

VERUCA SALT [*From somewhere in audience*]: Where's my Golden Ticket? I want my Golden Ticket! Oh yes . . . *here* it is! As soon as I told my father that I simply *had* to have one of those Golden Tickets, he went out into the town and started buying up all the Wonka candy bars he could lay his hands on. *Thousands* of them, he must have bought. *Hundreds* of thousands! Then he had them loaded on to trucks and sent directly to his own factory. He's in the peanut business, you see, and he's got about a hundred women working for him over at his joint, shelling peanuts for roasting and salting. That's what they do all day long, those women . . . they just sit there shelling peanuts. So he says to them, 'Okay, girls,' he says, 'from now on, you can stop shelling peanuts and start shelling the wrappers off these crazy candy bars instead!' And they did. He had every worker in the place yanking the paper off those bars of chocolate, full speed ahead, from morning 'til night. But three days went by, and we had no luck. Oh . . . it was terrible! I got more and more upset each day, and every time he came home I would scream at him, 'Where's my Golden Ticket! I want my Golden Ticket!' And I would lie for hours on the floor, kicking and yelling in the most disturbing way. Then suddenly, on the evening of the fourth day, one of his women workers yelled, 'I've got it! A Golden Ticket!' And my father said, 'Give it to me, quick!' And she did. And he rushed it home