THE WONKA GAMES

ACT ONE

Prologue: Vote ‘Yes’ on Logue

Lights up. In front of curtain are RUDOLPH LOOMPA, IRVING LOOMPA and VIKRAM LOOMPA. There is no musical introduction. Straight into the action. VIKRAM is holding up the applause sign. Audience applauds. They are delirious because they are still running on the adrenaline of their previous conversation and the surprise theatre happening in front of them. There are some wolf-whistles. This scene is fast-paced and energetic.

After an appropriate amount of applause, VIKRAM switches the sign around to ‘Shhhh’.

RUDOLPH: Hello! And welcome back to our televised broadcast of the first annual Wonka Games!

IRVING: That’s right, and what a great day it is. These games promise to be choc-a-block with thrills, spills and caramel twills.

VIKRAM holds up sign saying ‘Buy our chocolate’. IRVING laughs falsely

RUDOLPH: [to IRVING] I’m glad you asked. We’ve got a great lineup tonight. I hope everyone out there in the audience has their phones turned off. We’d hate to have to break your kneecaps with a liquorice log.

RUDOLPH AND IRVING laugh.

IRVING: An excellent observation. Now tonight we’ll be witness to a landmark interview with the Games’ grand creator, sponsor, benefactor and patriarch-

RUDOLPH: -the man himself: [Oprah-style] Mr Willlllyyy Wonkaaaaaaa!

VIKRAM holds up applause sign.

IRVING: But first, a word from the rules-bearer.

RUDOLPH: [Quietly and frightened, to IRVING, as GODFREY enters] Oh my god, when did we get a Rules Bear?

Enter GODFREY, carrying scroll.

VIKRAM holds up applause sign.

RUDOLPH: [Quietly, to IRVING] Ohh.

GODFREY: [Unravels scroll and speaks in a monotone voice, without pausing for breath.] Welcome to the first annual Wonka Games. Tonight you will witness an event without compare as sixteen contestants duke it out for ultimate candy glory. But watch out, this battle will be no Picnic pause for laughter. You, the audience, are invited to show your support for your favourite contestants and master chocolatier-

VIKRAM holds up Buy Our Chocolate sign.

GODFREY: -with words of admiration and also money. As sponsors, you can help out your favourite players by warning them of impending danger. Allow your least favourites to flounder alone and then die horrifically while you bay for the blood of slaughtered children. We hope you enjoy the show. Exit stage right.

GODFREY exits stage left. Once out of sight he gives a quiet “Dammit” then slinks across the stage again to exit stage right, during the following line. (If an audience member heckles the error before he gets off stage, he corrects himself at that point.)

RUDOLPH: I couldn’t agree more. And now, the interview you’ve been waiting for: Seizure Flickerpants interviews Mr Willy Wonka!

VIKRAM holds up applause sign.
LOOMPAS exit, dropping their Presenter Manners and looking at each other with expressions of "Well that part of our horrible job is over, I hated every minute of it and I look to the future with only dread".

Curtain rises. Dazzling lights.

Interviewee WONKA and interviewer SEIZURE FLICKERPANTS are seated on opposing couches. WONKA looks a little nervous, excited and crazed. SEIZURE FLICKERPANTS is wearing sequinned pants and glitter makeup. This is not optional.

FLICKERPANTS: Hellooo! Hello! I'm Seizure Flickerpants and let's give a warm welcome to our guest - Wonka Games creator and host - the illustrious, if by illustrious you mean financially and emotionally unstable- and I do- Mr Willy Wonka! [Encourages cheers from the audience] Now Willy? Can I call you Bill? Billiam? Billy Baby? [pauses] Now Billy Boo, some critics have accused you of having a peanut brittle ego, but we all know that the Wonka games is the television event of the century. [holds microphone out to WONKA]

WONKA looks nervous. He is about to speak.

FLICKERPANTS interrupts.

FLICKERPANTS: Great! Great! Now is this saccharine showdown a recipe for sweet success? Find out next. [He grins, but it quickly fades and is replaced with the same expression of regretful resignation as that of the exited Loompas]
GODFREY exits while RUDOLPH and IRVING lift WONKA onto the couch, brush him off, makes consoling noises etc.

Enter GODFREY followed by AGATHA TRUNCHBULL.

TRUNCHBULL kicks GODFREY, causing him to fall over. It has been established that she is a meanie.

TRUNCHBULL: Aargh! Move it along, Oompa Loompa!

GODFREY: Actually ma’am, Oompa Loompa was my father. My name is Godfrey Loompa.

IRVING: [Introducing self] Irving.

DERMOT: Dermot.

RUDOLPH: Rudolph.

VIKRAM: Vikram.

TRUNCHBULL is baffled, annoyed and unimpressed. She turns her attention to the couch where WONKA is seated. WONKA is crying.

TRUNCHBULL: [sternly, to WONKA] Now then, what did you want? [she sees that WONKA is too busy crying to answer. Awkwardly, she pats him on the shoulder] Awwww … there-there. Who’s my little Wonky-Wonk? [WONKA does not stop crying. TRUNCHBULL sighs, and bends over looking deep into his eyes] … [Yelling] SHUT UP YOU LITTLE PURPLE-SUITED TWERP SHUT UP!!

WONKA: [sniffling] All of the moneys are gone and there’s no money left and there isn’t any money for things. I want some money. [Sadface, puppy-eyes]

TRUNCHBULL: Well I suppose you’ll just have to make some. Or is that too hard?

WONKA: I tried a line of chocolate coins! They never took off because of that pirate curse. I’m talking real money. And- and you’re PR. You own a TV network now. Why can’t youuuu do the razzle-dazzle? Make Wonka chocolate sell again!

TRUNCHBULL: Clearly, your current strategy doesn’t meet the needs of the impoverished public!

WONKA: But our research clearly showed that Organic Snozz-Truffle Lima-Bean Licorice Omelette pellets would be a resounding success, so we devoted 90% of our resources to it. That’s got to pay off! And our jingle? [singing]

Wind, wind, buy our stuff! 
You can never buy enough! 
Buy buy buy, buy buy buy! 
Where are you going 
Why are you leaving.

[Laughs to himself] It’s television gold!

TRUNCHBULL: You’ve been running that campaign for fifteen years! I’ve had children in detention for that long!

WONKA: Yes, but you lost your job at that school. What we need is something new and exciting.

TRUNCHBULL: What you NEED is a right kick up your purple tailored pants!
That’s what you need. [Turns to Loompas] Isn’t that right?!

LOOMPAS: Eep! [They run off]

Exit Loompas.

TRUNCHBULL: [Shouting after them] Come back with drinks!

TRUNCHBULL spots the book on the ground. She picks it up distastefully and holds it at arm’s length.
TRUNCHBULL: Books? And what is this tripe?

WONKA: Ooh, it’s called *The Hunger Games*. I haven’t finished it yet but it’s about a bunch of kids who kill each other for television. Which *everyone* watches. And why wouldn't you?

TRUNCHBULL: Killing children, eh? Television, eh? Big ratings, eh?

*There is a pause. WONKA stands up abruptly and he and TRUNCHBULL stare at each other. They do a slow head-turn to the audience. WONKA is wearing a face of excitement (don’t worry it’s his face, I swear), while TRUNCHBULL’s expression is pure evil excitement. The OOMPA LOOMPAS return with drinks just in time for WONKA and TRUNCHBULL to do excitement twirls and knock the LOOMPAS over. Cue background panic-acting from LOOMPAS.*

TRUNCHBULL: That’s the kind of entertainment I could really get into my eyeballs!

WONKA: That’s the kind of exposure my brand could really use!

TRUNCHBULL: Yes! Excellent.

WONKA: We’ll stage a Hunger Games here! We’ll get kids to be contestants by sending out some sort of, uh ... tickets! Yes, tickets made of gold! And we can hide them in chocolate bars! Every child will want to buy the chocolate that can get them into the game of the century!

TRUNCHBULL: Excellent!

WONKA: And every potential chocolate buyer will want to watch the event sponsored by the best chocolate maker in the world, taking place in the best chocolate FACTORY in the world! Of course we’ll have to *tell* the kids they’ll be competing in some blood-less candy-related games, for a BIG CASH PRIZE!

TRUNCHBULL: EXCELLENT!

WONKA: AND, absolutely EVERYBODY will worship us when your TV studio broadcasts the gift of live footage of children viciously and graphically tearing each other limb from limb!

TRUNCHBULL: EH - [she realises what she is agreeing to] ... riiliiliight. Brooooooadcaaaaast ... Yeeeeessss. This...WILL...get past Standards and Practices... We'll DEFINITELY brooooooadcast it ... It will not just be an inescapable children’s bloodbath staged for our own enjoyment. Don’t you worry, little Willy, we’re gonna make this happen.

WONKA: Then it’s settled! Oompa Loompas!

*The LOOMPAS jerk to fearful attention, impotently protesting the ‘Oompa’ name.*

WONKA: Get me some children.

  *End scene. Lights down.*
Scene 2: They’ve Got a Golden Ticket (Each)

NARRATOR: And so, all across the world, the news spread of the upcoming Wonka Games— a new chocolate-based children’s reality competition show offering a Big Cash Prize to the victor. On every continent children bought however many Wonka bars the global economic crisis would allow them to, in the hopes that they would find a golden ticket to grant them entry to the Games. Let’s meet some of our scamps now. First up, on a bread farm in the south of France—

PEETA enters carrying a Wonka bar and a chunk of burnt bread, shouting offstage to his father. Some URCHINS are gathered nearby

PEETA: I’m sorry for burning the bread dad, it won’t happen again. I’ll go feed this rubbish to the pigs.

URCHINA: Do you have some bread for us Peeta? We’re ever so hungry.

PEETA: Yeah, yeah, here you go. [disappointed aside] Damn, I was hoping a pretty girl would be here so I could pick-up with my kindness and charitable nature. But it’s like I’m invisible. Like I just blend in to my environment. I’m too nice.

URCHINO: Thank you so much for the food Peeta, we really need it.

PEETA: GET OUT OF HERE PIGS! I’M ON BREAK. [they run off] Ah well, even if I can’t impress anyone today, I can still have a sneaky snack. [He opens his Wonka bar and takes a bite] Eurgh! There’s some sort of paper in here. Who would put paper in a chocolate bar? Gross. Oh, right yeah, the golden tickets. [He looks at his golden ticket, and reads] “Greetings to you, the lucky finder of this golden ticket, from Mr. Willy Wonka! I shake you warmly by the hand! [he looks at his hand, it isn’t moving] You are invited to come to my factory and participate in the first Wonka Games. A televised challenge, where one contestant will take home a fabulously Big Cash Prize!” Wow, this sounds amazing, to think [snaps head toward audience, show-people style, sings] I’ve got a golden ticket! He exits.

An instrumental of (I’ve Got A) Golden Ticket plays during the following sequence, swelling in volume during transitions.

NARRATOR: To Germany now, where a Bavarian chubster is being introduced to his impending fame-

AUGUSTUS GLOOP and the REPORTERS enter, GLOOP’s face is smeared with chocolate, and he is stuffing himself

REPORTER HANS: We’re here with Augustus Gloop, who has pledged to not stop eating Wonka bars until he finds his own Golden Ticket. How’s it going Augustus?

GLOOP: Wunderbar! I love chocolate and [he puts another chunk in his mouth and says something incomprehensible with a full mouth, there is a pause and he begins coughing and spluttering while clutching his throat]

REPORTER FRANZ: Mein got, he’s choking! I’ll, oh, I’ll try the Heimlich manoeuvre. Heimlich!

HEIMLICH enters

HEIMLICH: Ja?

REPORTER FRANZ: Do your manoeuvre on the fat boy.

HEIMLICH: Ja. [Bends down to tickle AUGUSTUS’s knees, while shouting in his face] BOY YOU STOP ZE CHOKING. YOU STOP RIGHT NOW. SPIT IT. SPIT IT OUT. [this continues Germanically]

GLOOP splutters and spits out his golden ticket.

REPORTER HANS: Danke Heimlich!

GLOOP: I've got a golden ticket!

They exit.

NARRATOR: And on a hill in Scotland, which is Scottish for land of hills-

DANNY CHAMPION OF THE WORLD and MARVELLOUSLY MEDICINAL GEORGE run toward each other from separate sides of the stage and meet in the middle.

GEORGE: DANNY

DANNY: GEORGE

BOTH: YOU WON'T BELIEVE IT

GEORGE: DID YOU GET CROWNED THE CHAMPION OF ANOTHER WORLD?

DANNY: DID YOU MAKE ANOTHER MARVELLOUS MEDICINE?

BOTH: WHAT? NO- I'VE GOT A- oops, sorry, you go first, okay, I'VE GOT A GOLD-

DANNY: You go!

GEORGE: I've got a golden-

DANNY: ticket?! Me too!

They hug

GEORGE: Marvellous! Oh bro, we are going to nail this thing!

DANNY: I'm gonna go tell my pheasants!

They run off in the opposite direction to that from which they entered.

NARRATOR: How quaint! Now to London, emerging from a public high school campus-

BRUCE BOGTROTTER enters, with an ENTOURAGE chanting “BRUCE! BRUCE! BRUCE! BRUCE!” He vamps like a rockstar for a bit before holding up a hand for silence.

BRUCE: Do you know who I am? I’m Bruce Goddamn Bogtrotter, and [snaps head toward audience, sings-] I’ve got a Golden Ticket! I’m going to the Wonka Games, and I’m going to win. I’m not here to make friends, I’m here to eat chocolate and kick ass. Any Wonka contest has got to involve a hell of a lot of chocolate right? And nobody, NOBODY eats chocolate like Bruce Bogtrotter, I can have my cake and eat it too! That’s who I am, let me hear ya!

The entourage resumes chanting Bruce’s name. Try to get the audience involved. BRUCE and his ENTOURAGE exit.

NARRATOR: Well he seems like a gem! Not too far away, in a delightful mansion-

MATILDA enters with MISS HONEY

MISS HONEY: Matilda! I have our daily chocolate treat!

MATILDA: Ooh, Wonka, interesting choice, I was just reading-

MISS HONEY: THAT SOUNDS FASCINATING MATILDA. [She opens the chocolate hurriedly] Hey, what’s this? There’s words-

MATILDA: WORDS? I’ll read them! [She reads] Huh. I’ve won a spot on a new reality TV game show hosted by Willy Wonka. Should I go? I mean, it’s TV [judgey eyes].

MISS HONEY: My goodness! How long would you be away for?

MATILDA: Oh I wouldn’t know how long these things take. I would guess at least a week?
MISS HONEY: So a week of you there, and me here. And I expect the contestants can’t contact home or anything during that time...

MATILDA: Probably not.

MISS HONEY: Well, good luck, I hope you win! [She retrieves Matilda’s ready-packed suitcase and pushes it with MATILDA out the door, then runs off stage with glee].

MISS HONEY: Freedom!

MATILDA stands with her suitcase and ticket, nonplussed.

MATILDA: I’ve got a golden ticket!

MATILDA leaves

NARRATOR: Across the pond in Manhattan, New York- a ritzy townhouse, a spoiled brat.

VERUCA SALT enters.

VERUCA: Daddy! Come here, I need you!

HENRY SALT enters. A nervous, jittery man who is clearly terrified of her. VERUCA’s demands are instantly fulfilled by her father, extras, stage ninjas etc.

HENRY: Veruca, what is it? Is something wrong?

VERUCA: Daddy, I want a new fur coat. Get me a new fur coat, Daddy.

HENRY: Yes sweetie, anything for you dear.

VERUCA: And I want a pony, you will get me one, won’t you Daddy?

HENRY: Of course dearie, I hope you like it.

VERUCA: Daddy... Where’s my-

HENRY: Oh please Veruca don’t ask for a bean feast again, nobody knows what the hell it is-

VERUCA: No Daddy, though we’ll discuss that later, where’s my Golden Ticket? I wanted to be the first person to find one!

HENRY: I know, angel. We’re doing the best we can but there are a lot of chocolate bars out there and...

She slaps him in the face

VERUCA: Don’t make excuses, just find it!

They exit

NARRATOR: Haha, what a jerk!

(I’ve Got A) Golden Ticket is replaced with soft, sentimental music.

NARRATOR: And now, let’s meet an ordinary girl named Charniss Everbucket. She was not faster, or stronger, or more clever than other children. Her family was not rich or powerful, in fact they barely had enough to eat, and they certainly couldn’t afford love.

PRIM passes through the spotlight, holding a Wonka Bar, heading toward the Everbucket house.

NARRATOR: Charniss also had a younger sister, her name was Prim, she was a girl so kind and innocent you could scarcely believe it. Follow me, let’s take a peek into the lives of the Everbuckets.

THE NARRATOR approaches the Everbucket house as the lights come up on it, he lingers for a second, PRIM spots him and screams.
NARRATOR: OH SHIT! [exits in a rush]

The Everbucket household is small and cramped, its dominating feature is a bed containing the corpses/skeletons of the FOUR DECEASED GRANDPARENTS]

MA: Prim! What is the matter with you? You almost made me spill Grandpa Muncus’ potato soup! [She is currently spoonfeeding a skeleton with limited success]

PRIM: There was a man creeping in our windows!

CHARNISS: Don’t be silly Prim, we can’t afford windows. Besides, there’s nothing here anyone would be interested in looking at, we can’t even afford real potatoes for the soup, it’s just clods of dirt and water.

MA: Open wide now... there we go, mmm is that nice? Oh you’re making a bit of mess! [To the girls] Prim if you’re so interested in the yard, why don’t you take Grandpa Joe for his walk?


CHARNISS: But Maaaaa, do I have to? I hate being seen around town with that corpse.

MA: CHARNISS EVERBUCKET! ‘That Corpse’ is your grandfather, and you will show him some respect!

CHARNISS: Fiiliiiiiine

CHARNISS puts Grandpa Joe’s arm over her shoulder and begins dragging him out, when suddenly... PRIM unwrap her chocolate

PRIM: Hey, what’s this? ‘Greetings to you the lucky finder of this golden ticket’ ... OH GOOD GOSH, I can’t believe I found a golden ticket, my prayers have finally been answered! Thank you Lord Satan, thank you!

Upon hearing Prim’s exclamation, CHARNISS lets Grandpa Joe clatter to the ground, MOTHER freaks out and rushes over to cradle his bones in her lap.

CHARNISS begins to soliloquise

CHARNISS: I can’t believe Prim found one of THE golden tickets! And on her birthday, what luck! I’d give anything to be in her place, we could really use the money. With the huge cash prize we could solve all our problems, we could move out of this dump, go to university, and even get mum the help she needs. ... But Prim’s so shy and kind, I’m not sure she’s ready for the cut throat world of reality television, not like I would be, I bet I’d have a much better shot at winning the prize than she would. Maybe I should volunteer to go in her place. Yeah! I volunteer!

PRIM: What?

CHARNISS: Oh Prim, you can’t be in the Wonka Games!

PRIM: Why not!?

CHARNISS: There’s a very good reason that you can’t, aaaaaaaand that reason is you have diabetes, if you went to the Wonka Games you might die!

PRIM: Huh? Diabetes? I don’t have diabetes do I? What is diabetes anyway?

CHARNISS: Don’t ask questions! That will just make the diabetes worse! As reluctant as I am, I’m just going to have to volunteer in your place ok? Ok. [She brings PRIM in for a hug] You’re welcome.

NARRATOR: Aaaaaand also a bunch of other kids found tickets but we can’t show you all of that because we’d be here all night. But here they all are now-

As the Narrator lists their names, the kids gather on stage, forming an excited line across the front and being charactery. When about half of them are on, LOOMPAS begin bringing on the Wonka Front Gate setpiece

NARRATOR: Mike TV, Violet Beauregarde, Danny the Champion of the World, this stabby looking broad called Clove, James from the Giant Peach, The
Giraffe and the Pelly - don’t know how that fits the rules, the marvellously medicinal George, Fantastic Mr Foxface, Miss Rue Plumé, Matilda Worm-Honey, Bruce Bogtrotter, Augustus Gloop, Veruca Salt, Cato Sullivan, Peeta Mellark, and Charniss Everbucket.

ALL KIDS: I’ve got a golden ticket!

NARRATOR exits wackily.

SCENE 3: Let The Maims Begin

THE TRIBUTES turn around, they are now at the gates of the Wonka Factory. A man is sweeping the street.

STREET SWEEPER: Oh my- look at all of these delightful children. And giraffe, and fox-person. Such sunshine and optimism on your faces. Shame! Shame.

GIRAFFE: Uh, sorry, who are you-

PELLY: -and what are you on about?

STREET SWEEPER: Oh nobody. Nobody. And nothing. Nothing. But you know, this factory has been desolate for years. Nooobody every goes in, nooobody ever comes out.

PEACHY JAMES: Well we’ve all got tickets to go in, so-

STREET SWEEPER: Noooobody ever comes out. [He makes intense eye contact with PEACHY JAMES and exits backward, sweeping]

FANTASTIC MR FOXFACE: Well that was a bummer.

RUE: Oh forget about the crazy guy - this is gonna be great!

CHARNISS: Where could Mr Wonka be? He said 11am sharp.

CATO: Maybe he meant 11am, DRESS sharp. In which case, you’re looking a little blunt.

VERUCA: Oh, Cato. What a sharp wit you have.

CATO and VERUCA passionately come close to one another.

CATO: That’s not all that’s sharp.
VERUCA backs away, weirded out. CATO makes a ‘Dammit. Every time.’ face.


She receives a withering look from CATO and withers.

DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD: Where the dizzle is Mr Wonka? We want Willy!

EVERYONE: We want Willy! We want Willy!

BRUCE: Bruce! Bruce!

The gates open and WONKA emerges with DERMOT, VIKRAM, BERTRAND and RUDOLPH. Everyone goes quiet and anticipant. He is stooping and looking kind of old. He shuffles forward and tumbles to the ground only to ... not get up. BERTRAND rushes forward and shoves jellybeans in his mouth. CATO helps him up.

WONKA: Sorry, my friends. Low blood sugar! I forgot to eat I was so excited to see all your … (he looks at CATO) beautiful faces. Well well well. You must be Cato!

CATO: Must I? (He flicks his hair) Yes, I must. Although I was thinking of changing my name to Katie-D. All the cool cats have D on the end of their name.

WONKA (over-excitedly): REALLY?! What about me? I want the D! Give me the D!

CATO: Ummm sure. But what about Cato?

WONKA: You can just be C-bomb. Everyone! You must now call me Wonky D! Mr Willy Wonky D.

MIKE TEEVEE: Hey, Wonky D now that we’ve met only once for a few brief seconds, can I add you on facebook? (He checks his iphone) Damn I can’t get any reception in here. If I could tweet, it’d be #FirstWorldProblems.

WONKA: [HE IS DOING THE GENE WILDER MEME. WE REFERENCE MEMES.] Oh, you use the Internet? Please. Tell me more about how you like to bring up the Internet IRL. Please. Tell me. I don’t even know what a BookFace is.

MIKE TEEVEE (uncomfortable with WONKA’s extreme intensity): Um ... M-m-m-Matilda’s a book face! (recovering) Hey, book face! Wanna carrot, book face?

MATILDA takes her book down as MIKE throws a carrot at her. It smacks her in the face.

WONKA: Well, Matilda. I hear YOU can spell difficulty! Mrs. D. Mrs. I. Mrs. FFI...

MATILDA: Those first few all got divorced. But Mrs. L got remarried to Mr. N.

WONKA: That’s lovely. (long pause, as he thinks about CUNTY, and waits for the audience to do the same. If someone laughs, do a “S/Heeee’s got it” and quickly move on. If not, “Too complex for tonight’s crowd”) Now everyone please form a line in front of the sponsors!

MATILDA: Sponsors? Wait a minute-

WONKA: Wait a minute? Time is money, Matilda! So unless you want to give everyone in the audience a dollar you must hold your tongue.

He snaps his fingers and RUDOLPH comes forward to hold her tongue. MATILDA shoves RUDOLPH away by the time the next line is done.

WONKA: Now go stand over there with the rest of the losers. You two! [He gestures to VERUCA and CATO] The hot ones! You’re like my District Ones! Yeah! Aaaaaand [Gestures to GLOOP and BRUCE] some kind of...cake district.
MATILDA is next in line. He mutters-] District Annoying.

MATILDA: Districts! Districts and sponsors? Wonky D this sounds like a book I’ve read-

EVERYONE: Shut up!

WONKA: Here, bookface. Have an everlasting gobstopper. (He shoves one into her mouth) Now if you’ll all hurry this way, the games are about to begin! (MATILDA starts to physically protest) I mean: the fun and games are about to begin!

They all hurry through the gates. The gates could be some kind of rotating thing. CHARNISS hurries forward to make a dumb soliloquy.

CHARNISS: Friends, foes, diabetics, lend me your ears...Diabetics have ears, right? I come to please you and to win the cash prize. The evils of this world are banish-ed by my goodly wish to spend the money wise-

WONKA comes up behind her and sniffs her neck really creepily. She turns around horrified.

WONKA: Smells like teen spirit. And such a strong, sweet spirit it is. It’s a shame you’re about to become as bitter as brandy, becauuuu-

He grabs her by the shoulders and steers her around to the gate. The arch in the centre of the stage spins around and the contestants rotate on their feet. Like a fake rotisserie. Once fully spun around, CHARNISS is shoved into the crowd of tributes. LOOMPAS bolt and chain the gates.

WONKA: -auuusssee Bookface was right. It’s the Hunger Games.

MATILDA drops the Gobstopper and screams a conflicted scream comprising “I told you so” as well as “O, dread, my imminent death”

MATILDA: NO! I mean obviously, I knew that, told you so, but I don’t want to fight to the death!

DANNY THE CHAMPION OF THE WORLD and MAGNIFICENTLY MEDICINAL GEORGE: Fight to the death??????

The stage is plunged into darkness. Maybe with some flashes of red as CATO and VERUCA slay DANNY and GEORGE.

WONKA: Yup that’s right kids, in a moment you’ll be transported to the chocolate arena and given weapons to assist you in killing each other until only one survives!

Lights back on. CHARNISS rushes to check GEORGE’s pulse.

WONKA: Hah! Hold your horses, my District Ones, the cameras weren’t even rolling! Ooooooh, you guys are gonna be great drama, and so TV-friendly!

CHARNISS: They’re dead! You can’t do this to us! Let us out!

WONKA: I can’t do that, Charniss. You’ve already got blood on your hands.

CHARNISS looks horrified at her hands, which are covered in blood.

PEACHY JAMES: Let us out, you lunatic!

WONKA: You’ll get out over my cold dead body!

CLOVE: Fine!

CLOVE advances to kill him. WONKA stops her with a hand on her face, where it stays as he continues.

WONKA: BUT you’ll never win the cash prize. And the Oompa Loompas will never open the gate for you. They are my downtrodden slaves! They’ll never follow your orders. Besides you all signed the contract stipulating (he pulls out a magnifying glass) blah blah blah Hunger Games blah. Now my little kinslayers. Get ready for a little boat ride and then... HAPPY HUNGER GAMES.
The Creepy Boat Song From Willy Wonka And The Chocolate Factory plays as the lights turn off. LOOMPAS should have torches in their hands and light them suddenly, leering at the audience. Torches and gels waving all over the place as the LOOMPAS escort the TRIBUTES to their hoops. TRUNCHBULL comes on stage at some point.

Lights up.

WONKA yelps, startled by TRUNCHBULL’s presence. He regains composure.

WONKA: So what do you think of our darling little tributes, my darling giant Trunch?

TRUNCHBULL: My idea of a perfect world is one in which there are no children at all.

WONKA: Will they make good TV? Will the sponsors make good on the money?

TRUNCHBULL: Wonka, based on my research, nothing makes better television than Violence, Tragic Love, Betrayal and Revenge. And dragons. Or meth. Remember that. We must do what we have to do to get that kind of thing going on our show. But in the end, it’s children killing each other, and there’s no higher form of entertainment than that!

WONKA: Wow. You sure are a big smartie. Are you sure they’re even all gonna kill each other? A lot of them seemed real boringly pacifist.

TRUNCHBULL: No, the hot violent kids have demonstrated that they at least will be ruthless. The others know they’re being hunted now. The survival instincts will kick in. They’ll kill. They have to.

WONKA: I’m so glad I have you around Agatha. This is going to be a smash hit. I’m going to be rich!

Lights go down, slowly.
Scene 4: Out of the Tube and Into the Fire

TRIBUTES exit tubes one at a time (kooky sound effects).

GLOOP: Uhhhh... guys? I think I’m stuck.

TRIBUTES look around trying to find voice.

PEACHY JAMES: It’s Augustus Gloop! He’s stuck in the tube!

BRUCE: Ha. I managed to make it through mine. YAY BRUCE! BRUCE BRUCE [tries to start a chant of his own name, to silence.]

GLOOP: [meekly, joining in on the chant] Bruce.

VERUCA: Nobody cares.

FANTASTIC MR FOXFACE: So.. do we just uh..? [hesitantly begins to creep forward]

MATILDA: We’re supposed to wait for the countdown, clearly nobody else read the book.

CLOVE: Ugh I wanna start. Why do we have to wait?

MATILDA: Because we’ll get incinerated if we move.

MIKE TEEVEE: Hah, no way! [He sticks his arm outside his pod spot. Red wash lights, flame fwhoosh sound effect. He draws his arm into his sleeve because IT IS GONE] ARGH WHAT THE HELL.

VIOLET: [Obnoxiously]. Hey, book kid. You seem to get how things work around here- wanna team up?

MATILDA: Like...a friend?

VIOLET: [Obnoxiously]. Something like that.

MATILDA: Sure! Violet Beauregarde, right? Can I call you Violent Beauregarde? NO! Violent NO-Regard...for other people’s wellbeing. I’ll work on it, don’t worry!

GIRAFFE: What’s that pile at centre stage?

MATILDA: That’s the cornocopia. Those bags contain everything we’ll need for...killing each other.

PELLY: So, that countdown...?

WONKA: [sticks his head in from side stage] OH SNOZBERRIES! I almost forgot! 10..! 9..! OH, [quickly] 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, GO! [exits]

CATO and VERUCA simultaneously punch THE GIRAFFE AND THE PELLY in the guts/neck/face. It falls and struggles to get up again.

CATO: Game on!

VERUCA picks up the same lollybag as CHARNISS and pushes her over (off the stage, if we can manage such a stunt) and says something typical like “It’s mine! It’s all for me!”. She grabs a few bags, because she’s a shit bloke.

PEETA: I will win the Wonka Games! [he disguises himself as part of the set, which is made possible by the fact that he is conveniently dressed in the same colours/pattern as a wall.]

There is more grabbing and running which is choreographed at a rehearsal by a collaborative effort from your excellent directors and actors.

VERUCA AND CATO hold hands and clothesline The GIRAFFE AND THE PELLY as they exit.

CHARNISS gets up and looks around and sees no-one, except a couple of dead bodies (Of course, PEETA and GLOOP are still there). She walks over to the last remaining lolly bag, only to discover it contains BEARS! Alas, they are gummy bears, which are delicious, however, useless for killing UNLESS YOUR VICTIM HAS DIABETES.
CHARNISS: [dejectedly] They’re all gone...

GLOOP: Uhh... Hallo?

CHARNISS: [who didn’t hear him] I’m all alone...

PEETA grins.

CHARNISS: I’m never going to win with this!

CHARNISS sits down, dejected. Other characters go past in background fighting/chasing each other while she is talking but she is effectively not there to them. A couple of rogue weapons head near CHARNISS but she avoids them by unknowingly moving out of the way in the course of her gesticulating. By the end of this fighting CLOVE and PEACHY JAMES are DEAD.

CHARNISS: Well this completely sucks. I don’t want to do this Wonka Hunger Games crap! I’m not a violent person! I mean one time I fractured Prim’s collarbone, but she was getting all up in my grill, I don’t know what she expected. But to hunt and murder all these kids? I don’t know if I have it in me. Ugh when I volunteered to do this I thought I’d just have to, I don’t know, do the regular reality TV competition stuff. Wear a low-cut top all the time. Maybe eat a weird bug. Say something racist so the producers think I’m edgy and keep me around. I could do that stuff. Still, I do really need that BIG CASH PRIZE. But I really don’t want to hurt anybody. If I can only stay alive until the end...

PEETA: I think I love you.

CHARNISS throws her gummy bears in frustration and buries her head in her hands. RUE sees, picks it up, and taps CHARNISS on the shoulder. CHARNISS jumps and does an hilarious defensive pose.

CHARNISS: Give me my... weapons! I’ll fight you!

RUE: ... I was just giving them back. You can’t just throw your candy on the ground- that’s how diabetes spreads.

CHARNISS drops pose.

RUE: Really?


While CHARNISS is being polite, FANTASTIC MR FOXFACE creeps up behind to try to take her out (HE’S BEHIND YOU etc etc look audience participation). RUE picks up a bag on the floor and fashions it into a ball. She gets FOXFACE’s attention with it and then throws it offstage.

RUE: Fetch!

FANTASTIC MR FOXFACE: Oh boy!

FANTASTIC MR FOXFACE runs offstage in pursuit of the ball.

CHARNISS: Wha? Woah. Wait isn’t she just going to come back with it?

RUE: Nah, it’s a grenade, it’ll explode when she touches it.

CHARNISS looks at RUE like daaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaamn.
An explosion sound and an injured fox sound are heard.

CHARNISS reacts to this by instinctively reaching an arm out to ‘protect’ RUE from the blast. RUE notices and appreciates it, she shakes the hand at the end of the protecting arm (Jesus could I have fashioned that sentence more awkwardly)

RUE: Nice to meet you. I’m Rue. I don’t mean to be offensive, but... how are you still here?
CHARNISS: I NEED TO WIN.

RUE: I think we should stick together.

CHARNISS and RUE exit.

GLOOP: Anybodyyyy..?

PEETA: I will win the Wonka Games.

SCENE 5: The Central Ethical Dilemma of the Loompa Race

The LOOMPAS are cleaning up after the bloodbath at the cornucopia.

LOOMPAS:

Oompa, loompa, doompa de do
I’ve got little question for you.
Oompa, loompa, doompa de dee
If you are wise you’ll listen to me.
Was TV ever so vile and contrived?
Broadcasting death whilst broadcasting live.
I’d rather watch That’s So Raven or Cheers.
At least all that’s dead is the actors’ careers.
(Except for Kelsey Grammar)

Oompa Loompa doompa de da.
We’ve got an eth-ic-al di-lem-ma
Oompa Loompa doompa de do.
If you were us just what would you do?
How can we live with all of this death?
Kids going bonkers like they were on meth.
We know that we need these jobs to survive,
But we’d rather just leave the scamps alive!
(We’re just following orders)

Oompa Loompa Doomp-dee-dined
What would he do if we all resigned?
Oompa Loompa Doomp-dee-diz,
Maybe we’ll revol like in that movie Les Mis.
Why have we shed so much blood sweat and tears?
And sold it as chocolate for all of these years?
Cad-bury put a trademark on purple
And poor Mr Wonka went crazed and-

WONKA: Oi! Get back to work!

The LOOMPAS scurry off the stage, taking their equipment/body bags.
WONKA: So how are the ratings looking?

TRUNCHBULL: Um... good. The viewership numbers have jumped up, uh, a million percent since this time yesterday.

WONKA looks suspicious as TRUNCHBULL thinks she's been caught out.

WONKA: A million percent? Really? You know, I think you're lying to me. It must be at least 2 million.

TRUNCHBULL sighs in relief as WONKA wanders off aimlessly.

WONKA: Okay! Let's talk merchandising! We can have little sugary versions of all the contestants! Package them with a little knife, and they can bleed jam! Or even a video game! ‘Call of Candy’... No! ‘Candy Smash!’ No! ‘Candy Annihilate’... ‘Candy Crush’?

TRUNCHBULL: Fine fine fine. Now, who do we think should win the Wonka Games? Rue and Charniss, they seem to have a good alliance going.

WONKA: Maybe, although we can’t discount my District 1s. And I haven’t seen that Peeta boy for a long time. Is he even still in the game? [Picks up a mouthpiece and speaks into it] Loompas, check if Peeta’s escaped will you?

LOOMPAS: DO YOU READ ME. FOR THE LOVE OF MOLASSES YOU GODFORSAKEN- [Looks at mouthpiece. Puts it down.] I forgot I disconnected the intercom in the last budget cut. The money’s gonna be rolling in pretty soon right?

TRUNCHBULL: Before you can say ‘Mike TV is dead’

WONKA: Excellent.

TRUNCHBULL: No, look, Mike TV is dead.

SlenderMike is dangling from a leg and disembowelled.

WONKA: So he is. What innovative use of Wonka Delicious Delicorice rope. Work that into the campaign.

The two of them walk around the stage. As the lights follow them, PEETA is seen camouflaged in the background. Cue audience ‘he’s behind you’. WONKA and TRUNCHBULL don’t see him, though.

WONKA: Oh, we have such great contestants! This is going to be such a good show! It’ll be a hit, and the Chocolate Factory will be famous and back in money before we know it!

TRUNCHBULL: I know! Such lovely murdertainment! They’re going to form more alliances and find even more creative and brutal ways of offing each other. Who could look away! We will just...help it along, I have some thing up my sleeve that will really spice things up.

WONKA: Magnificent! Oh, I almost forgot. I did some TV research and I thought of something to improve our ratings even more. What do the most successful shows of all time have in common?

TRUNCHBULL: I don’t know what you- 

WONKA: You know! Two and a Half Men, The Big Bang Theory...

TRUNCHBULL: Abysmal writing?

WONKA: The Sopranos! Friends! Oh come on, they all have LAUGH TRACKS!

TRUNCHBULL: Right. I don’t think The Sopranos had a laugh track.

WONKA: Oh that must have just been my own laughing. Hilarious show. Still, good idea, right?

TRUNCHBULL: [She thinks it’s insane] Do what you want, Wonky D, as long as the kids keep up the killing.

WONKA: Oh they super will.
SCENE 6: Friends Forever

CHARNISS: Okay, so we should come up with some kind of signals so we can stay safe and hidden. What if when I flap my arms like this [she flaps comically], you duck, and when I do this [she does a bird call], you... I don’t know... what are some more hiding techniques?

RUE: Roll into a ball?

CHARNISS: Yeah! Now we just gotta stay here where we can kind of get a lookout on what other people are doing, and wait it out.

RUE: And if someone finds us here, we have our trap.

CHARNISS: Exactly- if they open that door, that bucket of jelly is gonna fall right on their heads.

RUE: Are you sure that’s going to stop them killing us?

CHARNISS: They’ll have jelly on their heads, Rue. Have you ever had jelly on your head? Trust me.

RUE: Okay. I trust you. [She smiles] You’re a cool lady Charniss.

CHARNISS: You too, Rue. [She does a bird call]

RUE: What are- OH. [She rolls into a ball]

CHARNISS: Nailed it.

Fade across to GLOOP and BRUCE. A Friends riff plays to introduce this part of the scene.

GLOOP: Anybody? Help me out of this tube? Preferably not kill me also. Oh no. If you are looking for a kill and you can hear my voice I am... over... somewhere else. We saved it, Augustus.

BRUCE enters, absentmindedly chanting his name, weapon drawn. Audience boos. He sees GLOOP. BRUCE doesn’t really get the laugh track and looks around sort of surprised – where is it coming from.

BRUCE: Hah! Still here?

GLOOP: [nervous. Please don’t kill me.] Evidently, ja.

BRUCE: [brandishes weapon] You know I could take you out right now.

GLOOP: Out of my tube? Ja please. Say, you are Bruce Bogtrotter, ja?

BRUCE: [softening. Here is a fan.] Uh, yeah, duh.

GLOOP: [getting excited] I saw that video on YouTube, where you are eating all of the cake at the school and the kids are cheering and you just keep eating the cake and there is so much cake but you say “Uh uh, not today cake, you are big but I am bigger” and you destroy it and it is the most inspiring thing I have ever seen. I was a svelte, svey Hitler Youth type back then, but ever since I saw it I started the intense Black Forest cake eating training- where you sit in tents in the Black Forest intensely eating Black Forest cake every day. And now, well. Now I am stuck in my tube about to be murdered by the boy who started it all. [He begins laughing deeply]

Laugh track plays again.

BRUCE: Wow. Uh. That’s tragic, why are you laughing?

Laugh track plays again. BRUCE looks up as if like wtf?
GLOOP: I’m German, this is hilarious. It’s like an episode of the Seinfeld to me. Or another beloved sitcom of the 1990s.

BRUCE: You’re a weird kid, Gloop. But you’re right, I am a huge inspiration. Everyone said that I would get diabetes if I ate all that cake. You know what I said? I said what the hell is diabetes.

GLOOP: Ja, very good question. I heard it turns your limbs to fishes but I don’t know.

BRUCE: Gloop, You’re a fan, and I like you. We could stick together and annihilate all those skinny bitches. Let me help you out.

GLOOP: Oh my! Friends?

BRUCE: Friends. Now let’s get some candy, crush the rest of ’em, and win the games.

VIOLET runs on stage to find a packet of gum lying CONVENIENTLY in the centre of the stage. With a ribbon around it. She opens it up and is about to start chewing. MATILDA steps on, sees, and rushes forward to slap it out her hands.

MATILDA: VIOLET! What are you doing?

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] I ran out of gum. I found this gum.

MATILDA: That’s nightlock gum, Violet! You would have swelled up into a giant blueberry and died! We can’t give the audience that! We don’t have the resources!

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] Oh really? How do you know it’s nightlock, Sherlack?

MATILDA: SherLOCK, oh my god. And I READ ... the label. On the-

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] SHUT! UP! About reading. You are the worst ally ever. You know, if someone were to come up and kill you [perhaps she glances at the audience] I wouldn’t even stop ’em.

MATILDA: Violet! You wouldn’t betray me like that!

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] Whatever. I’m off to see if there’s any (E)extra gum anywhere. Though I prefer Hubba Bubba.

‘I Want Candy’ starts to play. Front of the stage comes to light. CATO and VERUCA walk downstage and are almost dry humping.

CATO: I know a guy who’s tough but sweet. It’s me. He’s so fine he can’t be beat. Or can he?

VERUCA: He’s got everything that I desire. Give it to me. Sets the summer sun on fire. And by summer sun I mean my-

CATO/VERUCA: I want candy!

BRUCE and GLOOP come forward.

BRUCE/GLOOP: I want candy!

[They do a belly bounce jump thing]

VIOLET: I want candy!

[She mimics an ‘anybody got any gum?’ gesture]
CHARNISS comes forward but isn’t participating. Arms folded. RUE has her arm held up to high five, expectantly.

CHARNISS: I just want the cash prize.

CHARNISS stalks offstage. The mood is kind of ruined and the music has stopped. TRIBUTES start to walk offstage. CATO, breaking the abstract, comes up to high-five RUE instead only to twist her arm behind her back and stab a sword though her. Then he walks off jauntily, happy with the kill. CHARNISS runs back on as RUE is standing there shocked and bleeding.

CHARNISS: Hey, BRU! Watch out! I’m gonna kill ya!

CHARNISS jumps at RUE but then just gives her a bro punch in the stomach. RUE falls to the ground.

CHARNISS: Hey! [kicking Rue] That’s not the defensive pose we practised! [noticing the blood] Oh nuuu, Rue! Who did this to you?

RUE: The really. really. really. hot guy. He lowballed me with a high five.

CHARNISS: Oh, god. You must mean Cato. He is really really hot. [They both have a moment of fantasising about CATO, despite him being evil.]

RUE: Charniss. Promise me you’ll win.

CHARNISS: I promise. They’re gonna bloody RUE the day they killed my buddy, Rue. Hmmm that doesn’t sound very threatening, does it?

RUE: No. You’re probably better off with WEA-puns, not BAD puns. And that jelly trap was never going to achieve anything but a sticky mess. Oh, Charniss, will you sing for me?

CHARNISS [reluctantly]: But I can’t even sing-

RUE [leaping up suddenly to grab CHARNISS’s throat. With the hand on the throat it is really restricted so the singing is bound to be terrible]: SING!

CHARNISS sings.

CHARNISS:

So no one told you life was gonna be this way.

CHARNISS and RUE do the four claps and RUE is nearly dropped. They quickly grab each other again as if nothing happened.

CHARNISS:

You’re bleeding blood, oh god, your skin is turning grey.

She accidentally claps again and Rue falls to the stage and dies.

Lights cut out and the Friends riff plays. A single light comes up on PEETA at the back of the stage.

PEETA: I will win the Wonka Games.

Laugh track. (or ‘ooohhhh’)

Lights out.

END ACT ONE
ACT TWO
Scene 7: A Cautionary Tale

Factory floor. TRIBUTES are scattered and hiding. The stage appears empty but for the Control Platform, where WONKA stands with TRUNCH.

WONKA: Attention, contestants. Isn’t this cool? I got the intercom turned back on with the money Agatha gave us from the advertisers! There’s plenty more where that came from! Anyway, there will be a Feast in the next scene. Each of you needs something, each of you wants something more than anything else...

CHARNISS pops up from her hiding place.

CHARNISS: ... Well this bow I cobbled together out of Red Vines and liquorice twists is all good and well, but not if I don’t have anything to shoot from it... I bet that’s what I’ll find at that Feast. [She runs off.]

CATO appears from his hiding place, gasps and grabs his hair.

CATO: My organic hair gum! Wonky D must have noticed all this physical activity has been hell on my follicles- that must be what he has for me! [He runs off.]

VERUCA enters.

WONKA: Whatever it is you desire, it will be waiting for you at the Feast.

VERUCA: I want a feast...I want a bean feast! I knew it! I knew it I knew it I knew it! FINALLY! It’s all I’ve ever wanted! [VERUCA skips offstage.]

WONKA: I look forward to seeing you all there... And may the odds be ever in your favour.

There is a pause. During the following MATILDA and VIOLET enter separately.

WONKA : Oh man this is going to be so deliciously morbid, I can’t wait to watch them walk into my tra-

TRUNCHBULL: No, no no stop, stop, the microphone is still on.

WONKA: Oh uh, ummmm shit, please excuse the preceding statements I was just rehearsing for a play that I’m writing. It’s a musical!

WONKA [sung quite badly]:
Uh, come with me,
And you’ll be,
A world of puuuuure... evisceration?

TRUNCHBULL [cutting in desperately, singing]:
GETTINGTHINGSYOU NEED-TIONNNNN

WONKA: Oh nice save.

TRUNCHBULL: Thanks.

WONKA [continuing the song]:
Just like meeeeee,
They long to beeee,
... Killing you?

TRUNCHBULL [sighing]: Just turn off the microphone that’s not even the same song.

WONKA: IN CONCLUSION everybody see you at the feast for lots of good times and hugs and candy and that sort of thing definitely not a trap hahahahaha maytheoddsbeeverinyourfavour Wonka out.

Feedback noise. Long pause.

MATILDA: Ohhhhhh man, this is gonna be a sight to see.
VIOLET: [obnoxiously] ... Huh?

MATILDA: Isn’t it obvious?

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] ... Apparently not?

MATILDA [frustratedly]: Oh of course, I forget you haven’t read the book. Well, as we know, Wonky D is clearly basing this awful game we’re all trapped in off the book series, turned into a popular but not as good film series The Hunger Games, starring Academy Award winning actress Jennifer Lawrence and teen heartthrob Woody Harrelson.

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] Isn’t that guy like 50?

MATILDA [snapping]: HE IS STILL A BEAUTIFUL MAN VIOLET AGE DOES NOT DEFINE BEAUTY.

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] I withdraw the question.

MATILDA [still irritable]: ANYWAY... The point is, I know what’s going to happen, because I’ve read the books! The Feast is not gonna be pretty. We’re being lured there for more really bad shit to go down.

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] Oh come on, it’s a Feast, the worst that could happen is that someone might get diabetes or something. And in that case, I can just wear sunscreen.

MATILDA: What? What has sunscreen got to do with diabetes?

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] I don’t know! Who the hell knows what diabetes is anyway?

MATILDA: Well I’ve read-

VIOLET: [obnoxiously] You need to stop. So what are we going to do if we’re not going to the feast?

MATILDA: [scoffs] Of course we’re going. I’m going to stand on the sidelines and watch these guys’ faces [motioning to the audience] as all the other tributes guys fall victim to your complete lack of knowledge of the source material. See, in the books, there’s this Feas-

GUY AUDIENCEMAN [true to his name, seated in the audience]: OH MY GOD SHUT UP WE DON’T CARE.

MATILDA [nervously]: Wh... What?

GUY AUDIENCEMAN: Seriously nobody cares if you know what’s coming because you read the books years before the TV series came out.

MATILDA: Movie. You haven’t read the book either, have you? Where are you?

MATILDA squints into the audience and makes a ‘lights up’ gesture to the Bio Box. House lights go up.

GUY AUDIENCEMAN: Whatever, the point is the only thing worse than spoilers, which you seem MORE THAN HAPPY to provide, is when some smug jerk doesn’t spoil things but is still dropping bullshit hints all like OH MAN YOU’RE GOING TO SHIT YOUR PANTS AT THE NEXT EPISODE, IT--.

MATILDA: Movie.

GUY AUDIENCEMAN: WHATEVER JUST SHUT UP WITH YOUR “OH MAN I’M SO GREAT I READ THE BOOKS” CRAP OKAY PLEASE WE’RE TRYING TO WATCH A SHOW.

MATILDA: ... I’m sensing some hostility derived from a different source that you’re repressi-

GUY AUDIENCEMAN: I JUST WANT TO WATCH GAME OF THRONES AT MY OWN PACE OKAY, JESUS.
MATILDA: Oh. My. Gods. I love those books! Is the series up the part where Tyron gets his –

GUY AUDIENCEMAN [snapping]: SHUUUT UUUUUUUUP!

He runs onstage, rips a giant piece of set candy off the set and starts to take down MATILDA with it. The other contestants watch with a mild disinterest as GUY AUDIENCEMAN takes out the collective rage of thousands of TV-exclusive fans across the world, in one swoop, quenching every thirst for vengeance of every Tumblr user who was dumb enough to open their dash the day after a GoT episode aired, every Doctor Who fan who lives somewhere other than the UK and doesn’t have the high-speed internet required to get it before the rest of the world goes nuts about it. MATILDA dies, slowly, painfully, alone. GUY AUDIENCEMAN lets her sink to the floor, his rage sated.

GUY AUDIENCEMAN: ... The audience members send their regards.

He stomps offstage to (hopefully) rapturous applause.

LIEF PLANTINO, A POTTED PLANT IN THE BACK OF THE AUDIENCE: Um, I think that guy was a plant.

All lights down.

End scene.

Scene change music: The Rains of Castermere.

Scene 8: Bee Aggressive, Bee Bee Aggressive

The Feast, surprisingly, looks like an actual feast, with tables covered in candy and stuff. PEETA is lying in the middle of the main table in a pig onesie with an apple in his mouth. There are also boxes labelled “ACTUAL WEAPONS”, which VIOLET and CATO, who are the first to enter the scene, converge on immediately. CATO has the upper hand and pushes VIOLET to the ground before opening the box, retrieving his precious hair gum. VIOLET has gotten up again and grabbed a candy necklace, with which she prepares to strangle CATO, but he turns with a startled yelp and instinctively shoves his gum into VIOLET’s face, where it suffocates her. VIOLET collapses.

CATO: CHEW ON THAT, GUMFACE. [with the sudden realisation that he’s destroyed his beloved hair goop, he collapses to his knees by her body, as though mourning her] Wait! Nooooo! What have I done! My gum! It’s in your face!

VERUCA enters.

VERUCA: Cato? What the hell?

CATO: [Weeping] DON’T LOOK AT ME.

He flees.

VERUCA: He’ll get over it. He’s figured out how to use his tears as hair gel. Well, his tears and his: [she becomes aware of her surroundings] Oh hot damn! A real feast! Although I can’t help but notice a distinct lack of beans, they may be brought out in a later course... Oh look, jelly beans! This IS a bean feast! But first, what can I use to beat those other guys... [She looks around until she notices a bee-hive shaped container which she assumes contains...] Honey! I could use this to make a sticky snare to trap one of the others...

Hmmm...

She lifts the bee-hive and BEES FLY OUT HOLY SHIT THEY’RE EVERYWHERE JESUS CHRIST WHY DID WE PUT LIVE ANGRY BEES IN A CONFINED THEATRE THIS WAS A POOR DECISION actually the bees are tiny cardboard props that
are flown about by mysterious people mysteriously dressed in mysterious black clothing and going ‘bzz’.

VERUCA: BEES?! NOT A BEE-FEAST! NOOOOOOOOO!

VERUCA is stung repeatedly and collapses to the ground and she dies, probably falling behind a table because lying dead onstage trying not to breathe or laugh for like 5 minutes is really uncomfortable.

CHARNISS enters.

CHARNISS: [noticing the bodies of VERUCA and VIOLET, disturbed] Whaaaaaat the-. Well. I can’t say I’ll miss either of you. [She quickly checks her surroundings for predators, then opens a box. It contains some large candy canes] This’ll do me!

She exits

PEETA makes grabby hands in the direction of her exit.

PEETA: [to the extent that he can enunciate with an apple in his mouth, which is probably not very much] I love you.

After a moment, GLOOP and BRUCE enter, all chummy like, arm in arm and skipping. They react with joy to the feast.

BRUCE: Augustus! Look at all this delicious food! Oh wait- are we safe?

GLOOP: Oh ja, the murdering. Good point. [calls] Halloooooo-eh? Anyone about? Anybody with any murderous intentions?

BRUCE: Send out the decoy.

GLOOP blows up a large beach ball and rolls it toward the feast table.

BRUCE: [High pitched voice] Look! It’s me, one of the fatties, approaching the table. Oh please don’t attack me… don’t make me run, I’m full of chocolate.

GLOOP laughs at the reference and high fives BRUCE. They wait. Nothing happens.

BRUCE: Great! All clear. What shall we try first?!

GLOOP: Why not everything?!

BRUCE: Agreed!

The shake hands and separate, BRUCE heading centre stage to look at some delicious cinnamon buns on the middle table, GLOOP heading downstage right to look at the stage right table.

BRUCE: There any cake on that table there?

GLOOP: Nein. Nein cakes.

BRUCE looks excited.

GLOOP: Oh you misunderstand. There are not nine cakes, nein there are not cakes. This happens every time. [He looks understandably distressed by both the lack of cakes and the language barrier].

BRUCE: Nothing?! Not even a cupcake? What kind of feast is this if it doesn’t even have cake?

GLOOP: [whilst still rummaging through candies]: We shall just have to hunt some more, mein friend. After all, you cannot expect a cake to just drop from the heavens! [chuckling mirthfully to himself in a way that I assume all Germans do]

Lights up on WONKA and TRUNCHBULL in the Control Room set.

WONKA: NOW!

The scene goes into slow motion. A WINCH/SWITCH sound is heard and a giant cake begins to lower from the ceiling directly above where BRUCE is standing.
Everybody is shouting at BRUCE in slow motion to get out of the way, but BRUCE is still standing under the cake, rapturously awaiting its descent, that he may at last taste that sweetest of confectionaries, that life-giving nectar, that most precious of flour- and egg based goods, that most unrelentingly succule-

The cake crushes BRUCE with a RESOUNDING BOOM. The LIGHTS FLICKER for a brief moment, and when they return, everyone is still, shocked and awed. GLOOP breaks the silence.

GLOOP: Bruce! Scheisse! Cursing in German! Neeeeeeееeeeeeeеeeеeезин!

GLOOP rushes over to the cake, desperate to free BRUCE from his sugary tomb. He tries to lift it, it’s too heavy.

GLOOP begins to throw himself bodily at the cake, tearing chunks off directly with his mouth, crying as he eats. For reference, imagine Smithers the snake when he’s eating dead Burns in that Treehouse of Horror Harry Potter episode of the Simpsons. He stops after a few bites.

GLOOP: This... [bite] This is delicious! [bite] What is it made of? [bite]

WONKA: Oh you know, a little sugar, a little cocoa, blood, sweat, tears...

GLOOP: Mmmm! [bite]

TRUNCHBULL: Aaaaaaand cyanide. [To WONKA] How’s that for SPICING things up.

GLOOP: Oh. I do not think we have this ingredient in Germa-

GLOOP immediately dies, in what I’m sure will be a very touching and dramatic scene. After a moment, FRANKLIN, MANFRED, NORBERT, BERTRAND and JANICE pop out of hiding to sing a very brief song.

LOOMPAS: Oompa, Loompa, doompity duckhead
Willy Wonka is a really big (notice audience) ...jerk.

FRANKLIN: Well I think I’ve seen enough.

NORBERT: Yeah, Wonka’s gone too far this time. All those poor kids wanted was cake.

BERTRAND: Cake and the joy of friendship. Isn’t that all anyone wants?

JANICE: We need to get rid of him.

MANFRED: But how?

The LOOMPAS muse for a moment or two. Possibly the audience will suggest things. Tell them how dumb they are.

BERTRAND [uncertain]: Look, if we built this large wooden badger... [Or improvises particularly ridiculous ideas every night for EXTRA FUN]

MANFRED smacks him over the head.

FRANKLIN: We’ll recruit one of the tributes. I’m sure they’re sick of this sick game he’s set up.

NORBERT: We could use some of those combat skills they’ve been honing, too.

BERTRAND [immediately changing tack]: Yes. Yes that would probably be more efficient, although I for one am still wholly in favour of the (badger/ridiculous) idea. Anyone who agrees, raise your hand, yes? Franklin, Norbert, anybody?
While Gary is still trying to pitch his ridiculous idea the other LOOMPAS have agreed on Franklin’s plan and are reverently removing the corpses of VIOLET, VERUCA, GLOOP and BRUCE. They exit the stage.

PEETA removes the apple from his mouth

PEETA: I will win the Wonka Games.

END SCENE.

Scene 9: And Then There Were Two (Sort Of)

CHARNISS runs onstage.

CHARNISS: Christ! That feast was awful! I only got like 10 candy canes to use with my bow, and I had to suck them into a point myself! [She notices the audience and feels bad] Also the, uh, those two guys getting brutally killed. And the bee thing. Oh my god, she must have had dia-BEE-tes?! Anyway yep. That was… unpleasant. Disturbing. Less fun than most things to witness, I guess. I’m not sure how I got out unharmed. But I am sure of one thing...

She steps forward into a spotlight as the rest of the stage dims.

CHARNISS [dramatically]: I need to win the Big Cash Prize and avenge Rue.

She steps back. Spotlight disappears and stage is relit. Awkward pause as CHARNISS looks at the audience expectantly, expecting them to be wowed.

CHARNISS: Oh damn- did I just repeat my character motivations again? Sorry guys.

She is cut off as some comical prop from an earlier scene comes whizzing in and hits narrowly misses her.

CHARNISS: Argh! God I’m going to be glad when this is over and things stop flying at my head.

CHARNISS looks around in confusion, drawing her weapon and preparing for battle. CATO enters with a swagger and laughs at her.

CATO: You mean when you go back to your job as a...thing...where things fly at you. Bird keeper? I NEVER SAID I WAS THE WITTY ONE-LINER GUY. [coughs, gets his swag back on] Well, well, well. Look who we have here. Little Miss Charred-Dress. Hah, I just got that. All alone.

CHARNISS: What are you doing here, Cato, you smarmy evil bastard? Don’t you want to just go home and kick puppies or post on 4chan or something?
CATO [sarcastically]: Ha, ha, ha. Ha. I’m here to win, idiot! This is a competition after all! And I’m not here not to not be a big dumb loser.

CHARNISS: Wow you weren’t kidding about the one liners.

CATO lunges forward and they launch into battle. Ultimately this bit is up to the fight choreographer. Eventually CATO is in the process of attacking CHARNISS in the same manner that he killed Rue, but CHARNISS is able to block him and overpower him. CATO is trapped and CHARNISS is one (here Nicola tries to come up with a word that isn’t ‘stroke’ or ‘blow’ to use in this sentence) away from finishing the job. (Move. She’s one move away from finishing the job.)

CHARNISS: Uh uh. You’re not finishing me off the same way you did poor Rue.

CATO: Oh uh. You’re not finishing me off the same way you did poor Rue.

CHARNISS: About yay high, dark hair, super cute? Eyes that sparkled like the damn sea? No?

CATO: It doesn’t ring a bell.

CHARNISS: No, Cato. You see, I thought I was here for the Big Cash Prize, but I’ve learned that there is so much more to this than money. Although the money is super important. But what’s more important is friendship, and honour, and trust. And also the money, don’t forget that. But friendship too. And most importantly, bar the money, standing up for those who can’t stand up for themselves! Because we’re not all blessed with strength and speed and middle class white privilege! And those of us who can step up and fight for the cause of the little guy, or girl, or pack of little guys, or their friend Rue, have to do it. You brutally murdered my friend, and god knows however many others, in cold blood, and if I don’t kill you, you win, and evil and dishonour gets awarded the Big Cash Prize. And I can’t step aside and let that happen. For honour. For good. For Rue. And also I really need the money.

Lights come back up. LOOMPAS scatter into hiding. CHARNISS returns to her position of CATO-pinning.

CATO: [mostly to audience] Hey you ever notice women talk too much? Did anyone get what she- 

CHARNISS kicks CATO in the throat.

CHARNISS: Rue. You killed my friend Rue.

CATO shakes his head, confused.

CATO: It doesn’t ring a bell.

CHARNISS: Geez sorry, I made this out of goddamn candy, how do you expect-[Still fiddling clumsily with the bow, an arrow flies right into his heaaarrrrr or heart region]

CATO dies instantly.

CHARNISS: OH HELL YEAH, NAILED IT. [She fires a few more arrows into the corpse because she can, now, and she’s getting a bit high on the killing
excitement and the imminent Big Cash Prize]. AWWWWWW YYYYYYEEEEEAAAAHHHHH.

THE LOOMPAS come out of hiding, with varying reactions to the scene before them (horror, glee, normal) (hey who noticed how all those words are part of Ryan Murphy TV show titles). CHARNISS notices them, snaps back to reality re: what she is doing, panics and flees.

LOOMPAS have a pitch pipe and blow it to get ready for singing because they are now so legit. The say the notes of solfa.

IRVING: So-so-so-sooooo that Charniss Everbucket, huh. Did you guys hear what she was saying?

NORBERT: Me-me-me-me. I heard. About standing up for the little guy? Little guys? Like us??

RUDOLPH: And checking her white privilege. Ooo la la. La la la la la. ??

Other LOOMPAS look at RUDOLPH like ‘that one did not work’

FRANKLIN: We can totally get her to take down Wonka for us. She’s the perfect contestant for the job- and ruthless- you saw her littering this guy with arrows. It was like the end of Fellowship of the Ring in here, damn.

BERTRAND: She’s also the only one left. So that’s convenient.

The OOMPAS nod rabbleously.

JANICE: Okay. You know what we gotta do.

The OOMPAS nod rabbleously, then get into position to sing while dragging CATO’S body inelegantly off the stage. They raise their voices with the intent of being overheard by CHARNISS as they sing lines they want her to hear, particularly the ending:

LOOMPAS:

Oompa, Loompa, doompity do. I’ve got another puzzle for you. Oompa Loompa doompity dee. If you are wise you would listen to me. What do you do with a boss who’s a dick? Dictating plans with a punch and a kick. How do you fight if you’re just a grunt? What do you do to contain such a cunt-rol freak? (We need to find a champion.)

LOOMPAS look expectantly over where CHARNISS walked out, hoping she’ll be their champion. Nada.

Oompa, Loompa, doompity dah, If you’re heroic you will go far You’ll have all our gratitude too There’s just one thing we need from you (A little bit of mutiny)

Again they look expectantly over where CHARNISS walked off, what will entice her back?

Oompa, Loompa, everyone dies Ain’t it a shame there’s no Big Cash Prize.

CHARNISS re-enters.

CHARNISS: Uh, hey guys. Great song. Couldn’t help but- thought I’d- ...could you just sing that bit again, please?

VIKRAM: Which bit?

CHARNISS mimics the line about the no cash prize. The OOMPA LOOMPAS re-enact that bit with the dance and everything.
CHARNISS: So there’s... no money?

The OOMPAS get nervous (this will be the moment of truth) and nod, backing away as CHARNISS starts to yell, growing hysterical.

CHARNISS: So... you’re telling me, that I’ve been stuck here, watching all of these kids die, I just killed a guy, and I’m not even getting ANY MONEY? Are you SERIOUS? What was the point of this then? Is this just some kind of SICK GAME to you creepy bastards?

RUDOLPH: Well, he was a huge dick [motioning to CATO’s corpse].

CHARNISS: THAT’S NOT THE P-

FRANKLIN: No, no, no. Look, Miss Everbucket. Can I call you Charlie? It’s a... PR thing. Wonka was reading this book about a television show called The Hunger Games and he thought that if he put on one of his own, it would draw people’s attention and help save the company.

MANFRED: Desperate times call for desperate measures.

GODFREY: I thought it was a bit far-fetched, really.

IRVING: Me too! I suggested a My Chocolate Factory Rules type thing but he didn’t go for it.

The OOMPAS murmur disappointedly and comment about how cool that would have been.

JANICE: He’s insane! We need to stop this before it goes any further!

DERMOT: We were all against it from the start! But we couldn’t do anything because this is our job.

GODFREY: We’re just...the little guys.

FRANKLIN: We can’t...stand up for ourselves.

VIKRAM: We’re not...strong

DERMOT: We’re not...speedy

RUDOLPH: We’re sorely lacking in...middle class white privilege.

CHARNISS: [catching on that they’re appealing for her help, softening] You guys want my help. You want me to fight for you, and take down Wonka.

OOMPA: He’s insane, Charniss, we need you.

CHARNISS: [She’s getting into the idea] You need me to destroy him. And take his job.

BERTRAND: Well n-

BERTRAND is comically silenced by a NEARBY LOOMPA

CHARNISS: And then once that loon is out of the picture I can take over the factory. And then I’ll have assets. And I can provide for my family after all!

The LOOMPAS look around at each other uneasily- this wasn’t the plan, but hey, at this stage they just need her on their side. They communicate all of this through a series of non-verbal expressions and gestures, because the people portraying them are Talented Actors who can do such things.

BERTRAND: Let’s go grab some Willy!

ALL: YEAH!

They make a brief hero pose and then charge off stage purposefully, realising after a couple of seconds that ‘let’s go grab some Willy’ sounds weird, and being like ‘wait ew’.

END SCENE
Scene 10: Truth Hurts

Scene begins with WONKA sprawled out on his sofa, apparently reading his copy of The Hunger Games. TRUNCHBULL is tutting and staring at a large screen/silver paint square on the wall. WONKA is giggling to himself maniacally.

TRUNCHBULL: That was amazing! Brilliant! I can’t stop watching. That bit where he - and then she - with the - and when that little bookworm got -

TRUNCHBULL mimics boxing and stabbing. WONKA laughs particularly obnoxiously.

TRUNCHBULL: [Turning around] Are you even paying attention, you mauve-waisted moron!?

WONKA continues to chuckle into his book. TRUNCHBULL stalks over and snatches it out of his hands, revealing the iPad/viewing screen he is squirrelling behind it.

WONKA: [Stands up] Hey! I was watching that.

TRUNCHBULL: Wha- why? [She steps around to look over his shoulder] Ooh, look. Oh!

There is lots of screen-pointing and excited exclamations as they presumably watch a brutal child-murder on screen.

WONKA: Ooh, another brutal child-murder on screen! Shame to see my Cato go, but I must say I love the way the story is panning out, the irony!

TRUNCHBULL: Excellent.

They stand dramatically.

WONKA: The betrayal!

TRUNCHBULL: Excellent!

WONKA: THE REVENGE!!!

TRUNCHBULL: EXCELLENT!!!

They do a hero pose.

TRUNCHBULL: See?! We had a damn good time, it doesn’t matter that I didn’t actually broadcast it because you’re happy now. Now let’s figure out how we’re going to destroy the last-

WONKA: Whoah. Whoah whoah whoah.

TRUNCHBULL: I know, it’s a shame there’s only one left.

WONKA: You didn’t put it on TV???

TRUNCHBULL: No, you plum-hankied nincompoop. I refuse to believe you actually thought people were going to let you get away with this. It was just a bit of fun for us! You’re downright insane! YOU'RE A DING-DONG.

WONKA starts crying. He shakes his book at TRUNCHBULL and staggers towards her.

WONKA: But! But what about the money you gave me that I fixed the intercom with? Wasn’t that from the advertisers?

TRUNCHBULL: I fired Seizure Flickerpants and then shanked him and sold his sequinned pants- there were real diamonds in there.

WONKA: Flickerpants? The TV presenter? He wasn’t actually a TV presenter? You hired him for your ruse? You ... you lied to me! I trusted you to help me put on this whole show and it was all for nothing. The irony.

TRUNCHBULL: Actually that's not what irony-
WONKA takes a couple more steps forward, shaking.

WONKA: The betrayal! [He suddenly whips a knife out.] THE REVENGE!

WONKA charges and stabs TRUNCHBULL.

WONKA: Oh man that would have been great for television. [He collapses]. The irony.

Enter CHARNISS, flanked by LOOMPAS.

CHARNISS: There he is. The monster who rigged this awful bloodbath!

WONKA: [has a revelation] Oh... I get it. The audience would have hated watching this as much as you kids hated doing it. And your parents. Geez they would have seen it and probably, geez, yeah, probably written some letters. [He smacks is head at his stupidity] This is going to be awful PR if it gets out. [Snaps back to cold and insane] Oompa Loompas! Kill her!

CHARNISS: [To LOOMPAS] Grab him!

FOUR LOOMPAS grab WONKA.

WONKA: What the hell? Oompa Loompas, I said kill her, not kill me. Did I say 'me' instead of 'her'? That doesn't sound like her. I mean it doesn't sound like-

MANFRED kicks WONKA in the groin.

NORBERT: Yeah! Caramelise THOSE almonds!

FRANKLIN: You’re finished, Wonka, we don’t take orders from you anymore.

RUDOLPH: You’re evil, managerially inept, and frankly insane.

JANICE: And stop calling us Oompa! My name is Janice!

WONKA cries in mental pain and physical anguish. He breaks down sobbing and apologetic. It’s super awkward.

WONKA: I’m sorry. I never meant- I was so- I needed-

WONKA reaches towards CHARNISS. PEETA, ever-lurking, interprets this as an impending attack on his love. He launches from his set-disguise and kills WONKA with his bare hands. ALL react with shock.

PEETA: Charniss! I've saved you! WE HAVE WON THE WONKA GAMES!

CHARNISS: What?

PEETA: Charniss, ever since we first saw each other I’ve been crazy for you -crazier than a bag of lizards. I never wanted to see you dead. I knew, deep down in my heart, that if we could just make it to the end of the Wonka Games - together - we could make it through everything. I know this is just a chocolate factory and everybody's got a hungry heart, but this chocolate has melted the ice in our hearts and tempered our love, and I just feel gooey inside. What I’m saying is that I believe we can make something wonderful. Here. Together. [He clasps her hands in his.]

CHARNISS... I have no idea who you are. I have never seen you before in my life.

A few of the LOOMPAS have pulled out some popcorn and are watching this exchange play out with deep interest.

GODFREY: Oh look, I think he’s realised the success of his disguises has been his undoing.

RUDOLPH: It’s like he truly is invisible.

PEETA: [melodramatically] The success of my disguises has been my undoing! I truly am invisible. [wistful sigh]

Exuent, melodramatically.
NORBERT: Wow, Wonka wasn’t wrong, that was fun to watch.

End scene. Lights down.

Scene 11: All’s Well That Ends At All

Outside the gates of the Wonka Factory. CHARNISS is there with MA EVERBUCKET and PRIM.

CHARNISS: Here we are, guys! This is my new factory. We’re gonna get it back on it’s feet and it’ll bring our family plenty of money!

MA EVERBUCKET: Oh, Charniss, I’m so proud of you. Honestly, I didn’t think you could do it. I thought you’d fail miserably as usual, but you’ve proved me wrong, and I’m so excited for what you’ve done for our family.

PRIM: I love you, Charniss.

MA EVERBUCKET: Yes, we love you, Charniss.

CHARNISS: Wow, that’s so nice to hear Ma, Prim.

VIKRAM, DERMOT, BERTRAND and NORBERT bring out a sign that says LOOMPA CHOCOLATES and attach it to the gate. CHARNISS gets their attention.

CHARNISS: That’s cool, guys, but I was thinking like EVERBUCKET CANDY TREATS or-

VIKRAM: Yeahhh, uh, about that.

DERMOT: You’re not taking over the company.

CHARNISS: What?? That was the plan, guys.

THE REST OF THE LOOMPAS enter.

IRVING: Actually, that was your plan, and you kind of steamrolled over what we were saying, like a typical non-Loompa person.
CHARNISS: But I defeated Wonka for you!

GODFREY: Did you though? I mean, the invisible guy took him down, so if Wonka-killing was what won a person a factory, it would go to him. Wherever he went.

FRANKLIN: But at any rate, it was always our intention to run the factory ourselves. We’ve been working here for decades; we know what we’re doing.

NORBERT: Yeah, not to mention the Masters degrees we all have in commerce.

RUDOLPH: We have a plan for getting the company back on its feet, too-Wonka was trying to manufacture products that were way too bizarre, and the public wasn’t interested.

JANICE: Organic Snozz-truffle Lima-bean Licorice Omelette Pellets? What the hell are those?

RUDOLPH: We’re going to take it back to basics, give the people what they’ve always known and liked. That’s a real business plan- what were you going to do to turn this place around?

CHARNISS: Well, you know, work hard? Work together? Everyone pitch in? Roll our sleeves up? Come on you guys, I need this, let me at least work here.

BERTRAND: Charniss, you killed a guy. We can’t have a murderer working at Loompa Chocolates, that’s terrible publicity!

CHARNISS: But!

FRANKLIN: We already have this angry mob of parents wondering what happened to their kids -

Enter ANGRY MOB OF DEAD KIDS’ PARENTS, improvising their angry rabbling (nothing about fisting please) as they gradually make their way across and off the stage, not paying attention to the LOOMPAS and EVERBUCKETS.

MANFRED: Look, at the end of the day, we do appreciate how you helped us rally against Wonka, so we’ve got something that we’d like to present to you that we think will be of great help to your family’s financial situation.

MA EVERBUCKET and PRIM look excited.

BERTRAND: We heard about your sister’s diabetes, so now that Wonka’s gone, we’d like to give you his stockpiles of insulin and other...diabetes paraphernalia. To be honest I’m not really sure what it entails.

LOOMPAS bring out a stockpile of insulin and other diabetes paraphernalia. CHARNISS is looking horrified, PRIM is looking gleeful, and MA EVERBUCKET is looking angry and perplexed.

PRIM: Oh wow! Thank you!

MA EVERBUCKET: What the hell? Prim doesn’t have diabetes! This doesn’t help us at all! We’re no better off than we’ve ever been! CHARNISS???

CHARNISS: ...Goddammit.

Lights go down but for a strip or spotlight at the front of the stage. WONKA is there.

WONKA: [To audience] What we have seen tonight is a horrendous tale of human cruelty, corporate greed, and the evil of the modern media. So what have we learnt from the fate of poor Charniss Everbucket? Who lied to her sister to fight for the good of her family, who stuck it out in the arena while death raged around her, refusing to lift a finger until honour required it, and who stepped up to save the day for the good of the good? [Sings] Oompa Loompa doompity die. Nothing ends well for people who lie.

CHARNISS: GODDAMMIT.

PRIM: Wait, aren’t you dead?
WONKA: Ha! Don’t be silly. You can’t kill me- I have diabetes!

ALL: What the hell is diabetes????

Lights down.

End play.

Dance Party.

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**Post Credits Sequence**

Once most of the audience has left, put house lights down again and raise curtain. Peeta has camouflaged himself against the Loompa Chocolates sign.

(There’s a dog on a throne and Hellboy slices himself out of a baby kaiju before chatting to his Science Bro)

(No there isn’t, and no he doesn’t)