

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG

JEREMY: What a funny noise
it's making.

POTTS: It's talking to us... all
engines talk - listen—

(CHITTY backfires.)

In a 2 Feel **CHITTY**
2 (GROUP 1):

3x

Chit-ty Bang Bang, Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang,

(CHITTY backfires.)

(CHITTY
(GROUP 1):)

5

Chit-ty Bang Bang, Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang,

(CHITTY
(GROUP 2):)

Chit-ty Bang Bang, Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang,

(CHITTY backfires.)

(CHITTY
(GROUP 1):)

7

Chit-ty Bang Bang, Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang,


(CHITTY
(GROUP 2):)

Chit-ty Bang Bang, Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang,

(CHITTY
(GROUP 3):)


Chit-ty Bang Bang, Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang,

(CHITTY starts to move. TOWNSPEOPLE enter and stand on the side of the road, watching.)

9 ALL:

Oh! You! pret - ty chit - ty bang bang,


11

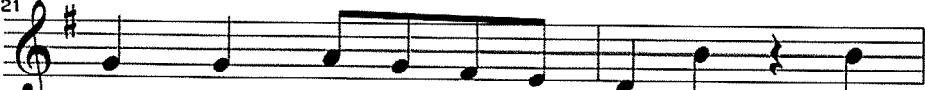
Chit-ty Chit-ty Bang Bang, we love you! And in


14

chit - ty chit - ty bang bang, Chit - ty Chit - ty Bang Bang,

16

what we'll do! Near, far, In our mo - tor car, oh,

19

what a hap - py time we'll spend.

21

Bang bang, Chit - ty Chit - ty Bang Bang, our

23

fine four - fen - dered friend Bang bang, Chit - ty Chit - ty

26 **POTTS:**
 Bang Bang, our fine four - fen - dered friend. You're

29 **JEREMY, JEMIMA:** **POTTS, JEREMY, JEMIMA:**
 un - cat - e - gor - i - cal; A fuel burn - ing or - a - cle, A

33 **JEREMY, JEMIMA:**
 fan - tas - ma - gor - i - cal ma - chine! You're

37 **POTTS:**
 more than spec - tac - u - lar. To use the ver - nac - u - lar, you're

41 **JEREMY, JEMIMA:** **POTTS, JEREMY, JEMIMA:**
 wiz - ard! You're smash - ing! You're keen!

45 **JEREMY, JEMIMA, PART 1:**
 Oh! you! pret - ty chit - ty bang bang,
POTTS, PART 2:
 Chit - ty, Chit - ty, pret - ty chit - ty bang bang,

Monologues -Select 1

I just wish I didn't feel so alone. There must be someone else like me out there somewhere, right? Someone who thinks like I do. Who can understand me? I imagine, that I have something valuable inside me, right? There's something worthwhile right under my skin and it will come out somehow someday and everyone will see. Someone will see? Maybe some people will never see, but someday someone will see my value and then . . . and then . . . I'm so tired. I can't go on like this, right? But I have to. One day at a time. Until something shifts. It won't be a long wait. I'm sure after everything is better it will seem like such a short time I lived like this. Yes. Tomorrow will be better.

I'm dreaming of a donut. I'm that hungry. Like, literally, day dreaming about tasting one. Biting into one. I'm not sure which one I'd choose...Maybe the kind with chocolate icing on the outside and that creamy filling. What are those called? Cream puffs? Not that but...they're so good. So rich. I like that feeling of a little kind of explosion as my teeth hit the pastry. And the filling just spills out into my mouth. Or maybe I'd go for a glazed donut. They're simple. But we all know they're the best, right? The melted sugar. The glaze. That slight hint of a yeasty dough. I like to feel the glaze melt on my tongue. Turn from icing into liquid. You know you can really taste the sugar, so intense, right on the front of your tongue? I really should be studying. I know that. I have my books right here. But when you're hungry...you know...it's all you can think about.

There are ants in the—oh, gross—oh, gross—there are ants in the pie! Ew ew ew! Squish them--quick! Wait--is that a queen in it? Is that possible? It looks like it has wings. That would mean, I guess, that would mean they must have their nest there, or their hill or farm, whatever it's called...They must have made the pie their home. And...I already ate a piece—and I don't even know if I regret it yet because it was really amazing apple pie, but that also means...I probably ate some...ants...and maybe some...baby ants...if the queen just hatched them. Are baby ants like worms? Or just tiny looking ants? Oh, I really don't know anything about ants. But I do know that I do not want to eat them, and I definitely don't want to eat a baby ant. I mean...look, ants are gross. Really, just all bugs are gross. Except maybe...butterflies

Mistakes happen though. To you and your mom, and it happened here at the cannery once—a lady came in a few months ago and said that she found a dog toenail in her can of corn! And that was not on the label. She was gonna sue us or something, but then the foreman gave her a free case full of canned corn and also some canned peas, because she said she really liked peas a lot better than corn anyway. I told her if she just got the canned peas instead of the corn in the first place, she wouldn'ta had this problem and it woulda saved her some time that morning