

**MR WORMWOOD**

Everyone, gather round; I want my family to share of my triumph.

*(to Matilda, as SHE begins to join them)*

Not you, boy.

**MATILDA**

I'm a girl!

*Nonetheless, MATILDA, hovers on the outside uninvited.*

**MR WORMWOOD**

One hundred and fifty five old bangers on my hands. All polished up, but the mileage on the clock telling the truth; that each one was... knackered. How could I possibly make the mileage go back? I couldn't very well drive each one backwards could I?

**MICHAEL**

Backwards.

**MR WORMWOOD**

When suddenly I had the most genius idea in the world! I ran into the workshop, grabbed a drill and, using my incredible mind, I attached the drill to the speedometer of the first car, turned it on and whacked it into reverse.

**MICHAEL**

Back-wards.

**MR WORMWOOD**

Yes, boy, backwards, backwards, exactly! A drill's motor whirls backwards thousands of times a second and within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage on that old rust bucket to practically nothing. I did it to every single car!

**MICHAEL**

Backwards!

**MR WORMWOOD**

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Great big nasty-faced apes, expensive suits, dark glasses; don't know who they thought they were.

**MATILDA**

But you've cheated them! That's not fair at all; they trusted you and you've cheated them!

*HE grabs Matilda and drags her to her room.*

**MR WORMWOOD**

You know what I'm going to do tomorrow? I'm gonna go down to that library and tell that old bag you're never to be let in again!

**MATILDA**

What? No, please don't –

**MR WORMWOOD**

And if she does... I'll have her fired! And you will never read another stinking book as long as you live! I'll put an end to your stories young man! Now get in there and stay in there you nasty... little... creep!