

TRUNCBULL: Enter! (*for a second, MISS HONEY considers running away, but then SHE goes in*)
Well don't just stand there like a wet tissue, get on with it.

MISS HONEY: Well, yes, Miss Trunchbull there's, in, in, in, in my class that is, there is, Mat, a little girl called Matilda Wormwood, and-

TRUNCBULL: Daughter of Mr. Harry Wormwood who owns Wormwood Motors. Excellent man. Told me to watch out for the brat, though, says she's a real wart.

MISS HONEY: Oh no, Headmistress, I don't think Matilda is that kind of child at all.

TRUNCBULL: What is the school motto, Miss Honey?

Beat.

MISS HONEY: Bambinatum est maggitum.

TRUNCBULL: Bambinatum est maggitum. Children are maggots. In fact it must have been her who put that stink bomb under my desk this morning. I'll have her for that. Thank you for suggesting it.

MISS HONEY: But I didn't... Miss Trunchbull; Matilda Wormwood is a genius.

TRUNCBULL: (*beat*) Nonsense! Haven't I just told you that she is a gangster?

MISS HONEY: She knows her times tables.

TRUNCBULL: So she's learnt a few tricks...

MISS HONEY: But she can read!

TRUNCBULL: So can I.

MISS HONEY: I have to tell you, Headmistress, that in my opinion this little girl should be placed in the top form with the eleven year olds.

TRUNCBULL: What? But she is a squib, a shrimp, an un-hatched tadpole. We cannot just "place her in with the eleven year olds" - what kind of society would that be? What about rules, Honey, rules?

MISS HONEY: I believe that Matilda Wormwood is an exception to the rules.

TRUNCBULL: An exception? To the rules? In my school?