

## **Wonka & Hunchback audition monologues - VYT 2024**

### **Willy Wonka Audition Monologues (choose one to perform...)**

**WONKA:** *(Speaking to Mrs. Gloop, after Augustus has fallen in the chocolate)*

That pipe goes nowhere near the Marshmallow Room! It leads to the Strawberry Dipping Room, where he will be heated to a temperature of eighty-eight degrees Fahrenheit – or is that Celsius? I do mix the two up so often... sometimes with tragic consequences. *(now speaking to the Oompa Loompas)* In any case, someone will accompany Mrs. Gloop to the Strawberry Dipping Room, and when you get there take a long, sharp stick and start poking around the big chocolate-mixing barrel. But hurry! If you leave him too long he's likely to be poured into the fudge boiler and that would be a tragedy! Could damage the machinery! *(To Charlie)* Charlie, this was a test of character. 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 BUCKET:** *(as he's just about to leave Wonka's factory)*

Um, goodbye Mr. Wonka... *(hesitates)* Just a minute Mr. Wonka. I don't deserve the lifetime supply of chocolate. I... I tasted the fizzy lifting drink and I broke the rules. And I'm very sorry. But thank you for the wonderful day and the most wonderful tour of your factory. I think it's the most wonderful and incredible and exciting place in the whole wide world. Being here was better than Christmas. What? I don't understand? But, what about the other kids? *(pause as if receiving info from Willy Wonka)* You want me to run this entire factory? What about my mom and dad and Grandpa Joe? What? My whole entire family can live here? Well then...I'd love to – I'd positively love to!

**PHINEOUS TROUT:** *(the TV reporter covering the Golden Ticket stories)* This is Phineous Trout with a direct TV link to Frankfurt, Germany. That's right, ladies and gentlemen, people are buying over 50,000 Wonka bars every hour and the first Golden Ticket has been found! – Here's the family now. Mrs. Droop, Mrs. Droop, may we have a word? Ladies and gentlemen, we are coming to you, live outside the gates of the Willy Wonka Chocolate Factory where history is about to be made. We've been told Mr. Willy Wonka himself will soon emerge from behind these mysterious gates. It seems something is happening. Yes, yes! Here he comes now, the chocolate genius of the century. Mr. Willy Wonka!

**GRANDPA JOE:** *(Charlie's grandfather)* No one goes in, Charlie, and no one comes out. Not since the tragic day that Willy Wonka locked it. All the other chocolate makers in the world were sending in spies... dressed as workers!... to steal Mr. Wonka's secret recipes. Finally Mr. Wonka shouted, "I shall be ruined! Close the factory!" And that's just what he did. He locked the gates and vanished completely. And then suddenly, about three years later, the most amazing thing happened. The factory started working again, full blast! And more delicious candies were coming out than ever before. But the gates stayed locked so that no one could steal them.

**VERUCA SALT:** *(with British accent, correcting the reporter, who mispronounced her name on TV)*

My name is Veruca, you imbecile! VERUCA, VERUCA, VERUCA! I said Veruca, you moron. You pea brain! Don't you know who I am? Don't you know who my Daddy is? He will have you fired for mispronouncing my name, won't you Daddy? He bought hundreds of thousands of Wonka Bars to make sure I would win. Daddy, this hideous reporter said my name wrong on live television, and now he's being sarcastic! Can't you get him fired? I want him fired. Fired! Do you hear me? Fired, fired, fired! Ugh, this is about me, Daddy! They want to know about MY ticket and he can't even get my name right!

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**MR (or MRS) SALT:** *(with British accent)* My daughter Veruca here is a very special girl. Very special. And when she said she simply had to have one of them there Golden Tickets, see, we went nuts buying Wonka bars by the hundreds. I must have bought hundreds of thousands of Wonka bars. I had my factory girls stop shelling Brazil nuts and start shelling wrappers. And 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 (pauses to hear the reporter's question) Me? I'm in the nut business – peanuts, cashews, Brazils, macadamias. If its nuts you want, I got 'em! Roasted, raw, plain, or fancy, folks go nuts for our nuts. Call us at one eight hundred we're nuts. Major credit cards accepted!

**MIKE TEEVEE:** *(watching TV speaking to his mother)* Didn't I tell you never to interrupt? And I'm not going to school.... who needs school? Are you joking?! Or just crazy? I've got my screens and the net and the whole world in the palm of my hand. I don't got no time for school. Now, hush up....this is the best part! Crack, Smack, Whack! WOOOO! Did you see that guy wipe out? That was so totally awesome! *(glares at mother)* Ma, I said Zip it! This next show is THE BOMB! Wait a minute....freeze frame...it's my cell... *(picks up his cell phone)* Talk to me. Hold on, got another call. *(holds another phone to his ear)* Talk to me. *(to the reporter)* Dude, can't you see I'm busy running an empire here? *(speaking into one phone)* Gotta go --- *(speaking into the other phone)* Catch ya later, dude... *(to reporter)* Ok, now, whaddya want? Yeah, it's true - I got the big shiny ticket, dawg. Big deal! Means giving up half a day of all my fav'rite shows to tour some stupid chocolate factory, which probably will have cruddy cell reception.

**VIOLET:** *(talking to the reporter)* When I sleep I put the gum on my headboard, so in the morning all I have to do is pop it back in my mouth and start chewing again. It's a little hard to get started, and one time I got it in my hair, but Ma cut it out and I went right on chewing it. It was a hairy moment. Anyways, I'm a gum chewer normally, but when I heard about Wonka's contest, I laid off the gum and switched straight on to candy bars. That's how I found my ticket! Now, of course, I'm right back on the 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... *(She chews loudly into the microphone)* That's the sound of you losing! *(smacks and pops gum)* Chew on THAT, Princess Prinzmetel!

**MRS GLOOP:** *(in a German accent)* Der name ist Gloop. Mit ein G – und ein L – und ein O—und anuzzer O- -- und ein P! G- L-O-O-P. Und dies'st ist mein kleiner liebchen, Augustus! Ya, I just knew my little snausage-vausage would find das Golden ticket. He eats so much candy-vandy zat it vas almost impossible for him NOT to find one! Eating is his hobby. He's devoted to it! Mein Gott, is he devoted! Good boy, Augustus! Ve've been training him for zis day ever since our little smudgey-pudgey vos born! Zo he's a little fat? Vhat's so wrong vith zat? It's better zan being some sort of hooligan, shooting off ze guns, und raising ze havoc! Isn't it, my wittle piggly-wiggly?

## **Wonka & Hunchback audition monologues - VYT 2024**

### **Hunchback Audition Monologues (choose one to perform...)**

**FROLLO (male):** So a gypsy dares to enter this holy place? Your kind aren't allowed here. What are you doing in here? The boy doesn't need your help. He's my charge. God loves even a monster. Some of us are less human. In the moral sense. You dance in public without shame or modesty. Do you also deny possessing black magic? You're clever. You twist the truth just as you twist your body and dance. Our Lord Jesus said something. You see him on the cross there, gazing down on us? Midnight mass is starting. I must go. My child, though your people are lost, maybe something within you can be saved. Stay. Perhaps you'll see what true beauty is and we... We can continue this conversation afterwards.

**ESMERALDA (female):** Why do you hate us so much? What did we ever do to you?! I came here to find that boy. It was my fault he was up on the stage in the first place. He's no less human than the rest of us. I dance because I enjoy it. Others enjoy it, too, and give me money. You say I possess 'black magic' - well, if I had the power of magic, why wouldn't I use it to help myself and my people?! Your grace, there must be some charity inside you. If you've helped that boy, then surely you can extend that kindness to others almost as unfortunate. How you would wish others to treat you, could you not treat them?

**QUASIMODO (male)** *(when by himself he speaks fluidly and confidently, when he speaks to Frollo it is haltingly and awkward)* *(jumps up and rings the bells, speaking to each of them)*  
Marie! You're in very good voice today! Jacqueline, we need to fix your clapper! Go on, Gabrielle! Pour your flood of sound into the square! It's a holiday! Sing! My bells, sing till you are all quite out of breath! *(he looks outside)* Morning, my little birdies! I wish you could be like those birds and just fly away. To be out there. But no, probably too dangerous. This Cathedral is not only my home, but my universe. *(to the statues and gargoyles as if they are his friends)* It is peopled with figures of marble... With kings and saints... Monsters and demons... The saints blessed me... And the monsters that protect me. *(hearing sounds from the street)* Today is the Feast of Fools! Maybe I should try going down there. No, Master won't allow it. Last year, he said, "Someday... maybe." He always says "someday"—never "today"! *(Frollo enters - Quasimodo's speaking becomes halted and awkward)* M-m-morning M-m-master. Just t-talking to my f-friends... made of s-s-stone. Can w-we see the F-feast of F-f-fools, Master? N-nevermind... others w-would laugh at m-m-me.

**CHOIR NARRATOR (male or female) - perform as a descriptive storyteller**

And so Quasimodo and Phoebus, furtively made their way through the darkening streets of Paris... Though the hunchback felt a thrill of fear at once more setting foot outside Notre Dame... Creeping past the ghostly fountains beside which beggars slept, they ducked into the shadows to avoid being seen by a pair of women at their windows... Holding candles, which sputtered in the gathering fog. The curfew had sounded long ago, and the streets were becoming blacker and more deserted every moment. They could distinguish nothing of the mass of buildings. Except the black roofs... At strange acute angles... And the labyrinth of alleys and bridges like a ball of thread tangled by a cat.

**CHOIR NARRATOR (male or female) - perform as a descriptive storyteller**

*(like whispered echos)* Esmeralda... Esmeralda... But despite his admonition to Quasimodo, Frollo himself could not stop thinking about her. *(whispered)* Esmeralda... He began to walk the streets, night after night. Unable to bring himself to return alone to his cold, dark chambers. He barely knew what he was looking for. But he could not resist. He thought he saw her everywhere. Until one night, walking down an unknown alley... He drew closer to the most unsavory part of the city... Passing lovers embracing in the shadows... When he heard the sound of distant music and laughter... coming from within a tavern.