

# AUDITION SIDES

## ROALD DAHL'S MATILDA THE MUSICAL

### TRUNCHBULL

In this world, children, there are two types of human being. The winners and the losers. I play by the rules and I win. But if I play by the rules and...I if 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. (To Matilda) You are not fit to be in this school! You ought to be in prison, in the deepest, dankest, darkest prison! I shall have you wheeled out, strapped to a trolley with a muzzle over your mouth! I shall crush you! I shall pound you, I shall dissect, you madam! I shall strap you to a table and perform experiments on you. All of those disgusting little slugs shall suffer the most appalling indignities because of you-yes you!

### MATILDA (2 monologues)

1. Yes, well, I needed to learn to read words so that I could read 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. I love books. Last week I read quite a few: Nicholas Nickleby, Oliver Twist, Jane Eyre, The Invisible Man, The Secret Garden, and Crime and Punishment.

2. 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!, Didn't we!

### ALL Male Teens/Children

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 mouth 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

### ALL Female Teens/Children

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

I'm not strong like you, Matilda. You see, my father died when I was young. Magnus was his name. 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. She'd written everything down; every tea bag, every electricity bill, every tin of beans. 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. You see that is why I am still so poor.

Miss Phelps & ALL Other Female Adults

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?

MRS WORMWOOD

Look, is this going to take much longer Doctor, I've got a plane to catch at three. I'm competing in the bi-annual international amateur Salsa and Ballroom Dancing Championships in Paris. And this time I have a secret weapon: Rudolpho. He's part Italian, you know. Very supple. And he has incredible upper body strength. So? What is it? What's wrong with me? What is it? Wind? (Doctor informs her she is pregnant) What? But I've got a baby! I don't want another one! Oh...bloody hell!

Mr. Wormwood & ALL Other Male Adults

(On the phone) Yes sir, that's right sir. One hundred and fifty five brand new luxury cars, sir. (Listens) 'Are they good runners'? Let's put it this way...you wouldn't beat them in a race. (He laughs hugely at his funny joke but there is silence from the other end of the line. He stops laughing, immediately) No, sir, yes, sir, they are good runners sir, yes, sir indeed, sir. (Ends call and speaks to his family) I'm going to make us rich! Very rich. Russian businessmen. Very, very stupid. Your genius husband is going to sell them one hundred and fifty-five knackered old bangers as... brand new luxury cars! (To Matilda) Fair does not get you anywhere, you thickheaded twit brain! All I can say is thank heavens your brother Michael has inherited his old man's brains, eh son?