

Pre-Show

Pure Imagination (opening)

Scene 1

Hatful Of Dreams

Narrator 1: Welcome to the Galerie
Gourmet

Narrator 2: Here the finest of delicacies are
offered

Narrator 3: And our friend Willy Wonka has
traveled far and wide

Narrator 4: To make his dreams come true!

*(Willy Wonka, carrying a suitcase, enters
the bustling marketplace. He looks around
in awe.)*

Wonka:

After seven years of life upon the ocean

It is time to bid the seven seas farewell

And the city I've pinned seven years of
hopes on

Lies just over the horizon, I can hear the
harbor bell

Land, ahoy

Got a tattered overcoat and battered
suitcase

Got a pair of leaky boots upon my feet
Gotta drag myself up by my one good
bootlace

Gotta work my rotten socks off if I want to
make ends meet

I've poured everything I've got into my
chocolate

Now, it's time to show the world my recipes

I've got twelve silver sovereigns in my
pocket

And a hatful of dreams

There's a famous restaurant on every street
here

There's Brandino's and the Bar Parisienne

Vendor 1:

restaurant map, sir?

Narrator 1:

Thank you

Wonka:

Got a little map to tell me where to eat here

Had a dozen silver sovereigns, now I'm
somehow down to ten

Want the finest produce? This is where they
stock it

Vendor 2:

that's three sovereigns, mate!

Wonka:

Though, the prices are suspiciously extreme

Vendor 1:

break my pumpkin, you pay for it

I've got five, six, seven

Six silver sovereigns in my pocket

And a hatful of dreams

No, thank you

Vendor 2:

Cologne?

Mom:

No, leave me alone

Wonka:

At last, the Galeries Gourmet

I knew that we'd see it one day

It's everything you said, Mama

And oh, so much more

Each way that you turn, another famous
chocolate store

Here's my destiny, I just need to unlock it
Will I crash and burn or go up like a rocket?

I got nothing to offer but my chocolate

And a hatful of dreams

In this city, anyone can be successful
If they've talent and work hard, or so they
say

But they didn't mention it would be so
stressful

Just to make a dozen silver sovereigns last
more than a day

Of course, here, take all you need

Narrator 3:

Thank you

Wonka:

I've got one silver sovereign in my pocket
And a hatful of dreams

Vendor 1:

Fresh fruits! Best in the city!

Vendor 2:

Try our gourmet cheese!

Wonka:

(Smiling)

This place is amazing.

*(Bleacher, a burly man with a menacing
look, approaches, eyeing Wonka
suspiciously.)*

Bleacher:

You lookin' for a place to stay, lad?

Wonka:

Actually, yes. I need somewhere affordable.

Bleacher:

Oh I know just the place. Mrs. Scrubbitt's
boarding house. She'll give you a room... for
a price. Come with me!

*(Wonka hesitates but follows Bleacher
through narrow alleys and bustling streets.)*

Bleacher:

(Glancing back) What brings you to Galeries
Gourmet?

Wonka:

Dreams of starting my own chocolate shop.
My name is Willy Wonka.

Scene 2

(Welcome To Scrubbitts: Transition)

Narrator 1: Wonka soon found himself at the
Scrubbitts Laundrymat

Narrator 2: Where the lodging comes at a
steep price!

Mrs. Scrubbitt:

(overly sweet) Welcome to my humble
abode. What's your name, boy?

Wonka:

(politely) Willy Wonka, ma'am. I'm a chocolatier looking to start my business here.

Mrs. Scrubitt:

(raising an eyebrow) A chocolatier, you say? Well, we'll see about that. Here's the contract. Just sign here, and you'll have a roof over your head.

(Mrs. Scrubitt hands Wonka a lengthy contract filled with fine print. Wonka looks at it, squinting, trying to make sense of the small, cramped text.)

Wonka:

(hesitant) It's... um... quite detailed, isn't it?

Mrs. Scrubitt:

(impatiently) Just sign at the bottom, boy. Don't you trust me?

(Noodle, a young orphan working in the boarding house, peeks from behind a door, watching the interaction closely. She notices Wonka's hesitation.)

Bleacher:

(urging) Come on, lad. We don't have all day.

Wonka:

(nervously) Alright...

(Wonka signs the contract, trusting the words of Mrs. Scrubitt and Bleacher. Noodle, sensing something is off, approaches them cautiously.)

Noodle:

(softly) Excuse me, sir... did you read the whole contract?

Wonka:

(smiling) Thank you, but I trust people. It's the only way to live.

Noodle:

(urgently) But what if you miss something?

Mrs. Scrubitt:

(interrupting trying to mask her anger) That's enough, Noodle. Don't bother our new tenant. Just sign here. *(Wonka pulls out the seemingly never ending contract.)*

Wonka:

Wow... wow... wow.... *(The pages keep going until it finally stops)*

Mrs Scrubitt:

There right there that line at the bottom lad.

Noodle:

(urgently) read the fine print!

Mrs Scrubitt:

(angrily) That's enough out of you girl! Up to your room!

(Bleacher grabs Noodle by the arm and leads her offstage)

Wonka:

What was that girl saying? Sounded like read the small print?

Mrs Scrubitt:

Oh don't listen to Noodle. She's damaged.

Wonka:

Damaged?

Mrs Scrubitt:

Orphan syndrome.

Bleacher:

Orphan syndrome.

Wonka:

Orphan syndrome?

Mrs Scrubitt:

She was dropped her down the laundry chute. I tried to take care of her the best I could honest I have. But she's got a suspicious nature believes in conspiracies and such.

Wonka:

Oh that's too bad.

Mrs Scrubitt:

Now back to the contract. This is all just standard T&Cs but you're free to read it over.

Wonka:

Maybe I will just give it a once over.

(Bleacher and Scrubitt look at each other nervously.)

Mrs Scrubitt:

Okay...

(Bleacher grabs a bat and is about to hit Wonka over the head but right before he does...)

Wonka:

Okay this looks good.

Mrs Scrubitt:

(Relieved) It does?

Wonka:

Yes, all seems in order.
(He signs. Bleacher hides his bat and composes himself)

Mrs Scrubitt:

There's a good lad. Bleacher will show you to your room.

(Bleacher leads Wonka to his small, cramped room.)

Bleacher:

(Smirking) Make yourself comfortable.

Wonka:

(Sighs) This will do... for now.

(Wonka unpacks, revealing a small stash of cocoa beans and a few tools. He looks at a photo of his late mother.)

Wonka: *(Softly)*

I'll make you proud, Mom.
(Noodle Enters)

Scene 3:

(Wonka stands in the marketplace, setting up his chocolate shop on a small wooden stand.)

Song: You've Never Seen Chocolates Like This Part 1

(Slugworth, Prodnose, and Fickelgruber, three rival chocolatiers, watch from a distance, exchanging worried glances.)

Slugworth:

(Grimly) He's a threat to our business.

Prodnose:

He has to be stopped!

Slugworth:

Ms Bon Bon?

Ms Bon Bon:

Yes?

Slugworth:

Call the police.

Ms Bon Bon:

Yes sir

Fickelgruber:

(Nodding) Don't worry- the captain will handle it.

Wonka:

(To the crowd)

So who would like to try one?

Child one:

Mom can I try one please?

Mom:

I mean I guess... sure why not?

Wonka:

Wonderful one for you and you and...

(The group keeps handing Wonka money and the crowd is more and more excited. Suddenly Police whistles are heard. Two officers come on stage to break up the crowd)

Chief of Police:

Nothing to see here folks. Time for this conman to leave.

Wonka:

It's no con sir- it's just chocolate. But not just any chocolate the best you've ever had.

Police Officer 1:

Sorry rules are rules and there is no selling without a store Not on my watch.

Police Officer 2 :

And according to the rules your earnings will be confiscated.

(He grabs the jar of money)

Wonka:

But I... *(Sighs, defeated)* Can I at least have a sovereign? I need to pay for my room.

Police Officer 1:

(hands Wonka a coin) Here.

Wonka:

(Crowd disperses, leaving Wonka standing alone. He looks around, dejected.)

Scene 4:

(Flying Choclatiers: Transition)

Mrs Scrubitt

Hello there Mr Wonka. How did your day go?

Wonka:

Not so good.

Mrs Scrubitt

(Faking compassion) Oh, well that's too bad. But we do need to settle up your account.

Wonka:

Well at least I can cover my room. I believe we settled on one sovereign. *(He hands her the coin)*

Mrs Scrubitt:

Oh yes that'll cover the room but not your extras.

Wonka:

Extras?

Mrs Scrubitt

You warmed your cockles by the fire. There's a fee for that.

Bleacher

Used the stairs to get to his room

Mrs Scrubitt

Oh, no and that's per step up and down I'm afraid. Now tell me Mr Wonka did you happen to use the mini bar?

Wonka

Mini bar?

Bleacher

Yeah, mini bar of soap

Mrs Scrubitt

By the sink

Wonka

I might have- briefly.

Bleacher

Oh no!

Mrs Scrubitt

Oh even Bleacher knows you don't touch the mini bar and he was raised in a ditch!
(looks through her ledgers) Wow, add in your bed, fee, mattress fee. Well it looks like you owe- 10 thousand Sovereigns.

Wonka

You've got to be kidding me!

Mrs Scrubitt

It's all in the fine print my dear.

Wonka

But I don't have 10 thousand Sovereigns.

Bleacher

Then it looks like we have a problem Mr.
Wonka

Mrs. Scrubitt

You'll have to work it off in the laundry at a
Sovereign a day.

Wonka

A sovereign a day? That's 10 thousand
days!

Mrs. Scrubitt:

That's 27 years

Bleacher

4 months

Mrs Scrubitt

and 16 days!

*(Bleacher and Scrubitt push Wonka down a
chute and exit laughing)*

Crunch:

Oh you must be Mr Wonka

Wonka:

Who are you?

Crunch::

Abacus Crunch, Chartered Accountant. At
least I was but now-

Piper

And now she runs the place and you better
do as she says or you'll answer to me. Piper
Benz, plumber by trade.

Crunch:

This is Ms Lottie Bell.

Lottie:

(Waves)

Piper:

She don't talk much

Chucklesworth:

And I'm Larry Chucklesworth! Comedian.

Wonka:

So they got all of you too?

Crunch

I'm afraid so. We each found ourselves in
need of a cheap place to stay and neglected
to read the small print.

Piper:

One moment of stupidity followed by
endless regret.

Chucklesworth:
Sounds like my third marriage. (*Laughs*)
sorry I do that alot.

Crunch
He does.

Piper:
A lot.

Chucklesworth:
I've only been married once and it didn't
work out.

Wonka:
(*Looking around frantically*) There has to be
a way out of here!

Piper:
You think we haven't tried all that! There are
bars on the windows and a dog at the door.

Crunch:
Plus that contract is water tight.

Piper
If you're not here at role call. Mrs Scrubitt
will call the police and they bring you right
back and Scrubitt will charge you a
thousand for the inconvenience.

Crunch:
All right everyone back to work. (*To Wonka*)
You come with me. You're in here on suds.

Song: Scrub Scrub

(Laundry Chorus)
Scrub Scrub

First, you pick up the apparel, and you
stick it in the barrel, scrub, scrub
Then you take it to the mangle, and you
turn the giant handle, scrub, scrub
Then it's hung up really high until it's
nearly dry, scrub, scrub
But when we sing this song, the day
don't seem so long, scrub, scrub
It's still long, though

Gotta press out all the creases from the
dresses and chemises, rub, rub
Gotta fold 'em like they told us, or they'll
scold us and withhold our grub, grub
We all signed the dotted line, so we've
gotta do our time
Scrub, scrub (scrub, scrub)

Scrubitt
And if you don't agree,

Bleacher
see clause 5

Scrubitt
Section 7A,

Bleacher
paragraph 22

Scrubitt
Part D,

Bleacher
which says

All
scrub, scrub
Scrub, scrub
Scrub, scrub
Scrub, scrub

(Wonka returns to his room. Defeated.)

Noodle

Knock Knock- Room service. I told you to read the fine print.

Wonka

Slight problem with that.

Noodle

You can't read can you?

Wonka:

I focused all of my studies almost exclusively on chocolate.

Noodle:

I see

Wonka:

For everything else I've relied on the kindness of strangers

Noodle:

And look what that's got you. How much do you owe them?

Wonka:

Ten thousand.

Noodle:

Count yourself lucky. I owe them thirty.

Wonka:

What? How do you owe them money? I thought they found you down a laundry chute.

Noodle

Oh, they did. Took me in out of the goodness of their hearts and charged me for the privilege.

Wonka:

Those greedy monsters.

Noodle:

The Greedy beat the needy every time Mr Wonka. I guess it's just the way of the world.

Wonka:

Oh come on Noodle. That's just your orphan syndrome talking.

Noodle:

My what?

Wonka:

Your Orphan syndrome. And we aren't going to be eating any slop. *(He tosses away the bowl)*

Noodle:

What are you doing?

Wonka:

Making chocolate of course! How do you like it dark, white, nutty absolutely insane?

Noodle:

I don't know I've never had any.

Wonka:

(Absolutely flabbergasted) What? You've never had chocolate

Noodle:

No.

Wonka:

That's crazy- you've never had chocolate?!

Noodle:

Still no.

Wonka:

Well this is unbelievable. I mean this is outrageous. Well lucky for you noodle I have the world's finest ingredients here in my travel factory.

Noodle:

Did you always want to make chocolate?

Wonka:

No back when I was your age, I wanted to be a magician. My mom was a cook. We lived on the river just the two of us in a world of our own. It was perfect. I used to spend every waking hour trying to come up with a new trick to impress her, but the real magic came from her. We didn't have a lot of money but each week she would bring home one cocoa bean- and by the time it was my birthday there was enough to make a single bar of chocolate. But it wasn't just any bar of chocolate.

Young Wonka:

This has to be the best chocolate in the world Mama.

Mama:

I don't know about that. They say the best chocolate comes from the Galeries Gourmet!

Young Wonka:

It can't be better than yours. It's impossible

Mama Wonka:

Well it just so happens that I know a few things even those fancy pants don't know about.

Young Wonka:

What is it?

Mama Wonka:

I'll tell you when you're older. Now time for bed.

Young Wonka

We should go there mama to the Galeries Gourmet.

Mama Wonka:

What and start a shop?

Young Wonka

Yeah. With our name above the door and everything.

Mama Wonka

Now that's a great dream.

Wonka:

Is that all it is? A dream?

Mama Wonka

Hey now, every good thing in this world started with a dream. So you hold on to yours. And when you do share your dream with the world. I'll be right there beside you.

Wonka:

Promise?

Mama:

Pinkie promise. (They shake) now get some sleep.

Noodle:

So what was it Willy? What was the secret?

Wonka:

I never found out. Soon after she fell sick, and before I knew it all I had left was her bar of chocolate. That's why I'm here noodle. So I can feel the same way I did back then- eating chocolate with her.

Noodle

All I have left from my mom is this ring. It means the world to me. Sometimes I wonder if my mom is still out there somewhere.

(A bell dings)

Wonka:

Here all done. Silver linings. Made of condensed thunder clouds and liquid sunlight. Helps you see that faint ray of

hope beyond the shadow of despair. Just what we need don't you say? *(He hands the chocolate to noodle)*

Noodle
(She takes a bite.) I wish you hadn't done that.

Wonka:
What you don't like it?

Noodle:
No, I do. But now every day without Chocolate will be harder.

Wonka
Then how would you like to have all the chocolate you can eat everyday?

Noodle
Really? A lifetime supply? What would I have to do.?

Wonka:
Not much just get me out of here.

Noodle:
Are you crazy?

Wonka:
It wouldn't be too hard. I could get someone to cover my shift and you could smuggle me out in your laundry art, just for a few hours so I can sell my chocolates. Nobody will know I am gone. I will split the profits and we will pay off our debts in no time.

Noodle:
It'll never work.

Wonka:
Sure it will just keep eating that chocolate.

Noodle
You don't understand Mrs Scrubitt is like a hawk. Except... huh?

Wonka
What is it?

Noodle:
Nothing

Wonka:
Oh.

Noodle:
Huh!

Wonka:
That's a double huh. That's the silver linings you're getting an idea!

Noodle
I think this could actually work!

Scene 5:

(Police Officers and Chief of Police gather with the Chocolate Cartel.)

Narrator 3: The chocolate Cartel were the real leaders in town.

Narrator 4: And this new Willy Wonka was cramping their style.

FICKLEGRUBER
(leaning forward)

Chief, we're here to talk about a matter of utmost importance. A threat to this city's very fabric.

SLUGSWORTH
(smirking)

Wonka's chocolate empire is a menace, Chief. It's a danger to our children, our economy, and our way of life.

PRODNOSE
(nodding)

We've tried to compete, but Wonka's

unconventional methods and sheer
madness have made it impossible.

CHIEF OF POLICE

(skeptical)

What exactly are you proposing?

FICKLEGRUBER

(persistent)

We need your help to shut Wonka down.

We need you to use your...persuasive
powers to make it happen.

SLUGSWORTH

(slyly)

We'll make it worth your while, Chief. A
little...sweeter, if you will.

PRODNOSE

(chiming in)

Yes, a taste of the profits, perhaps?
The Chief raises an eyebrow, intrigued.

Sweet Tooth

[MR. SLUGSWORTH, spoken]

Well now, Chief

I can see that you're a man of integrity

[CHIEF, spoken]

Thank you

[MR. SLUGSWORTH]

But ask yourself this

(sung)

Have you got a sweet tooth?

[CHIEF, spoken]

I do

[MR. SLUGSWORTH]

A hunger that you have to feed?

[MR. FICKELGRUBER]

Have you got a sweet tooth?

[CHIEF]

I do

[MR. FICKELGRUBER]

Well, we've got everything you need

[CHIEF]

Mmm...

[MR. PRODNOSE]

Don't give me that conscience nonsense

It's simply quid pro quo, so

[MR. SLUGSWORTH]

A hundred of your favorites?

[CHIEF]

Sorry, I'm afraid it's no

(spoken)

Promised the wife I'd cut down on chocolate

You know, I gotta get in shape for the
policeman's ball, so, haha

[MR. SLUGSWORTH]

But think about your sweet tooth

[CHIEF]

I do

I've had it since I was a boy

[MR. FICKELGRUBER]

Your naughty little sweet tooth

[CHIEF]

It's true

[MR. SLUGSWORTH]

The only thing that brings you joy

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGSWORTH &

MR. FICKELGRUBER]

Don't look at your waistline

It's fine

[CHIEF]

Come on

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGSWORTH &

MR. FICKELGRUBER]

Who needs to see their toes?

[MR. SLUGWORTH]
So, seven hundred boxes?

[CHIEF]
That's a lotta chocolates...
No!

[MR. SLUGWORTH]
Gentlemen, let's give it the big sale

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGWORTH,
MR. FICKELGRUBER & MS. BON BON]
Have you got a sweet tooth?
Me too

[CHIEF]
Fellas

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGWORTH,
MR. FICKELGRUBER & MS. BON BON]
Have you got the hots for chocs?

[CHIEF]
I do, really, yeah

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGWORTH,
MR. FICKELGRUBER & MS. BON BON]
Do you think that candy's dandy?

[CHIEF]
Oh yeah

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGWORTH, MR.
FICKELGRUBER, & MS. BON BON]
Well, we've got lots and lots and lots
And lots and lots and lots

[CHIEF]
Why am I singing?

[MR. PRODNOSE, MR. SLUGWORTH &
MR. FICKELGRUBER]
If the wife's complaining

[MR. PRODNOSE]

Body shaming

[MR. FICKELGRUBER]
It's amazing what a tailor can conceal...

[CHIEF]
Keep your wretched chocolates

[MR. SLUGWORTH]
Eighteen hundred boxes?

[CHIEF]
Oh, deal

Scene 6: Wonka's Room

(Wonka and Noodle are back in Wonka's room, secretly working on their new chocolate recipe. They have acquired giraffe milk and are excited about its potential.)

Wonka:
(*Excited*) This giraffe milk is the key ingredient to my Giraffe milk macaroons.

Noodle:
(*Laughing*) We're like mad scientists!

Wonka:
(*Grinning*) Just wait until people taste this.

(*They pour the mixture into molds and set them aside to cool. Suddenly, Lofty, an Oompa Loompa, sneaks in and steals the giraffe milk.*)

Lofty:
(*Mischievously*) This will teach him.

Wonka:
(*Turning around*) Hey! Come back with that! Who are you?

Lofty
Oompa Loompa doompety-doo
I've got a tragic tale for you

Oompa Loompa doompety-dee
If you are wise, you'll listen to me
Dear Loompaland is both luscious and
green
But not conducive to growing the bean!
My job was guarding what little we'd got
You came along and pinched the lot!

Wonka

Hey, why didn't you say something?
Well, perhaps I drifted off!
Oompa Loompa doompety-day
When I awoke, they sent me away
I'm disgraced, cast out in the cold
'Til I've paid my friends back a thousand-
fold!

Wonka

A thousand-fold? You gotta be kidding me

Lofty

I repeat
A thousand-fold!

*(Lofty runs off with the milk, leaving Wonka
and Noodle stunned.)*

Noodle:

(Frustrated) Now what do we do?

Wonka:

(Determined) We need more giraffe milk.
We have to go to the zoo.

Scene 7: The Zoo

*(Wonka and Noodle sneak into the zoo
under the cover of darkness. They approach
the giraffe enclosure, where Abigail, the
giraffe, stands majestically.)*

Narrator 1: Wonka and Noodle headed off
to the zoo.

Narrator 2: To acquire their unique
ingredient from a lovely giraffe named
Abigail.

Noodle:

(Whispering) Quick, milk her before the
guards come!

Wonka:

(Softly) Easy, girl. Just need a little milk.

Noodle:

(Nervously) Hurry, Wonka!

*(They narrowly escape as guards approach,
carrying their precious giraffe milk.)*

For A Moment

[Verse 1: Noodle]

For a moment
Life doesn't seem quite so bad
For a moment
I kind of forgot to be sad
He turns night to day
But don't get carried away
Never let down your guard
Let them into your heart for a moment
Not for a moment

[Verse 2 Wonka]

Noodle, Noodle, apple strudel
Some people don't and some people do-dle
Snakes, flamingos, bears, and poodles
Singing this song will improve your moodle
Noodle-dee-dee, Noodle-dee-dum
We're having oodles and oodles of fun

[Bridge Wonka and Noodle]

For a moment *(Noodle, Noodle, apple
strudel)*
My life has turned upside-down *(Some
people don't and some people do-dle)*
For a moment *(Snakes, flamingos, bears,
and poodles)*
I can't keep my feet on the ground *(Singing
this song will improve your moodle)*
He's the one good thing *(Noodle-dee-dee,*

Noodle-dee-dum)
That's ever happened to me (*We're having
oodles and oodles of fun*)

Noodle:
For a moment
Life doesn't seem quite so bad
And for a moment
I kind of forgot to be sad

Scene 8: Chocolate Cartel Meeting

(Slugworth, Prodnose, and Fickelgruber
meet in a dimly lit room, discussing their
plans to stop Wonka.)

Slugworth: Wonka's chocolates are too
good. He's a serious threat to business.

Prodnose: We can't let him succeed. What
do we do?

Fickelgruber: (Smirking) I have an idea. We
sabotage his ingredients.

Slugworth: (Nodding) And we use our
connections with the Chief of Police to make
his life even harder.

Prodnose: (Grinning) Let's ruin him.

Scene 9: Opening the Chocolate Store

(*Wonka proudly opens his chocolate store.
A crowd gathers, eager to taste the new
chocolates.*)

Wonka:
(*Excited*) Welcome, everyone! Try our new
chocolates!

(*Customers eagerly buy chocolates, the
atmosphere is joyous. Lofty, a small orange
man, watches from a distance.*)

A World of Your Own

Wonka
Close your eyes and count to ten
Make a wish, now open them
Here's a store that's like no other
If it were, I wouldn't bother
Chocolate bushes, chocolate trees
Chocolate flowers and chocolate bees
Chocolate memories that a boy once saved
Before they melted away
A world of your own
A place to escape to
A world of your own
Where you can be free
Wherever you go
Wherever life takes you
This is your home
A world of your own
Here is the child that you left behind
Here is the kid with the curious mind
Here is the wonder we used to feel
Back when the magic was real
A world of your own
A place to go when you're
Feeling alone
Feeling unsure
Embrace the unknown
Enjoy the adventure
Let's go strolling in the clouds
Grab a handful, it's allowed
Clouds are made of cotton candy
Just keep your umbrella handy
'Cause there's a hard rain gonna fall
Humbugs, gumdrops, and aniseed balls
Fireworks bring sugar string
To chew
All the colors of the rainbow
And some others too
A world of our own (a world of our own)
A place to escape to (a place to escape to)
The world of our own (a world of our own)
Where we can be free (where we can be

free)
Wherever you go (wherever you go)
Wherever life takes you (wherever life takes
you)
This is our home
A world of our own

Narrator 3: (*Tasting*) This is amazing!

Narrator 4: (*Smiling*) I've never tasted
anything like it!

(*Slugworth, Prodnose, and Fickelgruber
watch from a distance, fuming.*)

Customer 1:
(*Panicking*)
What's happening?

Customer 2:
(*Holding stomach*)
I don't feel so good...

(*Wonka rushes to help, but it's too late.*)

Wonka:
(*Heartbroken*) My dream... ruined.
(*Slugworth and the Cartel approach, smug.*)

Slugworth:
(*Smirking*) Looks like you need our help.

Wonka:
(*Desperate*) I'll never join you.

Slugworth:
(*Coldly*) You have no choice. Leave town or
stay here and face the consequences.

Wonka:
(*Determined*) I can't leave Noodle behind.

Slugworth
I can make a deal with Mrs Scrubitt. You
leave town and I'll pay off her debt. Is it a
deal? (*He puts out his hand to shake*)

Wonka
(*Shakes his hand and looks down at his
ring.*)
That's an interesting ring you have there.

Slugworth
(*annoyed*)
That's enough now off you go!
(*Wonka deduces that Noodle is related to
Slugworth.*)

Scene 12: The Ship -

Narrator 1:
Just when Wonka thought his journey was
set in stone, an unexpected visitor appears
on the ship.

Lofty:
(*sneaking up and startling Wonka*) You
always did have a knack for picking the
worst times to brood, didn't you, Wonka?

Wonka:
(*startled, turning around*)
Lofty! What are you doing here?

Lofty:
(*sarcastically*)
Oh, just taking a leisurely night stroll on the
ocean. What do you think I'm doing here?
I'm here to save your skin, genius.

Wonka:
(*confused*) Save my skin? What are you
talking about?

Lofty:
(*rolling his eyes*) You really are clueless,
aren't you? The Cartel – Slugworth,
Prodnose, Fickelgruber – they're backing
out of their deal. They're planning to double-
cross you and ruin everything.

Wonka:

How do you know all this?

Lofty:

(*smirking*) Wouldn't you like to know? Let's just say I've been keeping an eye on you. Spying, if you will. Turns out you're not as boring as I thought.

Wonka:

(*concerned*) You've been spying on me?

Lofty:

(*shrugging*) You still owe me for those cocoa beans after all. I overheard them plotting. They never intended to keep their promise. They're planning to sabotage your new store and frame you for crimes you didn't commit.

Wonka: (angrily)

I can't believe it! But how can we stop them?

Lofty:

(*mockingly*) Well, aren't you quick on the uptake? We need to get back to the city and expose them. Slugworth is Noodle's uncle. He abandoned her at Scrubbitt's to keep her from inheriting the family fortune.

Wonka:

(*shocked*) How could someone be so heartless? Poor Noodle... She deserves to know the truth.

Lofty:

(*nodding*) She does. And her mother deserves to know she's alive. We need to bring them back together and expose Slugworth's lies to everyone.

Wonka:

(*determined*) Then we must act quickly. We can't let the Cartel get away with this.

Lofty:

(*sarcastically*)

Finally, some urgency. Let's turn this ship around and put an end to their schemes once and for all.

Scene 13: The Cartel's Downfall

(*The stage shifts to the Cartel's headquarters. Slugworth, Prodnose, and Fickelgruber are gathered, discussing their plans. Wonka and Lofty burst in, catching them off guard.*)

Slugworth:

(*smirking*) Well, if it isn't the chocolatier.

Wonka:

(*confidently*) The game's over, Slugworth. I know everything.

Slugworth:

(*mocking*) Oh, really? And what exactly do you know?

Wonka:

(*pointing*) I know that you're Noodle's uncle. You abandoned her at Scrubbitt's to keep her from inheriting the family fortune.

Noodle:

(*stepping forward*) Is it true?

Slugworth:

(*coldly*) You were a complication, Noodle. I did what I had to do.

Wonka:

(*angrily*) You're a monster, Slugworth. But your schemes end here.

Prodnose:

What is that?

Wonka:

I've exposed all of your records. With the help of Ms Bon Bon here your misdeeds are about to be spread to the entire town.

Bon Bon:
Oh it was nothing!

Fickelgruber
You'll never get a way with this Wonka!

Wonka:
Oh I already have!

(The cartel marches off)

Scene 14:

(The stage changes to a modest home. Wonka, Noodle, and the others approach the door. A woman, Dorothy, answers, looking worn but hopeful.)

Noodle:
(tearfully) Mom?

Dorothy:
(gasping) Is it really you?

Noodle:
(hugging her) It's me, Mom. I'm alive.

Dorothy:
(crying) I thought I'd lost you forever.

(All the laundry friends and oompas enter)

Lofty:
(enters) So, what's the plan, Wonka?

Wonka:
(excitedly) We're going to turn this place into the most magical chocolate factory the world has ever seen. And I want all of you to help me. With all of you by my side, there's nothing we can't achieve.

Wonka: (Smiling) It's not just about the chocolate.

Narrators: It's about the people you share it with.

(Wonka splits his mother's last chocolate bar with his friends)

Pure Imagination (Finale)

Wonka

Come with me and you'll be
In a world of pure imagination
Reach out, touch what was once
Just in your imagination
Don't be shy, it's alright
If you feel a little trepidation
Sometimes these things don't need
Explanation
If you want to view paradise
Simply look at them and view it
Somebody to hold on to, it's
All we really need
Nothing else to it
Come with me and you'll be
In a world of pure imagination
Take a look and you'll see
Into your imagination
We'll begin with a spin
Traveling in the world of my creation
What we'll see will defy
Explanation
If you want to view paradise
Simply look around and view it
Anything you want to, do it
Wanna change the world?
There's nothing to it
There is no life, I know
To compare with pure imagination
Living there, you'll be free
If you truly wish to be