

**ERIC**

What? No, not me, I didn't—

**TRUNCHBULL**

Cockroach! You did this, you vile, repulsive, malicious little sinner!

*(She grabs ERIC by the ears.)*

**ERIC**

Ow! No, stop!

**MATILDA**

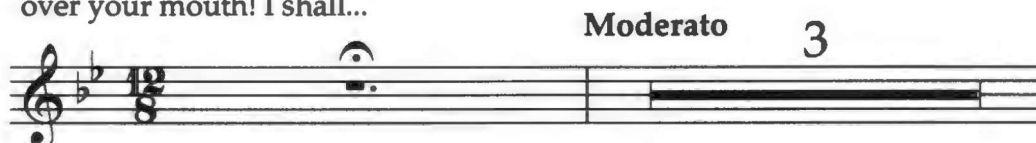
Leave him alone, you big fat bully!!!

*(#43 – QUIET begins.)*

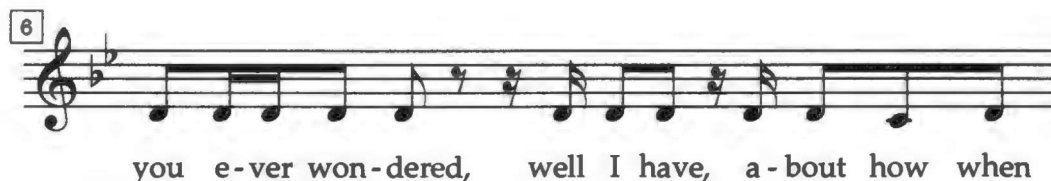
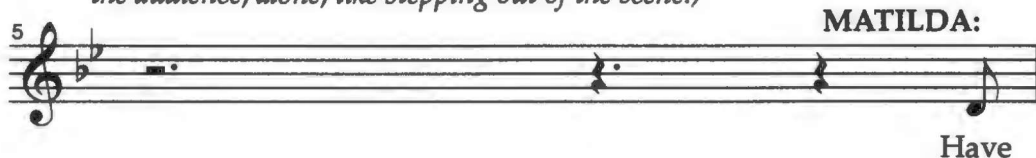
## QUIET

*(Gasp from the class, TRUNCHBULL is taken aback. She releases ERIC, who scampers back to his seat.)*

**TRUNCHBULL:** How dare you! You are not fit to be in this school! You ought to be in prison, in the deepest, darkest, darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out, strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth! I shall...



*(But suddenly everything seems to go quiet, slow motion, almost stopped. MATILDA steps forward to the audience, alone, like stepping out of the scene.)*





I say, say "red", for ex-am - ple, there's no way of



know-ing if "red" means the same thing in your head as



"red" means in my head when some - one says "red"?



I'm not sure, but I won - der if in - side my



head I'm not just a bit diff-'rent from some of my



friends These an-swars that come in - to my mind un -



bid-den, these sto - ries de - li-vered to me ful - ly





writ - ten. And when ev - 'ry-one shouts like they seem to like



shout - ing, The noise in my head is in - cre-di - bly



loud. And I just wish they'd stop, my dad and my



mum And the tel - ly and sto - ries would stop for just



once. And, I'm sor-ry I'm not quite ex - plain - ing it right



— But this noise be - comes an - ger, and the an - ger is



light. And this burn - ing in - side me would u - su - ally fade



21 But it is - n't to - day, — And the heat and the

22 shout - ing And my heart is pound - ing And my eyes are

**Rall.**  
23 burn - ing and sud - den - ly,


**Rit.** **Semplice (meno mosso)**  
24 ev - 'ry - thing, ev - 'ry thing is **25** Qui - et.

26 Like si - lence but not real - ly si - lent.

28 Just that still sort of qui - et; Like the sound of a page

30 — be - ing turned in a book, — Or a





31   
 pause in a walk in the woods And though the


**Poco più mosso**  
 33   
 peo - ple a - round me, Their mouths are still

34   
 mov - ing, \_\_\_\_\_ The words they are

35   
 form - ing \_\_\_\_\_ Can-not reach me a - ny

**Semplice (meno mosso)**  
 36   
 more. \_\_\_\_\_ And it is qui-et. And I am

38   
 warm. Like I've sailed

**Accel.**  
 40   
 in - to the eye of the storm.

