

FADE IN

1 As OPENING TITLES begin, we find ourselves in a swirl of liquid chocolate, spinning clockwise down a funnel. The accompanying MUSIC is jaunty but mysterious -- we're clearly in for a ride. 1

We emerge as the chocolate pours into a mold, one of hundreds inching along a conveyor belt. This isn't any ordinary factory. Bathed in amber light, the machinery is ornate and polished, with shiny brass joints and spindly levers. Complicated gears tug on oiled canvas ropes, slipping through swinging pulleys.

As the chocolate bars continue along the belt, great bellows swell and gently PUFF on them. A moment later, a press SLAMS down, lifting to reveal the word it has imprinted:

W O N K A

Still moving, we look back along the belt as hundreds of bars line up to be stamped. The molds suddenly flip over, dumping each bar onto its own set of wire fingers. These "hands" zip straight up along an elevator track.

We RISE with them, a good hundred feet up, getting a bird's eye view of the factory floor. It's quite dark except for the golden lights right along the machinery itself. Strangely, we don't see a single person working.

As the chocolate reaches the tip-top of the track, a mechanical arm THWACKS a small package to the underside of each bar. Just as suddenly, the track flings each bar over the top.

The candy bars plummet in free-fall, until the tiny packages pop open, revealing parachutes. Their descent slows until a pair of giant scissors deftly SNIPS the strings on each chute, leaving the candy to drop onto another conveyor belt.

Each piece of chocolate lands perfectly square on its own sheet of foil paper. Looking ahead, we can see the machine that bends the foil around the chocolate. But before we get there,

A HUMAN HAND

reaches in and lifts five bars off the belt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We only see this man's hands and the cuffs of his velvet jacket as he sets a thin

GOLDEN TICKET

on the back of each of the bars. One by one, he places these five special bars back in the queue, where the foil-folding machine does its job, perfectly encasing each piece.

Another device attaches the paper wrapper, printed to read: WONKA BAR.

Further down the belt, we find stacking and sorting machines loading up boxes and cases of bars. A mechanical stamp THUMPS down on each cardboard box, marking its final destination: TOKYO, SPRINGFIELD, BRIGHTON, ADDIS ABABA.

CUT TO:

2 EXT. LOADING DOCK - DAY

2

Huge snowflakes drift down out of an icy sky that is the color of steel. WORKMEN load pallets of Wonka candy onto waiting trucks.

It's hard to say what time it is, exactly: there's no sun to be found, and the streetlights are always on. For that matter, it's hard to say what year it is. From the trucks, to the clothes, to the typeface on the clipboard, the world seems to exist outside of ordinary calendars. All we can be certain of is that it's winter.

The last container loaded, the FOREMAN bangs on the side of the lead truck. The convoy moves out.

3 WIDER

3

We see the trucks are parked along the wall of the Wonka factory. The loading area is outside of the factory itself.

As the trucks RUMBLE down the snowy street, they attract the attention of a WOMAN WITH A PRAM, A SALESMAN WITH A SCARF, and a ten-year old boy named CHARLIE BUCKET, who is on his way home from school.

We FOCUS IN on Charlie as he watches the procession.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

This is the story of an ordinary little boy named Charlie Bucket.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He was not faster, or stronger, or
 more clever than other children.

Indeed, Charlie is barely strong enough to stand in the wind. He'd be the runt of the litter if he had any brothers or sisters.

As the Wonka trucks go by, Charlie wipes his runny nose with his mitten.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 His family was not rich, or
 powerful, or well-connected. In
 fact, they barely had enough to
 eat.

After the last truck passes, Charlie continues walking home to a tiny

4 DILAPIDATED HOUSE

4

built just feet from the road.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Yet Charlie Bucket was the luckiest
 boy in the entire world. He just
 didn't know it yet.

Charlie stomps the snow off his feet and goes inside. We pull back VERY WIDE to find the shack house is just a stone's throw from the massive Wonka factory -- its shadow literally falls across the tiny house.

TITLE OVER:

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

5 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

5

Flakes of snow drift in through cracks in the roof, falling down on Charlie, who is doing his homework at the kitchen table. Ever-practical, he opens an umbrella for protection and keeps right on working.

Meanwhile, his MOTHER chops cabbage for the soup pot. Mother Bucket is an ever-exhausted woman in her late 30's, run ragged from taking care of Charlie and the four invalid grandparents. Many nights, she's too tired to worry, and too worried to sleep.

(CONTINUED)

There are only two rooms in this place altogether. This main room is the kitchen, the family room, the foyer, the closet and the bedroom for Charlie and his parents.

The front door swings open, revealing Charlie's FATHER, a lanky, hard-working man in his late 30's who manages to be grateful for his blessings, however slight they are.

FATHER
Evening, Buckets!

CHARLIE
Hi, Dad!

MOTHER
The soup's almost ready. I don't suppose there's anything extra to put...

Off her husband's look, there's clearly no more food coming. Ever chipper...

MOTHER (CONT'D)
Well. Nothing goes better with cabbage than cabbage.

She begins to chop up another head.

FATHER
Charlie, I found something I think you'll like!

He empties out his coat pockets on the table, revealing a handful of small white plastic caps. With a gasp, Charlie's eyes go wide as he picks one out of the pile.

CUT TO:

6 INT. TOOTHPASTE FACTORY - DAY [PAST]

6

Plump tubes of uncapped toothpaste slide along a conveyor belt.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Charlie's father worked in the local toothpaste factory.

As each tube moves past, Father frantically screws on a cap. It's a needlessly rushed and tedious job.

(CONTINUED)

6 CONTINUED:

6

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The hours were long, and the pay was terrible. Yet occasionally, there were unexpected surprises.

One of Father's plastic caps won't screw on right. He holds it up for a closer look, and finds that it's misshapen. In fact, it looks something like a human head.

FATHER

Huh.

MATCH CUT TO:

7 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT

7

Charlie holds the same little plastic cap.

CHARLIE

It's exactly what I need!

Excited, he runs into the other room.

8 INT. GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

8

The room's one bed is dedicated to the four grandparents, because they are so old and tired -- they never get out of it. Two face one direction; two face the other. They are as shriveled as prunes and as bony as skeletons.

Charlie dives under the bed, digging for something. The old people look over the edge of the bed, but all they see are Charlie's feet sticking out.

GRANDPA JOE is 96-years old, yet still approaches life with childlike zeal and optimism. He's always quick to excite:

GRANDPA JOE

What is it, Charlie?

GRANDPA GEORGE

House on fire?

GRANDMA GEORGINA

(panicked)

Fire, where?

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Nowhere, dear.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE is Joe's compassionate wife, with a knack for spotting what's truly important.

GRANDPA GEORGE is a loving curmudgeon, able to spot storm clouds on the sunniest day.

GRANDMA GEORGINA is a bit deaf and daft. She'd lose her dentures if they weren't glued to her gums.

Charlie scoots back out from under the bed.

CHARLIE

Dad found it! Just the piece I needed!

Charlie pulls out an ugly-beautiful scale model of the Wonka factory, constructed entirely from deformed toothpaste caps. Holding it carefully, he climbs to the middle of the grandparents' bed.

Through the bedroom window, we can see the real Wonka factory in the background. Charlie's model is a remarkable facsimile.

GRANDPA JOE

What piece was it?

CHARLIE

A head for Willy Wonka!

Charlie shows them the figure he's just assembled: a twisted pipe-cleaner topped with the melted plastic head.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

How wonderful!

GRANDPA JOE

It's quite a likeness.

CHARLIE

You think so?

GRANDPA JOE

Think so? I know so. I saw Willy Wonka with my own two eyes. I used to work for him, you know.

CHARLIE

You did?

GRANDPA JOE

I did!

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

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:

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

9

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...

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

10

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)

The man, Willy Wonka himself, turns to him. Wonka is holding various panes of translucent colored candy in front of his face, so we can't quite make out what he looks like.

(In fact, it will be a while before we see Willy Wonka straight-on.)

WONKA

Lickable glass! Do you like it?
Who wouldn't?! Picture this:
You're in church, another boring
Sunday sermon. Temperance,
humility, the usual. Then
suddenly...

He licks the candy-glass from the far side.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Mmmm, inspiration! I tell you,
we'll fill the pews week after
week.

GRANDPA JOE

Mr. Wonka, we're out of chocolate
birds.

WONKA

Birds, birds. We'll need to make
more. I know!

He holds up a light-blue bird's egg with tiny black spots. Candy, evidently. He pops it into Grandpa Joe's mouth.

CLOSE ON Grandpa Joe as he experiences a strange but tasty sensation.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Now, open!

Grandpa Joe opens his mouth to reveal the egg has melted away completely, leaving just a sugary pink baby bird sitting on the tip of his tongue.

BACK TO:

Grandpa Joe continues telling his story to Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

GRANDPA JOE

The man was a genius! Did you know, he invented a new way of making chocolate ice cream so that it stays cold for hours without a freezer. You can even leave it lying in the sun on a hot day and it won't go runny!

CHARLIE

But that's impossible.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Of course it's impossible! It's completely absurd!

GRANDPA JOE

But Willy Wonka did it!

CUT TO:

12 EXT. WONKA FACTORY GATES - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO]

12

A CHEERING CROWD is gathered on a beautiful spring day for the grand opening ceremony.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)

Before long, he decided to build a proper chocolate factory -- the largest chocolate factory in history, fifty times as big as any other!

With giant scissors, Wonka slices a fat red ribbon. One of the ribbon ends flutters up, obscuring Wonka's face yet again.

We come upon Grandpa Joe and Grandma Josephine, CHEERING in the crowd. Caught up in the moment, the old people kiss.

CHARLIE (PRE-LAP)

Eww!

BACK TO:

13 INT. THE GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

13

Charlie finds this disgusting.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Grandpa! Don't make it gross.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Tell him about the Indian prince.

He'd like to hear that.

GRANDPA JOE

You mean Prince Pondicherry?

GRANDPA GEORGE

Completely dotty!

GRANDMA GEORGINA

I am not!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Of course you aren't, dear.

Mother and Father enter with bowls of soup for the old people.

GRANDPA JOE

Well, Prince Pondicherry wrote a letter to Mr. Wonka and asked him to come all the way out to India and build him a colossal palace entirely out of chocolate.

CUT TO:

14 EXT. DELHI, INDIA - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO]

14

Wonka's hand smooths out the blueprints for a massive structure, complete with curvy onion domes and twisted columns. He's talking to PRINCE PONDICHERRY.

WONKA'S VOICE

It will have one hundred rooms, and everything will be made of either dark or light chocolate!

Going WIDER, we reveal that we're on a sandy knoll overlooking the construction site, where hundreds of WORKERS are toiling.

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.

20 EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO] 20

Near the original Wonka store, we find SIDEWALK VENDORS selling their cheap knock-offs.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)
Fickelgruber's factory started
making an ice cream that would
never melt.

Indeed, the FICKELGRUBER MAN holds a magnifying glass above a cone of chocolate swirl, with nary an effect. Further on...

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Prodnose's factory came out with a
chewing gum that never lost its
flavor.

The PRODNOSE VENDOR hands out sticks of "Evergreen Wintergreen Gum" to PASSERSBY. We continue moving down the street.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Then Slugworth's factory began
making candy balloons that you
could blow up to incredible sizes.

The SLUGWORTH SALESMAN is surrounded by CHILDREN who blow impossibly large balloons -- bigger than their entire bodies. He POPS each balloon, leaving a mess of goo and happy, sticky kids.

21 EXT. FACTORY GATES - DAY [FIFTEEN YEARS AGO] 21

Grandpa Joe and a CROWD of stunned workers watch as the giant gates swing shut.

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.)
The thievery got so bad that one
day, without warning, Mr. Wonka
told every single one of his
workers to leave, to go home, never
to come back.

A thick chain slides around the bars of the gates, locked from the inside.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 He announced that he was closing
 his chocolate factory forever.

BACK TO:

22 INT. THE GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

22

The Grandparents are slurping their soup, as is Charlie. His Mother and Father have pulled up chairs to the edge of the bed, so the whole family can eat together.

CHARLIE
 (confused)
 But it didn't close forever. It's
 open right now.

MOTHER
 Sometimes, when grownups say
 "forever," they mean "a very long
 time."

GRANDPA GEORGE
 Such as, "I feel like I've eaten
 nothing but cabbage soup forever."

FATHER
 Now, Pop...

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE
 The factory did close, Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE
 And it seemed like it was going to
 be closed forever. Then, one day,
 we saw smoke rising from the
 chimneys. The factory was back in
 business.

CHARLIE
 Did you get your job back?

GRANDPA JOE
 No. No one did.

CHARLIE
 But there must be people working
 there...

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Think about it, Charlie. Have you ever seen a single person going into that factory -- or coming out?

CHARLIE

No. The gates are always closed.

GRANDPA JOE

Exactly!

CHARLIE

But then, who's running the machines?

MOTHER

Nobody knows, Charlie.

FATHER

It sure is a mystery.

CHARLIE

Hasn't someone asked Mr. Wonka?

GRANDPA JOE

Nobody sees him anymore. He never comes out. The only thing that comes out of that place is the candy, already packed and addressed.

(wistful)

I'd give anything in the world just to go in one more time, and see what's become of that amazing factory.

A beat. Everyone nods sympathetically. All except --

GRANDPA GEORGE

Well you won't, because you can't! No one can! It's a mystery and it will always be a mystery! That little factory of yours, Charlie, is as close as any of us is ever going to get.

He hands off his soup bowl to Father. Reluctantly, Mother and Father gather the rest of the empty bowls.

MOTHER

Come on, Charlie. We should let your grandparents get some sleep.

(CONTINUED)

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)

24 CONTINUED: 24

All the way down the wet cobblestone street, the BICYCLE MEN are attaching signs to posts and clapboard walls. It's too shadowy to read what the signs say.

Finished, the men ride off like ghosts. As we watch...

25 NIGHT BECOMES DAY. 25

We CREEP IN as one, two, then fifteen TOWNSPEOPLE crowd around to read one of the mysterious -- and wordy -- signs.

Short little Charlie Bucket squeezes his way to the front and begins reading.

VARIOUS SHOTS of the sign and the many readers:

WONKA'S VOICE

Dear People of the World: I, Willy Wonka, have decided to allow five children to visit my factory this year. These lucky five will be shown around personally by me, and will learn all the secrets and the magic of my factory.

CUT TO:

26 EXT. WONKA FACTORY GATES - DAY 26

A TELEVISION REPORTER does a live feed, reading from the proclamation. (Like all the technology we encounter, the camera and microphone feel somewhat vintage.)

TELEVISION REPORTER

(reading)

Five Golden Tickets have been hidden underneath the ordinary wrapping paper of five ordinary Wonka bars. These five candy bars may be anywhere -- in any shop in any street in any town in any country in the world.

27 INT. A CANDY STORE IN TOKYO - DAY 27

A mob scene as JAPANESE SCHOOLGIRLS buy every Wonka bar in sight. It looks like a piranha feeding frenzy.

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

WONKA'S VOICE

In addition, one of these children shall receive a special prize beyond anything you could ever imagine. Good luck to you all, and happy hunting!

The schoolgirls depart, leaving a dazed CANDY STORE OWNER and empty shelves.

28 INT. GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

28

Grandpa Joe has just heard the news from Charlie.

GRANDPA JOE

Wouldn't it be something, Charlie, to open a bar of candy and see a Golden Ticket inside!

CHARLIE

I know! But I only get one bar a year, for my birthday.

His mother is listening from the doorway.

MOTHER

It's your birthday next week.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

You have as much chance as anybody does.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Baldersnap! The kids who are going to find the Golden Tickets are the ones who can afford to buy candy bars every day. Our Charlie gets only one a year! He doesn't have a chance!

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

Everyone has a chance, Charlie.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Mark my words: The kid who finds the first ticket will be fat, fat, fat.

CUT TO:

29 A STYLIZED, VINTAGE GLOBE 29

spins beneath us. As it slows, we SWOOP IN on Europe, where a pin-marker reads: "DÜSSELDORF."

CUT TO:

30 INT. GERMAN SAUSAGE SHOP - DAY 30

AUGUSTUS GLOOP (9) is so enormously fat he looks as though he has been blown up with a powerful pump. Great flabby folds of fat bulge out from every part of his body. His face resembles a monstrous ball of dough with two small greedy raisin eyes peering out upon the world.

Augustus is telling his story to a pack of REPORTERS.

AUGUSTUS

I am eating ze Vonka bar, und I taste something that is not chocolate or coconut or walnut or peanut butter or nougat...

As he talks, we INTERCUT with...

31 FLASHBACK FOOTAGE 31

of Augustus trying to figure out what the taste in his mouth is.

32 BACK TO SCENE 32

AUGUSTUS

...or butterbrittle or caramel or schprinkels, zo I look und I find ze Golden Ticket.

He holds it up. Indeed, there are teeth marks on it.

REPORTER

Augustus, how did you celebrate?

AUGUSTUS

I eat more candy!

CUT TO:

33 THE GLOOP PARENTS.

33

They're standing behind the sausage counter. MR. GLOOP, a barrel-chested man with a handlebar mustache, is twisting bratwurst links as they come out of the casing machine.

MRS. GLOOP, a bubbly woman who knits all her own sweaters, talks to the reporters. In the background, Augustus is eating another candy bar.

MRS. GLOOP

Vee knew Augustus would find a Golden Ticket. He eats so many candy bars a day, that it was not possible for him not to find one.

CLOSE ON AUGUSTUS

He smiles, his mouth ringed with chocolate. Off a photographer's FLASH, we...

CUT TO:

34 INT. GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

34

GRANDPA GEORGE

Told you it would be a porker!

Grandpa George hands a tattered newspaper back to Charlie. The front page has the photo of porcine Augustus Gloop.

GRANDMA JOSEPHINE

What a repulsive boy.

CHARLIE

Only four Golden Tickets left.

GRANDPA JOE

Now that they've found one, it'll really get crazy.

CUT TO:

35 INT. BOUTIQUE DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

35

The kind of place that would never sell candy -- normally. Now fully grown WOMEN buy ten Wonka candy bars at a time, then tear off the wrappers on the spot to search for a glint of golden paper.

- 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)

VERUCA
Daddy...I want another pony!

CUT TO:

45 INT. GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

45

Disgusted, Grandpa Joe tosses the paper aside.

GRANDPA GEORGE
She's even worse than the fat boy.

CHARLIE
I don't think that was really fair.
She didn't find the ticket herself.

GRANDPA JOE
Don't worry about it, Charlie.
That man spoils his daughter. And
no good can ever come from spoiling
a child like that, Charlie, you
mark my words.

Charlie's Mother and Father are at the door.

FATHER
Charlie, your Mom and I thought
maybe you'd like to open your
birthday present tonight.

She hands Charlie a package wrapped in old Sunday comics.
Although it's obviously the right shape, he tears back the
paper just to be sure -- it's really a Wonka bar.

CHARLIE
Maybe I should wait 'til morning.

GRANDPA GEORGE
Like Hell!

FATHER
Pop!

GRANDPA JOE
All together, we're 381 years old.
We don't wait.

Charlie smiles nervously and sits down on the edge of the
bed. He holds his present, his only present, very carefully
in two hands: WONKA'S WHIPPLE-SCRUMPTIOUS FUDGEMALLOW
DELIGHT.

(CONTINUED)

The four old people, two at either end of the bed, prop themselves up on their pillows and stare with anxious eyes at the candy bar in Charlie's hands.

The room is silent. Everybody waits for Charlie to start opening his present. Charlie looks down at the candy bar. He runs his fingers slowly back and forth along the length of it, stroking it lovingly. The shiny paper wrapper makes little sharp CRACKLY NOISES in the quiet room.

MOTHER

You mustn't be too disappointed,
Charlie, if you don't find, well...

FATHER

Whatever happens, you'll still have
the candy.

Suddenly, Grandpa Joe starts making strange GURGLING, CHOKING NOISES. Everyone looks over, worried.

CHARLIE

Grandpa Joe, are you alright?

GRANDPA JOE

No, you're killing me! Open it!

Very slowly, Charlie's fingers tear open one small corner of the wrapping paper. The old people in the bed all lean forward and crane their scraggy necks.

Then suddenly, Charlie tears the wrapper right down the middle. Onto his lap falls a light-brown creamy-colored chocolate candy bar. And nothing else.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

Well, that's that. It's just what
we expected.

Charlie looks up. Four kind old faces watch him intently from the bed. He smiles at them, a small sad smile, and then he shrugs his shoulders.

CHARLIE

We'll share it.

GRANDPA JOE

No, Charlie. Not your birthday
present.

(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:

49 INT. GYM - DAY 49

A ten-year old girl in a karate outfit SMASHES boards with her hands and feet before flipping two INSTRUCTORS. She bows, then rises into a CLOSE-UP.

VIOLET BEAUREGARDE is a class-5 hurricane compressed in the body of an eleven-year old girl. Brash, rude and insanely competitive, she chews ferociously upon a piece of gum.

CUT TO:

50 INT. BEAUREGARDE LIVINGROOM - DAY 50

MS. BEAUREGARDE is Violet's cheerleader, manager, publicist and chauffeur. Rarely, however, is she a mother. Her parenting is mostly confined to stoking her daughter's self-esteem bonfire.

She and Violet stand in front of a massive wall of glittering trophies. We INTERCUT between their interviews. [Ms. Beauregarde speaks like a glamorous Southern belle, while Violet adds an annoying "up-talk" that makes every sentence sound like a question.]

MS. BEAUREGARDE

These are just some of the 263 trophies and medals my Violet has won.

51 INTERCUT VIOLET 51

VIOLET

I'm a gumchewer, mostly, but when I heard about these ticket things, I laid off the gum and switched to candy bars.

CUT TO:

MS. BEAUREGARDE

She is just a driven young woman. I don't know what it is about her.

CUT TO:

Violet is holding a jaw-shaped trophy.

(CONTINUED)

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:

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)

55 CONTINUED:

55

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In fact, it wasn't like vacation at all.

56 INT. TOOTHPASTE FACTORY - DAY [PAST]

56

Father watches as TECHNICIANS install a toothpaste-cap-twisting machine.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

The upswing in candy sales had led to a rise in cavities, which led to a rise in toothpaste sales.

Genuinely sorry, the FACTORY SUPERVISOR hands father a literal pink slip.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

With the extra money, the factory had decided to modernize, eliminating Mr. Bucket's job.

57 EXT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - DAY

57

Mother and Father have a private conversation, keeping their voices low. Father in particular is discouraged.

FATHER

We were barely making ends meet as it was.

MOTHER

You'll find another job. Until then, I'll just thin down the soup a little more.

Father is not convinced, but is helpless to offer any other alternative.

MOTHER (CONT'D)

Don't worry, our luck will change, I know it.

Looking back to the front door, we find Charlie has been listening to the conversation. On his face, we see a look of worry no child should carry.

58 INT. THE GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY

58

Grandpa Joe is awake. The other three SNORE loudly. Seeing that the coast is clear, Grandpa Joe beckons Charlie to come here.

Charlie tiptoes over and stands beside the bed. The old man gives Charlie a sly grin, and then rummages under his pillow. He reveals an ancient leather coin purse clutched in his fingers.

Out falls a single silver dollar.

GRANDPA JOE

(whispering)

It's my secret hoard. You and I are going to have one more fling at finding that last ticket.

CHARLIE

Are you sure you want to spend your money on that, Grandpa?

GRANDPA JOE

Of course I'm sure! Here -- run down to the nearest store and buy the first Wonka candy bar you see. Bring it straight back, and we'll open it together.

Charlie dutifully takes the coin and runs off. Grandpa Joe looks proudly after his little grandson.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Such a good boy, really. Such a...

His eyelids get heavy. Still propped up on an elbow, he closes his eyes for just a second.

59 SUDDENLY...

59

CHARLIE

(whispering)

Grandpa!

Grandpa Joe is startled awake, completely disoriented.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You fell asleep.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE
Have you got it?

Charlie nods and holds out the bar of candy -- WONKA'S NUTTY CRUNCH SURPRISE.

The old man's fingers tremble as they fumble with the candy bar.

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)
Which end do you think I ought to open first?

CHARLIE
Just do it quick. Like a Band-Aid.

Steeling himself up, Grandpa Joe suddenly rips the entire wrapper off. Both he and Charlie have their eyes closed.

Each opens a single eye, then the other one. They both stare at what lies underneath.

It is a bar of candy -- nothing more. Their disappointment is palpable.

TRANSITION TO:

Charlie stands motionless outside the Wonka gates. He takes deep, swallowing breaths as though he's trying to eat the smell itself.

He gets a few odd looks from PASSERSBY, but doesn't care.

TWO MEN with VISZLA DOGS walk past. Charlie overhears their conversation.

FIRST MAN
Did you hear that some kid in Russia found the last golden ticket?

SECOND MAN
Yeah, it was in the paper this morning.
(re: his dog)
Oh! Good boy, good boy!

The Second Man stops to pick up his dog's poop in a plastic baggie.

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

Charlie's heard enough. He walks away, defeated.

*

CUT TO:

61 EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

61

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)

61 CONTINUED:

61

NARRATOR (CONT'D)
But more than that, he felt
terribly hungry.

62 EXT. NEWSTAND - DUSK

62

Charlie lays the damp ten-dollar bill on the counter.

CHARLIE
One Wonka Whipple-Scrumptious
Fudgemallow Delight, please.

The SHOPKEEPER hands it to Charlie.

Charlie peels back the wrapper and takes a bite. Oh, the
sheer blissful joy of being able to fill one's mouth with
rich solid food! He's so engrossed in his chocolate that
he's not listening to the conversation between the Shopkeeper
and a newspaper-buying CUSTOMER:

*
*
*
*

CUSTOMER
The nerve of some people. Makes me
sick.

*
*
*

The Shopkeeper lays out Charlie's change on the counter: ten
one-dollar bills.

*
*

SHOPKEEPER
I know, forging a ticket? C'mon.

*
*

The Customer sets the newspaper on the counter. We read its
banner headline:

*
*

RUSSIAN TICKET A FAKE!
Still One Wonka Ticket Left

*
*

Paying no attention, Charlie peels back the Wonka bar wrapper
for another bite. From underneath the paper, there comes a
brilliant flash of

*
*

GOLD.

Charlie's heart stands still. For a long beat, he simply stares in silent disbelief.

SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D)

It's a Golden Ticket! You found
Wonka's last Golden Ticket! In my
shop too!

(to others)

Somebody call the newspaper quick
and let 'em know! Watch out now,
sonny! Don't tear it when you
unwrap it! That thing's precious!

In a few seconds, there is a crowd of about TWENTY PEOPLE clustering around Charlie. Everybody wants to get a look at the Golden Ticket and the lucky finder.

Charlie hasn't moved. He hasn't even unwrapped the Golden Ticket from around the candy bar. He stands very still and holds it tightly with both hands while the crowd pushes and shouts around him.

At this point, he is aware of a hand resting lightly on his shoulder. He looks up and sees a TALL MAN standing over him.

TALL MAN

Listen. I'll buy it from you.
I'll give you fifty dollars. How
about it, eh? And I'll give you a
new bicycle as well. Okay?

WOMAN

Are you crazy? Why, I'd give you
five hundred dollars for that
ticket! You want to sell that
ticket to me for five hundred
dollars, young man?

SHOPKEEPER

That's enough of that! Leave the
kid alone, will ya! Make way
there! Let him out!

Leading Charlie out of the crowd, the shopkeeper kneels down and looks the boy in the eye.

SHOPKEEPER

Don't let anybody have it! Take it
straight home, before you lose it!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

63 CONTINUED: SHOPKEEPER (CONT'D) 63
 Run all the way and don't stop till
 you get there, you understand?

Charlie nods. There are tears in the corners of his eyes.

CHARLIE
 Thank you.

And he runs through the snow as fast as his legs will go.

64 EXT. WONKA FACTORY - DUSK 64
 Headed home, Charlie runs along the sidewalk in front of the
 factory.

65 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - NIGHT 65
 Charlie bursts in with the energy of a cyclone.

CHARLIE
 Mom! Dad! I've got it! I found
 it!

He runs past his stunned parents, into --

66 INT. THE GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 66
 He jumps up onto the center of the bed.

CHARLIE
 The last Golden Ticket! I found
 it.

For a long beat there is absolute silence in the room.
 Nobody dares to speak or move.

GRANDPA JOE
 You're pulling our legs, Charlie,
 aren't you? You're having a little
 joke?

CHARLIE
 I am not!

Charlie hands him the ticket. Grandpa Joe leans forward and
 takes a close look. His nose almost touches the ticket. The
 others watch, waiting for a verdict.

(CONTINUED)

Then very slowly, a slow and marvelous grin spreads over his face. Grandpa Joe looks at Charlie. The color rushes to his cheeks, and his eyes are wide open and shine with joy.

The old man takes a deep breath, and suddenly, with no warning whatsoever, an explosion seems to take place inside. He throws up his arms and yells...

GRANDPA JOE

Yippee!

And at the same time, his bony body rises up out of the bed. He jumps on to the floor and starts a victory dance in his pajamas.

Charlie's parents watch from the doorway, amazed.

MOTHER

Dad, how can you...

Ignoring her, Grandpa Joe hands the ticket to father.

GRANDPA JOE

Read it aloud. Let's all hear exactly what it says.

FATHER

(reads ticket)

Greetings to you, the lucky finder of this golden ticket, from Mr. Willy Wonka! I shake you warmly by the hand! For now, I do invite you to come to my factory and be my guest for one whole day.

CUT TO:

Violet reads the ticket aloud to the REPORTERS.

VIOLET

I, Willy Wonka, will conduct you around the factory myself, showing you everything there is to see.

CUT TO:

68 INT. GERMAN SAUSAGE SHOP - DAY [PAST] 68

Augustus continues reading.

AUGUSTUS

Und afterwards, ven it is time to
leave, you will be escorted home by
a procession of large trucks, each
von filled vit all de chocolate you
could ever eat!

CUT TO:

69 INT. SALT LIVING ROOM - DAY [PAST] 69

Veruca continues:

VERUCA

And remember, one of you lucky five
children will receive an extra
prize beyond your wildest
imagination. Now, here are your
instructions:

CUT TO:

70 INT. MIKE TEAVEE'S BEDROOM - DAY [PAST] 70

MIKE

On the first of February, you must
come to the factory gates at ten
a.m. sharp. You are allowed to
bring one member of your family to
look after you. Until then, Willy
Wonka.

BACK TO:

71 INT. THE GRANDPARENTS' BEDROOM - NIGHT 71

MOTHER

The first day of February! But
that's tomorrow!

GRANDPA JOE

Then there's not a moment to lose.
Charlie!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA JOE (CONT'D)

Wash your face, comb your hair,
scrub your hands, brush your teeth,
blow your nose, cut your nails,
polish your shoes, iron your
shirt...

GRANDPA GEORGE

And for heaven's sake, get that mud
off your pants!

MOTHER

We must all try to keep very calm.
Now the first thing to decide is
this -- who is going to the factory
with Charlie?

GRANDPA JOE

I will! I'll take him! You leave
it to me!

MOTHER

(to Father)

How about you, dear? Don't you
think you ought to go?

FATHER

Grandpa Joe seems to know more
about it than we do. Provided, of
course, that he feels well
enough...

GRANDPA JOE

Yippee!

He seizes Charlie and dances around the room. As Charlie is
spinning, we see his expression change. He stops dancing.

CHARLIE

No. We're not going.

All eyes turn to him as he takes the ticket back from his
father.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

A woman offered me five hundred
dollars for the ticket. I bet
someone else will pay more. We
need the money more than we need
the chocolate.

The mood in the room deflates as reality sets in.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDPA GEORGE

Young man, come here!

(Charlie moves closer)

There's plenty of money out there. They print more every day. But this ticket? There's only five of them in the whole world, and that's all there's ever going to be. Only a dummy would give this up for something as common as money. Are you a dummy?

CHARLIE

No, sir.

GRANDPA GEORGE

Then get that mud off your pants. You got a factory to go to.

TRANSITION TO:

72 EXT. FACTORY GATES - DAY

72

The sun shines brightly on the morning of the big day, but the ground is still white with snow and the air is very cold.

POLICEMEN with arms linked try to hold back the enormous CROWDS of people who have gathered to watch the five lucky ticket holders go in.

Right beside the gates, in a small group carefully shielded from the crowds, stand the five famous children together with the grownups who have come with them.

Veruca Salt wears a mink-trimmed coat.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want to go in!

MR. SALT

It's 9:59, sweetheart.

VERUCA

Make time go faster!

Next to them stand Charlie and Grandpa Joe.

CHARLIE

Do you think Mr. Wonka will recognize you?

(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.

73 EXT. WONKA FACTORY YARD - DAY

73

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.

74 UP AHEAD

74

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)

Charlie takes his Grampa's hand, excited and overwhelmed.

Beyond the doors, we see cartoonishly-exaggerated machinery: conveyor belts and sugar funnels, dipping vats and bubble-blowers. It seems too goofy to be real. But one never knows.

WONKA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And who am I? Well...

Suddenly, CARNIVAL MUSIC begins. Row after row of animatronic marionettes, a la Disney's "Small World" ride, pop up behind the faux machinery. They move in clockwork precision as they SING...

MARIONETTES

Wil-ly Wonka! Chocolateer extraordinaire.
Wil-ly Wonka! Handsome, yes, and debonair.
Wil-ly Wonka! Modest to a fault.
Wil-ly Wonka! The man who we exalt!
Hey!

As the robotic dolls dance for a verse, we PUSH IN on a few confused visitors, both adults and children.

MARIONETTES (CONT'D)

Wil-ly Wonka! You're just about to meet,
Wil-ly Wonka! A man who can't be beat.
Wil-ly Wonka! Magician and a wiz...
Oh what joy! Here he izzzzzzzz!

The stage ERUPTS in fireworks, sparklers SHOOTING everywhere. A giant burning sign reads, "WONKA." Dizzying searchlights sweep across the proscenium.

As the smoke finally clears, we find the spotlights focused on an empty stage. Wonka is nowhere to be found. What's more, several of the marionette dolls are on fire.

ON THE VISITORS

We go down the row of amazed and bewildered faces, until we end up on

WILLY WONKA.

He's a pale man, eccentrically dressed, wearing sunglasses suitable for climbing Everest. At the moment, he's overjoyed, applauding.

(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 takes a long look at these ten strangers who have invaded his private kingdom, and suddenly freezes up. The smile drops from his face. All he can say is...

*
*
*

WONKA

Butterscotch.

*
*

The word just hangs there. No one knows what it means, or why he said it.

*
*

A long beat, then Wonka reaches into his jacket pocket, pulling out a stack of note cards. His lips move as he practices the first line he was supposed to say.

*
*
*

Finally, grandly...

*

WONKA (CONT'D)

Dear guests, welcome to the factory! My name is Willy Wonka!

*
*
*

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.

(CONTINUED)

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!

WONKA

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

(CONTINUED)

74 CONTINUED: (4)

74

Wonka leads them through the factory doors.

AUGUSTUS

Don't you want to know our names?

WONKA

I can't imagine how it would matter. Now, quickly. There's far too much to see.

Still baffled, the ten visitors follow Wonka. As they pass behind the stage, we notice that several of the marionettes are melting from the fire. Wonka doesn't seem to notice, or care.

75 INT. FACTORY LOBBY - DAY

75

The lobby is completely empty, just as it's been for decades.

WONKA

Yes, now. Throw your coats anywhere.

Indeed, Wonka tosses his overcoat and sunglasses on the floor, revealing a dashing eccentric suit with touches of all the exotic lands he's traveled.

The parents fold their coats nicely over chairs, while the kids are happy enough to follow Wonka's lead and toss their jackets in a pile.

Only Veruca keeps her coat, explaining to anyone who cares to listen:

VERUCA

It's rare Brazilian mink.

WONKA

Well I'm sure they're much happier on you, than playfully romping through the forest with their families and loved ones.

MR. TEAVEE

Mr. Wonka, it sure is toasty in here.

(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.

76

INT. THE LONG HALL - DAY

76

Far away in the distance, from the heart of the great factory, comes a muffled ROAR of energy as though some monstrous gigantic machine were spinning its wheels at breakneck speed.

WONKA

Get a move on, please! We'll never get round today if you dawdle like this!

Wonka trots off rapidly down the corridor with the tails of his coat flapping behind him. The visitors hurry after him.

We don't realize it at first, but the hallway is forced-perspective. It starts out very big, then gets tiny by the end.

Charlie walks with Augustus, who is unwrapping yet another candy bar.

AUGUSTUS

Would you like some candy?

CHARLIE

Sure.

AUGUSTUS

Then you should have brought some!
Hah-hah!

Augustus eats the whole bar himself, dropping the wrapper. Wonka turns on his heel, catching the wrapper before it hits the ground.

WONKA

Now, Augustus. No one likes a litterbug.

He hands the boy the wrapper with a smile.

A ways back, Mr. Teavee confers with Mr. Salt.

MR. TEAVEE

Is it just me, or does Wonka seem a few quarters short of a buck?

MR. SALT

I'm sorry. I don't speak American.

(CONTINUED)

Veruca walks with Violet.

VERUCA
Let's be friends.

VIOLET
Best friends.

The little girls link arms, but in their faces, we can see mutual disgust.

Wonka stops. The hallway has gotten so narrow that everyone is bunched up on top of each other.

In front of him there is a tiny metal door, labelled...

THE CHOCOLATE ROOM.

WONKA
An important room, this! It is a
chocolate factory, after all.

Wonka takes an absurdly large bunch of keys from his pocket and slips one into the keyhole.

MIKE
Then why is the door so small?

WONKA
To keep all the big chocolate
flavor inside.

He leads them through the little door.

We PULL BACK from stunned faces, young and old, as they overlook a quite amazing sight. Even jaded Mike Teavee has to admit this is incredible. In front of them stretches

A LOVELY VALLEY.

There are green meadows on either side, and along the bottom of it flows a great brown river.

What is more, there is a tremendous waterfall halfway along the river -- a steep cliff over which the water curls and rolls in a solid sheet, and then crashes down into a boiling churning whirlpool of froth and spray.

CHARLIE

It's beautiful.

*

WONKA

Oh, 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!

*

*

*

*

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

*

*

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 continues his spiel, even as the group splinters to
look at different parts of the giant room.

*

*

WONKA (CONT'D)

*

Every drop of that river is hot
melted chocolate of the finest
quality.

*

(pointing)

*

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!

*

*

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*

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.

*

*

*

*

WONKA (CONT'D)

*

(pointing)

*

Those pipes suck up the chocolate
and carry it away all over the
factory! Thousands of gallons an
hour.

*

*

*

*

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

*

*

WONKA (CONT'D)

*

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

*

*

*

*

*

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

You can eat the grass?

*
*

WONKA (CONT'D)

Of course! Everything in this room is edible. Even me! But that's called cannibalism, and it's not acceptable in most societies.

*
*
*
*
*

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.

78

SUDDENLY,

78

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

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)

AUGUSTUS

Ver do they come from?

CHARLIE

Who are they?

Children and parents alike rush down to the edge of the river to get a closer look.

A team of TINY MEN are busy at work. Some mow the sugar grass, while others pick the candy that grows on the trees. The strangest thing is, the little men all look exactly the same -- miniature clones of each other.

One of them points towards the children, and then he whispers something to the other four, and all five of them burst into peals of LAUGHTER.

MIKE

(to Wonka)

Are they real people?

WONKA

Of course they're real people.
They're Oompa-Loompas.

MR. SALT

Oompa-Loompas!

WONKA

Imported direct from Loompaland.

MR. TEAVEE

There's no such place.

WONKA

What's that you say?

MR. TEAVEE

Well, Mr. Wonka, I teach high school geography and...

WONKA

Then you know all about it. And oh, what a terrible country it is!

CUT TO:

79 EXT. THE JUNGLES OF LOOMPALAND - DAY [PAST]

79

We PUSH THROUGH the absurdly dense forests of this subtropical wilderness. By the FEROCIOUS ANIMAL CALLS we hear, we know this is quite a dangerous place.

Yet Willy Wonka himself is bravely hacking his way through the undergrowth with a silver machete. Even in the sweltering heat, he manages to look dashing.

WONKA'S VOICE

The whole place is nothing but thick jungles infested by the most dangerous beasts in the entire world -- hornswogglers and snozzwangers and those terrible wicked whangdoodles.

A massive flying beetle SWOOPS DOWN upon Wonka. He deftly slices through it in mid-air, then examines the goo on the blade. Curious, he taps it with his tongue, getting a quick taste. Considers the bouquet...

WONKA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I went to Loompaland looking for exotic new flavors for candy.

He decides against whangdoodle goo.

WONKA'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Instead, I found the Oompa-Loompas.

TRANSITION TO:

80 EXT. DEEPER IN THE JUNGLE - DAY [PAST]

80

Pushing his way through to a clearing, Wonka looks up into a sunlit tree.

WONKA'S VOICE

They lived in tree-houses to escape from the fierce creatures who lived below.

*
*

Seen first in silhouette, the Oompa-Loompas scurry along the branches. They have constructed a rickety tree-city, high above the jungle floor.

(CONTINUED)

80 CONTINUED:

80

WONKA'S VOICE (CONT'D)
The Oompa-Loompas ate nothing but 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, 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)
But the food they longed for the most was the cocoa bean.

*

*

TRANSITION TO:

*

A82 INT. OOMPA-LOOMPA CHIEF'S HOUSE - VARIOUS

A82 *

In a series of QUICK SHOTS, we see just how much the Oompa-Loompas worship the humble cocoa bean. They wear head-dresses in its shape and dream about it in floating thought bubbles.

*

*

*

*

WONKA'S VOICE
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.

*

*

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*

*

*

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 told the chief...

*

BACK TO:

83 INT. CHIEF'S HOUSE - DAY 83

In elaborate, unlikely sign language, Wonka "talks" to the Chief. (Wonka's dialogue is subtitled in English.) *

WONKA

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.

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.

MR. SALT

I do say, that all seemed rather rehearsed.

*
*
*

MIKE

Like they knew what was going to happen to him.

*
*
*

WONKA

Nonsense.

*
*

Before Wonka can explain further, Mrs. Gloop grabs him by the lapels, 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.

CHARLIE

Mr. Wonka?

*
*

WONKA

Yes.

*
*

CHARLIE

Why would Augustus's name already be in the Oompa-Loompa song, unless...

*
*
*
*

WONKA

(cutting him off)
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.

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.

89 INT. THE RIVER DOCK - DAY

89

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 (CONT'D)

Did you know, there's a substance
in chocolate that releases
endorphins exactly like being in
love?

MS. BEAUREGARDE

You don't say.

She gives him flirtatious eyes. Wonka is bewildered, and a little annoyed.

Meanwhile, the kids eagerly leap on board.

WONKA

You there! Please do not lick the
boat! It'll only make it sticky!

The boy -- Mike Teavee -- gives a "whatever" shrug and slumps back, hogging a few seats to himself.

MR. TEAVEE

(low, to Mike)

Y'know, you oughta be more
respectful.

MIKE

And you oughta butt out. I didn't
see you winning a Golden Ticket.

Veruca and her father take the seats behind the Teavees.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want a boat like this! I
want you to buy me a big pink boat
exactly like Mr. Wonka's! And I
want lots of Oompa-Loompas to row
me about, and I want a chocolate
river and I want...

In the back of the boat, Grandpa Joe WHISPERS to Charlie...

GRANDPA JOE

She wants a good kick in the pants.

Charlie smiles. Now that everyone's aboard --

WONKA

Onward!

The Oompa-Loompas push off from the docks, rowing down the chocolate river.

(CONTINUED)

Wonka looks for a seat. Ms. Beauregarde gestures that she has one available, but Wonka quickly chooses to sit next to Charlie.

With a sudden idea, Wonka picks up a large mug and dips it into the river, filling it with chocolate. He hands it to Charlie.

WONKA (CONT'D)

Drink this. It'll do you good.
You look starved to death!

Charlie tries it, and as we might expect...

CHARLIE

It's great!

WONKA

That's because it's mixed by
waterfall.

Charlie hands the mug over to Grandpa Joe for a taste. *

WONKA (CONT'D) *

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

VERUCA *

You already said that. *

Wonka stops. He pulls the note cards from his pocket, *
flipping through them, mouthing previous lines. He realizes *
Veruca was right. *

Tucking the cards away, he notices all the children are *
looking at him. *

WONKA (CONT'D)

You're all quite short, aren't you?

VIOLET

Well, yeah. We're children?

WONKA

That's not much of an excuse. I
was never as short as you.

MIKE

You were once.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Never! For instance, I distinctly remember putting a hat on top of my head. Look at your short arms. You could never reach!

VERUCA

That doesn't make sense.

WONKA

(to Grandpa Joe)
I didn't talk back to my elders, either.

(CONTINUED)

CHARLIE

Do you even remember what it was
like being a kid?

WONKA

Do I!
(beat; realizing)
Do I?

NARRATOR (V.O.)

In fact, Willy Wonka hadn't thought
about his childhood for years.

NOSTALGIC
TRANSITION TO:

EXT. PICKWICKET AVENUE - NIGHT [THIRTY YEARS AGO]

All along this street of narrow row houses, packs of CHILDREN
in Halloween costumes go door-to-door. We focus on one group
of GHOSTS, WITCHES and MONSTERS as they climb the steps up to
a doorway. The littlest witch stands on tip-toes to reach
the DOORBELL.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. FOYER - NIGHT [THIRTY YEARS AGO]

A PLUMP, JOLLY WOMAN swings open the door, holding a bowl
full of candy.

THE KIDS

Trick or treat!

JOLLY WOMAN

Oh! Who do we have here?
(going down the row)
Ruthie, Veronica, Terrance...and
who's that under the sheet?

A ghost pulls up his sheet to reveal...

JOLLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

Little Willy Wonka!

Little Willy smiles, though his draconian orthodontic
headgear makes it tough. As the Jolly Woman doles out the
candy...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NARRATOR (V.O.)

Willy Wonka was the son of the city's most famous dentist, Wilbur Wadsworth Wonka.

TRANSITION TO:

92 EXT. HOUSE ON PICKWICKET AVENUE - NIGHT [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 92

A sign for "Wonka Dentistry" points down to the basement-level entrance. Still wearing his ghost costume, Willy climbs the stairs to the family home.

93 INT. WONKA FAMILY LIVING ROOM - NIGHT [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 93

Bizarre, frightening shadows fall upon the panelled walls. As we go WIDER, we find it's just Little Willy and his Brobdingnagian orthodontics. He's sitting at the parlor table with his father, DR. WILBUR WONKA, D.D.S., who carries himself with the smug superiority of a man who knows big words for simple things.

DR. WONKA

Let's see what the damage is this year, shall we?

He upends Willy's candy bucket, pouring the contents onto the table. As he sorts through it --

DR. WONKA (CONT'D)

Caramels. They'd get stuck in your braces, wouldn't they?

He sets the caramels aside.

DR. WONKA (CONT'D)

Lollipops. Ought to call them "cavities on a stick."

He puts them aside as well.

DR. WONKA (CONT'D)

Which leaves all this chocolate. Now, just last week I was reading in an Important Medical Journal that some children -- I can't remember the exact percentage -- are allergic to chocolate. It makes their noses itch.

(CONTINUED)

LITTLE WILLY

Maybe I'm not allergic. I could try a piece...

DR. WONKA

But really, why take the chance?

With his arm, Dr. Wonka carefully sweeps all the candy off the table, and into a large ashtray. As Little Willy watches in horror, Dr. Wonka dumps the candy into the roaring fireplace.

CLOSE ON the sugary treasures as they burn, blue flames POPPING and chocolate melting into the cinders.

Dr. Wonka scruffs the top of Little Willy's head as he walks out of the room. Off Little Willy's sad eyes, we...

MATCH CUT TO:

We're back in the pink boat as it floats down the chocolate river. Wonka is still lost in the memory.

CHARLIE

Mr. Wonka? Mr. Wonka! We're headed for a tunnel!

Wonka suddenly snaps out of it.

WONKA

Oh! Yes! Full speed ahead!

The Oompa-Loompas row faster than ever. As the boat shoots into the pitch-dark tunnel, all the passengers SCREAM with excitement.

VIOLET

How can they see where they're going?

WONKA

There's no knowing where they're going! Switch on the lights!

suddenly lights up. The upward-curving walls are pure white and spotlessly clean. The river of chocolate flows very fast. The Oompa-Loompas row like crazy to keep up with it.

WONKA

Keep an eye out! We're passing some important rooms here!

Several doorways are set into the walls of the tunnel, just above the level of the river. As the boat floats past, there is just enough time to read the writing on the doors:

#54

CLOTTED CREAM
COFFEE CREAM
PASTRY CREAM
and HAIR CREAM

VIOLET

What do you use hair cream for?

WONKA

(touching his curly locks)
To lock in moisture.

We pass an OPEN DOOR, inside of which we see a cow hanging from a hammock. An Oompa-Loompa CRACKS a whip in the air. The cow MOOS.

CHARLIE

(to Wonka)
Whipped cream?

WONKA

(impressed)
Precisely!

MS. BEAUREGARDE

That hardly makes sense.

*
*

WONKA

Madam, whipped cream isn't whipped cream at all unless it's been whipped with whips. Just as a poached egg isn't a poached egg unless it's been stolen from the woods in the dead of night! You're the one who isn't making sense.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*

95 CONTINUED:

95

Chastened, Ms. Beauregarde just smiles.

*

Up next:

#77

COCOA BEANS
COFFEE BEANS
JELLY BEANS
and HAS BEANS

VERUCA

What are "Has Beans?"

(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 help 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)

WONKA (CONT'D)

You can suck on it all year and it
will never get any smaller!

VIOLET

It's like gum!

Wonka can't believe the idiotic comparison. Almost furious:

WONKA

It is not like gum! Gum is for
chewing and if you tried chewing
one of these Gobstoppers you'd
break your teeth off!

(suddenly chipper)

But they taste terrific!

While Wonka pushes on, Violet look back at her mother, who
shoots a chastening glare. Veruca takes Violet by the hand,
offering reassurance.

VERUCA

I think Mr. Wonka likes you.

VIOLET

Really?

VERUCA

No.

Veruca dunks Violet's hand in a pot of goo, then skips off.

Ms. Beauregarde leans down and WHISPERS to Violet:

MS. BEAUREGARDE

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

Violet nods. Slapping herself, she puts her game face back
on.

stop beside a large saucepan that boils and bubbles.
Standing on his toes, Charlie can see just inside the pot.

WONKA

That's Hair Toffee! You eat one
tiny bit, and in exactly half an
hour a brand-new crop of hair will
start growing out all over the top
of your head! And a moustache and
a beard!

(CONTINUED)

MIKE

Who wants a beard?

WONKA

Beatniks, for one! Folk singers
and motor-bike riders! You know,
all those hip, zazzy cats!

Charlie and Mike just blink. Wonka's references are completely lost on them. Moving on...

WONKA (CONT'D)

Unfortunately the mixture is not quite right. I tried it on an Oompa-Loompa yesterday, and, well...

He turns to a massive pile of hair...

WONKA (CONT'D)

(to the hair)

How are you doing today?

A tiny Oompa-Loompa hand sticks out from the hairy pile, giving the thumbs up. The shambling mound then begins to walk away.

Wonka presses three different buttons on the side of a giant machine. A mighty RUMBLING SOUND comes from inside it, and steam HISSES out of it all over. Instinctively, everyone takes a few steps back.

Runny goo pours down glass tubes, squirting into a great tub below. In every single tube the goo is a different color, so that all the colors of the rainbow (and many others as well) SLOSH and SPLASH into the tub.

A giant whizzer starts whizzing round inside the enormous tub, mixing up all the different colored liquids like an ice cream soda. It becomes frothier and frothier.

WONKA

Watch! This is the crucial part.

With a SUCKING noise, all the blue frothy mixture in the huge basin disappears into the stomach of the machine. There is a moment of silence. Then a few odd RUMBLINGS. Silence again. Then suddenly, the machine lets out a monstrous mighty GROAN, and at the same moment

(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,

98 VIOLET POPS IT INTO HER MOUTH.

98

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)

VIOLET (CONT'D)

Baked potato. With crispy skin and butter.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Keep chewing, kiddo. My little girl is the first person in the world to have a chewing-gum meal!

Charlie stares at Violet absolutely spellbound, watching her huge rubbery lips as they press and unpress with chewing. Wonka wrings his hands...

WONKA

I'm just concerned about the...

VIOLET

Blueberry pie and ice cream!

VERUCA

What's happening to her nose?

MR. SALT

It's turning blue!

Indeed, the tip of Violet's nose has become a very noticeable shade of blue. What's more, the color is spreading.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Your whole nose has gone purple!

VIOLET

What do you mean?

MS. BEAUREGARDE

Violet, you're turning...violet! What's happening?

WONKA

I told you I hadn't got it quite right.

Violet's face and hands and legs and neck, in fact the skin all over her body, as well as her hair, has turned a brilliant, purplish-blue, the color of blueberry juice.

WONKA (CONT'D)

It always goes wrong when we come to the dessert.

(to Mr. Teavee)

It's the blueberry pie that does it.

(CONTINUED)

VIOLET
I don't feel so good.

GRANDPA JOE
She's swelling up!

CHARLIE
Like a blueberry.

Indeed, her track suit is starting to bulge in the center, as her stomach inflates to giant proportions.

99 FROM A VERY SHORT DOORWAY,

99

a new group of Oompa-Loompas rush in. They quickly climb on top of all the tables, shelves and other furniture. Their new song is a Queen-worthy ROCK OPERA, accented by miniature pyrotechnics coming off the various machines.

They sing:

OOMPA-LOOMPAS
*Listen close, and listen hard,
To the tale of Violet Beauregarde!
This dreadful girl, she sees no wrong
In chewing, chewing all day long.*

As they sing, they toss bits of laboratory equipment back and forth. Pot lids slice through the air like frisbees. One nearly decapitates Mr. Teavee.

Meanwhile, Violet continues to swell.

WONKA
(sighing)
I've tried it on twenty Oompa-Loompas, and every one of them finished up as a blueberry. I just can't understand it.

MS. BEAUREGARDE
But I don't want a blueberry for a daughter! How is she supposed to compete?

VERUCA
You could put her in a County Fair.

VIOLET
Ahhhh...

(CONTINUED)

Violet falls over backwards, but her butt is now so big she barely drops at all. In mere moments, all that remains of Violet is a tiny pair of legs and a tiny pair of arms sticking out of the great round fruit, and a little head on top.

As the Oompa-Loompas continue their song, they roll her around.

OOMPA-LOOMPAS

*She goes on chewing till, at last,
Her chewing muscles grow so vast
That from her face her giant chin
Sticks out like a violin.
For years and years she chews away,
Consuming fifty packs a day.
She chews and chews throughout the night,
With nothing handy there to bite.
Until at last her jaws decide
To pause and open extra wide,
And with the most tremendous chew
They bite the poor girl's tongue in two.*

The MUSIC stops. The Oompa-Loompas continue a cappella.

OOMPA-LOOMPAS (CONT'D)

*Thereafter, just from chewing gum,
Miss Beauregarde is always dumb.

And that is why we'll try so hard
To save Miss Violet Beauregarde
From suffering her chosen fate.
She's still quite young. It's not too late,
Provided that she takes the cure.*

MUSIC kicks back in for a massive power-chord finale:

OOMPA-LOOMPAS (CONT'D)

We hope she does! We can't be sure!

Wonka APPLAUDS, gesturing for the others to join him.

WONKA

Roll Miss Beauregarde into the boat
and take her along to the Juicing
Room at once.

MS. BEAUREGARDE

The Juicing Room? What are they
going to do to her there?

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:

100 INT. ANOTHER HALLWAY - DAY

100

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)

Mr. Salt has crossed a line. Wonka stares him right in the eye. *

WONKA *

My dear sir, go and boil your head. *

MR. SALT *

How dare you speak to me like that! *

Mr. Salt SHOUTS a bit, loudly enough that suddenly all the rows and rows of little square candies quickly *

TURN TO LOOK *

at the squabble. *

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. Candy's always been my calling, right from the first piece. *

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.

(CONTINUED)

101 CONTINUED: (2)

101

NARRATOR (V.O.)
In fact, Willy Wonka remembered
precisely the first candy he ever
ate.

TRANSITION TO:

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

102

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

(CONTINUED)

- 102 CONTINUED: 102
- As he finishes, he notices a piece of silvery foil caught in the grate.
- One piece of Halloween candy has escaped the flames. The wrapping CRINKLES in his hand as he picks it up. Looking around, he carefully peels back the foil, revealing the still-intact chocolate bar.
- After one more beat of consideration, he bites into it.
- To the OPENING CHORDS of "All Along the Watchtower" we begin a SPINNING PERSPECTIVE SHIFT that would leave Hitchcock jealous. In Little Willy's eyes, we see a revelation.
- He's like Isaac Newton getting beamed by the apple, or Helen Keller learning the word for water. The same delirious energy carries us to...
- 103 EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 103
- Little Willy sits on the curb with a sampler box of Russell Stover-type candies. As he bites into each one, we see a boy discovering his destiny. He jots down his impressions in a tiny notebook.
- 104 EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 104
- With a rhythmic synchronicity, Wonka slips coins into a gumball machine and twists the knob.
- 105 INT. SWISS RESTAURANT - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 105
- The HEAD CHEF offers Willy a long fork with a bread cube on the end. He shows Willy how to dip it into the chocolate fondue.
- 106 EXT. CHERRY STREET - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 106
- Little Willy tosses one lollipop and tries another.
- 107 INT. CANDY SHOP - DAY [THIRTY YEARS AGO] 107
- Young Willy watches, mesmerized, as a CANDY MAKER scrapes up ropes of molten sugar on a marble table.

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)

110 CONTINUED:

110

WONKA

No. Nothing of the kind.

Wonka opens the door for him.

111 INT. NUT-SORTING ROOM - DAY

111

The visitors enter on a raised platform, which is surrounded by a railing and spindly bars for safety. This dais overlooks the work floor, where the day's nut-sorting is underway. But the workers aren't human, or even Oompa-Loompa. They're...

VERUCA

Squirrels!

ONE HUNDRED SQUIRRELS sit upon high stools around a large table, which holds mounds of walnuts. The squirrels work like mad, shelling the walnuts at tremendous speed.

WONKA

Yes. These squirrels are specially trained for getting the nuts out of shells.

Mr. Salt is perplexed, to say the least.

MR. SALT

Why use squirrels? Why not use Oompa-Loompas?

WONKA

Oompa-Loompas can't get walnuts out of their shells in one piece. Nobody except squirrels can get whole walnuts out every time.

(motioning them closer)

See how they first tap each walnut with their knuckles to be sure it's not a bad one! There! Look! I think he's got a bad one now!

They watch a little squirrel as he TAPS the walnut shell with his knuckles. He cocks his head to one side and listens intently, then suddenly throws the nut over his shoulder into a large hole in the floor.

VERUCA

Daddy, I want a squirrel! Get me one of those squirrels! I want one.

(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.

MR. SALT

Veruca!

WONKA

Little girl, I wouldn't!

The moment Veruca sets foot on the work floor, one hundred squirrels stop what they are doing. They turn their heads and stare at Veruca with small black beady eyes.

Veruca stops also, and stares back at them. She nervously adjusts her mink-trimmed coat.

Then her gaze falls upon a pretty little squirrel sitting nearest her at the end of the table. It holds a walnut in its paws.

VERUCA

All right. I'll have you!

She reaches out her hands to grab the squirrel. But as she does so, there is a sudden flash of movement in the room. Every single squirrel around the table takes a flying leap towards her and lands on her body.

Twenty-five of them catch hold of her right arm and pin it down. Twenty-five more catch hold of her left arm and pin it down. Twenty-five more catch hold of her right leg and anchor it to the ground.

Twenty-four catch hold of her left leg.

And the one remaining squirrel (the leader of them all) climbs up on her shoulder and starts TAP-TAP-TAPPING the wretched girl's head with its knuckles.

MR. SALT

Veruca!

CHARLIE

What are they doing?

WONKA

They're testing to see if she's a bad nut. I wonder...

Veruca struggles furiously, but the squirrels hold her tight. The squirrel keeps TAP-TAP-TAPPING the side of her head.

Then all at once, the squirrels start carrying her across the floor.

(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-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, adjust 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)

WONKA (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

Take it!

MIKE

It's just a picture on a screen.

WONKA

(points to Charlie)

You take it! Reach out and grab it.

Charlie puts out his hand and touches the screen, and suddenly, miraculously, the bar of chocolate comes away in his fingers. He is so surprised he nearly drops it.

GRANDPA JOE

Holy buckets.

WONKA

Eat it! Go on, eat it! It'll be delicious. It's the same bar! It's gotten smaller on the journey, that's all!

Charlie unwraps it and takes a bite.

CHARLIE

It's great!

MR. TEAVEE

It's a miracle!

For his part, Mike is speechless. He keeps trying to figure out how Wonka did it.

WONKA

Imagine -- you're sitting at home watching television and suddenly a commercial will flash onto the screen and a voice will say, WONKA'S CHOCOLATES ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD! IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE US, TRY ONE FOR YOURSELF! And you simply reach out and take one. How about that?

MR. TEAVEE

Can you send other things?
Breakfast cereal?

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Uggh! Do you know what breakfast cereal is made of? It's just those little curly wooden shavings you find in pencil sharpeners!

CHARLIE

But could you send it by television if you wanted to?

WONKA

Of course I could!

MIKE

What about people?

WONKA

Why would I want to send a person?

MIKE

Don't you realize what you invented? It's a teleporter. It's the most important invention in the history of the world! But all you think about is chocolate!

MR. TEAVEE

Calm down, Mike. I think Mr. Wonka knows what he's doing.

MIKE

No he doesn't! He has no idea! You think he's a genius, but he's an idiot!

(beat)

But I'm not.

Mike takes off running towards the camera.

WONKA

No, no, no, no!

There is no stopping Mike now. The crazy boy rushes to the enormous camera, scattering Oompa-Loompas left and right. He jumps straight for the switch.

Then silence.

(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
The most important thing we've learned

C123 A TALK SHOW. C123

OOMPA-WINFREY holds the microphone with both hands.

OOMPA-WINFREY
As far as children are concerned:

D123 A CAT FOOD COMMERCIAL. D123

OOMPA-BACHELOR feeds his tabby.

OOMPA-BACHELOR
Is never, never let them near the television set.

E123 A SLASHER MOVIE. E123

A terrified OOMPA-SUMMER-CAMPER hides in a slash of light.

OOMPA-SUMMER-CAMPER
Or better still just don't install the idiotic thing at all.

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. *

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 unharmed!

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.

128 EXT. FACTORY YARD - DAY

128

Three of the children and their parents are walking across the snow. The Gloops are in the lead. Augustus is covered in sticky chocolate, except for his face, which is clean. He's chewing on his fudgy fingers.

MRS. GLOOP
Augustus, do not eat your fingers!

AUGUSTUS
But I taste so goot!

Behind them, violet Violet is doing gymnastics. After going through the wringer, she can twist all the way back on herself.

VIOLET
Look, mother! I'm much more flexible now!

MS. BEAUREGARDE
Yes, but you're blue!

Veruca Salt and her father are covered in slimy garbage and fish bones. Veruca spots the elevator and points.

VERUCA
Daddy, I want a flying glass elevator!

MR. SALT
Veruca, all you're getting today is a bath, and that's final.

VERUCA
BUT I WANT IT!

Mr. Salt just puts his fingers in his ears and keeps walking.

129 INT. THE ELEVATOR - DAY

129

Wonka turns to Charlie.

WONKA
Now, where did you live?

CHARLIE
Right over there. That little house.

(CONTINUED)

129 CONTINUED:

129

Wonka follows Charlie's pointing finger.

130 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - DAY

130

Mother checks her watch.

MOTHER

What time do you think they'll be
back?

FATHER

No way to know.

Suddenly, a CRASH! Mother and Father dive out of the way as
the great glass elevator

131 SMASHES

131

through the ceiling and flattens the kitchen table.

Showers of dust and tiles and wood and spiders and bricks and
cement rain down.

Grandma Josephine faints. Grandpa George drops his false
teeth. Grandma Georgina leans over to her husband.

GRANDMA GEORGINA

I think someone's at the door.

Charlie waves and says, "Hi Mom!" But they can't hear him,
because the elevator is still shut. Once the doors slide
open.

CHARLIE

Mom! Dad!

FATHER

Charlie?

CHARLIE

This is Willy Wonka! He gave us a
ride home.

MOTHER

(re: the hole in the roof)
I see that.

Father and Mother help each other up.

(CONTINUED)

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)

A132 CONTINUED:

A132

Wonka turns to the Oompa-Barber.

WONKA (CONT'D)
I must find an heir!

BACK TO:

B132 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - DAY

B132

WONKA
And I did, Charlie. You!

As he talks, Wonka wanders about the little house, looking into cupboards and lifting the lids off pots. He's a terribly nosy houseguest.

CHARLIE
That's why you sent out the Golden Tickets!

WONKA
I invited five children to the factory, and the one who was least rotten would be the winner!

GRANDPA JOE
That's you, Charlie!

MOTHER
What are Oompa-Loompas?

After handing Grandpa George his dentures, Wonka uncovers Charlie's toothpaste-cap scale replica of the factory. He picks it up, startled by the resemblance.

WONKA
So what do you say? Are you ready to leave all this behind and come live at the real factory?

CHARLIE
Sure! Of course! I mean...
(looks to his parents)
It's all right if my family comes, too?

Smiling broadly, Wonka kneels down beside Charlie.

WONKA
My dear boy, of course they can't.

(CONTINUED)

Charlie blinks. Did he really hear him right?

WONKA (CONT'D)

You can't run a chocolate factory
with a family hanging over you like
so much dead weight.

(to the grandparents)

No offense.

GRANDPA GEORGE

None taken, jerk.

WONKA

A chocolateer has to run free and
solo! He has to follow his dreams,
damn the consequences. Look at me!
I had no family, and I'm a giant
success.

Finally realizing the implication...

CHARLIE

So if I go with you to the factory, I
won't ever see my family again?

WONKA

Consider that a bonus!

CHARLIE

Then I'm not going. I wouldn't
give up my family for anything.
Not for all the chocolate in the
world.

WONKA

Oh! Oh. I see.

(a little hopeful)

There's other candy, too. Besides
chocolate.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry, Mr. Wonka. I'm staying
here.

WONKA

Well, that's just...unexpected.
But I suppose I...In that case
I'll...

Handing Charlie his model, Wonka gets back in the elevator.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA (CONT'D)
Goodbye, then.

The doors shut. Then open again.

WONKA (CONT'D)
You're sure you won't change your
mind.

CHARLIE
I'm sure.

Wonka closes the doors again. He presses the "Up and Away" button. Suddenly, the elevator launches straight up through the same hole in the roof.

The Bucket family is left were they stand -- or lie -- with a flattened kitchen table and swirls of snow coming in from the darkening sky.

No one knows what to say until finally...

GRANDMA GEORGINA
Things are going to get much
better!

Everyone turns to look at her.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
And for once, Grandma Georgina knew
exactly what she was talking about.

TRANSITION TO:

132 EXT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - [THE NEXT] DAY 132

Father and Mother are up on the roof, hammering new shingles in place. Charlie is on the ground, pulling nails from old boards to re-use. Most of the snow has melted.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
The next morning, Charlie helped
his parents fix the hole in the
roof.

133 INT. THE LITTLE HOUSE - DAY 133

Dust falls from the ceiling, where the parents are HAMMERING. Grandpa Joe sweeps up with a broom.

(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)

As he start to polish, Charlie notices that the man's boots have distinctive W's on them. He quickly suspects his customer is actually...

CHARLIE
Willy Wonka?

FROM THE SIDE

we see it is in fact Wonka in the chair.

WONKA
That's the one. Says here his new candies aren't selling well. I suppose maybe he's a rotten sort of person who deserves it.

CHARLIE
Yup.

Wonka was hoping Charlie would come to his defense.

WONKA
I don't suppose you ever met him?

CHARLIE
I did. I thought he was nice at first, but then he turned out to be a jerk.
(beat)
He also smelled like a litter box.

Wonka drops the paper.

WONKA
I do not!

CHARLIE
Why are you here?

WONKA
I need you to make me feel better about myself.

CHARLIE
I can't do that.

WONKA
Well who can?

CHARLIE
I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

WONKA

Think! Who makes you feel better
when you feel terrible?

CHARLIE

My family.

Wonka GROANS, slinking back in his chair. Charlie climbs up into the seat beside him. For the first time, they really seem like equals.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What do you have against my family?

WONKA

It's not your family. It's the very idea of p-p-p-p...You know. Always telling you what to do, what not to do. It's the very antithesis of inspiration!

CHARLIE

Usually they're just trying to protect you. Because they love you.

Wonka is bewildered by this idea.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

If you don't believe me, you should ask.

WONKA

Ask my father? I couldn't.
(beat)
Certainly not by myself.

CHARLIE

You want me to go with you?

WONKA

Yes. I've got transportation!

Wonka points to the right, where a HURRIED TRAVELLER suddenly SMACKS into the unseen glass elevator. Oww.

WONKA (CONT'D)

I should be more careful where I park it.

CUT TO:

142 EXT. A GIANT FIELD - DAY 142

Charlie and Wonka walk away from the glass elevator, which is parked in the middle of a vast meadow. They walk up to the only building in sight, a

NARROW ROW HOUSE

that looks absurd by itself, three stacked stories attached to nothing. It's the house little Willy grew up in, moved out to the middle of nowhere.

143 EXT. THE ROW HOUSE - DAY 143

Charlie RINGS the bell. Wonka is suddenly very nervous.

WONKA

Maybe we've got the wrong house.

But the sign reads: DR. WILBUR WONKA, D.D.S.

The door opens, revealing a very old man -- almost the age of Grandpa Joe. It's Dr. Wonka, thirty years older. He's carrying a crossword puzzle, and wearing his reading glasses. He squints.

DR. WONKA

Do you have an appointment?

CHARLIE

No. But he's overdue.

144 INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY 144

With a THUMP, the dentist's chair reclines. Wonka stares up into the bright work lamp as his father leans over him. Charlie stands nearby.

DR. WONKA

Open!

Wonka reluctantly opens his mouth. With his very shaky hands, Dr. Wonka pokes around inside with picks and mirrors.

DR. WONKA (CONT'D)

Heavens, I haven't seen bicuspid
like this since...

Suddenly, it dawns on him:

(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, Mom.

*

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)

It's not until we get quite wide that we see the house is no longer sitting in front of the factory -- it's now inside it. It sits on the banks of the chocolate river.

The snow is simply powdered sugar falling from a massive shaker overhead. CHOCOLATE EASTER BUNNIES hop through the drifts, leaving tracks.

Still in the same PULL BACK, we reveal our NARRATOR, who is in fact an Oompa-Loompa. (It's the first time we've heard one talk.)

OOMPA-NARRATOR

One thing was absolutely certain: life
had never been sweeter.

The Oompa-Narrator bows and takes his exit.

FADE OUT.

THE END