

Willy Wonka monologues

Choose a monologue to prepare for your audition. Your choice of monologue does NOT mean that is the only part you are interested in, or will be considered for. We don't care if you do a boy or girl monologue. So, just choose a monologue that you will have fun preparing and performing.

VIOLET

Ah, can it, Ma! You flap your jaws as much as I do...

I'm a gum chewer, normally, but when I heard about Wonka's contest, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars. Now of course, I'm right back on gum. In fact, I've been working on this piece for over three months solid. I've beaten the record set by my best friend, Cornelia Prinzmetel. Hi, Cornelia...listen to this... *(Violet chews loudly into the microphone.)* That's the sound of you losing! Listen some more... *(Violet chews even more loudly adding smacks and pops.)*

MRS. GLOOP

Ya. I just knew my little snausage-vausage Augustus would find das Golden Ticket! He eats so much candy-vandy that it was almost impossible for him not to find one! In fact, you could say we've been training him for this day ever since our little pudgy-vudgy was born! For der Junge to eat as much as Augustus he has to be trained from morning to night—eating all kinds of foods...

MIKE TEAVEE

(Mike is watching TV and talking to both his Mom and the reporter.)

Shut your pie-hole, toots. Didn't I tell you not to interrupt! This is the best part! Crack, smack, whack! Dead. Did you see him die? That was so totally awesome!

Yeah! I GOT a Ticket, dawg. Big Deal! Means I'm gonna miss at least an hour of my second favorite show AND I'm gonna have to leave the house to tour some stupid Chocolate Factory. Right. Whatever...Hit him! Hit him harder!

Who needs school? I got the 'net, TV and my Game Boy, fool.

MR./MRS. SALT

As soon as my little girl told me that she simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, I bought hundreds of thousands of Wonka bars. I'm in the nut business, peanuts, cashews, but mainly Brazil nuts. So I had my factory girls stop shelling Brazil nuts and start shelling wrappers. For you, dear, anything...anyway...after days of shelling chocolate, one of my factory gals finally found the blasted Golden Ticket. I let her take the lucky piece of chocolate home to her 17 kids.

CHARLIE

Really? (*tears open the candy bar and takes a bite*) Mm...it's so good! A perfect blend of Belgian Dark chocolate and New World light, with subtle overtones of Moroccan espresso. Wonka's a genius! Thanks. I'd better get to school. Do you think I could have just one more? I'll pay for it. I think I'll share this one with my family...Grandpa Joe likes the Whipple-Scrumptious Fudgemallow Delight, but grandma Josephina likes the Nutt-a-riffic. (*finds the Golden Ticket*) I found the Golden Ticket!

WONKA

Bless you Charlie, you did it! You did it!!!! I created this contest with one purpose in mind. To find the perfect person to make new candy dreams come true. This was a test of character Charlie. I carefully selected rooms that would tempt each of our Golden Ticket winners. You, Charlie, did something quite remarkable. You gave in to temptation, you were smart enough not to get caught—and yet, you admitted your guilt. Charlie, do you love my Factory? Because from this moment on, it's yours!