

Matilda Jr Monologues

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 squirt of squids, are it's beating heart.

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 scooped it down too quick, and now it was beginning to fight back. [His stomach growls.]
Oops! See!

MATILDA

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.

MRS WORMWOOD

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!

MR 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.