

# MATILDA AUDITION SNIPPETS

These are very short snippets and you may read up to two, so make the most of them! Most of the adults are larger-than-life. Big voices, vocal variety, musicality. Miss Honey, Mrs. Phelps and the kids are more relatable and genuine. For all, make clear choices and fully commit to what you're doing. You may be asked to read for things you did not prepare, or to read a snippet again with an adjustment. Be ready to jump in! There are many roles not listed here so just choose something that excites you. **All roles use the British RP dialect unless otherwise noted below. Please try a dialect if you can! It does not have to be perfect.**

## ADULT WOMEN

**Mrs. Wormwood:** I always compete, doctor. And this time I have a secret weapon: Rudolpho. He's part Italian, you know. Very supple. And he has incredible upper body strength. (*Dialect: Essex or Cockney*)

**Mrs. Wormwood:** I'm not in favour of girls getting all clever pants, Miss Hussey. A girl should think about make-up and hair dye. Looks are more important than books. Now, look at you, look at me. You chose books; I chose looks. (*Dialect: Essex or Cockney*)

**Doctor:** You're going to have a baby, Mrs. Wormwood! A child, the most precious gift that the natural world can bestow upon us, has been handed to you! A brand new human being, a life, a person, a wonderful new person is about to come into your life to bring love and magic and happiness and wonder!

**Mrs. Phelps:** What happened next, Matilda? I don't know if my nerves will make it until tomorrow. We must find out how it ends! And I'm not crying because it's sad. It's just that they want that child so very much. It must be wonderful for a child to be so wanted.

**Miss Honey:** Matilda, I'm afraid I have not been too successful in getting others to recognize your ... abilities. So, 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?

**Miss Honey:** I'm not strong like you, Matilda. You see, my father died when I was young. 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.

## ADULT MEN

**Rudolpho:** Who is this, babe? You know what interruptions so to my energy flow. I'm in the zone, doll. I can feel it in my hips. Don't waste this. *(Try an affected Italian dialect. Hint: he is faking it.)*

**Doctor:** You're going to have a baby, Mrs. Wormwood! A child, the most precious gift that the natural world can bestow upon us, has been handed to you! A brand new human being, a life, a person, a wonderful new person is about to come into your life to bring love and magic and happiness and wonder!

**Miss Trunchbull:** This clot, this foul carbuncle is none other than a disgusting criminal, a denizen of the underworld, a member of the mafia! This morning, you sneaked like a serpent into the kitchen and stole a slice of my private chocolate cake from my tea tray! *(Dialect: Heightened RP)*

**Miss Trunchbull:** It has become clear to me, Honey, that you have no idea what you are doing. You believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories. That is not teaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child! BE QUIET, you maggots! *(Dialect: Heightened RP)*

**Mr. Wormwood:** *to audience* 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, sweaty, betty, boring gaseous, and crucially, it gives them varrucas of the mind. Under no circumstances do we condone such activities and we do so utterly without reservoirs. *(Dialect: Essex or Cockney)*

**Mr. Wormwood:** One hundred and fifty five old bangers on my hands. All polished up, but the mileage on the clock telling the truth; that each one was --- knackered. How could I possibly make mileage go back? I couldn't very well drive each one backwards, could I? When suddenly, I had the most genius idea in the world! I ran into the workshop, 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! Within a few minutes, I had reduced the mileage on that old rust bucket so practically nothing! I did it to every single car! *(Dialect: Essex or Cockney)*

## GIRLS

**Matilda:** 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.

**Matilda:** The crowd held their breath as she hurled over the sharks and spiky objects. She began to reach out her arms towards the cage – the door flung open and the escapologist reached out one huge, muscled arm to catch his wife and the child. Maybe it was the thought of their child. Maybe it was nerves. But the escapologist used just a touch too much foam and suddenly their hands became slippery... and she fell. She broke every bone in her body except the ones at the ends of her little fingers. She did manage to live long enough to have their child. But the effort was too great. 'Love our little girl' She said 'Love our daughter with all your heart. She is all we ever wanted'

**Lavender:** *to audience* 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-----NO! 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 the water, so I pick it up and – No! I will not say any more! *Pause.* I'm going to put in the newt in the Trunchbull's jug! It's going to be brilliant!

## BOYS

**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!

**Bruce:** 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 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.