

## MATILDA THE MUSICAL AUDITION INFORMATION



Dartmouth High Theatre Company will be presenting the musical MATILDA, December 2nd, 3rd, and 4th 2022. There will be four performances: 1 on 12/2 & 12/3 at 7:00 PM, and 2 on 12/4 at 1:00 PM and 7:00 PM. This production will be open to all High School students as well as students in Elementary and Middle school starting at age 8. Please note there are a limited number of roles for children. Not every child will be cast in this production.

**Audition dates are:**

**Held in the Dartmouth High Auditorium.**

9/14/22 at 5:00 PM for High School Students.

9/18/22 at 3:00 PM for Elementary and Middle School Students.

You must be 8 years or older to audition for this show. You must be a student in the Dartmouth Public School system to audition for this show.

**Rehearsals will be held on:**

Tuesdays (Choreography) 6:00 – 9:00 PM

Wednesdays (Music) 6:00 – 9:00 PM

Sundays (Blocking Noon to 4:00 PM to start)

For the 6-9 PM rehearsals 8:30PM will be the release time for children.

**Production week:**

**Production week begins Saturday 11/26/22 and runs through 12/4/22.**

This musical will be done using British and Cockney dialects. This means you must speak using a British accent. We recommend you visit the following YouTube sites:

Queen's English Accent / Tutorial with Joel and Lea.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=DDksS5LrxkU>

British Accents: Cockney: English Like A Native/ Tutorial with Anna and Paul.

[https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7\\_FtnOTLkSs](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=7_FtnOTLkSs)

**THE AUDITION SONGS** WILL BE FOUND ON SPOTIFY OR SIMILAR STREAMING SERVICES. You should use the London Cast Recording.

Matilda	“Quiet”
Mrs. Wormwood / Rudolpho	“Loud”
Kids/Ensemble	“When I Grow Up”
Miss Honey	“My House”
Mr. Wormwood	“All I Know”
Escapologist	“I’m Here”
Miss Trunchbull	“The Smell of Rebellion”
Ensemble	“School Song”

**MATILDA AUDITION MONOLOGUES** Audition Monologues: Choose ONE from the 5. Please note Miss Trunchbull is played by a man typically. This is a general call. The monologue you choose does not in any way affect how you will be cast in the show. We are listening to voice, acting, understanding and delivery no matter what monologue you choose. **This musical will be done using British and Cockney dialects. This production will be open to students in Elementary and Middle school starting at age 8.**

**ROLES:**

<b>Matilda Wormwood</b>	Female, Elementary or Early Middle School.
<b>Trunchbull</b>	Male, High School
<b>Miss Honey</b>	Female, High School
<b>Mr. Wormwood</b>	Male, High School
<b>Mrs. Wormwood</b>	Female, High School
<b>Michael Wormwood</b>	Male, Middle or High School
<b>Lavender</b>	Female, Elementary or Middle School
<b>Bruce</b>	Male, Elementary or Middle School
<b>Nigel, Eric, Tommy</b>	Male, High School, Elementary or Middle School
<b>Amanda, Alice, Hortensia</b>	Female, High School, Elementary or Middle School
<b>Big Kid Ensemble</b>	Male or Female, High School or Middle School
<b>The Escapologist</b>	Male, High School
<b>The Acrobat</b>	Female, High School
<b>Rudolpho</b>	Male, High School (Must be able to dance)
<b>Doctor</b>	Male or Female, High School
<b>Sergei</b>	Male or Female, High School

## REHEARSAL MATERIALS

ALL AUDITION SONGS AND MONOLOGUES MUST BE MEMORIZED.

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Kids/Ensemble	“When I Grow Up”
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## MONOLOGUES

**MR. WORMWOOD** (Matilda’s father) [to the phone] Hang on. (to Matilda) Stop scaring your mother with that book, boy. [to the phone] I'm gonna call you straight back. [to MRS WORMWOOD] Would you please shut up? I am trying to pull off the biggest business deal of my life and I have to listen to this. It's your fault. You spend us into trouble, and you expect me to get us out. What am I? A flaming escapologist? I'm gonna make us rich! Russian businessmen: very, very stupid! Your genius husband is going to sell them one hundred and fifty-five old cars as brand-new luxury cars.[to MATILDA] And you with your stupid books and your stupid reading - get off to bed, you little bookworm.

**MRS. WORMWOOD** (Matilda’s Mother) Look at this. She's reading a book. That's not normal for a five-year-old. I think she might be an idiot. And she keeps trying to tell me stories, Harry. Stories. Who wants stories? I mean, it's just not normal for a girl to be all . . . "thinking". Your father wants to escape this! 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! Hmm. Well, I shall take your money when you earn it, and I shall spend it. But I shan't enjoy it, because of the despicable way in which you have spoken to me tonight.

**MS. TRUNCHBULL** or (THE TRUNCHBULL) How dare you? You are not fit to be in this school madam. 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. Your father is a crook and so are you. Miss Honey has allowed her weakness and filth to permeate through this miserable collection of excuses for children and you, madam, standing there before me like the squid of squids, are it’s beating heart. You are the axis of evil, you are the nexus of necrosis, you are a rotting lump of pure wrong. You

are a black hole of wrongheadedness from which, no light, no strength, no discipline can escape. But I am a match for you, madam. In me you have met the avenger, the spirit of all that is right. And I tell you there is nothing I shall not do, no length to which I shall not go, no punishment I shall not inflict, no ear I shall not stretch, no finger I shall not snap back to defeat you. Yes, I defeat you in exaltation, do you hear? Are you listening? Are you listening madam?

**MISS HONEY** (Who has come up with a plan to challenge Matilda's incredible mind) Matilda could I speak to you please? I'm afraid I have not been so 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?

**BRUCE** Okay! Look! All right! 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 stomach growls.] Oops! See! (BRUCE turns back around, and the scene unfreezes). **MISS TRUNCHBULL** 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!

**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 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 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.

**MRS. PHELPS** Your parents must be so proud to have a girl as clever as you. And 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 wanted to finish the story you were telling the other day...what happens next Matilda?!? Oh, I can't wait to hear what happens next! I don't know if my nerves can take it, but Matilda, you must tell me how it ends! It's just that they want that child so very much. It must be wonderful for a child to be so wanted. Oh, please tell me how it ends Matilda! I can't wait until tomorrow!

**MATILDA** 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 to see their love for each other,

which was so deep that it was said that cats would purr as they passed them by, and dogs would weep with joy.

**FEMALE ROLES**            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.

**MALE ROLES**            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 did and now she's after me! Oh Matilda...they're saying she's going to put me in the 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!