

## MONOLOGUES

### **Charlie:**

What do you think he's like? I mean, what does he do all day? Does he write his ideas in a scrap book? Does he sit all day in class and day-dream? Well, not class I suppose because he doesn't go to school does he? But does he spend his lunch break just mixing things up in cups to see how they taste? How does he do it? What happens in that factory? There's still one chance at the golden ticket, but I don't think it is for me. I'd love to be a witness to history. One day this will make a great story. But I do have one last dollar.... A Wonka's Whipple-Scrumptious Fudge Mallow Delight! Please may I buy it, Mrs Green? I should take it home and share it..... Just one tiny nibble. Just to be sure it's ok.....

### **Willy Wonka:**

I've been working on this since the very beginning. The flowers actually bloom. The trees change flavour in the fall. And in the winter it snows powered sugar! You can even milk the giraffe and get pina colada milkshakes!!! It's either something out of a dream or where I grew up or maybe I just imagined it. I'm not sure anymore. Yours are the first eyes ever to see it. A world made completely and entirely out of candy!

What do you think? Go ahead, eat anything you like. That's what it's for, but don't drink from the chocolate lagoon! It's connected directly to the main fudge mixing tubes. If you fall in, you're liable to be sucked right up the pipe. Is that clear? Onwards. Follow me. We must hesitate without delay. No dillying. No dallying. No shillying. No shallying. And definitely no shallow-sillying. Go! Go! Go!

### **Mike:**

I'm trying to get a signal. This tour's boring, Wonka. We just want to see the cool stuff! Can't you just kill another kid so we can get to the prizes? Without a signal, what am I supposed to play? And don't give me all that bull dust about secret magic mazes full of deadly traps. There's no maze full of deadly traps here. I saw you mime your way through some stupid imaginary opening. You're sad. You're such a loser, Wonka.

### **Veruca:**

We have a saying in Russia. Mine! Mine! All mine! (sickly laugh) My name is Veruca.... Verrr uuucaaaa..... VERUCA! My father's name is Oleg Salt, from Novosibirsk. He runs Salt Peanuts, Slat Cod, and Salt Mines, and I am his wonderful daughter, so I will take care of you, Wonka, if you don't focus all of your attention on me! Now, where's the chocolate? Oooo, look! Squirrel! Cyooootie Wwootsie Tooootsie SQUIRREL! SQUIRREL! DADDY! I WANT IT NOW! SQUIRREL! NOW! Just one squiwaw for wittaw Vewua?

### **Violet:**

I am Violet, the queen of pop! I'm sure you would already know me from my Instagram. What do I do? I chew! Same gum for the last three years! Just let me in, will you? I'm here to win. It's a jaw dropping world record. I have over 50,000 twitter followers, my own YouTube channel, and next year, we are gonna open a bubblegum boutique in Beverly Hills. I don't care about dessert, Wonka. I care about fame, and this stuff's gonna make me huge! Film me, Daddy!