

**MR. WORMWOOD:** But I'm going to make us rich!

**MRS. WORMWOOD:** (*stops*) Rich? (*turns*) How rich?

**MR. WORMWOOD:** Very rich. Russian businessmen. Very, very stupid. Your genius husband is going to sell them one hundred and fifty five knackered old bangers as... brand new luxury cars!

**MATILDA:** But that's not fair! The cars will break down, what about the Russians?

**MR. WORMWOOD:** Fair? Listen to the boy!

**MATILDA:** I'm a girl.

**MR. WORMWOOD:** Fair does not get you anywhere, you thick-headed twitbrain! All I can say is thank heavens Michael has inherited his old man's brains, eh son?

**MICHAEL:** Michael.

**MRS. WORMWOOD:** Hmm. Well, I shall take the money when you earn it. And I shall spend it. But I shan't enjoy it because of the despicable way in which you have spoken to me tonight.

*(SHE leaves. Beat. HE rounds on MATILDA.)*

**MR. WORMWOOD:** This is your fault! With your stupid books and your stupid reading!

**MATILDA:** What? I didn't do anything! That's not right!

**MR. WORMWOOD:** Right! Right! I tell you something; you're off to school in a few days time and you won't be getting "right" there. Oh no. I know your headmistress Agatha Trunchbull - and I've told her all about you and your smarty pants ideas. (*coming closer*) Great big strong scary woman she is, used to compete in the Olympics, throwing the hammer. Imagine what she's going to do to a horrible, squeaky little goblin like you, boy.

**MATILDA:** I'm a girl...

**MR. WORMWOOD:** Now get off to be you little... bookworm!