDA)

Just then the Acrobat's sister stepped forward and produced... a contract.

TRUNCHBULL

(offstage)

I have paid for the posters, publicity, the catering, the toilet facilities. Where is my profit? A contract is a contract. You will perform on this day or off to prison you both shall go!

MRS. PHELPS

No, no!

(MATILDA begins to exit.)

W-w-what happens next?

MATILDA

I don't know, yet. I'll tell you tomorrow.

END

SIDE 3

MR. WORMWOOD

Everyone, gather round; I want my family to share in my triumph.

(to MATILDA)

Not you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

(MATILDA hovers, uninvited.)

MR. WORMWOOD

One hundred and fifty-five old bangers on my hands. 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 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.

Exactly! Within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage to practically nothing.

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MR. WORMWOOD

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Expensive suits, dark glasses-

MRS. WORMWOOD

Russians are nocturnal; I saw it on a program last night.

MATILDA

That was a program about badgers.

END

SIDE 4

MR. WORMWOOD

In business, son, a man's hair is his greatest asset. Good hair means a good brain.

(MR. WORMWOOD removes the towel, revealing his hair is now bright green.)

(MRS. WORMWOOD and MATILDA enter.)

MRS. WORMWOOD

Your... hair! It's... It's... green!

(MRS. WORMWOOD holds up a mirror.)

MR. WORMWOOD

My hair's green!

MRS. WORMWOOD

Why on earth did you do that?

MATILDA

Maybe you used some of mummy's peroxide by mistake?

MRS. WORMWOOD

That's exactly what you've done, you stupid man!

MR. WORMWOOD

My hair! My lovely hair?

(sudden thought)

I've got my deal today! The Russians... what am I going to do?

MATILDA

I know what you can do.

MR. WORMWOOD

What?

MATILDA

You could pretend you're an elf.

MR. WORMWOOD

What are you talking about you fool? The boy's a loony.

END