

(MR WORMWOOD)**RUDOLPHO SIDE**

HE goes to take his hat off, but finds it is stuck to his head, pulls at hat. Again but finds it is stuck.

What the?

Furious bout of pulling off trying to pull hat off. Yanks it down, then up, but nothing. HE begins to panic, yanking his hat ferociously. Remembers mechanic, who is standing there staring at him. Pause.

I'm gonna leave this on. Looks like rain.

MISS HONEY at the **WORMWOOD'S FRONT DOOR**.

Hesitates, knocks.

MRS WORMWOOD

Who is it?

MISS HONEY

Oh, yes, er, 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.

SHE shows Miss Honey in. RUDOLPHO is inside. He wears very tight trousers and every so often a little dance move bursts out of him like a nervous reaction. He looks slightly miffed at being disturbed.

This is Rudolpho. It's nothing like that, he's my dance partner. We're rehearsing.

RUDOLPHO

Ciao.

MISS HONEY

Ah, parle Italiano? Bene. Ciao, Rudolpho, piacere. Come stai?

RUDOLPHO

(beat)

What?

(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

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

MRS WORMWOOD

I'm not in favour of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. A girl should think about make-up and hair dye. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks.

MISS HONEY

I... beg your pardon?

RUDOLPHO

Babes, I'm on fire here, please!

MISS HONEY

But Matilda can calculate complicated figures in her head in an instant!

RUDOLPHO

Calculate this!

HE does a particularly extravagant move.

MRS WORMWOOD

(applauding)

Oh, fantastic!

MISS HONEY

Her mind is incredible, with a little help from us she could -

MRS WORMWOOD

Mind? Her mind? You really don't know anything, do you...

end

#9 - Loud

SOMEWHERE ALONG THE WAY, MY DEAR,
YOU'VE MADE AN AWFUL ERROR,
YOU OUGHTN'T BLAME YOURSELF, NOW, COME ALONG.
YOU SEEM TO THINK THAT PEOPLE LIKE PEOPLE WHAT ARE CLEVER,
IT'S VERY QUAIN, IT'S VERY SWEET, BUT WRONG.
PEOPLE DON'T LIKE SMARTY PANTS WHAT GO