

Audition Monologues

Choose **ONE** of the five monologues. Please note Miss Trunchbull is played by a man typically. *This is a general call/the monologue you choose does not in any way effect how you will be cast in the show.* We are listening to voice, character development, and delivery no matter what monologue you choose.

MR. WORMWOOD (*Matilda's Father*)

(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 (*Matilda's Mother*)

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.

MISS TRUNCHBILL (*School Principal*)

How dear you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. You ought to be in prison! In the de.epest 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?

BRUCE (A student)

Okay! Look! All right! 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 stomach growls) Opps! See! (Bruce turns back around and the scene unfreezes) 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 chocolate-y gas wafted from my month and drifted across the class. Past Lavender. Past Alice. Past Matilda. And then, my great, big, beautiful chocolate-y burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull!

MATILDA (A Student)

Yes. Well, I needed to learn to read words so that I could reads 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. (to the students) Oh, no, she's coming!

You'd better hide! Quick, jackets!

Nigel is over the Miss Trunchbull under those 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 under the coats for safety. Didn't we?

He'll probably think he's in bed when he wakes up.