

# CHARACTER MONOLOGUES

If auditioning for ensemble you may choose any monologue.

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

**MATILDA** *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 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.

**BRUCE (as well as Eric & 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 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.

**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...not! I don't want to tell you anymore 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 anymore! (Pause) I'm going to put the newt in the Trunchbull's jug! It's going to be brilliant!

**NIGEL (as well as Michael, Eric & Tommy)**

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** *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 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 not normal for kids to behave in this fashion, it stunts the brain, wears out the eyes, makes kids ugly, stinky, fatty, sweaty, batty, boring, gaseous and crucially, it gives them head lice... of the soul.

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

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** *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'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 TRUNCBULL** *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 beings. 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. And when something is wrong, you have to put it right. Even if it screams. (pause) What are you looking at?

**MISS 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!

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

Have I been so wrapped up in my grief for my wife that I have forgotten the one thing that mattered to us most? I love you so much, my daughter, I shall spend the rest of my life making it up to you. We shall be together forever. Don't cry little girl, nothing can hurt you. You've nothing to fear; I'm here.

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

You are the Wormwood 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.