

PLEASE CHOOSE A MONOLOGUE FROM THE LIST BELOW FOR YOUR AUDITION.

MATILDA

Nigel's over there under the coats. Where he's been for the last hour, actually. Oh yes. 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 warning at all. You see he fell asleep and we put him in the coats for safety. Didn't we? Didn't we? He'll probably think he's in bed when he wakes up.

LAVENDER

Matilda, can I ask you a question? Do all those brains in your head give you a headache? I mean, it's got to hurt, all squished in there. Well look, I'd better hang around just in case. If they start to squeeze out of your ears, you're going to need help. I'm Lavender. I think it's probably for the best that we're friends.

MISS HONEY

Well, yes, Miss Trunchbull there's in, in, in, in my class that is, there is, Mat... a little girl called Matilda Wormwood, and — (*The Trunchbull warns Miss Honey to watch out for Matilda, that Matilda is a real brat.*) Oh no, Headmistress, I don't think Matilda is that kind of child at all. Miss Trunchbull; Matilda Wormwood is a genius. She knows her times table. 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 year olds. (*The Trunchbull asks, "what about the rules?"*) I believe Matilda Wormwood is an exception to the rules.

MRS WORMWOOD

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

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?

THE TRUNCHBULL

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?

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.*) Oops. 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.

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? 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. 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!

SERGEI (*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's a very, very, stupid — and rude — thing to do. But you know this? At least there is one clever one in the family. What is your name little girl? 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.