

**Audition Sides - Wonka, Mrs. Beauregarde, Veruca, Augustus, Grandpa Joe,
Mrs. Gloop**

MIKE

Freeze! Put your hands in the air where I can see 'em, punk.

(AUGUSTUS puts his hands in the air, convinced he's been caught tasting the chocolate.)

WONKA

No need to worry. That, my friends, is an Oompa-Loompa!

CHARLIE

A zombie worker!

WONKA

Not a zombie worker. A refugee.

VIOLET

From where, Wonka?

(AUGUSTUS sneaks a drink from the chocolate river.)

START

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!

(#31 – TOO MUCH CHOCOLATE begins. AUGUSTUS slurps, wildly.)

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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.)

#32 – LIGHTS OUT 1 *begins.*

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

END

(#33 – OOMPA-LOOMPA 1 begins.)