



Songs and scenes about food

NARRATOR 1/2

Welcome to the tale of a delicious adventure in a wonderful land. You can tell it will be delicious - can't you smell it already? Oh how I love that gorgeous smell. You've all heard of Cadbury's, Hershey's, Nestles and of course Wonka. The greatest chocolate ever invented. Why Willy Wonka himself is the most amazing, most fantastic, most extraordinary chocolate maker the world has ever seen! Ice Cream that never melts, chewing gum that never loses its flavor and candy balloons that you could blow up to huge sizes before you popped them with a pin and gobbled them up!

NARRATOR 1/2

He has opened his factory doors to 5 lucky golden ticket winners. He had secretly wrapped 5 golden tickets under the wrapping paper of 5 ordinary chocolate bars. The candy bars were said to be found anywhere... in any shop... in any street... in any town... in any country in the world. The 5 winners will tour the factory and take home enough chocolate for the rest of their lives! Shall we meet the 4 lucky winners so far?

Augustus Gloop, where are you?

AUGUSTUS GLOOP

Chocolate... chocolate... I loooove chocolate!

Ummmmmm... I must eat all the time...chocolate...chocolate...

choc...oooo...late!

NARRATOR 1/2

Our second winner is Veruca Salt! Are you here Veruca?

VERUCA

What?! Where is my golden ticket? I want my golden ticket!

DADDY! Oh here it is! As soon as I found out about these tickets I made
Daddy go out and buy hundreds, no thousands, no hundreds of thousands!
Eventually I won, now I can stop the tantrums - for now anyway!

NARRATOR 1/2

Lovely, isn't she! Now the third ticket was won
by Mike Teevee. Where are you Mike?

MIKE

Of course I have a ticket, now leave me alone. I just want to watch
TV. I watch all the shows everyday. I like the gangsters best. Oh boy...

It's the life!

NARRATOR 1/2

Let's see now if our lucky fourth and final ticket winner so far is here. Violet?

Oh, Violet Beauregarde?

VIOLET

I'm a gum-chewer normally, but when I heard about these ticket things of Mr Wonka's, I laid off
the gum and switched to candy bars in the hope of striking it lucky. (full monologue)

NARRATOR 1/2

And here is the final golden ticket winner, Charlie Bucket?
(Charlie walks in... everyone is completely silent and stares at him, the other children walk off)

CHARLIE BUCKET

Hi... My name is Charlie. My family isn't rich, or powerful, or well-connected. In fact we barely
have anything but we have each other. And that's what's important. I am just so excited to be
here, meet Mr Wonka and explore the factory! Nothing can go wrong... can it?

NARRATOR 1/2

And so it began, the 5 children and their family members made their way around the factory. Seeing the most amazing rooms, experiments with sweets, chocolate and squirrels. As the tour continued, Augustus got into slight trouble with the chocolate river. Veruca had a run in with the squirrels. Mike got too close to the TV he loved so much and Violet... Well, she ate gum!

WILLY WONKA

Spit it out!

MRS BEAUREGARDE

Keep chewing, kiddo! Keep right on chewing, baby! This is a great day for the Beauregardes! Our little girl is the first person in the world to have a chewing gum meal!

WILLY WONKA

[Wringing his hands]: No- no- no- no- no! It isn't ready for eating! It isn't right! You mustn't do it!

MRS BEAUREGARDE

Good heavens, girl! What's happening to your nose? It's turning blue!

VIOLET

Oh, be quiet, and let me finish!

MRS BEAUREGARDE

Your cheeks! Your chin! Your whole face is turning blue! Mercy save us! The girl's going blue and purple all over! Violet, you're turning violet, Violet! What is happening to you? You're glowing all over! The whole room is glowing!

WILLY WONKA

[Sighing and shaking head sadly]

I told you I hadn't got it quite right. It always goes wrong when we come to the dessert. It's the blueberry pie that does it. But I'll get it right one day, you wait and see!

MRS BEAUREGARDE

Violet...you're swelling up!

VIOLET

I feel most peculiar! [VIOLET now disappears off stage]

VERUCA

You're swelling up! You're blowing up like a balloon!

WILLY WONKA

Like a blueberry!

It always happens like this. All the Oompa-Loompas that tried it finished up as blueberries. It's most annoying. I just can't understand it.

MRS BEAUREGARDE

But I don't want a blueberry for a daughter! Put her back this instant!

NARRATOR

And Here She is!

New in the number one!

Chewing up the charts...

She's Big and Getting Bigger!

She's Blue and Getting Blue-r

She's a Fruit-Based sensation,

And She Goes By the name of Juicy!

ALL

Ev'ry Body wants a piece of the Action.

Ev'ry Body's Talkin' 'bout JUICY!

Daddy Wanted her to be the Main Attraction.

Ev'ry Body's Talkin' 'bout JUICY!

Juicy is a Girl named Violet B.

She Doesn't have a talent as far as we can see!

But She wants to be a star though there's nothing she can do.

She's Gonna be Famous now for just turning blue

SQUEEZE THAT POWDER OUT!

Ev'ry Body wants a piece of the Action.

Ev'ry Body's Talkin' 'bout JUICY!

Daddy Blew her up into a Big transaction

Ev'ry Body's Talkin' 'bout JUICY!

She always wanted fame now she's 'Bout to Explode

POP!

We'll Scoop of every Chunk,

And we'll serve her a La'Mode

She's Gonna hit the Big time when the Big Gum Drops

She'll Finally burst her bubble at the Top of the Pops!

MRS BEAURAGARDE

"Hey, I got an Idea! Hello? Fruit Monthly?"

Her Lips Say Nothing and Her hands do less!

Her Clothes are yours cause soon She'll need a Tent For a Dress!

Her Stomach Will be perfect When It's Squeezed and It's Oozed!

Her Brain's in Mint condition 'Cuz its Never been used!

Her Legs are Good and Sturdy 'Cuz they Ran Towards the Spotlight!

You have to Take them Both. To Split them Up would be NOT. RIGHT.

But You Had Better Hurry if You Wanna Grab an Ear!

'Cuz in 15 Minutes She is Bound to Disappear

"Baby we're Gonna Be Rich"

OOOOH

Ev'ry Body wants a piece of the Action.

Ev'ry Body's Talkin' 'bout JUICY!

Her Favorite Body parts Will Soon Be Yours For a FRACTION

Her Insides Flying Overhead Will BE A DISTRACTION

Today Nobody knows About Ravel or Debussy

But Ev'ry Body Knows about

Ev'ry Body's Talkin' 'Bout

OOOOOOHH

JUICY!

School bell rings as the class bring on their seats and sit in order. The door slams. Miss Trunchbull Enters.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Matilda Wormwood... where is MATILDA WORMWOOD!

MATILDA

Yes, Miss Trunchbull

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Aha, so you admit it do you?

MATILDA

Admit what Miss Trunchbull?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

This morning this foul carbuncle sneaked like a serpent into the kitchen and stole a slice of my private chocolate cake from my tea tray.

MATILDA

No, I did not.

CLASS MEMBER 1

Miss Trunchbull, Matilda's been here all morning.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Standing up for the little spitball are you? Well this crime took place before school started. Therefore she is... GUILTY!

BRUCE

Okay! Look! All right! I stole the cake. And honestly, I was really, definitely, sort of, almost thinking about owning up. Maybe. But the thing was, I was having a lot of trouble with my belly. You see, the Trunchbull's cake was so good that I'd scoffed it down too quick, and now it was beginning to fight back. Oops! See!

BRUCE burps. (Sound effect)

It was the biggest burp I had ever done. It was the biggest burp I had ever heard. The biggest burp I had ever heard about! It was like the entire world went silent for that burp to exist. As a huge cloud of chocolate-y gas wafted from my mouth and drifted across the class. Past Lavender. Past Alice. Past Matilda. And then, my great, big, beautiful chocolate-y burp, which now seemed to have a mind of its own, wafted full into the face of the Trunchbull!

MISS TRUNCHBULL, to *BRUCE*]

Bruce Bogtrotter

BRUCE

Yes, miss?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

You liked my cake, didn't you, Bruce?

BRUCE

Yes, Miss Trunchbull, and I'm very sorry—

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh, no, no, no, no, no

As long as you enjoyed the cake, that's the main thing

BRUCE

Is it?

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Yes, Bogtrotter, it is

BRUCE

Oh, well, I did, thank you

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Wonderful, marvellous, that makes me so happy

It gives me a warm glow in my lower intestine

Oh, cook

What's the matter, Bogtrotter, lost your appetite?

BRUCE

Well, yes, I'm full

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Oh, no, you are not full

I'll tell you when you are full

And I say that criminals like you are not full

Until you have eaten the entire cake

BRUCE

But—

MISS TRUNCHBULL

No "buts", you haven't got time for "but", eat

BRUCE

But I can't eat it all

CLASS MEMBER 2

Headmistress, he'll be sick

MISS TRUNCHBULL, *CHILDREN*]

He should have thought of that

Before he made a pact with Satan

And decided to steal my cake

EAT.

CLASS MEMBER 3

He can't

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Eat

CLASS MEMBER 4

He surely can't

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Eat

CLASS MEMBER 5

He might explode

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Eat!

ALL

I can see that a slice

Or even two, Bruce

Might have been nice

But even you, Bruce

Have to admit

Between you and it

There's not a lot of difference in size

He can't! (He can)

He surely can't!
He surely can't! (You are the man, Bruce!)
He might explode!
He's quite elastic
He's going to blow, make him stop!
He's fantastic, look at him go!
I can't watch!
I think in effect
This must confirm, Bruce
What we all suspected
You have a worm, Bruce!
Or maybe your largeness
Is a bit like the TARDIS
Considerably roomier inside
He can't! (He can!)
He surely can't!
He surely can't!
You are the man, Bruce!
B-R-O-O-C-E!
Bruce!
The time has come
To put that tumbly tum to use.
You produce, Bruce,
Fantastically enthusiastic gastric juice.
Ohh...

Eat it up. Lick it up. Suck it up.

Whatever you do, don't chuck it up,

And muck it up!

Come on, Bruce, be our hero!

Cover yourself in chocolate glory!

Bruce!

You'll never again be subject to abuse

For your immense caboose

She'll call a truce, Bruce

With every swallow, you are tightening the noose

We never thought it was possible

But here it is, coming true

We can have our cake and eat it too!

The time has come to put that tumbly-tum to use

No excuse, Bruce

Let out your belt, I think you'll want your trousers loose, oh-

Stuff it in (Bruce!)

You're almost finished (Bruce!)

You'll fit it in

Whatever you do, just don't give in

Don't let her win

Come on, Bruce, be our hero

Cover yourself in chocolate glory!

Everyone in the classroom cheers as BRUCE finishes the cake. MISS TRUNCHBULL slams the door and makes her way to BRUCE.

MISS TRUNCHBULL

Well done Bogtrotter. Good Show. Now... To the CHOKEY!

The stage changes to the workhouse in Oliver. All the chairs are slowly put away and the students line up at the sides as the music starts.

CHILD 1

Hey, Oliver! Where are you going?

OLIVER

I'm so hungry.

CHILD 2

Me too, but this soup is disgusting! I feel like throwing it up. Let's pick straws. Whoever gets the short straw needs to ask for more bread. Deal?

CHILD 1

That's too dangerous. I don't want to make anything worse.

OLIVER

Me too, but I'm still too hungry... My stomach won't stop making noises, I need to eat more!

All the children pick straws to work out who is going to ask for more.

CHILD 3

Don't go, Oliver.

CHILD 4

Don't listen to them Oliver. Come on, you can do it.

OLIVER

My stomach aches...

CHILD 5

Don't you remember what happened to Sami? They locked him in the attic for three days!

OLIVER

(scared) In the dark...

CHILD 6

And without food!

CHILD 2

Oliver is going to go, aren't you Oliver come on! Do it!

OLIVER

Sir...Please Sir.... can I have some more? (hands him his bowl).

COOK

Silly boy! Who are you!? Speak up!

OLIVER

My name is Oliver, Sir. Oliver Twist.

COOK

And what do you want, huh?

OLIVER

I just wanted to know if I could have some more...

COOK

Don't you know that it's forbidden to get up from the table during dinner?

OLIVER: Yes Sir, I know that but, you see, I just...

COOK

You just what? (threatening him)

OLIVER

I...I...

COOK

What boy, what? Don't be scared! You what?

OLIVER

More!

COOK

MORE!!! Get back to your seat where you belong. No more of this Nonsense!

SONG

Is it worth the waiting for?

If we live till 84

All we ever get is

Gruel

Everyday we say a prayer

Will they change the bill of fare

Still we get the same old

Gruel

There's not a crust

Not a crumb can we find

Can we beg, can we borrow or catch?

But there's nothing to stop us from getting a thrill

When we all close our eyes and imagine

Food, glorious food

Hot sausage and mustard

While we're in the mood

Cold jelly and custard (wow)

Peas, pudding, saveloys

What next? is the question
Rich gentleman have it, boys
Indigestion!
Food, glorious food
We're anxious to try it
Three banquets a day
Our favorite diet!
Just picture a great big steak
Fried, roasted or stewed
Oh, food
Wonderful food
Marvellous food
Glorious food
Food, glorious food
What is that emore handsome?
Gluped, swallowed or chewed
Still worth a king's ransom
What is it we dream about?
What brings on an sigh?
Piled pieahes and cream, about
Six feet high!
Food, glorious food
Eat right through the menu
Just loosen your belt

Two inches and then you
Work up a new appetite
In this interlude
The food
Once again, food
Fabulous food
Glorious food
Food, glorious food!
Don't care what it looks like
Burned!
Underdone!
Crude!
Don't care what the cook's like
Just thinking of growing fat
Our senses go reeling
One moment of knowing that
Full-up feeling!
Food, glorious food
What wouldn't we give for
That extra bit more
That's all that we live for
Why should we be fated to
Do nothing but brood
On food?

Magical food

Wonderful food

Marvellous food

Fabulous food

OLIVER

Beeautiful food!

ALL

Glorious food!