

MATILDA AND MISS HONEY

MATILDA: Watch. Please. *(She concentrates on the water glass in silence. It tips over.)* I moved it with my eyes. Am I strange?

(Miss Honey stares, amazed. Then...)

MISS HONEY: How do you fancy a nice cup of tea?

MATILDA: What do you think it is? This thing with my eyes?

MISS HONEY: I... can't pretend that I know, Matilda. But I don't believe we should be frightened of it. 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 squish out through my eyes?

MISS HONEY: Well, not exactly, but yes, something like that. You certainly are a special girl, Matilda. I met your mother. She's... unusual. What about your father? Is he proud to have a daughter as clever as you?

MATILDA: Oh yeah. Very. He is very proud. He's very, very, very proud. He's always saying, "Matilda, I am very proud to have a daughter as..." *(Pause.)*

That's not true, Miss Honey. That's not what he says. He's not proud at all. He calls me a liar and a cheat and a nasty little creep.

MISS HONEY: I see.