

1

MATILDA (Short Monologue):

Sometimes I wonder if my parents even know who I am. Not what I do — who I *am*. They don't care that I read, or that I think, or that I *try*. To them, I'm just something to shout at or ignore. Like a fly buzzing around the telly.

They call me names like “stupid” and “weird,” but the truth is — they're scared. Scared of anyone who asks questions, or wants more than junk food and game shows.

I don't hate them because they're loud or mean. I hate them because they never once tried to understand me.

MATILDA

Alright, when did this happen?

NIGEL

Twenty minutes ago. Why?
(*spotting TRUNCHBULL*)
She's coming!

MATILDA

You'd better hide. Quick! Blazers!

(#16 – HIDING NIGEL begins.)

NIGEL

Please don't tell her where I am Matilda, she'll—

MATILDA

Now!

(The KIDS throw their coats on NIGEL, hiding him from TRUNCHBULL, then stand in an inspection line.)

(The TRUNCHBULL enters. The KIDS avoid eye contact, except MATILDA.)

TRUNCHBULL

(pointing at MATILDA)

Where is the maggot known as Nig-el?

MATILDA

He's over there under those coats.

(The KIDS look at MATILDA, horrified at her betrayal.

Smiling, TRUNCHBULL crosses to the coats.)

Where he's been for the last hour actually.

(TRUNCHBULL stops.)

TRUNCHBULL

What? An hour?

MATILDA

Oh yes. Nigel suffers from a rare but chronic sleeping disorder called narcolepsy. The sufferer falls asleep, often without any warning. We put him under the coats for safety. Didn't we?

(The KIDS stare open-mouthed.)

Didn't we?

LAVENDER

Definitely!

MATILDA

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

(NIGEL emerges, stretching.)

Audition Sides - Miss Honey

Are you poor?

MISS HONEY

Yes. Yes, I am. Very.

MATILDA

Don't they pay teachers very much?

MISS HONEY

Well, they don't, actually. But I am even poorer than most, because of... other reasons. I used to live with my aunt. But one day I was out walking and I came across this old shed – I fell completely in love with it. I ran to the farmer and begged him to let me move in. He thought I was mad! But he agreed and I've lived here ever since.

MATILDA

But Miss Honey, you can't live in a shed!

START

MISS HONEY

I'm not strong like you, Matilda. My father died when I was young. Magnus was his name and 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. 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.

END

MATILDA

But did he really do that? Just give her his house?

MISS HONEY

I find it hard to believe. Just like I cannot believe that he would have... killed himself, which is what she said happened.

MATILDA

(a realization)

You think she... did him in, don't you, Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY

I... cannot say, Matilda. All I know is that years of being bullied by that woman made me... well, pathetic; I was trapped.

MATILDA

Let's go to the police!

(4)

Miss Trunchbull

(#9 – MATILDA'S BOOKS begins.)

MATILDA

Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Jane Eyre, The Lord of the Rings, Crime and Punishment, and... The Cat In The Hat.

(MISS HONEY stares, open mouthed. The bell sounds. The KIDS exit.)

(MISS HONEY crosses to Trunchbull's door. She starts to knock... but hesitates.)

MISS HONEY

Don't be pathetic. Just knock on the door—

(MISS HONEY knocks.)

TRUNCHBULL

Enter!

(MISS HONEY doesn't move.)

Well don't just stand there like a wet tissue, get on with it.

MISS HONEY

Miss Trunchbull there's, in, in, in my class there is a little girl called Matilda Wormwood—

TRUNCHBULL

Daughter of Mr. Harry Wormwood who owns Wormwood Motors. Excellent man. Told me to watch out for the brat, though, says she's a real wart.

MISS HONEY

Oh no, Headmistress, I don't think Matilda is that kind of child at all.

TRUNCHBULL

What is the school motto, Miss Honey?

MISS HONEY

Bambinatum est maggitum.

[bahm-bi-nah-tum ehst mahgi-tum]

TRUNCHBULL

Bambinatum est maggitum. Children are maggots. In fact it must have been her who put that stink bomb under my desk this morning. I'll have her for that. Thank you for suggesting it.

P70

MISS HONEY

But I didn't... Miss Trunchbull; Matilda Wormwood is a genius.

TRUNCHBULL

Nonsense!

MISS HONEY

Headmistress, it is my opinion that this little girl should be placed with the eleven-year-olds.

TRUNCHBULL

We cannot just "place her in with the eleven-year-olds!" What kind of society would that be? What about rules, Honey, rules?

MISS HONEY

I believe that Matilda Wormwood is an exception to the rules.

TRUNCHBULL

An exception?

(#10 – **THE HAMMER** begins.)

THE HAMMER

(TRUNCHBULL:) To the rules? In my school?

Quirky, not too fast

4 (TRUNCHBULL:)

Look at these tro - phies,

See how my tro - phies gleam in the sun - light?

See how they shine? What do you think it

5

Mr + Mrs Wormwood

Audition Sides - Mr. Wormwood, Mrs. Woodwood, Matilda

(Morning. MR. WORMWOOD enters the bathroom wearing a towel on his hair, MICHAEL trailing.)

START

MR. WORMWOOD

In business, son, a man's hair is his greatest asset. Good hair means a good brain.

(MR. WORMWOOD removes the towel, revealing his hair is now bright green.)

(MRS. WORMWOOD and MATILDA enter.)

MRS. WORMWOOD

Your... hair! It's... It's... green!

(MRS. WORMWOOD holds up a mirror.)

MR. WORMWOOD

My hair's green!

(Music out.)

MRS. WORMWOOD

Why on earth did you do that?

MATILDA

Maybe you used some of mummy's peroxide by mistake?

MRS. WORMWOOD

That's exactly what you've done, you stupid man!

MR. WORMWOOD

My hair! My lovely hair?

(sudden thought)

I've got my deal today! The Russians... what am I going to do?

MATILDA

I know what you can do.

MR. WORMWOOD

What?

MATILDA

You could pretend you're an elf.

MR. WORMWOOD

What are you talking about you fool? The boy's a loony.

END

(#5 – HEAR A STORY begins. MR. WORMWOOD exits.)

6

Mr + Mrs Wormwood

Audition Sides - Mr. Wormwood, Matilda, Michael, Mrs. Wormwood

SCENE 13: THE WORMWOOD HOUSE

START

MR. WORMWOOD

Everyone, gather round; I want my family to share in my triumph.

(to MATILDA)

Not you, boy.

MATILDA

I'm a girl!

(MATILDA hovers, uninvited.)

MR. WORMWOOD

One hundred and fifty-five old bangers on my hands. How could I possibly make the mileage go back? I couldn't very well drive each one backwards could I?

MICHAEL

Backwards.

MR. WORMWOOD

When suddenly I had the most genius idea in the world! I 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.

MICHAEL

Back... wards.

MR. WORMWOOD

Exactly! Within a few minutes I had reduced the mileage to practically nothing.

MICHAEL

Backwards!

MR. WORMWOOD

Ten minutes later the Russians show up. Expensive suits, dark glasses—

MRS. WORMWOOD

Russians are nocturnal; I saw it on a program last night.

MATILDA

That was a program about badgers.

END

Bruce

Okay, look, I stole the cake. And honestly I was really, definitely, sort of almost thinking about owning up... maybe? But I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. The Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick and now it was beginning to fight back.

Librarian

Mrs. Phelps (Audition Monologue):

Oh, Matilda, my dear—your stories, they take me to another world! Every time you walk through that library door, it's like the air changes. You've got a magic about you, you really do. The way your words tumble out, full of giants and escapes and acrobats... I can see it all, as if it's right in front of me! Books—they saved me once, you know. Just like they're saving you. And I'll always be here, waiting, ready to hear the next chapter. Because your stories? They're the best I've ever heard.

Small speaking
role

STUDENT (Short Monologue):

You don't understand. Miss Trunchbull isn't just mean — she's a *monster*. She doesn't walk, she *stomps*. Like the ground's afraid of her too. One time, she threw a kid over the fence by her *pigtails*. Just for eating two slices of cake.

They say if she catches you, she puts you in the *Chokey*. Nobody knows what it really is, just... it's dark, and sharp, and awful. I dream about it sometimes.