**Matilda Audition Monologues:**

Lavender:

Well, I’d better hang around just in case they start to squeeze out of your ears. I’m Lavender. And I think it’s probably for the best if we’re best friends.

Nigel:

Hide me! Someone poured a whole can of treacle onto Trunchbull’s chair! Someone told her I did it and now she’s after me!

Amanda:

You hate pigtails? But… But… my mommy thinks they make me look pretty.

Escapologist:

Ladies and Gentlemen, boys and girls…. The Burning Woman Hurling Through the Air… With Dynamite In Her Hair! Over Sharks and Spiky Objects…, Caught By the Man Locked in The Cage… has been….. cancelled.

Miss Honey:

Matilda, starting tomorrow I shall bring in a selection of very clever books that will challenge your mind. You may sit and read them while I teach the others and if you have any questions, well, I shall do my best to answer them. How does that sound?

(Matilda hugs Miss Honey)

Matilda! Why… that is the biggest hug in the world! You’re going to hug all of the air out of me!

Bruce:

(to the audience)

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.

(his belly rumbles.)

See.

Trunchbull:

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? Do you?

Matilda:

The trick started well. The moment the dress was set alight, the Acrobat swung into the air. She hurled over the sharks and spiky objects- suddenly the padlocks pinged open and a huge chain fell away - the door flung open and the Escapologist reached out to catch his wife and the child-

Mrs. Wormwood:

What about me? I’ve got a whole house to look after, dinners don’t microwave themselves you know! I am off to bleach my roots and I shan’t be talking to you for the rest of the evening!

Mr. Wormwood:

Fair does not get you anywhere, you thick-headed twit brat! All I can say is thank heaven Michael has inherited his old man’s brains, eh son?

Rudolpho:

(dancing) I’m in the zone, doll. I can feel it in my hips. Don’t waste this. You know what interruptions do to my energy flow!