

Matilda Audition Monologues

Performers are asked to prepare the monologue for whom they are auditioning. Monologues should be memorized.

NOTE: PLEASE DO NOT PERFORM YOUR MONOLOGUE (OR SONG) WITH A BRITISH ACCENT.

MATILDA WORMWOOD *animatedly recounts a story she has made up to her rapt audience of Mrs. Phelps.*

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 had ever seen, and people would come from miles around: king, 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. But, although they loved each other, although they were famous and everyone loved them, they were sad. “We have everything that the world has to offer,” said the wife. “But we do not have the one thing in the world we want most. We do not have a child.” “Patience, my love,” the husband replied. “Time is on our side. Even time loves us.” But time is the one thing no one is master of, and as time passed, they grew quite old, and still had no child. At night, they listened to the silence of their big, empty house, and they would imagine how beautiful it would be if it was filled with the sounds of children playing. Their sadness overwhelmed them and drew them on to ever-more dangerous feats, as their work became the only place they could escape the inescapable tragedy of their lives. And so it was they decided to perform the most dangerous feat ever known to man. “It is called,” said the husband, announcing the even to the world’s press, who had gathered to listen with bated breath, “The Burning Woman Hurling Through the Air With Dynamite in Her Hair Over Sharks and Spiky Objects, Caught By the Man Locked in the Cage – *and it is the most dangerous feat ever known to man!*”

MISS AGATHA TRUNCHBULL *delights in frightening the students with the threat of being sent to Chokey, a claustrophobic, dark space filled with sharp objects so students are forced to stand perfectly still.*

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. What are you looking at? This class is going to have a very special spelling test. Any child who gets a single answer wrong shall ... go ... to ... Chokey! “But You can’t put us all in Chokey, Miss!” Come now, maggots. Do you think I hadn’t thought of that? I’ve been busy. A whole array of Chokeys, one for each and every one of you!

MISS JENNIFER HONEY *is nervous to speak with the Trunchbull, but determined to do so to help Matilda.*

Yes, Miss Trunchbull, there’s – in, in, in, in my class, that is, there is ... Mat- a little girl called Matilda Wormwood, and – Miss Trunchbull, Matilda Wormwood is a genius. She knows her times tables. She can read! I have to tell you, Headmistress, that in my opinion, this little girl should be placed in the top form with the eleven years olds. I believe that Matilda Wormwood is an exception to the rules. I must tell you, headmistress, that it is my intention to help this little girl, w-w-w-whether you like it or not!

MRS. PHELPS *is an enthusiastic if somewhat eccentric supporter of Matilda's storytelling.*

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 mean, just a little bit? Isn't here a little bit more ... ? Well, I suppose your mother will be waiting for you. I'll see you tomorrow, after your first day of school!

LAVENDER (as well as **Alice, Amanda & Hortensia**) *is trying very hard not to spoil her big moment for the audience, but she's just so excited about it!*

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 ... No! 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!

BRUCE (as well as **Michael Wormwood, Eric, Nigel & Tommy**) *has eaten a piece of the Trunchbull's cake, and is watching the rest of his classmates being interrogated.*

Okay, look. Alright. I stole the cake. And honestly, I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up. Maybe? But the thing is, 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. And then ... it happened. It was the biggest burp I had ever done. 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 chocolatey gas wafted from my mouth and drifted ... across the class ... past Lavender ... past Alice ... past Matilda ... and then, my great, big, beautiful, chocolatey burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull.

MR. WORMWOOD *apologizes to the audience – sort of.*

I would like to offer an apology for some of the things that have been going on here tonight. They are not nice things, and they are not right things, and I would like to state garrantorically that we do not want any children that might be here tonight watching this to go home and try these things out for themselves. I am of course talking about ... reading books. It is normal for kids to behave in this fashion, though it stunts the brain, wears out the eyes, makes kids ugly, stinky, fatty, sweaty, betty, boring, gaseous, and crucially, it gives them varrukas ... of the mind. Under no circumstances do we condone such activities. Can I just ask, how many people here have ever read a book? Well, don't take this the wrong way, but ... Bookworm! Bookworm! Stupid little bookworm! Reading all the books like a stinky little bookworm! You read books like a ... worm. Worms read books, you read books. Worms are stupid. You're a ... swarm. There. Now, learn from that.

MRS. WORMWOOD *is at her wit's end with her family.*

Harry! 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 not normal for a girl to be all ... thinking. Meanwhile, I've got a whole house to look after. Dinners don't just microwave themselves, you know! I must be an acrobat to balance all of it, 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! 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.

THE ESCAPOLOGIST (as well as **The Acrobat**) *is quite the showman as he calls off their death-defying spectacle.*

“Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls ... The Burning Woman Hurling Through the Air With Dynamite in Her Hair Over Sharks and Spiky Objects, Caught By the Man Locked in the Cage ... has ... been ... cancelled.” The audience gasped so loud that a passing airplane caught it on its instrumentation and reported it as an atmospheric phenomenon. “Cancelled because ... my wife ... is pregnant!” Absolute silence. You could have heard a fly burp. Then, suddenly, the audience jumped to its feet, and the applause went out for nearly an hour!

THE DOCTOR (as well as **The Children’s Entertainer**) *tries to explain Mrs. Wormwood’s obvious “condition.”*

You’re getting on a plane, Mrs. Wormwood? I ... think we should have a talk. Mrs. Wormwood, you’re pregnant. You’re going to have a baby! A baby, Mrs. Wormwood, a child! The most precious gift that the natural world can bestow upon us has been handed to you! A brand-new human being, a life, a person, a wonderful new person is about to come into your life to bring magic and happiness and wonder!

SERGEI (as well as **HENCHMEN**) *arrives at the Wormwood residence to confront Mr. Wormwood for selling him faulty cars, when he encounters Matilda. NOTE: This monologue may be performed with a Russian accent.*

You are the Wormwood’s daughter? The Wormwood is a stupid man. And being stupid, he assumed I was stupid too. And that is a very, very stupid – and rude – thing to do. But you know this. At least there is one clever one in the family. I like you, Matilda. You seem smart. Sadly, in my line of work, I don’t often get to meet smart people like you. Most of the people I deal with, their thinking is all backwards. Matilda, your father has been stupid and rude to both of us, yes? I can very easily have one of my friends ... teach him manners. And one day, when he leaves hospital, he will still be stupid, but not so rude, I think. I give this as a gift to you. What do you say?

MICHAEL WORMWOOD, RUDOLPHO and THE COOK *may choose any of the above monologues to perform.*