

Youth Monologue Options

MATILDA (Option 1): 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.

MATILDA (Option 2): I know where Nigel is Miss Trunchbull. He's over there under those coats. Where he's been for the last hour actually. 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 in the coats for safety. He'll probably think he's in bed when he wakes up.

BRUCE: 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: 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 any more 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 any more! (Pause) I'm going to put the newt in the Trunchbull's jug! It's going to be brilliant!

NIGEL: 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.

Adult Monologue Options

MR. WORMWOOD: 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 garrantorically 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: 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: 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 (Option 1): Silence! Oh, that's alright, Jenny. We all get carried away sometimes. Even me. Well, done Bogtrotter. Good show. Well? Come along Bogtrotter. Oh, did I not mention? That was the first part of your punishment. There's more, The second part. And the second part is... chokey! 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? A fool? You?

THE TRUNCBULL (Option 2): In this world, children, there are two types of human being. 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, something is not working. And when something is wrong you have to put it right. Even if it screams. (pause) What are you looking at?

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.

THE ESCAPOLOGIST: 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 (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.