

MRS. WORMWOOD, MISS HONEY, RUDOLPHO

(Miss Honey knocks on the door.)

MRS. WORMWOOD: Who is it?

MISS HONEY: Oh, yes, umm, hello, my name is Miss Honey. Matilda's teacher?

MRS. WORMWOOD: Bit busy right now...

MISS HONEY: It will only take a moment...

MRS. WORMWOOD: Oh, well, come in if you must. This is Rudolpho. It's nothing like that, he's my dance partner. We're rehearsing.

RUDOLPHO: Ciao *(pronounced "chow," it means hello.)*

MISS HONEY: Ah, parlo Italiano? Bene. Ciao, Rudolpho, piacere. Come stai? *(means: Ah, you speak Italian? Nice. Hi, Rudolpho, it's a pleasure to meet you. How are you?)*

RUDOLPHO: *(obviously has no clue and doesn't speak Italian)* What? *(to Mrs. W.)* Who is this, Babe? You know what interruptions do to my energy flow. *(He continues to flit about the stage with dance moves, elaborate stretches, furniture moving, etc.)*

MRS. WORMWOOD: What do you want, Miss Chutney?

MISS HONEY: It's Miss Honey. Well, as you know, Matilda is in the bottom class, and children in the bottom class aren't really expected to read...

MRS. WORMWOOD: Well, stop her reading, then. Lord knows we've tried.

RUDOLPHO: I'm in the zone, doll. I can feel it in my hips. Don't waste this.

MRS. WORMWOOD: I'm not in favor of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. A girl should think about makeup and hair dye. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books, I chose looks.

MISS HONEY: I... beg your pardon?

RUDOLPHO: Babes, I'm on fire here!

MISS HONEY: But Matilda can calculate complicated figures in her head in an instant!

RUDOLPHO: Calculate this! *(He does a particularly extravagant move.)*

MRS. WORMWOOD: *(Applauding)* Oh, fantastico!

MISS HONEY: Her mind is incredible, with a little help from us she could...

MRS. WORMWOOD: Mind? Her mind? You really don't know anything, do you?