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As part of your audition, you’re required to ***memorize and perform the lines below*** and a ***song***. The song is listed beside the audition piece, however, if you can’t find that song then you may sing a song of your choice (a verse and a chorus)! ***(But, extra points for doing the required song!)***

\*\*\*I have attached the YouTube link for each song with lyrics.\*\*\*

**MRS. AGATHA TRRUNCHBULL – Audition Script**

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**MATILDA**

And so the great day arrived.

**(MATILDA)**

Everything was arranged by the Acrobat's sister - a frightening woman who used to be anOlympic-class hammer thrower, and who loved nothing better than to scare the children ofthe town. Suddenly, out came the Escapologist.

**ESCAPOLOGIST**

Ladies and gentlemen, boys and girls... (chord) The Burning Woman Hurling Through The Air(chord) With Dynamite In Her Hair (chord) Over Sharks And Spiky Objects (chord), Caught ByThe Man Locked In The Cage... (chord) has been... cancelled.

**MRS. PHELPS**

No!

**ESCAPOLOGIST**

Cancelled because my wife is... pregnant.

**MRS. PHELPS**

So it has a happy ending?

**MATILDA**

No!

**(MATILDA)**

Just then the Acrobat's sister stepped forward and produced... a contract.

**TRUNCHBULL**

(offstage)

I have paid for the posters, publicity, the catering, the toilet facilities. Where is my profit? A contract is a contract. You will perform on this day or off to prison you both shall go!

**MRS. PHELPS**

No, no!

(MATILDA begins to exit.)

W-w-what happens next?

**MATILDA**

I don't know, yet. I'll tell you tomorrow.

**END**

**SIDE 2**

**NIGEL**

Cat; C-A... F! Cat.

(TRUNCHBULL glares at him.)

I... I got it wrong, Miss. You have to put me in chokey too.

**TRUNCHBULL**

Whaaaat...?

**ERIC**

Dog; D-Y-P. Dog. And me.

**AMANDA**

Table; X-A-B-F-Y. And me.

**TRUNCHBULL**

What are you doing? What's going on? Stop this!

**HORTENSIA**

You can't put us all in chokey. Banana; G-T-A-A-B-L!

**MATILDA**

Bully; P-Y-T-L-F-D-R-V-S-W

**END**

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**SIDE 3**

**(TRUNCHBULL)**

Well?

(They have no idea what she means.)

Come along, Bogtrotter.

**BRUCE**

What? Where?

**TRUNCHBULL**

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!

**BRUCE**

What?

**MISS HONEY**

No, Miss Trunchbull please, you can't!

**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? You?

(The TRUNCHBULL storms back to BRUCE and grabs him by the wrist.)

**BRUCE**

No, please! Not that! Don't take me to chokey. Not that! Nooo!

(The TRUNCHBULL drags BRUCE out.)

**MATILDA**

That's not right!

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**TRUNCHBULL**

(to MISS HONEY)

Sit.

(MISS HONEY sits.)

Miss Honey, you believe in kindness and fluffiness and books and stories. That is notteaching! To teach the child, we must first break the child.

(She blows a whistle. The KIDS march on, stop, silent. Pause.)

Quiet you maggots!!!

**MISS HONEY**

But no one was speaking, Miss Trunchbull.

**TRUNCHBULL**

Miss Honey, when I say 'Quiet, you maggots', you are entirely included in that statement.Where is my jug of water?

**LAVENDER**

I'll get it Miss Trunchbull.

(LAVENDER gets up. She is hugely excited. She cannot help but give the audience a huge

thumbs-up as she goes.)

**TRUNCHBULL**

Stupid girl.

(to the others)

Look at you. Flabby! Disgusting! Revolting! Revolting, I say! I think it's time we toughened youall up with a little... Phys-ed.

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[**https://youtu.be/Q8B9yfdR8po**](https://youtu.be/Q8B9yfdR8po)

**AUDITION SONG: “THE SMELL OF REBELLION”** *This school of late has started reeking -  
Quiet, maggots, when I'm speaking! -  
Reeking with a most disturbing scent...  
Only the finest nostrils smell it,  
But I know it oh-too-well.  
It is the odour of rebellion.  
It's the bouquet of dissent!  
And you may bet your britches  
This headmistress  
Finds this foul odiferousness  
Wholly olfactorily insulting.  
And so to stop the stench's spread,  
I find a session of phys. ed.  
Sorts the merely rank from the revolting.  
The smell of rebellion comes out in the sweat,  
And phys. ed. will get you sweating,  
And it won't be long before I smell the pong  
Of aiding and abetting!  
A bit of phys. ed. will tell us who  
Has a head full of rebellious thoughts.  
Hold! Hold!  
Just like a rotten egg floats  
To the top of a bucket of water.  
(CHORUS 1:)  
(One, two, three, four...)  
The smell of rebellion!  
The stench of revolt!  
The reek of insubordination!  
(I can't take it anymore! One, two, three, four...)  
The whiff of resistance!  
The pong of dissent!  
The funk of mutiny in action!  
(That's not right!)  
Before a weed becomes too big and greedy,  
You really need to nip it in the bud.  
POSITION TWO!  
Before the worm starts to turn,  
You must scrape off the dirt,  
And rip it from the mud!  
(CHORUS 2:)*