Your monologue needs to be ONE MINUTE OR LESS in length. Some of these monologues may run over that time allotment, so you will have to cut them to fit. All of these monologues can be used by both male and female actors in our auditions; you may just need to change some pronouns. You are not limited to using these monologues, they are just options for you.

**Violet Beauregarde From Charlie and the Chocolate Factory**

*(Chewing ferociously on gum, waving arms excitedly, talking in a rapid and loud manner, from somewhere in audience)*

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 safe-keeping. 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 minute of the day, I really wouldn’t. 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 Cornelia Prinzmetal.

**Veruca Salt’s Monologue from Willy Wonka**

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 day long, 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!’ 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. 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.
“Coat Hanger Sculpture” from *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

A ‘C’? A ‘C’? I got a ‘C’ on my coathanger sculpture? How could anyone get a ‘C’ in coathanger sculpture? May I ask a question? Was I judged on the piece of sculpture itself? If so, is it not true that time alone can judge a work of art? Or was I judged on my talent? If so, is it fair that I be judged on a part of my life over which I have no control? If I was judged on my effort, then I was judged unfairly, for I tried as hard as I could! Was I judged on what I had learned about this project? If so, then were not you, my teacher, also being judged on your ability to transmit your knowledge to me? Are you willing to share my ‘C’? Perhaps I was being judged on the quality of coat hanger itself out of which my creation was made...now is this not also unfair? Am I to be judged by the quality of coat hangers that are used by the dry cleaning establishment that returns our garments? Is that not the responsibility of my parents? Should they not share my ‘C’?

“Queen” from *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

Do you know what I intend? I intend to be a queen. When I grow up I’m going to be the biggest queen there ever was, and I’ll live in a big palace and when I go out in my coach, all the people will wave and I will shout at them, and...and...in the summertime I will go to my summer palace and I’ll wear my crown in swimming and everything, and all the people will cheer and I will shout at them... (hears someone offstage) What do you mean I can’t be queen? Nobody should be kept from being a queen if she wants to be one. It’s usually just a matter of knowing the right people....well.... if I can’t be a queen, then I’ll be very rich then I will buy myself a queendom. Yes, I will buy myself a queendom and then I’ll kick out the old queen and take over the whole operation myself. I will be head queen.

“Lunchtime” from *You’re a Good Man, Charlie Brown*

I think lunchtime is about the worst time of day for me. Always having to sit here alone. Of course, sometimes, mornings aren't so pleasant either. Waking up and wondering if anyone would really miss me if I never got out of bed. Then there's the night, too. Lying there and thinking about all the stupid things I've done during the day. And all those hours in between when I do all those stupid things. Well, lunchtime is among the worst times of the day for me. Well, I guess I'd better see what I've got. Peanut butter. Some psychiatrists say that people who eat peanut butter sandwiches are lonely...I guess they're right. And when you're really lonely, the peanut butter sticks to the roof of your mouth.
**Snoopy’s Red Baron Monologue  from You’re a Good Man Charlie Brown**

Here’s the World War I flying ace high over France in his Sopwith Camel, searching for the infamous Red Baron! I must bring him down! Suddenly anti-aircraft fire, archie we used to call it, begins to burst beneath my plane. The Red Baron has spotted me. Nyahh, Nyahh, Nyahh! You can’t hit me! (Actually tough flying aces never say Nyahh, Nyahh) I just ah … Drat this fog! It’s bad enough to have to fight the Red Baron without having to fly in weather like this. All right, Red Baron! Where are you! You can’t hide forever! Ah, the sun has broken through … I can see the woods of Montsec below … and what’s that? It’s a Fokker triplane! Ha! I’ve got you this time, Red Baron! Aaugh! He’s diving down out of the sun! He’s tricked me again! I’ve got to run! Come on, Sopwith Camel, let’s go! Go, Camel, go! I can’t shake him! He’s riddling my plane with bullets! Curse you, Red Baron! Curse you and your kind! Curse the evil that causes all this unhappiness! Here’s the World War I flying ace back at the aerodrome in France, he is exhausted and yet he does not sleep, for one thought continues to burn in his mind … Someday, someday I’ll get you, Red Baron!

**Cat In The Hat  (male or female)**

Step right up, ladies and gentleman, children and creatures. The smallest of the small, and the tallest of the tall!
Come old and young! Come one and all!
It’s the Circus McGurkis!
The world’s greatest show
On the face of the earth of wherever you go!
The Circus McGurkis!
In town for one week
Each marvelous marvel is ten cents a peek.
Oh, the sights that you’ll see!
Why, our big top is packed.
And there’s no telling where we may find our next act!
And now, all you folks, for the first time on view,
From the Jungle of Nool, near the River Waloo, A pendulous pachyderm! Look! Can it be?
Who sits on an egg…in a nest…in a tree!!
How the Grinch Stole Christmas

Situation: Grinch, the antagonist of the film, who does not like to celebrate Christmas, is invited by the natives of Whoville city to be a part of festive celebration. The following monologue shows Grinch self-arguing on whether to attend the party.

The nerve of those Whos. Inviting me down there - on such short notice! Even if I wanted to go my schedule wouldn't allow it. 4:00, wallow in self pity; 4:30, stare into the abyss; 5:00, solve world hunger, tell no one; 5:30, jazzercise; 6:30, dinner with me - I can't cancel that again; 7:00, wrestle with my self-loathing... I'm booked. Of course, if I bump the loathing to 9, I could still be done in time to lay in bed, stare at the ceiling and slip slowly into madness. ... But what would I wear?!

The Goonies

Situation: A group of friends are exploring a seaside restaurant that is supposedly the location of a hidden treasure. One of the friends, Lawrence Chunk gets caught red-handed by the owners of the restaurant, the Fratellis. They are extremely angry to see Chunk trespassing their property. In reply to their questions, Chunk says the following:

Everything. Okay! I'll talk! In third grade, I cheated on my history exam. In fourth grade, I stole my uncle Max's toupee and I glued it on my face when I played Moses in my Hebrew School play. In fifth grade, I knocked my sister Edie down the stairs and I blamed it on the dog. When my mom sent me to the summer camp for fat kids and then they served lunch I got nuts and I pigged out and they kicked me out. But the worst thing I ever done, I mixed a pot of fake puke at home and then I went to this movie theater, hid the puke in my jacket, climbed up to the balcony and then, then, I made a noise like this: hua-hua-hua-huaaaaah and then I dumped it over the side, all over the people in the audience. And then, this was horrible, all the people started getting sick and throwing up all over each other. I never felt so bad in my entire life.
Samwise Gamgee - *Lord of the Rings*

I know. It’s all wrong. By rights we shouldn’t even be here. But we are. It’s like in the great stories, Mr. Frodo. The ones that really mattered. Full of darkness and danger, they were. And sometimes you didn’t want to know the end. Because how could the end be happy? How could the world go back to the way it was when so much bad had happened? But in the end, it’s only a passing thing, this shadow. Even darkness must pass. A new day will come. And when the sun shines it will shine out the clearer. Those were the stories that stayed with you. That meant something, even if you were too small to understand why. But I think, Mr. Frodo, I do understand. I know now. Folk in those stories had lots of chances of turning back, only they didn’t. They kept going. Because they were holding on to something. That there’s some good in this world, Mr. Frodo… and it’s worth fighting for.