

## Ages 8-16:

**Below are options for audition monologues. Be prepared to read ONE SECTION for the first day auditions are held. Memorization is not required, but a well-planned, rehearsed monologue is recommended. For those auditioning for an OOMPA LOOMPA, there will be a short movement section at the audition. Call backs will be on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of auditions.**

### Female readings:

VIOLET (Part A): I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr. Wonka's, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. Now, of course, I'm right back on gum. I just adore gum. I can't do without it. I munch it all day long except for a few minutes at mealtimes when I take it out and stick it behind my ear for safekeeping. To tell you the honest truth, I simply wouldn't feel comfortable if I didn't have that little wedge of gum to chew on every moment of the day. I really wouldn't. My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree.

VIOLET (Part B): My mother says it's not ladylike and it looks ugly to see a girl's jaws going up and down like mine do all the time, but I don't agree. And who's she to criticize, anyway, because if you ask me, I'd say that her jaws are going up and down almost as much as mine are just from yelling at me every minute of the day. And it may interest you to know that this piece of gum I'm chewing right at this moment is one I've been working on for over three months solid. That's a record, that is. It's beaten the record held by my best friend, Miss Cornella Prinzmetel. And was she ever mad! It's my most treasured possession now, this piece of gum is. At nights, I just stick it on the end of the bedpost, and it's as good as ever in the mornings...a bit hard at first...maybe...

VERUCA (Part A): Where's my Golden Ticket? I want my Golden Ticket! Oh yes....here it is! As soon as I told my father that I simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, he went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka candy bars he could lay his hands on. Thousands of them, he must have bought. Hundreds of thousands! Then he had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to his own factory. He's in the peanut business, you see, and he's got about a hundred women working for him over at his joint, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all do along, those women...they just sit there shelling peanuts. So he says to them, "Okay, girls," he says, "from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these crazy candy bars instead!"

VERUCA (Part B): So he says to them, "Okay, girls," he says, "from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these crazy candy bars instead!" And they did. He had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate, full speed ahead, from morning 'til night. But three days went by and we had no luck. Oh...it was terrible! I got more and more upset each day, and every time he came home I would scream at him. "Where's my Golden Ticket? I want my

Golden Ticket!" And I would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Then suddenly, on the evening of the fourth day, one of his women workers yelled, "I've got it! A Golden Ticket!" And my father said, "Give it to me, quick!" And she did. And he rushed it home and gave it to me, and now...I'm all smiles...and we have a happy home...once again.

### **Male reading:**

MIKE: Of course I've got a Golden Ticket, but why can't everyone leave me alone? I want to watch television! (He pulls out a gun and fires it into the air.) I watch all of the shows every day, even the crummy ones where there's not shooting. I like the gangsters best. They're terrific, those gangsters! Especially when they start pumping each other full of lead...or flashing the old stilettos...or giving each other the one-two-three, with their knuckledusters! Oh, boy, what wouldn't I give to be doing that myself? It's the life, I tell you. It's terrific!

CHARLIE: Will I accept your offer, Mr. Wonka? Will I care for it as you have for all of these years? Will I? Wow! This is more than I could have ever imagined! Will I? Of course I will, Mr. Wonka! Thank you! Thank you! Just think of it, Grandpa Joe! Wait until we tell Mom and Dad and the grandfolks! It's going to be our chocolate factory! And we're never ever going to starve again! Just think of all that chocolate! Oh just you wait and see!

### **Male or Female readings:**

NARRATOR: This is the home of Charlie Bucket. Seven people live here. There are only two rooms and only one bed, so you can see that life is extremely uncomfortable. They and little Charlie Bucket sleep in the other room, upon mattresses on the floor. As you know, this can be very cold in the wintertime. Oh, wait...gee, I almost forgot...this is our hero – Charlie Bucket. Charlie's a nice boy. Of course, he's been starving lately. In fact, the whole family has. I'm worried about Charlie, though. Why, did you know that Charlie is so weak from not eating that he walks slowly, instead of running like the other kids, so he can save his energy? Well, I've said far too much already. Let's find out what's happening at the Bucket house now....Uhh, I'll see you later.

### OOMPA-LOOMPAS (NUT ROOM) (PART A)

Veruca Salt, the little brute,  
Has just gone down the rubbish chute,  
(And as we very rightly thought  
That in a case like this we ought  
To see the thing completely through,  
We've polished off her parents, too.)  
Down goes Veruca! Down the drain!  
And here, perhaps, we should explain  
That she will meet, as she demands,  
A rather different set of friends:  
Some liverwurst so old and grey  
One smelled it from a mile away,  
A rotten nut, a reeky pear,  
A thing the cat left on the stair,  
And lots of other things as well,  
Each with a rather horrid smell.

### OOMPA-LOOMPAS (NUT ROOM) (PART B)

These are Veruca's new-found friends  
That she will meet as she descends,  
And this is the price she has to pay  
For going so very far astray.  
But now, my dears, we think you might  
Be wondering- is it really right  
That every single bit of blame  
And all the scolding and the shame  
Should fall upon Veruca Salt?  
Is she the only one at fault?  
For though she's spoiled, and dreadfully so,  
A girl can't spoil herself, you know.  
Who turned her into such a brat?  
Who are the culprits? Who did that?  
Alas! You needn't look so far  
To find out who these sinners are.  
They are (and this is very sad)  
Her loving parents, Mom and Dad.  
And that is why we're glad they fell  
Into the rubbish chute as well.

**(end)**