

MR. WORMWOOD, MRS. WORMWOOD, MATILDA, MICHAEL

MR. WORMWOOD: *(He is on the phone.)* Yes, Sir. That's right, sir. One hundred and fifty brand new luxury cars, sir. *(Listens.)* No, sir, yes, sir, they are good runners, sir, yes, sir, indeed, sir. So, umm... how much exactly - ?

MRS. WORMWOOD: *(A scream. Then..)* Harry! *(He hangs up.)*

MR. WORMWOOD: What?

MRS. WORMWOOD: Look at this, she's reading a book. That's not normal for a five-year-old. I think she might be an idiot.

MATILDA: Listen to this – “It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom—”

(MRS. screams again, covering her ears.)

MR. WORMWOOD: Stop scaring your mother with that book, boy!

MATILDA: I'm a girl!

MRS. WORMWOOD: And she keeps trying to tell me stories, Harry. Stories? Who wants stories? I mean it's not normal for a girl to be all thinking...

MR. WORMWOOD: *(To MRS.)* Would you please shut up? I've been trying to pull off the biggest business deal of my life, and I have to listen to this. It's your fault; you spend us into trouble and you expect me to get us out. What am I, a flaming escapologist? But, I'm going to make us rich!

MRS. WORMWOOD: *(Suddenly interested.)* Rich?.... 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: Mi-chael.

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.