

Music Theatre International

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Audition Central: Chitty Chitty Bang Bang JR.

Script: Jemima Potts

Side 1

JUNKMAN

Coggins, you got any scrap metal to sell?

COGGINS

Nah, business has been slow.

JUNKMAN

(indicating CHITTY)

What about that hunk of iron?

COGGINS

Don't be daft. That was once a great car. Won the Grand Prix three years running. Pride of England.

JUNKMAN

I'll give you fifteen bob for it.

COGGINS

Make it thirty, and you've got a deal.

JEMIMA

Mr. Coggins, you can't sell Chitty-

JUNKMAN

Course he can. I'll pick her up Wednesday.

JEREMY

But what are you going to do with her?

JUNKMAN

We're going to crush her up until she's one solid piece of metal. Then we're going to put her in a fiery furnace and melt her down till she's nothing but liquid iron. That's what we're going to do with her.

POTTS

Excuse me sir, you're scaring my children...

(CHITTY begins to shake in fear.)

And the car too.

JUNKMAN

I'll be back on Wednesday-
(exiting in disbelief)
 scarin' the car... ?

Side 2**JEREMY, JEMIMA**

Good evening, Grandpa!

GRANDPA

Attention!
(POTTS, JEREMY, and JEMIMA stand at attention.)

JEREMY, JEMIMA, POTTS

Attention!

GRANDPA

As you were. I got up this morning and I shot an elephant in my pajamas. How an elephant got-
JEREMY, JEMIMA, POTTS
 -into my pajamas I shall never know.

GRANDPA

You've heard it before.

POTTS

Absolutely not. First time.

GRANDPA

So my boy, how's the sweet-making machine coming along?

POTTS

Well, it's very nearly perfectly perfected.
(POTTS hands GRANDPA the candy with the holes in it.)

GRANDPA

Is it supposed to have all these holes in it?

POTTS

No, that's the imperfect part.

GRANDPA

Boiling point of the sugar's too high-

POTTS

So I've been told. ^[11]_{SEP}

JEMIMA

Grandpa, Mr. Coggins is going to sell Chitty-

JEREMY

To the junkman. ^[11]_{SEP}

JEMIMA

And he's going to melt her down for scrap.

GRANDPA

Melt the world famous Chitty Chitty Bang Bang? Poppycock!

JEREMY

He said we could have it-

JEMIMA

For just thirty shillings!

GRANDPA

Thirty shillings is a lot of money.

POTTS

Why don't you kids run up and get ready for bed.

JEREMY, JEMIMA

Awww-

POTTS

Move along now-

GRANDPA

Good night, God Bless, don't let the bugs undress.

(JEREMY and JEMIMA exit.)

POTTS

Thirty shillings. How on earth am I supposed to find thirty shillings?

GRANDPA

I haven't the foggiest. Still they don't ask for much, do they?

POTTS

That's because they don't get much.

GRANDPA

Ah well. Nothing's impossible. Mark my words, one day one of these inventions of yours is going to work.

POTTS

You think so?^[L]_[SEP]

GRANDPA

Almost entirely certainly.

POTTS

Thanks Grandpa - and good night.