

* Veruca Salt
* Mr. Salt



Music Theatre International
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Audition Central: Roald Dahl's Willy Wonka JR.

Script: Veruca Salt

SIDE 1

PHINEOUS TROUT

Ladies and gentlemen, the worldwide rush for Wonka Bars is getting bigger by the minute. It seems a second Golden Ticket has been found.

(WONKA gestures for Veruca's Golden Ticket to light)

(PHINEOUS TROUT)

We're off to our live remote in São Paulo, Brazil, where things are "sweet" for Veronica Salt.

(VERUCA and MR. SALT, her father, enter.)

VERUCA

That's Veruca, you imbecile! Veruca, Veruca, Veruca!

PHINEOUS TROUT

(purposefully ignoring VERUCA)

So, Mr. Salt, I understand you "sweetened" Veruca's chances with a little assistance?

MR. SALT

As soon as my little girl told me that she simply had to have one of those Golden Tickets, I bought hundreds of thousands of Wonka Bars. I'm in the nut business - peanuts, cashews, but mainly Brazil nuts. So I had my factory girls stop shelling Brazil nuts and start shelling wrappers.

VERUCA

Daddy, that hideous reporter said my name wrong, on live television! Can't you get him fired?

MR. SALT

For you dear, anything... anyway... 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 seventeen kids...

PHINEOUS TROUT

(sarcastically)

How generous!

VERUCA

Daddy, now he's being sarcastic! I want him fired. Fired! You hear me? Fired, fired, fired!

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)