<u>Side #3:</u> Mr. Wormwood, Matilda, Michael, Mrs. Wormwood

MR. WORMWOOD

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

(to MATILDA)

Not you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

(MATILDA hovers, uninvited.)

MR. WORMWOOD

One hundred and fifty-five old bangers on my hands. 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 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

Exactly! Within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage to practically nothing.

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MR. WORMWOOD

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Expensive suits, dark glasses-

MRS. WORMWOOD

Russians are nocturnal; I saw it on a program last night.

MATILDA

That was a program about badgers.

END