1. Miracle

My mum says I'm a miracle!

My dad says I'm his special little guy!

I am a princess and I am a prince.

Mum says I'm an angel.

Double speed

My mum-my says I'm a miracle!

My dad-dy says I'm his special little guy!

I am a princess and I am a prince.

Mum says I'm an angel.

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin
sent down from the sky. My dad says I'm his special little soldier, No-one is as handsome,

strong as me. It's true he indulges my tendency to bulge But I'm little soldier, hup two four free!

My mum says I'm a miracle, One look at my face and it's plain to see. Ever since the day doc chopped the umbilical Cord it's been clear there's no peer for a miracle like me. My dad says I'm his special little soldier,
No one is as bold or tough as me. Has my dad told ya, one day when I’m older I can be a soldier, and I will shoot you in the face!

Take another picture of our angel she looks lovely in this light. I know I oughtn’t say this but she is the cutest here, am I right?

Come here honey, next to mum-my,

I think you’re right! Don’t put honey on your
Smile for mum-my, smile for mo-ther. Well take a - no-ther!

bro-ther. I think she blinked. Have you heard the way she

speaks? I think she blinked. Have you heard the way she

speaks? I think she blinked. Have you heard the way she

speaks? She's just so pre-cious - when she speaks. You should have heard the fun-ny thing she said last week. She's just hi-

quietly ad lib. Ha ha ha!

ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!

speaks? She's just so pre-cious when she speaks. You should have heard the fun-ny thing she said last week. She's just hi-

de-light-ful, Might she be a lit-tle bright-er than the norm? I know to voice it's fright-ful

lari-ous and de-light-ful, so pre-co-cious-ly in-sight-ful;
One can hardly move for beauty and brilliance these days.

It seems that there are millions of these one in a millions these days.

"Specialness" seems
Above average is average; Go figure,

Is it some modern miracle of calculus that such frequent miracles don't render each one unmiraculous?

My mum-my says I'm a miracle, One look at my
face and it's plain to see. Ever since the day doc chopped the umbilical Cord it's been clear there's no peer for a miracle like me. My mum-my says I'm a precious barreli-na; She has never seen a prettier barreli-na. She says if I'm keen I have to cut down on the cream, But
I'm a bar-rena so GIVE ME MORE CAKE!

Take a no-ther pic-ture of our an-gel in the cos-tume that I made. The role of

"tree" has ne-ver been por-trayed with such con-vin-cing sway.

Now sit there swee-ty, on that
Just once try not to tap your feet,
Smile or you won't get a seat,
Now smile at dad- dy, smile at dad.

What?

Have you seen this school report? He got a C on his report. We'll have to change his...
What a disaster, he's clearly so much smarter.

School, the teacher's clearly falling short.

His brain is simply faster than the norm,

They ought to put him up a form!

All mums

All dads

Take another

Take another
My mum says I'm a miracle. One look at my face and it's plain to see. Ever since the picture of our angel, she looks lovely in this light. I know I oughtn't say this but she is the cutest here, am I right?

Picture of our angel, she looks lovely in this light. I think you're right!

Come here honey, next to mum my, smile for mum my, smile for right! Don't put honey on your brother.
mi-ra-cle like me. My mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle, That I'm as ti-ny and as shi-ny as a mo-ther.

Well take a-no-ther! mi-ra-cle

I think she blinked. mi-ra-cle

There's ne-ver been a mi-ra-cle, a
"Look, is this going to take much longer, Doctor, I've got a plane to catch at three.

I'm competing in the bi-annual international amateur Salsa and Ballroom Dancing Championships in Paris."

"You're... getting on a plane, Mrs Wormwood?"

"Oh yes. I've been training four hours a day, for the last two years and I can tell you one thing; if Jennifer Littleton thinks she's
walking off with the coveted Golden Shoe this year she’s got another thing coming. “O-kay... I don’t think that’s-”

“I have a secret weapon. Rudolpho. He’s part Italian, you know. Very supple. And he has incredible upper body strength.”

“So? What is it?

“I... think we should have a talk.”

“What’s wrong with me?”

“What’s wrong with me?”

“Mrs Wormwood, do you really have no idea?”

“Wind? Mrs Wormwood I want you to think very carefully; what do you think might be the cause of... this?”

“Am I... am I... Look, am I... [C.O.] fat?”

“Mrs Wormwood, you’re pregnant.”

“Mrs Wormwood, you’re pregnant.”

“Wind? Mrs Wormwood I want you to think very carefully; what do you think might be the cause of... this?”

“Am I... am I... Look, am I... [C.O.] fat?”

“Mrs Wormwood, you’re pregnant.”

“Mrs Wormwood, you’re pregnant.”

“Wind? Mrs Wormwood I want you to think very carefully; what do you think might be the cause of... this?”

“Am I... am I... Look, am I... [C.O.] fat?”

“Mrs Wormwood, you’re pregnant.”

“You are pregnant.”

“You are pregnant.”

“You’re going to have a baby.”

“But I’ve got a baby. I don’t...”
want another one. Isn’t there something you can do...?"

"You’re eight months’ pregnant!"

"Mrs Wormwood, you don’t seem to realise, you are pregnant!"

"Well, don’t keep saying it.

He’s very fiery, it’s his Latin temperament.

"You’re eight months’ pregnant!"

"...antibiotics, or..."

"Mrs Wormwood, you don’t seem to realise, you are pregnant!"

"Well, don’t keep saying it.

He’s very fiery, it’s his Latin temperament.

"A baby, Mrs Wormwood!

A child, the most precious gift that the natural world can bestow upon us has been handed to you!

A brand new human being, a life, a person, a wonderful new person is about to come into your life to bring
love and magic and happiness and wonder!"

"Oh... bloody hell!"

Dr. Every life I bring into this world Restores my faith in human

Drs/Nurses F

Ah

Drs/Nurses M

Aah

Nurse "Push, Mrs Wormwood!"

Mrs W "I'll push you in a minute."

kind.

Each new-born life a canvas yet un-painted, This still un-broken
skin, This uncorrupted mind.

Every life is unbelievably un-

like-ly, The chances of existence almost infinite small.

The most

- va-bly un-like-ly, chances of existence.

- va-bly un-like-ly, chances of existence.

in-finite-ly small

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 14:32
commong in life is life, And yet ev'ry single life, Ev'ry new life!

[Matilda's Birth]

Ev'ry brand new life!

life! life...

life...

[drum fill last 2 beats]
“Where is he? Where’s my son?”  “Mr Wormwood, are you... are you smoking a cigarette?”

“What? Oh, of course! I’m sorry doctor, what am I thinking? This calls for a proper smoke...”  “Who won?”

“But, Mr Wormwood...”  “No buts, the boy wants his old man.”  “Is... is there still time? Maybe I could

get a late flight or...”  “Mrs Wormwood, please stay where you are! I keep telling you, you are in no condition to
dance the Tarantella."

"Oh my word, he's an ugly little thing."

"This is one of the most beautiful children that I've ever seen!"

"Looks like a prune. You need glasses."

Oh my good lord!

Where's his thingy?"

"What?"

"His thingy, his whatjamacalit, what have you done with his thingy?"

"This child doesn't have a...

thingy, because"

"What? A boy with no thingy? Look what you've done, you stupid woman, this boy's got no thingy!"
"Mr Wormwood, this child is a girl. A girl, a beautiful, beautiful little girl."  "Just put me out of my misery, was it Jennifer Littleton or not?"  "Of course it was Jennifer Littleton! I don't suppose we could exchange it for a boy, could we?"

"This is the worst day of my life."

Oh under-carriage doesn't feel quite normal, My skin looks just revolting in this foul, fluorescent light. And this gown is nothing like the semi-formal, semi-Spanish gown I should be wearing in the semi...
finales tonight. I should be dancing the Tarantella la quimono.

Not dressed in hospital cotton With a smarting front bot tom And this

horrible, Smelly little, Wrinkly little ball of fat. Can

What the hell was that?
some one give this thing a bot-tle?
[baby cries again] Why do bad things al-ways hap-pen to
Or swap it for a la-ter model?
Why do bad things al-ways hap-pen to

C11 C7
[br only] F

good peo-ple? Fine up-stand-ing ci-ti-zens like you and me. Why, when we've done noth-ing wrong Should
this disaster come along? This horrible, weird-looking, hairy lit-tle thin-gy thing.
With no sign of a win-ky-ding at

[full rhythm]

She’s a mi-ra-cle, Ever’ life’s a mi-ra-cle...
Amanda, Hortensia, Nigel
She’s a mi-ra-cle, a mi-ra-cle, The most all!
She’s a mi-ra-cle, a mi-ra-cle, The most
The most common thing in life is life, And yet
in-finitely small
in-finitely small
My dad-dy says I'm his spe-cial lit-tle guy.

Ev'ry single life, Ev'ry new life Is a mi-ra-cle, mi-ra-cle,
[Bruce, Tommy]
Hup two four free!

Ev'ry brand new life. mi-ra-cle, mi-ra-cle,
[Amanda, Hortensia, Nigel, S]
cresc. poco a poco

Ev'ry brand new life. mi-ra-cle, mi-ra-cle,
[Alice, Lavender, Bruce, Tommy, A]

B♭ F/A Gm7 C Db
MIRACLE, ad lib.

mi-ral-cle,

mi-ral-cle,

mi-ral-cle,

doi.fr. poco a poco

300

Adul.ts & Kids

My mum-my says I'm a

[Ba-Fa-Ce]

mf cresc. poco a poco

303

mi-ral-cle,

One look at my face and it's plain to see.

E-ver since the
day doc chopped the um-bi-li-cal Cord it's been

clear there's no peer for a mi-ra-cle like me. My mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle, That I'm as

My mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle, That I'm as
ti-ny and as shi-ny as a mir-ror ball. You can be all cy-ni-cal, but

mi-ra-cle, ti-ny as a shi-ny mir-ror ball.

It’s a truth em-pi-cal: There’s ne-ver been a mi-ra-cle, a mi-ra-cle as mi-ra-cle as me!

be all cy-ni-cal, but it’s a truth em-pi-cal: this mi-ra-cle as mi-ra-cle as me!
My dad says I'm a lousy little worm.
My dad says I'm a bore.
My mum says I'm a bore.

jammed-up little germ, That kids like me should be against the law.
My dad says I should learn to shut my pie-hole,

No-one likes a smart-mouthed girl like me. Mum says I'm a good case for population control,

Dad says I should watch more T. V.
VAMP until cut off

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 14:32
Mr Wormwood: Now get off to bed, you nasty little... Bookworm!

Quiet melody
Segue "Naughty"
2. Naughty

Jack and Jill went up the hill to fetch a pail of water, so they say. The subsequent fall was inevitable. They never stood a chance, they were written that way. Innocent victims of their story.

Like Romeo and Juliet, it was written in the stars before they even met. That love and fate and a touch of stupidity would rob them of their...
The end

F

Fings are of ten a lit-tle bit go-ry. I won-der why they didn’t just change their sto-ry.

We’re told we have to do what we’re told but sure-ly...

Some-times you have to be a lit-tle bit naugh-ty!

Just be-cause you find that life’s not fair, it does’n’t mean that you just have to grin and bear it.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 14:45
If you always take it on the chin and wear it, Nothing will change.

Even if you're little you can do a lot. You mustn't let a little thing like little stop you.

If you sit around and let them get on top, You might as well be saying you think that it's O.K. An' that's not right.
Cinderella, in the cellar, didn't have to do much as far as I can tell, Her godmother was two thirds fairy.

Suddenly her lot was a lot less scary. But what if you haven't got a fairy to fix it?

Sometimes you have to make a little bit of mischief!

Just because you find that life's not fair...
does-n’t mean that you just have to grin and bear it. If you al-ways take it on the chin and wear it, nothing will change. Even if you’re lit-tle you can do a lot. You must n’t let a lit-tle thing like lit-tle stop you. If you sit a-round and let them get on top, you might as well be say-ing you think that it’s O-K An’ that’s not right. And if it’s not
You have to put it right.


'Oil of Violets Hair Tonic. For Men.' Yep.
In the slip of a bolt there's a tiny revolt; The seed of a war in the creak of a floor.

-A7/C©

- board; A storm can begin with the flap of a wing, The tiniest mite packs the mightiest sting. Ev'ry day

-Dm/C

starts with the tick of a clock; All escapes start with the click of a lock. If you're stuck in your

-Dm/B

story and wanna get out, You don't have to cry, you don't have to shout. Cos if you're little, you can

-F/A

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 14:45
do a lot. You mustn't let a little thing like little stop you. If you sit around and let them

sim.

get on top. You won't change a thing. Just because you find that life's not fair, it
doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it. If you always take it on the chin and wear it, You

might as well be saying you think that it's O.K. and that's not right. And if it's not
You have to put it right.

But nobody else is gonna put it right for me, Nobody but me is gonna change my story,

Sometimes you have to be a little bit naughty!

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 14:45
2a. Green Hair

Cut on Mrs Wormwood's scream
Mr W: What are you talking about, you fool? The boy's a loon.

Matilda: Mum, would you like to hear a story?

Mrs W: Don't be disgusting!

Mrs W: And I'm hot having you hanging around all day. Get out, now! The sooner you're locked up in school, the better.

...into Library
Mrs Phelps: Goodbye, Miss Honey. And good luck with the Tolstoy. [GO]
Matilda: Once upon a time... Once upon a time the two greatest circus performers in the world - an escapologist, who could escape from any lock that was ever invented, and an acrobat who was so skilled it seemed as if she could actually fly - fell in love and got married.

They performed some of the most incredible stunts together that anyone has ever seen, and people would come from miles around, Kings, Queens, Celebrities and Astronauts. And not just to see their skill,
but also to see their love for each other, which was so deep that it was said that
cats would purr as they passed them, and that dogs would weep with joy.

In the evenings they would walk and take the air, and the children of the town would wait in anticipation,
hoping for a glimpse of the shiny white scarf that the acrobat always wore, for they knew they only had to cry ‘tricks, tricks’
and the great performers would instantly oblige.

But, although they loved each other, although they were famous, and everyone loved them, they were sad.

‘We have everything that the world has to offer’ said the wife ‘but we do not have the one thing in the world we want most.
We do not have a child’
"Patience, my love", the husband replied, "time is on our side. Even time loves us".

Mrs Phelps: Oh Matilda!

Matilda: But time is the one thing no-one is master of. And as time passed they grew quite old and still they had no child.

At night they listened to the silence of their big empty house and they would imagine how beautiful it would be if it was filled with the sounds of a child playing.

Mrs Phelps: Matilda, this is very sad.
Matilda: Do you want me to stop?
Mrs Phelps: Don't you dare!

Their sadness overwhelmed them and drew them on to ever more dangerous feats, as their work became the only place they could escape the inescapable tragedy of their lives.
And so it was they decided to perform the most dangerous feat ever known to man.

'It is called' said the husband, announcing the event to the world’s press who had gathered to listen with bated breath,

'The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spiky Objects Caught By The Man Locked In The Safe. AND... it is the most dangerous feat ever known to man.'

'It is our destiny,' said his wife smiling sadly and slipping her hand into his. 'It is where the loneliness of life has led us'.
4. School Song

My mum-my says I’m a mi-ra-cle.

My dadd-y says I’m his spe-cial lit-tle guy!

I am a prin-cess and I am a prince. Mum says I’m an an-gel,

Freely - not in tempo
Moderato, dark

And so you think you're

Mum says I'm an angel,

Able to survive this mess by being a prince or a princess; you will soon see there's no escaping tragedy.

Even if you put in heaps of effort, you're just wasting energy.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 15:46
4. School Song - 3

G
gy

Dm
A7
Dm
Gm

Dm
EØ

Dm
EØ

Gm
Dm
EØ

Gm
Dm
EØ

Gm

Dm

[upper harmony some men ad lib]

bell.

Like you I was curi-ous,
So in-no-cent, I asked a thou-san-d ques-tions, But un-

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 15:46
less you want to suffer, listen up and I will teach you a thing or two. You listen here, my dear, you’ll be punished so severely - if you step out of line and if you cry it will be double, you should stay out of trouble, and remember to be extremely careful. Why? Just you wait for Phys-

Big Kid: "Why? Why? Did you hear what he said?"

Big kids (G ladies D/B Men) Why?

Nigel: "Why? Why?"

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 15:46
My mum says I'm a miracle. My dad said I would be the teacher's pet.

School is really fun according to my mum. Dad says I would learn the alphabet.

Big Kid: "The alphabet? You got to learn to listen, kid."
And so you think you’re able to survive this mess by being a prince or a princess; you will soon

See there’s no escaping tragedy And even if you put in heaps of

Effort, you’re just wasting energy Cos your life as you know it is “aitch”-ent history.

All kids, big & small
I have suffered in this gaol,
Have been trapped inside this Cage for ages,
This living

'sell,
But if I try I can remember,
Back before my life had

ended,
Before my happy days were over,
Before I first heard the pealing of the
Like you I was curious, So innocent, I asked a thousand questions, But un-

less you want to suffer, Listen up and I will teach you a thing or two. You listen here, my dear, you'll be punished so se

very if you step out of line and if you cry it will be double, You should stay out of trouble, And remember to be extremely careful.
Reginald: Why?

Big Kid: "Why? Why?
Did you hear what he said?"

Trunchbull: Prisoners, Letchworth, Rottwinkle, Finklebottom, and Gubbinsworth; report to my study immediately for... re-education.

Trunchbull: ‘Bambinatum est Maggitum.’ ‘Children are maggots.’ Back to work, maggots. Did you hear what I said...?

POSSIBLE SAFETY

poco a poco cresc.

Just you wait for Phys -

(side drum only this bar)

Segue
School Song Into Classroom
Trunchbull: ‘Bambinatum est Maggitum.’ ‘Children are maggots.’ Back to work, maggots. Did you hear what I said...?

POSSIBLE SAFETY

poco a poco cresc.

Just you wait for Phys Ed...

Just you wait for Phys Ed...

f

Abm6

Ebm

Little Kids


Ebm

Bb7

Abm

Bb7

Ebm

Bb7/F

Ebm/Gb

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 10/11/2010 10:07
4a. School Song Into Classroom

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Agitato

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Miss Honey: What books did you read?
Matilda: Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Jane Eyre.[GO]

Matilda's Books - Pathetic Intro

Tess of the D'Urbervilles, The Lord of the Rings, Kim, The Invisible Man, The Secret Garden,
Crime and Punishment and Stig of the Dump.

Miss H: In one week?
M: Yes. But I really love Dickens.
Mr Pickwick makes me laugh. Miss Honey?

Segue Pathetic
Knock on the door, Jenny, just knock on the door, Don't be pathetic,

Knock on the door, Jenny, There's nothing to fear, You're being pathetic, It's just a

door. You've seen one before. Just knock on the door. Look at you trying to

hide, silly, Standing outside The principal's office Like a little girl.
It's just... pathetic.

Look at you hesitating. Hands shaking. You should be embarrassed.

You're not a little girl. It's just... pathetic.

Knock on the door, Jenny. What are you waiting for? Just knock on the door.
Perhaps I will wait, she's probably having a

Meeting or something and won't want to be interrupted. If anything caution in these situations is sensible, one should avoid confrontation.

Slow & free

But this little girl,
This miracle...

Knock on the door, Jenny,

Just knock on the door,

Don't be pathetic!
5a. Trunchbull Office

Trunchbull: Enter.

Freely - each bar on cue

...get on with it.

...in my class that is

...girl called Matilda Wormwood

...says she's a real wart

...certainly is right.

...I'll have her for that the maggot

...But I Didn't...
...she knows her times tables

...headmistress, that in my opinion...

...rules, Honey, rules?

Segue
The Hammer
6. The Hammer

Quirky, not too fast

Trunchbull: To rules? In my school?

Look at these trophies, See how my trophies gleam in the sunlight? See how they shine?

What do you think it took to make the English national hammer-throwing championship mine? Do you think in that moment when my big moment came That I

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin
Well?

- treated the rules with casual disdain?

Like hell!

As I stepped up to the circle, did I change my plan?

What?

As I chalked up my palms, did I wave my hands? I did not!

As I started —

- did I look at the view?

Did I drift off and dream for a minute or
two? Do you think I faltered or amended my rotation? Do you think I altered my intention? As the hammer took off, did I change my...
got ten. Not even when the hammer left my hands and sailed high up, up above the stands

C

D

No, no, no... etc.

did I let myself go?

If you want to throw the hammer for your

country

You have to stay inside the circle all the

time.

If you want to make the team you don't need

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 23/10/2010 15:57
hap-pi-ness or self es-teem, You just need to keep your feet in-side the line.

If you want to throw the hammer for your coun-try
Kids
If you want to throw the hammer, Bam-bi-na-tum

You have to stay in-side the cir-cle all the time.
est ma-gi-tum. have to stay in-side the cir-cle. Cir-cu-lum ma

Sing, children!
And if you want to teach success, you don't use sympathy or tenderness. Ah ah ah

If you want to throw the hammer for your country
You

If you want to throw the hammer, Bam-bi-no-tum, Bam-bi-no-tum, Glo-ri-a ma-gi-tum.
have to stay inside the circle all the time.

Stay inside the circle. Circum est Deus, Deus.

I apply just one simple rule to hammer-throwing, life and school:

Life's a ball, so learn to throw it, Find the bal-ly

line and tow it, And always keep your feet inside the line.
Miss Honey: ...my intention to help this little girl.
W, w, w, whether you like it or not!
Steady "Russian" 4

STOP on "Of course they didn't believe me"

VAMP
7. Naughty Reprise (Superglue)

Mr Wormwood: Here's what I think of your lovely!

Frantic

5

Freely

On cue, as many times as required.

Mr W: ...stinkworm.

rumble

A
Matilda: Do we have any superglue? [cut off]

Mr. W: ...stupid head. [GO]

Colla voce

Just because you find that life's not fair, it doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.

gaining momentum...

If you always take it on the chin and wear it, nothing will change.

Full "Naughty" tempo
EVEN if you're little you can do a lot. You mustn't let a little thing like little stop you.

If you sit around and let them get on top, you might as well be saying you think that it's O.K. An' that's not right.

Mr. Wormwood:
Green hair you may have but a man with a jaunty hat... ...will always get respect. You devil.
(School bell sounds)

Fast

\[ D \]

\[ Dm \] \[ Eb\flat\#5 \] \[ Dm \] \[ A \]

\[ Dm \]

\[ Eb\flat\#5 \] \[ Dm \] \[ A7 \] \[ Dm \]
8. Chokey Chant

There's a place you are sent if you haven't been good, and it's made of spikes and wood, and it isn't wide enough to sit, and even if you could, there are nails on the bottom so you'll wish you weren't in Chokey.

Matilda: W... what's Chokey?

Nigel: ...they say she's lined it with nails and spikes and bits of broken glass...
stood, When the hinges creak! and the door is closed, you cannot see squat, not the end of your nose, when you scream you dunno if the sound came out, or if the screaming in your head even reached your mouth.

VAMP (Trunchbull whistle)

Threateningly - suddenly faster

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 16:26
(As she reaches the stage)
8a. Amanda Thripp - Pigtails

Trunchbull: Amanda Thripp.

Tentatively to start

Accel.

Majestic

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 11:43
CUT DEAD ON CUE
as Amanda falls to the floor

(Everyone cheers as Amanda recovers and rejoins the group on stage)
Lavender:
Just so you all know
she's my best friend.
Kids: Wow!

8b. Hat Business to Wormwoods

Fast Stride

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Lavender:  

Just so you all know—she’s my best friend.

Kids: Wow!

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 09/11/2010 13:57
VAMP Drums & Bass only STOP on CUE

Mr Wormwood: "Looks like rain" [He grabs the drill]

Mrs W: What do you want?
Miss Honey: Oh, yes, er, hello, my name is Miss Honey. Matilda’s teacher?
Mrs W: Look, I'm busy
Miss Honey: It’ll only take a moment
Mrs W: Oh... well come in then, if you must.
9. Loud

Freely, colla voce

Mrs Wormwood

Some-where a-long the way, my dear, you've made an aw-ful er-ror. You ought-n't blame your-

Mrs W: Mind? Her mind? You really don't know anything, do you?

9. Loud

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 30/10/2010 23:38
volume with which you don't know's expressed. Content has never been less important.

Fast latin

so...

You have got to be...

Girl, you got to learn to standup and stick out from the crowd!

Loud, loud, loud!

Loud! Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!

Loud!
A little less
A little less
A little less brains, a lot more feel!

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company  -  30/10/2010 23:38
hair! A little less head, a lot more derrière!

No one's gonna tell you when to shake your tush, well you shake your tush, well
got ta light; don't hide it under a bush el, No one's gonna look if you don't stand out, no under a bush el,

No one's gonna listen if you don't shout, No-one's gonna care if you don't care, so

No-one's gonna care if you don't care, so

E ven if what you got is not

go and put some high-ights in your hair, Cos you got ta high-light what you got! E ven if what you got is not
go and put some high-ights in your hair, Cos you got ta high-light what you got! what you got is not

Am

F5 E5

F7 E7

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 30/10/2010 23:38
You got to be loud, you got to give yourself permission to shine, a lot! You gotta be loud, loud, loud!

You gotta be loud, loud, loud!

Stand up and be proud, proud, proud!

Stand up and be proud!
A little less zzz, a lot more zing!

A little less shhh, a lot more schwing!

A little less, a lot more bum bom bom bom bom bom baa da dum!

No one's gonna tell ya when to

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 30/10/2010 23:38
Ev'ry body loves a little

No-one's gonna love ya if you don't know the rhumba,

Some-thing ex-tic, It doesn't really matter if you

But learnin' a language is over the top, it...

Don't know nowt, The

'S long as you dun no it with a bit of clout. The
less you have to sell, the harder you sell it. The less you have to say, the louder you yell it. The less you have to show, the louder you dress it. You

dumber the act, the bigger the confession. The less you have to show, the louder you dress it. You

dumber the act, the bigger the confession. The less you have to show, the louder you dress it. You
got-ta-get up,
You got-ta get up and be loud!

And stick out from the crowd!
No one's gon-na tell you when to

No one's gon-na show you when to

If you want a little bit of mm mm mm,

You can't sit a round go'in'

la la la. No-one's gon-na care if you don't care,

so go and put some highlights

in your hair, Cos you got ta high-light what you got!
You got to be loud!

You got to be loud, loud, loud!

You got to be loud!

Volume over content!

Stick out from the crowd, crowd, crowd!

Stick out from the crowd! crowd!

Stick out from the crowd!
(would be nice to put 3rd and maybe 7th "Loud" a quaver earlier, but this needs workshopping with Ellen...)

**Rudolpho**: 5, 6, 7, 8!

*perc fill*
reach chest pops a bit o' sexy salsa....
finger clicks

Rudolpho & Dancer (Emily) duet - tpt solo??

Mrs W re-enters - 4-bar build

You got to be
Loud!

You got-ta give your-self per-mis-sion to shine, to stand up and be

Loud! loud!

Stand up and be

Loud! loud!

Stand up and be

You listening?

proud, proud, proud, proud.

You got-ta be loud,

proud! proud!

proud! proud!

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 30/10/2010 23:38
Got to be loud!
As before, swung \( \text{\textdaggerdbl}\)  

Positively, very freely (C.V.)

Stop being pathetic, Jenny. Stop pre-

Please tend, Jenny. You are going to march in there and give them a piece of your mind. Leave it a-

lone, Jenny, the more that you try the more you'll just look like a fool. This is not your prob-

lem, You've not got the spine, You're just a teacher, just go back to 

Segue from #9 "Loud"
But this little girl, this miracle... They seem not to know that she's special at all. And what sort of teacher would I be if I let this little girl fall through the cracks? I can see this little girl needs somebody strong to fight by her side. Instead she's found me, pathetic little
me. And another door closes and Jenny's outside.

Segue

Acrobat Story II
Matilda: And so the great day arrived. It was like the entire world had gathered to see

The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spiky Objects,

Caught By The Man Locked In The Safe.

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.
People whispered that she resented her sister both her success and her love,

though always quietly, fearful of her anger.

Suddenly out came the escapologist, dressed as usual in his tights and his spangly costume,

but there was no sign of the acrobat and no glimpse at all of her shiny white scarf.

And instead of the musical fanfare there was silence as he walked to the centre of the ring.

‘Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls...
B The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spiky Objects,
Caught By The Man Locked In The Safe... has been...’
cresc poco a poco

and here he paused for dramatic effect, ‘...has been...

-cancelled!’ Mrs Phelps: No! Matilda: Yes.
The audience gasped so loud that a passing airplane
caught it on its instrumentation and reported it
as an atmospheric phenomenon.

‘Cancelled because my wife is...’ [S.D.]

...pregnant!’ Mrs Phelps: Oh Matilda!

Matilda: Absolute silence. You could have heard a fly burp.

Then suddenly the audience jumped to its feet and roared in appreciation.

flourishes ad lib.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 22/10/2010 21:11
The great feat was instantly forgotten and the applause went on for nearly an hour...

Mrs Phelps: So it has a happy ending? Matilda: ...forgotten by everyone except, that is, the acrobat’s sister.

When all had quietened down, she stepped forward and produced... a contract. Mrs Phelps: A... a contract?

Matilda: ‘A contract you have signed to perform this feat, and perform this feat you shall!’ Mrs Phelps: No!

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company  -  22/10/2010 21:11
Matilda: ‘I have paid for the posters, publicity, the catering, the toilet facilities - if I give the crowd their money back where is my profit?’

A contract is a contract is a contract is a contract. My hands are tied.

The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air With Dynamite In Her Hair Over Sharks And Spiky Objects, Caught By The Man Locked In The Safe will be performed and performed this day or...

off to prison you both shall go!’

Mrs Phelps: No, no!
Matilda: I'd better go now, Mrs. Phelps. See you tomorrow.

Mr W: Bye sir. Dosvidoo-dah.
He gives up hat yanking.

He tries having another yank

He gives up hat yanking again...

"Pathetic" tempo
11b. Burp Sequence

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\[\text{Bruce in spotlight}\]
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Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 12/10/2010 13:31
...into the face of [STOP] The Trunchbull
11c. Post-Burp

Threateningly!

[arco bass]
Trunchbull: Bruce Bogtrotter...

Solid & Fast  \( \frac{\text{q}}{\text{c.144}} \)

VAMP  OUT on "Oh, Coo-ook!"
VAMP (out after 2 or 4 bars)

OUT during "...I say that criminals like you are not full until you have eaten the entire cake!"

VAMP (out on either bar)

"He should have thought of that before he made a pact with Satan and decided to steal my cake... ...Eat." - "He can't!"

"Eat!" - "He surely can't!"
mit	

Between you and it

There’s not a lot of difference in size.

Believers = Eric, Amanda, Tommy / Doubters1 = Matilda, Reginald, Hortensia / Doubters2 = Lavender, Nigel, Alice

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 16:34
He can! Bruce!

He can! He sure-ly can't, You are the man, Bruce!

Believers

Doubters

All doubters

He's quite e-loc-tic, He is fan-plode,

Reginald & Hortensia on lower line

He's going to blow, Make him stop,
Kids high

I can't watch. I think in effect

This must confirm, Bruce, What we all suspected: You have a

I think in effect

What we all suspected:

You have a

Kids high'

Nigel, Lavender, Alice

Eric, Amanda, Tommy, Matilda

Bruce - 6

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 16:34
worm. Or may be your large ness is a bit like the Tardis: con-
worm. Bruce. Or may be your large ness -

He can, Bruce!
ADULTS JOIN HERE ("B": adults on F, kids on B)  
Doubters1 = B & E / Believers = R & C / Doubters2 = O & O

You are the man!

He surely can't.

Brighter \( \text{\textcopyright} \text{\textcopyright} \text{\textcopyright} \text{\textcopyright} \text{\textcopyright} \text{\textcopyright} \)

Bruce, the time has come to put that tum-b-ly tum to use.

Bruce, the time has come to put that tum-b-ly tum to use.
You produce, Bruce. Fantastic enthusiasm.

You produce, Bruce. Fantastic enthusiasm.

As-tic gastric juice. Ohhh, Eat it up! Lick it up! Suck it up! What-ever you do, don't chuck it up! And muck it up.

You produce, Bruce. Fantastic enthusiasm.

As-tic gastric juice. Ohhh, Eat it up! Lick it up! Suck it up! What-ever you do, don't chuck it up! And muck it up.

You produce, Bruce. Fantastic enthusiasm.

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You produce, Bruce. Fantastic enthusiasm.

As-tic gastric juice. Ohhh, Eat it up! Lick it up! Suck it up! What-ever you do, don't chuck it up! And muck it up.

You produce, Bruce. Fantastic enthusiasm.
Come on Bruce, be our hero. Cover your self in chocolate glory!

Everyone else

Bruce! You'll never again be subject to abuse For your im-
mense ca boose. She'll call a truce, Bruce. With ev'ry swallow you are mense ca-boose. She'll call a truce, Bruce. With ev'ry swallow you are
tight en-ing the noose. We ne-ver thought it was pos-si ble
tight en-ing the noose. We ne-ver thought it was pos-si ble
But here it is coming true. We can have our cake and eat it too. The time has come to put that tum-b-ly tum to use.
No excuse, Bruce. Let out your belt, I think you'll want your trousers loose.

Ohhh, Stuff it in! You're almost

Reginald: Bruce!

want your trousers loose.

Ohhh, Stuff it in! You're almost

Bruce
Matilda: Bruce!

Hortensia: Bruce!

Reginald & Hortensia: Bruce!

finished! You'll fit it in! Whatever you do just don't give in! Don't let her win!

Come on Bruce, be our hero. Cover yourself in chocolate

Matilda: Bruce!
Glorry! Ohhh, Bruce! You'll never again be subject to abuse.

For your immense ca-oose. She'll call a truce, Bruce.

Glorry! Ohhh, Bruce! You'll never again be subject to abuse.

For your immense ca-oose. She'll call a truce, Bruce.
Just one more bite and you'll've completely cooked'er goose. We never thought it was possible

But here it is coming true. We can have our cake and eat it...

Bruce Bruce Bruce Bruce Bruce Bruce Bruce [gtr]
**Anthemic (slower)**

[Hortensia, Eric, Reginald]

[Other 6 kids]

[Miss Honey: "Go on, Brucie!"]
There's a place you are sent if you haven't been good, and it's made of spikes and wood, and nails!

It isn't wide enough to sit, and even if you could, there are nails on the bottom so you'll wish you stood. When the hinges creak! and the door is closed, you cannot see squat, not the end of your
Slightly faster

nose, when you scream you dun-no if the sound came out.

Matilda: That's not right!

END OF ACT ONE
Colla Voce

C  Eb⁰  Dm  G⁷  C  Eb⁰  Dm  G⁷

Ukulele

Voice

Some-where on a show I heard A pic-ture tells a thou-sand words So

C  C/B⁰  F/A  Fm/Ab  G⁷

A Tempo

Uke.

Voice
tel-ly, if you both-ered to take a look, Is the e-quiv-a-lent of, like, lots of books!

C  Eb⁰  Dm  G⁷  C  Eb⁰  Dm  G⁷

Uke.

Voice

All I know, I learnt from tel-ly, This big beau-ti-ful box o’ facts!

C  C/B⁰  F/A  Fm/Ab  G⁷

Uke.

Voice

If you know a thing al-re-a-dy, ba-by, You can switch the chan-nel o-ver just like that!

C  Eb⁰  Dm  G⁷  C  Eb⁰  Dm  G⁷

Uke.

Voice

End-less joy and end-less laugh-ter, Folks liv-ing hap-pi-ly e-ver af-ter.
All you need to make you wise is twenty-three minutes plus advertisements.

Why would we waste our energy turning pages 1, 2, 3? When we can sit comfortably on our lovely bumber-lies watching people singing and talking and doing stuff.

All I learnt I learnt from telly; the bigger the telly, the smarter the man.

You can tell from my big telly just how clever a fel-la I am.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 04/11/2010 15:58
All I know I learnt from tel-ly, What to think and what to buy,

I was pretty smart al-ready But now I'm really really smart, Very very smart.

End-less con-tent, end-less chan-nels, End-less chat on end-less pan-els.

All you need to fill your muffin Without hav-ing to real-ly fink or muffin.

Why would we waste our e-ner-gy Try-ing to work out "Ul-li-seez" When

we can sit hap-pi-ly On our love-ly bap- per lies Watch slight-ly fa-mous peo-ple talk-ing to real-ly fa-mous peo-ple.
Colla Voce

Some-where on a show I heard A pic-ture tells a thou-sand words So

A Tempo
tel-ly, if you both-ered to take a look Is the e-quiv a lent of, like, lots of books!

All I know, I learnt from tel-ly, This big beau-ti-ful box o’ facts!

If you know a thing al-ready, ba-by, You can switch the chan-nel o-ver just like that!

End-less joy and end-less laugh-ter, Folks liv-ing hap-pi-ly e-ver af-ter.

All you need to make you wise Is twen-ty-three min-utes plus ad-ver-tise-ments.

Why would we waste our e-ner-gy Turn-ing pa ges 1, 2, 3? When

we can sit comf’-ta-bly On our love-ly bump-fer-lies Watch-ing peo-ple sing-ing and talk-ing and do-ing stuff.

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin
All I learnt I learnt from tel-ly; The big-ger the tel-ly, the smart-er the man.

You can tell from my big tel-ly Just how cle-ver a fel-la I am.

"And you can't learn that from a stupid book!"
All I know I learnt from telly, What to think and what to buy,

I was pretty smart already But now I'm really, really smart, Very very smart.

Endless content, endless channels, Endless chat on endless panels.

All you need to fill your muffin Without having to really fink or nuf-fin.

Why would we waste our energy Trying to work out "Ul li seez". When we can sit hap-pily On our love-ly bap-per-lies Watching slightly famous people talking to really famous people.

All I know I learnt from telly; The bigger the telly, the smarter the man.

You can tell from my big telly Just how clever a fel-la I am.
Who the Dickens is Charles Dickens? Mary Shelley: she sounds smelly.

Harry Potter, what a rotter, Jane Austen in the compost in.

James Joyce, doesn't sound noice, Ian McEwan, (ugh) feel like spew in.

William Shakespeare, Schwilliam Schmakepeare, Moby Dick

All I know I learnt from tel-ly; The bigger the tel-ly, the smart-er the man.

You can tell from my big tel-ly What a very clever fell-a I am!
13. All I Know (Bb Lead Sheet)

Colla Voce

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

D Fº Em A7 D Fº Em A7

Some-where on a show I heard A pic-ture tells a thou-sand words So

A Tempo

D D/C G/B Gm/Bb A7

tel-ly, if you both-ered to take a look, Is the e-quiv a lent of, like, lots of books!

D Fº Em A7 D Fº Em A7

All I know, I learnt from tel-ly, This big beau-ti-ful box o’ facts!

D D/C G/B Gm/Bb A7

If you know a thing al-re-a-dy, ba-by, You can switch the chan-nel o-ver just like that!

D Fº Em A7 D Fº Em A7

End-less joy and end-less laugh-ter, Folks liv-ing hap-pi-ly e-ver af-ter.

D D/C G/B Gm/Bb A7

All you need_ to make you wise_ Is twen-ty-three min-utes plus ad-ver-tise-ments.

Bb9 A9

Why would we waste our e-ner-gy Turn-ing pa-ges 1, 2, 3? When

Bb9 A9

we can sit com-fy-ly On our love-ly bump-fer-lies Watch-ing peo-ple sing-ing and talk-ing and do-ing stuff.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 04/11/2010 16:08
All I learnt I learnt from telly; The bigger the telly, the smarter the man.

You can tell from my big telly Just how clever a fella I am.

"And you can't learn that from a stupid book!"
All I know I learnt from tel-ly, What to think and what to buy,

I was pret-ty smart al-re-a-dy But now I'm real-ly real-ly smart, Ve-ry ve-ry smart.

End-less con-tent, end-less chan-nels, End-less chat on end-less pan-els.

All you need to fill your muffin Without hav-ing to real-ly fink or nuf-fin.

Why would we waste our e-ner-gy Try-ing to work out "Ul-li-seez" When we can sit hap-pi-ly On our love-ly bap-per lies Watch-ing slight-ly fa-mous peo-ple talk-ing to real-ly fa-mous peo-ple.

All I know I learnt from tel-ly, The big-ger the tel-ly, the smart-er the man.

You can tell from my big tel-ly Just how cle-ver a fel-la I am.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 04/11/2010 16:08
Who the Dickens is Charles Dickens? Mary Shelley: she sounds smelly.

Harry Potter, what a rotter, Jane Austen in the compost-in.

James Joyce, doesn't sound noice, Ian McEwan, (ugh) feel like spew-in.

Kick Line Half Tempo

Wil-liam Shake-speare, Schwil-li-am Schmake-speare, Mo-ty Dick All together!

All I know I learnt from tel-ly; The big-ger the tel-ly, the smart-er the man._

You can tell from my big tel-ly What a ve-ry cle-ver

fe-lia I am!
14. When I Grow Up

(Tall and Smart and Strong and Brave)

When I grow up

I will be tall enough to reach the branches

That I need to reach to climb

The trees you get to climb

When you're grown up.

When I grow up

I will be smart enough to answer all the questions

That you need to know the answers to before you're grown up.

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 16:38
and When I grow up__ I will eat____ sweets ev'-ry day__ On the way to work and I__ Will go to bed

[+light shaker] F/A Gm

late ev'-ry night__ And I will wake up__ When the sun comes up and I__ Will watch car-

F gh add2* Am

4 kids thus far

toons un-till my eyes go square And I won't care cos I'll__ be all__ grown up__ When I__ grow_

[+Ens] Hortensia, Reginald

toons un-till my eyes go square And I won't care cos I'll__ be all__ grown up__ When I__ grow_

[+Ens] Amanda, Alice, Tommy

toons un-till my eyes go square And I won't care cos I'll__ be all__ grown up__ When I__ grow_

Gm7 C A/C# Dm Dm7/C

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 16:38
When I grow up,
I will be

When I grow up,

When I grow up,
I will be

strong enough
to carry all the heavy things you have to haul around with you when you're a grown up.

[rhythm stops]

[drum fill]

[drum groove]

C

Lavender, Alice
Nigel, Eric, Tommy

Amanda, Hortensia
Reginald

strong enough
to carry all the heavy things you have to haul around with you when you're a grown up.

9b7

9b7/G

F

C

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 08/11/2010 16:38
and When I grow up,
I will be

When I grow up,
I will be

When I grow up,
I will be

brave enough to fight the creatures That you have to fight beneath the bed each night to be a grown-up.
and When I grow up, I will have
and When I grow up, I will have
and When I grow up, I will have

and When I grow up, I will have
treats every day And I'll play with things that Mum Pretends that
treats every day And I'll play with things that Mum Pretends that
treats every day And I'll play with things that Mum Pretends that

sim.
mums don't think are fun. And I will wake up when the sun comes up and I will spend all day just lying in the sun and
I won't burn cos I'll be all grown up.

When I grow up.
When I grow up, I will be brave enough to fight the creatures.

That you have to fight beneath the bed each night to be a grown-up.

Just because you find that life's not fair, it doesn't mean that you just have to grin and bear it.
When I grow up

If you always take it on the chin and wear it, nothing will change.

Just because I find myself in this story, doesn't mean that everything is written for me.

If I think the ending is fixed already, I might as well be saying I think that it's O.K. and that's not right.
Lavender: While no-one's looking...
I put it into the Trunchbull's jug!

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin
Matilda: Slowly, very slowly, the acrobat wound her shiny white scarf around her husband's neck.

‘For luck, my love’ she said, kissing him with the gentlest of kisses. ‘Smile - we have done this a thousand times.’

But suddenly she hugged him with the biggest hug in the world, so hard that he felt that she would hug all of the air out of him.
And so they prepared themselves for the most dangerous feat that had ever been performed.

The great escapologist had to escape from the safe, lean out, catch his wife with one hand, grab a fire extinguisher and put out the flames on her specially designed dress within twelve seconds, before they reached the dynamite and blew his wife’s head off.

(Matthew Phelps screams) Mrs Phelps: Sorry. Go on.

Matilda: The trick started well. The moment the specially designed dress was set alight the acrobat swung into the air.
The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects - one second, two seconds -
they watched as the flames crept up the dress - three seconds, four seconds -
she began to reach out her arms towards the safe -
five seconds, six seconds - suddenly the padlocks pinged open and the huge chains fell away -
seven seconds, eight seconds - the door flung open and the escapologist reached out one
huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and the child - nine seconds, ten seconds...

Mrs Phelps: Oh, I can’t look! Matilda: eleven seconds and he grabs her hand and, and,
and suddenly the flames are covered in foam before they can both be blown to pieces. Mrs Phelps: Hooray!

So the story does have a happy ending, after all!

Matilda: No. Maybe it was the thought of their child. Maybe it was nerves. But the escapologist used just a touch too much foam and suddenly their hands became slippy... and she fell. Mrs Phelps: No! Was... was she okay? Did... Did she survive?

She broke every bone in her body except the ones at the ends of her little fingers. She managed to live long enough to have their child.
The doctor said it was an absolute miracle she managed to hold on. But the effort was too great. 'Love our little girl', She said, 'Love our daughter with all your heart. She is all we ever wanted.' And then she died.

And then... things got worse. Mrs Phelps: What? Worse? Oh, no, Matilda, not worse, they can’t get worse!

Matilda: I’m afraid they did.

Because so kind was the escapologist that he never blamed the acrobat’s sister for what had happened.

And so she moved in to help look after his daughter. She was nothing but cruel to the little girl,
making her wash and iron and cook and clean, and beating her if she did a thing wrong.

But always in secret, so that the escapologist never suspected a thing.

And so the poor little girl grew up with the meanest, cruellest, horriblest aunt you could possibly imagine.

Mrs Phelps: Let's call the police!
15a. I'm So Clever

Music & Lyrics

I'm so clever

C Eb G7 C

I'm so clever and clever and

G+7 C G+7 C C/E

clever...

Dm7 G7 Am Am/G Dm7 G7 C
Mr Wormwood: I’ve had enough!

15b. Bookworm

Slow & Mysterious

Segue

Acrobat Story IV
16. Acrobat Story IV (I'm Here)

Turbulent, fast

VAMP - CUT OFF ON 3RD HIT & SEGUE SFX

REPEAT AS NECESSARY / JUMP TO "A" AT ANY POINT

At night the escapologist’s daughter cried herself to sleep alone in her room.

Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 24/10/2010 01:15
But the evil aunt - who, like all bullies, loved to see people smaller than herself miserable and unhappy - became worse and worse and worse.

The escapologist, who now worked as an accountant, knew nothing of the aunt’s wickedness.

And his daughter never said a word, as she didn’t want to add to her father’s pain.

This only encouraged the aunt to greater cruelties, until one day, she exploded ‘You are a useless, filthy, nasty little... creep!’ And she beat her, threw her into a dank, dark, dusty cellar, locked the door and went out.

(The acrobat’s daughter is thrown into Matilda’s room, the door slammed behind her. Sits, cold and shivering. She cries.)

VAMP - OUT ON ANY BEAT
Don't cry, I am music-box-like.

Matilda: Please don't cry, dry your eyes, wipe away your tears, little girl.

Matilda: But that day the escapologist happened to come home early.
And when he heard the sound of his daughter’s tears, he smashed the door open.

(Suddenly there is a banging on the door. More. More. Both girls terrified.)

(The door bursts open. It is the escapologist, furious.)

(The little girl runs to him, and they hug for all they are worth.)

(The door bursts open. It is the escapologist, furious.)

(The little girl runs to him, and they hug for all they are worth.)

(Matilda - Royal Shakespeare Company - 24/10/2010 01:15)
Matilda & Escapologist: 'Have I been so wrapped up in my grief for my wife that I have forgotten the one thing that mattered to us most?

I love you so much, my daughter, I shall spend the rest of my life making it up to you. We shall be together forever.'
Don't cry, Daddy.

- I'm all right, Daddy.

- Please don't cry, I am here little girl. Please don't cry.

Go pizz.

Please don't cry, Here, let me wipe away your tears.

Sim.

- Dry your eyes, Let me wipe away your tears, little girl. For-

Daughter
Dad-dy—forgive me, I didn't want to up—
give me, I didn't mean to desert you.

set you, Please Dad-dy, don't cry, I'll be al—right

Don't cry little girl, nothing will
side, I have nothing to fear, You're rubato

hurt you, You've nothing to fear, I'm rubato

here, here,
(The little girl falls asleep. The escapologist stands.) Matilda: But when the little girl fell asleep...

the escapologist's thoughts turned to the evil aunt and an almighty rage grew inside his great heart.
Escapologist & Matilda: ‘That demon, that villain, that monster! She has sullied the memory of my wife, she has betrayed the trust of her own sister, she has shown cruelty to the most precious reality of my marriage.'
Bullying children is her game, is it? Then let us see what this creature thinks she can do when the wrath of a grown man stands before her!'
Matilda: But that was the last the little girl ever saw of her father. Because he never ever came home. Ever again.
16a. What Are You Doing With Those Books?

1st Whistle

2nd Whistle

Segue
Smell Of Rebellion
17. Smell Of Rebellion

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

This school of late has star- ted reek-ing, Qui-et, Mag-got, when I'm speak-ing, reek-ing with a most dis-turb-ing

scent. Only the fi-nest nos-trils smell it, but I know it oh too well, it is the

o-dour of re-bel-lion, it's the bou-quet of dis-sent. And you may

bet your brit-ches this head-mis-tress finds this foul o -dif- er-ous-ness whol-ly ol-fac-to -ri-ly insul-ting. And

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so to stop the stench's spread, I find a session of Phys-Ed sorts the merely rank from the revolting.

(D, Eb, F#, A, C#)

The smell of rebellion comes out in the sweat, and Phys-Ed will get you sweating.

Drums

And it won't be long before I smell the pong of aiding and abetting. A bit of Phys Ed will tell us who has a head full of rebellious thoughts. HOLD! HOLD! Just like a rotten egg floats to the

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top of a bucket of water. The smell of rebellion, the stench of revolt, the reek of insubordination, A whiff of resistance, the pong of dissention, I can’t take it any more.

Before a sent, the funk of mutiny in action. But that’s not

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weed becomes too big and greedy, you really need to nip it in the bud. Before the right

worm starts to turn you must scrape off the dirt and rip it from the mud. A whiff of insur-

gence, the stench of intent, the reek of pre-pubescent protest, A funk of de-

But that's not

One two three four One two three four

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fl-ance, the o-dour of coup., the waft of a-nar-chy in pro-gress. Once we
right.

One two three four One two three four I can't take it a-ny more.

ex-er-cise these de-mons, they shall be too pooped for dream-in'. Some dou-ble-time dis-ci-pline should stop the rot from set-ting in.
"All right, let's step it up. Double-time."

1, 2, 3, 4...

Dis-ci-pline, dis-ci-pline, for children who aren't listen-ing for mid-gets who are fid-get-ing and

whis-per-ing in his-to-ry, their chat-ter-ing and chit-ter-ing, their nat-ter-ing and twit-ter-ing is tem-bered by a smat-ter-ing of

dis-ci-pline. We must be-gin in-sist-ing on ri-gi-di-ty and dis-ci-pline, per-sis-tent-ly re-sist-ing this an-

dis-ci-pline. We must be-gin in-sist-ing on ri-gi-di-ty and dis-ci-pline, per-sis-tent-ly re-sist-ing this an-

− ar-chis-tic mis-chief'in, these min-utes you are frit-ter-in' on pan-der-ing and pi-ty-ing, while lit-tle 'uns are miss-ing out on

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dis-ci-pline. The sim-per-ing and whim-per-ing, the drib-bling and the spit-ting, the “Miss, I need a tis-sue” it’s an issue we can fix. There is no mys-te-ry to mas-ter-ing the art of class-room mis-tress-ing; it’s dis-ci-pline, dis-ci-pline...

The smell of re-bel-lion, the stench of re-volt, the reek of pre-pu-bes-cent.

Dis-ci-pline!

plot-ting, a whiff of re-sis-tance, the pong of dis-sent, the funk of mo-ral fi-bre rot-ting.
Imagine a world with no children,
Close your eyes and just

Imagine (come on, try it),
The peace and the quiet.
A burbling

Dream.
Imagine (come on, try it),
The peace and the quiet.
A burbling

Now imagine a woods with a cottage,
And

Inside that cottage we find
A dwarf called Zeek - A carni-val freak who can

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fold pa-per hats, with his mind. And he says Don’t let them steal your hor-ses.

Don’t let them take you a-way. If you find your way through They’ll be wait-ing for you, sing-ing Neigh... Neigh... Neigh... (molto ad lib) Ah

ha! And there, just like I said, the stin-ky mag-got lifts his head.
Kick line tempo (swung ♩)

E - ven the squit-ti-est, pi-te-ous mess can har-bour seeds of sting-ki-ness. Have you

Even the squintiest, pitiful mess can harbour seeds of stinkiness. Have you

That?

e-ver seen a-ny-thing more repel-lant? Have you e-versmelt some-thing as sick as The Smell Of Re-

evver seen any-thing more repellant? Have you ever smelt something as sick as The Smell Of Re-

bel-lion, the stench of re-volt, the reek of in-

bel-lion, the stench of revolt, the reek of in-

Dis-ci-pline, dis-ci-pline, no more wis-per-ing, child-ren need dis-ci-pline, cut out their wim-per-ing,
If you're mischievous, she'll sniff you out, without doubt she's a snout in a million.

Dis - ci - pline, dis - ci - pline, no more whispering, children need dis - ci - pline, cut out their whispering.

Pulling up straight will not stop 'til you are squashed, 'til this rebellion is quashed. 'Til glorious sweaty dis - ci - pline has...
washed this sickening stench away!

Tempo (swung'
Have you ever wondered, well I have, about how when I say, say "red", for example, there's no way of knowing if "red" means the same thing in your head as "Red" means in my head when someone says "red"? And how...
if we are traveling at almost the speed of Light and we're holding a light, that light would still

Travel away from us, at the full speed of Light, which seems right in a way, but I'm trying to

say I'm not sure, but I wonder if inside my head I'm not just a bit different from some of my

friends These answers that come into my mind unbidden These stories delivered to me fully

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written. And when ev'ry one shouts like they seem to like shouting, The noise in my head is incredibly loud.

(still lots of pedal)

And I just wish they'd stop, my dad and my mum And the tele and stories would stop for just once. And I'm sorry I'm not quite explaining it right. But this noise becomes anger, and the anger is light. And this burning inside me would usually fade. But it isn't today. And the heat and the
shout-ing And my heart is pound-ing And my eyes are burn-ing and sud-den-ly,

26

28

ev-ry thing, ev-ry thing is

C Semplice (meno mosso)

Qui-et. Like si-lence but not real-ly si-ent. Just that still sort of

subito

33

qui-et; Like the sound of a page be-ing turned in a book, Or a pause in a walk in the

loco
woods. Qui- et. Like si-lence but not real- ly si lent. Just that nice kind of qui- et; Like the sound when you lie up- side down in your bed, Just the sound of your heart in your head. And though the peo- ple a- round me, Their mouths are still mov- ing, The words they are
form-ing

Cannot reach me any more.

And it is quiet.

And I am 47 warm.

Like I've sailed in to the eye of the storm.

Double speed (x² = e)

Matilda: Tip it... tip it over! (etc.)...
18a. Get The Newt Off

Music
Tim Minchin

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18b. Second Glass Tipping

Matilda: Watch. Please.

Moderato \( \text{\textit{q}=c.69} \)

Possible Repeat

VAMP

upwards effect as glass topples
18c. Walk To Miss Honey's

Miss Honey: Would you like some tea?

Matilda: What do you think it is? This thing with my eyes... am I strange?

Miss Honey: Not strange. You’re not strange, Matilda. You’re special. I’m not going to pretend I know what it is. But I think it’s something to do with that incredible mind of yours.

Matilda: You mean there’s no room in my head for all my brains so they have to push out through my eyes?

Miss Honey: That’s... not exactly what I meant, but something like it. Home, sweet [C.O.]
This roof keeps me dry when the rain falls.

This door helps to keep the cold at bay.

On this floor I can stand on my own two feet.
On this chair I can write my lessons, On this pillow I can dream my nights away.

And this table, as you can see, Well it's perfect for tea.

It isn't much, But it is enough for me. For this is my house. This is my house.
It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

On these walls I hang wonderful pictures, Through this window I can watch the seasons change.

By this lamp, I can read and I, I am set free.
And when it's cold outside I feel no fear, even in the winter storms I am warmed by a small but stubborn fire, and there is nowhere I would rather be. It isn't much but it is enough for me.
It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

For this is my house.

This is my house.

It isn't much, but it is enough for me.

This is...
my house. This is my house. And it isn't much, but it is enough... And when it's cold and bleak, I feel no fear, even in the fiercest storms I am warmed by this small but stubborn fire.
Even when outside it’s freezing I don’t pay much heed. (I know that)

Ev’rything I need Is in here. It isn’t much But

it is enough for me.

It isn’t much, but it is enough for me.
19a. The Trunchbull Revelation

**Miss Honey:** I can’t make your parents appreciate you. But bad times don’t last forever. Even if it sometimes seems that way when you’re little.

**Matilda:** (staring at the scarf) Miss Honey is... is this your father’s scarf?

**Miss Honey:** Well, yes. My mother gave it to him before she died, you see she was an acrobat. **[STOP SUDDENLY & CONTINUE]**

**Matilda:** An acrobat. **[STOP SUDDENLY & CONTINUE]**

**Miss Honey:** Well... well yes, she, she was. How did you...? And my father was an escapologist. **[STOP SUDDENLY & CONTINUE]**
Matilda/Miss Honey:
Miss Trunchbull.

Aunt/Miss T:
"A contract is a contract
is a contract is a contract."

Matilda/Miss Honey:
20. Revolting Children I

Trunchbull: You're going to Chokey.

Trunchbull: What? [GO]

Steady $\frac{3}{4}$=120
(hard rock)

Bruce: Revolting!
P-X-Q-Q-AST-1-2-3-4-89-X! [GO] REVOLTING!

VAMP

We are...
Revolting children Living in Revolting times. We sing
Revolving children Living in Revolting times. We sing

Revolving songs Using Revolting rhymes. We'll be Revolting children 'Til our Revolting's done. And we’ll
Revolving songs Using Revolting rhymes. We'll be Revolting children 'Til our Revolting's done. And we’ll

A5 C5 G5 F©5 E5 D5

have the Trunch bull bolt ing, we're re vol ting!

We are Revolting children Living in

have the Trunch bull bolt ing, we're re vol ting!

We are Revolting children Living in

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20. Revolting Children I - 3

Revolting times. We sing revolting songs using revolting rhymes. We'll be revolting children 'Til

Revolting times. We sing revolting songs using revolting rhymes. We'll be revolting children 'Til

–

our revolting's done. And we'll have the Trunch bull bolt- ing, we're revolting!

Lavender

We will be come a screaming horde! Take out your

G  Bm7/F#  Em  Em/D  C  B7  D  Em  D  Em  B/F#

Bruce

hockey stick and use it as a sword! Never a gain will we be ig nored,

C
We'll find out where the chalk is stored! And spell things badly on the board, it's not insulting; WE'RE RE-

D

If enough of us are wrong, wrong is right! Cos we're a little bit naughty!

Ev'ry one! N O R T - Y. Cos we're a little bit naughty! You say we ought a-stay in-side the
But if we disobey at the same time, there is nothing the Trunch-bull can do!

She can take her hammer and...
Revolting Children

Living in Revolting times.

We sing...

huge “prison bars” sound effect

Direct segue to Chalk Writing

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20a. Chokey 'n' Chalk

Segue from **Revolting Children** I

Music
Tim Minchin

huge "prison bars" sound effect

[rumble]
Each bar dictated
21. Revolting Children II

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

Matilda, Lavender, Alice
Nigel, Eric, Tommy

Amanda, Hortensia, Reginald

Bruce

And we won't forget the day we fought for the right to be a little naughty!

Never again will the best of me, Never again will they take away my freedom

Never again, will they get the best of me, Never again will they take away my freedom

And we won't forget the day we fought for the right to be a little naughty!

Never again, will they get the best of me, Never again will they take away my freedom

And we won't forget the day we fought for the right to be a little naughty!

Never again will the chokey door...
Lavender: 
Never again!

Ne-ver-a-gain, Ne-ver-a-gain, My mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle.

Ne-ver-a-gain, Ne-ver-a-gain, My mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle.

slam, ...will I be bull-ied and Ne-ver-a-gain will I doubt it when my mum-my says I'm a mi-ra-cle.

Join: 

F C/E A

Ne-ver-a-gain, Ne-ver-a-gain, now that we know we are, we are -

Ne-ver-a-gain, Ensembe joining

Ne-ver-a-gain, Ne-ver-a-gain, now that we know we are, we are -

Ne-ver-a-gain,  join voice 1

Ne-ver-a-gain will we live be-hind bars, now that we

Bb C D D Em
Revolting children Living in Revolting times. We sing Revolting songs Using Revolting rhymes. We'll be Revolting children 'Til our Revolting's done. Now we've sent the Trunch bull bolting We're re-

Kids on top 2 lines as in "Revolting Children I"
We are Revolting Children Living in Revolting times. We sing Revolting songs Using (clap)

Revolving rhymes. We'll be Revolting children 'Til our Revolting's done. Don't blame us, it's not our fault, we are revolting.

(clap)

(Breakdown)

Revolving rhymes. We'll be Revolting children 'Til our Revolting's done. Don't blame us, it's not our fault, we are revolving.
We are Revolt- ing
child ren
Liv- ing
Re-volt- ing times.

We sing,

Never a-gain will they get the best of me,

Re-volt- ing
Us-ing
Re-volt- ing rhymes.

We'll be Revolt- ing
Til

Woah, oh, oh
our Revolting's done. It is 2 L 8 4 U, We are RE VOL TING!

our Revolting's done. It is 2 L 8 4 U, We are RE VOL TING!

our Revolting's done. It is 2 L 8 4 U, We are RE VOL TING!

Down, down, down, down.

A C#m7/G# F#m F#m/E Bm7/D C# E F#m
21b. We're Going To Spain

Music & Lyrics
Tim Minchin

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21c. Arrival Of The Russians

Steady 4

The Revolting Children Section

Am E7/B sim. C

Am/E F7(b5) E7 E7

A

Am E7/B C D

VAMP

13

FΔ Am/E F7(b5) E7sus E7 Am

B

The S-P-EL Section

Dm Dm7 G7 CΔ Am/C Bδ

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I have always thought that, as a rule, Cruelty breeds only the cruel,

And that stupid father's sons are stupid, foolish mother's daughters fools.
My father taught me, quite convincing, beating teaching most effective.

That if someone takes an eye you take an eye, therefore I, too, am eye-for-eye kind of guy. But... It's true that even a bat of baseball or pipe of lead won't teach a...
les-son to a ИДИОТ with de saw-dust in his head. So If a-ny-one can teach a les-son

to a fool-ish man, Per-haps de child-can, Per-haps a child-can. And this lit-tle
girl, This mi-ra-cle, Ma-ti...
22a. They Had Found Each Other

Mr W: And you want to look after her?
Miss H: I do.

Harry!

...sped away into the distance.

Fin.