

Matilda Audition Monologues

Please prepare one of the following monologues for your audition.

MATILDA (Option 1):

Yes, well, I needed to learn to read words so that I could read sentences because basically a sentence is just a big bunch of words. And if you can't read sentences you've got no chance with books. I love books. Last week I read quite a few: Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Jane Eyre, The Invisible Man, The Secret Garden, and Crime and Punishment.

MATILDA (Option 2):

Once upon a time, the two greatest circus performers in the world – an escapologist who could escape from any lock that was ever invented, and an acrobat who was so skilled it seemed as if she could actually fly – fell in love, and got married. They performed some of the most incredible feats together anyone has ever seen. And people would come from miles around: kings! queens! celebrities! and astronauts! And not just to see their skill, but also to see their love for each other, which was so deep that it was said that cats would purr as they passed them, and dogs would weep with joy.

MATILDA (Option 3):

I know where Nigel is Miss Trunchbull. He's over there under those coats. Where he's been for the last hour actually. You see, unfortunately, Nigel suffers from the rare but chronic sleep disorder, narcolepsy. The condition is characterized by the sufferer experiencing bouts of chronic fatigue and falling suddenly asleep, often without knowing or any waning at all. You see he fell asleep and we put him in the coats for safety. He'll probably think he's in bed when he wakes up.

MISS HONEY:

I'm not strong like you, Matilda. You see, my father died when I was young. Magnus was his name. He was very kind. But when he was gone, my aunt became my legal guardian. She was mean and cruel like you can hardly imagine. And then, when I got my job as a teacher, she presented me with a bill for looking after me all those years. She'd written everything down: every tea bag, every electricity bill, every tin of beans. And she made me sign a contract to pay her back every penny. She even produced a document that said my father had given her his entire house.

TRUNCBULL (Option 1):

In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I play by the rules and I win. But if I play by the rules and...I if I do not win, then something is wrong, something is not working. And when something is wrong, you have to put it right, even if it screams.

(To Matilda) You are not fit to be in this school! You ought to be in prison, in the deepest, dankest, darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out, strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth! I shall crush you! I shall pound you, I shall dissect, you madam! I shall strap you to a table and perform experiments on you. All of those disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you-yes you!

TRUNCBULL (Option 2):

How dare you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. You ought to be in prison! In the deepest dankest darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth. I shall crush you. Your father is a crook and so are you. Miss Honey has allowed her weakness to filth to permeate through this miserable collection of excuses for children and you, madam, standing there before me like you squid of squids, are it's beating heart. You are the axis of evil, you are the nexus of necrosis, you are a rotting lump of pure wrong. You are a black hole of wrongheadedness from which, no light, no strength, no discipline can escape. But I am a match for you, madam. In me you have met the avenger, the spirit of all that is right. And I tell you there is nothing I shall not do, no length to which I shall not go, no punishment I shall not inflict, no ear I shall not stretch, no finger I shall not snap back to defeat you. Yes, I defeat you in exaltation, do you hear? Are you listening? Are you listening madam?

TRUNCBULL (Option 3):

Silence! Oh, that's alright, Jenny. We all get carried away sometimes. Even me. Well, done Bogtrotter. Good show. Well? Come along Bogtrotter. Oh, did I not mention? That was the first part of your punishment. There's more, The second part. And the second part is... chokey! Do you think I would allow myself to be defeated by these maggots? Did you? Who do you think I am, Miss Honey? A weakling, an idiot? A fool? You?

TRUNCBULL (Option 4):

In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I am a winner. I play by the rules and I win. But if I play by the rules and I...do not win, then something is wrong, something is not working. And when something is wrong you have to put it right. Even if it screams. *(pause)* What are you looking at?

BRUCE:

Okay, look, alright, I stole the cake. And honestly I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up... maybe? But the thing was, I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back. (His belly rumbles.) Ooops. See? (Rumble) (Pause) It was the biggest burp I had ever heard, the biggest burp I had ever heard about. It was like the entire world went silent for that burp to exist, as a huge cloud of chocolaty gas wafted from my mouth and drifted... across the class... past Lavender... past Alice... past Matilda... and then my great big beautiful chocolaty burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull!

LAVENDER:

Hello. I'm Lavender by the way. Matilda's best friend. There's a bit coming up that's all about me. Well, not exactly about me, but I play a big part in it. But I'm not gonna say what happens because I don't want to spoil it for you. (Pause) Alright, look, what I do is I volunteer to get the Trunchbull a jug of water. And then...not! I don't want to tell you any more because I don't want to ruin it! (Pause) Well on the way back I find a newt. A newt is like a really ugly lizard that lives in water, so I pick it up and - No! I will not say any more! (Pause) I'm going to put the newt in the Trunchbull's jug! It's going to be brilliant!

NIGEL:

Hide me! Someone poured a whole can of treacle onto Trunchbull's chair! She sat down and when she got up her knickers stayed stuck to the seat! Someone told her I did it but I never and now she's after me! Oh Matilda... they say she's going to put me in Chokey! They say it's a cupboard in her office that she throws children into! They say she's lined it with nails and spikes and bits of broken glass...please don't tell her where I am.

MR. WORMWOOD (Option 1)

(On the phone) Yes sir, that's right sir. One hundred and fifty-five brand new luxury cars, sir. *(Listens)* Are they good runners? Let's put it this way...you wouldn't beat them in a race. *(He laughs hugely at his funny joke but there is silence from the other end of the line. He stops laughing, immediately)* No, sir, yes, sir, they are good runners sir, yes, sir indeed, sir. *(Ends call and speaks to his family)* I'm going to make us rich! 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! *(To Matilda)* Fair does not get you anywhere, you thickheaded twit brain! All I can say is thank heavens your brother Michael has inherited his old man's brains, eh son?

MR. WORMWOOD (Option 2)

(to the phone) Hang on. (to Matilda)

Stop scaring your mother with that book, boy.

(to the phone) I'm gonna call you straight back. (to Mrs. Wormwood) Would you please shut up? I am 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? I'm gonna make us rich! Russian businessman: very, very stupid! Your genius husband is going to sell them one hundred and fifty-five old cars as brand – new luxury cars. (to Matilda) And you with your stupid books and your stupid reading- get off to bed, you little bookworm.

MRS. WORMWOOD (Option 1)

Look at this. She's reading a book. That's not normal for a five-year-old. I think she might be an idiot. And she keeps trying to tell me stories, Harry. Stories! Who wants stories? I mean, it's just not normal for a girl to be all "Thinking." Your father wants to escape this! What about me, then? I've got a whole house to look after! Dinners don't microwave themselves; you know! If you're an escapologist, I must be an acrobat to balance that lot. The world's greatest acrobat! I am off to bleach my roots... and I shan't be talking to you for the rest of the evening, you horrid little man! Hmm. Well, I shall take your 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.

MRS. WORMWOOD (Option 2)

Escapologist he says! What about me then? I've got a whole house to look after — dinners don't microwave themselves you know! If you're an escapologist I must be an acrobat to balance that lot — the world's greatest acrobat. I am off to bleach my roots and I shan't be talking to you for the rest of the evening, you... horrid little man!

MRS. PHELPS (Option 1)

Matilda! How lovely to see you! Are you enjoying school? What? Well, we don't have a revenge section. Why do you ask? Is there a child at school who is behaving like a bully? Matilda, are you sure nothing's wrong?

MRS. PHELPS (Option 2)

Matilda! What a pleasure to see you; here in the library again, are we? Your parents must be so proud to have a girl as clever as you. And do you tell them lots of stories like you do with me? Oh, I love your stories, Matilda. And that's not a hint, by the way. But if you did happen to have a story you wanted to tell me — I'm not hinting, but if you did happen to have a story you wanted to tell me — Now look, are you going to tell me a story or not?