

Music Theatre International

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MUSIC THEATRE
INTERNATIONAL

Audition Central: Roald Dahl's Willy Wonka JR.

Script: Grandpa Joe

SIDE 1

GRANDPA JOE

Do you mean people are actually going to be allowed inside the factory?

MRS. BUCKET

Read what it says!

MR. BUCKET

"Mr. Willy Wonka has decided to allow five children to visit his factory. The lucky five will tour the factory and receive a lifetime supply of Wonka chocolate."

GRANDPA JOE

Tour the factory?

CHARLIE

A lifetime supply of chocolate?

ALL (EXCEPT CHARLIE)

Read on!

MR. BUCKET

"Five Golden Tickets have been hidden among five million ordinary candy bars. The finders of these Golden Tickets will win the tour and the chocolate!"

GRANDPA GEORGE

That's a million to one shot!

MRS. BUCKET

The tickets could be anywhere. How exciting! I wonder if any of 'em have been found yet. That paper's a day old.

GRANDPA JOE

Charlie, Charlie, can you imagine winning?

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Touring the factory-

GRANDMA JOSEPHINA

Meeting Mr. Wonka-

GRANDPA JOE

Seeing for yourself all those undead, zombie workers-

CHARLIE

Eating a lifetime supply of chocolate...

ALL

Eating a lifetime supply of chocolate!

END

SIDE 2

AUGUSTUS

Here's my Golden Ticket, Mr. Wonka. Ah, ah, choo!

MRS. GLOOP

He has a cold.

VERUCA

(rudely interrupting)

My name is Veruca Salt.

WONKA

I always thought a veruca was a wart, but you don't look like a wart at all... more of a mole, or perhaps a bunion-

MR. SALT

How ya' doing, Wonka. Salt's the name and I'm nuts! Nuts for nuts that is! An operation like this must go through a million nuts...

WONKA

Make that a million and one - your ticket?

VERUCA

Here's your silly ticket. Can I have it back after the tour?

WONKA

(tearing up the Golden Ticket)

Of course you can, my dear. Of course.

(beat)

Violet Beauregarde!

VIOLET

I hear ya'. Here's our ticket.

(VIOLET snaps her gum.)

WONKA

There is no gum chewing allowed on the tour.

VIOLET

But you make gum.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Mr. Wonka asked you to remove your gum. Do we need to negotiate?

VIOLET

Psycho babble whatever.

(VIOLET places the gum behind her ear.)

WONKA

Mike Teavee?

(beat)

Mr. Mike Teavee and guest?

MIKE

Hold your pantyhose, a commercial's coming up.

MS. TEAVEE

Here's our ticket, Mr. Wonka.

WONKA

Scrumptious. Oh, and Mike, there's no television reception in the factory.

MIKE

None?

WONKA

None whatsoever...

(laughing maniacally)

Chuck Bucket?

GRANDPA JOE

It's Charlie, Mr. Wonka. Charlie Bucket. Here's our ticket.

WONKA

(to CHARLIE)

So you're Charlie Bucket? Odd coincidence you finding your ticket just in time...

GRANDPA JOE

Now see here, Wonka, if you're saying our ticket is a phony-

WONKA

Pleasure to meet you, too, Mr.-

GRANDPA JOE

You know me, Wonka.

WONKA

Do I? Well then! Let's proceed. We start with a contract.

(A giant contract drops from above.)

Raise your right hand... "I hereby swear not to touch, malign, assign, clutch, share, tear, or wear, none such, party of the first part, and so on..." Please sign below.

MR. SALT

Not without my lawyer! Let me give him a ring.

END

SIDE 3

WONKA

All of my workers are Oompa-Loompas from Loompaland.

MRS. BEAUREGARDE

Now see here Wonka, I teach geography and-

WONKA

Then you know all about Loompaland - with its thick jungles infested by hornswogglers and snoozywangers, and those terrible wicked whangdoodles!

(AUGUSTUS sneaks a larger taste of the chocolate.)

VERUCA

Whangdoodles? There's no such thing!

WONKA

There certainly are, my dear - and a whangdoodle would just love to sink its sharp, vicious fangs into you!

(Overwhelmed, AUGUSTUS kneels next to the Chocolatefall, slurping recklessly.)

Augustus, my chocolate must never be touched by human hands!

AUGUSTUS

Too late!

(TOO MUCH CHOCOLATE begins. AUGUSTUS slurps, wildly.)

GRANDPA JOE

Great, he's gonna give his cold to millions of people!

(VIOLET defiantly blows a bubble behind WONKA's back.)

AUGUSTUS

It's so good! I think I've had too much chocolate. Ah... Ah... Ah... choo!!!

(AUGUSTUS falls into the smelting pot, head first. His legs kick once, then twice, then he freezes à la Magic Shell.)

GOLDEN TICKET WINNERS

Augustus! Augustus!

MIKE

The chocolate's frozen, like Magic Shell!

VIOLET

He looks like an Easter Bunny!

(An OOMPA-LOOMPA enters.)

WONKA

We've had an early revelation and lost a child in the chocolate smelter. It's a shame! - the boy really seemed to know about food. Alas, take Mrs. Gloop's Poop to the strawberry dipping room and heat him to precisely 102 degrees Fahrenheit... or is that Celsius?... no, Fahrenheit? Yes... 102 degrees Fahrenheit! - but no higher - or he may spontaneously boil - and that would be a tragedy.

MRS. GLOOP

Because Augustus would be damaged?

WONKA

My dear, Augustus was damaged long ago - the tragedy would be the wasted chocolate! Goodbye, Mrs. Gloop, and good luck.

(WONKA gestures, and Augustus's Golden Ticket dims.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, please follow closely as we continue our tour...

END

SIDE 4

WONKA

Well then, thank you both very much. I'm sure you can find your way out-

GRANDPA JOE

That's it? What about Charlie's lifetime supply of chocolate?

WONKA

Yes, yes. A lifetime supply of chocolate... each of the children will receive their chocolate. Other than that, the day has been a total waste of time and chocolate. Good day, Charlie Bucket, and goodbye.

CHARLIE

Um... Goodbye, Mr. Wonka.

(WONKA begins to close the gates of the factory.)

Mr. Wonka, I don't deserve a lifetime supply of chocolate - you see, I tasted the Fizzy Lifting Drink and broke the rules. And I'm very sorry. Thank you for the wonderful day and tour. It was better than Christmas.

(CHARLIE starts to exit.)

WONKA

Bless you Charlie, you did it! You did it!!!

GRANDPA JOE

Now see here Wonka, it was my idea to try the-

WONKA

I created this contest with one purpose in mind. To find the perfect person to make new candy dreams come true.

CHARLIE

I don't understand...

WONKA

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.

END