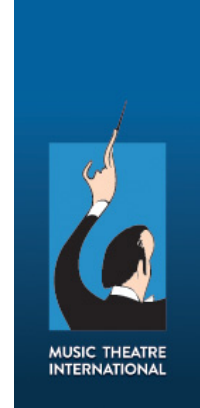


**Music Theatre International**

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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.

**MR. WORMWOOD**

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**

#### **SIDE 5**

**MRS. PHELPS**

What? Is there a child at school who's behaving like a bully?

**MATILDA**

Not a child exactly. Do you want to hear the next part of the story?

**MRS. PHELPS**

What are we waiting for?

**MATILDA**

As they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed, the Acrobat gave her husband a kiss-

**ACROBAT**

Smile - we have done this a thousand times.

**ESCAPOLOGIST**

First I escape from the cage, lean out, catch you with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher with the other, and put out the flames on your specially designed dress before they reach the dynamite and blow your head off!

**MRS. PHELPS**

*(screams)*

Ahhhhhhh!

*(beat)*

Sorry. Go on.

**MATILDA**

The trick started well. The moment the dress was set alight, the Acrobat swung into the air. She hurled over the sharks and spiky objects - suddenly the padlocks pinged open and the huge chains fell away - the door flung open and the Escapologist reached out to catch his wife and the child-

**MRS. PHELPS**

Oh, I can't look!

**END**

**SIDE 6****NIGEL**

Cat; C-A... F! Cat.

*(TRUNCHBULL glares at him.)*

I... I got it wrong, Miss. You have to put me in chokey too.

**TRUNCHBULL**

Whaaaat...?

**ERIC**

Dog; D-Y-P. Dog. And me.

**AMANDA**

Table; X-A-B-F-Y. And me.

**TRUNCHBULL**

What are you doing? What's going on? Stop this!

**HORTENSIA**

You can't put us all in chokey. Banana; G-T-A-A-B-L!

**MATILDA**