

Charlie and the Chocolate Factory

screenplay by

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based on the book by

Roald Dahl

REVISION HISTORY

WHITE DRAFT 03-15-2004
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NOTE: This script is formatted for U.S. 8 1/2 by 11 inch paper.
On A4 paper, there are wider margins on the top and bottom.

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.

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)

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!

*
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*

*

(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.

*
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*

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)

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.

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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.

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*

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)

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.

(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)

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.

*
*
*
*
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*
*

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)

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)

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)

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...

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)