



# **BLACK BOX**

## **DRAMA SCHOOL**

### **LAMDA Grade 1 Acting Monologues**

This booklet is a curated compilation of monologues selected and edited specifically for use in the LAMDA Grade 1 Acting Examinations. Each piece has been carefully chosen to support pupils in developing confidence, vocal clarity and expressive character work, appropriate to this level of study.

These monologues are intended for the Self-Selected Monologue option and are not part of the official LAMDA Acting Anthology. Each piece has been adapted to ensure suitability for young performers and to align with the assessment requirements set by LAMDA.

Compiled and edited by Niyazi Unugur for pupils of Black Box Drama School, this collection serves as both a rehearsal and performance resource, supporting students in their preparation and nurturing their continued growth as developing actors.

## **Bugsy Malone by Alan Parker**

***Bugsy Malone is a fast-talking, street-smart kid living in 1920s New York — a world where gangsters, speakeasies, and showbiz collide. He's not a gangster himself, but he moves between both sides of the law with charm and wit, surviving through quick thinking rather than violence. He dreams of a better life, maybe one built on love rather than hustling, but he can't resist getting caught up in other people's schemes.***

***Bugsy's strength lies in his charisma: he can talk his way out of trouble, make friends easily, and win people over — even when he's bending the truth. Underneath the smooth exterior, though, he's decent, loyal, and just wants something more than the crooked life that surrounds him.***

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### **For the Actor**

- Context: Bugsy opens the show, addressing the audience like a film detective narrating his own story. He's witty, confident, and slightly weary — a kid playing grown-up in a dangerous world.
- Mindset: Street-smart, cool under pressure, a touch cynical but ultimately good-natured.
- Goal: To hook the audience, set the scene, and win them over with charm and charisma.

### **BUGSY:**

Someone once said, if it was raining brains, Roxy Robinson wouldn't even get wet. In all of New York they didn't come much dumber than Roxy the Weasel. To be frank, Roxy was a dope.

Dumb as Roxy was, he could smell trouble like other people could smell gas. But he should never have taken that blind alley by the side of Perito's Bakery. Whatever game it was that everyone was playing, Sure as eggs is eggs, Roxy Robinson had been well and truly scrambled.

Now, the guy in the chair here is Flash Frankie. The best lawyer in New York. Sure, he's a little shady, but he's the best... believe me. Flash Frankie's silver tongue can get a guy out of jail, Quicker than a truck load of dynamite!

Oh, by the way, you're probably wondering who I am.

My name's Malone, Buggy Malone.

With an Italian Mother and an Irish Father I'd naturally grown up a little confused.

I didn't see much future as a spaghetti waiter at Mama Lugini's,

Or pushing a pen at City Hall,.

So I'd drifted from this to that, you know,

Walking the line, trying hard not to fall either side...

Until, that is, the night I walked in here to Pop Becker's Book Store.

## ROMEO & JULIET by William Shakespeare

*After yet another violent street fight between the Montagues and Capulets, Prince Escalus storms in to restore order. Furious at the chaos that has consumed Verona, he warns both families that the next act of violence will be punished by death. This is a speech of public authority, frustration, and moral exhaustion — a ruler trying to hold together a city torn apart by pride.*

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### **For the Actor**

- Context: The Prince is addressing a noisy, chaotic crowd; this is public leadership under pressure.
- Mindset: Outraged but dignified — a man weary of repeated failure and desperate to restore control.
- Goal: To silence the fighting, reassert his power, and make both sides fear the consequences of further conflict.

### **PRINCE ESCALUS**

Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,  
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel—

Will they not hear?

What, ho!

You men, you beasts - that quench the fire of your rage.

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands  
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground,  
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.

***(explodes with rage)***

Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the ground!

Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,  
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,  
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets,  
And made Verona's ancient citizens.

***(firm)***

Thou hath canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd hate!

***(warning them)***

If **ever** you disturb our streets again,  
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.

***(announcing)***

For this time all the rest depart away.

## **MATILDA by Roald Dahl and adapted for stage by Dennis Kelly**

***Trunchbull attacks Matilda with a barrage of grotesque threats – promising punishment after punishment in an exaggerated, almost cartoonish display of cruelty. She then shifts her attention to Miss Honey, accusing her of weakness and corruption. The speech reveals Trunchbull’s authoritarian dominance, her love of intimidation, and her theatrical relish in destroying others.***

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### **For the Actor**

- Context: In front of the children, Trunchbull publicly humiliates Matilda, then condemns Miss Honey as the root of the school’s weakness.
- Mindset: Overbearing, sadistic, and theatrical — she enjoys turning punishment into performance.
- Goal: To terrify Matilda into silence and obedience, and to undermine Miss Honey’s authority completely.

### **TRUNCHBALL:**

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.

I shall pound you.

I shall dissect you madam.

I shall strap you down to a table and perform experiments on you.

I shall feed you to the termites, then I shall squash the termites into tiny fragments.

And then I shall crush those tiny fragments into dust.

And then I shall take the dust and feed it to the worms.

Then the worms I shall feed to birds.

And the birds I shall release into the air and shoot them down.

And so on, and so on, an infinitum madam, and infinitum.

Miss Honey has allowed her weakness and filth to permeate through,  
Into this miserable collection of excuses for children.

And you, madam, standing there before me like the squirt of squids,  
You 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.

Do you hear?

Are you listening?

Are you listening madam?

## **MATILDA by Roald Dahl and adapted for stage by Dennis Kelly**

***Mr Wormwood boasts about his dodgy car-dealing scheme on the phone, celebrating what he thinks is a brilliant business deal with "very stupid" Russian buyers. He then snaps at his family, blaming them for his stress, mocking his wife, and belittling Matilda for reading. The speech blends comic villainy, greed, and self-importance, revealing him as a blustering, petty con-man.***

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### **For the Actor**

- Context: This is a comic rant — Mr Wormwood is half bragging, half furious, juggling his crooked deal and his chaotic household.
- Mindset: Smug, slippery, explosive; he sees himself as a genius businessman but lashes out at his family to feel in control.
- Goal: To show off his scheme, vent his stress, and assert dominance over his family (especially Matilda).

### **MR WORMWOOD:**

***(on the phone)***

Yes, sir.

That's right, sir.

One hundred and fifty five brand new luxury cars, sir.

***(listens and scoffs)***

'Are they good runners'?

Let's put it this way... you wouldn't beat them in a race.

***(laughs manically and then stops abruptly)***

No, sir, yes, sir, they are good runners sir, yes, sir, indeed, sir.

So, erm... how much exactly –?

***(eyes widen and silent air grab in celebration)***

Thank you sir. I will be in touch shortly.

***(hangs up the phone and celebrates with sound)***

Hello!

Next time, would you please shut up -

When I am trying to pull off the biggest business deal of my life!

**(pointing to the TV)**

And shouldn't I have to listen to this.

**(turns TV off with remote)**

Don't gimme that!

It's your fault, ya know.

Yes, your fault.

You spend us into trouble and every single time you expect me to get us out.

What am I?

A flaming escapologist?

But, I'm gonna make us rich!

Russian businessmen: very, very stupid!

And 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!

## **MATILDA by Roald Dahl and adapted for stage by Dennis Kelly**

***Mrs Wormwood explodes over her daughter's "abnormal" behaviour – reading and thinking. Shallow, vain, and self-absorbed, she sees intelligence as a nuisance and motherhood as an inconvenience. Her rant exposes her warped priorities: appearance, comfort, and status matter far more to her than her child. The humour comes from her exaggerated outrage and complete lack of self-awareness.***

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### **For the Actor**

- Context: Mrs Wormwood is at home, arguing with her husband and venting her frustrations. She is unaware of how cruel she sounds and genuinely believes she's in the right.
- Mindset: Outraged, vain, dramatic, and petulant. She sees herself as the victim and expects sympathy for her "suffering."
- Goal: To belittle Matilda, assert her own importance, and punish Harry emotionally by withdrawing affection and attention.

### **MRS WORMWOOD:**

Harry!

Harry!

Look at this.

She's reading a book.

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".

You want to escape this!

What about me?

I've got a whole house to look after!

And, dinners don't microwave themselves, you know!

Now, you say you're gonna make us rich Harry?!

Rich?

How rich?

Hmm.

Well, I shall take the 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.

Anyway, 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!

## **TEECHERS by John Godber**

***Oggy Moxon, the loudmouthed rebel, introduces himself with trademark swagger. Known for his bad behaviour and quick wit, he hides real frustration beneath his bravado. In this moment, Oggy mocks authority, especially his teacher Mr Nixon — but a flicker of respect slips through. Beneath the humour and defiance, he reveals intelligence and a longing to be seen for more than just trouble.***

### **For the Actor**

- Context: Oggy is talking directly to the audience, breaking the fourth wall. He's showing off, but we glimpse something genuine underneath
- Mindset: Confident, mischievous, sharp — masking insecurity with humour and attitude.
- Goal: To entertain, to prove he's tough, and secretly to test if anyone actually believes in him.

### **OGGY:**

I'm Oggy Moxon.

Yeah, that's right — the Oggy Moxon.

You've probably heard of me.

I don't take no rubbish off no one.

Mr Basford says I'm a menace to society —

I say, whatever, mate.

Nixon thinks he can change me.

"You've got potential, Oggy," he says.

Potential?

I've got loads of that.

Trouble is, no one ever lets me use it.

So I wind him up. A bit.

He tells me to write an essay — "What I want to be."

I said, older.

Everyone laughs, he don't.

But I see him later, in the corridor, and he looks knackered.

Maybe he ain't so bad.

Maybe none of us are.

Maybe we're just stuck in a dump that no one cares about.

Still — I'll give him a chance.

But only one.

## LORD OF THE FLIES by William Golding

*Piggy meets Ralph for the first time after the boys are stranded on the island.*

*Nervous and eager to make a good impression, he talks about his asthma, his glasses, and his idea that they should organise the other boys. Beneath his chatter is insecurity — he pleads not to be called “Piggy,” the cruel nickname from school.*

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### **For the Actor**

- Context: Piggy is trying to connect with Ralph and establish himself as useful, but his vulnerability keeps slipping through.
- Mindset: Self-conscious, awkward, eager to belong, yet deeply afraid of being mocked.
- Goal: To win Ralph’s trust and avoid humiliation by keeping his nickname secret.

### **PIGGY**

I expect there’s a lot more of us scattered about.

You haven’t seen any others, have you?

I’d run and have a look about with you, but my auntie told me not to run.

On account of my asthma.

Can’t catch me breath.

I was the only boy in our school what had asthma.

And I’ve been wearing specs since I was three.

I expect when we find the others, we ought to have a meeting.

And we’ll want to know all their names, and make a list.

I don’t care what they call me.

I don’t care.

So long as they don’t call me what they used to call me at school.

They used to call me ‘Piggy.’

No.

I said no.

Please!

I don't want to be called Piggy.

***(pondering)***

Oh.

Oh fine.

Just so long as you don't tell the others.

## **THE TWITS by Roald Dahl, Stage Adaptation by Enda Walsh**

***Mrs Twit delivers a gloriously sour rant about Christmas, children, and humans in general. While everyone else buys into festive cheer, she sees only noise, stickiness, chaos, and forced jollity. Her disgust is dramatic and absurd, fuelled by cynicism and the belief that people are inherently irritating. The humour comes from her intensity and the sheer extremity of her complaints.***

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### **For the Actor**

- **Context:** Mrs Twit is speaking directly to the audience or complaining to herself. This is a comic villain's monologue — a character whose grumpiness is performed with pride.
- **Mindset:** Irritated, theatrical, gleefully nasty. She enjoys her own bitterness and exaggerates it for effect.
- **Goal:** To vent, to mock the foolishness of others, and to make sure everyone knows she despises Christmas and the behaviour it brings out in people.

### **MRS TWIT:**

Christmas...The very word makes people go soft in the head.

"Merry, merry, merry..." they chant it as if it's supposed to do something magical.

Well, I look at the humans gathered around and think,

If I didn't have such a deep disgust for touching them, I'd poke them!

Hopeful humans are the worst sort.

The children are even worse.

Everyone insists they're "precious." - Precious?!

Rubbish!

Children shriek, they question everything, they fill the air with noise and movement.

People say Christmas is about peace and harmony.

All I see is chaos wrapped in tinsel -everyone pretending to be jolly while secretly wishing they could escape back to their cupboards!

If anyone asks me for a heart-warming message, I'll tell them this: children are loud, humans are sticky, and sweets are the only thing stopping them from turning on each other. Festive enough for you?