

MISS HONEY

That wouldn't work, Matilda, it'd be my word against hers! And they would never believe she was capable of murder.

TRUNCHBULL

SIDE 2

MATILDA

But why? She was so cruel to you, she beat you, she shouted at you, she locked you up in tiny cupboards and threw you in cellars.

MISS HONEY

Stop Matilda, please!

MATILDA

Miss Honey, your aunt's a murderer! She killed Magnus, who is she?

AUNT / TRUNCHBULL

'a contract is a contract is a contract!'

MATILDA

Miss Trunchbull!

The klaxon sounds, The TRUNCHBULL, waiting, her medals clutched to her bosom. The CHILDREN file in, shocked.

TRUNCHBULL

In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I am a winner. I play by the rules and I win. But if I play by the rules and I... do not win, then something is wrong, something is not working. And when something is wrong you have to put it right. Even if it screams.

MISS HONEY stands glaring at the TRUNCHBULL. SHE notices.

What are you looking at?

MISS HONEY

You.

Beat. TRUNCHBULL is momentarily taken aback, but carries on.

TRUNCHBULL

This class is going to have a very special spelling test. Any child who gets one single answer wrong, shall... go... to chokey.

The CLASS are horrified.

(Pointing at Eric)

You! Spell, oh now, let me see... Spell newt.

ERIC

(stands)

Newt. N-E-W-T. Newt.

Beat.

START

TRUNCHBULL

What?

ERIC

Miss Honey's taught us. She's very good at teaching.

TRUNCHBULL

Nonsense! Miss Honey is too soft and peachy to be good at anything, any moron can see that!

(pointing at Hortensia)

You! Stand up, turn around and spell the one thing that you all are... revolting!

HORTENSIA

Revolting. R-E-V-O-L-T-I-N-G. Revolting.

TRUNCHBULL

You're cheating!

MISS HONEY

Of course she's not cheating, she's simply spelling the word!

TRUNCHBULL

These little specks of dust can't be this clever, they are worms!

MISS HONEY

I've taught them, that's all. With kindness and patience and respect.

TRUNCHBULL

How dare you bring those words into my classroom, madam? You know nothing of teaching and I shall prove it.

(pointing at Lavender)

You! Filthbog! Snotnose! Spell... Amchellakamanialseptricolistimosis.

MISS HONEY

What? But that's not a word, you just made it up!

TRUNCHBULL

Spell. Or go to chokey. And I should warn you; it has silent letters...

LAVENDER

A-M-CH-E... L-LA

LAVENDER hesitates.

TRUNCHBULL

Oh dear. Oh deary, deary, dear—

LAVENDER

K?

TRUNCHBULL

I'm so sorry. It was a silent Z. You're. Going. To chokey!

#20b - Nigel's Cat

The TRUNCHBULL begins to drag her off.

Suddenly NIGEL stands.

NIGEL

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

The TRUNCHBULL turns, glares at him.

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

TRUNCHBULL

Whaaaat...?

ERIC

(standing)

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

AMANDA

(standing)

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

TRUNCHBULL

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

HORTENSIA

(standing)

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

TRUNCHBULL

No, no, what are you doing, stop, this, do you hear?

TOMMY

(standing)

Maggots; T-S-P-A-D-Y-F

LAVENDER

(standing)

Snotnose U-T-O-O-O-O-O

TRUNCHBULL

Stop stop, this is—

ALICE

(standing)

Naughty P-U-F-T-Y-X-N

MATILDA

(standing)

Big fat bully, P-Y-T-L-F-D-R-V-S-W

ALL

(standing)

Revoltin'! P-X-Q-Q-Q-AST-1-2-3-4-89-X! REVOLTING!

Huge cacophony of bad spelling all shouted at THE TRUNCHBULL. For a moment SHE looks defeated, everywhere she turns, a rebellious squit. Then suddenly she pulls on a lever. Massive clunking sound all around. THEY freeze, begin to climb down off their desks, scared, an enormous mechanical change taking place around them. It stops.

TRUNCHBULL

(mimicking)

'You have to put me in chokey too.' 'You can't put us all in chokey, Miss'.

Come now maggots. Did you think I hadn't thought of that?

SHE pulls out a remote control, flips a door. There is a button. She presses the button, to reveal a whole array of chokeys. THEY are stunned. THE TRUNCHBULL turns to the audience.

I've been busy...

(back to the kids)

A whole array of chokeys! One for each and every one of you! And now that our little spelling test is over I can tell you that each and every one of you has failed! You see children in this world there are two types of human beings,

#20c - Chalk Writing

winners and losers and I am a...

NIGEL

The chalk! Look, the chalk!

THEY all stop and follow his gaze. At the other end of the room the chalk is floating in the air by the blackboard.

TRUNCHBULL

What...?

end