

# **Charlie and the Chocolate Factory**

screenplay by

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based on the book by

Roald Dahl

## REVISION HISTORY

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NOTE: This script is formatted for U.S. 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper.  
On A4 paper, there are wider margins on the top and bottom.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

He did!

GRANDPA GEORGE

He did.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

I love grapes!

GRANDPA JOE

(ignoring)

Of course, I was a much younger man  
in those days.

CUT TO:

INT. WONKA CANDY STORE - DAY [TWENTY YEARS AGO]

CLOSE ON Grandpa Joe. He's 76, but still looks just as old.

As we PULL OUT, we reveal that he's working the main counter.  
The tiny store is overflowing with candy, filling the glass  
cases and every shelf around.

It's also crowded with DOZENS OF CUSTOMERS, all pushing and  
shoving to buy some of Wonka's fabulous candy. We can see a  
line stretching out the door.

\*

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

Willy Wonka began with a single  
store on Cherry Street. But the  
whole world wanted his candy.

Grandpa Joe finds he's out of the bars he needs to finish an  
order. He ducks through a low door, heading into...

INT. CANDY STORE BACK ROOM - DAY [TWENTY YEARS AGO]

The back room is a beehive of activity, with apron-wearing  
WORKERS carrying trays of freshly-made candy from the ovens  
to the racks, from racks to the wrapping tables. SUGAR-  
PULLERS whack heavy ropes of peppermint candy against marble  
slabs, while a clothesline full of giant lollipops WHIZZES  
past.

Grandpa Joe walks up behind a MAN wearing a velvet jacket.

GRANDPA JOE

Mr. Wonka!

(CONTINUED)

15 EXT. A HALF-BUILT WALL - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO] 15

A MASON unwraps a giant chocolate bar, spreading ganache on the back with a trowel. He carefully sets this "brick" in place.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)  
True to his word, the bricks were chocolate, and the cement holding them together was chocolate. All the walls and ceilings were made of chocolate as well.

16 INT. PALACE BEDROOM - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO] 16

We MOVE THROUGH the room, which is decorated entirely in shades of brown and cream, headed towards the master bath.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)  
So were the carpets and the pictures and the furniture. And when you turned on the taps in the bathroom...

\*

WONKA'S HAND

turns the faucet. Steaming cocoa comes out.

WONKA'S VOICE  
Hot chocolate. Precisely the most delicious temperature.

He's talking to Prince Pondicherry, who looks on in wonder.

PRINCE PONDICHERRY  
It is perfect in every way.

WONKA'S VOICE  
I warn you though, it won't last long. You'd better start eating right away.

PRINCE PONDICHERRY  
Nonsense! I will not eat my palace!  
(grandly)  
I intend to live in it!

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)  
 But Mr. Wonka was right, of course.  
 Soon after this, there came a very  
 hot day with a boiling sun.

17 INT. PALACE BEDROOM - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO]

17

The Prince and his lovely PRINCESS are reclining on chocolate  
 divans, eating packaged Wonka candies when a brown

DRIP

lands on the Prince's forehead. He wipes it off, and smiles  
 at his beautiful bride.

A beat later, a sizable CLUMP of chocolate whacks the prince  
 on the side of the head. Both royals hightail it as the  
 entire room begins to collapse around them.

Like a delicious, fudgy disaster movie, the two royals barely  
 escape as walls and pillars come CRASHING down.

18 EXT. THE KNOLL - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO]

18

Covered with chocolate goo, Prince Pondicherry watches as his  
 dream disintegrates into a brown puddle.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)  
 The prince sent an urgent telegram  
 requesting a new palace...but Willy  
 Wonka was facing troubles of his  
 own.

\*  
 \*

19 EXT. FACTORY GATES - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO]

19

Done for the day, one shift of FACTORY WORKERS heads home.  
 We see Grandpa Joe walking with two FRIENDS, laughing at a  
 joke. Behind them, a SHIFTY-EYED WORKER surreptitiously  
 hands off

A SLIP OF PAPER

to a nearby bush, where a man's hand reaches out to grab it.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)  
 All the other chocolate makers, you  
 see, had grown jealous of Mr. Wonka.  
 They began sending in spies to steal  
 his secret recipes.

22 CONTINUED: (2)

22

Charlie says his goodnights, giving each old person a hug. He saves his last for loopy Grandma Georgina. With sudden clarity, she WHISPERS to him...

GRANDMA GEORGINA  
Nothing's impossible, Charlie.  
Nothing.

Charlie gives her a strange look as he follows his parents out of the room. With one last look back, he switches off the light.

A23 INT. CHARLIE'S LOFT - NIGHT

A23 \*

Charlie climbs up into his little bed, which is set up in the rafters of the tiny, sway-backed house. The sloped ceiling is covered with fanciful sketches of Wonka's factory, and flattened wrappers from the few Wonka bars Charlie's eaten.

He looks out through a small round window. The Wonka factory dominates the view.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Indeed, that very night, the  
impossible had already been set in  
motion.

We PUSH THROUGH the window...

23 EXT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

23

...flying up like a bat. We drift along the stone walls of the Wonka factory, coming to the far corner. There, on an empty snow-lined street, we find A YOUNG MAN ON A BICYCLE. He's dressed in wool, with a messenger bag over his shoulder. And he's not alone.

There are DOZENS of bicyclists, all identically dressed, riding in a phalanx through the night. As they reach an intersection, they branch off in different directions, headed for each part of the city.

24 EXT. CHERRY STREET - NIGHT

24

The shops are all closed for the night. The street is quiet, until we hear the gentle TAPPING of hammers.

(CONTINUED)

36	INT. SOME KID'S BEDROOM - DAY	36
	A BOY smashes his piggy bank with a hammer.	*
37	INT. BACK ROOM - DAY	37 *
	A BOXCUTTER slices through a cardboard Wonka shipping box. Twenty hands reach in to grab the bars.	
38	OMIT	38 *

39 THE VINTAGE GLOBE

39

spinning once again. This time, we land on England, and a marker labelled: "BUCKINGHAMSHIRE."

CUT TO:

40 INT. COUNTRY MANSION - DAY

40

VERUCA SALT (9) stands atop a grand piano, waving the Golden Ticket above her head as she grins from ear to ear. She's delighted to have so many PHOTOGRAPHERS snapping her picture.

VERUCA  
V-E-R-U-C-A. Veruca Salt.

With the face of an angel, Veruca can be charming and friendly as long as everyone agrees that the universe revolves around her. Question that cosmology, and she reveals herself to be a spoiled hellion, who will stop at nothing until she gets exactly what she wants.

MR. SALT (55) is an old-monied nut baron, first cousin to the monocled Monopoly tycoon, with a fuddy-duddy accent and a fondness for idiotic platitudes. Lovely Veruca is the apple of his eye. He overlooks her tantrums and cruelty.

With his teetering, martini-swilling WIFE on his arm, he talks to the reporters:

MR. SALT  
As soon as my little Veruca told me  
that she had to have one of these  
Golden Tickets, I started buying up  
all the Wonka bars I could lay my  
hands on! Thousands of them.  
Hundreds of thousands!

\*

\*

41 INT. SALT NUT FACTORY - DAY [PAST]

41

Trucks unload cases and cases of Wonka bars. We follow the boxes as they are unloaded onto a conveyor belt, where dozens of HAIRNET-WEARING WOMEN are lined up to begin work.

MR. SALT (V.O.)  
I'm in the nut business, you see,  
So I say to my workers...

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

REVEAL Mr. Salt, giving the marching orders:

MR. SALT  
 Good morning, ladies. From now on  
 you can stop shelling peanuts and  
 start shelling the wrappers off  
 these chocolate bars instead!

\*  
\*

As ordered, they begin ripping the wrappers off the Wonka  
 bars. They toss the chocolate into trash bins.

\*

MR. SALT (V.O.)  
 Three days went by, and we had no  
 luck. Oh, it was terrible! My  
 little Veruca got more and more  
 upset each day. Every time I went  
 home she would scream at me...

\*

CUT TO:

42 INT. COUNTRY MANSION - DAY [PAST]

42

Veruca is throwing an epic tantrum.

VERUCA  
 Where's my Golden Ticket! I want  
 my Golden Ticket!

BACK TO:

43 INT. COUNTRY MANSION - DAY [PRESENT]

43

MR. SALT  
 Well, gentlemen, I just hated to  
 see my little girl feeling unhappy  
 like that. I vowed I would keep up  
 the search until I could give her  
 what she wanted. And finally, I  
 found her a ticket.

\*

A44 INT. SALT NUT FACTORY - DAY [PAST]

A44 \*

Of course, it's one of Mr. Salt's UNWRAPPERS who finds it.  
 With a quick glance around, she tries to pocket the ticket.  
 Suddenly, Mr. Salt grabs her wrist from behind.

\*  
\*  
\*

They lock eyes.

\*

The ticket FLUTTERS to the ground.

\*

44 INT. COUNTRY MANSION - DAY [PAST]

44

Mr. Salt hands Veruca the shiny gold ticket. For just a moment, she is lovely again. Radiant. She looks into her father's eyes and says:

(CONTINUED)

45 CONTINUED: (2)

45

CHARLIE  
It's my candy bar and I'll do what  
I want with it.

He SNAPS the bar into seven pieces. The grown-ups share a  
look -- Charlie really is one of a kind.

CUT TO:

46 EXT. STREET CORNER NEWSTAND - DAY

46

A BUSINESSMAN holds the morning paper up to read the inside.  
On the front page, the headlines scream:

**TWO GOLDEN TICKETS FOUND**  
**Only one ticket left**

Finished reading, the businessman half-folds his paper and  
drops it in a nearby bin. Before it hits bottom, Charlie  
catches it and reads the headline.

CUT TO:

47 INT. GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

47

GRANDPA JOE  
All right, let's hear who found  
them.

Father holds the newspaper up close to his face because his  
eyes are bad and he can't afford glasses.

\*

FATHER  
The third ticket was found by Miss  
Violet Beauregarde.

\*

CUT TO:

48 THE VINTAGE GLOBE

48

back in motion. This time, we slow on the East Coast of  
America, finding a marker for: "ATLANTA."

CUT TO:

VIOLET

I'm the junior world-champion gum  
chewer. This piece of gum...

(pointing to her mouth)

I've been working on for over three  
months solid. That's a record.

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Of course, I did have my share of  
trophies. Mostly baton.

CUT TO:

VIOLET

So it says that one kid is going to  
get a special prize better than all  
the rest. I don't care who the  
other four are. That kid is going  
to be me.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Tell 'em why, Violet.

VIOLET

Because I'm a winner.

CUT TO:

52 INT. THE GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

52

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

What a beastly girl.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

Despicable!

GRANDPA GEORGE

You don't know what we're talking  
about!

GRANDMA GEORGINA

(venturing a guess)

Dragonflies?

GRANDPA JOE

And who got the fourth Golden  
Ticket?

(CONTINUED)

52 CONTINUED:

52

FATHER  
 (reads newspaper)  
 The fourth Golden Ticket was found  
 by a boy named Mike Teavee.

\*

CUT TO:

53 THE VINTAGE GLOBE

53

swirling below us. This time, we sweep across the U.S. to  
 find a marker in the Midwest for: "DENVER."

CUT TO:

54 INT. MIKE TEAVEE'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

54 \*

MIKE TEAVEE, 13, looks right past camera, leaning left and  
 right to get a better view of the absurdly violent videogame  
 he's playing on his own television.

The intellectual equivalent of a grade-school bully, Mike  
 lords his cleverness over those around him and is always the  
 first to point out gaps in logic.

MIKE  
 All you had to do is track the  
 manufacturing dates, offset by  
 weather and the derivative the  
 Nikkei index. A retard could  
 figure it out.

\*

\*

In the doorway, Mike's dad MR. TEAVEE talks to reporters.  
 He's a pale, simple sort of man, happy enough to spend Sunday  
 in the la-z-boy watching the game.

\*

MR. TEAVEE  
 Most of the time, I don't know what  
 he's talking about. Kids these  
 days, what with all the  
 technology...

Mike jams the buttons on his videogame controller.

MIKE  
 Die! Die! Die!

(CONTINUED)

MR. TEAVEE  
...doesn't seem like they stay kids  
very long.

Finished killing the level boss, Mike continues his story:

MIKE  
I only had to buy one candy bar.

\*

REPORTER  
And how did it taste?

MIKE  
I don't know. I hate chocolate.

CUT TO:

GRANDPA GEORGE  
Well, it's a good thing you're  
going to a CHOCOLATE FACTORY, you  
ungrateful little...

Father quickly puts his hands over Charlie's ears.  
Everything goes SILENT while Grandpa George continues his  
obscenity-filled tirade. The old man finally stops. Father  
takes his hands off Charlie's ears.

CHARLIE  
Dad?

FATHER  
Yup?

CHARLIE  
Why aren't you at work?

FATHER  
Oh. The toothpaste factory gave me  
some time off.

CHARLIE  
Like summer vacation?

FATHER  
Sure. Like that.

Charlie doesn't catch it, but the small wince in Father's  
expression betrays this as untrue.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie's heard enough. He walks away, defeated. He misses the rest of the conversation:

SECOND MAN (CONT'D)

But then, I was watching the news this afternoon, and it turns out the ticket was a forgery.

FIRST MAN

You're kidding!

SECOND MAN

People these days, y'know?

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Charlie walks with the icy wind blowing in his face. His eye suddenly catches a piece of paper lying in the gutter, half-buried in the snow.

Charlie steps off the curb and bends down to examine it. He sees at once what it is:

A TEN-DOLLAR BILL.

\*

Charlie quickly looks around. Has somebody dropped it? No, that's impossible because of the way it is buried.

Several PEOPLE hurry past him on the sidewalk, their chins sunk deep in the collars of their coats. None of them take the slightest notice of the small boy crouching in the gutter.

Carefully, Charlie pulls the bill out from under the snow. It is damp and dirty, but otherwise perfect.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

\*

Ten dollars was more money than Charlie Bucket had ever held. In that moment, he felt rich.

WIDER,

we find that we're in front of a newspaper and stationery stand. The kind that sells almost everything, including candy and cigars. In fact, there's a big sign proclaiming: WONKA BARS!

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE

Hard to say. It's been years!

We continue to Augustus Gloop, who takes another candy bar from his mother. Next to them, we find the Beauregardes. Violet and her mother wear matching blue tracksuits.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Eyes on the prize, Violet. Eyes on the prize.

Finally, we come to Mike Teavee and his father, who looks much more excited to be here than his son.

Suddenly, with a CLANG of great gears, the gates begin to swing open. Violet and her mother push past the others to be the first to step onto the Wonka factory grounds. Charlie and Grandpa Joe are the last ones in.

EXT. WONKA FACTORY YARD - DAY

Charlie glances back over his shoulder and sees the great iron entrance gates slowly close. The crowds on the street still push and SHOUT. Then, as the gates close with a CLANG, all sight of the outside world has disappeared.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The ten visitors walk along a snowy path, headed for the giant building ahead. The place seems deserted, yet perfectly maintained.

GRANDPA JOE

Nothing's changed at all!

(he points)

That's the bench we used to sit on when we would talk about Lindberg!

MR. SALT

It must have been very interesting. Back then.

\*

UP AHEAD

The giant doors to the main factory building begin to open. Smoke and steam curl into the cold air. WONKA'S VOICE is carried over loudspeakers:

WONKA'S VOICE

Dear visitors, it is my great pleasure to welcome you to my humble factory.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Oh yes! That was fantastic!

(to Mr. Teavee)

I was worried it was getting a  
little dodgy in the middle part,  
but then! The finale, well...

VIOLET

Who are you?

GRANDPA JOE

(excited)

He's Willy Wonka!

CHARLIE

Really?

Wonka checks the label on the inside of his jacket, which  
reads "Willy Wonka."

WONKA

I am!

VERUCA

Then shouldn't you be up there?

She points to the stage.

WONKA

I couldn't very well watch the show  
from up there, now could I, little  
girl?

Wonka starts to take off his sunglasses, but finds the glare  
too bright -- he hasn't been out in years.

GRANDPA JOE

Mr. Wonka, I don't know if you  
remember me, but I used to work  
here in the factory.

Suddenly very serious...

WONKA

Were you one of those despicable  
spies, who every day tried to steal  
my life's work and sell it to those  
parasitic copycat candymaking cads?

\*  
\*  
\*

GRANDPA JOE

No, sir!

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Then wonderful! Welcome back.  
Hurry along, now. All of you.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

I have to keep it warm inside. My workers are used to an extremely hot climate. They can't stand the cold!

CHARLIE

Who are the workers?

WONKA

All in good time. Now...

Violet does an end-run around Wonka.

VIOLET

Mr. Wonka, I'm Violet Beauregarde.

WONKA

Oh, I don't care.

Without warning, she hugs him around the waist. Wonka emits a terrified SHRIEK. (He doesn't like to be touched.)

VIOLET

Well, you should care, because I'm the girl who's going to win the special prize at the end.

Peeling her off...

WONKA

You do seem confident. And confidence is key.

Ms. Beauregarde is beaming. Veruca pushes her way past Violet. Wonka takes a nervous step back.

VERUCA

I'm Veruca Salt. It's very nice to meet you, sir.

She curtseys.

WONKA

I always thought veruca was a type of wart you got on the sole of your foot.

\*  
\*

Now Augustus wedges his way in...

AUGUSTUS

I am Augustus Gloop! I love de chocolate!

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

So do I! I never expected to have  
so much in common.

Though he was reluctant to learn their names, Wonka now seems quite interested in the children. Pointing...

WONKA (CONT'D)

You, you're Mike Teavee. The  
genius who cracked the system.  
Quite impressive.

Mike just shrugs. Wonka finally comes to Charlie.

WONKA (CONT'D)

And you. Well. You're just lucky  
to be here, aren't you? And the  
rest of you must be their p-p-p-...

Afraid to interrupt Wonka, no one jumps in to finish his word.

WONKA (CONT'D)

P-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-p-...

Finally...

MR. SALT

Parents?

WONKA

Yes, p-p-p...  
(gives up)  
Mothers and fathers.

\*  
\*

For just a moment, Wonka seems completely transported, lost in a distant memory...

WONKA (CONT'D)

Father. Father? Father, but I...

Just as suddenly, he snaps out of it.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Okay, then. Let's move along.

Charlie feels a little slighted, but Grandpa Joe takes him by the shoulder. They follow Wonka as he leads them down a long hall.

Below the waterfall, a whole mass of enormous glass pipes dangle down into the river from somewhere high up in the ceiling. They suck up the brownish muddy water from the river and carry it away to goodness knows where.

One can hear the never-ending SUCK-SUCK-SUCKING sound of the pipes as they do their work.

CHARLIE

It's beautiful.

WONKA

What's more, it's all eatable!  
(is that a word?)  
Edible? Well, it's delicious!

Graceful trees and bushes grow along the riverbanks -- weeping willows and alders and tall clumps of rhododendrons with their pink and red and mauve blossoms. In the meadows are thousands of buttercups.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I can't abide ugliness in factories. Who in their right mind would want to eat an ugly thing? After all, you are what you eat!

Wonka leads them down a path towards the river.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Every drop of that river is hot melted chocolate of the finest quality.  
(pointing)  
Those pipes suck up the chocolate and carry it away all over the factory! Thousands of gallons an hour.

The children and their parents are completely bowled over by the hugeness of the whole thing.

WONKA (CONT'D)

The waterfall is most important! It mixes the chocolate! Makes it light and frothy! No other factory in the world mixes its chocolate by waterfall!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WONKA (CONT'D)

And do you like my meadow? Try a  
blade! Oh, please do! It's all  
delectable! And darn good-looking!

As Wonka talks, everyone is sampling the local flora. Veruca  
picks petals off candy-flowers, while Augustus gets down on  
all fours, chewing the grass.

Nearby, Ms. Beauregarde and Mr. Salt sample delicious leaves.  
Ever flirtatious, Ms. Beauregarde makes a point of licking  
the sugar from her fingers.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

I can see where Veruca gets her  
looks. Everyone says Violet has my  
eyes.

MR. SALT

Maybe you should ask for them back.

Elsewhere, Mike squashes a candy toadstool and SNAPS off  
candy branches, just because he can.

Charlie is about to pick one piece of fruit when ever-  
competitive Violet snatches it first. She tucks her gum  
behind her ear for safe-keeping.

CHARLIE

Why do you hold onto it? Why not  
start a new piece?

VIOLET

Then I wouldn't be a champion. I'd  
be a loser. Like you.

Mrs. Gloop shoves candy into her purse.

While trying some samples of their own, Mr. Teavee and  
Grandpa Joe look out over the "valley."

MR. TEAVEE

Said you used to work here?

GRANDPA JOE

None of this was here before. I  
can't believe how much has changed.

the air is filled with SCREAMS of excitement. Veruca Salt  
points frantically to the other side of the river.

(CONTINUED)

VERUCA

Daddy, look over there! What is  
it? It's a little person! Down  
there below the waterfall!

Everybody stops picking buttercups and stares across the  
river.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

There's two of them!

MR. TEAVEE

There's more than two.

(CONTINUED)

## WONKA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

They were living on green  
caterpillars, which tasted revolting.

81 INT. OOMPA-LOOMPA CHIEF'S HOUSE - DAY [PAST]

81

His knees at his Adam's apple, Wonka scrunches in to share a meal with the OOMPA-LOOMPA CHIEF, who looks exactly like all the other Oompa-Loompas, except for his ornate headdress.

The Chief is mashing caterpillars with a mortar and pestle.

## WONKA'S VOICE

The Oompa-Loompas kept looking for  
other things to mash up with the  
caterpillars to make them taste  
better -- red beetles, eucalyptus  
leaves, the bark of the bong-bong  
tree -- all of them beastly, but  
not quite so beastly as the  
caterpillars.

\*

The Chief offers Wonka a taste of the caterpillar goo.

\*

## WONKA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

The food they longed for the most  
was the cocoa bean. An Oompa-  
Loompa was lucky if he found three  
or four cocoa beans a year. But  
oh, how they craved them. They  
used to dream about cocoa beans all  
night and talk about them all day

BACK TO:

82 INT. THE CHOCOLATE ROOM - DAY

82

In a meadow by the river, everyone but Augustus listens to  
Wonka's story.

\*

## WONKA

The cocoa bean happens to be the  
thing from which chocolate is made.  
So I said...

\*

\*

\*

\*

BACK TO:

\*

83 INT. CHIEF'S HOUSE - DAY 83 \*

Wonka talks to the Chief.

WONKA

Look here, if you and your people  
will come live in my factory, you  
can have all the cocoa beans you  
want! I'll even pay your wages in  
cocoa beans if you wish!

\*  
\*  
\*

The Chief considers for a moment, then eagerly shakes Wonka's hand.

BACK TO:

84 OMIT 84

85 INT. THE CHOCOLATE ROOM - DAY 85

WONKA

They are wonderful workers. I must  
warn you though, they are rather  
mischievous. Always making jokes.

Veruca tugs on her daddy's sleeve.

VERUCA

Daddy! Daddy! I want an Oompa-  
Loompa. I want you to get me an  
Oompa-Loompa!

MR. SALT

Now, now pet. We mustn't interrupt  
Mr. Wonka.

VERUCA

But I want an Oompa-Loompa!

MIKE

(mocking her accent)  
I want an Oompa-Loompa!

\*  
\*  
\*

Veruca glares at Mike, who is startled. That's one spooky  
little girl.

\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

Mrs. Gloop calls down to the riverbank --

\*

MRS. GLOOP

Augustus! Augustus, mein schatz.  
Dat is not a good thing you do!

\*

August Gloop is kneeling on the riverbank, scooping hot melted chocolate into his mouth as fast as he can.

WONKA

Please, boy, please! My chocolate  
must be untouched by human hands!

\*

MRS. GLOOP

Come away from dat river at vonce!

But Augustus is deaf to everything except the call of his enormous stomach. He lies full-length on the ground with his head far out over the river and laps up the chocolate like a dog.

MR. TEAVEE

Careful, son. You're leaning too  
far out!

Mr. Teavee is absolutely right. For suddenly there is a SHRIEK, and then a SPLASH. Augustus Gloop disappears under the brown surface.

Everyone runs to the riverbank...

MRS. GLOOP

He'll drown! He can't svim! Save  
him! Save him!

The wretched boy is sucked closer and closer toward the mouth of one of the great pipes that dangles down into the river.

Grandpa Joe pulls off his shoes, ready to make a desperate rescue. Mr. Teavee does the same. For his part, Mr. Salt fusses with his tie just a bit.

CHARLIE

Look! The Oompa-Loompas!

The Oompa-Loompas are pulling on swimming caps. One by one, they dive gracefully into the chocolate river, swimming toward Augustus.

(CONTINUED)

85 CONTINUED: (2)

85

As he floats in the chocolate river, Augustus is divided between his instinct to breathe and his instinct to eat. He alternately gasps and gobbles.

86 THEN ALL AT ONCE,

86

the powerful suction takes hold of him completely. He is pulled under the surface and then into the mouth of the pipe.

The crowd on the riverbank waits breathlessly to see where he comes out.

VIOLET

There he goes!

And sure enough, because the pipe is made of glass, Augustus Gloop is seen clearly shooting up inside it, head first like a torpedo.

MRS. GLOOP

Help! Call the fire brigade!

\*

MS. BEAUREGARDE

It's a wonder how that pipe is big enough.

\*

\*

CHARLIE

It's not big enough! He's slowing down!

\*

MIKE

He's gonna stick.

MR. TEAVEE

I think he has.

MR. SALT

He's blocked the whole pipe!

Indeed, chocolate is SWISHING around the boy in the pipe. The pressure is terrific. Something has to give.

From a HIGH ANGLE, we look down on Augustus. In the river below, we see the Oompa-Loompas have circled the pipe. Like swimmers in an Esther Williams movie, they begin to perform a series of elaborate and beautiful synchronized formations: flowers, spirals, starbursts. It's oddly glorious.

87

MORE OOMPA-LOOMPAS

87 \*

gather on the shore. Mike seems particularly perturbed by their proximity.

\*  
\*

MIKE

Back off, you little freaks!

\*  
\*

VERUCA

What are they doing?

\*  
\*

WONKA

Why, I believe they're going to treat us to a song! It's quite a special occasion, of course. They haven't had a fresh audience in years!

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OOMPA-LOOMPAS

(singing)

*Augustus Gloop! Augustus Gloop!  
The great big greedy nincompoop!  
August Gloop! So big and vile.  
So greedy, foul and infantile!  
'Come on!' we cried, 'The time is ripe  
To send him shooting up the pipe!'*

(soloist)

*But don't, dear children, be alarmed;*

(all)

*Augustus Gloop will not be harmed.  
Augustus Gloop will not be harmed.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

The Oompa-Loompas sing and dance with the precise synchronicity of a Busby-Berkley musical.

\*  
\*

Meanwhile, Augustus is still stuck in the pipe, BANGING on the glass.

\*  
\*

MRS. GLOOP

Augustus! Mein kleines  
schweinchen!

\*  
\*  
\*

WHOOOF! Augustus suddenly shoots up like a bullet in the barrel of a gun. He disappears as the pipe passes through the ceiling.

\*  
\*  
\*

Everyone GASPS.

\*

(CONTINUED)

OOMPA-LOOMPAS

*Although, of course, we must admit  
He will be altered quite a bit.  
Slowly, wheels go round and round,  
And cogs begin to grind and pound;*

The synchronized singers act as the "machinery" doing dastardly things.

OOMPA-LOOMPAS (CONT'D)

*We'll boil him for a minute more,  
Until we're absolutely sure.  
Then out he comes! By God! By grace!  
A miracle has taken place!  
A miracle has taken place!  
This greedy brute, this louse's ear,  
Is loved by people everywhere!  
For who could hate or bear a grudge  
Against a luscious bit of...  
...Fu-uuh-uhh-uhh-dge!*

With a quick bow, the Oompa-Loompas disperse, leaving the visitors bewildered. Wonka, however, is APPLAUDING heartily.

WONKA

Bravo! Well done! Aren't they delightful? Aren't they charming?

MR. TEAVEE

They sure are a musical people.

Mrs. Gloop is apoplectic.

MRS. GLOOP

Ach! Ver is my son? Ver does that  
pipe go to? He vill be made into  
marshmallows!

WONKA

Impossible! Unthinkable! He could  
never be made into marshmallows.  
That pipe doesn't go to the  
Marshmallow Room. It doesn't go  
anywhere near it.

She seems a little relieved.

WONKA (CONT'D)

That pipe happens to lead directly  
to the room where I make the most  
delicious kind of strawberry-  
flavored chocolate-coated fudge.

MRS. GLOOP

Then he'll be made into strawberry-  
flavored chocolate-coated fudge!  
They'll be selling him by the pound  
all over the world...

WONKA

I wouldn't allow it. The taste  
would be terrible. Just imagine  
it! Augustus-flavored chocolate-  
coated Gloop! No one would buy it.

Ms. Beauregarde puts a sympathetic hand on Mrs. Gloop's  
shoulder.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

He's right. They wouldn't.

Wonka CLICKS his fingers three times. Immediately, a new  
Oompa-Loompa appears, as if from nowhere, and stands beside  
him.

(CONTINUED)

The Oompa-Loompa bows and smiles, showing his beautiful teeth. The top of his head comes just above Wonka's knee.

WONKA

I want you to take Mrs. Gloop up to the Fudge Room and help her find her son. Take a long stick and start poking around inside the big chocolate-mixing barrel. I'm almost certain you'll find him there.

The Oompa-Loompa gives a strange kind of salute, then scurries off. Wonka gestures for Mrs. Gloop to follow him. She runs, disappearing around the bend in the path.

MR. SALT

I do say, that all seemed rather rehearsed.

MIKE

Like they knew what was going to happen to him.

WONKA

Nonsense! Improvisation is a parlor trick. Anyone can do it. You, little girl.  
(points to Violet)  
Say something. Anything at all.

She takes the gum from behind her ear and pops it in her mouth.

VIOLET

Chewing gum.

WONKA

(singing)  
*Chewing gum is really gross,  
Chewing gum, I hate the most!*  
(finished)  
See? Exactly the same.

(CONTINUED)

\*

MIKE

No it isn't.

WONKA

You really shouldn't mumble. I  
can't understand a word you're  
saying. Now, on with the tour!

Before anyone can protest further, Wonka heads down to a dock  
built on the chocolate river.

CHARLIE

(to Grandpa Joe)

Are the Oompa-Loompas really  
joking, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

Of course they're joking. That boy  
will be fine.

Grandpa Joe takes Charlie's hand, just in case.

In the distance, a steamy fog rises up from the great warm  
chocolate river. Out of the mist appears a most fantastic  
pink boat.

Built like a Viking ship of old, it looks to be made of  
bright, pink glass. (In fact, it's sugar.) There are many  
oars on either side of it, and as the boat comes closer, we  
can see the oars are pulled by masses of identical OOMPA-  
LOOMPAS -- at least six of them to each oar.

The boat glides up to the dock, where Wonka is changing into  
an outfit better suited for sailing.

The Oompa-Loompas rest on their oars and stare up at the  
visitors. Then suddenly, for some reason best known to  
themselves, they all burst into shrieks of LAUGHTER.

VIOLET

What's so funny?

WONKA

Oh, don't worry about them!  
They're always laughing! I think  
it's from all the cocoa beans.

(MORE)

\*

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Child stars, former celebrities,  
the usual lot.

Five seconds later, a bright red door comes into sight  
straight ahead. The sign reads:

INVENTING ROOM

PRIVATE -- KEEP OUT!

Wonka waves his gold-topped cane in the air and SHOUTS --

WONKA (CONT'D)

Stop the boat! This you have to  
see!

The place is like a witch's kitchen: black metal pots BOIL  
and BUBBLE on huge stoves, kettles HISS, pan SIZZLE, strange  
iron machines CLANK and SPUTTER.

Wonka hops through the saucepans and the machines like a  
child among Christmas presents, not knowing which thing to  
look at first. He lifts the lid from a huge pot and takes a  
good sniff, then rushes over and dips a finger into a barrel  
of sticky yellow stuff and has a taste.

\*

WONKA

This is the most important room in  
the entire factory, where I develop  
all my secret new inventions!  
Prodnose and Fickelgruber would  
give their front teeth to be  
allowed inside for just three  
minutes!

The group breaks into smaller clusters as the visitors  
investigate different strange contraptions.

\*

Amid all the fancy devices, Charlie is examining a rather  
dusty, plain-looking one. Wonka leans over his shoulder.

\*

\*

WONKA

That was my very first invention:  
a candy ribbon-er. Turn the crank.

\*

\*

\*

The handle SQUEAKS a bit as Charlie turns it. Wonka feeds a  
bit of pliable sugar into the opening.

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

The gears pull it through a series of wheels, emerging on the far side as flat, folded ribbon candy. It's an incredibly simple but elegant device. Charlie is fascinated.

Wonka can't himself: with a handkerchief, he wipes Charlie's fingerprints off the crank.

Violet calls out...

VIOLET

Mr. Wonka! What is this?

Their private moment broken, Wonka and Charlie join the other children around a small shiny machine that goes PHUT-PHUT-PHUT. Every time it goes PHUT, a large green marble-like candy drops out of it into a basket on the floor. Wonka picks one up.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Everlasting Gobstoppers! They're for children who are given very little allowance money.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

## A TINY DRAWER

pops out of the side of the machine. In the drawer lies something so small and thin and grey that everyone thinks it must be a mistake. It looks like a little strip of grey cardboard.

MIKE

You mean that's it?

WONKA

That's it? Don't you know what "it" is?

VIOLET

It's gum!

WONKA

Yes! It's a stick of gum!

Violet and her mother are psyched -- they're back in the zone.

WONKA (CONT'D)

It's a stick of the most amazing and sensational gum in the world! For you see, this gum is a whole three-course dinner all by itself!

MR. SALT

Why would anyone want that?

WONKA

It will be the end of all kitchens and all cooking! Just a little strip of Wonka's magic chewing gum -  
- and that's all you'll ever need at breakfast, lunch, and dinner! This piece of gum happens to be tomato soup, roast beef, and blueberry pie!

\*

\*

No one notices as Violet takes her own world-record piece of chewing gum out of her mouth and sticks it behind her left ear.

\*

MR. TEAVEE

What do you mean, it's tomato soup, roast beef, and blueberry pie?

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

If you were to start chewing it,  
then that is exactly what you would  
get. You could taste it perfectly!  
It would fill you up! It's  
terrific.

\*  
\*

GRANDPA JOE

It sounds great.

VERUCA

It sounds weird.

VIOLET

It sounds like my kind of gum.

Violet grabs the stick out of the drawer.

\*

WONKA

I would rather you didn't. There  
are still one or two things...

VIOLET

I'm the world-record holder in  
chewing gum. I'm not afraid of  
anything!

Before Wonka can stop her,

VIOLET POPS IT INTO HER MOUTH.

At once, her well-trained jaws start chewing away on it like  
a pair of tongs.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

How is it, honey?

VIOLET

It's amazing. Tomato soup! I can  
feel it running down my throat!

WONKA

You really should spit it out.

GRANDPA JOE

Young lady, I think you better...

VIOLET

(still chewing)  
It's changing. It's roast beef!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Squeeze her. We've got to squeeze the juice out of her immediately. But don't worry, ma'am. We've had lots of practice with this.

Already, ten Oompa-Loompas roll the enormous blueberry across the floor and out the door.

VIOLET

Mother!

Ms. Beauregarde hurries after them.

TRANSITION TO:

INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

Walking just as briskly as ever, Wonka leads the remaining party to a new section of the factory. \*

There are doors every twenty feet or so along the corridor now, and they each have something written on them, and strange CLANKING noises come from behind several of them. Sometimes little jets of colored steam shoot out from the cracks underneath.

WONKA

Without the boat, we'll have to move double-time just to keep on schedule. There's really far too much to see. \*

Charlie almost has to run to keep up with him.

CHARLIE

Mr. Wonka?

WONKA

Yes!

CHARLIE

Why did you decide to let people in?

WONKA

So they could see the factory, of course!

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

But why now? And why only five?

Wonka stops.

WONKA

Do you always ask so many questions?

CHARLIE

Yes.

MIKE

What's the special prize? And who gets it?

\*

WONKA

The best kind of prize is a surprise.

Feeling left out...

VERUCA

Will Violet always be a blueberry?

WONKA

She'll be a rich shade of purple. But that's what you get from chewing gum all day. Disgusting.

\*

MIKE

If you hate gum so much, why do you make it?

Stumped...

WONKA

Once again, you really shouldn't mumble!

Wonka notices another door he hadn't planned to show. But now that they've stopped...

WONKA (CONT'D)

Oooh! I am very proud of my Square Candies That Look Round. Let's take a peek.

101 INT. SQUARE CANDY ROOM - DAY

101

Wonka leads the group up to a long table with rows and rows of small white square-shaped candies. The candies look very much like sugar cubes -- except that each of them has a funny little pink face painted on one side.

At the end of the table, a number of Oompa-Loompas busily paint more faces on more candies.

WONKA

There you are! Square candies that look round.

MIKE

No they don't.

MR. TEAVEE

They don't look round to me.

VERUCA

They look square. They look completely square.

WONKA

But they are square. I never said they weren't.

VERUCA

You said they were round.

WONKA

I never said anything of the sort. I said they looked round.

VERUCA

But they don't look round! They look square!

WONKA

They look round.

VERUCA

They most certainly do not look round.

MR. SALT

He's lying to you, Veruca. Pay no attention to Mr. Wonka.

\*  
\*  
\*

(CONTINUED)

As Mr. Salt moves to comfort Veruca, all the rows and rows of little square candies quickly turn to look at him.

MR. TEAVEE

Holy...

WONKA

There you are! They're looking 'round! There's no argument about it! They are square candies that look 'round!

GRANDPA JOE

By golly, he's right!

VERUCA

Well, I wouldn't want to eat one.

WONKA

They wouldn't want to eat you either!

MR. TEAVEE

Mr. Wonka, no offense, but you make some really strange candy.

WONKA

I suppose I make whatever I feel like. Always have, right from the start.

\*  
\*

CHARLIE

What was the first candy you ever ate?

WONKA

I'm sure I don't remember.

All the square candies look at each other -- yeah, right.

\*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In fact, Willy Wonka remembered precisely the first candy he ever ate.

TRANSITION TO:

Still wearing his draconian headgear, Little Willy sweeps the ashes out of the fireplace, dumping them into a bucket.

(CONTINUED)

108 EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 108

Little Willy checks his reflection in the candy shop's window. He takes the lollipop out of his mouth and sticks out his tongue, which is now six different colors.

He LAUGHS to himself as we transition...

BACK TO:

109 INT. SQUARE CANDY ROOM - DAY 109

Wonka looks around, disoriented. By the puzzled looks on people's faces, he's been "gone" for a minute or two.

WONKA

I apologize. I was having a...  
flashback.

MR. SALT

I see.

Mr. Salt moves his daughter away from the crazy man. \*

MR. TEAVEE

These flashbacks happen often? \*

WONKA

Increasingly. Today.

110 INT. FACTORY HALLWAY - DAY 110

Wonka is back to his senses, leading the visitors further. \*

WONKA

These are all the additions and  
inserts: the nougats, the  
sprinkles, the whistle-y centers...

MR. SALT \*

Ah, now here's a room I know all  
about. For you see, Mr. Wonka, I  
myself am in the nut business.

He hands Wonka a business card. \*

MR. SALT (CONT'D) \*

Tell me, are you using the Havermax  
4000 to do your sorting? \*

(CONTINUED)

MR. SALT

Veruca, dear. You have many  
wonderful pets.

Veruca begins to cry fiery tears.

VERUCA

All I've got at home is two dogs  
and four cats and six rabbits and  
two parakeets and three canaries  
and a green parrot and a turtle and  
a bowl of goldfish and a silly old  
hamster! I want a squirrel!

\*

MR. SALT

All right, pet. Daddy'll get you a  
squirrel just as soon as he  
possibly can.

VERUCA

But I don't want any old squirrel,  
I want a trained squirrel!

MR. SALT

Very well. Mr. Wonka, how much do  
you want for one of these  
squirrels? Name your price.

WONKA

They're not for sale. She can't  
have one.

VERUCA

Daddy!

WONKA

(as Mr. Salt)

I'm sorry, darling. Mr. Wonka is  
being unreasonable.

\*

VERUCA

(to her father)

If you won't get me one, I'll get  
one myself.

\*

Squeezing between the bars,

The bars are too close together for an adult to follow.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA (CONT'D)

My goodness, she is a bad nut after  
all! Her head must have sounded  
quite hollow.

Veruca kicks and SCREAMS, but it's no use. The tiny strong  
paws hold her tightly and she can't escape.

VERUCA

Daddy! I want them to stop!

MR. SALT

Where are they taking her?

WONKA

Where all the other bad nuts go.  
Down the garbage chute.

As he talks, Wonka sorts through his keys, trying to find one  
that unlocks the railing gate.

MUSIC begins, a new song starting.

\*

MR. SALT

What happens to the bad nuts?  
Where does the chute go?

WONKA

Why to the furnace, of course. The  
incinerator. Don't worry. They  
only light it on Tuesdays.

Wonka tries a key, but it doesn't fit.

MIKE

Today is Tuesday.

WONKA

There's always a chance they  
decided not to light it today.

MR. SALT

My darling Veruca! She'll be  
sizzled like a sausage!

The squirrels toss Veruca into the hole.

MR. SALT (CONT'D)

Aah!

\*

Hearing their cue, the...

\*

113 OOMPA-LOOMPAS MARCH IN.

113 \*

This time, their SONG AND DANCE NUMBER has a Bollywood flair. \*

OOMPA-LOOMPAS \*

(singing) \*

*Veruca Salt. The little brute. \**

*Has just gone down the garbage chute. \**

WONKA \*

Now, she may be stuck in the chute  
just below the top. If that's the  
case, all you'll have to do is  
reach in and pull her up again. \*

He still can't find the right key. \*

OOMPA-LOOMPAS (CONT'D) \*

*She will meet, as she descends, \**

*A rather different set of friends. \**

*A fish head, for example, cut \**

*This morning from a halibut. \**

*A steak that nobody would chew, \**

*An oyster from an oyster stew, \**

*Some liverwurst so old and gray, \**

*One smelled it from a mile away! \**

*A rotten nut, a reeky pear, \**

*A thing the cat left on the stair; \**

*And lots of other things as well, \**

*Each with a rather horrid smell. \**

*These are Veruca's newfound friends \**

*That she will meet as she descends! \**

The squirrels try to nip at the Oompa-Loompas's heels as they  
dance. \*

Wonka turns a key, and the gate opens. Frantic, Mr. Salt  
rushes up to the edge of the hole. \*

MR. SALT \*

Veruca! Are you down there! \*

Veruca! \*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

SOLOIST

*Now, is it really right,  
That every bit of blame,  
Finger-pointing giggles,  
Not to mention shame,  
Should fall upon Veruca Salt?  
Is she the only one at fault?  
A girl can't spoil herself, you know.*

MR. SALT

Veruuuuccca! Sweetheart. I'll buy  
you anything you want.

Mr. Salt bends further forward to get a closer look. His enormous butt sticks up in the air like a giant mushroom. It is a dangerous position to be in. He needs only one little push, one gentle nudge in the right place.

OOMPA-LOOMPAS

*Who turned her into such a brat?  
Who's the culprit? Who did that?  
Alas you shouldn't look so far  
To find out who the sinners are.  
They are (and this is very sad)  
Her parents, yes -- like dear old Dad*

With a flying kick, one squirrel hits Mr. Salt dead center. He topples into the hole head-first, SCREECHING like a parrot. On the platform, everyone is horrified.

The song nearly finished...

OOMPA-LOOMPAS (CONT'D)

*And that is why we're glad he fell  
Into the garbage chute as wel-l-l-l-l-l !*

The song ends.

An Oompa-Loompa tugs at Wonka's leg. Wonka leans down as the Oompa-Loompa WHISPERS to him.

WONKA

(to everyone)

I've just been informed the  
incinerator is broken. There  
should be three weeks of rotten  
garbage to break their fall!

MR. TEAVEE

Well, that's good news. Sorta.

(CONTINUED)

113 CONTINUED: (2)

113

With a DING!, we...

CUT TO:

114 INT. THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY

114

The doors slide open, revealing what's left of the visitors: Charlie and Grandpa Joe, Mike Teavee and his father, and Wonka himself. He's fixing the cuffs on another new outfit.

WONKA

I don't know why I didn't think of this earlier. The elevator is the most efficient way to get around the factory.

As they get inside, the visitors notice that the walls, floor and ceiling are made of glass -- you can see through to the studs of the building. Also, there are hundreds of buttons.

MIKE

There can't be this many floors.

WONKA

Oh, this isn't just an ordinary up-and-down elevator! This elevator can go sideways and longways and slantways and any other way you can think of! It can visit any single room in the whole factory, no matter where it is! You simply press a button and you're off! We can see dozens of rooms in no time!

\*  
\*

He hits a bunch of buttons randomly.

\*

115 THE DOORS CLANG SHUT

115

and the elevator leaps sideways as though it has been stung by a wasp. All the passengers (except Wonka) are flung off their feet against the wall.

\*

The elevator rushes on at the speed of a rocket. Now it begins to climb. It shoots up and up and up on a steep slanty course as if it were climbing a very steep hill. Then suddenly, it drops like a stone.

(CONTINUED)

And through the glass walls of the elevator, as it rushes along, the passengers catch sudden glimpses of strange and wonderful things going on in some of the other rooms.

In one, a great, craggy mountain is made entirely of fudge. Oompa-Loompas (all roped together for safety) hack huge chunks of fudge out of its sides. \*

WONKA

I only hope no one's using the other elevator at this moment. \*

CHARLIE

What other elevator?

WONKA

The one that goes the opposite way on the same track as this one.

GRANDPA JOE

You mean we might have a collision?

WONKA

I've been lucky so far.

Different rooms keep RUSHING PAST: \*

WONKA (CONT'D) \*

Okay, let me point out a few rooms. \*  
Jelly Beanstalks. Slicorice. The \*  
Snottermellon patch. Chewable \*  
slacks. Sugarloafers. Oh, here! \*  
The administrative offices: \*  
Smackaging, Unhuman Resources, \*  
Taste Accounting -- Hello Doris! \*  
The Puppet Infirmary. Rooster \*  
Purchasing. The Oompa-Loompery... \*

MIKE \*

Why is everything here completely \*  
pointless? \*

Wonka is taken aback. \*

CHARLIE \*

Candy doesn't have to have a point. \*  
That's why it's candy. \*

We're moving so fast that the light takes on a flickering quality, like looking through helicopter blades. \*

(CONTINUED)

115 CONTINUED: (2)

115

MIKE  
It's stupid.

\*  
\*

We SWOOP IN into a giant close-up of Mike's lips.

MIKE (CONT'D)  
Candy is a waste of time.

\*

When we PULL BACK OUT, we've...

\*

TRANSITIONED TO:

116 OMIT

116 \*

117 INT. WONKA FAMILY LIVING ROOM - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO]

117

It was actually Dr. Wonka who said the line. We've entered in the middle of an argument between Little Willy and his father.

DR. WONKA  
No son of mine is going to be a  
chocolateer!

LITTLE WILLY  
Then I'll run away! To  
Switzerland! Bavaria! The candy  
capitals of the world!

DR. WONKA  
Go ahead. We won't be here when  
you come back.

Little Willy grabs his knapsack and runs out the front door.

118 MONTAGE

118 \*

Knapsack over his shoulder, Little Willy walks toward camera as a procession of international flags moves behind him, illustrating his great journey. Through it all, Little Willy maintains a stoic, inspired attitude.

\*

A man's hand lands on his shoulder. Little Willy looks up to find a SECURITY GUARD.

SECURITY GUARD  
Sorry, son. We're closing for the night.

WIDER

(CONTINUED)

118 CONTINUED:

118

we reveal that this "montage" has actually just been Little Willy walking through the local museum. The sign on the wall reads: "FLAGS OF THE WORLD."

CUT TO:

119 EXT. PICKWICKET AVENUE - EVENING [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 119 \*

Dejected, Little Willy walks home. He's given up on his dream. As he reaches the front steps of his family's house, he notices something odd.

THE HOUSE IS GONE.

It's been ripped from its foundation and carried away, leaving the two narrow row houses on either side of it.

Little Willy drops his knapsack in disbelief.

TRANSITION TO:

120 INT. THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY 120

Dispirited, Wonka slumps over a bit. The elevator is still whizzing past rooms. \*

MIKE

I wanna pick a room.

WONKA

Certainly. Anywhere you'd like. \*

Mike scans the choices, then settles on a button marked "Television Room."

He pushes the button. Suddenly, the whole elevator LURCHES to the right, throwing everybody but Wonka against the left wall. \*

After another dizzying trip, the elevator finally stops. With a DING!, the doors open.

121 INT. THE TELEVISION ROOM - DAY 121

Mike and his father, Charlie and Grandpa Joe step out of the elevator into a room so dazzlingly white and bright that they screw up their eyes in pain. Wonka hands them each a pair of dark glasses.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Put these on quick! And don't take  
them off in here whatever you do!  
This light could blind you!

The giant room is painted white all over, even the floor.  
From the ceiling, huge lamps hang down and bathe the room in  
a brilliant blue-white light.

At one end of the room is an enormous camera on wheels, with  
a whole army of OOMPA-LOOMPAS clustered around it. They oil  
its joints, adjusts its knobs, and polish its great glass  
lens. The Oompa-Loompas wear white space suits, complete  
with helmets and goggles. \*

They work in silence. There is no chattering or singing  
among them here, and they move about over the huge black  
camera slowly and carefully in their space suits. \*

WONKA (CONT'D)

This is the testing room for my  
very latest and greatest invention:  
Television Chocolate!

At the other end of the room, about fifty feet away from the  
camera, a single OOMPA-LOOMPA (also in a space suit) sits at  
a black table. With a remote control, he idly CLICKS through  
channels on a large television. \*

Briefly, we see Kubrick's 2001. It's the part with the apes  
on the rocks. \*

WONKA (CONT'D)

One day, it occurred to me: If  
television can break up a  
photograph into millions of pieces  
and send it whizzing through the  
air, then reassemble it on the  
other end, why can't I do the same  
thing with chocolate? Why can't I  
send a real bar of chocolate  
through the television, all ready  
to be eaten?

MR. TEAVEE

Sounds impossible.

MIKE

It is impossible. You don't  
understand anything about science!  
First off, there's a difference  
between waves and particles. Duh!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MIKE (CONT'D)

Second, the amount of power it would take to convert energy into matter would be like, nine atomic bombs.

\*

WONKA

Again, with the mumbling. I can't understand a word you're saying!

(to everyone else)

I shall now send a bar of chocolate from one end of this room to the other -- by television! Get ready, there! Bring the chocolate!

Immediately, ten Oompa-Loompas march forward carrying on their shoulders an enormous bar of chocolate -- the size of a mattress.

WONKA (CONT'D)

It has to be big. You know how on t.v., you can film a normal-sized man, but he comes out this tall?

(shows with fingers)

Now then! Switch on!

One of the Oompa-Loompas grabs a very large switch and pulls it down. A blinding FLASH. Charlie is the first to notice --

\*

CHARLIE

It's gone!

Indeed, the enormous bar of chocolate has disappeared completely into thin air.

WONKA

It is now rushing through the air above our heads in a million tiny pieces. Quick! Come over here!

He dashes over to the other end of the room to the large television set. The others follow.

\*

WONKA (CONT'D)

Watch the screen. Here it comes. Look!

Indeed, massive Wonka bar appears smack in the middle of Kubrick's 2001, replacing the black monolith.

\*

\*

To the opening strains of THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA, the little apes HOWL in awe and fright. The bravest of them reaches to touch it.

\*

\*

\*

(CONTINUED)

MR. TEAVEE  
He's gone! Mike! He's gone!

WONKA  
Quick! The television!

Everyone huddles around it, looking for Mike.

WONKA  
I just hope that no part of him  
gets left behind.

MR. TEAVEE  
What do you mean?

WONKA  
Sometimes only half of the little  
pieces find their way through.  
(to Mr. Teavee)  
If you had to choose only one-half  
of your son...

MR. TEAVEE  
I'd probably pick the top half.  
(beat; considering)  
Yeah, definitely. The top half.

WONKA  
He should be through by now.  
(to the Remote-Controller)  
Try every channel! We must find  
him!

They all stare intensely at the screen, which flips from  
channel to channel.

As MUSIC kicks in, the other Oompa-Loompas throw off their  
helmets and start one last song-and-dance around the  
television. This time, however, the action also takes place  
ON SCREEN, as we click between:

A123 A NEWS PROGRAM.

A123 \*

A singing Oompa-Loompa is the NEWSREADER.

OOMPA-NEWSREADER  
*The most important thing, that we've ever learned,*

B123	A COOKING SHOW.	B123 *
	OOMPA-EMERIL kicks it up a notch.	*
	OOMPA-EMERIL	*
	<i>The most important thing we've learned</i>	*
C123	A TALK SHOW.	C123 *
	OOMPA-WINFREY holds the microphone with both hands.	*
	OOMPA-WINFREY	*
	<i>As far as children are concerned:</i>	*
D123	A CAT FOOD COMMERCIAL.	D123 *
	OOMPA-BACHELOR feeds his tabby.	*
	OOMPA-BACHELOR	*
	<i>Is never, never let them near the television set.</i>	*
E123	A SLASHER MOVIE.	E123 *
	A terrified OOMPA-SUMMER-CAMPER hides in a slash of light.	*
	OOMPA-SUMMER-CAMPER	*
	<i>Or better still just don't install the idiotic thing at all.</i>	*
F123	INT. TELEVISION ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS]	F123 *
	As the song moves into its woh-oh-oh-oh CHORUS, the technician Oompa-Loompas dance around the television.	*
	Charlie spots something on the screen:	*
	CHARLIE	*
	There he is!	*
	Mike appears in the middle of a "Top of the Pops"-style music show. Standing center-stage, he waves to his father and the others, grinning from ear to ear.	*
	MR. TEAVEE	*
	Mike!	*
	MIKE	*
	Told you I was right!	*

(CONTINUED)

F123 CONTINUED:

F123

OOMPA-LOOMPAS

*(Never never let them...Never never let them.)*

WONKA

Grab him! Quick!

Mr. Teavee reaches for him, but Mike is knocked down by the  
OOMPA-GUITARIST's power slide.

G123 THE ROCK SHOW.

G123 \*

The OOMPAS play their number-one smash hit.

OOMPA-LEAD-SINGER

*It rots the senses in the head,  
It kills imagination dead.  
It clogs and clutters up the mind.  
It makes a child so dumb and blind.  
(So dumb and blind...So dumb and blind)*

Mike keeps ending up in bad situations: tripped by cords,  
hit by drumsticks, blinded by spotlights.

Mike's troubles continue as we INTERCUT BETWEEN channels.  
The song continues throughout, sung by whatever Oompa-Loompa  
is on-screen.

OOMPA-LOOMPAS

*He can no longer understand  
A fairytale of fairyland.  
(Of fairyland! Of fairyland!)  
His brain becomes as soft as cheese,  
His thinking powers rust and freeze,  
He cannot think he only sees!  
(He only sees...He only sees)*

INTERCUTTING:

H123 THE NEWS PROGRAM.

H123 \*

Mike keeps getting whacked by on-screen graphics, knocked by  
boom mikes. He runs the wrong way along the ticker that  
scrolls across the bottom of the screen.

J123 THE COOKING SHOW.

J123 \*

Mike gets his head twisted like a pepper shaker, get dusted  
with flour, and is tossed into a frying pan.

(CONTINUED)

J123 CONTINUED: J123

K123 THE TALK SHOW. K123 \*

Like all talk show guests, Mike breaks down and cries. He \*

gets smothered in Oompa-Winfrey's bosom. \*

L123 THE CAT FOOD COMMERCIAL. L123 \*

The cat chases after the mouse-sized Mike. \*

M123 THE SLASHER MOVIE. M123 \*

THE PLANKER -- an Oompa-Loompa with a mask and wooden board \*

full of rusty nails -- chases after Mike. \*

N123 THE ROCK SHOW. N123 \*

TEMPO changes for Sgt. Pepper-style stanza: \*

OOMPA-LOOMPAS \*

*Regarding little Mike Teavee,* \*

*We very much regret that we...* \*

*(Regret that we)* \*

*Will simply have to wait and see.* \*

*(Wait. And see! And wait. And see!)* \*

Chaos again as we CONTINUE INTERCUTTING. \*

OOMPA-LOOMPAS \*

*We very much regret that we shall* \*

*Simply have to wait and see.* \*

*If we can get him back to size* \*

*But if we can't...* \*

*(can't...can't...can't)* \*

*It serves him right!* \*

Just as Mike is about to be eaten/smothered/fried/planked... \*

P123	INT. TELEVISION ROOM - DAY [CONTINUOUS]	P123 *
	Mr. Teavee picks the tiny figure of Mike...	*
	OUT OF THE SCREEN.	*
	Mike is smaller than an Oompa-Loompa, even. His voice is high and squeaky:	*
		*
	MIKE	
	(bawling)	*
	Daddy! TV nearly killed me.	*
	MR. TEAVEE	*
	You're alright, Mike. I got you.	*
	The Oompa-Loompas hand the remote to Mr. Teavee. He CLICKS.	*
	The television picture shrinks down to a tiny dot, disappearing with the MUSIC.	*
		*

(CONTINUED)

Wonka takes the remote back and walks with the Teavees.

\*

WONKA

\*

Thank heavens! He's completely  
unharmmed!

\*

\*

MR. TEAVEE

We can't send him back to school  
like this. He'll get trod upon.  
Squashed.

MIKE

Just put me back through the other  
way!

WONKA

There is no "other way." It's  
television, not telephone. There's  
quite a difference. Scientifically.

MR. TEAVEE

Well, how can we make him grow?

WONKA

Young men are extremely springy and  
elastic. They stretch like mad.  
So what we'll do, we'll put him in  
the taffy puller.

\*

MR. TEAVEE

How far d'you think he'll stretch?

WONKA

Who knows? But he's going to be  
awfully thin. Everything gets  
thinner when you stretch it.

Wonka sends him off with a pat on the shoulder. As Oompa-  
Loompas lead Mr. Teavee away, the lights overhead switch off.

\*

\*

CUT TO:

\*

123 MOMENTS LATER

123 \*

The television room is quite a bit darker -- just a few pools of light. \*

Back at the table with the television set, Wonka takes Charlie and Grandpa Joe's sunglasses and begins walking back to the great glass elevator.

WONKA

There's still a lot to see. Now,  
how many children are left?

Charlie looks up at Grandpa Joe. Grandpa Joe looks back at Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

Mr. Wonka, there's only Charlie  
left now. \*

Wonka swings around and stares at Charlie. There is silence. Charlie stands there holding tightly onto Grandpa Joe's hand.

WONKA

You mean you're the only one?

CHARLIE

Yes.

WONKA

But my dear boy, that means you've won! Oh, I do congratulate you! I really do!

(shakes Charlie's hand)

I'm absolutely delighted! I had a hunch, you know, right from the beginning! Well done!

Of course, Charlie has no idea what he's won. He and Grandpa Joe simply follow along.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now we mustn't dilly! Or dally!  
We have an enormous number of  
things to do before the day is out!  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

123 CONTINUED:

123

WONKA (CONT'D)

But luckily for us, we have the  
great glass elevator to speed  
things up!

\*

WHACK! He walks right into the side of it -- it's nearly  
invisible. Trying to cover his blunder...

WONKA (CONT'D)

Door's on this side.

124 INT. THE GREAT GLASS ELEVATOR - DAY

124

As the doors shut, Wonka reaches for a button high up on the  
glass ceiling of the elevator. Charlie and Grandpa Joe both  
crane their necks to read what is says on the little label  
beside the button.

It says: UP AND OUT.

CHARLIE

Up and out? What kind of room is  
that?

Wonka presses the button. The glass doors close.

WONKA

Hold on.

125 WHAM!

125

The elevator shoots straight up like a rocket.

WONKA

Faster!

(bangs wall of elevator)

Faster! Faster! If we don't go  
any faster than this, we'll never  
break through!

\*

CHARLIE

Break through what?

\*

WONKA

See, I've been longing to press  
this button for years! But I  
couldn't bear the thought of making  
a great big hole in the roof of the  
factory! Here we go, now. Up and  
out!

(CONTINUED)

125 CONTINUED:

125

GRANDPA JOE

But do you really mean...you don't  
really mean this elevator...

WONKA

Oh yes, I do! You wait and see.  
Up and out!

GRANDPA JOE

But it's made of glass! It'll  
smash into a million pieces!

\*

Looking up, Charlie and Grandpa Joe see the rafters and beams  
of the roof quickly approaching. Grandpa Joe holds Charlie  
tight, sheltering him as the elevator

126 CRASHES THROUGH

126 \*

layer after layer of wood, straw, dust, insulation, tile and  
steel, finally emerging...

127 EXT. ABOVE THE FACTORY / THE TOWN - DAY

127

Sunshine pours through the glass roof. In five seconds, they  
are flying a thousand feet up in the sky, hovering over the  
factory and over the very town itself which lay spread out  
below them like a picture postcard.

Charlie and Grandpa Joe each open an eye, not certain they're  
still alive.

Looking down through the glass floor, Charlie sees the small  
far-away houses and streets. Snow lays thick over  
everything, while smoke curls up from chimneys.

\*

WONKA

First thing, let's check on our  
other guests.

\*

WONKA

You must be the boy's p-p-p-p-p...

FATHER

Parents?

WONKA

Yes, that.

GRANDPA JOE

He says Charlie's won something!

WONKA

Not just some something! The most something something of any something that's ever been. I am giving this boy my entire factory.

A long beat.

GRANDPA JOE

You must be joking.

WONKA

It's quite true. You see, a few months ago, I was having my semi-annual haircut, and I had the strangest revelation!

CUT TO:

A132 INT. FACTORY BARBER SHOP - DAY [PAST]

A132

Wonka sits in a barber chair, doodling on a sketchpad while OOMPA-BARBER SNIPS away. (The barber is on a ladder.)

Brushing the hair away as it falls on his paper, Wonka notices something strange.

SPLIT FOCUS

Wonka stares at a single SILVER HAIR -- his very first.

\*

WONKA (V.O.)

In that one silver hair, I saw reflected my life's work: my factory, my candy, my beloved Oompa-Loompas. Who would watch over them after I was gone? I realized in that moment...

(CONTINUED)

133 CONTINUED:

133

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Grandpa Joe spent the whole day out  
of bed. He didn't feel tired at  
all.

134 INT. TOOTHPASTE FACTORY - DAY

134

Father shakes hands with the Foreman.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Charlie's father got a better job  
at the toothpaste factory,  
repairing the machine that had  
replaced him...

135 OMIT

135

136 EXT. SHOE SHINE STAND - DAY

136 \*

Smiling, Charlie finishes buffing the wingtips of a HAPPY  
BUSINESSMAN.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
...while Charlie made extra money  
after school.

137 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

137

Mother and Father get dinner ready while Charlie sets the  
repaired kitchen table.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
Things had never been better for  
the Bucket family.

For the first time, there's plenty of food, and no cabbage  
soup.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
The same could not be said for  
Willy Wonka.

138-139 OMIT

138-139

140 CLOSE ON WONKA

140

We gradually PULL OUT as he talks. He's agitated, irritable. He hasn't been sleeping well.

WONKA

I can't put my finger on it. Candy has always been the only thing I was certain of, and now I'm not certain at all.

Wonka is lying on a couch. An OOMPA-LOOMPA with glasses -- his psychiatrist -- takes notes in a pad.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I don't know which flavors to make, which ideas to try. I'm second-guessing myself, which is mad. I've always made whatever candy I feel like.

A beat, then Wonka has a sudden insight. He sits up.

WONKA (CONT'D)

That's just it, isn't it!? I make the candy I feel like, but now I feel terrible, so the candy is terrible.

(to the psychiatrist)

Ooh. You're very good.

The Oompa-Loompa takes off his glasses and nods.

141 EXT. SHOE SHINE STAND - DAY

141 \*

Charlie finishes up ONE MAN'S shoes, taking his tip.

CHARLIE

Thank you.

Charlie moves down to the next man waiting, who is already up in the chair. The CUSTOMER has his face buried in the business section of the local paper.

CUSTOMER

Pity about that chocolate fellow...Wendell...Walter...

(CONTINUED)

DR. WONKA (CONT'D)

Willy?

Wonka can barely talk with the instruments in his mouth.  
Garbles:

WONKA

Hello, Father. \*

DR. WONKA

All these years. You haven't  
flossed.

WONKA

Not once.

The men embrace. Charlie smiles.

CUT TO: \*

A145 INT. DR. WONKA'S PRIVATE STUDY - DAY

A145 \*

We PAN ACROSS articles cut from newspapers and magazines,  
charting the 20-year rise of Willy Wonka from budding  
entrepreneur to reclusive candy magnate. The clippings cover  
every wall. \*

As Charlie reads them, fascinated, Wonka looks back to his  
father in the doorway. Like the most sophisticated  
chocolate, the moment is bitter-sweet: Willy Wonka learns  
his father is proud of him, though 20 years have been wasted  
in stubborn silence. \*

Still, there's a glimmer of hope on each man's face. \*

NARRATOR (V.O.)

It was on this day that Willy Wonka  
repeated his offer to Charlie, who  
accepted on one condition.

CUT TO:

145 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - DUSK

145

Charlie and Wonka come in through the front door, shaking the  
snow off their jackets. The whole family is there, getting  
ready for dinner.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Sorry we're late. We were  
brainstorming.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Thought I heard thunder.

FATHER

Willy, are you staying for dinner?

\*

WONKA

Yes, please!

GRANDPA JOE

I'll shuffle the plates.

Grandpa Joe squeezes in an extra setting at the table. It's  
very crowded, but everyone manages to fit. Wonka takes a  
seat next to Grandma Georgina.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA GEORGINA  
You smell like peanuts! I love  
peanuts!

She hugs him. For the first time, he doesn't flinch at being  
touched.

WONKA  
You smell like old people. And  
soap!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE  
Charlie, elbows off the table.

He does as he's told.

A146 EXT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - DUSK [CONTINUOUS]

A146

As a gentle snow falls, we look in through the window to find  
the whole Bucket family -- including the grandparents --  
crowded around the kitchen table for a feast. Willy Wonka  
fits perfectly.

WONKA  
(to Charlie)  
How do you feel about raspberry  
kites?

CHARLIE  
With licorice instead of string!

MOTHER  
Boys, no business at the dinner  
table.

CHARLIE  
Sorry, Dad.

WONKA  
(low; to Charlie)  
You're on to something, though.

As we PULL OUT through the window, we start to get a better  
view of the entire house.

NARRATOR (V.O.)  
In the end, Charlie Bucket won a  
chocolate factory. But Willy Wonka  
got something even better: a  
family.

(CONTINUED)